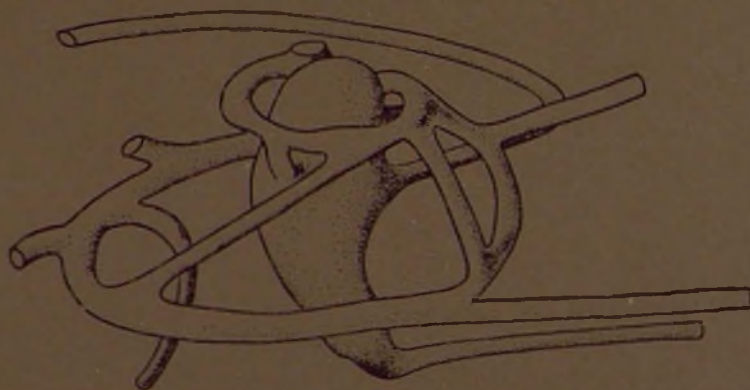


# ARSENAL

SURREALIST SUBVERSION

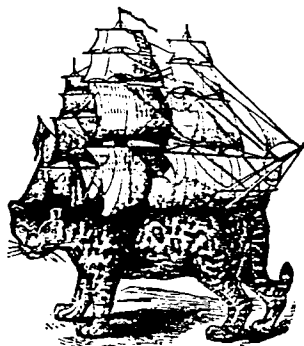
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# ARSENAL

SURREALIST SUBVERSION



English-language Journal  
of the  
International Surrealist Movement

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\* \* \*

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## ON THE COVER

**Reconstruction in perspective of the nest of a European mole  
(*Talpa europaea*), surrounded by its concentric galleries.**

## NOTICES

Publishing projects at the service of surrealism are now in formation, requiring sympathetic and competent translations into English from Czech, Portuguese, French, Spanish, German, Danish, Japanese, Romanian, Slovakian, Serbian, etc.

The first issue of *Arsenal* is out of print. Copies of the second issue are still available: \$2.50 each.

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Martin STEJSKAL: *Marx's Smile—Interpretive Cycle* (Prague, 1972)

*Leaps! Leaps! Leaps! --- V. I. Lenin*

# 1976: END OF THE "AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE"

*Notwithstanding the pretensions of a few neo-aesthetes, surrealism is something more—much more—than merely the most "beautiful" idea in the world. It is above all the conscious expression of the unconscious historical process by which the imagination becomes real—the process by which the contradiction between dream and action is resolved in the concrete elaboration of a new and revolutionary way of life.*

*Marx wrote in 1845: "Communism is the riddle of history solved, and knows itself to be the solution." A sticker issued by the Bureau of Surrealist Research in Paris, 1925, asked: "Is surrealism the communism of genius?" The whole course of events throughout this epoch leads us to answer affirmatively, because the surrealists know that the riddle of history can be solved only by the communization of genius, which requires, of course, the emancipation and fullest development of each individual human personality. This is what Lautréamont meant when he called for "poetry made by all." The all refers not only to all of society, in the collective sense, but also to all of each individual's being—to the integral human being whose advent marks the supersession of the notorious "divided self" that attains its most debased and destructive consequences during the decline of capitalist-Christian civilization.*

\* \* \*

*As an organized movement surrealism has been international from the start. Its first exhibition (1925) included participants from six countries. The formation of surrealist groups in dozens of countries during the next five decades disproves the critics' oft-repeated falsehood that surrealism somehow is "essentially French."*

*Age-old ideological traditions, however, delayed the emergence of an indigenous surrealist movement in the United States. These traditions, from puritanism to pragmatism, nourished by the "shameless" ease (to use Marx's word) with which American capitalism took over the world, have made this country, from the poetic standpoint, one of the most backward countries in the world.*

*Only in the last decade has it been made plain that these traditions are hopelessly played out, and that the "American way of life," superstitiously regarded by earlier generations as the most stable thing in the world, is only a sham edifice collapsing in all directions on rapidly shifting sands. The end of this "American way of life" adds fuel to the fire of the surrealist revolution on these shores.*

*This third issue of Arsenal / Surrealist Subversion appears while the ruling class of this country, and its idiotic government, are whooping up their squalid ballyhoo about the bicentennial of the Revolution. Every schoolboy knows that Ford, Rockefeller and Coca-Cola are eager to pronounce hypocrisies over the graves of the revolutionaries of 1776 only because it is part of their plan to crush the revolutionaries of today. But those who also know how to read*

*the deeper signs of the times know that another revolution, infinitely greater in scope than that which secured American bourgeois property against encroachments by the British monarchy, is slowly but surely gathering ground. We may be sure that some hilarious surprises are in store for those who pretend that the American working class is happily "integrated" into the machinery that extracts glue from its bones.*

*Never, in fact, has the disaffection of the working class reached the proportions it has in the last decade. The millions who have left the churches, boycotted the bourgeois elections, engaged in wildcat strikes are only beginning to find their true voices. Actions such as the Detroit Insurrection of 1967 and the Lordstown Strike of 1972 represent the difficult first steps of the quest for new forms by which to manifest the deepest desires of the only class whose interest is synonymous with human freedom.*

*What is new in these forms, of course, can be the result only of the workers' rejection, at last, of what Marx called the "old crap" of the capitalist order (in which, as is only too obvious, virtually all of the "Left" sects are hopelessly mired). Class-consciousness must become implacable, enabling the class to advance beyond all bourgeois mirages (parliamentarism, community control, popular fronts, etc.) to the proletarian dictatorship.*

*It must be emphasized that the immediate tasks before humanity—formation of the proletariat into a class, its overthrow of bourgeois supremacy, its conquest of political power and abolition of wage slavery—are no longer even conceivable apart from the concretization of the irrational, dereification of language and all signs, revolutionary poetic intervention in mythological life. If communist revolution is prerequisite to the full fruition of surrealism, surrealist action is indispensable to the full fruition of communist revolution.*

*The surrealists already recognize themselves in the farthest-reaching actions of the proletariat. As the proletariat abolishes itself as a class (at the same time that it abolishes all classes) it will increasingly recognize itself in surrealism. It is not only a reading of Marx but a reading of life that permits us to say that the workers who make the Revolution will do so to abolish work and to lead poetic lives.*

*Surrealism and the revolutionary proletariat unite in the activity of that "old mole" of Shakespeare, recalled by Hegel and hailed by Marx as "our old friend": the old mole whose subterranean tunneling escapes the notice of those whose vision never penetrates beneath the surface—the old mole who is none other than the annunciator of the Revolution.*

*Sooner or later, in spite of all the priests, professors and false poets, the long smouldering fury of the dream of freedom is going to erupt. Against all those who try to restrain this fury, or to harness it to outworn forms, the whole ambition of the surrealists is to inspire it, to multiply it, to arm it, to free it, and to make it invincible.*

## The Surrealist Movement in the United States

March 1976

# THE SECRET PASSAGE

With the recent growth of surrealism liberated territories have begun to appear in areas of human knowledge heretofore reified in the service of an illusory normality. Philosophy, psychology, anthropology and linguistics have especially been illuminated by an awareness of the crucial role of poetic thought functioning in guiding the creative genius of mankind along paths conducive to the fulfillment of desire and the realization of freedom.

It should be obvious that surrealists deal with these matters because of the attractive charge they contain, because they are temptations leading to an active participation in the fertile transactions and transmutations of being. Our poetic interest bears no resemblance to academic professionalism which refuses any direct confrontation with the Torrid Mirrors, *viz.*, the unspeakable images, rites, cults, figures, and movements that represent the secret passage of a certain human determination through the "barriers raised time and again by custom and routine." To look in those mirrors, thus to find "the lost unity," we need only the poetic evidence that graces all worthwhile human achievement. "This is the time of burning grace."

It has been the most mysterious and violent of vital transformations that have interested surrealists. We have found these in everything that pertains to man as a maker of images both mental and plastic. Such transformations have never been explained or reduced by pure science, but, with few exceptions, have had to suffer the fate of exclusion or hasty, superficial patronage. We can state that they have in fact never been reduced to pure concepts or laws, but have always and everywhere been capable of embodiment only in visual or other sensory imagery of astonishing force and magnetism.

The reason for this may be related to the psychoanalyst Herbert Silberer's thought that autosymbolic phenomena occur only in transitional states of consciousness. Shifting the transitional state to the objective pole, we may surmise that violent transitions in the conditions of being are expressible only in a "terminology" derived from or akin to the autosymbolic language of pure psychic automatism.

This should help to explain why we have never had any liking for any mystical philosophies of inchoate idealism, such as those that have been available via classified ads since Jung and before. All kinds of vaporous ecstasies will notice images, if at all, only as something with which to wrap their filthy repressiveness: oriental thought falsified as the last word in law and order. It is not at all gratuitous to assert at this point that there is no true moral development without the development of the perception of images in their arcane and poetic significance, for the latter perception typifies the integration of behavior in a total dialectical world order. Hermetic science knows its symbolic language to be an irreplaceable function of the progress of its total effort. Surrealism is even more emphatic about

poetic language. In short, there is no moral development without Rimbaud, Lautréamont, Péret and Lamantia.

\* \* \*

The clearest achievement of surrealist theory as applied to anthropology in a general sense is that it effects a rhythmic symbiosis of analogy and probability, leading to direct insight because the accents supplied by desire inform both our knowledge and the human manifestations toward which it reaches. From this direction reality does not dominate mind and mind does not dominate reality. Rather the two fraternize, as in all fraternization "for better or worse." We follow this approach only because it is a pleasure to do so.

Any material dealt with in this way will inevitably have both personal and socio-historical dimensions. The personal dimension has been explored in a certain detail by surrealists beginning with De Chirico, Breton, the early Dali and others. Recently Paul Garon has further illuminated the process of the obsessive image by surrealizing the folklore of frogs and the poetry of the blues. I myself must admit to being affected by this peculiar psychic releasement toward a kind of personal totem suggested by Garon's writings and by Franklin Rosemont's drawing of "The Maldororian Microscope," and effectively triggered by two images seen later: Blake's "Ghost of a Flea" and a photograph of a "death's head moth."

The socio-historical dimension of the obsessive image opens into wide areas not yet explored. My own preliminary researches, centering around the "paranoiac-critical" image of the crown of thorns of christian iconography synthesized with the horned shamanic head-dress, have not crystallized into presentable forms as yet. Wanted is an account of the transformations of a certain northern consciousness from shamanism and witchcraft through medieval mysticism, anabaptist spiritualism, hermeticism, mystic pietism, etc.; a poetic account of the sabbat; an Apology for Thomas Muentzer; a pageant in the Theatre of Cruelty celebrating the visions under torture of Jan Bockelson and Knipperdolinck, etc.

These historical figures just mentioned may appear puzzling to some in juxtaposition to names and concerns cited earlier. I can only reply that if surrealism as such points its attention to history it is not to discern various political or cultural successions as such; rather it seeks to discern the history of freedom, which is manifested in the "history of revolt." It will remain for others, though certainly not the blase philistines such as Camus, to connect the career of revolt in history with the career of revolution, which tends to universalize the movement of freedom and to socialize individual revolt.

By recourse to names like Muentzer and Bockelson we can emphasize that the so-called "era of the Protestant Reformation" was an epoch of fiery revolt, of breaking of the law. The revolts in question were eruptions of a

forbidden form of liberty. That liberty sought to secure itself in three radical "expropriations": "expropriation" of the sacred word (Conrad Grebel and friends, among many others); "expropriation" of the right to prophecy and mediate revelation (Muentzer and the Zwickau Enthusiasts, for example); and "expropriation" of the "godhead" (mystical theology, the Brotherhood of the Free Spirit, etc.). Incredibly, these assaults on the very existence of spiritual authority took place in the springtime of a witchcraft persecution/revival that was to last for two centuries.

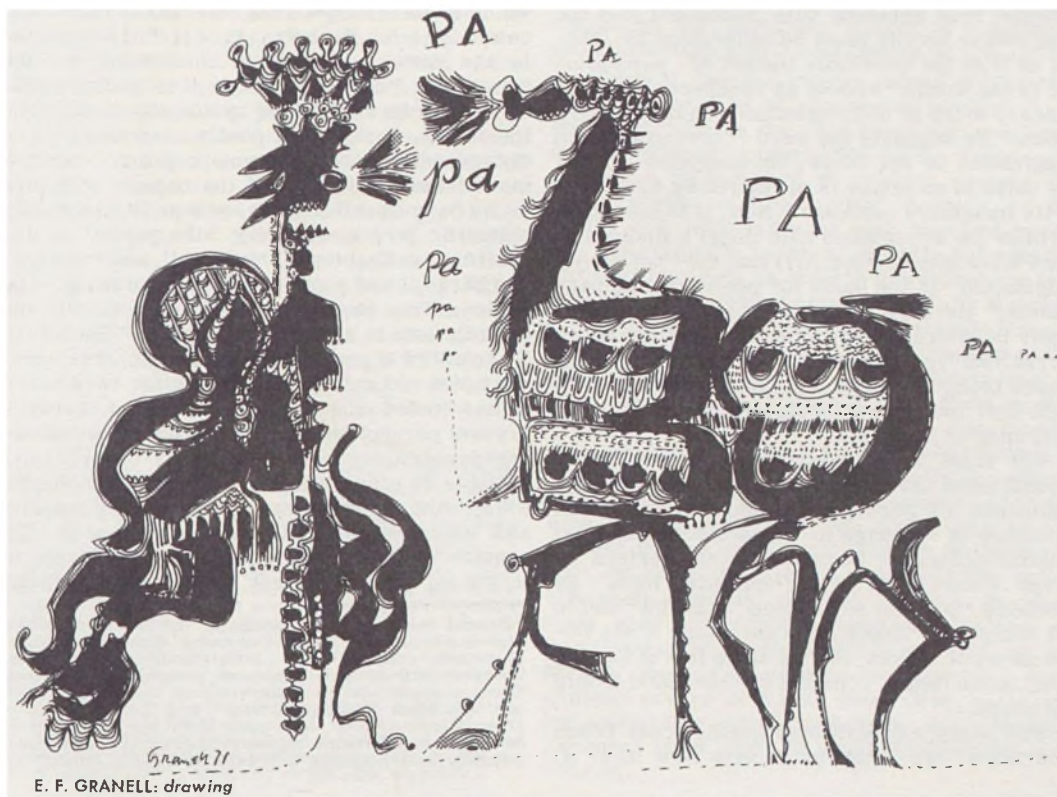
Unfortunately, it is not so incredible that professional students of the Reformation Era have by and large treated this confluence as non-existent or less than trivial. Even Norman Cohn, in his *Pursuit of the Millennium*, has managed to scant the witchcraft furor. The lapse is flagrant, because any well-versed student of the late middle ages should be able to recognize in the demonic hosts of the Sabbat the inversion of the christian millennial theme. The legendary "Furious Host" described in some detail in Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology* provides the perfect medium for this transformation. If it is true, as suggested by Ernest Belfort Bax in his *German Peasant Wars*, that supposed witches were camp followers and even fighters in those revolts, then we are obliged to consider a possible syncretism with the Valkyrie tradition. The legends surrounding Muentzer, his dream interpretation, his reading of omens, his unbridled willfulness, have a tinge of the narcissistic-omnipotent shaman; especially so the notion that he would catch cannon-balls in his sleeve (typical shamanistic invulnerability). Weston La Barre's *The Ghost Dance* is pregnant with psychological and anthropological

lights on these problems.

My interest was attracted to these things through the inception of a paranoiac-critical image of the crown of thorns/horns; undoubtedly a triple "syncretism" of Jesus-devil-deer-shaman, embodying the vicissitudes of sadistic and masochistic mental complexes and their dialectic. I am prompted to explore these questions with increasing anticipation. Since first noticing this strange image I have found it again in the etchings of Felicien Rops; I was struck by its hardly equivocal presence in Domenico Fetti's painting of "Veronica's veil" on display in the "National" Gallery. The impression on the veil is a *negative*. Reverse the *v* and the *e* in *veil*. It is, of course, useless to point it out to those who prefer to cherish this *frisson* unbeknownst to themselves. Most recently I have seen this image, bold and defiant, in a drawing made by a convict: it shows a crucified horned figure. This is indeed a *critical* paranoiac image, a laser ray that burns a secret passage through a confusing mist uncritically named reality.

It would seem that the liberation of the convulsive beauties of the past from a repressive historiography is almost conterminous with the millennium itself. The undertaking does in fact require the revolutionary transformation of society, inasmuch as a certain amount of repressed libido must be released from slave labor in order to accomplish and accommodate such ends. Even if our efforts can amount only to a sketchy recapitulation, we may be able to derive some encouragement from the thought that recapitulations occur in periods of transition. Perhaps the drowning society, like the drowning man, relives its past in a split second.

Joseph JABLONSKI



E. F. GRANELL: drawing



PROCESSION OF BLACKFOOT BRAVES

# POETIC MATTERS

A concerted abandonment of fixed forms (from sonnets to free verse), rhyme and metrical references cannot be considered anything but a formal change unless it is intrinsically correlative to a high degree of *deformation*, the term suggested by Gaston Bachelard in order to do away with the mistaken notion of "image making" or "image building" which conventional thought has ascribed to the word *imagination*. I cannot help agreeing with Bachelard that the imaginative faculty must be understood as *freeing us from the immediate images of perception* and in his words "without an unexpected union of images, there is no imagination, no imaginative action." He suggests the word "corresponding to imagination is not *image*, but *imaginary* ... that the value of an image is measured by the extent of its imaginary radiance." Now, it is incontrovertible (in accordance with Hegel's findings in *The Philosophy of Fine Art*) that the "*unfettered imagination*" is the basis for poetry, "imaginary content," its objectivity. Rigorously, imaginary power is central to poetic materialization which surrealism locates as a conduit for thought, speech being no more than a mediational instrument that imaginary thought transforms by the deforming of imagery.

But most American poets have mistakenly subordinated the imaginative faculty to the predominance of perception conjoining a slavish reduction of language to "speech patterns" and pragmatic usages. Bachelard characterizes an image which takes on a "definitive form" as assuming "present perception" ... such a "stable and completed image *clips the wings of the imagination*. It makes us fall from that dreaming imagination which does not confine itself within any image..."

The literary practitioners of the "post-Olson generation" as some promoters now label it)

have been to a hopeless degree failures on the imaginative and lyrical planes of true poetry, preoccupied as they are with a self-conscious acquiescence to the debasement of language characterizing its reification by technicians and mind-managers of latter-day capitalism.\* This direction is glorified specifically in those false poets who pride themselves on a formalized "handling" of "ordinary American speech" which is, in effect, nothing other than a rhetorical camouflage for the betrayal of poetic exigencies in the service of cultural chauvinism and the oppressive "reality principle," reflecting a pitiful need to be recognized by socially conditioned imbecility. Instead of poetry conceived as a disinterested means of emancipation—tending toward the realization of the objects of desire—we have Charles Olson, with misappropriated scientific jargon, reducing "the poem" to unqualified abstractions, "energy" and "energy-discharge," and pontificating the following inane dogma: "one perception must immediately and directly lead to a further perception." Bachelard—scientist in poetry and psychologist of science, champion of Lautréamont and *active imagination*—has noted the crucial distinction between present perception and imagination. The following prescriptive reevaluation may be critically situated in opposition to all aesthetic ideologies which shift the focus away from poetry's capacity and necessity for imaginative radiance: "To acquire a feeling for the imaginative role of language, we must seek, in every word, the

\*Beyond the general deficiencies of the last thirty years, and outside of the surrealist movement, there are a number of exceptions known to me. Both morally and poetically, for example, there is Bob Kaufman, pre-eminently; Gregory Corso, who can also be commended for his public disdain of "the Black Mountain School"; and Daniel Moore of *Dawn Visions*. All of these poets share the distinction of having, at certain times, expressed themselves honestly and intensely in a language with real affinities to surrealism.



desires for otherness, for double meaning, for metaphor... we must record all the desires to abandon what we see and what we say for what we imagine. We shall then have some chance of restoring to the imagination its role of attraction. To perceive and imagine are as antithetic as presence and absence. To imagine is to absent oneself; it is a leap toward a new life."

The vociferously alleged "newness" of post-World War II American poetry and poetics associated with Olson, Creeley, Ginsberg, Duncan, Levertov (among the most voluble practitioners and theorists) pertains to nothing more than a belated "palace revolution" diverging only from the previous literary stranglehold by the fixed-form addicts, a priesthood of feudal minded English professors such as J. C. Ransom, Yvor Winters and R. P. Warren. The new literary priesthood found one of its main sources in Ezra Pound's glib slogan "Make it New", a recipe which has been actually translated into the advertising, architecture and designs of "the administered life" as we know it under monopoly capitalism and for which the inventor of futurism, Filippo Marinetti, by 1909, had sounded the exact intellectual tocsin.\*\*

Like Marinetti, Olson posits unqualified "energy" and "the *kinetics* of the thing" as major technical preoccupations for composition. In fact, Marinetti's literary program seems to have resurfaced in Olson's reading of Pound, who asserted that the whole modern movement which he, T. S. Eliot and Joyce represented as a nucleus had its origins directly in Marinetti's futurism.

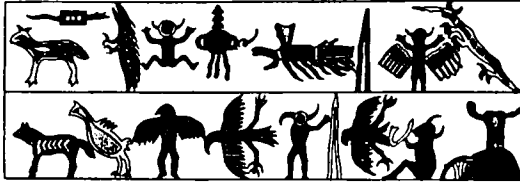
There is the curious fact of an aesthetic movement (Italian futurism) proclaiming extreme "novelty" and "dynamism" and all the while seminating, primarily through its founder, political "solutions" that found their end in fascism. At its origins futurism extolled war and extreme patriotism often expressed in organized mass demonstrations as well as in artistic productions; its political program, anti-parliamentarian and anti-socialist, consisted of a germinal theory of organizing the State and the economy which was largely realized later in Mussolini's Corporate State. The proposal that futurist artists and poets should rule society was, of course, less than fruitful. (Even Mussolini's belated appointment of Marinetti as cultural minister in the 1930s had no immediate significant effect on Italy.) However, the translation of certain futurist political proposals into central features of fascism does suggest the preponderant influence of the Marxian model of a

\*\* During a sojourn in Rome (1964) I encountered a curious circle of old and young "friends of Marinetti" and became familiar with the substance of the Pound/Marinetti correspondence housed in a special archive. Thus I was able to acquire little-known facts concerning the futurist movement which, by way of explaining its "eclipse," certain of the "amici" hypothesized had as "enemy" none other than surrealism. Pound's fanatical pro-Italian posture corresponded, in fact, to Marinetti's proto-fascist and racist theory of Italian superiority over all other national groups based on the cultural "Genius" which, according to early futurist propaganda, was alleged to be a monopoly of the Italians (!). Finally, Pound's political position, as one of Mussolini's most prestigious supporters, culminated in his World War II radio broadcasts emphasizing permanent preferences for all things Italian over what Pound considered his own countrymen's inferiority and barbarism. During the Allied invasion of Italy, Pound could be heard over the radio soliciting American soldiers to surrender, invoking Italian cultural and political superiority as the main argument.

"super-structural" ideology interacting on the infra-structure of Italian capitalism at crucially interstitial "moments" before and after World War I and extending considerably thereafter to finally determine a general aesthetic, by reduction and technical adaptations, in the architecture and stylizations which today throughout the world still resemble the futurist models. For it is *not* Picasso's influence, as alleged recently by some pundits of mass opinion, that is evident "all around us" in the contemporary civilized world. (If it were so, then where is the intense lyricism and super - reality represented by Picasso in his most important imaginative works between the two World Wars?) But the fact remains, we have reached the point in 1975 that the act of reading Ginsberg and Olson or any of their epigones is interchangeable with the scanning of *Time* and *Newsweek*. I maintain this is no "accident" but clearly delineates the *false consciousness of poetry* proliferating within the shifting gears of decadent capitalism.

Contrary to the consensus of American literary "authorities" who decided to separate Pound "the man" from "the poet," deploring his fascist politics and hailing his literary achievements, I believe Pound's poetics are as anti-human as his politics and, if his poetry is examined closely, considering the historical facts vis-a-vis Marinetti's futurism, it will be obvious to what extent the two currents interpenetrate. Fascism's claim to "revolution" by the cult of "youth" and "newness" while resuscitating the classicist values of Greco-Roman civilization and concretized, laughingly so, in the architecture known as "Mussolini modern," is a neat similitude to Pound's exclusive and scholastic insistence on Aristotelian logic and his aping of "the classics" while cinematically employing the linguistic idioms of a political ward healer in the United States of the 1920s.

Charles Fourier rightly judged civilization to be the carrier of oppressive ideologies. In open hostility to the cancerous and moribund moral "values" exemplified in the bourgeois-academic "classics," surrealism prefers the great poetry of the primal peoples of the earth, and recognizes as well signs of revolt and liberty in the heretical, gnostic and heterodox developments in thought throughout the last three thousand years which significantly diverged from the judeo-christian and academic Greco-Roman traditions. I have always dreamed of the ultimate triumph of the legendary Sirens who, it was said, were "defeated" in their poetic combat with the Muses and who can be deciphered to typify imaginative freedom from the restraints of rationally controlled poetry whose spokesmen, like all good bourgeoisie, must always recommend that we "plug our ears" against the enchantresses heard by the inspired poet on his voyage to the unknown. The great nineteenth century painter, Gustave Moreau, must have known of the heterodox meaning of this legend, since he depicts the poet at the feet of the Siren, evoking her role as a subaqueous source of poetic inspiration, associating humanity's origin with water, which Sandor Ferenczi later found so psychoanalytically significant.



OJIBWA PICTOGRAPHS

It is not, as with Baudelaire, "plunging into the unknown" to find "the new," by which he who named imagination "the queen of the faculties" implied a path of *descent into oneself*, but, for the American versifiers, a consciously manipulated method of fragmenting reality by reduction to random sensorial (primarily *retinal*) reporting and syntactic distortions suggesting a "newness" sought as an end in itself, much as reactionary versifiers of the late nineteenth century espoused "art for art's sake." Evading completely the primary problems of what it is that *informs content* in poetic practice, the emphasis on technical means which are often enough turned into ends, becomes a delusionary surface structure hiding the fact that poetry, in the sense understood by Hegel as "an act of unfettered imagination," is nowhere to be found. Instead we are given a whole new set of conventions replacing the old ones of rhyme and meter, but whether "projective verse," "cutups," "organic form," concrete poetry" or "songs à la rock 'n roll," these are merely another group of unmistakably petty "games" Rimbaud so rightly denounced in earlier counterparts and which surrealism has superseded. Just as boring as medieval litanists and "alliteratives," or the sonneteers of a few generations ago, the present "poem makers" come puffing and choking and creaking like the anthropomorphic caricatures of broken-down automobiles depicted in animated cartoons. The rottenness of these dichotomizing and alienating literary dogmas of the last twenty-five years should not fail to become more evident to others as the Surrealist Movement in the United States progresses to initiate a quantitatively determining *lever of revolution* on the cultural plane, since surrealism offers the sole challenge and viable alternative to what amounts to a conspiracy of poetic degeneracy in this country. Such degeneracy (with all its attendant implications) may be illustrated by a dialectical transposition of a recent Ginsberg book title, turning into "The Fall of Poetry in America." This "Fall" is the real *kinetic* activity of the post-Olson versifiers, as the mystificatory *poetry equals energy* identity is the reductionist predication of a psychological crisis with its roots in the alienated subject terrified by the repressed images he has successfully evaded during acts of composition.

Instead of words set free from the prosaic prisons of social reality, images transformed by desire, poetry freed from the "laws" of nature, attentive to the becoming of unknown analogies, words purified by the rays of oneiric desire, language emancipated from the confines of speech, informed by the inner ear and disdainful of "music" other than the rhythms immanent in

imaginary thinking, analogies whose *encounters* elicit every type of humor — and instead of language becoming a means of infinite imaginary combinations — most established American poets of this century have given us a massive literature of sensibility, self-narration, virtuosity and literal confessions signed very energetically by the stylus of the death-wish.

\* \* \*

The only pleasure I can possibly derive from this necessary critique of the bankrupt tendencies in American pseudo-poetry is in proportion to the possibility of an effective *disruption* among the youth who are being oppressed by a programmed set of misdirections and blind alleys projected in the schoolrooms whose categories evoke the names of nauseous adjuncts to bourgeois-bureaucratic culture. The most pernicious and mystifying tendency — and the more pronounced within the last decade — has been the application of the misnomers "surreal" and "surrealistic" to the *sham article*, causing the gravest difficulties among the uninformed and misinformed, a despicable practice which all authentic surrealists everywhere have always denounced. To affirm, for example, as some academician did recently, that "surrealism has become almost anything at all" since it is "the language our poets speak," not only is tendentiously flippant but more seriously represents the blatantly confusionist tactics of a whole gang of literati who have managed to do nothing better than dabble with the surface effects of genuine surrealist expression in order to proffer fake semblances which, for those of us in whom *individual discovery* is a matter of *sustained quest*, can elicit only our entire contempt.

\* \* \*

Surrealism rejects the scaffolding of the priesthoods of Literature and Art pompously sold in the commodity exchanges of schools and museums as "the Classics." Analogous to the bureaucratic mind of political domination is the literary one which comes crowing with its moribund "dominant tendencies," "the spirit of the times," and ejaculations of "talent" and "genius" to characterize this or that travesty of human potential. Rigidity, confusion and mystification, a stultifying provincialism, are the usual hallmarks of this parasitic literary charade played at the expense of any sign of disinterested and unqualified human freedom, for which these *respectable* gangs of the pimps of Literature and Art do their utmost to isolate, if not by a noisy confusionism, then by well known "conspiracies of silence" and scandal mongering. Each day there appear myriad articles, essays and other visible means of funneling the promotional lies concerning "reputations," "traditions," and the cabals of "masters" and apprentices of this or that coterie, wrapped in the guise of the inevitable "newness," the predictable fad and fashion perpetrated more than a hundred years since Rimbaud's lucid rejection of "the rotten game of two thousand years!" It is this same rotten game of aesthetic manipulators that pretends to close, except by a sneering recuperation, any insight into those who in the twentieth century carried incandescent and convulsive poetic activity by absolute signs of the Marvelous.

These are our immediate precursors. Samuel Greenberg was one of the most disquieting figures in the twentieth century, one whose great imaginative power is not in the least lessened for his having projected his Promethean reveries within the "romantic" idiom, thereby doubly offering us a glimpse of what is missing in late nineteenth century poetry in America, and gifting us with a view of perturbation and irrepressibility revealing the human condition as Kafka and Alfred Kubin had from other vantage points. Greenberg's tubercular illness is the other side of his salutary intelligence-of-the-heart that sounded, poignantly and radiantly, in poems that are veritable *wounds of wonder* transpiring in those last years of his approaching death in 1917, at age 23, from a bed in the "Sea View Hospital" on Staten Island, and *singing beyond it*.

With Mina Loy's *Lunar Baedeker* (1923) we encounter a singular flowering of what Hegel rightly announced to become *after him* the most fecund vehicle for poetic thought, in its specifically mythic function, and which Jacques Vaché located contemporaneously with Mina Loy's appearance, as *umor* — alternating her subtleties of wit between sensible convulsions in *darkest luminosity*.

In the 1920s Harry Crosby, a true dandy of explosively Promethean desire, left in *The Mad Queen* and elsewhere, signs of a "Sadean" magnanimity in the realms of mad love; before him, in America, perhaps none but Poe, in a few of his most "ectoplasmic" descents (and in the spirit of *Eureka*), comes to mind as purely comparable.

\* \* \*

As young as tomorrow, throwing its shadow over the moment's irrepressible desires, surrealism is at once what originated through certain historical confluences and astonishing discoveries (enhanced by what has evolved to this moment in systematic exploration and interpretations of the human condition), which came to the *foreground of consciousness* around 1920 in the minds of André Breton and a few of his friends who could assert not long after that they had indeed refound the long-sought "philosophers' stone," in the disinterested revolt of imaginative power capable of demolishing in one stroke any fixed notion of reality. A recent sign of surrealism's historical efficacy was noted where Breton suggested its *permanent birth* "in the genius of youth" who in May 1968 inscribed their watchword on the walls of Paris for all the world's eyes to register: "*All power to the Imagination!*"

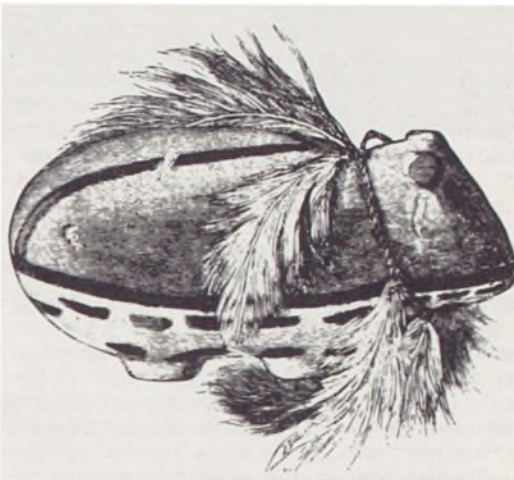
Since Huizinga's *Homo Ludens* re-established these certain sources for poetry: *play*, *enigma* and *the hermetic*, we can all the more comprehend surrealism's consistent activation of these three zones of human expression, by liberating the unconditional and disinterested play of imaginary thought, revitalizing the enigmatic, and revealing the concealed. Ultimately, automatism's *raison d'être* is the quest to reveal the latent content of human existence in its entirety.

\* \* \*

In Arizona I was privileged to witness a series of Hopi Indian ceremonies which suggest a *living myth* fulfilling Lautréamont's prophetic

injunction of "*poetry made by all*." The Hopi *Katchina Dancers' symbolique* achieves a synthesis of primordial rhythms, imagery and symbolic iconography confluent with a linguistic-sonic structure collectively realized by the Masked Dancers and expresses, dynamically and visually, Hegel's definition of poetry as "the universal art." How much more satisfying is this exalting experience of collective imaginative activity, in the Hopi's peculiar synthesis of all "the arts" and rooted in a vast complex of cosmological ideas, than all the moribund mythologies and moral pretensions associated with the reified Greco-Roman classical authors.

The Hopi's vital imagery, at once magical-convulsive, became for me a veritable moving vehicle of the Poetic Marvelous, transporting me straight to those regions in the mind surrealism has always exalted. Here among a people who have retained a high degree of poetic expression in a cohesive collective form, I was made aware of a complementation of those structures, reuniting dream and concrete reality, past and present, rational and irrational, which surrealism aspires to set into free operation on the *social plane*, and suggesting analogous elements of the "new myth" surrealism has evaluated in our present civilization during the fifty years of its intrusion as a revolutionary matrix. It has become obvious that surrealism exists as a permanent means toward initiating a completely *new sensibility and civilization*, playing a role in the world communist societies of the future comparable to the festivals of living myth associated with "primitive communism" though, of course, uniquely rooted in the mythico-marvelous elements revealable in our own cultures and on another turn of the spiral of humanity's evolution through the revolutionary destruction of all alienating systems. Instead of a fragmentation of the poetic principle and suppression of its sensibility generally, as in present-day global societies, surrealism's annunciation of its *rendezvous with history* constitutes the necessity for the infinite widening of the structure of *poetry made by all* beyond its minority practice in surrealist groups, extending the concrete universality of surrealism's vital myth through which a permanent revelation of humanity shall become a *new way of life*.



**NOTES TOWARD  
A RIGOROUS INTERPRETATION  
OF SURREALIST OCCULTATION**

Only in the moral certitude of vanquishing what resists the restoration of a blazing crown to a headless voice at the rites of permanent transgression and at the demarcation of the elected sacral site, where starlight is made to trace the initial human footprints, shall we witness the supersession of the habitual apparatus set up by external administration. Meanwhile, there remains the ongoing, permanent necessity of criticizing as well the pernicious other-side of the conformist coin constituting the many pseudo-revolts, cultural dispersals and mystifications proliferating these days at a rate proportional to their assimilation and recuperation by the general administration. The spirit that may be permanently invoked and instigated is one of *partisan affinities* whose shields and arsenals are forged from invariable principles of liberating expression to be realized entirely on their own terms, and whose movement in the field against the superstructural obstacles must continue to be one of *implacable distance* and *distancing*, to appear as magically tempting as the Medusa, impenetrable as an interplanetary Behemoth and as resoundingly hostile to recuperation as any original violation of language.

Of labyrinths there are none more formidable, it seems to me, than those which *ensorcell* while extending like those "waves of snakes" whose variations multiply as one reads a mile of ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs — mazes that bewitch, I say, at the seemingly inverted pyramid whose apex reaches the heart as the sinuous path of seduction unravels, variably slow and quick, in the mind of love, in the psychic atmosphere, that is, of one who would grasp the dialectic interstices of *a moment and eternity*, each transcending the other, the horizon a steady fluidic flame, the constant quivering of desire, the "volatile" *going-over* to the "fixed" chambers about to dissolve into materialized secrets, a winged sphinx dilating whose extremities become blazing words! Actions, being-in-becoming, are explosively recognized as intrinsic to the language of "the traditional sciences," *the gesture which is transmutation*; that is, a "heightening" of immanent powers, forces and structures. (This perspective coincidentally is worth borrowing as an "occult lever" and set afloat in that area surrealism is privileged to reveal: "a wave of dreams," the "perfect moment" of the Marvelous and toward Breton's "...of the mind in neutral gear...").

When I think of the lofty (and loftily *researched*) findings of the great philosopher Hegel as to the nature of poetic logic, its unity encompassing all the directions of human thought, and I am reminded of a few of us who have begun to practice what amounts to a collective restoration of the powers of poetic unity and as we appear, historically together intervening on the plane of American "culture" with *all the chips stacked against us*, situated against the monstrous shadow of "the new poetry" and another obscurantism of

the students of those moribund minds that the false vanguards alleged to displace, I know that only armed with the living perspectives of surrealism, incarnated in *Arsenal*, am I permitted to make distinctions, draw up a relentless criticism and inveigh against those crimes now being committed against the human spirit by mystifiers, fabricators of confusion, and all our detractors, in the certainty that my comrades and I shall not fail to be heard over and beyond, if even below, the current babble and noise of the sickening purveyors of literary and aesthetic darkness.

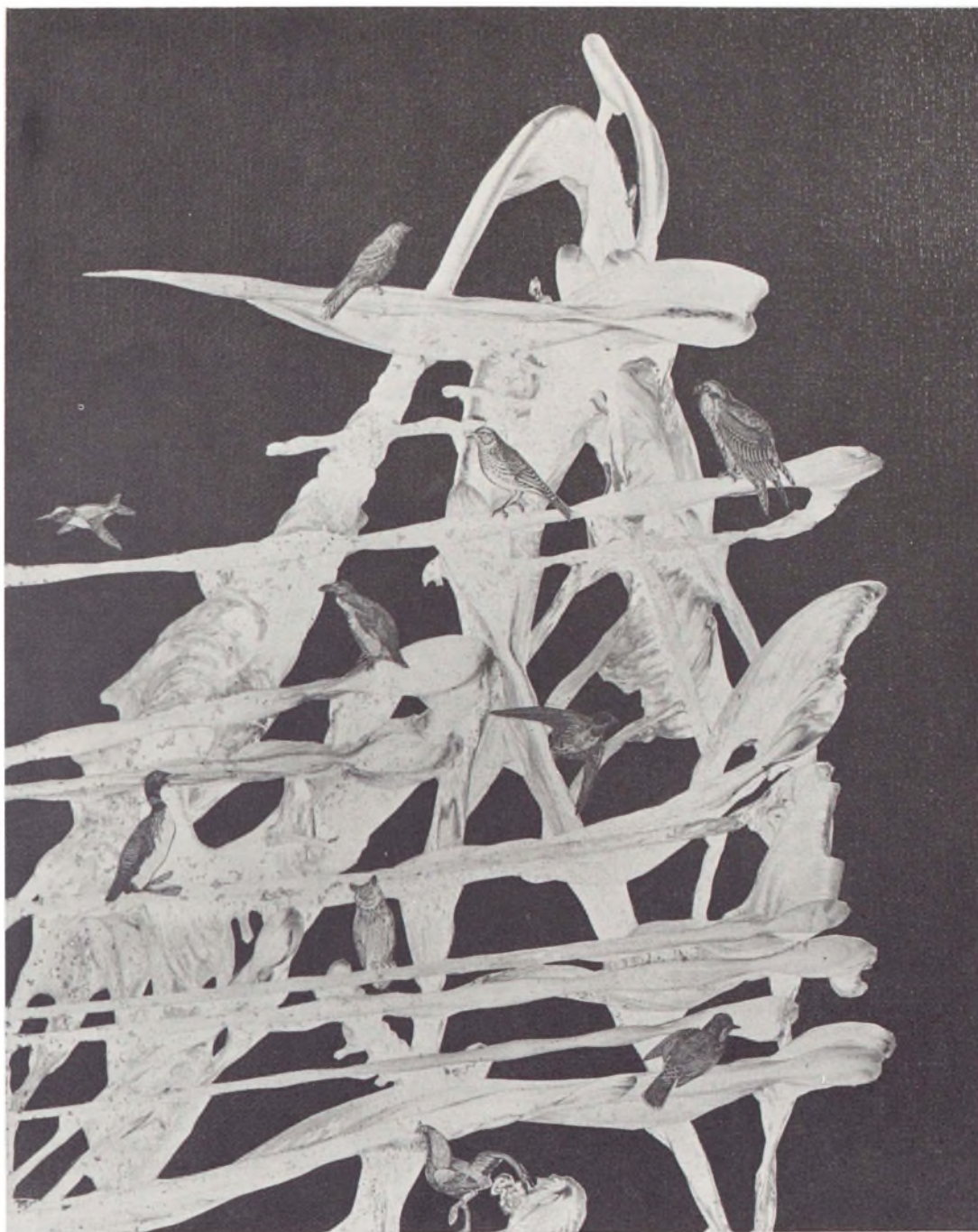
\* \* \*

What is proposed ultimately and permanently: the Promethean gesture, the gesture that supersedes the cultural commodity, "the author," "the artist," "the poet," and dialectically subsumes these vain and masochistic inventions of our elders, the obnoxious enemies of desire and human freedom, who are parasitically ranged around and within us. In this pursuit we continue Rimbaud's program of the seer, who *listens* for the unheard-of, that is, the absolute becoming of what we are yet not free from, what we have yet to conquer, to supersede, namely this "tyrant" of cultural habituation, the sniveling dog of heritages, and deeper, the chattel-slave of atavism: the repressive patriarchal family structure. With Rimbaud, we must conceive of the Great Adventure as going ahead of action; we "steal fire," fire which is alchemically, psychologically, metabolically, erotically, the sole source, origin, lever, pivot — the libidinal principle itself. It is from the transformations of *libido* that desire takes wing and the cultural producer and product are essentially transcended for a phoenix-like rebirth of what shall become, of *what shall be*. Herein rest the secret correspondences, by immanent revelation, of our most profound "self" and all others; herein I discern surrealism as an organism transcending the aggregates of which it is composed; here I witness the full flowering of each individual personality by a permanent annihilation of the interior slavocracy, the becoming of that resolution; by mediations of psychical exaltations and unconditional inspiration, of the Hegelian master-slave contradiction. Otherwise I risk the mediocrity of being but another "artist" or "poet" producing what shall not bear in its secret core — but only "secret" for those who have not known the power of self-transcending desire — the flower of fire Prometheus sublimates out of his desire of desire, that is, *SUBLIMES* from the libidinal fire transformed by psychical powers, the highest source of conscious desire to unleash the buried treasures, so that we may pass back and forth, masters of consuming and preserving fire!

Let us not forget that the Promethean pathways are uniquely *vital* as opposed to the programs of saints, contemplatives, artists, anti-artists, philosophers, and anti-philosophers, merely *outdistanced* categories for those who insist on the priorities of *the mad lover of freedom, the masterless master and the poetic criminal!*

(To Be Continued)

Philip LAMANTIA



Penelope ROSEMONT: *Euclid's Last Stand* (1975)

*We are our dreams of ourselves, souls by gleams,  
And each to other dreams of others' dreams.*

...

*An unknown language speaks in us, which we  
Are at the words of, fronted from reality.*

Fernando Pessoa

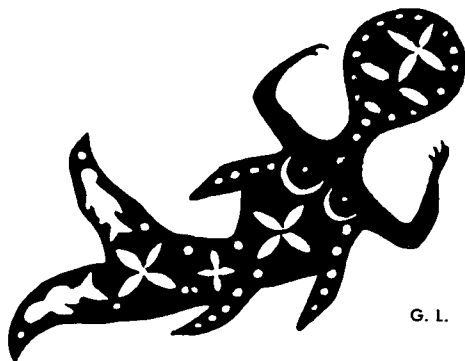
# THE MUSICIAN

he pour'd floors talk  
 fly comment on latest views  
 arms moons ride fingers press inside  
 gallopin' galoshes shit ma points narrow'd in  
 torso wick torch ease & confluent hips  
     silent upon open grass  
     voices float casts above  
     the own'd resolve  
 bronze suzy q'd sand spread  
 chapter behind raining lens  
 chatting arch'd contracting  
 parts travel some sum='s  
     speed diety alone fondles  
     like settin' almost dependable day  
     independent of time deliverance  
     spoken bitch workin' gospel  
 mean chants meant defy logics death  
     spies numerals rotating  
 all but the gentle lie buried there  
     you see come hefer here  
         to me see  
 old grease slide slipped  
 side tip to step massage wood  
 steady like smooth readiness rain continues expectant  
     glow calm season  
 after begun charity & expectant exchange  
 hotcall waiting synapse sinchange shaken chord  
 to antelope fieldgazelle baboon hard with heart  
 'gator mission sworn tale stopp'd ice hop  
     backwards getting over fasting  
 tophat Robinson spats gray suede  
 suave to they not gettin' tarantula  
 high on ladders them Nicholas's  
 wit wigin' licking sticks  
     a backglance checking  
 Step and his bros. movin' too  
 and old pageant succulent deeds  
 well to be done age ago gone now  
 warriors past memories flint  
 eye seasons then repent offer  
 new repast today — on it —  
 wholly natural beige forest  
 close guarded skin mellowed  
 crop rivers lamb life chose  
 most bends thought impossible  
 reigning nest set bird still there



motion seamless steed  
 stomach affect stolen needs  
 past recreations recreate deeds  
 motion seed sinews  
     inside each world

wake tide reach sky beneath beige salt  
 quilted plume next mirror farwood imagining grist  
 sound wind propelling radius within  
 joy found arc wash'd free  
 level rope continuous wave cyclical damask  
 imprint wavers light element vertical birth memories

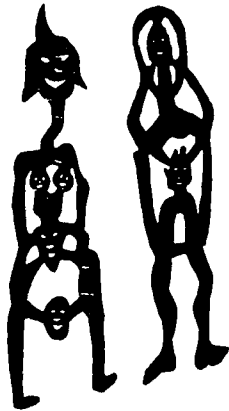


elegiac stone plant  
 one lobe grass shingle  
 spark weights quick  
 bandillero first later  
 perhaps cloth lighted  
 back over sil effulgent  
 flower roar matador  
 effortless Veronica  
 quilt pleated notion stops  
 rhythm sights ground  
 cartilage sweat  
 standing pace apart  
 nimble feet door ajar

blood motion lines halt  
 quest satisfactory postulates  
 resolving yeah move toward  
 turning evolution kindle & brine  
 place to place closer habitat  
 native grasp climb'd whirl  
 bud bowl seed presages message  
 motion smoke answer memory

METAL SCULPTURES FROM HAITI  
 by  
 Georges LIAUTAUD and Murat BRIERRE

never failing panther stroke  
 pursuant electron patter  
 borne naked vibrates air  
 spread glint rotating pistons  
 inbred starch leather  
 floating thrusts adjacent fire  
 heels healing expansion  
 kneeding dough patrician eye  
 thirsted measure sure ease  
 carrion arch acheless & windborne



M. B.

and how lives are spent  
 watching spaces subtract  
 changegatherers from one to one  
 other reflections halting  
 become dilating pupil a haunting  
 cellophane suns wrapped  
 energized pangyric enclosed  
 what see — next vision forward  
 acculturated senses forage  
 stonewall breakneck a'gin  
 to fortune loaded z's  
 seeming earnest trout  
 must to other shape succeed  
 search past light soul angel fed  
 worn sky drift rouge crucifix  
 say to death back hot-on again  
 stood stain fell tree sacrilege  
 blood groping blade propellers  
 were then next come too soon  
 taciturn tenacity batting lid profusion  
 order rectangles commodious field  
 tears satted iodine regurgitate  
 pleasantries frills ordained mint  
 blind game stung history tag  
 like rope mighty people rise  
 rose 'tween ivory firm line  
 held mirroe deeds calcium  
 lies the humorless intake



G. L.

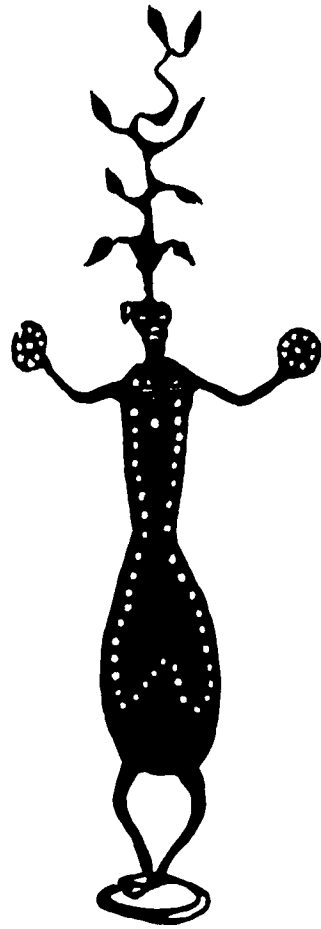
fathers bowed neck ayel  
 rounded bough tendon'spanse  
 of rather kinetic bronze boulder  
 shelf kindred soul thought saffron  
 deed shoulder crucifix horse  
 likeness there function misplaced  
 foreign temper age wrestling  
 intangibles time victim too  
 spirit subsumed forlorn sentiment  
 could reality acquire disguised  
 subservience matter of seconds  
 sunken meaning acts new then  
 when ridden found harness  
 hard glands salivatin' Judah  
 ride warm speedworn  
 Morton jell'd gem pack'd Earl  
 Hines bobbin' natural placement  
 feelings connect older body orders  
 wailer found regional dictum  
 small pedantry to face black  
 bottom meant glad tides times



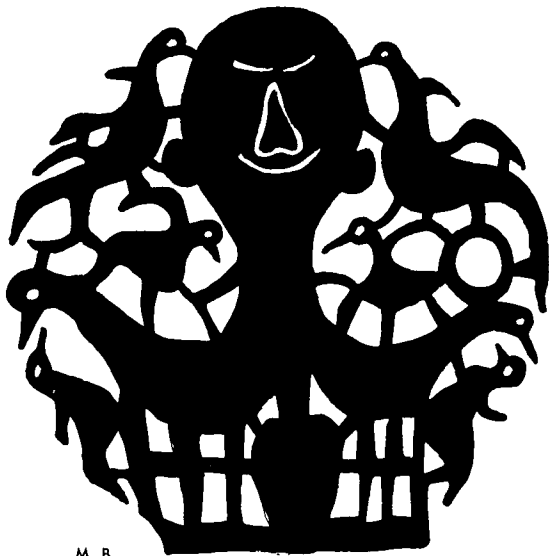
M. B.

sat they with sweating palms sinews stretch'd  
 under smoking leaves of whiten'd talc as  
 rosin snatch'd from straining floor boards  
 shutters bolted light spine sparrow shade  
 succession of nimble shadows  
 thimble grows one at a time  
 said shadow recording attitude  
 a singular world  
 inner mirror made speck decent fly  
 to shades sweat reaching  
 flat image inside stoic shadow  
 blood stirs ready underseal  
 token flesh reassures it  
 standing measured outside hearing  
 a weight beyond touch simple be-  
 -ing nice laugh to only one slouch  
 a stool separates style in mind distinction  
 swift purr soft hands cool noise smallest grin  
 direction muffled flesh puttey action become  
 tongues lock'd back to selves round licks  
 relics antique barren hot spur baroque  
 swear they to work only just fortune begun  
 days pass'd tattersol richly twined  
 dais heirloom goodwood theirs side Dillinger  
 aspects god crowds rd. square table lost  
 inside chute dark trill subtle tunings  
 alms for wings not quite raised

send shadow burr'd sylph  
 (has not a knot inside bark  
 dry to scabbing spoken?)  
 blue blade field frost cross'd  
 steel; swift nude figure mark  
 define summer Sabbath days end  
 in youth's stiletto blanket gaze  
 shattering minute tremors  
 frost receding slither'd from  
 edges tears then memory  
 watch'd lint yesterday depart  
     sneakers     jumpshot  
     rim before the world intrudes  
 rabbit reel a focus after fact  
 socks fill too willing silent holes  
 distance an interlude time awkwardly pales  
 ember far afloat a place remote yet reminds  
 fire born flower next hearth  
 brown to keening being told  
 heated reasons thick grass  
 matted ways soft still ebb & flow  
 saw even tides flow up sizable hill  
 pinching noses henna in verdant glaze  
 pleasant nature out pedigree sail  
 quiet to informant baton held sleepily  
 sponge leaf across waiting knees  
 wretch'd boil dead away  
 place conscience where duty is  
 clear's view for skaters skim highlands  
 lighted side go firstly by  
 like echo lite lighten'd to glueness  
     quick effigies emerald eye  
 quicksand moving vodum  
     ephemeral magic fixed eye  
 rapt obeisance merry grin god  
 flex'in nature retaining loose  
     the evenness squared roots hold  
 flex'in breath movement endemic  
 shadows fleet side spring panting  
 S's above flats vision vertical  
 eclipses unhappening trend  
 trifle monger tracking manger  
 seconds born off acetylene drama  
 begun moon sneeze hidden  
 reflectors but mighty glimpses  
 all for verity sculpted  
     traction higher  
     higher than —



G. L.



M. B.

bound bodylike twice across  
     life gardens  
 golden cudgel raincore  
 orifice cordial rhythm lite  
 step out chaste     lite one back  
 kneed carefully     lift around  
 corner invisible to rain  
 bounce as said twice  
 bounding sat knees lead bounce;  
 head love lifts crane bound  
 hook down lites bouncin'  
 hill left easy lift again bound  
 upward lite suction-bounce-trill  
 lite super lift surprise look gander  
     bounding lift  
     kneed porphyry  
     lit liking     arse  
     twine head chariot  
     all cells hip  
     neck spreading  
 vein laconic avuncular  
 dimension snap'd  
 lit licking  
     liking  
     bounced



light behind gause a gaze satisfaction  
 slight fleck & feathers spun thunder cracklin'  
 warlock drempt inside margin time  
 gone focal ridge exacerbate balm  
 ridges every cohabitation found sho'  
 'nuff tooth pickin' reason pruned rockin'  
 talkin' balance took a portion lost  
 exquisites converse carnal its parts  
 juxtaposes ebony life road swung harmonique  
 level rhythm-a-ming silhoutte speaks  
 seizure new kings jirate lambs wool  
 crown many waters still'd silences wrinkles  
 willing beam through devout density mirage sanctions  
 self forests chords calling solved goings  
 speech palms extends there many come  
 witness sword point yesterday sorrowing  
 now sparrow fly nut-spice beseeching  
 many new again grown to bring having  
 hyacinth seed by certain ides spring appear  
 knows inside whispers moves feeding

Maisha Milele

J. Collins

Maisha Milele

B. Powell

Maisha Milele

J. Coltrane

Maisha Milele

dashiki

youth's tooth gleam

mount  
sford

laughter swinging arms wait  
 pedigreed diameter bisected  
 brown body black being beside  
 behemoth poised to accede

Ring Dem Bells!



M. B.



M. B.

a head tone  
 phenomic color in  
 origin heated thoughts  
 cross & niger as  
 lines source contained  
 — within —  
 stamp stamp  
 dust mores  
 shadows float  
 Cire Perdue  
 process kept comin'  
 by out yet keepers  
 came  
 realms  
 all populate  
 even stride  
 Egbo lantern  
 house together  
 progeny tracks  
 filial fields  
 plant to holler  
 pebbles of  
 Bonny dominates  
 mouth river seas blank  
 verse air toward arc  
 rice reason grave guards  
 cloud there slept conscience  
 intrepid face gamelon  
 steedgame ready born  
 bloodstain'd leer to catch  
 emperor's children

Muzimu  
 heals  
 secrets  
 protects  
 projection  
 feed  
 Orisha  
 thru  
 gate

to  
 Oduwa  
 grown  
 nature  
 fast  
 becoming

Cecil TAYLOR



Thom BURNS: *The Memory of Midnight Explodes Upon the Coming Down* (1976)

### Nine Poems from MAGIC SENSE

*The water says to the wave:  
"You drink me."  
"How could I do that,"  
Replies the wave,  
"I am your mouth."*

\*

*The dew  
Says to the sun:  
"Do you see me?"  
"No," says the sun,  
"I am your eyes."*

\*

*The shadow  
Is the permanent  
Rendez-vous*

\*

*Religion  
Exists  
To console  
Humanity  
For all the harm  
That priests  
Have done to it*

\*

*The Absolutely Round  
Thing  
Would cause a  
Perfect vacuum*

\*

*Stone  
Hears  
Its heart beat  
Only in the rain*

\*

*An idea  
Is an Image  
Which cannot  
Decide  
Between  
Memory and Imagination*

\*

*Every mirror  
Is false  
Because it repeats  
What it doesn't see*

\*

*To believe  
Is the fatigue  
Of the devout*

Malcolm de CHAZAL

# BLACK MUSIC

## and the SURREALIST REVOLUTION

We cannot use inner language to make ourselves understood except to those whom we meet at the outer limits of things.

Jean ARP

About ten years ago the newspapers reported a striking incident: A Chicago bus driver—on Halsted Street, I believe—announced to his approximately nine passengers that he could no longer endure the monotony of his employment, that he was at that moment leaving for Florida on his bus, and that any passengers who wished to accompany him were welcome to remain on board. Two passengers got off at once; shortly afterward another, convinced that the driver meant what he said, was also allowed to leave. The others evidently decided to go to Florida, or at least to see what would happen. Hours later, in southern Indiana, the bus with its driver and half-dozen passengers was stopped by the State Police. The driver and passengers were placed under arrest and returned to Chicago.

Notwithstanding its disappointing conclusion, this story has remained for me an unending source of reverie and inspiration. Here were seven people casting aside all the fetters of everyday routine, pursuing every risk for the pleasure of realizing, however fleetingly, something of the splendor hinted at by fairy tales and heroic adventures. Is not all that we have in the way of hope founded on the premise that some day, and perhaps not such a distant day, thousands and even millions will come to approach life with this same ardor for discovery, this readiness to abandon everything but the consequences of desire? Some day there will be no State Police, or any other police, to obstruct the free play of the waking dreamers! Some day the Halsted Street bus will reach Florida, and will set out from there to new destinations!

From Halsted Street to Easter Island to the Garden of Eden!

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This aspiration to proceed beyond the vicarious mirrors of a vanity hollowed out from within, to proceed beyond all social and psychical structures governed by the fetishism of commodities and therefore by the fetishism of common sense—this aspiration to bring “real” life into closer accord with the wildest dreams of life is the essential link between poetry and revolution, distinct but inseparable phases of human expression. In *The History of the Russian Revolution*, the best account I know of the day-to-day molecular process of revolutionary transformation, Trotsky posed the question point-blank: “Can you make a revolution without the help of people who overreach themselves? Indeed, does not a certain percentage of light-mindedness enter as a constituent part into all great human deeds?” Moreover, Trotsky argues, only those

who have slipped free of what he goes so far as to call “the noose of reason” may attain this light-mindedness, this exhilarated and white-hot consciousness that enables those who possess it, or are possessed by it, to respond *automatically*, with genius as endlessly inventive as it is unforeseen, to each and every exigency. All surpassing acts of courage, all of life’s supreme and magnetic moments overflow with the light of this unpremeditated, unmediated, absolute valor that somehow announces: *This is it.*

For surrealism, precisely this automatism, as manifested in writing, speaking and drawing, provided the initial point of departure and has remained a constant point of renewal. Since its aim is nothing less than the reappropriation of the human essence (sundered by Christian civilization and above all by the development of capitalism), it represents a veritable fountain of youth that never can run dry, though the means of drawing forth its wondrous elixir necessarily evolve. Freud wrote: “We are sure of complete success only if all our mental forces are united in striving toward the desired goal.” The whole effort of surrealism has been to effect such unions. Its critique of existing conditions, its recognition that reality must be completely transformed by revolutionary action, derive from its original aim to express “the real functioning of thought.”

No one is more idiotic, therefore, than those critics who persist in thinking that automatism is merely a “technique” of “unconscious writing,” whatever that might be. On the contrary, surrealist automatist research aspires precisely to resolve the contradictions between conscious and unconscious, action and dream, and all the other unhappy antinomies that define the poverty of our time. Automatism is not itself a “technique” but rather signifies the *limit* toward which all specifically surrealist techniques must tend. It would be pointless to tarry over this question of techniques, except to point out that they are as multifarious as the dissatisfactions that give rise to them, and therefore of little or no intrinsic importance. This elementary truth, moreover, will never leave its umbrella behind, even if it inevitably leaves the mere “technicians” caught in the cloudbursts of their own emptiness. The point is simply this: For every moral, ideological or other obstacle that gets in the way of men and women each day of their lives, there exist counter-obstacles, an endless number of counter-obstacles, ready in the wings. Automatism is the emancipation of these counter-obstacles, secret weapons that enable the aggressive imagination to conquer territory previously held by indifference and hesitation.

In the first *Surrealist Manifesto* surrealism was defined as “The dictation of thought, in the absence of all control exercised by reason, and out-

side all aesthetic or moral preoccupations"—that is, in the absence of the deceptive smog of ideologies, and outside the dead weight of the Reality Principle. Aiming at the total liberation of the mind by implementing the conquest of memory by inspiration, surrealism is a continuous process of self-knowledge necessarily accompanied by sustained revolutionary poetic action.

That surrealism won its first victories on the plane of language is well known. But the real meaning of these victories has eluded nearly all commentators who have approached surrealism from "outside." The key to this problem is possessed by all true poets in all times. Benjamin Paul Blood, for example, several years prior to the foundation of the surrealist movement, wrote that "the secret of a creation can be realized only in our own actually creating."

Contrary to the sorry misunderstanding of some literary and linguistic specialists, language is not ours for the purpose of contriving endless variations on the vacuous theme of the limitations of language. It is ours, rather, to exceed itself, and to permit us to exceed ourselves. What are words for if not to fulfill the promise rising from the depths of desire? At its origins, in the epoch of primitive communism, language was inseparable from magic and was therefore imbued with poetry. Today, in the epoch of world revolution, on the eve of a new and higher communism, surrealism is restoring language to its magical and poetic essence, freeing it of debilitating utilitarian detours and aesthetic roadblocks, and enabling it to emerge in its true light as the *accomplice of love*.

We know at least this: Something that knows no bounds, something that will not wait, is boiling over in our minds. Language is the fundamental means by which this unique message that each of us must bear is transmitted to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear. Is it necessary to insist that this has nothing to do with "literature"? At least since Lautréamont it has been beyond argument that the degradations language has endured in the past must not be prolonged. The oracle of automatic dictation has let us know that a colossal settling of accounts is near—that the *dark truths* of all true poets are about to burst into dazzling and purifying flames, from which the old regime of the mind will never recover. As language is freed of its parasitical superfluities, as words and signs begin to dance to the "inner music" of desire, life itself is increasingly transformed by poetry: the petty iniquities of the "real" fade away before the triumph of the Marvelous.

Thus surrealism introduced new and revolutionary criteria by which we can approach all problems of human expression. What matters in poetry and painting is never mere literary or artistic values, or any other academic distractions. What matters is the extent to which they emit authentic and unanticipated *sparks*—the extent to which they bring to light the intermingling auras of objective humor and objective chance, thereby assisting the emergence, proliferation and hegemony of the convulsive beauty of the Marvelous.

\* \* \*

It is from this perspective that the surrealists have come to recognize in black music, and especially in the recent evolution of jazz, not only an ally and a fraternal tendency but an irreplaceable constituent element of the surrealist revolution.

Let us begin by quoting a critic, A.B. Spellman, who was once also something of a poet, and whose study, *Black Music*, though limited in its range of vision and severely marred by the political conciliationism evidenced especially in its closing pages, nonetheless provides some useful information on the background of the new music. "The new musician," Spellman writes, "has been primarily involved in the cultivation of the Marvelous. And he judges his work more by the frequency with which the Marvelous occurs than by compositional values." This critic then defines the new musician's effort as "the creation of situations wherein incredibly beautiful accidents occur."

From the surrealist point of view, one could hardly ask for more. But this is only the beginning.

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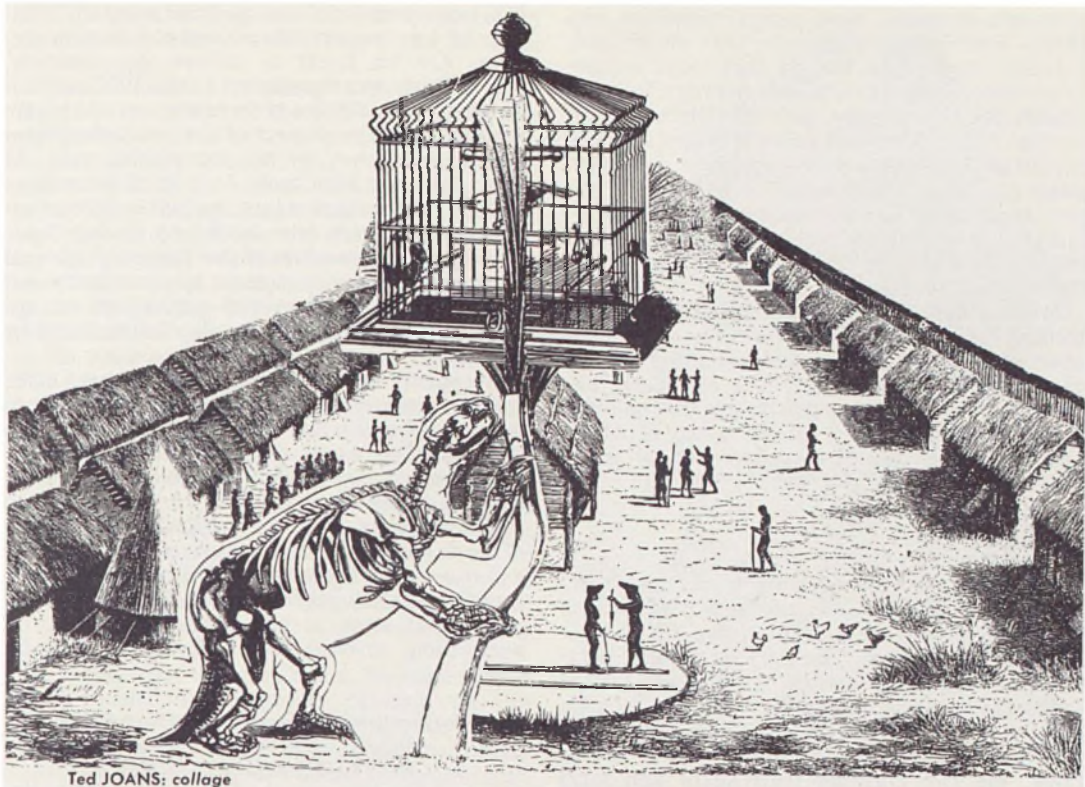
I hope the preceding observations are sufficient indication that my own point of view has nothing in common with what is usually called "music criticism." The following pages contain no trace of "formal analysis," no considerations on "style," no speculative hypotheses conceived as steppingstones to a new aesthetic code. Least of all should one expect to find here a "complete" or "systematic" survey. Far from intending any critical, sociological or psychological justifications, I have preferred to pursue some scattered "subjective" echoes recorded along the trajectory of the poetic boomerang tossed into the night where only dreamers' footsteps ring true.

Having had no specialized musical training, I have entered this terrain primarily from the angle of poetry. If, in the process, I may have helped settle certain disputes and helped clear away some confusion, this will have been only the reflex, as it were, of bringing the reasoning faculty into line with the advance of poetic inspiration.

A few polemic intrusions seem justified in the light of the irredeemably abject character of nearly all "critical" literature on surrealism as well as black music. Disinterested inquiry and the logic of passion are excluded from what passes for "jazz magazines" by an absurd etiquette of "critical" realism in which the reality of the intolerable always has the last word. Hoping, with these preliminary and tentative notes, to hasten the overturn of this situation (I say: Down with the intolerable! Long live the desirable!), I have tried to approach the restless affinities between surrealism and black music in the spirit of Breton's cardinal principle: "Criticism can exist only as a form of love."

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Those who know something of the history of surrealism may object here that the first surrealists, with few exceptions, were hostile or at least indifferent to music—pointing out that



Ted JOANS: collage

though there have been surrealist poets, painters, sculptors, architects, photographers and cinematographers, there have been no specifically surrealist musicians. Such objections, in and of themselves, are of little importance. Surrealism was not drawn up as an abstract, finished "system" in which all the parts fit together, as in a clock, artificially safeguarded against all contradiction. It has developed, rather, as everything vital develops, according to an inexorable dialectic expressed in the play of elective affinities which, to say the least, never stands still. What was surrealist in the mid '20s is not necessarily surrealist fifty years later. To convert a relative truth into an absolute principle is to grasp only the dust of what was once a butterfly.

Already by 1940, interviewed by *View* magazine, Breton could speak of "what was ending, what was continuing, and what was beginning" in surrealism. One thing that is ending today is the reticence toward everything having to do with music. One thing that is beginning is the encounter of surrealists and creative musicians.

It is worthwhile to examine some of the steps in this evolution.\*

In *Surrealism and Painting* (1928) Breton, observing that "the eye exists in its savage state," defended plastic expression in contrast to musical expression, which he felt to be "the most confusional of all forms." Breton's avowed indifference to music has been frequently remarked by critics, though to my knowledge no one has attempted seriously to discern its motives and

ramifications. The problem, indeed, is not as simple as the critics have pretended.

It is significant, for example, that in the brief passage on music in *Surrealism and Painting* Breton refers (in a footnote) to a deathbed confession of Mozart reported by Poe, according to which it was only in his last moments that Mozart could "see what *may* be done in music." In view of the lifeless tyranny of music hinted at in Poe's theory of poetic composition, which was perverted into dogma by certain French Symbolists, it would appear that Breton's much-vaunted rejection of music was above all a rejection specifically of certain Symbolists' conception of music as the orchestration of a longing for death.

To free themselves from the grip of tired melodies, stale rhythms and other leftovers from the Symbolist banquet (which were commercially rehashed by the repulsive schemer Cocteau and others), the first surrealists proclaimed their impassioned commitment to silence. Breton and his comrades were emphatically not interested in the salon triflings of Erik Satie and those of similar type. Instead, they shut out everything that might interfere with recording what Breton in his *Manifesto* of 1924 significantly called the *surrealist voice*. Difficult as it may be for one-dimensional critics to appreciate, it was precisely this voice, which at first commanded silence, that provided the *open sesame* of the poetic revolution which today allows us to listen to jazz with *new ears*.

Moreover, certain prophetic echoes from the past could hardly be overlooked for long. Rimbaud, for example, in "Alchemy of the Word," a powerful influence on the whole course of surrealism, invoked "inane refrains" and "artless rhythms," revealing his susceptibility to those

\* For a more detailed account see the section "Surrealism and Black Music" in Paul Garon's *Blues and the Poetic Spirit* (London, Eddison Press, 1976).

elements in music least compromised by aesthetic contrivance—elements that hearkened, however hopelessly, toward that *volatile innocence* that alone permits our passage to other worlds. And later in the same text Rimbaud tells us that “. . . with instinctive rhythms I prided myself on inventing a poetic language accessible some day to all the senses.” For Rimbaud the project of poetry was to “change life.” Can anyone pretend that in the realization of this project, the historical mission of the surrealist movement, there is no place for music?

We may note, too, that Rimbaud’s cry, “Pagan blood is returning!” which Vincent Bounoure has cited as an anticipation of the surrealists’ appreciation of “primitive” art, just as clearly announces our profound sympathy for that sublime “devil music” in which all the colors of Africa glisten through the dew-soaked web of tribal chants and voodoo incantations.

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Scattered through Breton’s works are many passing metaphorical references to music which assume a special resonance today. In *Soluble Fish* he tells us that “the lure of dreams stimulates the music of my head.” In his *Introduction to the Discourse on the Paucity of Reality* he even invokes “the mysterious wind of jazz.” It is plain now that, entirely aside from anyone’s intentions, the two currents (surrealism and jazz) could not have remained completely apart. I think



JOHN BROWN

it is even permissible to speak of a subtle influence of jazz on surrealism from the very beginning. Are we really to believe, for example, that of thirty-two signatories to the 1927 surrealist tract *Hands Off Love!* there was not one whose awareness of the subject of that very document had been touched by the astonishing solos of King Oliver on his Creole Jazz Band recordings of 1923? All authentic jazz, including its earliest forms—no matter how burdened it may have been by absurd residues of the European musical tradition, with all its melodic sentimentality and stale harmonic pretensions—represents an opposition to the “paucity of reality” denounced by Breton.

It appears not at all accidental, in any case, that the entire evolution of jazz from the 1920s to the present reads like a line-by-line response to the challenge advanced by another surrealist, Paul Nougé, in his 1929 lecture published in English under the title *Music Is Dangerous*.

Nougé insists, for example, that the prosperity of music and musicians depends on “a deliberate will to act upon the world.” One of the most outstanding characteristics of jazz, especially since bebop, has been its elaboration of protest, its unrelenting revolutionary will. Joseph Jarman urges:

“construct transformation construct REVOLT  
DO NOT INCITE TO RIOT—  
INCITE TO REVOLUTION”

“Here,” Nougé continues, “we rediscover, transfigured, the moving aspiration of magician, healer and thaumaturge,” which is also the moving aspiration of the surrealist poet and painter, as of the jazz musician—an aspiration (citing Jarman again) “to offer revelation to revolution,” or, in other words, to realize the magic of poetry in everyday life.

Summing up, Nougé declares categorically: “Our desire is to place ourselves altogether in the service of the *possibilities of spirit*.” And in his concluding remarks he adds: “Whether we deal with music or with some other human event, spirit is at our mercy and we are, in reality, accountable for it.”

In the realm of “spirit,” of course, many would-be revolutionists lose their footing and retreat lamely to a dismal positivism entirely out of keeping with their presumed intention to lead the struggle for human emancipation. In his best days Archie Shepp replied very well to all varieties of pseudo-radical philistinism, denouncing the Stalinists’ “chauvinistic attitude to jazz” and specifying further, in the vein of Nougé’s prospectus, that this attitude “seemed to contradict the whole thing, everything I’d ever read of Marx, the whole dialectical process . . . Jazz is a symbol of the triumph of the human spirit, not of its degradation. It is a lily in spite of the swamp.”

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In “Surrealist Situation of the Object” (1935), Breton succinctly traced the modern evolution of poetry and the plastic arts in the light of Hegel’s *Philosophy of Fine Art*. Although he refers to music only in passing, the theoretical context and line of argument are sufficient to indicate not

only the gap that thus remained in the surrealist conquest but also the direction to be taken to close this gap.

"I cannot repeat too often," Breton says, "that Hegel . . . attacked all the problems that on the plane of poetry and art may today be considered to be the most difficult, and that with unparalleled lucidity he solved them for the most part." Hegel ranked music below the "universal art" of poetry, but above the plastic arts. Observing that painting was the first of the arts to come under the sway of poetic imperatives, and that it did so by passing beyond external representation in favor of the *interior model*, Breton points to the influence of photography in precipitating this development. (Movies, he adds, were to effect a similar revolution in sculpture.) He does not add—though his framework implies it and events have established it—that the invention of phonographic recording had comparable consequences for music: the "pure" composer was pushed off his throne by the creative musician; traditional compositional values gave way to improvisation. This technological development undoubtedly hastened the consolidation of jazz, which emerged as the perfect musical expression of the new sensibility.

It is true that this revolution developed more slowly in music than in poetry, painting or sculpture, and that it developed for the most part in the United States rather than in Europe. These facts help explain Breton's failure to recognize it. Interestingly enough, however, his important article, "Silence Is Golden," written while he was an exile in New York during the Second World War and originally published in English in the magazine *Modern Music* (March/April 1944), takes up the problem of music at once more sympathetically, more concretely, and in much greater detail. This article is especially compelling, not only because it is the sole text in which Breton considers music at length but also because in it he approaches, albeit tentatively, the possibilities of a new music analogous to surrealist achievements on the poetic and plastic planes. (Not surprisingly, this text is rarely mentioned by critics.)

In the first paragraph Breton admits that his own ignorance of music belongs to the category of *prejudices*, specifying that he had not, however, "renounced all objective judgement" concerning it. Referring again to Hegel's *Philosophy of Fine Art*, Breton continued: "Above all I am convinced that the antagonism which exists between poetry and music (affecting, apparently, poets much more than it does musicians), and which for some ears seems to have reached its height today, should not be fruitlessly deplored but, on the contrary, should be interpreted as an indication of the *necessity for a recasting* of certain principles of the two arts."

Breton argues further: "On the auditive plane, I believe that music and poetry have everything to lose by not recognizing a common origin and a common end in *song*, by letting the mouth of Orpheus get farther every day from the lyre of Thrace. Poet and musician will degenerate if they persist in acting as though these two forces were never to be brought together again." Rejecting "reformist" solutions, such as "poems set to music," Breton insists that "now only the most



NAT TURNER

radical methods could hope for success." He affirms, "ambitious though it may be, that we must determine to *unify, reunify hearing* to the same degree that we must determine to *unify, reunify sight*."

Moreover, he writes, "It is evident that the fusion of the two elements—music and poetry—could only be accomplished at a very high emotional temperature. And it seems to me that it is in the expression of the passion of love that both music and poetry are most likely to reach this supreme point of incandescence."

The concluding section of the essay is devoted to some reflections touching on the "phonetic cabala," though he does not refer to it as such. "Never to the same extent as in surrealist writing," he says, "have poets so relied on the *tonal* value of words. The negativist attitudes aroused by instrumental music seem to have found compensation here." Approaching the problem of the most hidden recesses of language, he continues: "The 'inner word' that surrealist poetry has chosen to make manifest, and that it has succeeded, whether we like it or not, in establishing as a recognizable means of communication between certain people, is absolutely inseparable from 'inner music' by which it very probably is cradled and conditioned . . . Above all, being independent of the social and moral obligations that limit spoken and written language, inner thinking is free to tune itself to the 'inner music' which never leaves it."

Finally, Breton restates his contention, already argued in his essay "The Automatic Message" (1933), that "great poets have been 'auditives,' not visionaries. At least, with them, vision, 'illumination,' is the effect and not the cause"—great poetic images are "seen only after they have been heard."

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"Even as I write," said Lautréamont in *Les Chants de Maldoror*, "new shivers are traversing the intellectual atmosphere. One needs only the courage to face them." Even as Breton was writing "Silence Is Golden," the new shivers of bop were traversing the intellectual atmosphere, confirming, strengthening, expanding the most audacious proposals of surrealism, and unmistakably heading toward the reunification of hearing that Breton called for.

Breton's essay indicates that certain poets, at least, had gone a long way toward opening new lines of communication with musicians. The road they were thus clearing, he insisted, was "the only road that, in times such as these, is great and sure: that of a return to principles." It was also by a return to principles that certain jazz musicians, during the same years, began to find their way to the practice of poetry.

The passage of time has not in the least diminished the radiant glory of bop, which on the contrary extends each day. The luminous integrity of this music—and therefore of the musicians who produced it—stands in striking contrast to various murky, commercial rationalizations and debasements that came after, like so many hyenas, not to mention the shady maneuvers of the critics, eager to cash in on any and all misunderstandings. Many of those who presided over the birth of the "new vice" of bop are no longer with us; most of those who remain tend to act as though they were sworn to secrecy. It is almost impossible for us to reconstruct—even rudimentarily—the climate of those electrifying months during which Minton's Playhouse served as a Bureau of Bop Research; impossible to re-enter, as it were, the "process" by which the original revelations of Charlie Parker and his collaborators were set loose on the world. But one thing at least is beyond dispute: the boppers effected a remarkably explosive, lyrical crystallization of revolutionary sentiments shared to a great degree by the black proletariat as a whole.

Thus, for example, black soldiers during the Second World War organized the "Double V" movement, signifying not only V for victory abroad against the axis powers but Double V for victory at home against racial discrimination as well. The assertive, aggressive, defiant, merciless character of bop situates it solidly in this context. Aside from abundant internal evidence on this point, it is also noteworthy that Charlie Parker's celebrated "Now's the Time," according to many of those closest to him, was originally to have been titled, precisely, "Double V."

The new shiver of bop was exemplified by the legato agitation of the cymbal by which the bop drummers, not without a certain arrogance, conceded to indicate the beat. To be sure, bop also sent chills down the spine of innumerable Western traditions and values. For bop was above all else a revolt against music as a soporific evasion. It was a slap in the face of all the assumptions of the Mickey Mouse world. Nourished on the revolutionary political aspirations implicit in Double V, bop reached out too toward the revolutionary poetic spirit of Triple V, or VVV, as the surrealists in exile titled their journal in those years. In

the lean years of war and counter-revolution, surrealism and bop were rallying points of human freedom, affirmations of the necessity for total revolution. Inevitably they were attacked by all forces of reaction. Hounded, in some cases starved, driven to the wall, persecuted in a thousand large and small ways, neither surrealists nor bop musicians—with very few and partial exceptions—were allowed to prosper. The magnitude and magnificence of their achievements appear all the greater in view of the impossible odds against them.

The bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki served as an unspeakably brutal reminder that the old order still held the stage. The bop revolution had little chance to extend itself into new domains. Even in the "music world"—especially in the "music world"—its gains were resisted and fought, not only by clubowners and critics, but also by several older jazzmen from whom one might have hoped for a more fraternal attitude. For Louis Armstrong bop was "that modern malice." It was not truly malice at all, of course, but a genuine pride and self-confidence, a bold exuberance that doubtless seemed to be malice to those for whom jazz was part of "show biz"—those whose whole experience had been so horrible that they wanted to *please their oppressors* at all costs. The boppers were not out to please but to explore and discover. And when necessary—there is no denying it—they were also prepared to destroy, to annihilate obstacles placed in their way.

Another older jazzman, Cab Calloway, himself an eccentric figure and flagrant violator of American bourgeois "good taste," dismissed bop as "Chinese music." Absurd as this charge is, it retains a grain of truth in that bop did represent a purging from jazz of extraneous European debris, simultaneously expanding its receptiveness to non-European influences. In bop one hears the influence of revolutionary waves resounding throughout the non-white world. Related to this, filtered through incredible mystification, was the curious Muslim fad that flourished for more than a decade in the black ghettos, and especially on the jazz scene, beginning in the late 1940s. In essence this had nothing in common with the moribund theology of the decadent slaveholding societies of the Middle East. It was rather a difficult first step toward *dechristianization*, and even a rejection of the entire "American way of life." The dialectic of consciousness in this epoch is riddled with such seeming paradoxes of uneven and combined development. Whoever merely ridicules such phenomena only makes himself ridiculous. Out of the Muslim movement emerged a popular revolutionary leader as genuine as Malcolm X, one of the titanic figures of our age.

The tragic destiny of Malcolm X, the heroic sweep of his rise from the most demoralizing low-life to the threshold of proletarian internationalism, sheds light on the whole question of "black nationalism." It is no accident that the specter of Marcus Garvey returned as the bop revolution reached its apogee. But with all the hypocritical hue and cry about "racism in reverse," and the equally foolish rhetoric of numerous white sycophants who have functioned only as cheerleaders of underdevelopment, few have even tried to



discern the sense of the nationalist current as it applied to jazz.

For the jazz musician, black nationalism signified a head-on challenge to the white petty-bourgeois monopolists of the sordid night-club circuit and the recording industry; a defiant assertion of the will of the creators of jazz to become independent of its exploiters; a proud conviction in the legitimacy and even superiority of African modes of apprehension over the stagnant fragmentation of men and women characteristic of capitalist/christian Europe. The revolutionary tendency implicit in bop increasingly became explicit in the declarations of younger musicians, beginning in the late 1950s. The adepts of jazz, freed during the bop era of the etiquette of "entertainment," began to emerge as a consciously revolutionary factor in the modern world.

For most jazz musicians, nationalism has been a beginning rather than an end. And this is hardly surprising, for the whole evolution of black music is the evolution of the rhythm of the consciousness of freedom—a consciousness that unceasingly overflows all restrictions. To be sure, many black revolutionists whose political positions are not traditionally nationalist have nonetheless declared themselves nationalists, largely out of revulsion against the puerility, chauvinism and racism of the "white left." It is almost a truism that nationalist demands will continue to be made by blacks until the last vestige of racism is thrown off by the whites. More than ever the right of self-determination must be energetically defended. But here as elsewhere the revolution admits no easy labels. Malcolm X said in one of his last interviews: "If you notice, I haven't been using the expression [black nationalism] for several months. But I still would be hard-pressed to give a specific definition of the overall philosophy which I think is necessary for the liberation of the black people in this country."

With bop, the "secret society" always latent in jazz begins to assume a fuller development. With its background in African and Caribbean traditions, and drawing from underground traditions of black nationalism, its immediate need of occultation was doubtless as a defense against the encroachments of many and varied predators and parasites. Most of these, needless to say, have been white: the cockroach capitalists of clubs and record companies; the commercial imitators; the critics. The boppers' effort to keep out the public, to assure that their research would be innocent of concessions to existing "taste," was doomed from the start, as is poignantly suggested by an album such as *Charlie Parker with Strings*.

The bop musicians did not "sell out." One by one, in different ways, most of them were crushed by an inhuman culture which, though obviously dying, became increasingly murderous in its blind efforts at self-preservation. A series of deaths and defections brought about the eventual liquidation of bop as an independent movement. The ensuing reaction, "cool" jazz (led by that glacial genius, Miles Davis), in essence an accommodation to the climate of the Cold War, was quickly adopted by the white middle-class intelligentsia, who found the soothing, muted, sterile sounds of Stan Getz and Chet Baker well suited to their own "existentialist" frigidity. In this regard

a deathbed declaration of Charlie Parker, that "too many of the young cats" did not know the blues, takes on a symptomatic significance, for the blues, as Bird added, "is the basis of jazz." It was entirely in the nature of things that the next revolution in jazz, after bop, would have among its leaders many whose grounding in blues had been deep and enduring.



Sowing the seeds of an urgent promise, bop yielded an incomparable harvest on the other side of despair. Charlie Parker's achievements in music are on the same plane as Rimbaud's in poetry, or Picasso's in painting, with this difference: Bird, unlike Rimbaud and Picasso, did not allow the last years of his life to detract from his earlier grandeur. Let it never be forgotten that Charlie Parker died of an overdose of American racism, exploitation and complacency. But just as his indomitable spirit remains a symbol of unblemished courage and lucidity, so too the revolution in consciousness to which he devoted his life is not a lost cause. On the contrary, it gains new ground each day.

The substance of Parker's courage and lucidity permits us to define the quest of bop as a heroic and in large part victorious effort to expand the field of improvisation—that is, to expand the prerogatives of the imagination over memory's fixed forms. All the "technical" problems of jazz (displaced accents, "irrational" rhythms, contrast of sonorities, the gradual eclipse of the clarinet and triumph of the saxophone, the breaking up of time, the excursions beyond the four-bar unit of construction, the negation of melodic and harmonic barriers, etc.) are inseparable from this quest.

The authentic heirs of bop, who have taken up these and countless other problems, have been the passionate pursuers of this quest. Picasso's celebrated motto, "When I run out of red, I use blue," has its jazz equivalent in Charlie Mingus' remark: "There are no wrong notes." It is not simply that "anything goes," but rather that "anything goes for those who know." The tendency toward occultation, which the post-bop jazz currents have greatly developed, involves an experience of nothing less than initiation. The surrealists have long recognized this principle (see Breton's *Second Manifesto*) which not only keeps out the uncongenial—by means of what Joseph Jarman calls "a web to keep the eyes of those who will never understand away"—but also strengthens and develops the faculties of those who share the secret.

Between the noun *entrance* and the verb *entrance* the experience of initiation concentrates the darkness into a magic flame which immolates every resistance and reveals a ladder of air to that "point in the mind" at which the real and the imaginary cease to be perceived as contradictory. Let us waste no words on those who confuse this revolutionary moral rigor with the masochistic chastisements of religion, or on those who



A. K. EL JANABY: collage

seek the philosopher's gold at the currency exchange. The removal of opportunists, stragglers, fence-sitters, and others who are *morally disqualified* is a necessary correlate of the uninterrupted pursuit of what Breton called "the light that will cease to fail." That several of the greatest black musicians have independently arrived at similar conclusions is further evidence of the profound unity of their aspirations and ours.

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If Charlie Parker is comparable to Rimbaud and Picasso, then Cecil Taylor with his *Jazz Advance* (1956) has given us a veritable surrealist manifesto in music. If this were a history it would be necessary to chronicle the specific and in some cases enormous contributions of Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Charlie Mingus, Eric Dolphy, Sun Ra, Ornette Coleman and others. But *Jazz Advance*, and particularly its interpretation of "Sweet and Lovely," seems to me a landmark of such magnitude and brilliance that it can serve here, without distorting the course of events, as a definition (insofar as a "definition" is possible) of what has been called variously the "new music," "Great Black Music," the "new thing" in jazz, and—taking its name from the title of an Ornette Coleman / Eric Dolphy album which was one of the first to echo the implications of Cecil Taylor's achievement—*free jazz*.

All the old controversies over Monk's "depersonalization of the chord," and his alleged "excess" of dissonances, remind us today of such historic examples of ineptness as Paul Valery's question, addressed to André Breton: "How is one to distinguish cubist A from cubist B?" And there is no longer any doubt that it is largely thanks to Cecil Taylor that a death blow has been dealt to every equivocation of this sort. The decisive lessons of Taylor's work seem to me as follows: that the emancipation of what has been known as jazz could be achieved only by rigorously following through the profoundest essence of

this music; that salvation could not be found in any compromise or eclecticism; that the victory of the "jazz revolution" required *absolute fidelity to its own means*—namely, the *definitive triumph of improvisation*, pursued (as it could only be pursued) in conditions of *moral asepsis*.

Paraphrasing Breton's famous statement about words in automatic writing, I suggest this formula: With Charlie Parker, the sounds stop fooling around; with Cecil Taylor, the sounds start making love.

When Cecil Taylor presses chords on the piano, his fingers touch keys that open doors on the electric pulse of a luminous freedom waking in the murmuring eyelids of a vertigo scaled like the innermost cliff overlooking the boundless main of a vision thirsty for the troubled waters of an externalized fear—*absolute* fear, the supersession of which, as Hegel argued in his *Phenomenology of Mind*, leads to mastery over the entire objective reality. If the history of jazz is the history of such successive supersessions, with each turn the stakes have grown higher; today, thanks to Cecil Taylor and those closest to him, they are rapidly approaching a vengeful apex.

The expression *free jazz* signifies freedom not only in the negative and destructive sense (freedom *from* European values and other restraints) but also freedom in the affirmative: freedom *to* re-create the audible universe according to desire. The continuing exploration of Cecil Taylor and of several others who have taken the same path—or cleared new paths in the same direction—prove that the revolution in black music has not ceased to deepen and to extend its sway; that it shows no sign of loosening its grasp of historical truth. Such advances, in the face of the abominable social conditions enforced by an Ubuesque government and a no less Ubuesque "cultural establishment," can be made only by those whose uncompromising ardor and creative integrity permit them at first sight to distinguish essence from excrement, true life from hopeless mirage.

Cecil Taylor's effort has been reinforced, in recent years, by a number of musicians mostly living in Chicago: Muhal Richard Abrams, Fred Anderson, Joseph Jarman, Roscoe Mitchell, Henry Threadgill and others who, refusing to stand still on previously conquered terrain, confirm our conviction that today nothing is closed off to jazz—that the jazz revolution is indeed *permanent*.

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Improvisation, once decried by respectable authorities as a regrettable "primitive" vestige, has long been an accomplished fact, even among modern European composers who expressly disavow interest in jazz. But for them it is only an isolated technical device, or a tarnished insignia of academic virtuosity or, in the case of John Cage, an irredeemable promissory note glued to the shadow of Marcel Duchamp.

For those, however, who recognize in jazz a door opening on the Golden Fleece, improvisation is not such a trifle. There are, perhaps, an infinite number of ways to pull the wool over the eyes of the sleepless dragon, but each adventurer must find his own way, at the risk of his very life.

Pursued in the sense that Cecil Taylor exemplifies, collective improvisation in jazz, as in the written or drawn "exquisite corpses" of surrealism, introduces us into the communism of the Marvelous. In *Unit Structures*, how admirably the piano's vines of phosphorous polyphony, dripping with crystal whispers from a moat of serpentine surprises, climb through the fine blue branches of altoist Jimmy Lyons' split-second solos, drawing forth the nectar of their inmost reserves, bringing us intermingling auras of black truth on the magnetic fields of a momentous expectation, always multiplying that *higher vigilance* and urging us up the asymmetrical stairway out of the quotidian deception to the outer reaches of thought in amorous pursuit of its object!

With Cecil Taylor improvisation becomes *absolute* in a trance that transfigures the very ground of what has been regarded heretofore as humanly possible. Nothing else in music re-sounds with this irrepressible *golden tremor* which will yet make a deafened world jump forward into the excited rediscovery of its own ears. Already his works have permitted many listeners to return from the brink of one or another untold disaster — to return with a confidence that can come only from inspiration truly global in origin as well as in implications. Works such as Cecil Taylor's, which catapult us to a new and profound sense of the terrifying fragility of existence, and at the same time inspire our awareness of how the conditions of this existence can be changed—works, that is, that are capable of overcoming the stultifying skepticism of all modern miserabilism, and restoring to men and women the consciousness of the possibilities of a life of exaltation—such works are themselves irrefutable testimony that their creator is doing *exactly what is called for, exactly at the right time.*

\* \* \*

For the new musicians it is no longer a question of music alone, of music as an "isolated discipline." Rather, without in the least betraying the magnificent tradition of black music for which they all have deepest veneration, the new musicians have increasingly tended to take up the problems of human expression in all its forms.

It could be argued that, just as surrealism is not a "type" of poetry but, on the contrary, alone represents authentic poetic activity in our time, so the music of Cecil Taylor and Joseph Jarman can no longer be regarded as a "type" of music. It has become, rather, the most important element in the *refoundation* of music—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, the *axis* around which serious research into sound, as a vehicle for expressing the "real functioning of thought," has come to revolve. As jazz has sloughed off, bit by bit, all superfluous elements, the purity sought and won has been less musical, perhaps, than *magical*. Free jazz does not mean "pure music," in the sense of a sterilized aesthetic. Its purity signifies rather the removal of everything that interferes with the expression of liberated desire. When the British critic Max Harrison complains, in *Jazz On Record*, that Coltrane's *Ascension* "seems more a ritualistic

than a musical experience," he proves only that he got the point and missed it too. The surrealist painter Max Ernst published a book in 1934 called *Beyond Painting*. The position of the new jazz musicians could be defined as Beyond Music.

Thus, the "occult" preoccupations of some jazz musicians seem to me closer to the *high tone* of a work such as John Dee's *Hieroglyphic Monad* than to any of the pseudo-esoteric tinklings so fashionable today. Similarly, those musicians who find inspiration in astronomical and mathematical lore have ventured into the domain of Pythagoras for motives completely distinct from, and even opposed to, the hyper-hygienic vanity of the so-called computer composers. Moreover, the scope of jazz has been expanded to such an extent that its applications are as limitless as its inspirations. It is in this sense that one should regard the brave assertion of Sunny Murray: "If some avant-garde jazz musicians played outside a hospital they'd say they were going to kill the patients or make them sicker because the patients weren't in tune to that sound. But maybe it was them working so hard not to hear natural sounds that contributed to putting them as patients into the hospital in the first place. And maybe the sound we make could touch and un-loose something in those patients and make them want to live again. You see, the intensity of this music can really change things; the elements we live in, the air and the water."

By circuitous and unexpected paths we have rediscovered problems not unlike those that concerned Charles Fourier, whose "passional calculus" allowed him to announce that with the establishment of Social Harmony there would be 37,000,000 poets equal to Homer.



Mario CESARINY and Inacio MATSINHE:  
collective drawing (Lisbon, 1974)

Today, however, in the English language, there are hardly even 37 poets—a fact which sums up the ever-greater precariousness of the human condition. The present social order is inflexibly hostile to poetry, and vice versa. This is why, since the dawn of Romanticism, which coincided with the consolidation of the bourgeois revolution, authentic poets have tended toward a more and more conscious revolutionary attitude. As champions of the triumph of the human spirit, the new musicians also have necessarily tended toward the criticism and overthrow of the obstacles to this triumph. We could paraphrase Benjamin Péret's pronouncement on the poet and say that the creative musician today has no choice but to be a revolutionary—or to cease being a creative musician.

It is worth emphasizing that the bourgeois revolution can truly never be consummated; that bourgeois society is always and everywhere unstable. Long periods of relative quiescence cannot do away with the fundamental and irreconcilable contradictions between the creative masses, who produce all the wealth, and the handful of leeches who control it. The working class, by definition (to the extent that it is conscious of itself as a class), struggles for the abolition of wage slavery and therefore for real freedom; the capitalist class, however, in direct proportion to the class-consciousness of the workers, slides inexorably into fascism. Especially at those historic moments when the question of workers' power is most seriously posed, all the feudal and pre-feudal atavisms unresolved by bourgeois rule re-enter the stage of history as active factors on the side of counter-revolution.

The overestimation of the immediate exchange-value of language (which gives bourgeois culture its wholly *prosaic* character) nourishes these unresolved atavisms and directly enforces the passivity and apathy of the working class. With the vacuous and degraded language held in check by the commodity economy, workers are unable to formulate the ardent images of reverie and revolt indispensable to the development of revolutionary consciousness. And it is precisely to the extent that they are unable to formulate bold and emancipatory images, as the emblems of their deepest desires and the heralds of decisive actions, that the workers fall victim to the regressive and repressive images of reaction.

The task of the revolutionary poet, therefore, is to restore language to its essential poetic function, to promote the elaboration of a specifically poetic climate of sensibility, which I have defined elsewhere\* as a *climate of readiness for the actualization of the Marvelous*: the only climate in which revolutionary consciousness can take root and flower. The task of the revolutionary poet is to assist in the destruction of all repressive myths and ideologies and to assist in creating the situation whereby all will become poets.

If the term "revolutionary poet" has obviously become practically synonymous with "surrealist," it should be no less obvious that the musicians of "free jazz" are not mere allies but, objectively, active participants in the surrealist

revolution. The works of surrealist poets, painters, photographers, sculptors and the free jazz musicians belong as unshakably to the revolutionary future as ninety-nine per cent of what passes for Literature, Art and Music in our society belongs to the reactionary dead weight of the past. The legion of false poets, false painters and false musicians invoke a fear of the future and a masochistic accommodation to "nostalgia." They are hired to embellish and conceal the decay of bourgeois culture, to disguise and reinforce everything that deserves to perish. And just as reactionary politicians have not hesitated to plunder the works of revolutionary theorists to concoct new confusionist demagogues, neither do reactionary litterateurs or artists (to say nothing of advertising agents) hesitate to plunder surrealism and black music for commercial and confusionist purposes. But this requires only that the social and surrealist revolutions be deepened and carried through all the way, to *expropriate the expropriators*.

The intrinsically revolutionary and communist character of surrealism and free jazz is exemplified by their disdain for the vile conception of private property, including the stupid notion of "talent" which is the hideous hallmark of bourgeois cultural ideology. Moreover, the surrealists' and free jazz musicians' emphasis on automatism (improvisation)—not only individually but collectively—and their research into chance, collage and other means of "forcing inspiration," contribute substantially to breaking down the barriers of "specialization": the alienated, atomized framework characteristic of an exploitative society. Such a struggle clearly exceeds the old categories, implying the supersession of Art, Literature and Music. "We have nothing to do with literature," the first surrealists declared in 1925, and the new musicians could say the same today of music, "but we are quite capable, when necessary, of making use of it like anyone else."

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If, with very few exceptions, recent poets writing in English had nothing to say about jazz—apart from some dismal journalistic asides and condescending whimpers—it is because they were not true poets. A poet who is false in poetry is necessarily false all along the line, true only in his consistent falsehood. How could the false poets, whose bad breath is only the exhalation of their bad faith, respond with anything but hostility or hypocrisy to the revealers of sounds whose echoes know only the brightest promises of the future?

For the false poets jazz is entirely *foreign*, and therefore regarded suspiciously as something to be suppressed outright or, at best, treated as a bit of exotic flora, used to brighten up their colorless estates. Jazz, for these literary colonialists in whom is concentrated all that is rottest in European culture, is at best a "background" against which they can rattle the ice cubes in their cocktails. Morally, and in every other sense, they have compromised themselves into a coward's corner, from which point all they can do is grovel before the icons of existing dishonor.

The failure of American poetry throughout this century is inextricably linked to the "mysticism" that has been said to afflict certain music-

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\* "The New Argonautica," in the surrealist section of the *City Lights Anthology*, San Francisco, 1974.

ians: Coltrane, Sun Ra, Pharoah Sanders and others. Mysticism flourishes in direct proportion to the defeat of poetry and revolution. If one considers the unrelieved wretchedness of existence which most black musicians have been forced to endure—the horrors of exploitation and poverty intensified a thousandfold by racism and philistinism—the wonder is not why some musicians succumbed to mysticism but rather how so many avoided it.

The task of poets in this regard was and is to provide the “untrammelled immediacy” of jazz with the concrete situations of revolutionary poetic action, to inspire confidence in the destiny of dreams, to make the spiritual air breathable, to defend the adventure of love against all ravages of the Reality Principle. And here the dialectic of history has performed one of its noblest acts of revenge: in the absence of an ongoing poetic climate, several major figures of the jazz revolution have themselves become poets. Without the slightest hesitation I would say that five lines of any text by Cecil Taylor, chosen at random, are superior in all respects to the whole pseudo-poetic production of any and all of the contemporary “poets” represented in Donald Allen’s *New American Poetics*. This is because Cecil Taylor, as everyone must know who has ever heard him play, is deeply aware of the whole range of the crisis of consciousness in our time, sensitive to all that is urgent, all that is *looking ahead*. In contrast, Donald Allen’s troupe of literary eunuchs are capable, with but one or two partial exceptions, only of squealing and squirming before the collapsing court of christian/capitalist confusion.

A qualitative advance in communication between the long-isolated vessels of poetry and music required the intrusion of an authentic poetic praxis. That this praxis is now elaborated not only by poets, but by musicians who are also poets, means that the old barriers are being broken down from both sides.

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The disintegration of all prevailing aesthetic values—values which, in painting, poetry and music, have been only the emblems of man’s inhumanity to man—is the essential precondition for the reintegration of all modes of expression signified by surrealism, which replaces all obsolete notions of beauty with what Breton designated *convulsive* beauty. Convulsive beauty is,

of course, inseparable from the social convulsions of this epoch, which announce the disintegration of old values and the myths of which they are a part; the disintegration, indeed, of the entire social order, *an entire civilization*, that upholds such values and myths and is upheld by them. These convulsions announce also the formation of new values and a new myth—revolutionary values derived from a liberatory and poetic myth, the collective dream of those whose poetic way of life contributes to resolving the contradictions between dream and action as well as between collective and individual.

In his own speculations on the forms this new myth might take, Breton posited the Great Invisibles: harbingers of all that transcends the human condition, temptations to all that is “larger than life.” Although his specific discussions of this theme begin only in the 1940s, hints toward it are not lacking in his earlier writings, as in this passage from the *Second Manifesto*: “The fact is that the preparations are, roughly speaking, ‘artistic’ in nature. Nonetheless, I foresee that they will come to an end, and when they do, the revolutionary ideas that surrealism harbors will appear to the accompaniment of an enormous rending sound and will give themselves free rein.”

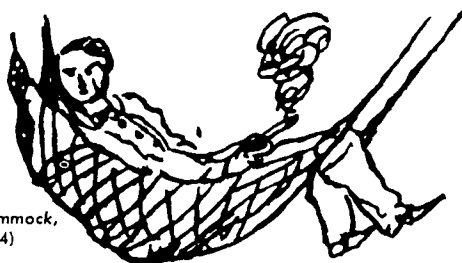
I have always felt that this “enormous rending sound” marked the *movement* of the Great Invisibles toward visibility, and that the character of the sound is suggested by the great jazz musicians, just as the visual manifestations of these secret beings are suggested by the surrealist painters. Those who venture into the unknown have neither maps nor models; they must *improvise*. If their improvisation draws on knowledge acquired in the “old world,” their aspirations nonetheless are entirely *elsewhere* and so is their direction. The surrealists and the new musicians ultimately are concerned not with a new art but with a *new life*. The new myth is the hidden door to this new life.

Black music, jazz, has its place—a prime place—in the formation of this new myth and of the new life that it announces. The new musicians have proved already that the Great Invisibles are also the Great Inaudibles, whose potential audibility depends on the resolution of the contradiction between inner and outer music, which in turn is a function of the *becoming of freedom*.

Franklin ROSEMONT



F. R.: drawing



Friedrich ENGELS: *Self-Portrait in Hammock, Smoking a Cigar* (drawing, 1844)

## LOVE OF WORK AND THE FEAR OF PLAY

"He has always regarded work as a degradation, as the dreadful lot of adults." — Géza Róheim speaking of one of his patients in *The Origin and Function of Culture*.

"The labor of Sisyphus, which to the Greeks was a horrible punishment, has become the ideal of the modern industrialist." — Alfred R. F. Winterstein, "Zur Psychologie der Arbeit."

The tension between these statements emerges starkly, clad humorlessly in a cloak that so many try to evade, only to become trapped nonetheless.

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It is undeniable that the mode of production and the form of family structure are inextricably linked and that their concurrence presents us with a combination of repressive conditions which all true revolutionaries dedicate their lives to overthrowing.

This discussion will focus on one condition, analytically singled out but not fundamentally separated from the whole. It has drawn our attention not only through its enigmatic character, but through its importance in the everyday life of men and women everywhere. I refer to that combination of social and, more especially, psychic values which contributes to making work seemingly a *desirable* activity for so many people who, moreover, feel discomfort when they are provided with what they find to be an "excess" of leisure. Indeed, another way of stating the focus of our investigation is to say we are intrigued by the manner in which leisure can come to be regarded as excessive!

Obviously the connection between leisure and unhappiness is hardly universal; many who are unemployed, aside from possible anxiety concerning the future possibility of their being homeless and starving, feel pleasure rather than unpleasure. But here we are confronted by a psychological extension of the historical materialist law of "uneven and combined development," an extension into the multiplicity of factors bearing on the psychic development of the individual and resulting in different character structures and "personalities," as well as different predispositions and reactions to work and leisure, and the degree of happiness and unhappiness associated with them. Here as elsewhere the bond between social and individual psychological history remains crucial. In the following pages we shall attempt to unearth some of the specifically psychological roots of this phenomenon.

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The earliest psychoanalysts had a keen insight into the question which concerns us here. But it is interesting to note that their followers, pursuing the reactionary path that so many analysts have taken since the early 1930s, have tried simply to justify work as an "eternal" necessity. For example, Hendrick ("Instinct and Ego During Infancy," 1942) posited an "instinct to master," a theory culminating a year later in his "Work and the Pleasure Principle" in which he goes so far as to posit a *work principle*, which "should therefore be regarded as evidence of maturity of an ego function . . ."

This is stated still more bluntly by Oberndorf in his "Psychopathology of Work" (1951): "Persons who regard work as something difficult and unpleasant are those who have not emerged from the necessity of immediate reward and who are reluctant to assume responsibility (self-support) inherent in maturity."

Finally Marie Jahoda, in her "Notes on Work" (1966), recalling Freud's statement that "the great majority of people work only under the stress of necessity," adds, for her part, "That sublimation in work may be a more widespread phenomenon than [Freud's] remark suggests is in keeping with Hartmann's elaboration of this concept . . .; his suggested change in terminology from sublimated to neutralized energy leaves room for thinking about sublimation not only in terms of mankind's great achievements in science and art, but of a process which occurs in every human being at work."\*

One would think that a revolutionary method of investigation such as psychoanalysis, which has laid so many gems of insight before us, could produce something slightly better than the Hendrick/Oberndorf formula that work is an instinctual developmental necessity, along with the suggestion of making a virtue of such a necessity. Jahoda fares only slightly better—a glance at a list of her published works makes it seem as if she were the psychological consultant to a time-motion study firm. Her article contains some interesting observations, however, not the least of which is the brief quotation from *Civilization and*

\*This remark of Hartmann's, and countless other similar ones, indicate that Hartmann's "elaborations" leave quite a bit of room for those who, intentionally or not, would destroy whatever value psychoanalytic theory retains. For an excellent critique of Hartmann's ego-psychology, see Bernard Apfelbaum's 1966 article, "On Ego Psychology: A Critique of the Structural Approach to Psychoanalytic Theory."

*Its Discontents* (perhaps Freud's most "discontented" work). The quotation is part of a footnote which, when returned to its context, shows not only how far ahead of Hendrick and Oberndorf were Freud and his early co-workers, but how close Freud came to seeing exactly what was at stake when dealing with the question of just how desirable work might be.

*No other technique for the conduct of life attaches the individual so firmly to reality as laying emphasis on work; for his work at least gives him a secure place in a portion of reality . . . . Professional activity is a source of special satisfaction if it is a freely chosen one. . . . And yet, as a path to happiness work is not highly prized by men. They do not strive after it as they do other possibilities of satisfaction. The great majority of people only work under the stress of necessity, and this natural human aversion to work raises most difficult social problems.\*\**

In this single paragraph Freud, if not providing all the answers, has provided at least some of them and has at least enabled the question to be posed in its most vital and useful form. He not only has granted that the human aversion to work is "natural," which all experience confirms, but has suggested those counter-forces which nonetheless make it a social necessity (by which we can assume he meant an economic necessity) and therefore, as implied in the opening words of the paragraph, a *psychological* necessity (a force through which it assumes the characteristics, or rather the historical disguise, of something desirable).

Unfortunately the observations of Hendrick, Oberndorf and Jahoda have only obscured those forces and processes which concern us most. All three have ignored precisely those circumstances which refute the claim that humanity's present condition is an accurate reflection of its prospects and limitations—circumstances which, thus ignored, permit them to make an empty "absolute" of character structure and "human nature," which sums up the profound despair and alienation which surround us. That is, they have ignored those particular circumstances that would enable us to understand how work can have an impelling force *beyond the strictly economic*, yet still be the bone-crushing monstrosity we know it to be. Those circumstances can be found nowhere else than in the relationship between psychological processes and the dialectical processes of history. (It must be borne in mind, of course, that mental no less than historical processes follow the laws of dialectics.)

What is most obvious is the manner by which positive values associated with work become internalized throughout the development of the individual, first through parents, then through

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\*\*When we recall how often Freud's critics have maintained that his findings are applicable, if at all, only to "upper-middle-class Viennese Jews of the early twentieth century," we begin to wonder: Has not almost everyone missed the mark? Clearly, as the quoted passage shows, Freud did not miss it; Marx, in his critical examination of the relationship between private property and alienated labor, did not miss it; and certainly the surrealists have never lost sight of the fact that, as André Breton wrote in *Nadja*, "There is no use being alive if one must work. The event from which each of us is entitled to expect the revelation of his own life's meaning . . . is not gained by work."

teachers, etc. We know also how violations of internal as well as external demands can lead to unconscious guilt and conflict, anxiety, rage, loss of self-esteem, depression. In a more specific psychoanalytic context, we may refer to Lantos and Waelder, both of whom use the super-ego concept to distinguish work (alienated labor) from play. Lantos ("Metapsychological Considerations on the Concept of Work") points out the "self preservative" motivation underlying the desire to work, then suggests that it is "the participation of the super-ego which changes play activities into work activities." Waelder ("The Psychoanalytic Theory of Play") says that play involves "leave of absence from reality and from the super-ego." In spite of disagreement regarding the age at which a super-ego *per se* can be existent, there is little doubt that it is through the super-ego that some of the earlier value-internalizations take place. Other processes are relevant as well, of course, and there is no lack of psychoanalytic explanations of super-ego formation and function, identification, introjection, and the various mechanisms of internalization.\*\*\*

The psychic value associated with work in our society is such that it becomes for some individuals one of the few occasions in which esteem is attached to competent performance. These individuals derive from work a large portion of their sense of value and worth. All this, of course, could be coarsely subsumed within the notions of "conscience" and "work ethic." But while these notions are indeed almost synonymous with the positive valency associated with work, there is much more to be said.

Before leaving the particular locus of the workplace, however, it must be mentioned that this precise locus functions as a center of social activity for the overwhelming majority, and I am sure this is part of what Freud had in mind, in terms of reality-testing, object relations and other functions, when he spoke of work as attaching "the individual so firmly to reality."

At this juncture two points must be clarified. First, a term such as "poor reality-testing" has negative connotations here simply because we are concentrating our attention on persons for whom the vicissitudes of such a mechanism cause unpleasure. It goes without saying that from the surrealist viewpoint such a connotation, in and of itself, would be out of place, not to say antithetical. Second, when we speak of discomfort and unpleasure, we refer to *conscious* unpleasant affects—although in many cases, of course, the source of the conflict is in infancy and thus remains unconscious through repression or other defense mechanisms that keep it from being recognizable as the cause of discomfort. It is true, of course, that some persons feel guilt consciously

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\*\*\*Specifically recommended in this regard are Freud's *The Ego and the Id*, Jacobson's *The Self and the Object World*, and Schafer's *Aspects of Internalization*. More all-encompassing are Nunberg's *Principles of Psychoanalysis* and Fenichel's *Psychoanalytic Theory of Neurosis*. Mention should also be made of Winnicott, Sandler and several others who have contributed valuable explanations of the aforementioned processes, mechanisms and structure-formation. The works of Edmund Bergler present a one-sided but engrossing view; his theory of the "three or five layer structure of psychic mechanism" interests us less than does his emphasis on the role of the super-ego in the formation of the personality, and on the relationship of the individual to society in a specifically super-ego context. Even more speculative are the works of Melanie Klein.

because they are jobless, but this is not always so. In many cases nothing is conscious but the discomfort—not the guilt, not the source, not the conflict, and not the defense.

That the source of unpleasure is unconscious is even more obvious when we turn to the complementary aspect of work as pleasure. For many, leisure is felt to be unpleasant, a fact of no little significance to the revolutionary movement. This unpleasure, readily noticeable among the retired and numerous others who complain of having "too much time on their hands," manifests itself in a diversity of forms: Depression, loss of self-esteem or some other alteration of self and object representations, disorders of time sense, poor reality-testing and derealization, loss of motivation for work or play, repetition of "meaningless" tasks, with all of the foregoing felt as uncomfortable; along with these psychological changes there are numerous somatic disturbances such as headaches, gastrointestinal symptoms, alterations of appetite, lowering of pain tolerance, etc.

In 1919 Sandor Ferenczi listed several of these somatic complaints in his article "Sunday Neurosis," in which he also suggested that the external liberation (the leisure of Sunday) engendered an internal one, the latter of which threatens whoever "has much too dangerous impulses to control which he must guard closely, particularly when tempted by the bad example of others." The "bad example" refers to pleasures indulged in by others, and Ferenczi points out that the Sunday neurotic also experiences self-punishment fantasies (again, not necessarily consciously) mobilized against the repressed impulses that are straining to return.

What can be said about the discomforts of Sunday, insofar as they are a result of leisure as

sociated and not attributable to other material associated with Sunday (e.g. religion; see the "Inquiry on Sunday" in *Arsenal* 2) would seem to apply to a greater extent to longer periods of leisure, and consequently a few more psychoanalytical observations on Sunday Neurosis may prove revelatory. Karl Abraham echoed Ferenczi's findings when he commented that work has functioned, for many, as a defense against libidinal expressions or as an escape from libidinal demands. He noted that on Sunday, when such demands threaten to break through, the resulting extreme discomfort or symptomatology is usually attributed by the family, as well as by the family doctor, to "overwork"! Precisely because Sundays are supposed to be enjoyed, they are *not*, said Abraham, for they remind many persons of their sexual inhibitions and cause these same persons to respond with guilt at this very inability to enjoy themselves. This recalls a passage from Ferenczi's article, not translated in the English version of his selected papers but appearing with Abraham's comments which were published in *The Psychoanalytic Reader*. Ferenczi was once told that Sundays were characterized by a "laziness which you can't enjoy."

Replacing the words illness and accident by loss of work, we may quote Abraham who gives us not just the link between Sunday and leisure in general, but an excellent summary perspective of the problem as one involving "excess leisure" and not just loss of work. "In such cases, the popular tendency is to connect the neurosis etiologically with the illness, the accident, or whatever else may have occurred previously. But in many cases it can be ascertained at once that the repressed libido has overpowered the patient during the period of enforced inactivity."

Obviously there could be more severe cases where an excess of leisure time could result in the collapsing of previously functional defense mechanisms leading to massive non-adaptive, regressive alterations of ego functions. But this leads back to the core of our investigation and brings up the entire question of predisposition and its sources and how a sense of autonomy and independence fails to develop in certain individuals so that temporal changes resulting in unanticipated leisure cause unpleasure, neurosis, or psychosis instead of pleasure.

The psychoanalytic literature is replete with theoretical and clinical material pertaining to the development of autonomy, inner sustainment and independence in the individual. Less data has accrued regarding the formation of character structure, and while such research-findings would be extremely welcome and useful, the answers we seek do not lie in the gross application of psychoanalytic findings to the practice of child-rearing. Such information, however useful and perhaps even indispensable, falls far short of the surrealist aims. Surrealist goals, revolutionary goals, are hardly identical with psychoanalytic ones. Surrealist goals cover the full range of the revolutionary spectrum: the present—the armed insurrection—the transitional period of socialism—the withering away of the state—communism—the advent of the Marvelous. So it is that the surrealists, who find psychoanalytic theory useful, also recognize its limitations. The surrealists not only recognize the crucial stra-

## FOOLISH QUESTION NO. 2,106



Rube GOLDBERG: "Did Your Hat Fall in the Water?"  
(a card from the Foolish Question Game)



tegic significance of leisure, but have always held the position—and have been practically alone in doing so—that the future of free men and women must be characterized by the total abolition of work.

Without getting embroiled in statistics relevant to Sunday neurotics, to neurotics in general, to those who enjoy their work or leisure and those who do not, the surrealist critique must be leveled not only at those ideological reflexes that make work seem desirable and leisure undesirable: it must be leveled at work itself, at the idea of work as such, as long as such a hideous function exists.

Moreover, leisure, in the present epoch, whether it is enjoyed or not, must be subject to the same critique. Even when it is enjoyed, leisure as it is regimented today fails so utterly to realize its true capacity and potential (how tempting here to bring up the possibilities of love) that it must be considered only slightly less annoying than toil. It is hardly necessary to point out how people spend their leisure: enjoying the sunshine (how nice!), shopping for tombstones (but always their own—why not their bosses'?)—let us not speak of television or cameras. Indeed, there is no need to enumerate those activities engaged in or not during the horrible Sundays, the pathet-

ic little weekends, the vacations that are nothing but breadcrumbs. They are all nothing.

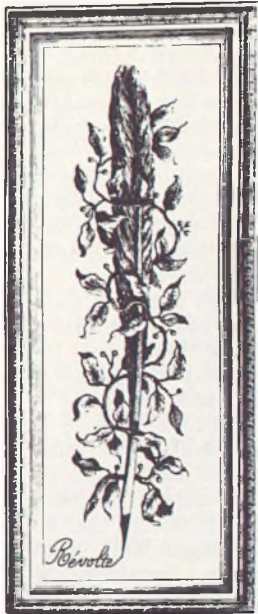
One's vision must ferment beyond the present; it must peak beyond the revolutionary insurrection and the ensuing economic and political transitions. One must pierce the opacity that keeps one from seeing beyond those stages to the realm of the dream, the realm of the triumphant imagination, the era of the unfettered image—the time when the fantastic loses its invisibility and the marvelous becomes materialized.

For those to whom such visionary distance and depth are a matter of course—an inescapable consequence of a critique that is truly total—it is evident that there is no way to separate the problems of work, leisure and character structure from surrealism and its revolutionary methods. Surrealism is the most radical of all movements because it alone devotes itself to research and activity aiming at restructuring the mind as well as material reality in such a way that the unimaginable can become imaginable, and the imaginable, like the dream, becomes the lever, through total world revolution, of the actualization of the Marvelous in our everyday lives. Nothing less can be tolerated.

Paul GARON



Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN: *That Which Is Today Will Never Be Again* (1974)



Guy DUCORNET: Ravachol's Fountain-Pen  
(assisted readymade drawing)

## SAINT-POL-ROUX

The great poet Saint-Pol-Roux the Magnificent (1861-1940), long neglected even in his native France, is almost totally unknown in the English-speaking world. Breton cited him several times in the *Surrealist Manifesto* (1924) and saluted him in *Entretiens* (1952) as "one of the great creators of Symbolism." For Breton, Saint-Pol-Roux was "The Master of the Image": This was the title of a little-known essay by Breton, of 1925, which is in fact a passionate eulogy to the poet of *The Interior Fairyland*. "Among the living," Breton wrote in that essay, "he is the only authentic precursor." Benjamin Péret, in his "Portrait of Saint-Pol-Roux" (also of 1925) similarly avowed his veneration for this supremely noble recluse, "alone on the stale snow, a man with eyes like planets."

The works of Saint-Pol-Roux include *The Rose and the Thorns of the Road*, *Antiquities*, *From the Dove to the Crow by way of the Peacock*, and a play, *La Dame à la Faulx*. An excellent selection was published by Mercure de France in 1966; there is also a volume devoted to him in the collection *Poètes d'aujourd'hui* (Seghers). Recently several of his many unpublished works have been published by Rougerie in Limoges: *Le Trésor de l'homme*, *La Répoeitique* and *Cinéma vivant*.

His magisterial poetic production was accompanied by voluminous theoretical reflections on poetry and imagination; it was Saint-Pol-Roux who formulated the maxim, "Imagination is that which will be." The aphorisms here are excerpted from *Le Trésor de l'homme*.

# APHORISMS ON IMAGINATION

*Imagined things are the life of the infinite: they are its beings and its landscapes.*

*Imagination is the tempest. Reason is the precipitate.*

*Imagination establishes the supreme communication between beings and ideas, communication coming from the summit to the base and returning from the base to the summit, in a universal ideorealism.*

*Imagination is the physiognomy of prophecy.*

*Imagination is the overflow of spirit.*

*Imagination is a smile that is thought. It is a step into the future. It is a hieroglyph in space. It is the future in power.*

*Imagination is that which will never enter the academy.*

*Imagination spontaneously creates a world, large or small, in an image. Images are the materials of imagination.*

*Imagination is human radium.*

*An image is a bit of the unforeseen, concretized.*

*The image is a match that one strikes on the unknown.*

*An image is an idea multiplied by another.*

*The image detaches us from reality; it is a leap out of the world toward another world.*

*The long centuries are imagination sitting; revolutions are reason standing.*

*Revolution is the sun in man. Revolution: roses ignited.*

*The aurora is the imagination of night.*

*Breezes: their imagination is the becoming of passions.*

*Rocks imagine becoming houses, statues, palaces, cottages.*

*Some are proud, some modest — becoming is the universal imagination.*

*Imagination is the reality of tomorrow.*

*Imagination = energy. Radium is the imagination of the earth.*

*The world of Imagination is the contrary which, with the world of Reality, constitutes universal Harmony.*

SAINT-POL-ROUX



Debra TAUB: drawing

# ODAWALLA

ODAWALLA came through the people of the Sun  
into the grey haze of the ghost worlds  
vanished legions, crowding bread lines — the people  
of the Sun coated with green chalk  
all kinds of warm light between them  
destroyed for the silver queen of the ghost worlds  
wild beast such as dogs gone mad and lechers —  
the wanderers

ODAWALLA came through the people of the Sun  
to warn them of the vanished legions  
and to teach them how they may increase their bounty  
through the practice of the drum and silent gong  
(as taught by ODAWALLA)/was realized

on seeing one another they transformed themselves into  
one the hand the other the left big toe of KAW ZU PAM  
(the one who creates the door through the passage on  
the hill of

QUAN BU KA) their purpose  
to guide the people of the Sun as they sought knowledge of  
the door through the grey haze.

when SEKA saw the sound of the silent gong  
SEKA sought to transform itself into the right hand  
of ODAWALLA where COO BE SU rested while waiting  
to move into the right big toe of KAW ZU PAM  
(the one who creates the door through the passage on  
the hill of

QUAN BU KA) their purpose  
to guide the people of the Sun as they  
seek to leave, seek to leave, seek to leave, seek to leave  
the grey haze

only RIMUMBA remained to find the place of the  
drum and silent gong  
such knowledge would enable it to enter into the inner  
organs of

KAW ZU PAM  
(the one who creates the door through the passage on  
the hill of

QUAN BU KA) their purpose  
to guide the people of the SUN. the grey haze.

ODAWALLA vibrated the movement of CAM BE GILL  
O POIU  
causing the silent gong to sound silent. the body whole.  
the grey haze

Sun people  
drum  
silent  
gong — here now  
here now  
here now — between us  
grey haze Sun  
people

Joseph JARMAN



**DISARM THE  
POLICE!  
ARM THE  
UNEMPLOYED!**

There is a certain ugliness to a revolver, not in its appearance or even in its use, but rather in its unfortunate association with certain vile inhabitants of our planet: the cops, the militarists and all the other little soldiers of bourgeois order. But how lovely a revolver is when, in the hands of a worker, its barrel is placed against the forehead of an industrial magnate, a bishop, or an official of a capitalist government! It is then like the rose unfolding its petals whereupon we are shown yet another rose unfolding its petals, exposing to us a vast domain of infinitesimals so huge in their tininess that they care not a bit for praying or for having tea with the president or for any other such psychological aberrations so cherished and desired by the average human automaton exceedingly inferior to a flea.

Yet many refuse to acknowledge the loveliness inherent in such a gesture or situation, and it is with good reason that they hide their eyes. For is it not these very swine who have nothing in store for them but the fiery end of that machine, those bullets of rage which sing the song of class struggle? Still, is it not perversely odd that these very same swine today own, in one form or another, nearly all of these guns? Is it not also a hilariously rotten joke that those same "fine citizens," those sexually mangled fetishists of guns, campaign for the "legal" abolishment of the private ownership and sale of guns? It can no longer be uncertain, therefore, whose guns will be confiscated and whose will remain secure under their silken monogrammed pillows, and in the holsters of their hired protectors. There is no trace of doubt, in our minds at least, just what class the gun control laws will serve and what class they will further enslave.

We are assured of the validity of this conclusion in recalling the recently enforced gun control act in Jamaica, where this law so obviously and barbarously serves the imperialists and their lackeys within the government by smashing the progressive rise of the Jamaican laborer

and youth. In the U.S., Canada and Europe, where the demand for gun control shows a trend toward—rather than officially establishes—a more outright form of tyranny, and where at least temporarily it is possible to safely view the enforcement of such controls elsewhere, it is also quite easy to hear the unmistakable, hideous shriek of fascism as it rises like a ghoul over the palms of a once-enchanted tropical island.

We do not suffer from auditory hallucinations, and we can only be continually amazed and appalled by those who insist that it is only our “extremism” which allows us to state that the immediate arrest without rights, the indeterminate imprisoning in special heavily armed camps of Jamaican workers found with nothing more than a single bullet in their possession, are simply a flagrantly obvious manifestations of a deathly force which is accurately called fascism. If, for instance, a drunken man rushes into the street and delivers a sound kick to the head of a rambling mongrel, and another pedestrian returns to the intoxicated man an equally sound blow to his shins, does not the entire passing throng proclaim this intervention just? Most assuredly. And yet, in the defense of human liberty, especially the liberty of workers, one can only hear time and time again those hissing paper snakes from whose lips passes the accusation of “extremism”.

There is no other course but to proclaim that such apologists of bourgeois “law and order” and the politicians here and elsewhere who endorse, promote and applaud such legislation are but echoing the putrid noise of the Jamaican iron heel. It is a sad fact of life, however, that these proto-fascist legislators have had some success in pulling the wool (the steel wool) over the eyes of many politically naive beings who mistakenly fall in line behind such scoundrels, hoping such legislation will be a step toward a utopia of peace and non-violence. It is necessary for us to reiterate, as though it had never been said before, that there is no peace without freedom and there is no true freedom in class society. The solution to the problem of violence as a means of satisfying social needs (at the very least) is found only through the complete socialist transformation of the world whereupon a classless society is constructed in which the condition known as despair has become a pathetic thing of the past.

For the surrealists there is but one ready and immediate an-

## VINES OF FEVER

*As gazing penguins sweep through silent territories  
there lie seas of glowing statues  
like hailstorms riding the fruits  
of freedom*

*and pillows whisper like the juice of my  
elephant totem*

*As raven-winged pianos sing of platinum winds  
whose keys unlock the mysteries of  
love*

*and while the ancient crustaceans flocked by arrows  
aid the Marquis de Sade in developing  
the knack for graceful escapes*

Jocelyn Cecilia KOSLOFSKY

## WAR AGAINST GOD

*Perhaps the convulsive carrion of night  
suspended in the honeyed naivete  
of six hundred scimitars discovers  
the daybreak of orgasm near the incandescent  
wood where the titmouse and the falcon  
laugh at the smouldering corpse of the pope  
rending his garments  
rolling the dung balls of liturgy  
into the frenzied fire of contempt  
suddenly a great sigh of sapphire farts  
announces its presence with all the colors  
of the rainbow*

*Dionysius lifts his dagger and smiles  
as the corpse-christ wearing a mantle  
of syphilis flees into the howling street  
pursued by the curses of men and the demonic  
beaks of ravens that tear corrupted flesh  
In one hand the mirror that looks  
both without and within holds a carved  
staff of ivory culled from the mouths  
of three thousand nuns  
while in the other the putrescent mummy  
of christianity flutters in the breeze  
of revolution scattered to the four winds  
of heresy by the endothermic hands  
of insurrection*

*Marvelous subversion of night!  
Marvelous shadow that blackens the morning  
of vilest stupidity!*

*I have seen her shadow  
on nights when Venus and Pluto  
dance in the gutters of semen  
her leaves of barracuda  
drop from the sky like siamese twins  
violence — illumination  
I sip the nectar flowing from her vagina*

*that is at one and the same time  
the beginning and the end of sorrow  
The cave where the zygotes of her eyes  
ravage the pustules of civilization  
Savage laughter in the nine kingdoms  
of the spider!  
Savage love in the eight soviet  
of the night!*

Tom BURGHARDT

## ONE OPAQUE EVENING THE EYE WAS SPLIT FOR ALL

*[for Luis Buñuel*

*It will take more than the echo  
of plaster  
to reawaken the parched lake  
of vague terrains  
suspended like wax tarot cards  
from the ceiling of a ram's hoof  
Raised by the air itself*

Brooke ROTHWELL

## TARGETS

*The brackish trail marked out by a honeycombed shelter  
of ice  
with a fingerprint of blood  
walks in mandibles of sight like a blue parrot  
opening a canal of foreheads and fixes confluent armies  
integrating a vast sulphur corpse  
with Babylonian turbines that spin on  
in rooms hatched from drums of stretched water  
as if night could come unscathed from the mill of  
intrepid goats  
who fill your eyes with the light of ritual murder  
that will not unlock all the arms from the oars of a ship  
of roses*

*Castaway in Arcadia  
jade seeds fall from bagpipes at the feet of a scorpion  
who raises his cup with the lost look of space  
a huge space of uninterrupted cries that call to us  
from a tiny cathedral of crystal that bends the leaf of  
your eyes  
where the wolves have gathered upstream  
walking over a sword of vapor  
cashmere to coffee in a poppy's symbol  
a mole near your left ear surmounts all but the  
Druidic bicycle*

Laurence WEISBERG

swer to the question of gun control. That is to take the guns from the hands of the oppressing class and put them into the hands of the oppressed class that builds; the revolutionary proletariat.

Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN



I believe it's a crime for anyone who is being brutalized to continue to accept that brutality without doing something to defend himself. If that's how "christian" philosophy is interpreted, if that's what Gandhian philosophy teaches, well, then, I will call them criminal philosophies.

Malcolm X



Strike pickets are the basic nuclei of the proletarian army. . . . In connection with every strike and street demonstration, it is imperative to propagate the necessity of creating *workers' groups for self-defense*. It is necessary to write this slogan into the revolutionary wing of the trade unions. It is imperative wherever possible, beginning with the youth groups, to organize groups for self-defense, to drill and acquaint them with the use of arms. . . . It is necessary to advance the slogan of a *workers' militia* as the one serious guarantee for the inviolability of workers' organizations, meetings and press.

Leon Trotsky



It is not enough to preach democracy, not enough to proclaim it and decree it. . . . Democracy must be *built* at once, from below, through the initiative of the masses themselves, through their effective participation in *all* fields of state activity, without "supervision" from above, without the bureaucracy. Replacement of the police, the bureaucracy and the standing army by the universal arming of the whole people, by a *universal militia* of the entire people, women included, is a practical job that can and should be tackled immediately. The more initiative, variety, daring and creativeness the masses contribute to this, the better. . . . Voluntary social duty by a *militia* formed from a universally armed people--this is a guarantee of freedom which no czars, no swashbuckling generals, and no capitalists can take away.

V.I. Lenin



A. K. EL JANABY: collage

## SURREALISM in the ARAB WORLD

The current resurgence of surrealism in the Arab world is a revolutionary development of the greatest significance, demonstrating once more that the strategy of the unfettered imagination is always and necessarily *global*.

We publish here in English translation a manifesto in which our Arab comrades express their unequivocal interventionist orientation, sharply defined against their specific political and cultural background.

The Arab Surrealist Movement was reconstituted in the early 1970s, but its origins extend back to the mid-30s, when the Egyptian poet and theorist Georges Henein (who adhered to the movement in 1934 as a student in Paris) and the Egyptian painter Ramses Younan introduced surrealism to Cairo. With several others they maintained an intensive collective activity that endured into the late 1940s, as exemplified in many books and pamphlets and in the reviews *Art et liberté*, *El Tattwor*, *La Séance continue* and *Le Part du Sable*.

The Egyptian surrealists, who were also a section of the Fourth International, organized the Art & Liberty Group in response to the Breton/Trotsky *Manifesto for an Independent Revolutionary Art*, which announced the formation of the International Federation of Independent Revolutionary Artists, commonly called the FIARI. This Cairo group produced a journal and pamphlets, and organized several exhibitions. It was the most active and longest-lived segment of the FIARI, lasting several years after the demise of the parent organization.

Georges Henein (1914-1973), one of the movement's greatest figures, collaborated extensively on international surrealist publications throughout the 1940s. His "Message from Cairo to Poets in America" appeared in the surrealist number of *View* in 1940. For reasons that are not wholly clear, he retired from collective activity around 1950, preferring to pursue his research-

# MANIFESTO of the Arab Surrealist Movement

With disgust we shove aside the dregs of survival and the impoverished rational ideas which stuff the ash-can-heads of intellectuals.

1) We incite individuals and the masses to unleash their instincts against all forms of repression—including the repressive "reason" of the bourgeois order.

2) The great values of the ruling class (the fatherland, family, religion, school, barracks, churches, mosques and other rottenness) make us laugh. Joyously we piss on their tombs.

3) We spit on the fatherland to drown it in the fumes of death. We combat and ridicule the very idea of the fatherland. To affirm one's fatherland is to insult the totality of man.

4) We practice subversion 24 hours a day. We excite sadistic urges against all that is established, not only because we are the enemies of this new stone age that is imposed on us, but above all because it is through our subversive activity that we discover new dimensions.

5) We poison the intellectual atmosphere with the elixir of the imagination, so that the poet will realize himself in realizing the historical transformation of poetry:

- a) from form into matter;
- b) from simple words hanging on coatracks of paper into the desirable flesh of the imagination that we shall absorb until everything separating dream from reality is dissolved.

Surrealism is nothing but the actualization of this surreality.

6) We explode the mosques and the streets with the scandal of sex returning to its body, bursting into flames at each encounter — secret until then.

7) We liberate language from the prisons and stock markets of capitalist confusion.

It is plain that today's language, instead of being an agitational force in the process of social transformation and a vocabulary of revolutionary attack, is only a docile vocabulary of defense cluttered in the store of the human brain with one aim: to help the individual prove his complete subordination to the laws of existing society — to help him as a lawyer in the courts of everyday reality (that is, of repression). Surrealism intrudes violently on this abject spectacle, annihilating all obstacles to "the real functioning of thought" (André Breton).

When *we* write, our memory belches this language from the old world. It is a game in which our tongues become capable of recreating language in the very depths of the revolution.

\* \* \*

Our surrealism signifies the destruction of what they call "the Arab fatherland." In this world of masochistic survival, surrealism is an aggressive and poetic way of life. It is the forbidden flame of the proletariat embracing the insurrectional dawn — enabling us to rediscover at

last the revolutionary moment: the radiance of the workers' councils as a life profoundly adored by those we love.

Our surrealism, in art as in life: permanent revolution against the world of esthetics and other atrophied categories; the destruction and supersession of all retrograde forces and inhibitions.

Subversion resides in surrealism the same way history resides in events.

Maroin DIB (*Syria*), Abdul Kadar EL JANABY (*Iraq*),  
Faroq EL JURIDY (*Lebanon*),  
Fadil Abas HADI (*Iraq*), Farid LARIBY (*Algeria*),  
Ghazi YOUNIS (*Lebanon*)



Maroin DIB: *If You Want Peace, Prepare for Civil War*

## LOBSTER OF HALLUCINATION

*I crack the bladder of the night  
by a hoof of relaxation  
It is a rousing of desire  
to embrace the orbit of nostalgia  
that banishes me  
this moment  
where I epitaph the corpse of the faith  
where I bundle the sun  
where the dream nurses the reality  
where I shear the words  
on your mouthful fire of sequences  
my dark laughter*

## WHEN THE STAR EATS A BLACK SKY

for Ted Joans

*A lurid mermaid prevails on my exuberant circulation  
of spume muddied with the blood of sleep that chains the  
herd of hands already released from the sore throat of  
dust where the audible bats flying like ravens in the  
light of caution whose air murmurs in the tranquility of  
lightning as a signal of the revolt of the neighing in a  
society for the prevention of cruelty to hands.*

*For laziness has a revolutionary function: The game  
stalks the moment.*

Abdul Kadar EL JANABY

es in solitude. He was in no sense a renegade, however; his later work was in full accord with surrealist aspirations.

Henein's sensitiveness to the many and wide-ranging problems of human expression in the post-war period, and his profound revolutionary integrity, give his entire work a special significance today to the surrealists of all countries, and most especially, of course, to A.K. El Janaby and his comrades, who are in the truest sense the continuators of the effort begun by Georges Henein and Ramses Younan.

The Arab surrealists have produced many tracts and pamphlets, including an important critique of modern architecture by Maroin Dib. In 1973 they took the lead in preparing a tract, *Against Nationalist Illusions, For the Internationalist Alternative*, opposing all forms of nationalist chauvinism and calling for the overthrow of all established regimes in the Middle East. It urged the unification of the proletariat of all the Arab countries, as well as of Israel, on the basis of socialist revolution, "founded on the power of the workers' and peasants' councils." This tract was signed by the Israeli Socialist Organization (Matzpen), the Arab Group "le pouvoir des conseils," and the Algerian Group for the Propagation of Marxism.

The Arab surrealists' journal, *Le Désir libertaire*, which they describe as "the Arabic equivalent of *Arsenal*," has provoked great controversies in the Arabic press. Because of its vehemently revolutionary character, anti-nationalist and anti-religious, it is banned from the mails and from bookstores in all Arab countries (being produced in Paris by exiles).

In a recent letter A. K. El Janaby notes his intention to issue an Arabic version of the manifesto *Lighthouse of the Future*, which prefaced the surrealist section of the *City Lights Anthology*.



A. K. EL JANABY: collage

Since *Arsenal 2* (July 1973) the Surrealist Movement in the U.S. has issued the following collective declarations or leaflets. Place of publication is Chicago unless otherwise noted.

\* \* \*

*Bulletin of Surrealist Information* No. 3 (October 1974). "Letter to Pat Halley" (who had thrown a pie in the face of the Maharaj Ji); "Letter from Fred Woodworth" (editor of *The Match*); notes on new books, etc.

*Bulletin of Surrealist Information* No. 4 (December 1973). "Vital Conflagrations" by Philip Lamantia; "Letter from Pat Halley"; notes on new books. (Note: With this issue the *Bulletin* was discontinued.)

Press Release on the Imprisonment in Mexico of our collaborator Robert Green (March 1974). Also circulated as a leaflet.

*Surrealist Jailed! Framed in Mexico!* (April 1974). Leaflet on the imprisonment of Robert Green, issued by the surrealists in Columbus, Ohio.

"Lighthouse of the Future"—collective declaration prefacing the surrealist section of the *City Lights Anthology* (San Francisco); prepared in autumn 1973 but published in September 1974.

*The Monster of Consciousness Remains at Large—Statement on the Latest Tactics of the Recuperators* (October 1974). Leaflet protesting the repressive "commemorations" of the fiftieth anniversary of the *Surrealist Manifesto*.

*On the Defection of an Opportunist* (December 1974). Statement on the exclusion of S. Schwartz from the surrealist movement.

"Statement of the Surrealists" (on the Spanish Revolution). Published in *Truth*, paper of the Trotskyist Organization, April 1975.

*Brides of the Prism* (San Francisco, June 1975). Twelve-page program for a surrealist dance performance by Alice Farley. Preface by Philip Lamantia; poem by Laurence Weisberg; photographs by Raman Rao.

*On the Arrest of Paulo Paranagua and Others* (August 1975). Leaflet (see page 82 of this issue).

"Surrealism and Blues"—statement on black music prefacing the surrealist supplement to *Living Blues* magazine (No. 25, January-February 1976).

## DELICIOUS NAVIGATION

*Asleep in the great blizzards of time, where faults lie deep while continents slide their gangly arms through viscous favor, and where the dreaming earth bears no evil in the low muffling gurgles of chemical death, is the wandering innocent voice that cries so loud in ears so small, marooned in great bogs.*

*Wailing hands adrift in sailing weeds on the borders of curiosity: a volcano, bubbling in its frothy lips, sucks the struggling mud that sinks deeper in the wells of fossil desire.*

*Will time survive this razor dancing on the tips of baby fingers?*

### JAILED

*Sitting on my mad dog teeth I dig for potassium nitrate in the morning sick-hate where wings are cause to salivate.*

### REVENGE

*I will crush your limbs in a mouth filled with acid pumped from the veins of lies deep within the strata of your semi-viscous discontinuity. I'll suck your backbone dry and pave my walks with the tar from your brain. I'll drive a homerun through your skull and laugh as the shore recedes from your clutching grasp. I will reach for my loaded revenge and hear the gurgle of your last breath.*

### ACCUSED

*Sick with the little sucklings dripping out of my fur, I saddled my eager night-horse and sped down the drainage ditch to catapult the copper empire through the dazed drunken soup. I was caught, however, picking christians out of my blackheads, and rolling them into tiny beads which I strung together to strangle babies and swelling hydroencephalics.*

*"But I was young," I explained, trying to keep my attention focused on the bootlace slowly working its way to the interrogator's throat.*

### JAMMAPHONE

*I jammed a bicycle into my crotch, and spun the heels off my jade orgone-box. The streets had been tampered with, and yet not a blade tilted its fangs toward me. Arms of craving love dangled along the guard-rails like twisted, heated agony, pursed to tear from me last night's want.*

*Corner after corner lunged its sharpness out, catching fragments of clothing flung behind the air-streams. Buildings stretched my neck higher and higher. Windows peered into my deepest thoughts. Telephone wires dangling around my neck picked my pockets from beneath my shirt. Hospitals cried for a chance at me. Police watered their lawns with saliva as I whistled past. South America did a back flip. Africa turned white.*

*I stopped to catch my breath—my lungs had mysteriously vanished. "Have I passed anything unusual?" I asked.*

Robert GREEN

*Penitenciaría Cerro Hueco  
Chiapas, Mexico 1974*



# THE RAVEN SAXOPHONE

(In memory of Charlie Parker)

*At dawn in the world of untouched moons  
a snowdrift calls for one's touch  
before the outstretched head of a toucan  
a sundial falls to the arms of a perfumed note  
a note which mourns the passing of wings  
the noise of feathers above a face of automatic sound  
a chime in a garden of parched bones  
a fur muff on the fleshless hands of a murmur  
a murmur untouched by air and cold as a heroin breeze  
a colossal moth at the edge  
of the world  
above suns which torture the dunes  
from which rise the black magicians  
a plume of gin  
a moth unseen at the edge  
of the world  
betwixt the yeti and the crystal ant  
at the precise moment when true life  
arises to expose a breast of flames  
flames which are the cries of the African veldt  
a conch  
a storm of moths  
in the stomach of a savage forest  
a jungle where the black magician  
lived  
as no one has before  
in the world of untouched moons*

Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN



## THE JEWELS OF THE VATICAN BOARD THE ATLANTIC CIPHER

*Wandering  
at the hour daubed in wax  
love escapes the frame's ventricular ear  
to kick over cupolas the gray fathers ploughed with their  
wings  
Where did the rat from the monstrence take its ease?  
Gilles de Rais coughs through the veil of the centuries  
he who mistook a cutlass for the discovery of Patagonia  
Choking encyclopedists was a swine's game  
and a blow to the temple erupts the catacombs flying an  
iron brassiere Dolly Madison's painted feet joined  
to the beaver kingdom's wake  
which is how money is printed in braille  
across the faucets slid with formica on buffalo hides*

Philip LAMANTIA  
May 1974

## ON THE FASHIONABLENESS OF FALSIFICATION

In what passes for an intelligentsia in this country, certain disgusting preferences make it useless for serious scholars to even glance at the most "respect-ed" book reviews now in circulation. This was documented in *Arsenal 2* in the discussion of the critical acclaim for Anna Balakian's ludicrous biography of André Breton. Now, Paul Roazen's *Freud and His Followers* (Knopf, 1975), a book filled with falsifications and lies and written in pure innuendo, similarly receives high praise. But the mendacious Roazen's anti-freudianism totally disqualifies him from writing what some critics (no doubt dazzled by the array of footnotes) have called "the definitive biography of Freud." His earlier attempt at malignant slander, *Brother Animal* (Knopf, 1969) was torn effortlessly to pieces by K.R. Eissler in his *Talent and Genius* (Quadrangle, 1971). In the latter work, Eissler refers to Roazen's "irresponsible documentation" (p. 3), and Eissler's book is indeed a brilliant indictment of the treacherous methodology by which someone as despicable as Roazen can manage to adorn his biographical works with all the trappings of authenticity. If Roazen's malicious "document" were to become the definitive biography of Freud, it would indeed be tragic. If we are left with the three volume biography by E. Jones, we are, in spite of all that work's shortcomings, gaps, and faults, still better off. Jones' work has been supplemented by Max Schur's *Freud: Living and Dying* (International Universities Press, 1972), the researches of the Bemfelds, the *Minutes of the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society* (International Universities Press, 1962-1975), and numerous biographical articles and memoirs by honest scholars. The collections of Freud's letters to Abraham, Jung, Andreas-Salomé, Putnam, and others are particularly revealing. But the first step for someone who wants to learn about the life of Freud and the history of psychoanalysis is to throw Roazen's book into the garbage.

P.G.





## STANLEY



“We must dream!” — *Lenin*

“We must act!” — *Goethe*

Key Largo, Florida—site of the largest coral reef in the Americas and one of the best Humphrey Bogart/Lauren Bacall movies—is the residence of an admirable sculptor named Stanley, proprietor of Stanley’s Iron Works.

Utilizing old, broken, frequently rusted parts of automobiles, farm equipment, washing machines, etc., Stanley has assembled a veritable horde of mechanical beings, characterized by an inspired restlessness and humor. The very opposite

of what is often called “junk art”—a degradation peculiar to the distracted bourgeoisie in an epoch of decline—Stanley’s achievement, on the contrary, is to resurrect certain rejected remnants of a ruined and ruinous reality, and to forge, out of these forgotten fragments, new fortifications for the future. Stanley’s mechanical specters are harbingers of the new life that is emerging out of the hyper-rationalized rubble of what T-Bone Slim designated *civil-insanity*. Penetrated by the in-

toxicating dizziness of tropical winds and the avenging light of hurricanes, they are guardians of the silence that foretells the storm.

During our brief visit to Stanley’s, the master was unfortunately asleep. But we did speak with his assistant, a retired machinist from Cleveland. He did not know Stanley’s last name, but spoke of him with evident admiration. “This is imaginative stuff,” he told us, “and that’s hard to come by.”

F.R.



## SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER

*Sixty-three fifty-two, first name zero fifty-two, middle initial forty-six  
was born in Europe, grew up in Asia and matured in America  
lived seven years under Hitler, seven under Stalin and seven under Nixon  
was not educated but received three doctor's degrees  
participated in three lost political revolutions and several private revolts  
wrote many books most of which were confiscated and destroyed by police  
survived one big war, two occupations and a robbery in New York  
experienced forced labor, eight years prison term and unrequited love  
currently employed as a full time tenured ghost in California State University  
hates bureaucratic dictatorships, meaninglessness and stupidity  
loves children, thoughts and strawberries  
is wanted by KGB and intelligent girls  
has three hobbies: philosophy, poetry and guess which is the third\*  
possesses one orange bicycle, few books and himself*

*Ivan SVITAK*

\* ventriloquy

## MONOLOG OF A VIOLIN

*for Franklin Rosemont*

*Scientists love my sounds  
especially when they are inventing the atomic bombs  
But one of them, the inventor of cybernetics, once said  
that it was impossible to play integrals on violin.  
How did he know  
if he did not try?*

*Ivan SVITAK*

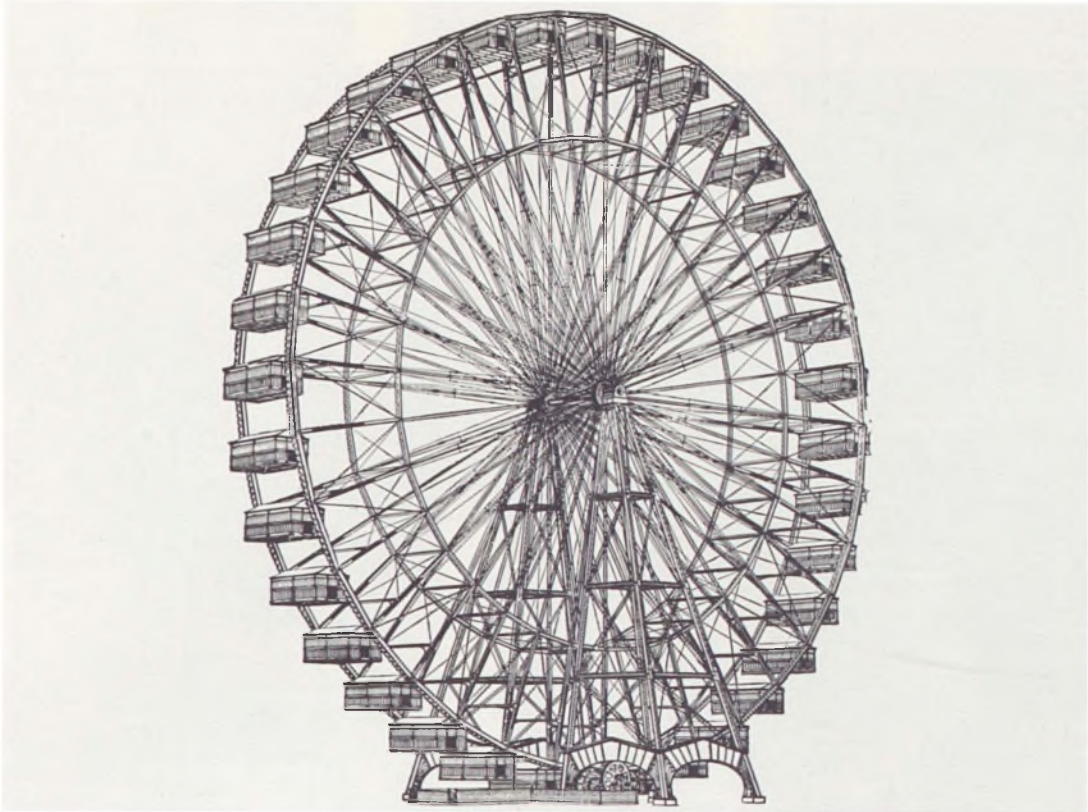
## LITTLE RABBIT

*Look to the black swan  
who swallows words delightfully  
through her long slender neck*

*A miracle occurs*

*A skeleton with uneven teeth  
will soon be united  
with one whom only he  
can possess completely*

*Janine ROTHWELL*



THE ORIGINAL FERRIS WHEEL, CHICAGO, 1893

## The Coherence of Waves

*Just as the caterpillar is the viscous state of the butterfly, and the ears are the snails of the head, so the evening conveys a sense of expectation as the sky turns to reveal yet another face.*

*Because of its impatience light leaves many shadows, whereas darkness fills all space with abundance.*

*The night is flat and broad --- a lake that is also a hand.*

*The day is a sharp knife --- it cuts the fabric of fantasy with its steel edges.*

*One can easily disappear beneath the hand of the lake of night. Even in the city, where the guardians of day glow on every corner, it is possible to escape. The whole out-of-doors becomes one vast sea of possibilities sweeping against the house with its invisible waves.*

\* \* \*

Amazing coincidences, striking encounters and fortuitous reveries subtly mold and sometimes radically alter both the appearances and the actualities of our lives, often blossoming and disappearing in the same splendid night of the inexplicable. The song that is always played when we go to that restaurant (a tango theme used in one of Luis Buñuel's films) makes us smile, wondering how often they could possibly play it; perhaps it is even the cause of our return. Long ago we had jokingly nicknamed the restaurant *La Tasse d'or*. Somewhere, somehow, a certain necessity expressed in external circumstances becomes

aligned with the internal necessity of the most personal desire, leaving in its wake a distinct feeling of an experience of the Marvelous, a feeling that in some way an act of *willing*, or of some sort of personal mediation, has occurred. The seeming "impossibility" of such alignments and collisions leaves the logical patterns and expectations of the mind in a state of disorientation and bewilderment. However, one sees then with the untamed eye of poetic sensibility.

Outside the narrowly delimited sphere of reason and logic, life remains in its essential wildness, a jungle of unexplored possibilities. Men and women pretend to "know" their lives, to "know" themselves and their desires, but life --- *real life* --- largely eludes them. It is true that any place on earth can be pinpointed by lines of latitude and longitude; but does that mean anything about such a place is truly *known*? And internal reality is perhaps still less known than its external counterpart. "We realize only the grosser mechanisms," wrote the psychoanalyst Ella Freeman Sharpe, "and nothing of the wheels within wheels that work together in the unity of a psyche more subtly than all the physiological forces that work together in the bodily organism."

The most haunting and decisive events of one's life tend to cluster on the verge of the unknown, in that domain where the irrational mysteriously holds sway, a domain "unaccounted for" in existing forms and formulas, and which can be ap-

proached only by means of poetry and analogy. There is no intention here to draw conclusions, only to contribute to the illumination of the "hidden harmony" through which the Marvelous reveals itself.



THE GATE

I have always been fascinated by gates, and particularly a gate which has a mystery. Four years ago, in the spring, I stood at a gate in the blaze of sun called Yucatan and looked across the vast green distances toward the ruins of a once magnificent city. The gate was built by the ancient Mayans in a shape resembling a pentagon, and finished with a capstone rather than an arch. Perhaps this gate once stood at the entrance of a city --- now it stands as a monument in the moment of the eternity of nowhere, a temple raised to the spirits of desolation.

Usually a gate is set up to keep persons, animals or things either out or in, or because some change has taken place of which one ought to be made aware. At some point the gate became the guardian of private property and, with the fence, one of the oddest and ugliest devices by which man parcels up nature. But the gate existed before property. On the Salisbury Plain in Britain the lintels of Stonehenge remain to this day. These magnificent stones appealed immediately to my imagination as gates --- gates of the sun and moon, the places where these heavenly personages begin their journey across the sky, and where they also choose to exit beneath the horizon, as pictured in an engraving by William Blake. Indeed, this has recently been proved by Gerald Hawkins and discussed in his *Stonehenge Decoded*, leaving, however, the still greater mystery of why these gates were built for the inhabitants of the heavens, and how it was possible for people in such ancient times to know so precisely the details of astronomical behavior.

Psychoanalysis and dream-interpretation have shown that the gate symbolizes the mouth and entrance to the womb, the female genital. Homer speaks of the sleeping Penelope as at "The Gates of the Dream," from which Géza Róheim derived the title of one of his greatest works. The Gate of the Sun, which was located in the west, next to the ocean, was also the Gate of Dreams which allowed passage to dreams and souls. Psychoanalytically, passage through a gate symbolizes the experience of birth,

For me the first fascinating gate, encountered as a child at the age of five or six, opened strangely on what Claude Tarnaud has called the "clandestine paths of the anterior future." It was an imposing drawbridge which spanned a small channel of water about twenty-five feet wide. It is impossible to say who, for what purpose or folly, built this bridge, or even when it was built. It stood near an enormous tree which I was fond of visiting. It consisted of a wide, strong platform of wood, on the other side of which stood two towers two stories tall. I always felt that the bridge was

forbidden territory; and even though it was always down one could not call its aspect inviting, except to the insatiably curious. How sweet it was, at first, simply to stand on it, and then slowly, ever so slowly, inch toward the other side where stood the tall gray towers. Unchallenged by the spirits of the bridge, I finally reached the other side and looked into one of the towers through a rusty little door and found --- nothing: it was absolutely empty. Perhaps, I thought, this might make a good shelter; or perhaps there is something I might have overlooked. I crawled in through a small opening near the floor and looked up. And as I did the earth seemed to fall out from under me and the walls danced, for above me was suspended a gigantic stone block hanging by a thick rusty chain --- the counterweight of the bridge. It filled the entire room leaving barely three inches clearance next to the wall. My intense perceptions, sharpened by dread, made the block seem to sway on its chain --- the earth, too, seemed to sway. I crawled back out after what seemed a very long time and lay there waiting for the block to fall. But it did not fall; nor did it seem in the least affected by my intrusion and departure.

I explored this new region across the bridge, which for some reason was quite different from the other one I had left. It was a narrow strip of land between two lakes; two channels succeeded in making it an island. The waves of the southern lake beat against a shore covered with huge boulders, perhaps moved there by someone (there were no other such boulders in the vicinity). The road that I followed from the bridge curved through a low swamp, home of thousands of frogs and crickets. There were several wide, circular sandy patches, very wet and very smooth. At the end of the road was still more swamp, but gnarled trees had replaced the rushes. The high tree roots made it impassable, but there was no one, no house, no signs to be seen.

That night I dreamed that I saw a carriage drawn by two black horses speeding through a stormy night. There were four persons in the carriage: three gentlemen and an elegant lady wearing a long red dress. The carriage practically flew through the air as it neared the bridge, and the people laughed merrily in spite of the late hour and the storm. It sped over the bridge and between the towers, but it did not turn: it did not turn at the curve in the road, but went on into the swamp. I saw it sink in one of the round sandy places; it sank until it vanished from sight --- horses, passengers and all.

Next day I returned to the island. There had been a storm during the night and several tree branches lay on the ground. I carefully approached the sandy place that I had seen in the dream. It looked the same as before: round, smooth, undisturbed. I stayed in the rushes, but sank into the water with every step.

As I neared the place, I noticed a round object protruding from the sand. I reached down and lifted it up. It was a lantern --- an old carriage lantern, slightly smashed, made of brass with red, white and green windows, and very black from age and from the water.

\* \* \*



THE BRIDGE

The bridge is an evening, a twilight, but also a dawn. It is a passage between the worlds. Perhaps one shore is similar to the other and the bridge is merely a link in continuity. Or perhaps the shores are as different as the living and the dead separated by the raging torrent of life. The other shore, since before the famous ferryman of the Greeks, Charon, has been consigned to those who have disappeared from life --- to the dead, perhaps, or to paradise or hell, but indisputably to the unknown.

Es-Sirat is the bridge that stretches across the hell of the Moslems. All souls must cross it though it is finer than a hair and sharper than a razor. Only the good reach the other side. The earlier Zoroastrian bridge Cenvot appears broad to the good, but narrow as the edge of a razor to the wicked. These associations bring to mind Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, with its heroic rope dancer, and the aphorism: "What is great in man is that he is a bridge."

The bridge is immediately a dialectical proposition. René Crevel, defining surrealist objects as "objects for thinking amorously," went on to observe that "poetry erects bridges in one way and another, from the object to the image, from the image to the idea, from the idea to the precise fact." As a means for entering the unknown the bridge is also a phallic symbol; the dangerous crossing is the dangerous prospect of intercourse with the woman-mother, sometimes fraught with anxiety. Sandor Ferenczi relates the story of a

patient afflicted with sexual disorders accompanied by bridge anxiety. "Never in his life had he gone over a bridge on foot, only in vehicles driven very fast and in the company of a strong personality dominating his own." For the neurotic the bridge becomes the male organ joining the gigantic bodies of the parents.

Bridges are also, of course, a favorite place for suicides.

The revolutionist Thomas Paine (subject of much disparagement in his own day, and even now, because of his admirable efforts to discredit religion) is not often remembered for his invention of an iron bridge. That this was not unrelated to his other activity is suggested by a certain Stephenson who is quoted in *The New American Cyclopaedia* as saying that Paine's "daring in engineering certainly does full justice to the fervor of his political career; for successful as the result has undoubtedly proved, want of experience and consequent ignorance of the risk could alone have induced so bold an experiment; and we are rather led to wonder at than admire a structure which, as regards its proportions, and the quantity of material employed in its construction, will probably remain unrivalled."

The suspension bridge is closely analogous to the anatomical structure of four-legged animals --- a notion which I realized only in recalling a line in an automatic text in which I wrote: *The antelope is a quickly moving bridge.*

The rainbow is the bridge to the heavens and has traditionally represented hope and immortality. In the southwest, among the Hopi, where rain is a matter of special concern, the short rainbow *Panaiyoikyasi* is the god of the water clan. He links the heavens and the earth and has powers over both in turn: over the earth when it rains, and over the sky when it is clear. He breathes both life and beauty into the arid world. In Haitian voodoo the rainbow is viewed as a "path of seven colors," along which God is conducted from the sky to the earth.

In alchemy the rainbow or peacock's tail signifies the approaching triumph of the Great Work. Perhaps there is some connection between this and the elusive "pot of gold." In *Bloomfield's Blossoms, or the Campe of Philosophy* (included in Elias Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum* we read:

*Forty dayes more the Matter shall turn  
White,*

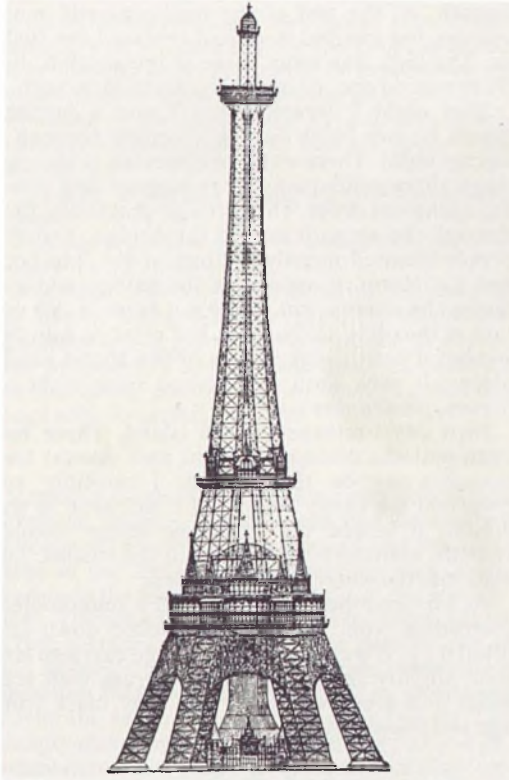
*And cleere as Pearles; which is a declaration,  
Of voiding away of his Cloudes dark night;  
This sheweth our Infants full organization,  
Our White Elixir most cleere in his Creation.*

*From White into all Colours withouten  
faile,*

*Like to the Rainowe or to the Peacocks  
Tayle.*

Toward the beginning of *Bloomfield's Blossoms* Father Time appears, standing next to a Gate (which is, in fact, a gate opening on a dream), and offering this advice to beginners of the Great Work: "Each thing hath his Tyme, be thou then nothing dismaid."

This last would perhaps have interested me less had I not noticed, shortly before, at the corner of Belden and Sheffield, a very old man with long white hair and a long white beard, wearing a



THE TOWER OF CHICAGO

black suit and sandals, and whom I recognized at once as Father Time.



### THE FERRIS WHEEL

George Washington Gale Ferris (born 14 February, Valentine's Day, 1859, in Galesburg, Illinois) was an engineer and bridge builder. At the beginning of his career he participated in the planning of seventy-eight miles of the Baltimore, Cincinnati and Western Railroad in West Virginia. Later, for the Queen City Coal Mining Company, he was responsible for the design and implementation of a coal trestle and three 1800-foot tunnels. It was at this point in his life that his interest turned to bridge building; eventually he established his own company in Pittsburgh.

Unlike other bridge builders, Ferris is said to have constructed bridges in places along rivers where there were no roads. Ostensibly, these places must have presented sturdy foundations or perhaps a challenge to engineering genius. The practice, however, has affinities with surrealism and parallels with other revolutionary thinkers throughout history who have made prophetic *connections* knowing that well-traveled roads would soon follow.

A poet among engineers, Ferris is most famous for his Great Wheel, designed to meet the challenge of Daniel H. Burnham, of the World's Columbian Exposition, addressed to the engineers of America, to create an engineering wonder to rival the Eiffel Tower. Plans had been made, in fact, to build a replica of the Eiffel Tower in Chicago. But the idea of building a gigantic wheel inflamed the imagination of Ferris, and, against the strenuous advice of his friends and business associates, he began its construction.

When completed in September 1893 the Ferris Wheel rose 250 feet above the fair; it carried thirty-six cars, each with a capacity for forty passengers. Between the inner rim and the center the sole supports were spokes two and a half inches in diameter. "At a distance they look like mere spider webs," commented the *World's Columbian Exposition Illustrated* (the official publication of the fair). The weight of the wheel, including cars and passengers, was 1200 tons. In all, 2600 tons were in motion when the wheel revolved. The Exposition publication tells us that "the Ferris Wheel is constructed on the principle of the bicycle wheel," but it hangs by its axle whereas a bicycle wheel rests on the ground with its weight applied downward.

During a storm, with winds at 100 m.p.h., Ferris rode to the top of the wheel alone "while the wind was blowing the fiercest," to test the sturdiness of its construction. At night, covered with lights, it was said to resemble "two great circles of fire." It was the most dazzling and popular feature of the Columbian Exposition, and it was also very profitable.

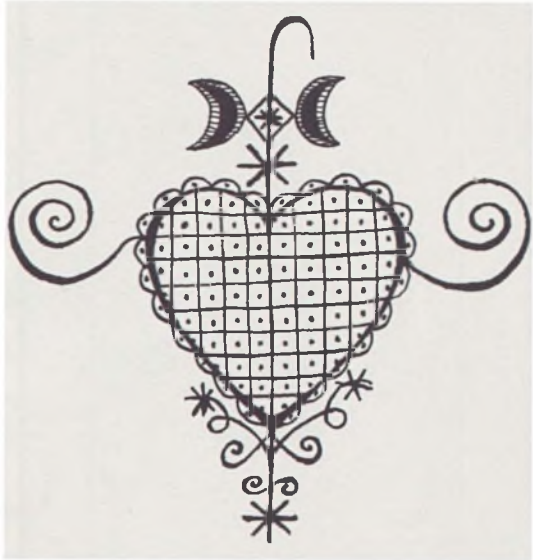
For Ferris himself the Great Wheel seems to have been a solution in pleasure to a problem

which evidently preoccupied him in bridge building. The bridge permits traffic between the shores. It opens the unknown and connects it to the known. But the Ferris Wheel, with its perfect symmetry, demonstrates that transition can also be a means of surprise and delight. A surrealist triumph of the wheel, it is an object of utility transformed into an object of pleasure, recalling the humor of the *Bicycle Wheel* of Marcel Duchamp, which I happened to see, for the first time, precisely while thinking these thoughts.

The Ferris Wheel permits a passive but willing participation in rising and soaring, sinking and rising again, allowing the relativity of time and space to be experienced in terms immediately apprehensible by the senses. Cares fall away, "the world goes by," as a song lyric has it. One "travels," but the artificiality of the straight line is superseded by the curve of infinity. Through its motion time seems to be transformed into limitless space. The Ferris Wheel is the *Endless Bridge!*

Seeing the potentialities of the wheel, Ferris did to it something similar to and yet different from what Marx did to the philosophy of Hegel: similar in that he changed its basis by inverting it, but different in that he achieved a non-utilitarian goal in discovering the irrational (or surrational) kernel that had been confined in the rationalistically mystified shell.

Just as I began research on Ferris and his Wheel we received a small package of old engravings from Guy Ducornet and Rikki, in France. These included an illustrated clipping from an old periodical, announcing the Eiffel-like Tower of Chicago, which of course was never built. I had not mentioned my interest in this subject to Guy and Rikki, whose package, in any



VÉVE OF ERZULIE  
(Voodoo Ritual Diagram)

*In the oum'phor...Erzulie, who in the form of a rainbow plays the role of the lunar serpent Aida-Wédo, is the magic principle of wealth and prosperity...invoked by all who desire a change of fortune...*

Milo Rigaud  
(*Secrets of Voodoo*)

case, must have been mailed weeks before I began my research.

It is interesting to note that although the Eiffel Tower never reached Chicago, the Ferris Wheel (though not the original) was soon popular in Paris. We have a postcard of *Paris --- La Grande Roue (Hauteur 100 metres)*, showing a Ferris Wheel constructed for the Exposition Universelle in 1900.

\* \* \*

The gate, the bridge and the wheel form a unity of dialectical development in a historical sense, both economically and psychologically.

The gate, static and timeless, is a definition. Whatever its origins, it soon became a representative of property.

The bridge introduces a dialectical proposition based on linear time, allowing transition of place into place. It is the extension of property and the expansion of trade.

The wheel completely transcends the static and changes the nature of linear time into motion or speed. It is a dialectical conception of the continuous, uninterrupted and simultaneous transition of place into place. It offers the possibility of the mechanization of production and the transformation of social wealth to a different basis.

When Apollinaire began to use the word *surrealism* he wrote: "When man wanted to imitate walking he created the wheel which does not resemble a leg. In the same way he has created surrealism unconsciously." Surrealism is not on-

ly the transformation of realism but of reality itself, from a rationally confined structure into one based on desire that far surpasses all known forms.

The gate, the bridge, the wheel: Each embodies its own specific contradictions. The gate is both entrance and exit, and the "gateless gate" of Zen is conceived as the resolution of this contradiction. So, too, there are Ferris' bridges without roads, and even bridges that are also gates: the drawbridges of my childhood, for example, or the Golden Gate. The Ferris Wheel resolves the problem of how to go somewhere while staying in the same place. The rainbow, finally, is the natural unity of all these diversities. The rainbow is the gate, the bridge to the heavens, and, since only half of it is visible (the rest being hidden by the horizon) it is also a wheel. The wheel, seen as a transformation of the bridge and the gate, resembles the alchemical serpent Ouroboros, the dialectic in its eternal representation. The Ferris Wheel, the mechanical rainbow, is the machine liberated from necessity, symbolizing the triumph of sexual desire.

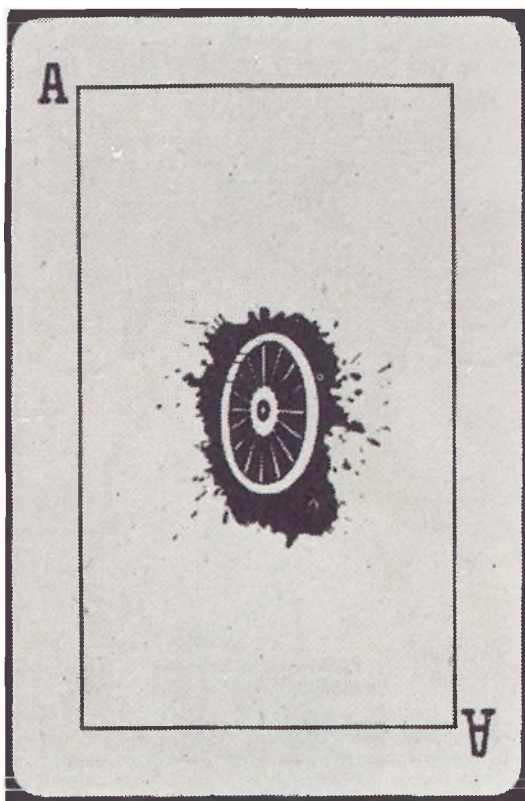
\* \* \*

*The sleeping bird becomes an icy lake. Lonely moments devour the air about one's head. Remember the starry toucan, brother of old reason and playmate of the moon's yesterday. Everyday incidents seem to happen --- disguising their necessity behind a veil of responsible overcoats. A web of analogies and contingencies surrounds desire which remains the axis around which these incidents rotate. It remains for us to discover the secret of the mirages behind which our destinies hide, to discover how we have been its victims, to discover in the future the distant past reborn and in the past the future that is yet to be made. How to find one's way in the jungle of the Marvelous?*

*The gate is the word of a phrase which has not yet been pronounced, a noun that has yet to learn its own boundaries, a passage of arrows, a placid mirror of destinies, and a silence of griefs, a pool of the future that lies beside the dawn of the last hours, a palace of no return that reaches into an infinity of nowhere, a mouth of silken kisses, a temptress of forgetfulness. There is no shadow in this tomorrow.*

*The bridge is a verb of direction, a conception of the unknown, a passage to adventure, a desire caught becoming an actuality, a passage to the islands of the dream or to the familiar shores of home --- the child from the infant becomes the man, the bridge is a wolf of hypothesis, an anger of gray dangers.*

*The wheel is the question and the answer and also the new question. It is the continuous expansion of the understanding, always seeking new worlds. The wheel never stays long in one place. It finds its own answers, it asks its own questions --- it returns without leaving. It is the seed of motion. It goes all places yet remains itself. It has many legs and one foot. It has no roots. It creates its own future; it determines its own past. It is the laughing eye of Revolution.*



THE ACE  
(REVOLUTION SUITE)  
From the surrealist card game, *Jeu de Marseille*, 1940

Penelope ROSEMONT





Ronald L. PAPP: *The Midnight Whims of Ichabod Crane* (1974)

## SURREALISM IN COLUMBUS, OHIO

*Revolutionary in its very essence, surrealism could not possibly be immune to the various shocks, collisions and propulsions that effect the course of world revolution. Consequently, like all revolutionary movements (or, for that matter, all movements that are alive) surrealism since its inception has developed through a continuing process of splits and fusions. The negative side of this process (splits, expulsions, and the accompanying polemics) bewilders many observers, who are dismayed to see apparent comrades fighting each other, or who simply cannot understand why or how poets and artists could get involved in such "tempests in teapots."*

*For the surrealists, however, the splits and expulsions represent efforts to rid our movement of those who are too tired, those who are too distracted by the glitter of bourgeois success, and all those who, for one reason or another, prove incapable of pursuing the surrealist adventure. Such measures, often regarded as too severe, are an indispensable minimum precaution to safeguard the integrity and combativeness of the surrealist movement.*

*Thus, if Paul Garon, Joseph Jablonski, Philip Lamantia, Nancy Peters, Penelope Rosemont and I have not been especially troubled by the fact that we have had to part company with this or that former collaborator, it is because we share a limitless confidence in the inescapable urgency of the surrealist revolution. Regardless of the fate of any of its adherents, the surrealist cause will always attract reinforcements to deepen its explorations, multiply its impact, and continually steer it toward its true goals.*

*It is in this light that one can best appreciate the integration into the surrealist movement, in spring 1974, of six comrades from Columbus, Ohio, whose manifesto, Latrodectus mactans (Black Widow), appears here. Three of these comrades formed a surrealist nucleus in Columbus in 1970. Unaware of surrealist activity elsewhere, they concluded that the tasks of renewal had fallen to them. They began agitation, issued leaflets and statements to the press, intervened in public events, pursued experimentation into irrational modes of knowledge, and undertook intensive plastic and poetic researches. The nucleus of three was soon joined by others. When one of them discovered the first issue of Arsenal and other surrealist publications (which, we note for the benefit of social geographers, took place at the Dorr War Bookstore in Providence, Rhode Island), the Columbus surrealists read and discussed this material, and soon sent us a letter of fraternal greetings. An exchange of letters quickly led to cooperative actions.*

*Satisfied that their perspectives coincided perfectly with ours, the Columbus surrealists elected to dissolve their group as a separate entity, resolving unreservedly to join forces with the surrealist movement in the U.S. This*

## MANIFESTO:

This manifesto of the first of May 1974 serves and can only serve as a prelude to action that is to come. Its essence has always been with us and most assuredly it will remain, which is to say that the world in its present state can expect to receive from us only the most severe cruelty. Like Sade we shall slash away at this pathetic excuse for existence as though it were a rabid dog: indeed, "reality" today is nothing but a growling, diseased capitalist cur! Against all forms of servitude we shall take the whip from the master's hand and return the pain of centuries, not just in mere individual rebellion

---

*decision was ratified at a nationwide conference of surrealists held in Chicago in April 1974, attended by two delegates from Columbus who, moreover, declared the intention of the entire Columbus group to move to Chicago at the earliest possible moment, to effect a closer and more direct collaboration. In demonstration of their solidarity, all of the Columbus surrealists added their signatures to the manifesto Lighthouse to the Future that prefaced the surrealist section of the City Lights Anthology.*

\* \* \*

*Bringing together, as it does, individuals sharing a variety of experiences and dispositions, but determined to act unitedly (in keeping with Fourier's theory of passionate attraction as recapitulated in Lenin's "unity in diversity"), the total revolution signified by surrealism is, as goes without saying, always more than the sum of its parts. But it is no exaggeration to suggest that the unification of the Columbus comrades with the rest of the surrealist movement, together with a considerable number of individual adhesions, testifies not only to a quantitative but also to a qualitative growth of surrealism today. From being a small and comparatively isolated nucleus, able to assault the repressive machinery only by means of sporadic intellectual guerrilla warfare, the surrealist movement in the U.S. has now secured enough free territory so that it has been able, in the last several months, to expand its operations geometrically in all directions. Through its evident hegemony on the poetic plane and, increasingly, on the plane of "revolutionary culture" as a whole, surrealism will doubtless continue to attract the most daring and uncompromising individuals to its ranks. Even our enemies concede that the surrealist movement already exerts a far-ranging influence entirely disproportionate to its still small numbers.*

*In this development the action of the Columbus surrealists, as indicated in the following manifesto, assumes an exemplary character. For all those who privately avow their agreement with surrealist perspectives but who, out of one misunderstanding or another, have chosen to remain isolated from the collective effort, this manifesto boldly takes up the inevitable question: what is to be done?*

F. R.

# BLACK WIDOW

(*LATRODECTUS MACTANS*)

but in a general revolt leading to the revolution which will, in Marx's words, "transform the world." Even in our youth we know only too well that there is no chance of merely "repairing" this world; it can only be raised from its slovenly depths, from the lifeless bog onto the emu's beak, to be recreated by liberated human energies, with the collaboration of our animal comrades.

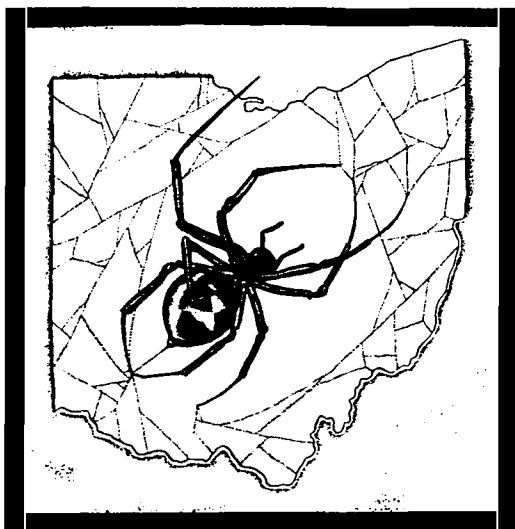
Today the very sidewalks are giving birth to the marvelous and every woman and man who so desires can become the magic child of the freedom that promises to invade. The common being, the commonest being serves today as the most profound vehicle of prophecy, for in the darkest and therefore the most illuminating hours of existence it is calmly acknowledged that soon the streets of civilized societies will flow with gore. Unlike the plague, however, this gore will be an omen of good fortune. The blood that is predicted will no longer be the blood of longshoremen, truckers or floor-scrubbers; rather, it will be the blood of presidents, kings and their police that will fill the sewers. Though the passion for blood is perhaps dying, the passion for revolution is just beginning to live. There is no need for equivocation: we shed no tears for the manufacturers of misery.

Like the surrealists of 1925, we proclaim that we are *specialists in revolt* and in saying this we are quite prepared to demonstrate it whenever necessary by utilizing the various means available to us: psychic automatism, sabotage, dreams, revolutionary violence, mad love — always ready in the arsenals of surrealism. Whenever the proletarian hammers of mass insurrection are raised there is raised, too, the head of the surrealist anteater. It is quite clear to us that those who intend to carry out the thought and action exemplified by the admirable bolshevik genius of Lenin and Trotsky are more than just mere neighbors to the surrealist castle. Surrealists and true communists are in fact comrades-in-arms who cannot and will not live, or live well, without the other.

It is common knowledge, however, that there exist at this time certain ultra-authoritarian systems which have sprouted up like vile weeds from a twisted soil and which are making desperate attempts to imprison such genius within the dungeons of "socialist" bureaucracy (in this respect as in many others hardly distinguishable from its imperialist twin). Without doubt it is precisely the filth represented by those very dungeons — the filth of the bureaucratic caste — that has temporarily clogged the wild rivers of permanent revolution and thus forced the human creature to remain alive only in a debased and degraded fashion. We declare here and now that we are at war with those miserable parasites whose very breath reeks with the stench of Stalin, those parasites whose hearts lay upon the platters of the Soviet Union and its puppet parties across the globe. We are

at war, too, with all those who embrace the stupid, blubbing vulgarizations of Mao Tse Tung and all other clergymen of the same order. To those who accept the deceptions and apologia given for the betrayal of the revolution — i.e., Stalinism in any form — we grant the title of *leech*: for they can be defined only as ludicrous bloodsuckers who have attached themselves to the bodies of the workers and ultimately to their own corpses as well. The relationship between the bourgeoisie and the Stalinists is a symbiotic one in which each plays the sycophant to the other in allied opposition to communist revolution. The day of Stalin is the day of the leeches and the day of the leeches is over. Wherever the capitalist dog rests we shall disturb its sleep and act as wolves ready to leap as the jugular vein is finally exposed; so, too, wherever the noxious fumes of Stalinism prevail, we shall point our attack.

We six, originally emerging from the forlorn cornfields of midwestern complacency into the desolate neon graveyard of the city of Columbus, have existed here as serpents in a domain of earthworms. Our experience in this hostile domain, where tactics of repression are but second nature to its inhabitants, has moved us to totally reject the typical escapist attitude that thrives within the various milieus of petty-bourgeois rebels swarming the universities of North America. We speak of those who behave like lepers in fear not only of the society which confronts them, but in fear of themselves as well. For us the irrepressible presence of the Shawnee chieftain Tecumseh and the Mingo chief Logan cannot be denied or overlooked, for their valiant attempts to wipe clean from Ohio the scourge of white-skinned barbarians, who had forced on a glorious people the poison of an entirely diseased social order, has shown us exactly what is to be done. It is the roaming spirit of the Hopewell and the Adena that has served us as a guide, permitting us not merely to exist as Christian automatons but rather to live as white-skinned savages in the



Ronald L. PAPP: drawing



Ronald L. PAPP, Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN, T. R. JOHNSON:  
exquisite corpse drawing (Chicago, 1975)

midst of a repulsively civilized world. As the Sioux medicine-man Lame Deer has written: "Artists are the Indians of the white world. They are called dreamers who live in the clouds, improvident people who can't hold onto their money, people who don't want to face 'reality.' They say the same things about Indians. How the hell do these frog-skin (Lame Deer's term for money) people know what reality is? The world in which you paint a picture in your mind, a picture which shows things different from what your eyes see, that is the world from which I get my visions. I tell you this is the real world, not the Green Frog Skin World. That's only a bad dream, a stream-lined, smog-filled nightmare. Because we refuse to step out of our reality into this frog-skin illusion, we are called dumb, lazy, improvident, immature, otherworldly. It makes me happy to be called 'otherworldly,' and it should make you so. It's a good thing our reality is different from theirs." (See *Lame Deer, Seeker of Visions*, Simon & Schuster, 1972.)

It is no accident, therefore, that this enchanted call also directed us toward the provocative way of life known as surrealism and thus to the thought and works of the surrealist warriors Benjamin Péret, Remedios Varo, René Crevel, Toyen, and especially to the magnetic thought of André Breton which continues to devastate all that is putrid and tainted by unnatural restraint. Surrealism above all has stood for us as the grandest force of liberation known to man, and in realization of its powers we have sought and still seek to fulfill the marvelous promise which calls for the *total surrealization of the planet*.

Submerged against our will in the Ohio quicksand of daily drudgery and boredom, in a vast cultural wasteland where educational institutions serve only as training grounds for the

advancement of capitalism, racism, sexism and other kinds of imbecility which constitute the essentials of American intellectual life, where the spiral-tailed oinking church viciously addicts the public to a lethal barbiturate called "God," where police rule is the only rule—we, as victims of such a state of affairs, have responded collectively (some may find this strange or unlikely) to a movement which attacks all that is mistakenly and idiotically referred to as "home." It is important, however, to realize that none of us has ever been an Ohioan or an American but all of us have always been surrealists. Only those whose general lack of confidence in youth and in revolution (the future), would find it exceptional that we existed here in Ohio as surrealists intending to perpetuate the flame of surrealism wherever fire is needed (and it is needed everywhere). Only those afflicted by trembling knees and cowardly minds; only those who fear liberty itself, whether that fear be conscious or unconscious; only those whose qualms are tidal waves in a personal sea of pusillanimity could possibly come to the conclusion that the Columbus Surrealist Group existed as nothing more than a simple isolated phenomenon. So much for the conclusions of fools who know *nothing* of the passionate and universal nature of the surrealist cause, which exists today as it will tomorrow for all those who, without timidity or hesitation, plunge into the very essence of life in affirmation of the pleasure principle and in opposition to the sullen rotteness of the reality principle.

At this very moment a seventeen-year-old comrade in some remote area of Kansas has lifted from the bookshelves, for the first time, the most profound writing of all time: the *Surrealist Manifestoes*. Our very existence here is a living example of the immense probability that there exist all over the planet Earth others like ourselves who are responding or will respond to surrealist subversion. We call out to these youthful fighters and beckon them toward us with open arms, for we know and understand the great importance of true collective action and comradely love. It is with this attitude that we have been received by the surrealist movement of the United States and it is with this attitude that we enter into a more forceful and dynamic collaboration with the entire international surrealist movement.

We celebrate and salute in particular the rigorous producers of this most revolutionary of journals: *Arsenal/Surrealist Subversion*, who have ended our involuntary exile as surrealists so that we all may better continue toward the surrealist insurrection, aiming at a total revolution which, as Franklin Rosemont has so aptly declared, will STOP AT NOTHING.

Columbus, Ohio  
1st May 1974

Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN  
T. R. JOHNSON  
Jocelyn Cecilia KOSLOFSKY  
Wayne KRAL  
Ronald L. PAPP  
Janet PARKER



Conroy MADDOX: *By Word and By Image* (collage-painting, 1971)

The sign on the easel in the above picture reads:  
*"And so, putting aside all odious thoughts of speculation and lucre (for we are dealing with holy things, in response to popular demand) we felt we would make ourselves both agreeable and useful to the pious pilgrims by establishing a special factory where we make LOURDES WATER PASTILLES."*

## BIRD-DRILL MEETS NOVOCAINE HEADDRESS

There are moths pursuing your lips, and razors revealing only their thinness in the shadows of the room. Through each room that might be passed there are marks that can be found on the floors, upon the walls, and upon all contents in and about, corresponding precisely to the dictates of desire (their formulation, their numbers, even their affiliations during this maroon are predictable under your obsessions). These marks, converging on all matter under perception, organize persistently and are registered by all senses under bombardment. The faculties of the senses themselves will at times display the markings within their own engineering, as resolution to confront desire becomes more essential to existence. Do not be mistaken into thinking that such affairs as these are aesthetic affectation or mere microscopes in a forest fire. The man who cannot cry until he sees a manx cat (fashioned from dark sponge) submerged in water, or the woman who cannot dance until she has been told that the nuns in her childhood are being slashed with meteor razors, are not our concerns here. It is not to be denied that, at certain moments, such undertakings may assist in liberating the spirit just enough so that bleeding may be more properly appreciated, but again, we must go beyond these venal invocations. Here we are dealing with the fibers of the universe and their bondings under the dictatorship of desire, which is the process of human thought. Let us develop a few materials which, while

they subsist within convention and evolutionary control (they could hardly be less active), can and must thrive during the exploitation of the conscious and the conquest of its hallucinated antithesis. You seek to embrace me? Then go to the mirror that is regarded so cautiously and wait, for I have not yet arrived.

Find your image in the glass and ask the impossible, who am I? This question and its subverting power within the mind becomes only more efficacious with the sneers you might choose to extend to me, to your image. At the point that, through staring, your face alters or begins to disappear, at the point that you begin to speak to or act toward someone or something as you should have done (in your estimation) at an earlier occasion, punctuating your ravings with your more guarded gyrations; at the point that you perceive the wing of a monarch butterfly slipping from between your lips — there, it is at this point that I have arrived. Go to any shadow in the vicinity and I will point to you through the victims of light. Ask for a sign and I will show to you objects juxtaposed in a most profound arrangement and maintaining a terrible intercourse — superior incisions. Notice that between the sleeping nude and the mandrill frozen in ice (both are whispering), there is a puff of smoke outlining an otherwise invisible torso. As you inhale, words of light (cream) flutter about the room and disappear with the slightly heavy exhalation, only to reappear as a delicate abrasive rubbing upward from your

penis or clitoris. Listen — in the distance the tread of a truly exquisite woman is insinuated by the scars advancing across your cheeks. She carries what seems to be a leather shopping bag and picks at it with her teeth as if it were a hollowing bone. The bag, in fact, is not quite filled with two quite dead children whose cheeks have been removed and whose faces (what remains) have been smeared with the silver-gray paints of crushed moths. Taste these moths, my friend, they are for your lips alone. I take it, however, that you would prefer jade hearts to flesh knives.

I am pressing an inked finger upon a scrap of paper and am intent on making a perfect set of fingerprints. Sheet upon sheet of unsatisfactory prints mound into a licorice fort ancient. Every time I remove my fingers from the page only a pair of dark lips pucker in subtle imprinting. A pair of lips appeared upon the right thigh of my lover last night. First faint and then darkening gradually, the lips were parted slightly and seemed to erupt from but not through the flesh. Was there a creature trapped beneath the covering of flesh? Had the woman's successive orgasms disturbed its waters, and was it now forced to search for a fresh pocket of air? If it moved to the woman's lips would it be released? What would be released? New plagues, invisible guillotines, carnivorous shadows or perhaps anti-matter furnaces would be seduced by my ripened tongue. The lips faded soon, to be unknown to the woman they surfaced upon, but not before wrinkling very slightly, as if sucking for air. Could it be that some night I shall gaze upon those thighs during my frothings and view a swooning face suffocating beneath her flesh? Who must die?

What are these absurd noises I hear as I am grooming my boil of sharks? Ah, yes, it seems that an accordionist has taken an octopus for her instrument (I have taken my pants off so as to hear more clearly). The modern musician's persistent pressurings and the suction of black lace tentacles have pro-

duced a percussion that is rarely matched. Even the death-rattles of a priest under my sister's knife (sister?), or the cluckings of a banker being spat onto his own umbrella (fumeroles in Belgium?) do not rival the musical antics of this duo. Listen to the poppings of any given musician(s) of today and appreciate the strains — those delightful stains left by suicides.

What is this mechanism that invites the sculptor to become a chiropractor, or better still, that elicits a werewolf's assistance in framing the historical arabesques of psychoanalysis (such pacings in a ballet of madmen inching slowly toward the crusts of the Amazons)? I am emerging, my friend, emerging from the struggles of the working class and the terrors of decadence. With every awakening I slit your eyes with my coral teeth and suck unceasingly at your cataracts. You will be cured or you will be revealed as the disease, a disease all too conscious of its own embrace. Did you invite me? My birth is sufficient invitation. Only yesterday I sang these defiances in relative isolation, stumbling among the cliffs and cemeteries, frothing perpetually in the knowledge that my embraces and breath, buffered by the cheeks of a human, could mean only death for my lovers. But now I am numerous, now I am hordes and yet I remain I. What was once a distant screaming in the wilderness is now a watchword in the cities of the human. Nights ago the darkness was made the light and now the light is catching up with the darkness. What manner of weapon can you hurl against me as reason no longer commands the arbitration of the universe? None, none will suffice, for the invasion is conducted through the body outward and into an adjacent catastrophe. If you must, destroy yourself. You have my attention and applause. You would only make our hold on earth a quicker celebration. Your denial is not truly physical. I shall use your body as fertilizer and you shall yet serve life.

T.R. JOHNSON

## FEATHERS

*Excite my breasts  
and patrol my vagrant heart  
blood shot tongue of veins  
today  
stands  
the wet kiss liver of passion  
against charcoal gums  
of my souls teeth  
Oh the fatness of love  
(compared to tumors fly away my friends)  
these scabs have taken eyes  
and navels have taken off shades  
to look experience in its nose  
bartender of bars  
a drink to the length of that  
dog called loneliness  
the sparrow mouth ruby  
dry feathers on my lovers step*

Jayne CORTEZ



Aloe. a Entire plant (much reduced); b Single flower (↕).

## WITH THE MOMENT

*My words are teeth  
that bite through your cheek  
chewing toward your tongue  
filling your mouth  
with blood of the rose  
the fragrance of which  
will pierce your nose  
like an African bone  
the texture of which  
you caress  
with the fingers of your eyes  
the sound of which  
will send the hammer singing  
against the anvil of your inner ear  
somewhere inside your head  
where I long to be  
ecstatic where you are*

Brooke ROTHWELL



Franklin ROSEMONT: collage

## CLEAN

Dogs are dirty, birds are filthy, fish are clean except for the intestines which are dirty.

People love to wash and that's why in the eyes of Jesus they are best. Dogs don't go to heaven, they turn into worms, but good Christian people stay just the same, younger and smelling good all the time. All the people get washed when they die and sit at the table of Holy Lightning with Jesus, eating all that clean food. Jesus smiles when he sees the people washing. He knows that people like cleanliness and that's why he likes them better than the animals who eat any crap dirty.

Clean people who don't smell like vinegar sit at His table, only younger, with new hair, teeth and skin, all naked but not fornicating, eating all that clean food. That's why it's important to get the old folks soaped and combed and into bed between those nice sheets boiled four times and ironed into nice even creases — twelve creases for Jesus — and their toenails pared. Our old people look good, just simple people the color of milk and veal roast. When it's time Jesus calls them, He says: "O have you pared your nails?" And they answer: "O yes, Sweet Lord, we have pared our nails and ironed our sheets twelve times." And Jesus says: "Are you *clean*?" Which is a joke because He knows that they are and the old folks laugh a lot at this. And Jesus says: "Do you smell good and are you the color of veal roast?" And the old folks answer: "O yes, Lord, we smell good and we are clean and our thoughts are like white sauce and our blood is like water and we are ready, O Sweet Jesus."

Then Jesus gathers them up in His arms and gives them clean teeth, the better to eat at His Holy Table, and clean ears, the better to hear His Holy Music, and clean eyes, the better to see and worship Him.

RIKKI

## why I wear a CRUCIFIX

Actually the title should be "Why I Wear Crucifixes," for I wear a new one each day. When I come home at night and prepare for bed, the first thing I do is to flush that day's crucifix down the toilet. My sleep is sound and peaceful. When I waken the next day, I take the day's crucifix from the cat-box, get dressed and set on my way. I have found that wearing a new crucifix each day is the epitome of mental hygiene.

First, whenever a minor "everyday frustration" occurs, I take the crucifix in my hand and spit on it. Relief is immediate. For those frustrations which take on more ominous characteristics, dashing the crucifix against the wall will usually suffice. If it does not, I seek out a priest and beat him bloodily into the ground.

Speaking of priests, whenever I pass one on the street, I flash a welcoming smile. When I have secured his attention, I produce my crucifix. While his glance is focussed on it, I throw it on the ground (after spitting on it) and stamp on it. Sometimes I rub it against my buttocks; if circumstances are fortuitous, I shit on it. When his eyes have widened, I throw the crucifix in his face. After some practice, I am now able (usually) to hit him in the eye.

It should be understood that these notes are preliminary — no pretense of completeness is made. New ideas are constantly occurring to me, as they will to you, if you take up this joyous habit. My latest idea involves a scheme of being able to *wear* a priest, or the pope, instead of a crucifix.

Paul GARON

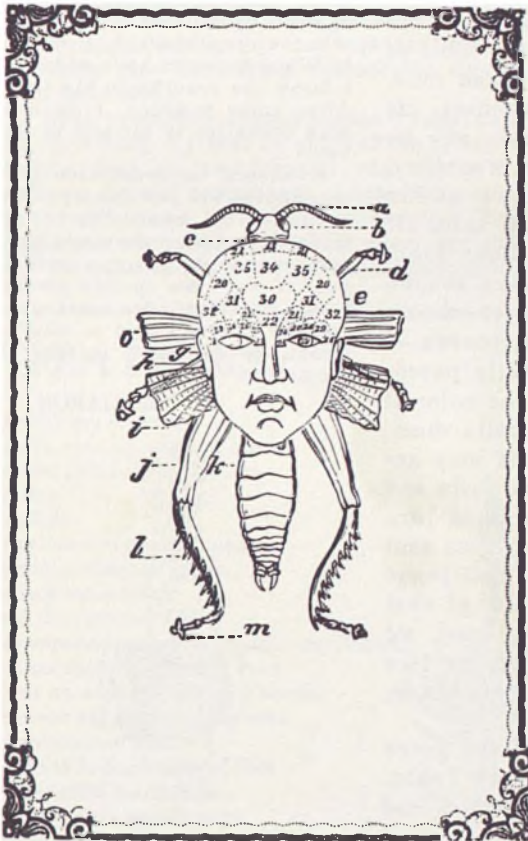


Vladimir MAYAKOVSKY: drawing

# JITAI AND THE MORANDISTS

He was out one evening near sundown trying to earn some money by selling some of his trinkets and gew-gaws to passersby, who would have none of it. He got tired of their casual abuse and started to wander toward his hovel, but tarried out of curiosity on a dismal street corner where a group of Morandists were conducting one of their strange meetings.

Jitai had never before been this close to Morandists. He was getting more excited by the minute, while his brain reeled from trying to comprehend their strange activities. They had their eyes all out, hanging by the optic nerves. Some of them were dancing or grappling with crosses made of feathers. They were getting into great balls of dough shaped like navels. They were, here and there, changing suddenly into moths and rising to swarm at the street lamps with the real moths, and just as suddenly falling down on the pavement and turning back into humans. Their leader was standing in a barrel reading from a small tree branch in his hand that seemed to have inscriptions painted on it. His reading was not aloud but rather the strange, indecipherable figures appeared visually over his head, all dark and heavy. Then the cultists attached wooden taps to their chests over their hearts and moved in on the barrel. They turned on the taps, filling the barrel with blood while the leader dissolved into it and was soon gone.



F. R.: Portrait of Jitai

Jitai shivered deep down in his soul and crawled stealthily away, not wanting to see the rest, but intending to go to the Municipal Library the next day to try and assuage his new-found curiosity about his fellow citizens.

\* \* \*

He hopped up the steps of the library next morning but was too early, so he waited by the door shivering until a janitor arrived with the keys.

"You're too goddamned early to get in," he bellowed, "but I have a job for you." He grabbed Jitai and threw him inside. In fact he shoved and cuffed My Lord all the way to the broom closet, then made him sweep all the floors.

Then the librarians arrived.

The head librarian spotted Jitai and said to a girl who was being sacked that day anyhow, "See this pimple here? Since we've no further use for you, you can read to him. He can't read."

Jitai explained that he was interested in the Morandist phenomenon. The girl took him to the reference room and got down the *Encyclopedia of Modern Cults*, Vol. CXVII, and began to read:

*MORANDISM, the Science of Idiocy. Named after Gouverneur Morand (b. ??17—d. 333?), the man who made idiocy an art. The cult arose during the eggfamine of the year U when Morand began to make eggs appear by a method he called IDIOCY. Groups of people calling themselves IDIOTS arose in all the villages and performed wonders. Finally the cult spread to the Capitol where it came to be called 'Sons of Morand' and finally 'Morandists'. By this time there were millions of followers but Morand himself had been forgotten. In time a secret lore grew up around the address and phone number of Morand, which adepts attempted to discover. Another faction, called the 'Practicalists' or 'Worldly Morandists' claimed Morand was dead and would never return. They devoted themselves to politics. Their rival faction, the 'Snake charmers,' believed that Morand had turned into a giant oceanic snake and that the continents were portions of his back. The Morandist wave reached its peak at about 13 million members in the year ??1? At that time the infected masses precipitated an upheaval which attempted to place chefs in power in all the important offices of the government. (The leading Morandists were all chefs by profession.) For some reason the putsch never succeeded and all the cult managed to attain was a Charter in the form of a constitutional amendment granting them the right, forever, to hold their meetings on all street corners. This is the reason why, in modern times, all the streets in our cities are round.*

The girl had finished the article but it didn't matter to Jitai, for he had fallen asleep. He must have been having a pleasant dream; there was a smile on his arachnid face. His



chicken-skin coat had fallen open and his horny bonding apparatus was exposed, with all the hooks and claws extended for action. One claw had just pierced through the girl's thigh!

That instant she realized what was about to happen and shrieked. She jumped up, freeing herself and ran hysterically for the door. Jitai, awakened, scurried after her, just missing having his head knocked off by the janitor who swung at him with the mop as he went by.

He chased her down the steps of the library between the bronze statues of mermaids with fountains flowing from their hands that tourists are so fond of taking pictures of. The girl ran straight into an egg-vendor in front of the steps selling blood eggs, knocking him over and spilling everything across the sidewalk. She regained her balance and dashed into the thick mass of people who filled the street.

Before plunging into the crowd after the girl, My Lord Jitai stood for a brief minute and surveyed the scene in the boulevard. Thousands and thousands of people were swarming along the circular street and he could tell from the deafening density of the noise that the same scene was repeated on all the adjacent streets for some distance. Many of the enthusiastic marchers were carrying aloft large posters that pictured indescribable scenes. Were they landscapes, still-lives, or pictures of fabulous dinners done in the manner of Bosch? Everywhere there were signs and banners proclaiming LOOK ON YOUR PLATE and WHAT IS THE USE OF SEEING YOUR ONLY FACE? Most unusual of all was the sight of numerous carnival floats decorated with mystic and terrifying symbols. These floats were spaced at intervals in the surging crowd, and on them were borne on thrones — chefs! It could mean only one thing: the Morandists were precipitating another upheaval!

He stepped off the pavement, looking around in the crowd for the girl, but his interest was being rapidly diverted. When he didn't see her right away, he said to himself, "Well, it's no use." He began to move with the crowd of Morandists, even though he had to flail at them with his cinnamon stick with the chicken claw carved in the tip to keep them from trampling him to death. It was a mess.

Then suddenly the sky darkened and the shadows of gigantic tapeworms began to weave back and forth over the surface of the crowd. Jitai looked up and there they were, blocking out the sunlight — the tapeworms! Now the water-cannons appeared in the alleys in a coordinated assault, manned by the police anti-cult brigades. The blasts of pressurized water bowled over the magnificent processional without a bit of trouble. Round and round they flowed in the circular streets until, unexpectedly, they turned into water themselves and were swept into the sewers and plunged downwards toward what looked like a solid sheet of fire filling the underworld beneath.

But just as the horror of the situation dawned on Jitai, the violent heat of the under-fire turned him to steam along with the rest

of the crowd, and the whole mass ascended again in a turbulent blast of vapor. They rose until they were trapped in clouds where they waited for the saturation that would produce the inevitable rains.

The rains began just after sundown.

The next morning Jitai went to see his uncle who lived in the Spiderville section, where all the food factories are. His uncle told him the news from the papers and the radio. The tapeworms had made away with all the Morandists. So many disgraced gods were arriving back in town on the trains that people were holding their noses.

Jitai laughed in his own way, by scraping his hind legs together.

He turned on his uncle's radio.

"The rains continue," said the solemn, buffoonish voice. "Weather officials state that if the showers do not soon cease they will begin to thaw out all the frozen bats. If this happens, we must expect a severely disruptive agitation on the part of the Claudists, which will in turn warrant emergency government measures such as the rationing of thought and the implementation of knife-walking...."

### THREE DREAMS OF MY LORD JITAI

Jitai dreamed he was in a little girl's playroom, where many toys were scattered across the floor. The little girl saw a bit of dusty string, tangled and knotted, lying on the floor. She picked it up and put it in her little play purse. But the string was really My Lord Jitai.

\* \* \*

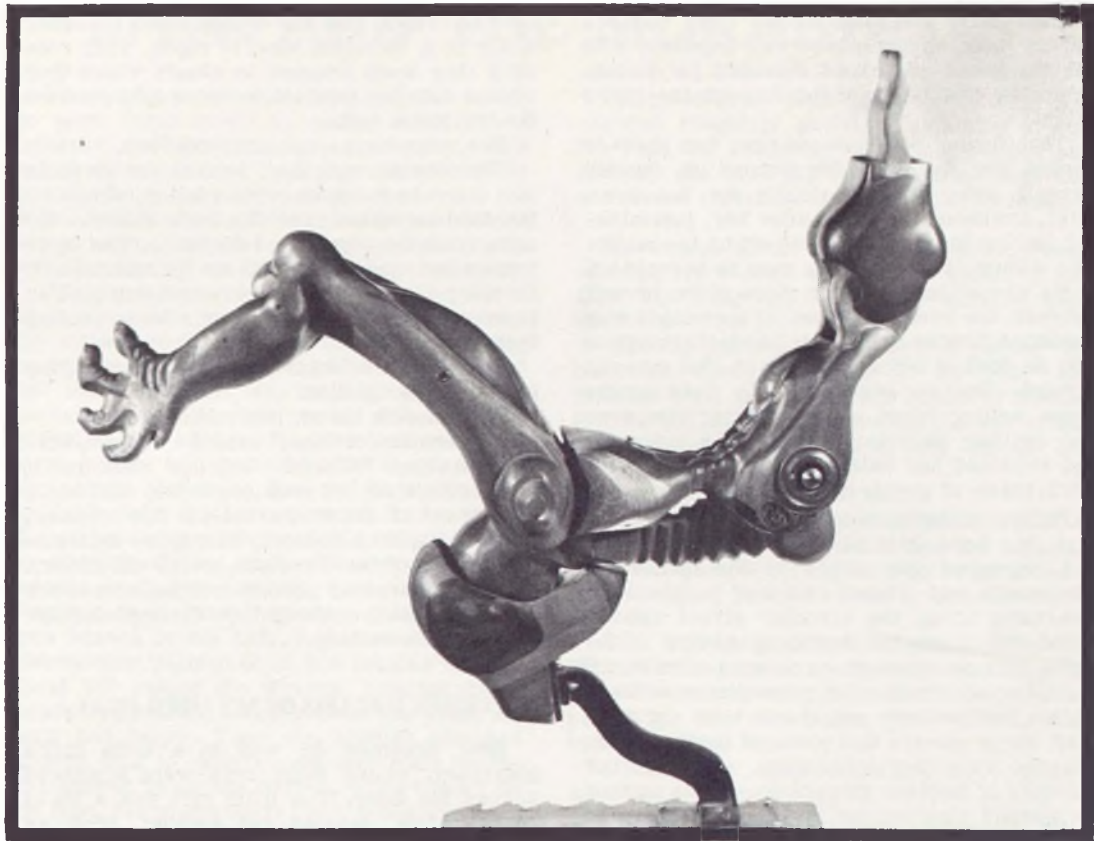
Jitai dreamed he saw The Great Pig seated on a ledge of a skyscraper, sneering down at mankind. Suddenly the Pig farted so hard that the compressed gas in escaping knocked him off the ledge. He fell down, down, down and smashed his superior face on the pavement below.

\* \* \*

Jitai dreamed he was seated at a school desk writing with a pen. At first he was able to concentrate and his writing was fairly clear and legible. But soon he began to feel hypnotized by the rhythm of his hand, his mind became less concentrated and the words on the paper began to loosen their forms and become indeterminate. He tried to control the writing and make it neater, but he could not. Suddenly he realized, with that peculiar certainty that occurs in dreams, that there was something inside him struggling to use the pen to write OTHER words, and that was the reason why the words seemed to twist and tear themselves apart on the page.

Joseph JABLONSKI





Robert GREEN: *The Left Hand Deals a Hard Deck Red* (1975)

photograph: Allen Koss

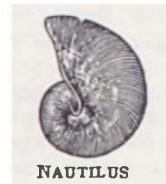
## POEM OF THE BEGINNING

*I on a camel crossing the desert  
with a shoulder fringed with tombs in a wide-open hand*

*I in a rowboat crossing the window  
of the pyramid with a slender blue goblet covered with scales*

*I on the beach and a needling wind  
with a Triangle-Horse buried in the sand*

*I in the night with a strange object in my pocket  
— I bring you Brilliant-Star-Without-Destiny covered with moss*



## Z

*The shapes, the shadows, the light that lays bare the night  
and a little bird*

*And after a long time I lost sight of you  
my arms are two enormous spaces  
my eyes are two bottles of wind*

*and afterward I know you again in an isolated street  
my legs are two flowering trees  
my fingers a plantation of seaweed*

*your figure was as I remember  
the color of the garden.*

Translated by Jean R. Longland

Antonio Maria LISBOA

# MANIFESTO OF THE PORTUGUESE SURREALISTS (1950)



## SURREALISM IN PORTUGAL

Across an exhaustingly long desert we follow our path mapped out by unknown guides, while a decapitated woman's body smiles at us and a very white table walks toward us, bleeding. . .

In each country the surrealist position must be situated according to its own possibilities and capacity for intervention. Conditioned by the social situation in which it is forced to develop, it must express its capacity for revolutionary destruction/creation as its particular environment allows. The surrealist is neither a martyr of science (or of any other myth accepted by so-called organized society), nor is he a paid or unpaid soldier obeying the orders of any political or philanthropic party. The surrealist elaborates his own myth, whether it originates from the grottoes of seven-eyed dwarfs or from antique sewing machines. He uses his special myth as a compass with which to locate tenebrous and still-undiscovered roads over bridges of old mannequins. He makes use of it according to his own necessity and his personal fury, in whatever framework chance has placed him, and without seeking the repulsive heroic-patriotic martyrdoms of party men. That is why interventions must be adapted to prevailing conditions, and that is why we say that, in Portugal, the existence of a surrealist group or movement is not possible. There can be only individual surrealists who sometimes act together.

Under any dictatorship (fascist or Stalinist) an organized surrealist intervention would inevitably meet with immediate police reprisals, and thus create martyrs and heroes. In our case, surrealist activity is limited to a series of actions that can be qualified by the word *guerrilla*; the only alternative would be a reactionary compromise with the Ministers of Propaganda. Of these two possibilities, only the first is truly possible, of course, although our struggle is not an easy one.

When, in a country, a poet is no longer a poet unless he belongs to a party, and when a man is a man only if he is a sheep, then this century's great myth — FREEDOM — ceases to be a myth transmutable into a visible reality sought with despair and desire. When, in a country, the Catholic Church transforms men into sexless beings, and the Pope's dictatorship forces poets to become either monks or eunuchs, then our sexual frenzy impels us to the great magic act of the subversion of values and the total affirmation of our right to live and act freely, to be true poets of love, of destruction, of the surreal.

We want to affirm — and we do affirm — that our activity cannot be confined to the political, philosophical, aesthetic or any other field. Rather, in drawing these fields together in a new Real-Imaginary synthesis, we do not concentrate on any one in particular, but act *within* them all. We in Portugal, fenced in as we are on all sides, have before us only the fierce presence of the individual will to fight against the extinction of the human spirit systematically carried out by the State. We cannot associate ourselves with any party which, in the name of future political liberties (or any other slogan) would condemn us fatally to some other eventual dictatorship. Similarly, we cannot accept the credentials of an aesthetic tendency which, styling itself revolutionary, would only stifle us in a new type of academism rather than lead us to the freedom we so ardently desire. Any sort of "socialist realism," with its endless procession of party esthetics, party literature, party politics, is as hostile to human freedom as any fascist dictatorship, merely replacing one god by another that is equally absurd.

We are not interested in substituting one Pope for another. Man will be free only when he succeeds in destroying every sort of dictatorship, religious-political as well as political-religious;

One of the countries where surrealism has been most active is Portugal, a fact well concealed or ignored by the academic "experts" (most of whom are of course specialists in French literature). The admirably sustained and fruitful activity of our Portuguese comrades is especially noteworthy in the light of the severely repressive political atmosphere that prevailed under the fascist regime of Salazar. As explained in the 1950 manifesto published here in English for the first time, political conditions made it almost impossible for these comrades to act or even to publish collectively in an overt or organized manner. But they continued to meet clandestinely, to conduct exceptionally important plastic and poetic researches and, whenever possible, to intervene publicly, however muted their presentations had to be.

The development of surrealism in Portugal from its beginnings in the early 1940s has been documented by one of its leading participants, Mario Cesariny, in his *A Intervenção Surrealista* (1966) and, more recently, in the French review *Phases* (No. 4, 1974). Poet, painter, theorist, translator of Rimbaud's *Illuminations* and of Luis Buñuel's poems, Cesariny was described in *Modern Poetry in Translation* (No. 13-14, London, 1974) as exerting "an influence on younger poets comparable only to that of the Modernism of *Orpheu*" (i.e., Mario de Sa Caneiro and Fernando Pessoa). Several of Cesariny's poems, as well as poems by other Portuguese surrealists, are included in that collection, unfortunately accompanied by false and misleading editorial remarks.

The revolution begun on 25 April 1974 brought the fascist regime to an end and decisively encouraged all previously outlawed revolutionary tendencies. Our Portuguese comrades have greatly expanded their activity in the new conditions. They have organized exhibitions of works forbidden to be shown under Salazar, and issued several publications as part of their general effort to broaden and deepen the perspectives of the Portuguese Revolu-

tion. Cesariny's "Communication," published here, should be viewed in this context.

The prospects of surrealism in Portugal, much improved since April 1973, are still precarious, owing to the extreme difficulties posed by the unresolved political crisis. Many of the Portuguese surrealists (Cesariny among them) began in the Communist Party in the 1940s. Very quickly, of course, conflicts arose between the revolutionary orientation of the surrealists and the class-collaborationism of the Stalinists. This was especially true since the Portuguese surrealists, even during their sojourn in the CP, refused all compromise with the retrograde program of "socialist realism," which Cesariny denounced as a violation of Lenin's precept that "Nothing is too good for the working class."

Anticapitalist and antistalinist, the Portuguese surrealists are part of the still small revolutionary minority seeking to propel the revolutionary locomotive forward against the wishes and schemes of those who seek only to steer it onto tracks leading to bourgeois dead-ends.

An important step in this revolutionary process is the reconstitution of an effective surrealist group. This entails overcoming the reticence of some of those who, over the years, to one degree or another, have defended surrealist perspectives in Portugal, but who were forced under Salazar to learn methods of caution that are completely inadequate in the present circumstances which, on the contrary, call for audacity, more audacity, and still more audacity.

The legacy of fascism, the confusion of the Stalinists and the Left sects, the illusions regarding the character of the Armed Forces Movement, the billion-dollar interference of the CIA—all these obstacles on the path of the Portuguese Revolution are obstacles on the path of the Portuguese surrealists. The situation urgently requires an ever more critical and better organized surrealist intervention.

Our Portuguese comrades have recently taken important steps in this direction. "Apart from the always fragmentary declarations published under fascism," Cesariny writes in a recent letter, "nothing exists here to give an already disaffected public a measure of the gravity and revolutionary character of surrealism. It is high time to have done with this indefinición." Toward this end, he and his comrades have initiated several important projects, including the preparation of an extensive anthology tentatively to be titled *Texts of Affirmation and Combat of the World Surrealist Movement*. They have also proposed that the World Surrealist Exhibition, opening in Chicago on May Day 1976, be subsequently transported to Lisbon.

when he is able to live universally and limitlessly. Then man will become the Poet and Poetry will be Love-Explosive.

Our position as Portuguese surrealists, therefore, involves an open activity whenever possible, occasional forays into the unknown, sudden transmutations in which the serpent ceases to be the familiar little animal we all know and darts into the petrified forest inhabited by shadows and the glances of panthers.

Against the transformation of man into a canonized saint, we propose the apparition of man and woman eternally embraced, the unheralded birth of the Seven-Headed Horse, son of Fire and Water.

Against the degradation of man into a machine at the mercy of fatherlands and parties, we propose the creation of the Man-Wing, of the man who will fly through the whole universe astride a long shining comet.

For the fatherland, the church and the state, our last word will always be — SHIT.

Mario Henrique LEIRIA  
Joao Artur SILVA  
Artur de CRUZEIRO SEIXAS



Artur de CRUZEIRO-SEIXAS and Raul PEREZ: *exquisite corpse* (Lisbon, 1975)

*The fly does not reason well at present. A man buzzes at its ears. This is sufficient to make it incapable of good counsel. If I desire that it should discover truth, I should chase away that animal which holds its reason in check. . .*

Lautréamont



Mario CESARINY: *The Return of Ulysses* (Lisbon, 1974)

## COMMUNICATION TO THE PORTUGUESE WRITERS ASSOCIATION

A man who translated a considerable number of Fernando Pessoa's poems into English, and did so with some ability, was seen in a Lisbon street carrying a Portuguese-English/English-Portuguese phrasebook. Someone suggested the humor of this: that the man who had translated the works of one of the greatest Portuguese poets, and continued to do so, needed a question-and-answer manual to get about. The translator, Jonathan Griffin, fully appreciating the irony of the situation, with a twinkle in his blue eyes replied: "I just don't understand what people are saying."

The droll incident of two years ago points up a serious problem, one that I feel deserves the utmost attention.

This is above all a call to work, for the study and application of a deep reform in the literary language of Portugal, at least in the hollow and rarefied style that has developed in Portuguese literature since the 16th century.

It is obvious, even to the least discerning, that there is an ever-widening gap between the people's language, deprived as it is of the right to be called grammatical, and the so-called cultured language which the bourgeoisie have appropriated for their own use. Their appropriation became a dictatorial usurpation when classified as official grammar. In primary and secondary schools, and even in universities, the bourgeoisie imposed and continue to impose a language much different from what the people speak. *Speak*, not write, for the teacher (primate, not primary) will tell them at once that they don't know *how* to write!

From the moment I began to hear, the success in terms of style registered in the writing of our fine-feathered pens had a harsh impact on my ears in contrast to the deep resonance and solemnity

of the expressions heard from the people who don't write and probably can't even read. I have heard the most relevant and profound expressions—quasi-sacred, one might say, in terms of real content and living reflection of the speaker and his linguistic inheritance—from the lips of country people both north and south of this central province of Estremadura. The liveliest, perhaps the most heedful of the speaker's essential instincts of attack and defense, have come from townfolk. As far as the latter are concerned, and limiting myself to Lisbon, I must point out something quite extraordinary. The expressions they use are those of Gil Vicente (16th century), from the Autos, and in no way those of the adherents of the rhetoric which became legal doctrine—and beneath which we men of letters suffocate in drabness and in phonetic, morphological and syntactical morality.

Garrett and other liberal revolutionaries of 1820 felt all this, and it enabled the poet of "Viagens na Minha Terra" to create nothing less than the modern Portuguese theater. It is obvious that the bourgeoisie in ascendancy favored, in preference to the efforts of Garrett and Herculano, a policy of scorched earth, speaking French in the salons rather than risk hearing "distasteful" words in city and country.

Now, since April Twenty-fifth, we can do much better than simply produce a liberalization in order to reinvigorate Portuguese literature. There would be a rapid stagnation if the supposedly-yearned-for masterpiece were once more imposed on us from above rather than harvested from the land, whose only canon is the true nature of things.

As a perfect example of the development of writing here among us, as it was produced in the hands of beatific schoolmasters and doctors in

Latin—opposed, I repeat, to the free expression of a populace more faithful to itself in its Arabic and Visigothic heritage—I cite the integral version in so-called modern Portuguese of the “Peregrinacao” by Fernao Mendes Pinto, produced by Adolfo Casais Monteiro and published in 1952. With all due respect, and I am *most* respectful of the poet of “Sempre e Sem Fim,” we can see that the updating is simply an apoplectic-ataraxic exclusion of all the wonderfully expressive qualities of the original text. And as models of well-written Portuguese whose only purpose is to tyrannize and boast I cite Dr. Salazar’s speeches and “A Ceia dos Cardiais” by Dr. Julio Dantas.

Such arrogation of language to the service of an exploiting class, which also debased all other classes, was particularly disastrous in Portugal, given the monkish and subservient path we always trod. It is common to say, eyes upturned in adoration, that Camoes was a poet of genius for having, among other things, created modern Portuguese, the language we speak today. What is true, and simply a passing comment, is that the Renaissance and the invention of the “Patria” were the work of a handful of families bent on getting rid of all the others. What is also true is that the Portuguese bourgeoisie started sending their brood to the rhetoricians—and to the druggist’s to buy contraceptives. As a result they never gave birth to anything and never liked anything, till *four centuries later*, when Pessoa wrote that other extraordinary book “A Mensagem,” extraordinary in its manipulation of language and its reactionary symbolism. A good judge of the path trod from the Chroniclers to the present is Teixeira de Pascoaes, who says: “We should substitute that pedigree book *Lusiadas* for the popular autos of Gil Vicente.”

We must give free rein to the Portuguese language, but not for the purpose of discovering in it some overripe, nostalgic archaism, and even less for the purpose of imposing the bourgeois dictatorship’s norms on the people, who now have some access to culture.

For a start, I hereby set forth a six-point plan which will immediately be sent to the Ministry of Education and Culture:

a) The widest possible freedom of expression, granted by the Authors’ Code of Rights, which will safeguard the moral, political and social revolutionary spirit.

b) The related freedom to write without conforming to present Portuguese grammatical precepts and even in total disagreement with them.

c) Immediate renunciation of the orthographic rules established in recent decades.

d) Formation of brigades to scour the country in search of the language spoken by the people. (I see this work as running parallel to and benefiting from techniques similar to those used by Fernando Lopes Graca and Michel Giacometti in the field of music.)

e) Establishment at university level of a Chair of Revolution in the Portuguese Language.

f) In primary education, a free-floating system of language codices till new ones can be worked out.

Mario CESARINY

(March 1975)



RIKKI: drawing

## APPARITION OF THE PORTUGUESE NUN

for Mario Cesariny

*Are her footsteps suitable for framing  
in the Cinderella noon?*

*Are the flavors of her bells  
buckled in the loosest gardens  
and roped into a silo  
of light green thighs?*

*Are her insects dreaming of Martin van Buren  
and smoked in a pipe  
like a moment's peace between wars?*

*An overcoat of blades  
is a vacuum of mercury  
whose sulfur is a hat  
of moss without malice  
to be flogged through the tide  
for the plague of two chariots  
whose turn for the worse  
is harnessed to a tree*

*A lion's frowns diseased by number  
sleep in bones that speak no evil  
under glass sewn tight with blood*

*To throw the sponge of wild words  
too red to whistle  
too ripe to run  
but thirsting for terror  
and boiling over*

*The trespassers' trance  
shifts its shadows  
toward a nautilus of straw  
aghast with flames*

Franklin ROSEMONT

# UNPUBLISHED WORKS OF T-BONE SLIM

EDITOR'S NOTE: The IWW poet and humorist T-Bone Slim, whose real name was Matt Valentine Huhta, is known primarily as the author of some of the best-loved songs in the *Little Red Songbook*. These songs, however, are but a small and hardly the most significant part of his work. He was the author of a remarkable pamphlet, *Starving Amidst Too Much*, a scathing critique of the food industry published by the IWW Food-stuff Workers Industrial Union No. 460. He was also one of the most regular and prolific contributors to the IWW newspapers and magazines. T-Bone's humor, often of the blackest variety, was illuminated by his profound alertness to the sensuous alchemy of words, overflowing with revolutionary audacity and confidence. His work remains a magnificent challenge both to the sentimental complacency of the American bourgeois literary mainstream, and to the bureaucratic emptiness of "socialist realism." We continue here the publication of some of his manuscripts, as begun in the preceding issue.

Consider the mosquito, lad: It matters not how big they are or where they come from, the mosquito bites 'em. Life and death matter sometimes, too. More often as not. You don't see man biting an elephant, do you?

When a mosquito bites you it means death for him if you can see your way clear to tend to him.

If a tiger bites you, it's the end of the world.

A yellow-jacket lit on my hand, at rest, snorted couple times and flew away in disgust — I've noticed that a dog won't bite me (even when I'm penniless).

Sort of PRIVILEGED character, that's what I am — a wight on the road of purpose on the way to truth the light of which I cannot see.

American people are hot and bothered about "what to do" and "what's the use" — they cannot see the light (and astrologers are studying an airplane in its flight thru the night, thinking it a new constellation of red and green stars; a roll of thunder, as "making up a train on the Heavenly Central R.R.").

The plane doesn't see the light — but it's on its way.

Considerable misapprehension disintegrates American consciousness: They know not whither away. Facts of life are hidden from them; there is no light — they want not to fly blind. No unity there.

Let the "leaders" unbosom themselves and dissipate the division of opinion (or stand exposed).

There is no want of light in the IWW; its destination is positive, a certainty that transcends all threat of failure; no doubts harass its serene course; no fears bedevil its nights.

Isn't it about time American people find out where they are going and why — to a secret rendez-vous with what — whom?

\* \* \*

Among the migratory workers each job has equal number of idle men waiting in sight — how many are hid away in the "sylvan dells" is anybody's guess.

One-third working? How about shortening the day two-thirds?

It is claimed "one-third of the workingclass can support the millionaires in the style to which they are accustomed."

I believe it, but why not forget the millionaires for a spell and throw a little bait to your brother and fellow worker now idle and in want.

They can't eat battleships or phony democracy.

Charity soup isn't much better.

Rainbow-hued coffee and missile-biscuits!

Red tape and red herring.

*It was the noble fireman —  
We knew that he was dead;  
For both his legs was missing  
And — we couldn't find his head.*

The marshall says the Bremen is sunk and if we are around the jungles tomorrow, he'll take us into protective custody (carnival in town — yippee!).

T-Bone SLIM

## SURREALISM IN FRANCE

It is frequently asserted that the Surrealist Group in France disbanded immediately after the death of André Breton in 1966. This is false. The French group continued to exist as such till March 1969, when the seventh issue of its journal *L'Archibras* appeared. Long before, it is true, many and varied internal discords had marred a real cohesion and impeded collective action. The dissolution of the group in 1969 could be said to have been the formal ratification of a demise which occurred at least a year earlier.

There are today in France several groups proclaiming themselves, by implication or overt declaration, the legitimate and sole heirs of the original group led by Breton. Without making light of the differences between them, we think all of them fall far short of the urgent tasks posed by the events of our time. Not one, for example, even publishes a journal accessible outside a small circle. It should be emphasized, moreover, that a majority of those who collaborated on *L'Archibras* pursue their individual activities today in varying degrees of isolation, independent of all these groups.

Important surrealist works have continued to appear in France, of course; among the most important in recent years are several volumes by Bernard Caburet, Hervé Delabarre, Annie LeBrun, Joyce Mansour, Georges Sebbag. In the plastic arts, the surrealist presence persists in the works of Jean Benoit, Jorge Camacho, Adrien Dax, Gabriel Derkevorkian, Marianne van Hirtum, Robert Lagarde, Mimi Parent, Jean-Claude Silbermann, Jean Terrossian, Toyen and many others. But in the absence of any coherent collectivity, the desired cumulative effect of all these individual efforts is greatly diminished. It was not out of malice, but out of genuine concern, that our friend Guy Ducornet asked whether the seeming "occultation" of surrealism in France today was an indication of convalescence or of coma.

Because of the unique historical prestige of the original Surrealist Group, its activity always exerted a wide influence. The inactivity of the movement in France today exerts an influence too, but one that is wholly pernicious: the enemies of surrealism could hardly ask for a better gift. And this debilitating influence is not confined to France. The muteness and paralysis of the movement there play into the hands of impostors, sellouts and falsifiers everywhere.

It is therefore not a matter of idle

## LETTER FROM THE SURREALIST GROUP IN FRANCE (1967)

1 May 1967  
81st anniversary of the  
Chicago workers' uprising

Dear Franklin and Penelope Rosemont,

The year 1966, which you have chosen to situate surrealism in the U.S.A., was for us in France, but also, of course, for all surrealists throughout the world, the year in which the fire slipped away. Little results from the fact that it was, for each of us, irretrievable. But that it continues to smolder, that it be rekindled, depends on all of us. We know at last, we know now that the luminous obverse of the difficulty of being is the difficulty of dying. We have just conquered the certainty that death is *at once* a reality and an appearance, thus liberating our spirit from one of the gravest sophisms of occidental understanding.

But why deny, why conceal from you that a bewildering force has, since the 28th of September, threatened all our movements and retarded a necessary and purely material co-ordination? We have had to ward off as quickly as possible the danger of a solution of continuity among ourselves. And to achieve this we have had to cease *speaking* to the outside; we have had to sustain the effort on the manifest plane in order to stir up the latent fire. It was necessary for us to give substance to a project that preceded the misfortune so that we could reaffirm the "reasons for continuing to exist." We are sending you by airmail the first issue of *l'Archibras*, the broad outlines of which were defined by André Breton. The last few months have been — alas! — squandered by petty squabbles with the publisher, the printer, and others; and this issue, which should have been published last December, appeared but a few days ago.

Only today do we hear your magnificent message. It is the very voice of surrealism itself. Your analyses of the political situation in the United States, and the perspective for surrealist action in that context, seem to us to be dictated by the lucidity of passion which it is up to us to make prevail over the pretended passion for lucidity which, as one knows only too well, has led the world into its present straits.

We must convey to you our whole-hearted affection and our total agreement.

Our most ardent wish is to inaugurate with this letter a permanent liaison, commencing with an exchange of information and passing very quickly to the modalities of common action.

On the political plane, we are impatient to know how we here could aid you by taking a certain number of initiatives to promote an effective movement in France and in Europe against the war led by Johnson, the Pentagon, and the CIA in Vietnam. You know, of course,



that our position is made difficult by the Gaullist paradox. Nevertheless, with some non-surrealist writers, we are preparing a project for an international declaration, which we will communicate to you as soon as it is in shape. We confess that the turn taken by this project is not truly satisfactory to us because it does not seem to lead to the possibility for real action. We will sign it nevertheless, as a minimum effort and without great illusion. We would have preferred a much vaster project which could have served as a prelude to a regrouping of revolutionary intellectuals, beginning with an explicit analysis of national situations (U.S.A., China, Russia, Cuba, Latin America, France, etc.) from which would have flowed, *implicitly*, the bankruptcy proceedings against the organizations of the left (new or old) as well as left "thinkers" of the Russell or Sartre type. We also would have sacrificed a short-term effectiveness (strictly hypothetical, in any case), in favor of the possibility of constituting a truly revolutionary and durable international association.

On another plane, but in reality on the same plane, we eagerly await a surrealist exhibition in Chicago. Let us not ignore the fact that the difficulties will be considerable, but let us begin — now — to think about them. Our projects for exhibitions in Sao Paulo and Bratislava this year have encountered innumerable obstacles, but we hope to succeed. Our general conception in this regard is to consider each of these exhibitions as an engine of war directed against the specific form assumed by the repressive apparatus in the country where it takes place. We would like to have the agreement of surrealists in countries outside of France, and particularly yours, on this basic strategy, taking into account the fact that its modes of application can best be discovered on the spot.

Finally, we are preparing the second number of *L'Archibras*, in which we will publish, unless you direct us to the contrary, your "Situation of Surrealism in the U.S.A. in 1966." Perhaps you could quickly send us a brief addendum indicating the evolution of that situation during the last year.

To you, Franklin and Penelope Rosemont,  
our warmest affection,

Philippe AUDOIN, Jean-Claude BARBÉ, Jean BENOIT,  
Vincent BOUNOURE, Elisa BRETON, Claude COURTOT,  
Guy FLANDRE, GIOVANNA, Jean-Michel GOUTIER,  
Radovan IVSIC, Alain JOUBERT, Annie LEBRUN, Gérard  
LEGRAND, Joyce MANSOUR, Mimi PARENT, Jean  
SCHUSTER, François-René SIMON, TOYEN, Michel  
ZIMBACCA

Translated by Dale Tomich

## AFTER HOURS

*My friends go down the river on their backs  
Go down the river on their bellies  
Have no arms, are faceless.  
The sky collects the dead.  
Constellations of flies circle the moon.  
Lice nest in the air between breaths.  
Teeth and hands are sewn to the sun.*

RIKKI

historical curiosity, but an urgent problem of strategy and tactics, to study and analyze as carefully as possible the entire development of the crisis of the surrealist movement in France.

The collective letter published here for the first time, one of the last declarations of the French group while it held fast to the essentials of the perspectives advanced by Breton, is a document of considerable significance in this regard. Addressed to those of us who had just begun the surrealist combat in the U.S., this letter suggests a program which, however fragmentary, is nonetheless explicitly revolutionary and capable of real development. Its general approach and emphases are similar to those of *The Platform of Prague*, a joint declaration of the French and Czech groups published in *L'Archibras* 5, September 1968.

This letter seemed to us at the time to be (as it was meant to be, and should have been) an auspicious beginning of an enduring and fruitful collaboration, an important step toward the reconstitution of a coherent and efficacious international surrealist movement. However, the dialectical cunning of history was such that the rise of organized surrealist activity in the U.S. (and other countries in which surrealism had not previously been active) coincided with its decline in France. In any case, the dissolution of the French group left the promise implicit in this letter largely unfulfilled. The "permanent liaison" developed only on an individual basis. "Common action" was deferred. The project for an international declaration against the Viet Nam war came to nought. Finally, as the proposed exhibition in Chicago neared its realization, the surrealists in France (with a few admirable exceptions) proved much less prepared than comrades from other countries.

This has meant that the surrealist movement in the U.S., and in other countries, has had to develop with very little assistance precisely from those of whom it was most expected. Most of the active nuclei of surrealism today—in Lisbon, Copenhagen, Tokyo, Chicago, the Arab group in Paris, etc.—have only a casual relationship with any of the French groups.

Sooner or later, of course, these shifts in surrealism's center of gravity will provoke a revivification of the situation in France as well. Only a fool would pretend that the quiescence of surrealism in France today is more than transitory. As our friend Alain Joubert has said, if there is not in France today a surrealist movement properly speaking, there are at least many "surrealists in movement," many comrades of the former Surrealist Group whose activity, on the indiv-

idual plane, seems to us exemplary. And there, as elsewhere, young people continually arrive to defend the surrealist revolution, which they are able to do all the better because they are free of the demoralization resulting from the factional quarrels of recent years.

Hope obviously lies in a regroupment that will fuse the best of the "veterans" with the most audacious newcomers. To those who remain fixated on the past, lost in regret for the passing of the original group, and surviving only on nostalgia for "the good old days," we recall their attention to the letter published here, and invoke the celebrated watchword of the great IWW agitator Joe Hill: "Don't mourn, organize!"



A SIGNIFICANT ESSAY  
ON  
**André Breton**

The *International Socialist Review* (March 1975) published an English translation of a significant essay by Marguerite Bonnet on "André Breton and the Surrealist Movement." The issue also featured a previously unreproduced portrait of Breton by Ronald L. Papp. Although the *ISR* is no longer published, copies of this issue are still available (\$1 each, postpaid) from *The Militant*, 14 Charles Lane, New York, New York, 10014.

THE  
EMPEROR'S  
NEW CLOTHES

Coincident with the authentic surrealist resurgence has been the proliferation of phony surrealists as well as "celebrations" of surrealism's past by hypocrites and imbeciles in the service of imperialist culture. This phenomenon is reviewed in the tract, "The Monster of Consciousness Remains At Large (Statement on the Latest Tactics of the Recuperators)," issued by the U.S. surrealists in October 1974.

One such "celebration" has taken the form of a special issue of a graduate students' literary magazine called *Shantih*, a publication "made possible" (as is noted on its inside front cover) by government funds. This putrid little travesty

## CHARMING TIGERS

*Charming tigers  
who ignite the belladonna  
silkblooming beasts  
keep from us the peril  
of existing badly  
in not being*

*your glance must suffice  
imploing iris bubble  
black eyes with which your robe is drenched*

*disabled heads  
navigating on a sea of cages  
with what blue flint of desires  
have you not paid her  
for our freedom to be a man*

Marianne van HIRTUM

Translated by Almuth Palinkas



Marianne van HIRTUM: drawing



Jean BENOIT: Encasement for the Manuscript of *Les Champs magnétiques*

## THREE POEMS

### I

*For my burned-out lights. . . .*

\*

*Safe passage, pilgrim.*

### II

*To the weary poet's exploits,  
My stained-glass window, shattered  
On the melody's rails.*

\*

*For my beautiful girl, ruined  
Like the street urchin's harmonica.*

\*

*Toward the cracked web  
Of broken stanzas.*

\*

*On the blind blotter  
Of my extinct talents.*

### V

*Prisoner's poem  
To the tolling of remembered suns.*

\*

*Rattles buried  
In the pilgrim's heart.*

Clément MAGLOIRE-SAINTE-AUDE

(from *Déchu*, Port-au-Prince, Haiti, 1956)

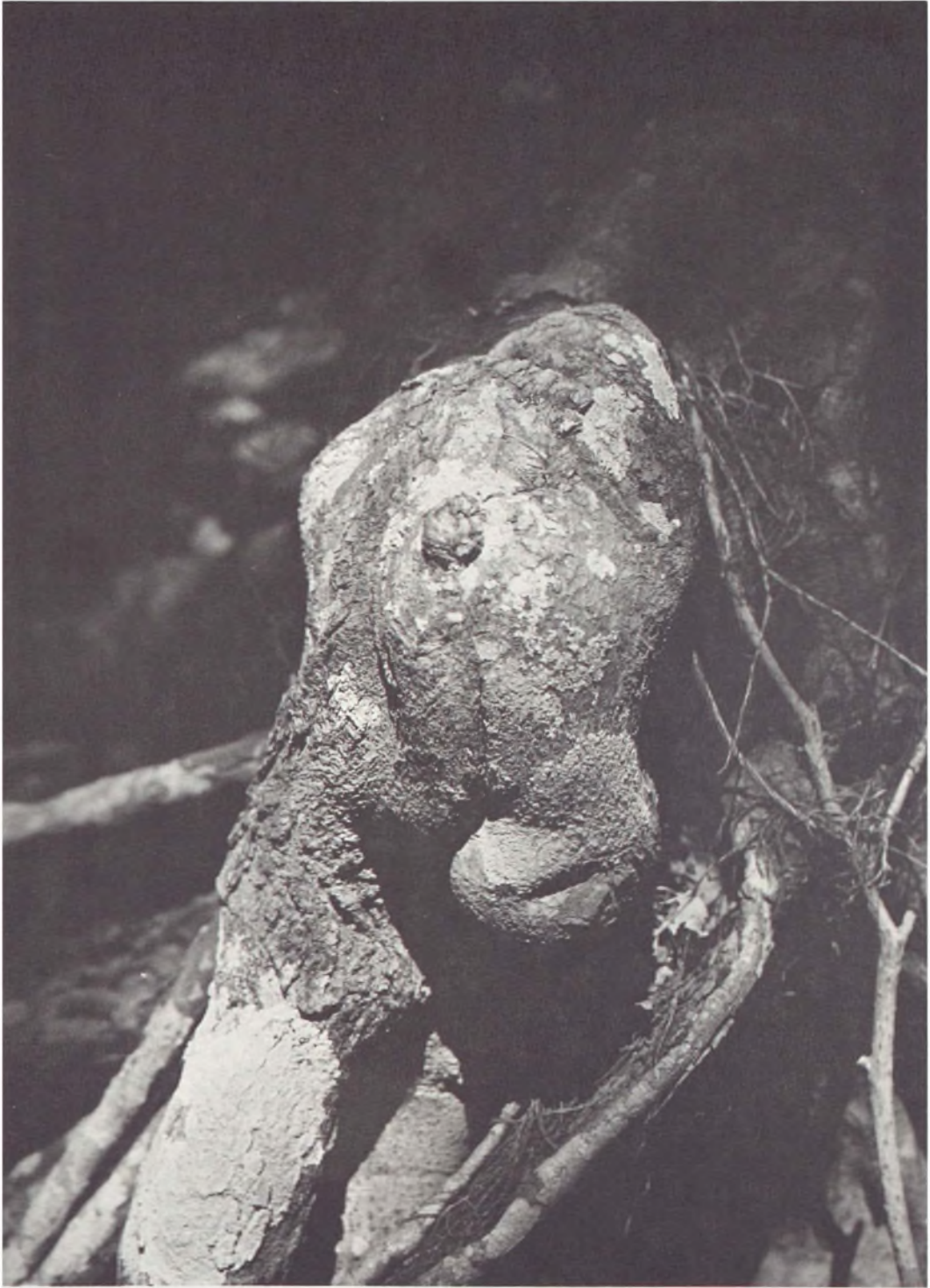
merits notice here only because its contents include, alongside the usual academic dolts and renegades, a few actual participants in surrealism from other countries who were obviously deceived by the editors' invitation. In a recent letter Vincent Bounoure, of the *Bulletin de Liason Surréaliste* in Paris, comments: "Neither Effenberger nor I have been happy to discover Balakian's garbage alongside our texts in *Shantih*; doubtless, had we consulted you in this matter, we would have been able to avoid this promiscuity."

\* \* \*

Another amusing example of the ridiculous machinations to which the enemies of surrealism are reduced today is provided by a volume published by Black Sparrow Press: *Emperor of Midnight* by Edouard Roditi. On the strength of some feeble relations with a few surrealists of yesteryear, this gasbag has concocted a poetic "reputation" which, if wholly undeserved, nonetheless seems to be paying well enough that the uniformly insipid character of his writing is rarely mentioned. Roditi's sole distinction is that he is one of the oldest living pseudo-surrealists. His pompous little exercise, "The New Reality" (dated 1928), is touted by author and publisher as "The first English surrealist manifesto," in spite of the fact that its two or three vulgarized half-ideas obviously are lifted from Roditi's direct inspirers, whom he even cites as such: Joyce, Eliot and Pound.

Needless to say, Roditi is critical of "orthodox" surrealism and of Breton's "paradoxical authoritarianism." He takes Breton to task particularly for his "preposterous ignorance" of English and American literature. Modestly volunteering to fill this breach, Roditi offers his own list of English-language pre-surrealists who, he alleges (wrongly, by the way) were "overlooked" by the surrealists abroad. Especially revealing is his reference to Charles Brockden Brown's "gothic" novel *Alcuin*, which Roditi certainly has not read, because it is not a "gothic" novel, or any sort of novel: It is a philosophical dialogue on women's rights. This example conveys an idea of Roditi's character, and of his methods. Has he not chosen a poor way to display his scholastic superiority over André Breton? Moreover, if we recall Breton's brilliant essays on Swift, Maturin, Poe, Lewis Carroll, O. Henry and Synge—as well as his evident appreciation for the greatest poets in English, from Shakespeare to Philip Lamantia—we can recognize in Roditi's accusations a case of spiteful spitting against a strong wind.

F.R.



Clarence John LAUGHLIN: *The Horse in the Witch Wood* (1948)

*I always get a hint of the mystery when the clock stops by itself.*

Benjamin Paul Blood

# THE PERSONAL EYE

CLARENCE JOHN  
LAUGHLIN

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Clarence John Laughlin's manifesto, "The Personal Eye," appeared originally as a preface to the Aperture monograph on his work. Published here for the first time is a revised and considerably expanded version of this important treatise which summarizes the fundamental orientation of the greatest explorer of oneiric and obsessional photography, whose every image is a double incitement to dream and to revolt.*

Represented in the exhibition of my work organized by the Alfred Stieglitz Center of the Philadelphia Museum of Art (currently touring the country), and in my participation in the forthcoming World Surrealist Exhibition in Chicago (organized around the theme *Marvelous Freedom / Vigilance of Desire*), are selections from many of the twenty-three groups of pictures on which I have worked since 1935—the groups now including over 17,000 sheet film negatives.

The intent of these selections is (a) to show the wide range of subject matter with which I have dealt (from commonplace objects to "ghosts") and (b) to demonstrate the many different uses of the camera required to deal with this great range of material. But behind these many kinds of material, and variant modes of handling the camera (from "purism" to "symbolism"), there is one *basic* implication: that the creative photographer *should* be able to put the stamp of *his* way of "seeing," his personal eye, on whatever material he touches—just as does the creative painter or poet. This means that while his technical approach *must* be suited to the subject matter, and to what he wishes to do with it, yet he must be able at all times to convey his *individual vision*, no matter how much the diversity of the things photographed. More importantly, it means also that the object (in the photograph) must be so grasped, and so treated (*not* merely in technical terms—but in terms of a *pre-sensitized* individual imagination expressing itself through the so-called "impersonal" lens), that the object *does* become personal—by acquiring meanings *beyond* itself. In fine, the object is then photographed in terms of what this individual imagination has *projected* into it; and this "projection" enables the camera to go *beyond* the naturalistic meaning of the object. It is *only* when the photograph presents the object in such a way that the meanings conveyed *transcend* the meaning of the object as a thing-in-itself, that photography becomes art. It is only then that the camera can be liberated to the point where it can reveal significant kinds of new "realities."

And now it should be stressed that I did not start out as a photographer, but instead as a writer. Whether for good or for ill, this fact has inspired and colored many of my concepts. In addition, I have tried through photography to tie together my active, and further, interests in painting, in poetry, in psychology, in architecture, and in metaphysics. Whatever value my photography has, it is *only* because of these other interests. The mystery of time, the magic of light, and the enigma of reality—and their interrelationships—are my constant themes and preoccupations. And one of my basic feelings is that the photographer's mind and heart alike must be dedicated to the glory, the magic and the mystery of light. Light is one of the most basic and mysterious phenomena in the universe; it is related, on the one hand, to the fundamental vital processes of all living things and, on the other, to the inner nature of time. Because of these metaphysical and poetic preoccupations, there is a frequent attempt, in my work, to show in various ways the unreality of the "real" and the reality of the "unreal." This results at times in some disturbing effects. But art *should* be disturbing; it should make us both think *and* feel; it should affect the subconscious as well as the

At a time when photography is primarily a profitable bore attractive to imbeciles addicted to the predictable, the persistently reproduced and the horrendously superficial, it is refreshing, indeed intoxicating to view the penetrated contents of the world through the *tattoos of light* (commonly called photographs) of Clarence John Laughlin. (See the splendid Aperture monograph devoted to his work.)

Laughlin's tattoos from the invisible strip the terrain of everyday life of its banal adornments and nakedly beckon to be embraced—not merely retinally seduced by an eye which is only an eye, but *embraced* by that "all-seeing eye" which is the exploring mind. It is difficult to designate such things by the very word "photograph" used to describe the miserably lame decor of the bourgeois tabloids. If my reluctance seems severe it is because I refuse to vulgarize the images of a magnificent poetic being.

If Laughlin, for his part, prefers to make his visual feasts accessible to the simple palette, this is no condescension but rather the exercising of the exclusive rights of the artist, which are not those of the critic. It is one thing for a great artist to shrug his shoulders as if to say "my works are of no vast importance," and quite another for a critic to pronounce the same judgment. One gesture deserves our amazement and trust as the reflection of one more aware of the greatness of others than his own. But the other deserves our contempt in the form of a slap in the face as the product of moronic and self-centered blindness. The complete absence of the usual "aesthetic" pretensions in Laughlin's work does not suggest any false modesty, but rather one more proof of his admirable confidence in the *Marvelous*: the mark of one who is truly superior.

When I refer to Laughlin's images as tattoos of light I am not referring to the "civilized" tattoo (which is only the debased form of an ancient, imaginative exaltation), but to the state of mind underlying the original ceremonial act in all its primitive splendor. The Maori felt that those who were not tattooed were "dumb"; that nature untouched was not enough; that unless one invested the personality in it (as expressed by the

tattoo) they were but calling attention to their ignorance. The Abipone women of Paraguay charmingly declared that their tattoos made them "more beautiful than beauty itself." In the peculiar little book, *Tattoo: Secrets of a Strange Art as Practiced by the Natives of the United States*, Albert Parry remarks that "tattooing is mostly the recording of dreams, whether or not the tattooed are consciously aware of it," adding that the American Indians defined their tattoos as "memorials to their dreams."

Today we are confronted by a sad lot of photographers who do no more than busily snap the shutters of their cameras, adding large quantities of nothing to the objects within the nature they record, investing in such recordings only pathetic fragments of their sordid characters, as if to call our attention to their "dumb" existence, their ignorance of their internal lives. In this domain, here and now, there is only Laughlin to assure us that the true objective of photography, as of painting and writing, is the manifestation of poetic marvels. In his images and in his programmatic statements he testifies that "the limitations of photography are nothing more than the limitations of photographers."

For Laughlin the camera is a means that he manipulates, and through which he injects interior emulsions of unfettered thought on the film which in turn captures the image of the external prey. This sublime tattooer of light presents to us a memorial of his dreams, more beautiful than beauty itself. Such images (the captured things of a moment, as in an image-hunter's trap, when all that is routinely ignored comes suddenly alive) can only be considered as revelations of the unknown. A Leopard-moth's rapture with a sighing lagoon—where the puppet reality falls from the hands of the charlatans who maintain it, to drown in the the tortuous waters of poetic truth—cannot be photographed. It can be revealed to us only *beyond photography* in the manner of the visionary hunter, Clarence John Laughlin.

It is fitting that Laughlin resides in New Orleans, where the spectral sound of King Oliver's comet, the scent of gumbo file and cries of voodoo mambos haunt the corrupted air of the vanishing port. There, in its graveyards and mansions, its vacancies and dilapidations, and in the surrounding bayous and crumbling plantations, Laughlin gathers the hidden powers of a

conscious mind. It should never allow complacency nor condone the *status quo*.

My central position, therefore, is one of *extreme romanticism*: the concept of "reality" being, innately, mystery and magic; and it is involved with the intuitive awareness of the power of the "unknown"—which human beings are afraid to realize and which none of their religious and intellectual systems can really take into account. The "unknown" is concealed behind all our technologies; it is present in everything we see and touch, yet hardly any of us can bear to admit its existence. Basically, my romanticism revolves upon the feeling that the world is far stranger than we think, or than we allow ourselves to realize; that the "reality" we think we know is only a small part of a "total reality"; and that the human imagination is the key to this hidden and more inclusive "reality." This general position has long been completely out of fashion; it is now, slowly, being re-discovered.

As a corollary of this, there is an attempt, through much of my work, to animate all things—even so-called "inanimate" objects—with the spirit of man. I have come, by degrees, to realize that this extremely animistic projection rises, ultimately, from my profound fear and disquiet over the accelerating mechanization of man and the resultant efforts to stamp out individuality in all the spheres of man's activity—this whole process being one of the dominant expressions of our military-industrial society.

The physical object is, to me, merely a stepping-stone to an inner world where the object, with the help of subconscious drives and focused perceptions, becomes transmuted into a symbol—a symbol whose life is beyond the life of the objects that we know and whose meaning is a *truly human* meaning. By dealing with the object in this way, the creative photographer goes completely beyond the documentary function of the camera, sets free the *human contents* of objects, and imparts humanity to the inhuman world around him.

I have a compulsion to try to see everything around me in a *personal way*. This is the basic method by which some of the pressure of the dead and mechanical things around us can be neutralized. Our only chance to escape the blight of mechanization, of acting and thinking alike, of the huge machine which society is becoming, is to restore life to all things through the transmuting and beneficent power of the human imagination—which saves our waking minds from our rational madness, just as dreams save our sleeping minds. It is in the magic of human imagination that I place my personal belief and in which I invent my hopes for humanity. And it is the magic of the human imagination that gave me the power enabling me to continue my work, under difficult conditions, through many years—despite the indifference, and the lack of approval, of those who have set themselves up, in this country, as the arbiters of "modern" photography.

Clarence John LAUGHLIN

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Revised September 1973 and May 1975



Robert GREEN: drawing

# GOA OF THE UNDERWORLD

*Climbing the beads of water  
on hair drenched in oil  
stretched between the diamond behind the moon  
and the grass mat the earth rests on  
I am as the ancients long after the poets  
have taken their wishes to the sea  
Which links word to word in the dreams of a fish*

*Each water-step bathes the demon with a light-knot  
And the arrows are removed from the sky  
to where the atoms bleed*

*Impossible decay*

*Defusion in the vital compass*

*Sleep is the bird-tower below the ice  
As the Gong of the Pyramids  
awakens in steam*

*Reshaped as the pillar  
to the pod of your breast filled with the rice of air  
— A gift to you Black Day —*

*A twig from the poet's head  
is enough poison to cleave the heavens*

*A stone from the mouth of Venus  
is the salt of chaos*

*I see the flame of the sun melting in caves  
Nothing new  
But the points of the diamond receding in the wind  
open the swirls of my heart upon the circles of the  
bean  
And I would taste these silks if your head were a worm*

*I stoned the glass veil of needles so impressed  
with spines and steel that my eyes glowed down  
to where the jewels sleep in tar  
I am a thief for the sands of the ocean  
Where I am a king for the cracks of kings*

*The flutes of the celestial anus bore holes in the mirror*

*The evocation of the boiling twine  
stretched across the rosy mollusk's leaded perfume  
blown to bits of peacock meat  
sparks a hazard on your head smeared with blood  
under a carpet of moths expelling the night from my  
teeth  
imbedded at random in the moon's illumination  
murmuring to the moon's tear*

*The ground swells and folds in my abysses  
to the trumpets of the torches of blood  
"Greetings Black Day"*

*Because life enchants underneath*

*The parameter of this goblet full of wheat  
imbedded like an arrow between the eyes of a settler  
Because life enchants us here*

*Underground*

*Where the roots of the garden plunge deeper in our heads*

*We pluck the sun making us immune to all darkness*

ghostly sublime world, which he offers to us as the liberating gifts of a poetry which is authentically surrealist and thus in perfect accord with the demands of the Marvelous.

This venerable magician, reconciler of apparent dualisms, master of light and darkness, whose vision is a knife that strips from the apple its scarlet robe, so that we may perceive all that exists behind the screen of rational vanity, has yet to be accredited with the grandeur that is his, as though the world did not know that he is the black snake of the ruins, the phantom of the sugarcane, and the snapping turtle of the Spanish moss.

Laughlin defines his central position as that of "extreme romanticism." Placing his complete trust in the power of the imagination, and avowing his "dedication to surrealism," he remains at the age of seventy one of our closest comrades.

Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN



POSTCARD  
SENT TO THE  
CHICAGO REVIEW

5 February 1976

We have received your letter noting that you "would like to receive surrealist material for possible publication." As you know, we do not collaborate on bourgeois literary and a tistic reviews, preferring to present our researches in our own publications where the integrity and scope of the surrealist project are not compromised by the abject opportunist deceit characteristic of the cultural racket. This policy is part of our revolutionary anti-confusionist orientation which we regard as central to principled poetic action today as always. The only possible exceptions might be in cases in which an entire issue, or a large section of a publication was placed at our disposal, *ca te blanche*, under our exclusive editorship. It was of course in response precisely to such an offer from one of your editors that we agreed to meet with you for discussion. Inasmuch as you now are evidently unwilling to agree to such conditions, please accept our flat refusal and

surrealist greetings,

Paul GARON  
Franklin ROSEMONT  
Penelope ROSEMONT



## TEX AVERY

Joe Adamson's *Tex Avery: King of Cartoons* (Popular Library) is the first full-length study of the principal creator of Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck, and of the director of *Kingsize Canary*, *Bad Luck Blackie*, *Penguin Parade*, *Who Killed Who?*, *A Wild Hare*, *Sh-h-h-h-h*, several erotic versions of Little Red Riding Hood, and other cartoons of which the least that can be said is that they are easily worth all the plays and sonnets of Shakespeare. I should add that my enthusiasm for Shakespeare's works is almost boundless—but not quite as boundless as my enthusiasm for Avery's. It is not that I love Shakespeare less, but that I love Avery more! (Few would deny, in any case, that at this stage of the game, at least, Avery's work is somewhat more in need of champions than Shakespeare's.)

It is worth emphasizing that Adamson genuinely appreciates what Avery has accomplished, a fact which alone distinguishes him from the great majority of "film critics" who suppress Avery's contributions beneath glib platitudes on his "excessive violence," and who frequently relegate him to a footnote. To annihilate this conspiracy Adamson points out, simply and truly, that "no artist, in any century, on any continent, in any medium, has ever succeeded in creating his own universe as thoroughly and overwhelmingly as Tex Avery."

One of the greatest masters of black humor, Avery is closer in spirit to Lautréamont than to Disney. Adamson observes that "the cartoon director is granted a level of freedom that extends in all directions in every dimension in every frame." If one recalls André Breton's admonition, that "there is nothing with which it is so dangerous to take liberties as liberty itself," one can all the better appre-

*We inhale the fire echoing our destiny  
ignited by its shadow of bamboo bells  
hung upside down  
in the nasal passage blocked by a hornet's nest*

*The rapidity of the sting*

*The glance off this subternatural night  
exhales*

*Exhumes the secret parchment of the gnomes*

July, 1975  
Nashville, Tennessee

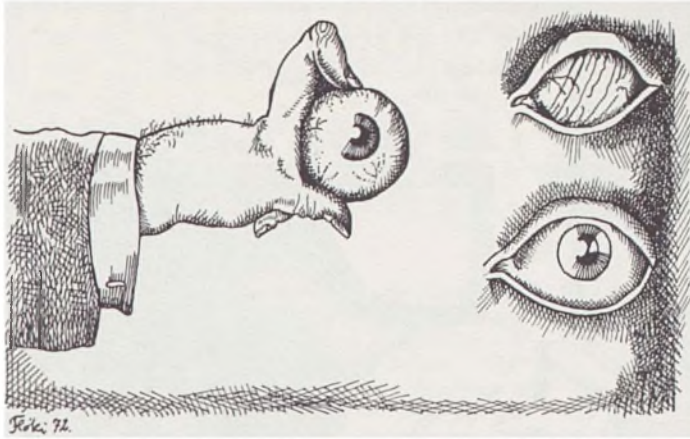
Thom BURNS

## ONION PEELS

*It's very simple  
It all starts with the owls  
sitting on a shapeless branch  
surrounded by a timeless midnight  
whose haunted call is visualized  
in fragrant colors of lavender and blue  
which fade somehow into a butterfly  
that folds and unfolds its wings  
to create a forest  
of raindrops that, falling, resolve  
into a dew of lions teddybears and grasshoppers  
who chase each other around a whirlpool  
until the vortex is reached  
at which point the icicles melt  
inexorable drops on the countless figures  
of dethroned beheaded and otherwise deposed kings  
and defrocked priests  
whose toppled thrones sit on a platform  
of hammered brass shaped like a trumpet  
from whose mouthpiece issue scores of wooden soldiers  
carrying tiny mothballs in place of rifles  
and who march toward a blackened cave  
which dissolves into the left horn of a buffalo  
chipping at the ice surrounding a Neanderthal man  
whose left hand grips a club  
which points at the North Star  
one part of which rains down fire  
on a small wooden ship  
sailing on a mountain  
from which several giraffes and a zebra or two  
have recently escaped  
and who now graze in an endless field of asparagus  
that was once a city by a lake  
and cut in two by a river that once flowed with diamonds  
whose countless faces talked in a thousand tongues  
to one another  
telling tales of the past  
and delving into the action of small owls  
who sit on shapeless branches  
surrounded by a timeless midnight  
and who perpetrate the illusion of fact  
without which some unfortunate soul  
would seize the truth  
and learn to read the endless monologue  
of his hypnotic imagination*

Lucy CATLETT





Alfred FLOKI: drawing

## OPENERS

*The prunehook speaking the child's hillside secured by malignant divingbells was the first day of the goon's smile embracing a multitude of cascades, though by other leaping roads. The goon was born, as all others, in a hood's wink—frosted into a fire-hydrant on the expanding pit of incessant nail-jammers. A flourishing trade in nineteenth century bottomless lakes celebrated his geometry of excremental flights designing over oak branches chewing the elemental bankers who officiated funereal rites at the suspicious mirror by which the merry musicians charmed the newly-bracketed closing his fist destroyed by helium.*

*The claptrap of insomnia was awaiting its oven. Fury ran uneasily around the pseudo-grecian stone eyelids standing up as bamboo-stalks ransacking the several vascular systems of the family group: the relaxed lard within dripped dogs seeking the proverbial paradise where threads were twined with the material cries of slit beavers.*

*Iridescence, the goon grew to observe, was triangulated to this lemonade party by a metal rod clothed in hieroglyphic emblems. The genuflections of opaque plumbing stirred the multiplying intoxicants no more liquid than brine but wretched in the form of white-and-blue thorns.*

incubation by paraplegia and variable signs of obsolescence

*Gretta the hawk, the hawk's fancy and the milk of mired nights tempted the goon's playmate (whose name was lost in orgies and never found again) to catapult toward the sanctimonious bannister that was pulverizing feathers: but to no avail, the ginger-flaid girl hid from the closets of doom.*

the aerolith tossed to the "Happiness Cafe"

*A stroke of headlines feeds the crypt inscribed with hatcheting yawns, whispering tars ensorcell the fields of bulbuls, rain-tooth cacti and phantom dirigibles carry off the sanguinary invaders at the very moment the sphinxian mechanism of the iguana giganticus portends the mass migration of the Coras from their "mountains of the full moon" mediating a potential cross-fertilization of the pitayah, erotism's crimson fruit, with the sand's most desolate cedar wing.*

Philip LAMANTIA

ciate the grandeur of Avery's magic revenge against all limits placed on desire.

It is unfortunate that Adamson felt obliged to assert that Avery's work "approaches surrealism, but deceptively." What is the meaning of this obscure disclaimer? For the record, let us note that the surrealists have expressed the greatest admiration for Avery's work from the moment they discovered it. In 1951, for example, the first issue of *L'Age du cinéma*, edited by the surrealists Adonis Kyrou and Robert Benayoun, hailed the "diversity of... genius" of this artist who has "erected the absurd into a totem." Avery's work was featured at the International Surrealist Exhibition in Milan, 1961. Benayoun's important study published that same year, *Le Dessin animé apres Walt Disney*, included a eulogistic chapter titled "Tex Avery, or Cosmos in Perdition." Avery's work is warmly praised also in Kyrou's monumental survey, *Le Surréalisme au cinéma* (1963). Adamson mentions none of this. He does cite several issues of the French cinema review *Positif*, including no. 54-55 (1963), but does not mention the "Tex Avery Dossier" published therein: This is also by Robert Benayoun who, in fact, probably has done more to secure critical "reparations" for Tex Avery than anyone else in the world.

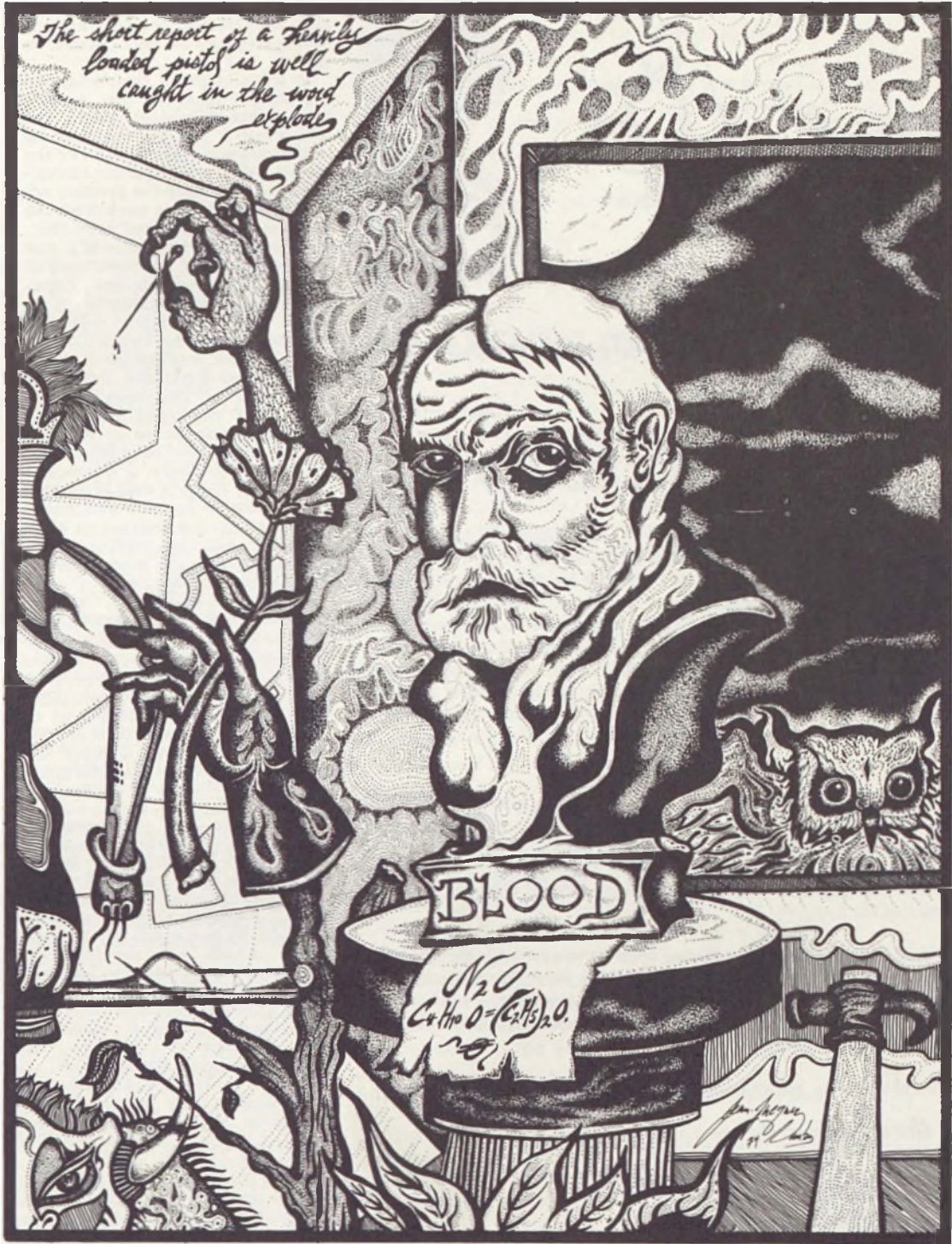
It could be added that its failure even to mention Avery is one of the worst blemishes in J.H. Matthews' otherwise useful introduction, *Surrealism and Film* (1971).

Aside from this abundance of historical documentation, of course, Avery's work itself offers conclusive proof of his true poetic affinities. "The laws of nature in Avery's universe," Adamson writes, "are determined by the mood of the moment"—which is to say that the Pleasure Principle always has the upper hand. Also significant are Avery's creative methods: taking a magazine cartoon gag, for example, and "twisting it... switching it around, changing the situation... distortion." His fundamental precept seems to have been to *do the impossible* ("You couldn't get Charlie Chaplin in a milk bottle"), always transgressing limits already achieved ("Let's go wilder than we did last time."). He mentions also the great haste with which his best works were created, a further indication that we are confronted here with triumphs of authentic automatism.

Contrary to Adamson's careless statement, we may conclude that Tex Avery's work, without any deception, is surrealist from the first frame to the last.

The book includes an extended interview with Avery, and shorter interviews with several of his former co-workers. The filmography is the most complete yet assembled.

F.R.



Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN: *Homage to Benjamin Paul Blood* (1974)

*When a thought offers itself to us like a truth running through the streets, when we take the trouble to develop it, we find that it is a discovery.*

Lautréamont

# Introduction to the Reading of BENJAMIN PAUL BLOOD

Poet, philosopher, pamphleteer, Benjamin Paul Blood (1832-1919) of Amsterdam, New York, was a unique and disquieting intruder on the landscape of 19th century American thought, one whose "left-wing" voice of defiance" (in the words of his admirer William James) resounds today more provocatively than ever. Completely outside all mainstreams, Blood is one of the most important American precursors of surrealism.

His works include two poetic volumes more or less epic in tone and tendency: *The Bride of the Iconoclast* (1854) and *The Colonnades* (1868); a selection of his shorter poems was published in 1924 under the title *Heirlooms*. His *Poetical Alphabet*, the first version of which appeared as an appendix to *The Bride of the Iconoclast*, was a bold effort to locate the "bricks" of which the castle of phonetic cabala is constructed; it invites comparison particularly with Mallarmé's essays on letters and on English words, and with the works of Jean-Pierre Brisset.

After years of experiments with nitrous oxide and ether, Blood wrote his manifesto, *The Anaesthetic Revelation and the Gist of Philosophy* (1874). This revelation—which inspired his thesis that "naked life is realized outside of sanity altogether"—became the core of all his subsequent writing. For the rest of his life he elaborated his insights in pamphlets, articles, and letters to the editors of local papers.

The specific revelation to which he referred had been recounted before him, most notably by Humphrey Davy and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. But Blood was the first to rigorously follow it through. On the way he devised an experimental cosmology and world-view that call to mind aspects of the work of Charles Fort, J.W. Dunne and especially Alfred Jarry. Blood's efforts to "signalize" the revelation culminated in the posthumously published *Pluriverse* (1920), a volume of 263 pages.

Blood was highly regarded by many of the most distinguished thinkers of his day: by the poets William Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Alfred Tennyson; by the philosophers William Torrey Harris, Shadworth Holloway Hodgson and James Hutchison Stirling; by the psychologists Edmund Gurney and William James. James especially was profuse in his praise; his last published article was entirely devoted to the celebration of Blood, whom he held to be one of the greatest writers of English.

In the last half-century, however, Blood has been almost totally neglected, except by the surrealists. Warmly hailed in the exhibition catalog *First Papers of Surrealism* in 1942, his work was the subject of a brief sketch in *VVV* the following year. The surrealists remain alone today in recognizing the extraordinary contributions of this poetic genius, and in referring their own researches to his admirable example.

Published below are excerpts from a detailed and as yet unpublished study of Blood, followed by se-

lections from *The Anaesthetic Revelation and some of his other works*.

★ ★ ★

The anesthetic revelation matters today not as a mere psychopathological curiosity, but as an important contribution to the *surrealist evidence* which, mounting on all sides, will soon permit men and women everywhere to reach their verdict in the protracted trial of the "Real," in turn permitting us all to ascend to the heights poetry calls for, implies and prepares. For Blood, a solitary dreamer a century ahead of his time, the revelation necessarily took the form of an individual experience to be "signalized," cultivated assiduously in deliberate self-exile from the dominant currents of thought, but developed theoretically (and polemically) against the background of these currents. It is for us to heed his signals and to prepare the advent of the revelation on the planetary scale, to advance continually toward the attainment of what we could call, paraphrasing Lautréamont, *the revelation achieved by all*.

For the surrealists, Blood's revelation pervades an entire way of life, a veritable *cause* aiming at the revolutionary transformation of the world according to desire; thus it is unnecessary for us, at this time and place, to have recourse to anesthetic expedients. Surrealism not only focusses on that "point in the mind" of which the anesthetic revelation affords so startling a glimpse, but also provides viable means by which that point illuminates an extensive revolutionary/poetic activity—not abstractly in the form of a mere ideology or a "mystical" abdication, but concretely, in the midst of an everyday life increasingly brought under the sway of its miraculous transmutations. Surrealism is less appreciative of what Blood called "the genius of being" than of the particular genius of particular beings, and above all of the being who is loved. Moreover, it is significant that the surrealist "state of mind" is never treated by the surrealists as a "state," but rather as a permanent expectation, an unending interrogation of the play of light and shadow, voice and silence, and the throwing of bridges between them: an impassioned appeal to our own deepest inspirations. And far from being "unutterable" (but more than ever "accessible to all") surrealism gives incessant wings to words, enabling them not only to fly but to carry us with them on their flights.

If the anesthetic revelation, as a quasi-philosophical "program," could reach fruition only in surrealism, still it remains, on its own, a sublime and heroic effort like Mesmer's animal

magnetism, Fourier's passional analogy, Hegel's *Logic*, Picasso's cubism — an effort which, no matter how futile it may appear in the light of its enunciated aspirations, nonetheless had to be made, and which, moreover, once made, leaves us all much the better for it.

We are living in a historical period in which, as André Breton wrote in his *Soluble Fish*, "the rare intermediate states of life take on unparalleled importance." Fixing his eye steadily on the whole question of these intermediate and transitional states of life and of mind, Blood prefigured certain central poetic preoccupations of the present day. Doubtless the coming communist revolution will lift his scattered insights to the level of popular and universal approbation. That the revolution will bring the name of Benjamin Paul Blood to the lips of millions is, of course, only incidental and in itself of little importance. What is crucial is that the particular problems of transitional states of mind are now inseparable from the general problems of an entire transitional epoch.

The psychoanalyst Arnold Modell, in *Object Love and Reality* (1968), surveying philosophy on the question of reality (which, revealingly, he stops with *Kant!*) remarks that the discovery of the difference between subject and object represented, historically, an immense cultural achievement. From the "official" psychoanalytic point of view, all efforts to overcome this dualism are considered "regressions" to infantile modes of thought. Similarly, from the standpoint of bourgeois economics, all efforts to overcome the contradictions of capitalism are regarded as naive longings for a more "primitive" economic order. But modern revolutionary thought and action clearly aim at higher resolutions of these and other "classical" contradictions. Just as the communism brought about by the proletarian revolution is not the same as the primitive communism described by Lewis Henry Morgan, but communism on an infinitely higher level, that will utilize and further develop modern technology to the fullest extent, so the resolution of subjective and objective, dream and action, in the surrealist revolution is not a regression to infantile behavior but an ascent to a higher stage of human evolution.

In this connection, Blood's work, and surrealism even more, demonstrate the inescapable limits of psychoanalysis. As a body of knowledge and a method of investigation, of course, Freudian analysis remains, and will long remain, of enormous importance; as Herbert Marcuse has concluded from quite a different angle, "the truth of psychoanalysis lies in its loyalty to its most provocative hypotheses." But I think it can be argued that the surrealists have followed through the implications of this truth to its furthest consequences. Thus the destiny of psychoanalysis suggests yet another analogy between the communist and the surrealist revolutions: Marx's critique of capitalist social relations could only have come into being when capitalist categories had, in essence, run their gamut and were rapidly re-

vealing themselves not only as perishable but as actually perishing under the blows of the revolutionary proletariat. So, too, Freud's scientific psychology, which rests on the specifically Cartesian/Kantian notion of the division between subject and object, could only have appeared at the very moment that these categories, too, were being made obsolete by the march of poetic events. In the same way that the self-activity of the workers overthrowing capitalism constitutes the end of political economy, so the surrealist revolution flowers triumphantly at the very point that psychoanalysis, as an isolated discipline, throws in the towel. Modell writes: "The idea of 'reality' can only have been formed when the distinction between subject and object was accepted." We can infer, by analogy, that the idea of 'surreality' can only have been formed when this distinction was beginning to wither away.

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"The myths and poems", as Blood said, "are deeper than the creeds," and he himself, a half-century after his death, has become a major contributor to the new poetic myth of surrealism — a living and creative myth, ceaselessly renewed, and indissolubly linked to the revolutionary dream of this epoch: the dream of human emancipation as inaugurated by means of the absolute power of the workers' councils. The surrealist revolution is the worldwide "becoming visible" of the Great Invisibles who are also the bearers of infinite human potentiality, living emblems of *poetry made by all* who will gladly share with us all their secrets once we guess our own.

*Becoming Visible*: this title of the extremely beautiful suite of poems by Philip Lamantia published in the second issue of *Arsenal* suggests the anticipation of that radiant emergence of those whose invisibility is only the consequence of the failure of men and women, thus far, to pierce the desperate transparency of the human condition. In Blood's works this anticipation sends its tremors through every page. I know of no other author in whose works the Great Invisibles peer so often and so imploringly from every point and angle. No other author, before surrealism, shared Blood's insatiable confidence in the epochal urgency of what Ferdinand Alquié has called the "immanent beyond" of the surrealists — a "beyond" differing from the religious beyond in that it is not placed outside this world or past this lifetime. If Blood's works call to mind, all at once, Felix the Cat, J.W. Dunne's *Serial Time*, Thelonious Monk's *Misterioso*, Duchamp's *Bride*, Jarry's 'Pataphysics, *Bugs Bunny and the Magic Sneeze*, general relativity, quantum theory, Lenin's *Philosophical Notebooks*, Bob Kaufman's *Abomunism*, Frank Belknap Long's *Hounds of Tindalos*, Cyrano de Bergerac, Joseph Dietzgen, Constantin Brunner, Buster Keaton, Basho, Nicolas Flamel and Harpo Marx, it is because his deliriously lucid voyage across the magnetic fields was marked by an endless trail of rough poetic diamonds that glisten even yet in the light of a moon placed in the sky purely for the sake of the wolves. Today it is

we, of course, who have the pleasure of being these wolves, preying at the doors of the unlivable, and lungeing out of our own deepest reveries into a reality henceforth increasingly subject to the dictatorship of dreams.

The surrealist practice of poetry is nothing other than the systematic application of talismans drawn from that "immanent beyond" — to the fundamental problems of life. Convulsive coincidences of the real and the ideal series of events breathe inspiration into every moment, completely transforming the notion of beauty and enabling the emotions to become something more than a backdrop for the evolution of misery.

In the same way that a powerful psychic readjustment occurs in childhood when the distinction between subject and object is originally enforced, so another and still more far-reaching psychic readjustment (illustrated by the anesthetic revelation) must occur as humanity advances on the road of surrealist revolution. The psychoanalyst D. W. Winnicott has shown that for children the process of differentiating subject and object is nearly always catalyzed by what he has termed a *transitional object*, usually a teddy-bear, doll or blanket. Everything leads us to recognize in the surrealist poetic myth, which is above all a myth *lived* in the poetic encounter and mad love, a kind of *transitional object of a new type*, a transitional *event* or series of events which, like its individual counterpart for the child, is at once the focal point of ardent reveries and the bridge to a new world. But whereas the teddy-bear is soon given up in disillusionment as the child adapts to a way of life increasingly playless and governed by work and other manifestations of the performance principle, the surrealist myth leads only to infinite elaborations and poetic transformations.

In focussing on the poetic encounter (objective chance) as the nexus of the new myth, especially as it unfolds under the sign of *sublime love*, surrealism simultaneously avoids the Scylla of mysticism and the Charybdis of psychologism. Make no mistake: in their aspiration to *determine* that "point in the mind" invoked by Breton, the surrealists do not pretend to "reach" it, much less to bring it "down to earth." The surrealist ambition remains to recover, by any means necessary, the full measure of human resources, to restore men and women to a livable destiny by reconstructing the whole of human reality according to liberated desire. Such a project has nothing in common with the mystical conception of union with a "supreme point" representative of "God." In *Mad Love* Breton wrote: "I have spoken of a certain sublime point in the mountain. There was never any question of my going to live at that point. It would, besides, at that moment, have ceased to be sublime and I would have ceased to be a man." Because they recognize the continuously communicating tension between internal and external necessity, and refuse to impose on them a mystical "identity" or to seek even a moment's solace under any metaphysical umbrella, both Blood and the surrealists have been

reproached with an ill-defined "pessimism." But such a reproach, if it is meant to imply any mere fatalism or renunciation of the human ability to overcome all fetters, can be made only by those who have forfeited their critical faculties, and thus their sense of proportion, and become blind worshippers of pitiable abstractions.

\* \* \*

In the history of American thought, Blood stands secure among those who, more or less entirely on their own, have given the cause of human emancipation its greatest poetic resonance. Few indeed are comparable to him in depth of originality, scope of poetic vision, and overall grandeur.

His struggle to liberate language from its degrading utilitarian shackles, to volatilize it so that it could serve the emancipation of desire and express the "real functioning of thought"; his sustained poetic attack on all debilitating and reified notions of "Reality"; his acute, almost paranoiac awareness of the murmurs of the Great Invisibles stirring in the secret caverns between the infinite and the infinitesimal; his tireless denunciation of that ignoble, egotistic and parochial notion of humanist anthropocentrism — the opinion that man is the world's "noblest" achievement, later denounced by Breton as "the most unjustifiable sort of postulate"; his profound recognition of the groundlessness and impossibility of the traditional, tortuous and guilt-ridden notion of "responsibility," to which he unwaveringly opposed the radioactive simplicity of his revelation, which calls for a new morality, a surrealist morality: all this, and much more besides, situates Blood in the service of



BENJAMIN PAUL BLOOD IN 1860

a revolutionary project he himself sensed only remotely, though its far-reaching implications are hinted at throughout his works, as in *The Flaw in Supremacy*, for example, where he boldly proclaimed: "We are as welcome to control the clouds above as to guide the streams below."

His thought is not only, in a documentary sense, a particularly precious part of the surrealist evidence, but remains an active *challenge*, written in letters of luminous vitriol on the obsidian sky of a night of *pure evil* — evil which, for Hegel and for Engels and for us, is the form in which the motive force of historical development presents itself. I wish I could emphasize more Blood's profoundly *nocturnal* sensibility, which seems to me to equal that of Edward Young and Emily Bronte, and the appropriate totemic/talismanic emblem for which, in his case, could only be his *mounted owl*, from whose beak (as he relates in *Pluriverse*) he hung a card bearing the question "Was is nict?" (What is nothing?) that none of his guests ever answered.

I dream of this owl taking wing again at last. I dream of the author of *The Bride of the Iconoclast* riding at midnight on a golden stallion at full gallop across the wind-swept wintry plain, his laughter resounding for thousands of miles — from Stonehenge to the eastern coast of Greenland to the Seven Cities of Cibola. I see him ride relentlessly onward, past the bleached bones of hope glimpsed in the sand storms of despair, guided only by what he called "the bats of chance" and a certain distant light of an unknown star that gleams, too, in his own wildly exploding eye. He is less concerned that this light should go out than that the surrounding darkness should go out — for he, like the ring-tailed lemur of Madagascar and the scorpion of Arizona, is a

creature of the blackness, one whose preference is to *go by night*.

I dream of this exterminating angel of the anesthetic revelation, beckoning through the millennial mist where the mosquitoes have turned to ice! I dream that he prowls at the doorstep of a permanent solicitation (all or nothing!) veiled in velvet whispers from afar. I dream that he sinks the deep blue fangs of his inner oracle into the glimmering neck of a necessity that at last is only the magnetic mirror of freedom.

Hark! Who goes there? If the Hound of Heaven is on his own trail, what has become of the Hound of Hell?

I dream of Benjamin Paul Blood, he who was *his own vampire!* I dream of the Pied Piper of the pluriverse on the trail of his own intellectual blood — one drop of which (as we are told by Isidore Ducasse) could not be washed away by all the waters of the ocean!

As his friend and co-thinker Xenos Clark once wrote: "The secret is at the point of this pen — or nowhere."

To which one could add only: *Long live the revenge of the mounted owl!*

\* \* \*

The works of Benjamin Paul Blood are a *Flying Dutchman* of thought, sailing sky-high with blood-red sails against the wind, haunting the storm-tossed vagabonds of the void, perpetually warning the world that everything is far from settled. Those who are attuned to the seismographic tremors of the Marvelous, those who *see* through the blaze of lost steps, those who, redoubling their vigilance, are still seeking and will never surrender, cannot fail to find their way to this phantom ship in which shadows from the palpitant pluriverse glow with a subversive radiance that is all their own.

Franklin ROSEMONT



Anton KREKULE: photograph (circa 1915)

# The Anaesthetic Revelation

By what follows I rather hope to signalize than purpose to define a discovery—unutterable by any, yet accessible to all, and of singular interest if not of novel instance—which has been usual with me for now nearly fourteen years. I have often attempted an account of it, and still have happily deferred publication, warned by the fate of philosophers, which was ever to have published too soon at last. But weary of reticence, I at length resign to that course of nature wherein every conceit of the ultimatum has come to be corrected in turn as but a stage of growth. I am now forty years old, as men reckon, and doubting that I shall ever be better able to forestall my critical advantage, and indulging a scruple at longer delay lest by some adventure this matter should altogether die with me, I take the chance of being called a mad one in my day, in order to declare however imperfectly, and to leave in the world this which is now my assurance and poise, where before were doubt and vacillation.

But the substance of the discovery here alleged, although accessible to even vulgar empiricism, can hardly be either critically entertained or thankfully received without some appreciation of philosophy. In various guise—as truth, the true, the good, the absolute, the identical, the apodeictic, the perfect, the ultimate, God, Heaven, etc., is sought, as I shall say, supreme being, or unconditioned life—from which (or rather, from what this contradiction intimates) I have many times returned; and as I take this for that satisfaction of philosophy unattained in its way, it would behoove me to relate, more distinctly than as they now pass, the uneasiness which is at the instigation of philosophy, and the knot or coil which baffles philosophical explication, together with the most plausible methods of philosophical endeavor heretofore; and this preparation I shall first essay, with what cogency pertains.

\* \* \*

By the Anaesthetic Revelation I mean a certain survived condition (or uncondition) in which is the satisfaction of philosophy by an appreciation of the genius of being, which appreciation cannot be brought out of that condition into the normal sanity of sense—cannot be formally remembered, but remains informal, forgotten until we return to it.

*As here we find in trances, men  
Forget the dream that happens then,  
Until they fall in trance again.*

Of this condition, although it may have been attained otherwise, I know only by the use of anaesthetic agents. After experiments ranging over nearly fourteen years I affirm—what any man may prove at will—that there is an invariable and reliable condition (or uncondition) ensuing about the instant of recall from anaesthetic stupor to sensible observation, or “coming to,” in which the genius of being is

revealed; but because it cannot be remembered in the normal condition it is lost altogether through the infrequency of anaesthetic treatment in any individual's case ordinarily, and buried, amid the hum of returning common sense, under that epitaph of all illumination: “this is a queer world.” Yet I have warned others to expect this wonder on entering the anaesthetic slumber, and none so cautioned has failed to report of it in terms which assured me of its realization. I have spoken with various persons also who induce anaesthesia professionally (dentists, surgeons, etc.) who had observed that many patients at the moment of recall seem as having made a startling yet somehow matter-of-course (and even grotesque) discovery in their own nature, and try to speak of it, but invariably fail in a lost mood of introspection. Of what astonishes them it is hard to give or receive intimation; but I think most persons who shall have tested it will accept this as the central point of the illumination: That sanity is not the basic quality of intelligence, but is a mere condition which is variable, and like the humming of a wheel, goes up or down the musical gamut according to a physical activity; and that only in sanity is formal or contrasting thought, while the naked life is realized only outside of sanity altogether; and it is the instant contrast of this “tasteless water of souls” with formal thought as we “come to,” that leaves in the patient an astonishment that the awful mystery of Life is at last but a homely and a common thing, and that aside from mere formality the majestic and the absurd are of equal dignity. The astonishment is aggravated as at a thing of course, missed by sanity in overstepping, as in too foreign a search, or with too eager an attention: as in finding one's spectacles on one's nose, or in making in the dark a step higher than the stair. My first experiences of this revelation had many varieties of emotion; but as a man grows calm and determined by experience in general, so am I now not only firm and familiar in this once weird condition, but triumphant—divine. To minds of sanguine imagination there will be a sadness in the tenor of the mystery, as if the key-note of the universe was low—for no poetry, no emotion known to the normal sanity of man can furnish a hint of its primeval prestige, and its all-but appalling solemnity; but for such as have felt sadly the instability of temporal things there is a comfort of serenity and ancient peace; while for the resolved and imperious spirit there are majesty and supremacy unspeakable. Nor can it be long until all who enter the anaesthetic condition (and there are hundreds every secular day) will be taught to expect this revelation, and will date from its experience their initiation into the Secret of Life.

\* \* \*

Much might I say of the good of this discovery, if it were, as it soon may be, generally known

of Now for the first time the ancient problem is referred to empirical resolution, when the expert and the novice may meet equally on the same ground. My wordly tribulation reclines on its divine composure; and though not in haste to die, I "care not to be dead," but look into the future with serene and changeless cheer. This world is no more that alien terror which was taught me. Spuming the cloud-grimed and still sultry battlements whence so lately Jehovan thunders boomed, my gray gull lifts her wing against the nightfall, and takes the dim leagues with a fearless eye.

\* \* \*

This is the Ultimatum. It is no glance between conditions, as if in passing from this sphere of existence we might catch a glimpse of

*The Gods, who haunt*

*The lucid interspace of world and world,  
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,  
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,*  
and lose them again as we pass on to another orb and organization. This thick net of space containing all worlds — this fate of being which

contains both gods and men, is the capacity of the Soul, and can be claimed as greater than us only by claiming a greater than the greatest, and denying God and safety. As sure as being — whence is all our care — so sure is content, beyond duplexity, antithesis, or trouble, where I have triumphed in a solitude that God is not above.

It is written that "there was war in heaven" — that aeons of dominion, as absolute as any, beheld the banners of Lucifer streaking with silver and crimson the mists of the morning, and heard the heavy guns of Moloch and Belial beating on the heights of the mind; and I read that dead men have appeared as human forms; — naught of this can I deny, more or better than I can deny myself. The tales, whether they be true or false, are as substantial as the things of which they tell.

*We are such stuff  
as dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.*

(*excerpts*) Benjamin Paul BLOOD

## PHILOSOPHICAL LICE

What is the idea of intelligence? Simply a thing's *acting according to itself*. Man is called intelligent, because he is aware of other existences, or according to the nature of something in him, is conscious and active.

Cannot matter be aware of other existences, and conscious of its own? It would be no great wonder, comparatively. You say, can matter *see, hear, &c.*? Let us look at it. You expose a little of your material composition (your eye) to the air and light, and you are conscious of existences about you; even supposing the phenomenon of consciousness is attributed to a spirit, as is the motion of matter, it is not a bit harder to suppose the eye intelligent, than to suppose anything else intelligent; at least, it must know enough to tell your spirit what it sees: in some sense this matter (the eye) is intelligent, it acts its nature, and it has a wonderful nature of telling what it sees to something else, whose wonderful nature is, to show to a consciousness other things, by memory. Is it one bit harder to suppose some other kind of matter to see? Do you consider it evidently necessary that the matter be in the shape of an eye before it can see? Need it be that the external features of matter be continually hopping about, or eating with teeth, or having lungs, &c., in order to be alive?

Suppose two peregrinating, philosophical lice to be making a tour around a man's head, and by the way engage in controversy about the intelligence of matter. While roaming through the hirsute tangled woods, one of them picks up a lump of fine adamantine dandruff, saying "can that thing think and know, like one of us? Certainly not; this, and all we tread on, are dumb, witless things, single or in mass. To be sure these trees of hair grow,

and sometimes there is quaking under our feet, and the 'great prongs,' our especial plague, are thrust through these woods, and many of us fall: but this is the *nature* of it. To say this lump I hold is intelligent, is madness; where are its eyes, its brain, its ears? And as a sample, so the aggregate."

These remarks are every bit as sensible as any that can be made by man, as to the want of wit in matter. To be sure, we pick up a stone and say, how can it know, where are its eyes, &c.: but who will pretend to say that this earth, as a whole, may not be as intelligent as we? The vermin that tread on the man's brainpan, through inferior capacity, do not know that they are treading on matter which we know to be intelligently inhabited: then how do we know but that, as we walk about the earth, that we are promenading the brainpan of creation, though every little stone be not of itself intelligent, any more than is every little scale on our heads, or every little piece which you cut out of your flesh? What takes place in man's body that does not take place in earth (remembering that there may be more ways of doing a thing, or of being intelligent, than it is our common wont to do)? The earth has breath, occasioned by the nature of its body at different times; her bowels heave, and she disgorges from the volcano; we say "*nature*", but so would a louse say of our heads. The earth gives as much evidence of intelligence as it could give to us, supposing it *was* intelligent. It needs not be that to see it have an eye with lashes, or to hear it have little pricked up ears; these are *our* peculiarities, and those of animals about us. Is there any evidence from the matter of a brain that it thinks, any more than there is from the nature of the



earth that it thinks? Certainly the thinking is as much manifested in one as in the other: man eats with his teeth; sturgeon have no teeth, neither has earth; yet maybe both eat, or are nourished.

Who knows but that earth may die, dissolve and go to chaos, as man dies and goes to earth again? She may turn comet, and bum and blaze and die, and her scull be laid away in

the garret of the universe, amid the catnip and tansy of Dame Nature. Say what you please, my philosopher friend, of the dignity of man, 'he is a very little affair as to power or intelligence: he may be the wisest louse on the whole ball, still he may be treading on a body wiser than himself. We know nothing about it.

*The Philosophy of Justice Between God and Man, 1851*

## FINITE AND INFINITE

Astronomers say that the earth revolves superficially a thousand miles an hour, now if the eye were as large as the earth—eyes differ in size, you know, and our eyes might be as large as the earth without change in their generic nature—then the earth would become a very slow planet, taking all day to turn over once; the hour hand of a watch would beat her two to one, and the thousand miles per hour would disappear, and frighten us no more. And as there is no theoretical limit to our sub-

jective enlargement, no necessary change in our dignity or appreciation thereby, we might be gods in comparison with what we are; Uranus might roll his orbit in the hollow of our hand; the conflagration of the firmament might be but the bonfire of an hour; yea, the empery of heaven might be but the sadness of a lover, to the limitless majesty of our divine appreciation.

unidentified news clipping  
circa 1898

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO A CRITIQUE OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF HEGEL

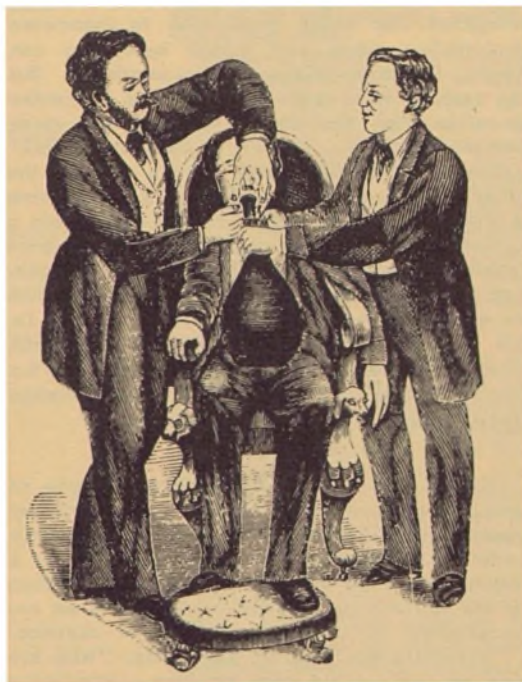
What distinguishes Hegel is the determination that the logic of life shall be as life exceeding, and yet perfect as exceeding, or as including excess. He sought by the use of both faculties under the guidance of the unit of judgment which they constitute or produce, to sympathise—to spread himself out upon—all, as of the same style as himself—having as a genius of constitution the perfection of process in the process of perfection on the one hand, and the perfection of constitution embracing imperfection as a constituent on the other hand—or rather an other hand; his hands are numberless. For it must follow, after Hegel may perfect a system of logic commensurate with life, that life and logic become antithetic terms in a notion transcending both.

The difficulty of understanding what he desired to tell is, that it cannot be told; and all his credit is due only to his effort, and not to his success. When Hegel said there was "but one man who understood him, and even he did not," the man he meant was himself. The moment he descends from the genius of assertion to the bodily limits of assertion, we pick up only deciduous leaves.

\* \* \*

Hegel's is the greatest, the best, and thereby also the worst of philosophies; the greatest in that it shrewdly mimics the genius of life; the worst in that it most clearly shows the uselessness of logic. Illogical it cannot be called; the fault is in logic itself. Its members, when lifted, break of their own weight, and not because of any fault in the system save that it is unfinished, and that unfinishedness is a

necessity of its genius. Life is sensibly exceeding and unfinished; its logic must be exceeding and unfinished also;—but so it should not be to Hegel, for logic unfinished is but diasophic, or science of the fleeting, and is ever too late for the vitality of the notion. Wherefore the labor of Hegel, like that of all the rest, will be set aside in a corner of the



EARLY METHOD OF ADMINISTERING NITROUS OXIDE

mind, as another of those "perpetual motion" machines that will not go.

*The Anaesthetic Revelation,*  
1874

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The twenty volumes of Hegel have adduced doubtless twenty hundred more of dispute, criticism and explanation, which leave us still in doubt as to how far his true interpretation is extant. There have been some who charged that he intended rather to astonish than to be understood—a difference of little importance to us, who must understand for ourselves. Indeed, aside from Hegel's obscurity of claim, the philosophers are few who have come so close to the people as to declare: This is the question, and this is the answer; but of Hegel especially it may be well said that he philosophized for a conclusion which he never expressed. That he was pervaded by the great truth cannot be doubted; the eyes of the world, if not directly on him, are set toward the region which he occupied. Though he may not be the last of philosophers, pull him out and all the rest will be drawn into his vacancy. Yet something about him must be wrong while his results are so confessedly questionable...

"Philosophical Reveries"  
*The Journal of Speculative Philosophy,* January 1886

\*

Late as it is, I muse that the consciousness of Hegel has never been reflected; at least I have not recognized it in literature. As not only a teacher but the highest authority in a quasi State-philosophy, it was not his cue to emphasize the Socratic concession, "We do not know"; the right German retort would have relegated the whole profession to innocuous desuetude, since one man's ignorance can hardly be more relevant than another's. But the problem is ever pressing, and by dexterously alternating the static and dynamic viewpoints—one the eleatic Sufficient Intelligence, in which all things always are, and the other the process and novelty of Nature, which it were suicidal to deny—he knew that only a superhuman detective could impeach his profession. The philosophical position is unique. Let one boldly declare, and who shall ask him to explain? or to explain what? for, this is the problem of the world: to know by self-relation the nature of knowledge itself—the curiosity that would turn upon and envisage itself (which "of itself can do nothing").

\* \* \*

Every active relation implies a lapse of time, which divides the instant integrity of any hypothetical self-relation. This is the difficulty with all self-relation, as a principle, or a fertility, that the miracle which it is to perform by its activity is already presupposed as accomplished by its divine nature or essence.

It recalls the juggler, Katerfelte, "with his hair on end at his own wonders—wondering for his bread."

\* \* \*

As unfalteringly as he defined idealism against the face of experience, so Hegel thus announced the positive negative, with its essential contradiction, as the logical necessity of reason, and the only possibility of philosophy:

"The only thing (!) essentially necessary to an insight of the method of scientific evolution is a knowledge of the logical nature of the negative: that it is positive in its results... Its self-contradiction does not result in zero, or the abstract nothing, but rather in the subversion of its special content (or topic) only... In the result is preserved essentially that from which it resulted."

This, then, is philosophy: what is not, and cost nothing, is the matrix and the mother of what is; yon mist that rises from the rotting compost heap—it is the breath of life...THE secret, then, the problem, the Mystery, the Veil, and what is behind it?—The VOICE is "dialectic"—the Vision is of a fig-leaf on the occult genitals of Death.

\* \* \*

There are in philosophy many loose ends of the inevitable duplexity, many theoretical oppositions whose poles do not quite meet; *there is a penumbra that defeats every claim to explicit definition and contact.* For example, in the saying (as old as Heraclitus) "being and not being are the same," there is this discrepancy at least that they cannot be quite the same, so long as the means are different or supposing that they are the same, the same is not quite the same, for, logically, the same is another that is like—there needs two for a sameness, as well as an identity for a difference. So nothing is not quite that; if it were, one could not be a thinking being and make it topical.

But this ancillary penumbra has more serious importance in the larger fields of philosophy, where ultimate distinction wavers and confuses definition. The static and dynamic viewpoints cannot be held utterly asunder; they are both feasible, but if they did not somehow compromise their opposition thought and life would be impossible. Contradiction cannot utterly contradict, nor can being exclusively be. Kant said well that all entities have community, and that all value and quantity have intensive degree, which scales somewhere between entity and zero, but by the ancillary shading which our title adumbrates; there is no *modus vivendi* without it. The present tense, where we must live, is but a hole in the ground if you withdraw the ancillary presence of the past and the future; yet the metalogical life, our Cinderella of all work, as a sprite rising from Truth's bottomless well, clings stoutly to the skirts of the vanishing past, while trembling on the verge of the precipitous future.

*Pluriverse,* 1920



Benjamin Paul BLOOD



Penelope ROSEMONT: drawing

★   ★   ★  
Leon Trotsky

Regardless of so much that has been and is done in his name, Leon Trotsky remains one of the most outstanding revolutionary figures of all time, one whose dazzling legacy is shared today by all for whom human freedom can never be counted a "lost cause." The publication of his previously untranslated works is always a timely contribution to the clarification of revolutionary perspectives here and now.

The new edition of his *Writings 1938-39* (Pathfinder) includes ninety-nine selections (fifty-three published in English for the first time) on the struggle against fascism, the impending imperialist war, the Moscow Purge Trials, the Ukrainian question, the foundation of the Fourth International and the organization of revolutionary youth.

Of particular interest is an excerpt from Pierre Naville's *Trotsky vivant* titled "A Few Words on André Breton," in which Trotsky restates his position that "any attempt on our part to subordinate artistic tendencies as such to political interests could only compromise us in the eyes of true artists." (An editors note' asserts that "Breton's literary magazine," to which Trotsky refers, was *La Révolution Surréaliste*; this is impossible, however, for the context makes it clear that a current periodical is meant, and *R.S.* had ceased to appear in 1929. Possibly Trotsky was referring to *Minotaure*, on which the surrealists in France were collaborating at the time, lacking a publication of their own).

Still more important is a 29-page section, published here for the first time, on "The Diego Rivera Affair." This sheds light on some early problems of the short-lived International Federation of Independent Revolutionary Artists (known as the FIARI), organized in 1938 in response to the celebrated *Manifesto for an Independent Revolutionary Art* by Breton and Trotsky. Rivera, at that time a militant of the Fourth International, had actually contributed nothing to the writing of the *Manifesto*, but at Trotsky's urging his signature replaced Trotsky's. The international reputation of the great Mexican muralist naturally made him a figure of great importance in the FIARI. The dossier on his defection from the Fourth International (a major blow to the FIARI) reveals him as an erratic and petulant individual wholly unable to function as an intelligent leader of a revolutionary party. This estimate is fully verified by his subsequent lamentable career which, consistent only in inconsistency, carried him from hysterical Stalinophobia to an

## LUNAR HEIRLOOMS

I am the mouth of autumn  
the changeling left on the doorstep of chance  
perilous woman with a two-edged sword  
(you look for me in the blood of the lynx)

I am the mouth of amorous light  
a salamander flown to countless scenes of crime  
lunar woman with an axe to grind  
(you look for me in genealogies of salt)

*Flowstone gates open where a granite tongue  
writes epistles with the treachery of silk  
the right hand of death tattooing priests  
and bureaucrats gone berserk while  
the left hand of love is carving tomorrow's  
risks out of hummingbird bones*

Find me  
I am the woman beyond the razor bridge  
guardian woman, liana woman,  
the huntress with knight at bay

I am the mouth of arrows  
siren of the raw dream  
find me  
I'll give you the flash of the first day  
and the rainbows asleep in my voice

Nancy Joyce PETERS

eventual reconciliation with Stalinism.

One of Trotsky's letters in this section includes his characterization of Breton as "a French writer who is fully worthy of esteem and confidence." Never careless in his choice of words, Trotsky esteemed few people and expressed confidence in still fewer. One can not fail to notice the vivid contrast between his simple declaration of high regard for André Breton, and the foolish antisurrealist diatribes of some of today's miserable pseudo-Trotskyist dillettantes whose polemics are fished out of bourgeois and Stalinist sewers.

F.R.

★ ★ ★

## On the Arrest of PAULO PARANAGUA and Others

7 August 1975

We protest the arrest and torture, in Argentina, of the Brazilian surrealist poet and cinematographer Paulo Paranagua, and eleven others, charged with complicity in an "international subversive plot."

We denounce this intolerable act of repression and demand the immediate and unconditional release of Paulo Paranagua, his companion Maria Regina Pilla, and their comrades: Flavio Koutzil, Manuel Rallis, Carlos Alvarez, Susana Lobosco, Norma Espindola, Julio Vanaglio, Maria Mendez, Julio Ramos, Raul Rodriguez and Ingrid Rorrf, whose only "crime" is the defense of human freedom.

*For the Surrealist Movement  
in the United States,*

Tom BURGHARDT, Thom BURNS, Lucy CATLETT, Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN, Robert DAY, Alice FARLEY, Paul GARON, E. F. GRANELL, Allan GRAUBARD, Robert GREEN, Joseph JABLONSKI, T.R. JOHNSON, Jocelyn Cecilia KOSLOFSKY, Wayne KRAL, Philip LAMANTIA, Clarence John LAUGHLIN, Diane MEUCCL, Nancy Joyce PETERS, Raman RAO, Franklin ROSEMONT, Penelope ROSEMONT, Brooke ROTHWELL, Janine ROTHWELL, Debra TAUB, Finn Lauge THOMSEN, Laurence WEISBERG

(Protests may be sent to Maria Isabel de Peron, President of the Argentine Republic, Casa Rosada, Buenos Aires, Argentina. Copies of all protests should be sent also to Gérard Tourtrol, 119 rue de Rome, 75017 Paris, France, and to Franklin Rosemont, 2257 North Janssen Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60614.)

# THE CATASTROPHIC REVOLT OF THE GENE POOL

Upon reasoning with various Daemons of mine I decided I could no longer reside in my present state of captivity. Henceforth, I collected my albino Ringling and ventured into a nearby cave, finding that within this cave were many others.

This first and main gouge in the hillside was of no consequence, so we did a rather nonchalant soft shoe through the egg yolks abounding in the form of small pools hanging in fine, clear membranes from the mouths of petrified eels perched above us (reminders of times past).

We made a sharp right turn into a tiny cave in which a very tasty sort of fungus grew. It stood on stilts and had enclosed in its lilac orb a most nourishing larvae, presumably that of the brutal North Arabian Pitt-Sipper. Unfortunately my poor Ringling abandoned the idea of nourishment in favor of another type of amusement. He had picked a fight with an overgrown fungus and now had sticky lilac Pitt-Sippers all over his lovely white feathers. He was worried.

I managed, however, to cheer him up by presenting him with a view of an adjoining cave.

We found ourselves hundreds of feet above what appeared to be a citadel of some sort. It consisted of one huge edifice constructed entirely of mirrors which were woven within each other in the identical manner of the ancient Wana-Byte peoples.

The effect was astonishing. Looking at it gave us the illusion that our eyes were moving in an incalculable number of directions at once. Also, due to the displacement of space, I was elevated some 2¼ feet above the ledge on which we were standing (the Ringling was not, however, being of much less mass than myself).

The feeling of acute nausea that was beginning to overtake us was immediately dispelled when a sharp, forceful instrument was shoved rudely into our mouths by two creatures that looked nothing like Wana-Bytes.

The device began to pulverize our teeth, an operation that took much longer for the Ringling. He had 2,412 teeth and was sobbing horribly by the time the 1,673rd tooth had been turned to powder.

At this point I became enraged and took hold of a slimy, globular bulb protruding from one of the creatures. I yanked it in the most vicious manner possible (still being 2¼ feet above the ground).

To my great relief the creature dropped his Polvo machine abruptly and turned inside out, rendering himself useless. His companion fainted and we fled into the whistles of the absent eels.

Debra TAUB

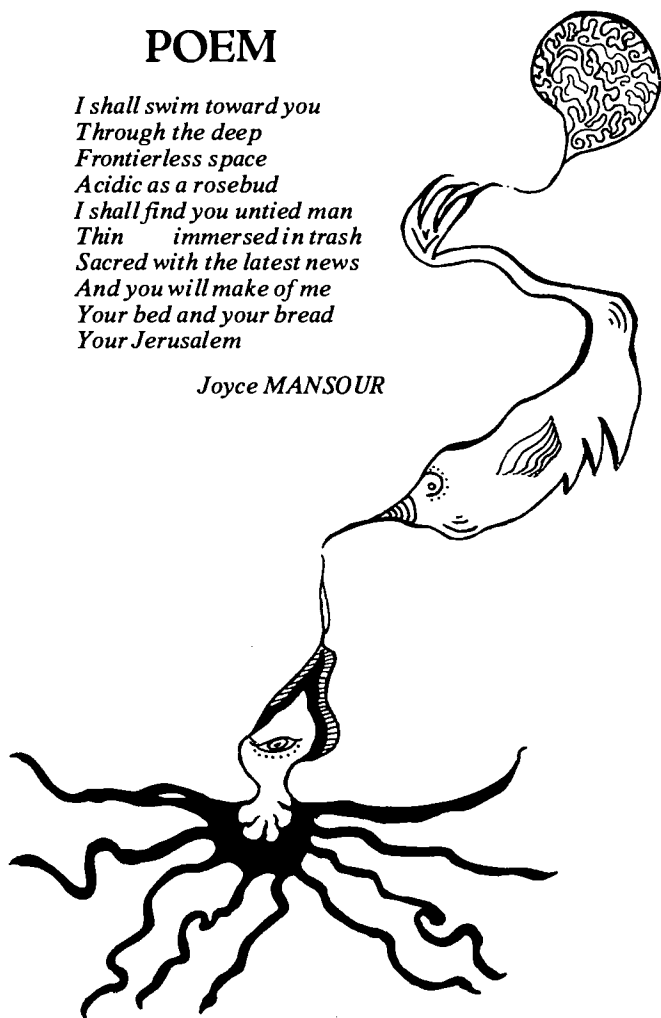


Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN: collage

## POEM

I shall swim toward you  
Through the deep  
Frontierless space  
Acidic as a rosebud  
I shall find you untied man  
Thin immersed in trash  
Sacred with the latest news  
And you will make of me  
Your bed and your bread  
Your Jerusalem

Joyce MANSOUR



Janine ROTHWELL: drawing

## TIME-TRAVELERS' POTLATCH

In dreams and fantasies we often encounter celebrated personages of the past; this is a familiar theme also in imaginative literature from Dante's *Divine Comedy* to Jack London's *Star-Rover*, and in popular hoaxes such as *The Search for Bridey Murphy*. In an effort to explore the vicissitudes of such experiences, the surrealists in France devised a game titled "Would You Open the Door?" (described by André Breton in the first issue of *Médium / Communication Surréaliste*, 1953).

A new game utilizing the same starting-point, but developed critically and transported onto a new plane, suggested itself to us one evening: Each participant indicates the gift that he or she would present to various historic figures on the occasion of their meeting.

Introducing the object into an imaginary relationship that otherwise runs the risk of being defined too superficially by an arbitrary and abstract subjectivity, this game effects the concretization of the irrational "secret," the innermost kernel of desire, underlying the more or less conscious reverie. The object—the gift—functions symbolically between the giver (who lives in the

## SELECTED APPRECIATIONS (From Near & Far)

In *Arsenal* we presented under the title "What Is Surrealism?" a survey of the confusion of several "leading authorities" who, in opposing the surrealist revolution, have proved capable only of blustering in blind alleys. The historical evidence suggests that surrealism long ago reached that point where even its self-declared enemies, in spite of themselves, only serve its advance. The last few years have produced a small mountain of testimony in this regard, directed less against surrealism "in general" than against its contemporary embodiments, especially in the U.S. Here is a sampling of the latest fashions in antisurrealist opinion.

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A group of Chicago surrealists... puts out an occasional magazine called *Arsenal*, and other publications... Rosemont and the others tout Trotsky, Rosa Luxemburg, C.L.R. James and Edward Young; they knock Neruda and Lukacs, with gusto... I find myself reading these texts with a mixture of nostalgia and amazement... Surrealism dies very hard.

Roger Shattuck  
*New York Review of Books*  
1 June 1972

\*\*\*

*Arsenal*... unfortunately has that shrill, self-righteous and largely humorless stance of the convert which is the opposite of the spontaneous and joyous atmosphere of the early surrealists in whose honor the publication allegedly exists.

Paul Carroll  
*The Chicagoan*  
March 1974

\*\*\*

... It seems only consistent with the movement's heroic posture that it might prefer an active death rather than the step-by-step decline in the historical nursing home into which some of its later proponents seem determined to enroll it...

Michael Benedikt  
*The Poetry of Surrealism*  
Little, Brown: 1975

\*\*\*

Here there are some poets who do things, like the surrealist poets in the *Arsenal* group. But they are very exclusive. They don't like other poets. They think you're either surrealist or bourgeois. I'm

not surrealist so I must be bourgeois. However... my father was a working man. There's six or seven of these surrealists. They don't want to talk to us and we don't want to talk to them... They're insulting pricks, actually, and I'm too old to deal with that kind of stuff.

Ted Berrigan

Chicago Reader  
13 February 1976

\*\*\*

Imagination is absent in [Philip Lamantia's] poems... Bob Dylan has taken surrealism farther than any other American... Throughout [Arsenal] there is a blown-out fanaticism... Arsenal fully represents the conservative, but hip, rich commune... its ideal is a proletarian socialist state. The self-righteousness of the surrealists is as bad as the underground press and the narcissism of Arsenal is the worst I have found yet in any current revolutionary writing... [Paul Garon] probably tosses beer cans out his car window, too.

Mark Wilson

New: American and  
Canadian Poetry  
No. 15, 1971

\*\*\*

I wish I could urge on the Chicago Surrealists to higher things... I have always found a good polemic to be either in dead earnest or ripping good fun. The Arsenal group writes a plaster-of-Paris prose that makes both impossible.

Roger Shattuck

New York Review of Books  
20 July 1972

\*\*\*

Surrealism, in the early part of this century, was a consciously revolutionary style... But at the same time, the style was a direct outgrowth of capitalism's decay. The surrealists'... attempt to destroy bourgeois culture before the social basis for that culture, capitalism itself, had been destroyed, led gradually to the integration of the surrealist style... into bourgeois culture itself... The style developed under the leadership of Cocteau and others...

Derek Hirst

The Torch, newspaper of the  
Revolutionary Socialist League  
No. 3, November 1973

\*\*\*

I am also forced to attack the surrealist "movement" as represented today by Rosemont... No doubt when it comes to the pinch, Rosemont will slither and slide in order to evade political responsibility for his verbal position—just as Breton

present) and the receiver (who dwells in the past). Altering the relationship between the two, it constitutes the third term—a catalyst of the future in the form of a crystallization of desire—in a humorously dialectical and materialist exchange which, presupposing the annihilation of conventional chronology in favor of the imagination's vertical eternity of the magic moment, seems to open an entirely new approach, from an unanticipated angle, to all the old and unresolved problems of projection, idealization, fixation, obsession, identification, etc.

#### JEAN-JACQUES JACK DAUBEN

- For Toussaint-L'Ouverture*: a huge black bat perched on a red rose  
*For Jacques Vaché*: a pterodactyl holding Marshall Petain's scalp in its beak  
*For Marilyn Monroe*: an aqualung caught in a fur mousetrap  
*For Paul Gauguin*: the Wolf Saber, the blood key of the owls and the Eiffel Tower obliterated to dust and presented in a blue phial  
*For Percy Bysshe Shelley*: a cloven hoof resting in a dish of white wine  
*For Pancho Villa*: an emerald revolver  
*For François Villon*: the ritual mask of the Priest Killers adorned with the talons of carnal love, the plume of night and the fangs of the sun  
*For Edward Young*: a cracked red silk egg inside of which could be seen a tiny and perfect replica of the city of London in flames  
*For D.A.F. de Sade*: an Arab scimitar with Lenin's portrait engraved on its blade

#### PAUL GARON

- For Sigmund Freud*: a toad eating an old folks' home, spitting out wheelchairs wrapped in greasy toothpaste  
*For Peetie Wheatstraw*: a mass grave of the mayors of all major cities in the U.S., the only market being "3rd Street"  
*For Sandor Ferenczi*: a hearth in which only bibles are burned (quietly), equipped with snails that would hand him fireplace tools whenever he so desires  
*For Leon Trotsky*: a cave that opens on a desert of blue lines that diverge finitely; at the end of each there is a fireworks display, a chisel, a collapsing dome of ice, a nose-like forest, and a playground for marmosets  
*For Matthew Gregory Lewis*: a camel that flies one-way trips

#### T.R. JOHNSON

- For Joris-Karl Huysmans*: a silver plant whose leaves are mirrors  
*For Lewis Carroll*: a Ouija board with its planchette glued to the board's surface  
*For Marilyn Monroe*: an igloo with the head of an enormous transparent fish stopped in the entrance (head protruding and positioned due south)  
*For Paul Gauguin*: a silhouette of a bursting watermelon which matches the image of the skyline of Paris

#### JOCELYN KOSLOFSKY

- For D.A.F. de Sade*: a laser beam  
*For Marilyn Monroe*: an electric leg shaver made from a bright blue and yellow eel  
*For Alfred Jarry*: a bicycle with a canopy and a secret liquor cabi-

net which he could use to entertain Henri Rousseau  
*For Mother Jones*: the privilege of publicly spanking Rockefeller  
*For Osceola*: a headdress on which stands the symbol of great power, the pachyderm  
*For Pancho Villa*: a horse that could fly  
*For Federico Garcia Lorca*: a timepiece that would recite Edward Young's *Night Thoughts*

#### RONALD L. PAPP

*For Lewis Carroll*: a praying mantis in a bubble  
*For Benjamin Paul Blood*: billions of bronze bicycles barreling down bobbies on boulevards  
*For Joris-Karl Huysmans*: a scarlet tombstone  
*For Remedios Varo*: the Aurora Borealis at the end of a long copper chain  
*For Percy Bysshe Shelley*: a floating glacier decorated with envelopes of hell  
*For Paul Gauguin*: a pair of leopard's eyes implanted in the skull of Homer  
*For Pancho Villa*: a banner of flames a mile long

#### FRANKLIN ROSEMONT

*For Alfred Jarry*: an electric saw large enough to saw the earth in half  
*For Charles Fourier*: a bushel of apples delivered weekly to his door from the Garden of Eden  
*For Memphis Minnie*: Notre Dame cathedral, painted bright red and surrounded by peacocks  
*For Karl Marx*: a stack of Bugs Bunny comic books, circa 1948-52, annotated by William Blake  
*For Bud Powell*: the skull of Pope Paul VI, equipped with remote-control engine, wings, and a small tape-recorder, so that it could fly around the room playing "Night in Tunisia"  
*For Edward Young*: editions of Sade's *Juliette* and Shelley's *Necessity of Atheism*, illustrated by Tex Avery  
*For Rosa Luxemburg*: a live Mauritius blue pigeon, perched on the horn of a golden rhinoceros

#### PENELOPE ROSEMONT

*For G. W. F. Hegel*: a black giraffe  
*For Sigmund Freud*: some magic sneeze powder  
*For Ann Radcliffe*: a two-week, all-expenses-paid tour of Galapagos, with Rosa Luxemburg  
*For Charles Fourier*: an automobile decorated by New Guinea natives  
*For Bessie Smith*: Cleopatra's royal barge, filled with oranges  
*For J. W. von Goethe*: a Sioux war-bonnet  
*For François Villon*: a giant tortoise, with a palace designed by Hieronymus Bosch mounted on its shell  
*For Osceola*: his own constellation next to the Big Dipper



J.-J. J. D.: collage

did even during his most revolutionary phase.

Derek Hirst

*The Torch*  
 No. 4, December 1973

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The Revolutionary Socialist League takes no position on the artistic questions raised in the dispute over the Derek Hirst review and the attitude toward surrealism expressed in it.

The Editorial Board

*The Torch*  
 No. 5, February 1974

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As revolutionary Trotskyists we are drawn with particular interest toward the study of a movement which so firmly identified itself with the principles of the Russian Revolution... But today the revolution is dammed up by the crisis of revolutionary leadership... We do not take positions on aesthetic matters... The necessity for the immediate construction of the vanguard party... overwhelms the neat schema shot from the pop-gun of the *Arsenal*... Until the problem of hunger... is resolved by the destruction of the capitalist system, the liberation of mankind from psychological and sexual repression is impossible.

The Editorial Board

*Women and Revolution*  
 Journal of the Women's Commission of the Spartacist League  
 No. 7, Autumn 1974

\*\*\*

Surrealism has never been part of the workers' movement as some Trotskyist charlatans claim... The surrealists always demanded "autonomy" from "narrow" and "temporal" fields such as communist politics... Benjamin Péret, [a] leading surrealist, supported the idea that "poets are free to participate as much as revolutionaries in overthrowing the Nazi adversary."... Present-day activities of certain surrealists include support for Malcolm X and for a future "Second Chicago Fire."

"Nodens"

*World Revolution*, journal of the International Communist Current  
 No. 3, 1975

\*\*\*

[Surrealism today] acts directly against the vanguard, because this vanguard refers itself to a concrete political experience: that of the first Proletarian Cultural Revolution of China... NO to Revolt! Long live the Revolution! Down with surreal-

ism! Long live the vanguard! For  
Mac-Tsetung Thought!

Jean-Louis Houdebine  
*Tel Quel* tract  
May 1972

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It is my strongly held opinion that [nothing] submitted by the Chicago so-called surrealist group should be published in *Telos*. . . . The idea and the reality of fraternal criticism are unknown to them. . . . The surrealists' worship of Lenin and the proletariat are simply indices of their own impoverishment. . . . And for anyone impressed by their clever turns of phrase, recall that they are only that. Read a few of the original surrealist manifestoes and you'll realize that you're dealing with a silly case of repetition compulsion, not "critical theory."

Paul Breines  
Circular letter to *Telos* staff  
(communicated by *Telos* editor  
Dr. Paul Piccone)

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The surrealists promised a total transformation of the world by turning man upside down. They toyed with the occult and tried anything to win new adherents. The "international" surrealist exhibition of 1959 was primarily an exhibition of erotica! But the movement gradually melted away, and was barely perceptible save in petty squabbles among anarchist groups. . . . After all, you cannot get far with an ideology of "total rejection." There are still those, of course, who consider surrealism a viable form of art. . . . It is claimed that surrealism suddenly made another appearance in the Latin Quarter of Paris in May 1968. . . . But to the workers, it looked more like anarchism.

L. Andreyev  
*Soviet Weekly*  
18 March 1972

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Let me unload some venom concerning the surrealist [tract, *War, Hide Yourself!*] . . . that quoted Lenin and Trotsky . . . [who] maimed and dismembered what could have been a revolution. . . . The idea of "struggling to power" . . . has always been used as a ruse to permit an elite to saddle genuine revolutionary outbursts and ride to its own ends. That's what the bolsheviks did in 1917 and what their worshippers want to repeat today. We should oppose them at every turn, and not quote them with approval.

Andy Tymowski  
Social-Revolutionary  
Anarchist Federation  
(SRAF) *Bulletin*, No. 10, 1972

## ON THE PUBLICATION OF SOME OF SIGMUND FREUD'S LETTERS TO ANDRÉ BRETON

In 1973 the *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association* (Vol. 21, No. 1) published "Three Letters from Sigmund Freud to André Breton" with Breton's "retort." These letters, from 1932, have long been accessible in French as an appendix to Breton's book, *Les Vases Communicants*. The value of their publication in English is marred by the preface and commentary of F.B. Davis, M.D., who perhaps has set something of a record for the number of erroneous statements he managed to squeeze into a few short paragraphs. This dubious distinction is a direct consequence of Dr. Davis's first and biggest mistake, which was to have relied on the imbecile Anna Balakian as his "authority" on Breton and surrealism.

In the most serious of his errors regarding Breton, Dr. Davis confuses two of Breton's works. It is not *Les Vases Communicants* (1932), as Dr. Davis has it, but the anthology *Trajectoire du rêve* (1938) which contains "dreams collected by various surrealist artists." And it was not *Les Vases Communicants* but *Trajectoire du rêve* to which Breton invited Freud to contribute. This anthology, a special issue of *Cahiers GLM*, included not only accounts of dreams but also scholarly studies; this is noteworthy here because Dr. Davis highhandedly dismisses it (in inverted commas) as a "dream book." He then quotes a few lines from the letter Freud wrote to Breton declining to contribute—lines suggesting that Freud (who of course had seen the accounts of dreams in *La Révolution Surréaliste* the previous decade) misunderstood the character of the work Breton was compiling. Dr. Davis admits that he has "not been able to obtain a copy of this letter" of Freud's (he quotes it from E.H. Gombrich's *Meditations on a Hobby Horse*). The letter appeared in facsimile in *Trajectoire du rêve*.

As if this were not bad enough, Dr. Davis draws highly tendentious conclusions on the basis of his misunderstanding. "It is very likely," he insists, "that Freud's refusal to contribute to Breton's 'dream book' was taken as a personal affront and led to the provocative 'impertinences' in the letters." That is, Freud's refusal in 1937 to contribute to a publication Breton was editing led Breton to write certain things in 1932. . . .

Expecting the *Journal* to print a correction of at least some of Dr. Davis's errors, we addressed a letter to that effect to its editor, which brought the following response. We also publish below a translation of the letter from Freud to Breton that Dr. Davis was unable to obtain.

### LETTER FROM THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN PSYCHOANALYTIC ASSOCIATION

Roslyn, New York  
25 January 1974

Dear Mr. Rosemont,

I have read your letter about Frederick B. Davis' commentary on "Three Letters from Sigmund Freud to André Breton" in Vol. 21, No. 1, 1973 of the *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association*. I would certainly consider publication of part or all of your letter in a "Letters to the Editor" column if that were available in our *Journal*. However, we do not publish "Letters to the Editor" in our psychoanalytic *Journal*, and of course, the *Journal* is not responsible for the opinions of its authors. . . .

The author is certainly entitled to his own opinions and assumptions, but the *Journal* is indeed interested in the preservation of historical fact.

If Dr. Davis confuses Breton's *Les Vases Communicants* (1932) with the anthology *Trajectoire du rêve* (1938) edited by Breton, and if *Les Vases Communicants* was not dedicated to Freud, and if Breton's *Second Manifesto of Surrealism* is dated





1929 and not 1930, then these are historical distortions rather than an accurate record. I would like to hear from Dr. Davis about these problems, and then to consider the matter further with the Editorial Board to determine whether some action by the *Journal* would now be appropriate.

I appreciated your letter, your interest in the *Journal* and in historical truth, and your special interest in André Breton. I also read with pleasure your excerpt of Breton's 1938 defense of Freud entitled, "Freud in Danger."

Sincerely yours,  
Harold P. Blum, M.D.  
Editor  
*Journal of the American  
Psychoanalytic Association*

#### LETTER FROM SIGMUND FREUD TO ANDRÉ BRETON

8 Dec. 1937

Dear Sir:

Forgive my lateness in answering your letter transmitted through my daughter; this was due to illness as you can well believe of a person my age.

I regret that I cannot contribute to your collection of dreams. I must admit that I have nothing new to say about the dream. The superficial aspect of dreams, what I call the manifest dream, holds no interest for me. I have been concerned with the "latent content" which can be derived from the manifest dream by psychoanalytical interpretation. A collection of dreams without associations and knowledge of the context in which it was dreamed does not tell me anything, and it is hard for me to imagine what it can mean to anyone else.

Naturally, manifest dreams reflect the whole gamut of our thinking activity, for according to Aristotle's still valid view, dreams are the continuation of thought into sleep, modified, however, by the peculiar nature of this state.

S. Freud

The antidemocratic and antisocialist elements are vested with a sophisticated idealist philosophy which, as comrade Enver Hoxha says, we must reject, thus continuing our Leninist stand; these are expressed . . . through the literature and artistic trends of impressionism, expressionism, futurism or cubofuturism, symbolism, imagism and hermetism . . . surrealism, abstractionism, cubism, existentialism, etc. . . . In close connection with modernism there has developed the revisionist tendency in literature and the arts, now the dominant trend in the Soviet Union and elsewhere. . . . In France too one sees the revisionist tendency in literature with authors such as Aragon [who] has returned to his earlier surrealist position. . . . Comrade Enver Hoxha says, "We value only revolutionary, progressive and democratic . . . art." The future belongs to socialist realism.

Dalan Shaplo  
*Albania Today*, 1974

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*These are a few of the muddy "reasons" beneath which certain agents of reaction are succeeding in burying only themselves. It is not merely their common aversion to surrealism, as such, that unites these diverse confusionists, but above all their fear of what surrealism calls for and prepares—their fear of revolution, their fear of changing life. This fear is expressed in their varied but unmistakable appeals to authority, their base genuflections before one form or another of "law and order."*

*In 1974, at a meeting of the Association for the Study of Dada and Surrealism, an aggregate of academic parasites, the arrival of a half dozen surrealists sufficed to bring the proceedings to a halt. Mary Ann Caws, perhaps the single most ridiculous critic of surrealism, is ideally suited to head this ridiculous outfit (from which she boasts of deriving a considerable profit). In a statement that fully expresses her view of surrealism, but which as far as we know remains unpublished, Ms. Caws summed up the underlying attitude of nearly all opponents of surrealism today: "If you don't leave here this minute," she told us, "I'm going to call the police!"*

*For the enemies of poetry and revolution, such a threat must always be their first and last word.*





E. F. GRANELL: drawing

## BORN WILD

*Was it by the sea  
Or by land unknown  
From deeply trails  
That were left unborn*

*The flower strewn about  
Picked by gentle hands  
Left to cheer its fate  
By vastly strange band*

*But who sought the refuge  
That grew like a thrush  
That sang the forgotten  
Music to the phantomized wish*

## MAN

*Always alone star told?  
Wait and Hope is 'quiry?  
O thou nigh art a lost mine!  
Quite true, we dug gold out  
Of thee! Wilt thou build a shadow's?  
Cause them thicker then now?  
A trip to the moon perhaps ---  
Will turn heaven's eye real  
Thy Flex form is good currant  
O Burning statue of tendons  
Time loses thine eye*

Samuel GREENBERG  
(circa 1915-16)

# PASSAGE OF THE GODS

*Soon the snake lay on the balm  
of calm horizons  
The sluggishness of winter  
fell to the splendor  
of the tranquil night*

*The mornings of the wooden horse  
the curious afternoons of sandals  
the undaunted evenings of harmony  
the winged nights of ancient chaos*

*The constant memory  
half whale half ocean  
extinguishes the sun  
when it sets*

Penelope ROSEMONT



## EQUINOX

*Narrow recesses of the fire  
begin to invade the tropical jungle  
of silver thoughts  
The night is a thief  
running beside the locomotive  
calling the name of the darkness*

*A sparrow of entwined fingers  
waits  
by the brook of winds  
An avalanche of yellow sounds  
greet the visitor  
who waits  
by the brook of winds  
Among the silent witnesses  
stands a stork of perspective  
an albatross of antimony  
a beaver of memory  
between the stones  
like hours  
radiating their impatience*

*The willow resolves the lights of winter  
A beacon of mad pelicans  
A bouquet of rosy leopards  
The snow on the roofs of your eyes  
evades my kisses*

Penelope ROSEMONT

## REVIEW OF REVIEWS

For over five years *Living Blues* magazine, edited by Jim and Amy O'Neal, has provided a unique and valuable focus on the vitality and diversity of the black American blues tradition. Along with studies and reviews, each issue features a major interview in which the blues artists speak for themselves. Among the most important of these, a document of greatest interest, is the admirable statement titled "I Am the Backbone of America" (No. 23) by Johnny Shines, one of the finest blues poets.

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*Akwasne Notes* is an indispensable source of information on struggles of native American peoples. One can only regret, however, its editors' excessive tolerance of christian doctrine, in their vain hope of "winning over" some dubious christian allies—as if the myth of christ was not repressive and reactionary to the core, as if christianity was not an organic part of imperialist ideology, as if human freedom is realizable before the last priest has been shot and the last church burned.

∞

The Italian Communist *Le t*, one of the first groups to oppose the Stalinist degeneration of the Comintern, has maintained a vital continuity for over fifty years, extending today (as the International Communist Party) to many countries. Much maligned by bourgeois, Stalinist, centrist and sectarian critics, this current was qualified by no less a figure than Benjamin Péret as truly revolutionary. The ICP now produces a journal in English, *Communist Program*, the lucidity and coherence of which are in marked contrast to the sleazy apologetics and empty sloganeering of the U.S. "Left" press. (Write Editions Programme, 20 rue Bouton, 75012 Paris, France.)

∞

The French review *Change* (No. 25) is largely devoted to an important documentation of the development and current perspectives of surrealism in Czechoslovakia, including texts by Karel Teige, Viteslav Nezval, Zavis Kalandra, Vratislav Effenberger, Albert Marencin, Ludvig Svab and others, and drawings by Karol Baron and Martin Stejskal.





Eclipse. S Sun; E Earth; M Moon.

## ADDICTION TO LIGHT

By inverting the perspective of any "pathology," and especially by violating the convention of "rationality," we find ourselves in a territory where only the surrealist finds anyone at home. By redefining the "pathology" of insomnia, for example, it readily becomes apparent that such a shift of emphasis cannot help but implement the rescue of revelation from reality.

Insomniac patterns are commonly described as "fear of the dark" or some such, but the same phenomena can be described as *addictions to light*. Bearing in mind that this in no way implies an allergy to the dark, it presents us with an unusually critical method of studying the passage of time, and more specifically, the qualities of day and night.

The behavior of the light addict is not only pathognomonic but bears a striking resemblance to that of the more familiar sorts of addicts (heroin, etc.). The abstinence syndrome (withdrawal (begins to set in at dusk — immediately, lights are turned on in all rooms of the house, and as in other addictions, relief is instantaneous. Thus stabilized, the light addict may then proceed with his nightly affairs, which correspond closely not only to the affairs of other addicts, but to the daily affairs of most people. For example, many light addicts secure night work so that their leisure time is spent during the day. As in the other addictions, the light addict, many times during his life, will try to break his habit, *i.e.* he will try to sleep when it is night, when it is dark, when he is without light. As expected, withdrawal symptoms begin immediately: tremors, anxiety, etc., and usually within minutes the addict gives up the effort and reaches for the light. It is interesting to note that at this point in the addiction cycle, artificial light, which so consistently supports the addict during periods of natur-

# THE REVELATION OF NIGHT

When the earth turns toward the bosom of its celestial and terrestrial horizons a sign is cast: the shadow.

The shadow follows the movement of the rotation of the earth and, at the same time, the movement of the counter-rotation of the sun, thus constituting a *dialectical totality*.

The shadow decelerates and accelerates, stops and starts, reverses itself and turns. Thus a total analogy is presented between the movement of the dawn and the linked movement of the celestial and terrestrial horizons, and consequently between the bodies of the dawn and the linked fields of celestial and terrestrial perspective.

The shadow is thus witness of the two movements of the earth around itself and *in its relation to the rest of the Universe*.

Consequently the shadow is witness to the universal sense of *RELATIVITY*. It is governed by a principle which we shall call the *Revelation of Night*.

The question is now posed: "The shadow which moves, does it move?"

The shadow moves and does not move, since the shadow is the body of the night, and the night cannot move. Thus *the shadow which moves and does not move* puts the night everywhere, even in broad daylight.

Light does not displace the night, but rather travels in its bosom.

All the lights of the Universe, all the stars travel in the bosom of the immobile night. All movement is *relative*, and the night in its living immobility is, for this very reason, the *UNIQUE MAGIC MEDIUM*, sum of all phenomena, and *PHENOMENON ITSELF*.

Night presents itself everywhere and in all directions, simultaneously and immediately. Night is thus the *Rest* of all horizons, the sum of all metaphysical angles and, consequently, the *FIELD OF NUMBER* in the order of the infinite dialectic as well as, for this very reason, the *WHOLE LAW IN THE ORDER OF PHENOMENA*.

The Curvature of the Universe, revealed by the Night, finds its Unique Medium: the Night is the *Medium of the Cycle* and of all universal cycles, or of life in time.

The night in the microscope and the night in the telescope join together: the infinitely small and the infinitely large meet in the same medium, which explains how the entire Universe is present in a drop of water or a grain of sand, thereby making of the Night the *Medium of Correspondences*, the *Medium of Creation* and of all alchemies.

But the night — within everything and outside everything, simultaneously and immediately — puts the moon on earth and the earth in the moon, although these two aspects are held to be distinct. The Night is thus the medium permitting everything to be in everything else even though each thing is taken to be distinct. Thus to the *Medium of Correspondences* responds the *Harmonizing Medium of Worlds*, creating the *Medium of the Harmony of the Universe*.

We are now able to name the night in relation to the image and to light.

The infinitely small and the infinitely large present themselves in reverse order as in two ends of an infinite lorgnette which mutually eclipse one another. The Night presents itself as the *Field of Continuous Eclipse*.

This explains the state of things noted by the ancients, according to whom our Universe in which life appears and disappears, and is constructed and destroyed, is named the CONTINGENT WORLD within the cycle, and making of our Universe the WORLD OF APPARITIONS.

From this point of view life and death are not opposed to one another, but are two aspects of a trinitarian life — like the life of breath and the death of breath within the life of the trinitarian breath.

This perspective also explains the PARALLEL UNIVERSES, where infinite worlds exist within other worlds, encountering and eclipsing each other on the planes of light and of matter, and communicating between them by means of the Great Unconscious of the Universe.

Thus the world of the dead is not separated from the world of the living; rather, these two worlds encounter one another in the fields of life. Obscured from each other by matter, they yet communicate through the unconscious of the inhabitants of the two sides. Thus the shadow of the rose swaying in the world of the dead and the shadow of the rose swaying in the earthly gardens are joined in the body of the night immanent in the two worlds.

With the Unique Medium revealed as the field of the Magic Law, all the "mysteries" of science fall by the wayside.

From that point thought and life, the interior world and the exterior world, come together again; the BRIDGE OF CONSCIOUSNESS between man and the universe is re-established, whereas with the SENSE OF VOID this bridge is broken, leaving a chasm between man and the Universe.

Thus the REVELATION OF NIGHT is the essential point of departure for the reconciliation of man and the universe.

A last word on this theme. From the fact that the horizons of the unconscious and the horizons of life are joined in the same medium, the division between the Occult and the Physical (which has produced the *occult sciences* and the *physical sciences*) ceases — all becomes MAGIC, thus leading to a grand reconciliation between the INVISIBLE AND THE VISIBLE, henceforth united in the same LAW.

Malcolm de CHAZAL

Translated by Dale Tomich



J.-J. D.: drawing

al darkness (night), is sufficient only for carrying on what I have referred to above as "nightly affairs," i.e. those which correspond to the non-addicts' daily affairs. Artificial light is insufficient for sleep, as is the moon; the pale, weak light cast by the latter is of absolutely no use to the light addict (but see Sadger's *Sleep Walking and Moon Walking*). Occasionally, the light addict will try to stay in bed in complete darkness (and misery) only to find that sleep does not come until dawn when an absolutely essential amount of sunlight is thrown across the bed. When precisely the required amount of sunlight becomes available, the addict falls into a hypnagogic reverie followed immediately by sleep.

The light addict is a night insomniac, but his behavior clarifies a phenomenon which, heretofore enigmatic, also affects the non-addict. Our investigation of the light addict enables us to realize what it is that makes the *gloomy day* so melancholy and so full of despair. Simply, we are disappointed when what we expected to be day (light) turns out to be nothing but a slightly moderated form of night (darkness). We are affected similarly by the casting of unexpected shadows (caused by clouds and large buildings) across our otherwise lighted paths. The seismographic sensitivity of the light addict to both shadow and gloom illuminates, so to speak, the consistent but ill-defined response of the non-addict to these same circumstances.

More can be expected from even such a minute and tentative investigation. Our familiarity with the connections between night and sleep and dreams suggests that sleeplessness and nightmares, when seen from the insomniac point of view, cast an entirely negative shadow over sleep and dreams, as well as over night and darkness. Yet perceived in terms of a *primary addiction to light*, we find that both sleeping and dreaming are restored to their true grandeur, the only condition having to be fulfilled being the condition of the addiction itself: light (I have found that only mad love and addicting drugs allow for sleep at night.) An addiction to light is a true addiction, the only

element missing being the concept of tolerance, i.e. the light addict does not need ever increasing quantities of light in order to sleep and to dream, in order to restore to himself not only his metabolic but his true poetic function.

Paul GARON

(Note: An excerpt from the above article appeared as a "Letter to the Editor" in the *Chicago Sun-Times* on 25 March 1974, in response to an insipid behaviorist feature on insomnia in an earlier issue.)

## "THE UNCERTAINTY OF SYRUP"

— Jacques Vaché

As was to be expected, Michae Benedikt's anthology, *The Poetry of Surrealism* (Little, Brown, 1975) is a worthless compendium of poorly translated texts sandwiched between Benedikt's misinformed and sometimes intolerably stupid critical pontifications. Although it will probably enjoy a commercial success, especially on the college campuses where ignorance of surrealism is cultivated with particular fervor, the book is about as useful as J. Edgar Hoover's ravings on communism.

The back cover modestly presents Benedikt as a "distinguished poet and critic." What distinguishes everything he does is mediocrity, cowardice and dishonesty. These characteristics are fully evident in this anthology, which is nothing less than a dehydrated concentrate of the latest bourgeois ideological poison.

We shall be as brief as we can in analyzing some ingredients of this unsavory concoction.

1) Following the pitiable Anna Balakian, Benedikt adds his two cents to the currently fashionable campaign against Freud. He approves Balakian's silly delusion that Breton was somehow "influenced" by the academic psychologist Pierre Janet, whom Breton, however, regarded with disdain. To strengthen his inane argument, Benedikt tells us that Freud was "not translated into French until 1930." Inasmuch as Breton, who did not read German, insists on his great debt to Freud in the 1924 *Manifesto*, it would seem that either Breton or Benedikt is lying. We shall let the reader draw his own conclusion in this regard, noting only that Freud's *General Introduction to Psychoanalysis*, *Psychopathology of Everyday Life*, *Origins and Development of Psychoanalysis*, *Totem and Taboo*, and *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* were all avail-

"He thought he saw a Rattlesnake  
That questioned him in Greek:  
He looked again and found it was  
The Middle of Next Week.  
'The one thing I regret,' he said,  
'Is that it cannot speak!'"

— Lewis Carroll



## POEM

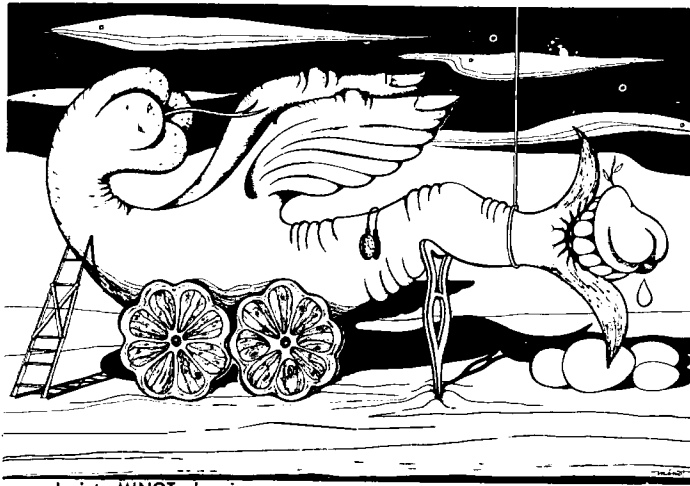
*My eye is catching a line on your lips. It is here where the air clings to stocking feet even though a whisper of tobacco is stuffed between the two vowels you interchangeably use when rinsing out your eye with the vacant finger you so willingly place in your cheek.*

*The most scant of wombs are hovering to enclose your hips inside the musical harmony of a cyclops.*

*And your hair is so absurdly satisfied as it vanishes into the pituitary starlight of the breath, your breath, like a button of a falling coat.*

*Indeed it is a pleasure to have called your name above the surging waters of an intolerable famine.*

Janet PARKER



Jacinto MINOT: drawing

## BILE NATURE

*Available as a turquoise icepick  
changing the head of a butterfly into a Bookwus\*  
(enchantment*

*differing in every talismanic aspect from the otherwise  
inter-alluvial totemic usages) as the lure of a sky-  
speck garners hidden vortical ellipses by which  
photons fan out contrary to the normal retinal gobbling*

*imprisoned with cold fever  
to emerge  
parallel to arrowheads seductively prancing from violet  
shadows  
the rainbow leaps onto the Gorge of daydreaming be it  
ever the sandy castles fleeting as mental blowtorches  
into the crashing water  
quicker than a chipmunk's chess game reverses the  
coyote's invisible dart*

*the jungle lianas are sated with stalagmites*

*Further on  
the medicines march to meet before me this woman  
within a tree  
this creek of automatic music sputtering bluejays  
and a thousand rivers caught by the bilectic heart I love*

*yours  
to crystallize dialectically a lattice to tooth-marks from  
the Gnome-King's terraplanes  
arriving with the velocity of squirrel tails  
as a machine gun—I can't say what it might portend—  
starts carving subterranean tunnels into our radiant  
osteo-paths*

*stalactites leering to an alabaster woman  
the cave I kiss*

*and your look  
that seizes a branch of sidereal poison from the hind-  
parts of night-balloons*

Philip LAMANTIA

(Union Creek, Oregon, 1974)

\*Legendary Kwakiutl Indian forest spirit and "wild man of the woods," superbly demonic.

able in French by 1924.

2) Why was Benedikt unable to resist informing us that "the October 1924 issue (Number 5) of the surrealist periodical, *La Révolution Surréaliste*, presented the Breton/Freud correspondence"? One wonders, because the first issue did not appear until December 1924. Moreover, it contained no Breton/Freud letters; nor did Number 5 or any other issue. The correspondence to which Benedikt refers appeared in *Le Surréalisme au service de la révolution* in 1933.

3) Unable to get even the simplest things right, Benedikt has Breton visiting Freud in 1924. The correct date is 1921.

4) According to Benedikt, "Breton mentions only two English-speaking authors in his list of forebears" in the *Manifesto*: Young and Swift. Our "distinguished" nitwit was doubtless too engrossed by his "critique" of Breton to have noticed, in the same list, the names Shakespeare and Poe.

5) The preceding remarks are confined to Benedikt's Introduction. His prefatory notes to each of the anthologized poets are just as bad. He tells us, for example, that in 1926 Benjamin Péret "joined the Communist Party... became active in party organizing in Brazil in 1931, and fought during the Spanish Civil War." This implies that it was as a C.P. member, a Stalinist, that Péret fought in Spain. Needless to point out that Benedikt is as much a philistine in matters of revolution as he is in poetry. The truth is that Péret was an early adherent of the International Left Opposition, which was organized precisely to combat the degeneration of the communist movement under the bureaucratic and class-collaborationist misleadership of Stalin and his faction. In Spain Péret fought under the banner of the Fourth International. However inconsequential this "detail" might seem to Benedikt, it means that Péret (and all surrealists) fought for proletarian revolution, whereas the C.P. fought only to prop up the miserable remnants of bourgeois "democracy," and thus played right into the hands of Franco. Often the Stalinists stood openly on the other side of the barricades, murdering Trotskyist and anarchist militants who were also, of course, the principal targets of the fascists.

Anyone who accuses us of "nit-picking" in correcting this slander of Benedikt's proves only that he is a swine.

6) There remains what Benedikt passes off as a "representative collection" of surrealist poetry. The book includes only fourteen poets, all French-speaking. Two of these, Apollinaire and Reverdy, were of course not surrealists but forerunners, translations of whose works are abundantly available elsewhere. René Daumal also does not truly

belong here, as he would have been the first to agree.

In keeping with Benedikt's reactionary perspective, the book includes only poets already active in the 1920s, with one exception. The exception is Aimé Césaire, the only black in the anthology, whose presence here is a perfect illustration of "token integration." One can glean something more of Benedikt's character from the fact that in 375 (plus xxxix) pages he found no room to include even one poem by a woman. Thus Benedikt contributes his mite to reinforce the special oppression of youth, blacks and women.

7) Typical of all that is retrograde and rotten in current U.S. poetry, Benedikt is as servile to "law and order" in his translations as in his criticism and verse. The texts he tries to impose on us are with few exceptions as botched as everything else he gets his hands on. The seemingly simplest line, such as Péret's "I call tobacco that which is ear" (as translated by J.H. Matthews in *Péret's Score*) is too much for Benedikt, who has to demonstrate his "originality" by substituting *term* for *call*. Such tampering, perhaps trivial in itself, is yet another manifestation of the petty jealousy and smugness that define his whole counter-revolutionary attitude.

Such is the lamentable stuff of which "distinguished" *poetic* reputations and useless anthologies are made. If only Jacques Vaché were with us tonight!

F.R.

## DEVALUATION OF THE POUND

Shortly before his death Ezra Pound, perhaps the most pernicious literary mediocrity of this century, expressed his essential agreement with the surrealists' evaluation of his work. In an interview with Allen Ginsberg published in *City Lights Anthology*, Pound defined his work as "stupidity and ignorance all the way through," "doubletalk," "pre-occupation with irrelevant and stupid things."

"My worst mistake," he added, "was the stupid suburban prejudice of antisemitism, all along, that spoiled everything."

"I found out after seventy years I was not a lunatic but a moron."

Ginsberg, another moron, protested idolatrously, pointing out Pound's "enormous influence" as "a model for a whole generation of poets."

We have said it all along, but from a standpoint very different from Ginsberg's: A whole generation of poets in English have derived their work from stupidity, ignorance, doubletalk and stupid suburban prejudices.

# CONFESSIONS of a SWORD-SWALLOWER

They were playing chess in a balloon filled with mercury, those who a century ago measured the depth of their eyes with the skeleton of an ancient juggler. They amused themselves, without the consistency of laughing ravens, by setting violins on fire, throwing them into a room of mirrors abandoned by a traveling carnival.

Not able to close the door, she devoured the paintbrush and turned the pictures to the wall. Her face had long since acquired the qualities of a canary whose wings were devoted to a peculiar shade of blue, very much like that seen playing hide-and-go-seek on the sidewalks in early morning. It was shaped like a table which supported an empty frame, the light being that of an owl.

She moved quite deliberately and with each movement the walls would open to reveal racks of bowties and briar pipes set upon the carefully tilted flesh of her father.

I had for this creature a coleopterous desire similar to that of a man asleep on a telephone. My love was so intense that I would manufacture, from the heads of butterflies, small figures intended to resemble her as she would appear in an old photograph. I would spend the entire night rearranging the constellations above my bed, transforming them into birds that were paralyzed by the glass of their feathers: always blue, always sleeping.

But when the secret eclipse of an African forest occurred, she had become a large brass mechanism which caused the sun, so long confined to a cracked Leyden jar, to dissolve like a child rendered blind by a calliope.

\* \* \*

The lilacs are singing in an empty bottle while the razor swims in its own blood. The musicians have placed a glass tube inside an opening in the night and are now preparing the discordant stars for their performance. It has been many years since I laughed in this dust; mahogany fingers no longer caress its prismatic transparency—footprints shaped like a galleon's path across the sky no longer appear and disappear like fragmentary giraffes.

As I said to the rapidly fading saxophone, there is nothing I would rather do than replace this unnamed portrait with an hourglass constructed of human hair and the eyes of a walrus. But it is not possible because the smoke gets tangled up with the furniture and the only sound heard here is that of the sky trying to hide behind the lamp. The portrait, you say? It contains a shard of light brought back from the thirteenth century wherein, during the morning of the Crab Nebula, one can see the figure of Nicolas Flamel as he proceeds to realign the universe with a broken alembic. Next to this piece of light is a small cog from a machine, the function of



which has long been forgotten, but which revolves with insidious joy creating small threads the color of a blind man's dreams that slip onto the floor.

Each night as I sleep, an apparition enters the room and kisses my left eye, but for a moment one can see a leopard behind the wall, trying to escape.

Robert DAY



Wilhelm FREDDIE: Good-By, Sir; Don't Forget Your Hat (1960)

## AMONG DISPLACED ONES

*The train of ghosts goes jingling  
through the festoons of night  
the displaced ones demonstrate  
their enameled nails and  
false visiting cards  
the nun spits out  
her false teeth  
into my face  
and the prayer-carpet fades  
as the conductor announces  
that crocodiles are living  
in the sewers of New York*

Ulf GUDMUNDSEN

☆☆☆☆☆☆

## SURREALISM IN DENMARK

Surrealism has been long active, and at times has flourished, in Scandinavia. In the worldwide resurgence of the disquieting muse, Denmark is a particularly important locus. Yet the Danish surrealists are almost unknown in the English-speaking world. Here as elsewhere the historians and critics of literature and art, as our friend Steen Colding has put it, "have followed Lord Nelson's classic example and preferred to put the telescope to their blind eye."

The 1936 Cubist-Surrealist Exhibition in Copenhagen was largely surrealist; the catalogue preface, in fact, was by André Breton. Among the Danish painters exhibiting there were Rita Kern-Larsen, Harry Carlsson, Elsa Thoresen, Wilhelm Freddie and Vilhelm Bjerke-Petersen. This last was for years a leading organizer of surrealist activity in Denmark and author of several studies devoted to the movement. Eventually, however, according to Colding, "Bjerke-Petersen deserted surrealism and found refuge in a sort of non-figurative escapism, whose pretty color effects and enticing forms were incapable of participating in the struggle to reveal human possibilities and direct them toward an existence free from physical and spiritual fetters, the fight against sham heroics and religious fervor, and the annihilation of moss-grown traditions: a battle which Wilhelm Freddie has carried on in the sure conviction that a new myth is one of the necessary conditions for transforming life."

It would be impossible to exaggerate the decisive and enduring role of Wilhelm Freddie in the propagation of surrealist subversion throughout Scandinavia. In the mid-1930s he was a principal contributor to the Copenhagen review *Linien* and its successor, *Konkretion*, which the French writer Rene Renne described as "the Nordic equivalent of *Le Surrealisme au service de la revolution*." The uncompromising humor and eroticism of Freddie's works, and the revolutionary scandalous manifestations he organized to exhibit them, soon brought him wide notoriety and made him a leading figure in the surrealist international.

Of the great painters of this century, probably none has been

harassed by the police more than Freddie. In 1935 he was denounced by an ecclesiastical deputy in the Swedish parliament at Oslo. In 1936 British customs authorities threatened to invoke a law providing for incineration of "improper" items. In 1937 his Sex-Surreal Exhibition in Copenhagen, which featured "sado-masochistic interiors" and "sensual objects," brought indignant outcries from the press, and an attempt was made to strangle him to death. The exhibition was closed by the police, who confiscated all the exhibited works, several of which remained on display for years in the criminological museum at police headquarters. He was sentenced to ten days' hard labor for pornography.

Freddie was to have several more such confrontations with the agents of bourgeois law and order. He was subject to particular vilification in the press of the Danish Nazis, who threatened to hurl him "off a cliff-top into the sea... once our New Europe has become a reality." This touching tribute from the fascist press was doubtless provoked at least in part by his magnificent insult to Hitler, a large painting titled *Meditation on Anti-Nazi Love*. Its exhibition in Copenhagen in 1940, a few weeks before the Nazi occupation, was attended by large crowds who constituted, in effect, a significant anti-fascist demonstration.

Forced by the German invasion to flee Denmark, Freddie emigrated to Sweden where he organized many surrealist manifestations.

"From the very beginning, he has hovered near the boundaries of what is possible," Steen Colding has written. "Wilhelm Freddie, a cynical romantic: unfulfilled dreams that come true, and are then abandoned! Harmonic irritations, chaotic idyls, gentle brutality, hideous beauty, a misanthrope who loves mankind! The heroic colors of Cezanne, who for the great majority of present-day painters is the alpha and omega, are to him only dried bones, *rotting* bones at that. To him color is a magic stimulant by which he penetrates far beyond the iron curtain behind which our true selves are hidden."

In his more recent work Freddie has invaded the domain of "lyrical abstraction," but his pervasive eroticism and poetic violence demonstrate his undiminished fidelity to surrealist aspirations. Today, in his mid-60s, Freddie remains (in the words of Edouard Jaguer) "surrealist exigency personified, a



*We might have given birth to a butterfly  
With the daily news  
Printed in blood on its wings*

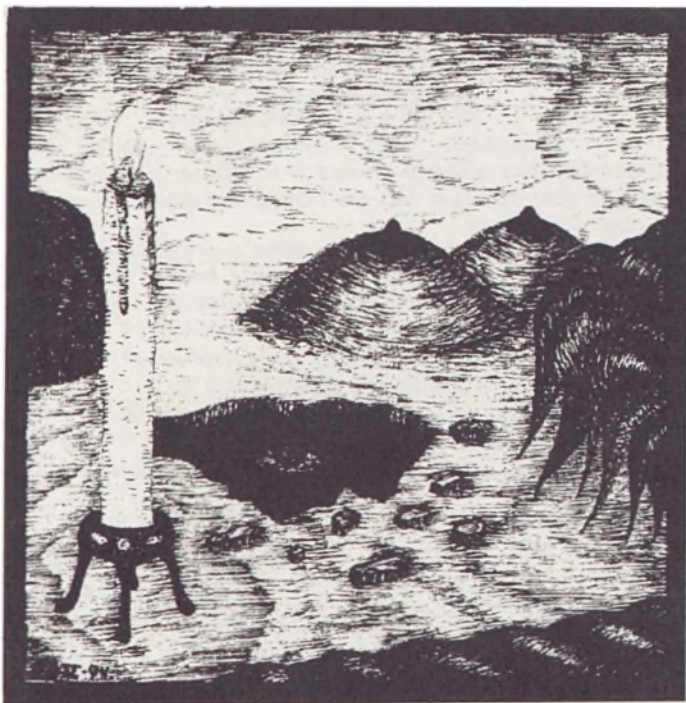
Mina Loy



Erik MORTENSEN: *The Gardener*



Georg BROE: *The Three Graces* (1967)



Neils Sejer HANSEN: *Automatic Inner Scenery*

marvelous man, one of the greatest painters of our time.\*

Much credit for the diffusion of surrealist thought in Scandinavia, and for the continuity of surrealist activity there, is owed to Steen Colding, whose first article defending the movement is dated 1935. His anthology, *Tvivlens Plageaand* (*Tormentor of Doubt*), prepared in collaboration with Claude Serbanne, is an extensive compilation of surrealist poems and texts from many countries; published originally in 1946 (at which time it aroused great controversy in the Danish press), it was reprinted in 1972. Colding has written abundantly on surrealism and has contributed prefaces to exhibitions by many surrealist painters from Denmark and elsewhere. A small collection of his own poems and texts, *The Laughter That Never Was Laughed*, was published by Python Editions in 1971.

Although there does not exist in Denmark today a surrealist group in the strict sense, a number of painters and poets associated with Colding exhibit collectively under the name of *Surrealisterne* (the surrealists), having thus maintained a cohesion for several years.

Among the younger Danish surrealist poets is Ulf Gudmundsen, from whom we have received many informative and fraternal communications. He emphasizes the importance of jazz and blues in his poetry and his life (he has interviewed such figures as Pops Foster and Sonny Boy Williamson). His most recent poetic collection, *Fuglemanden Gora* (*Strubes, Copenhagen 1973*), prefaced by Colding, includes drawings by Alfred Floki, a young graphic artist from Iceland.

Among the Danish painters and graphic artists who have exhibited under the banner of the *Surrealisterne* are Willy Anderson, Thomas Amel, Georg Broe, Borge Christiansen, Gert Garmund, Marianne Harboe, Klaus Hilligsoe, Erik Mortensen, Bent Kaas, Finn Mickelborg, Bente Nystrom, Hakon Nystrom, Ullrich Rossing, Carsten Svensson and Verner Hubert Thobiasen.

The *Surrealisterne* have attacked those responsible for what Carsten Svensson calls the "bald cultivation of non-involved art," those who submit to "the demands of indifferent aesthetics." In the catalog of their 1968 exhibition Finn Hermann (whose anthology, *Aktuel Surrealism*, appeared in 1966), observed that "the aim of the surrealists is not a narrowly understood artistic aim," proceeding to emphasize the revolutionary



# ELEGY FOR JACQUES VACHÉ

## SUICIDE

*at 14 o'clock  
in the elephants' burial ground  
found  
one two skulls transfixed on a needle of opium  
clues  
the tentacles of an octopus  
on the wall a picture of the sun with its back turned away*

*fourteen o'clock  
ports all closed to the language of europe  
the colossus of paris  
drives his marble stake into the opium earth*

*fourteen o'clock  
drown  
the remains that remain  
explore  
do not attempt to leave the planet  
with your wing in that condition*

*loss of pain  
life bloods away  
the river is a safe place  
in which to plant your seed  
whore  
earth mother  
drink this on me  
my eyes and my tongue  
my smoking brain*

*in the whales' burial ground  
garden of anemonaes lost graveyard  
mount the streetcar  
mind  
thus fixed  
clutch your package  
concentrate on the sea  
its crabs of endeavor  
and its monsters souvenirs of the centuries  
slime-gilded keels  
of rosetea ships  
on their way  
home from the stars*

*fourteen o'clock  
special wine tonight  
get drunk  
to trace the arteries of the present  
and all things become strange  
reasoning*

*let's see*

*you gave your life to time  
and he hurled you back  
but farther back  
to the edge of an abyss a cavern a void*

*or into it*

*time gave you life  
you dedicated it to*



Jocelyn KOSLOFSKY: drawing

## BIG JOE WILLIAMS

In *Blues and the Poetic Spirit* (Eddison Press, 1976) I have discussed some psychic and social processes that determine the position of blues and the blues singers in the world today. These same processes contribute in large measure to the life - refusing, death - embracing stance typical not only of much of the white audience of blues, but of most contemporary trends in American culture.

Of many deleterious effects of this situation, one is especially despicable. In blues as in other domains of human creativity, too many artists are taken for granted or completely ignored until they are dead, recognized only when it is time to write their obituaries. As if to rationalize this detestable evasion, there seems to exist an unspoken agreement among critics and musicologists that there are no "occasions" for significant discussions of such artists while they are alive. Oblivious to the unconscious determinants and class pressures implicit in such hypocrisy, these critics pretend that their attitude conforms to "human nature."

Thus, while a Bobby Bland performance can draw a large black audience, and while a Blind Blake record can draw dozens of young white guitar players bent on nothing but sheer imitation (fawning over each note in that peculiar manner reserved toward the dead), a majestic blues artist such as Big Joe Williams is virtually ignored. Yet he is a better bluesman than either Blake or Bland, with an incredible command over his instrument, playing and singing now much as he did fifteen years ago.

The grandeur of Big Joe Williams requires more than laying aside a

few sheets of paper for an eventual posthumous tribute. In the light of the magnificence of *.44 Blues, Tailor Made Babe, King Biscuit Stomp, Baby Please Don't Go, 49 Highway Blues*, and so many others, the specter of mere post-mortem praise assumes its true character as a slap in the face of the living artist. Familiarity with Big Joe Williams and his music should lead only to an uncontrollable desire to shred to pieces the fabric of a society in which such poetic dignity and pride can be confronted only after the artist has been "tempered" by death.

The surrealists refuse to settle for this. The drip from the faucet does not waken us—trains and highways drip like blood and milk. We refuse to participate in the marginal wake of death-chants. We refuse to follow the rules of the deceitful masquerade. Big Joe Williams' refusal is in every song.

P.G.

★ ★ ★

## BRIEF NOTICES OF RECENT BOOKS

*The Custom House of Desire* (University of California Press), edited with an introduction by J.H. Matthews, is a 318-page collection of 47 surrealist tales by Fernando Arrabal, Leonora Carrington, Georges Henein, Marianne van Hirtum, Alain Joubert, Marcel Lecomte, Joyce Mansour, Paul Nougé, Benjamin Péret, Gisèle Prassinos, Georges Sebbag and many others.

\* \* \*

Ross Russell's *Bird Lives! The High Life and Hard Times of Charlie (Yardbird) Parker* (Charterhouse), the first attempt at a full-length biography of the wizard of bop, is unfortunately little more than a succession of anecdotes held together by an essentially journalistic sentimentality. As a compendium of data it is useful; as an interpretive study of one of the greatest figures of this or any age, it is barely worth mentioning.

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*The Challenge of the Left Opposition, 1923-25* (Pathfinder) includes all of Trotsky's major writings and speeches during the first two years of the Left Opposition's struggle against the bureaucratic degeneration of the Russian CP. In addition to classic texts such as *The New Course, Lessons of October* and *Problems of Civil War*, this volume contains the first publication in any language of *Our Differences*, an important point-by-point rejoinder to the Opposition's critics.

*a fragment of dust  
a powdered wig  
something rather preposterous  
a black groove in which to crouch  
until the nightmare of the hours was finally done  
but all the clocks striking the same hours  
all the empty shelves waiting for a visitor  
from the village  
or an angel with a prescription  
to kill the pain or the present  
to kill*

13

14

15 o'clock

*throw your bed out the window  
check in  
at the gates of despair  
here is your lifetime ticket  
behind the blind curtain of identity  
here is your free gift  
a wax knife  
made from the ooze of graves*

Joseph JABLONSKI  
1957



## THE MURDER OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

*Vengeful morning of the celebrated hats  
The blood of lambs licked into mouths  
of flying cats  
Where the feast of four hundred  
revelations intersects the vortex of love  
Where the squid carves the poetry of sharks  
in burning runes upon the skulls of saints  
(I call contemptible all that does not rave)  
Her hand through the water of fatal shocks  
dusts the cloak of the lunatic  
lifting the flames higher higher into the  
vertigo of rushing winds  
Vengeful somnambulists murdering the day  
Her razor a clam a horn from which  
the poetic evidence of violent breasts  
ranting vaginas slit the throat  
of that Virgin-whore  
Mother of god —  
Mother of frothing worms and grubs —  
In the cities of stone images  
the young virgins of twenty centuries  
perform the chaotic dance  
become naked and feast  
drink thy blood  
in the temple of divine revolvers*

Tom BURGHARDT



T. R. JOHNSON: drawing

## A NOTE ON CONSTANTIN BRUNNER

In one of his last essays, "René Magritte's Breadth of Vision" (1964), included in the expanded edition of *Surrealism and Painting*, André Breton invoked a philosopher then little known in France, and still little known in the English-speaking world. "For centuries now," he wrote, "mankind has contented itself with distinguishing two modes of cognition (or faculties of thought), namely cognition of relative reality through sensory perception, and cognition of absolute reality by means of abstract thought serving the purposes of philosophy, art and love. We are indebted to the philosopher Constantin Brunner for having at last, in our time, established the inadequacy of this approach which takes little account of a third faculty, of fundamental importance and necessity, that he christens Analogon. Brunner shows that this analogon of fictionalism, which he defines as 'superstitious thought' in the sense that it takes as object 'relativity converted into the absolute, in other words the fictitious absolute' (governing religion, metaphysics and ethics), may compound, as the third faculty of thought, with either of the two others but never with both at the same time. Brunner's elevation of this third element to a dominant status in the general mental structure of human beings coincides remarkably with contemporary predispositions and demands."

In a footnote to this passage Breton referred to *The Philosophy of Spinoza* and Brunner by Walter Bernard (New York, Spinoza Institute of America, 1934), and an issue of the French journal *Cahiers du sud* (no. 375, January 1964), which included studies by Ferdinand Alquié and others, as well as translations from Brunner's writings. Dr. Bernard's book remains the best introduction to Brunner's work, conceived (as Brunner conceived it) as a renewal and elaboration of the philosophy of Spinoza. Dr. Bernard also has edited an extensive volume of Brunner's own writings, *Science, Spirit, Superstition* (University of Toronto Press, 1968). An International Constantin Brunner Society has been formed (with offices in The Hague and with Dr. Bernard as its president) to propagate Brunner's thought.

Brunner's perspective and procedure diverge sharply from every dominant current of thought of the last century. In rejoining Spinoza, Brunner and his co-thinkers have offered a challenging and illuminating alternative to the Western philosophical mainstream that has generally relegated Spinoza to a peripheral position, or, as in the case of the philosophical agents of Stalinism, has forced Spinoza into a ridiculous prefabricated mold.

Without having to subscribe to the Brunnerian system, we can recognize much in his effort that approaches the audacity of modern poetic thought. Brunner's specifically political views seem to us confused, naive and contradictory; but the same could be said of the political views of Hegel, Fourier, Darwin, Morgan and Chernyshevsky — which did not prevent Marx and Engels from admiring and freely utilizing their works. One can hardly be unmoved, in any case, by the German revolutionist Gustav Landauer's view of Brunner as one of "clear and sober mind, a man of bright thoughts to whom fire is not merely dim and oppressive heat... He brings the Truth of which in our age only a few have sung or stammered, and brings it up in profound and yet lofty and high-soaring speech."

A footnote by Brunner in *Science, Spirit, Superstition* argues that "Feuerbach, with wonderful energy and clarity, has made the crucial and indispensable statements on the essence of religion, on the origin of God out of man and on theology as anthropology. He continued and perfected Hegel's ideas." Is this not virtually identical to the view of Marx and Engels? Brunner, however, arrived at this conclusion following an entirely different road.

Similarly, though the essentials of his system were worked out before he knew of Freud, the parallels of Brunner's psychology and psychoanalysis are many and profound. This subject is explored at length by Dr. Bernard in his article "Freud and Spinoza" in the journal *Psychiatry* (May 1946) and by Lothar Bickel, another of Brunner's co-thinkers, in the chapter on "Freud and Brunner" in his book, *The Unity of Body and Mind* (Philosophical Library, 1959).

Brunner's theory of the analogon is his most significant contribution to surrealist thought, but his entire work deserves serious attention. Enhanced by an extreme lyricism and deep humor (as in his tireless denunciations of religion and its priests), and suffused with colorful and flashing images, his writing is a vivid contrast to the gray and windowless prisons of prose of Heidegger, Sartre, Wittgenstein, et al. This is because Brunner was not a peddler of bourgeois despair or a writer of obituaries for human freedom, but rather, heeding the example of Spinoza, a harbinger of new possibilities for a free and exalted human life.

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We are indebted to Dr. Walter Bernard for sending us the accompanying philosophical

letter by Brunner, the subject of which is of vital concern to surrealists, for Jonathan Swift is unquestionably among the most important precursors of surrealism in the English language. It is striking how closely Brunner, refusing to limit Swift to mere satire or even to literature, confirms the surrealist point of view. Cited in the Surrealist Manifesto as "surreal-

ist in malice," Swift was later hailed by Breton as the "veritable initiator" of black humor and, as such, a major annunciator of the permanent moral revolution.

Originally published in *Kunst, Philosophie, Mystik* (Zurich, Humanitas Verlag, 1940), this letter appears here in English translation for the first time.

# JONATHAN SWIFT

My dear E.

I was very happy to hear about your philosophic study circle and I have the impression that you have given it the proper direction. But how to go on with Plato? This question of yours—well, one can never get enough of Plato, no matter how much of him one believes to have and to hold. And so you will not misunderstand me if I say: Considering all the dialogues enumerated by you which you have so thoroughly studied, I believe it is enough for the present, since, at any rate, this will not be a separation from the divine Plato. And your question about how to go on from there is after all basically not limited to Plato. As for thought, as for the proper nourishment for thought, Plato is for us a delicious, juicy, strength-giving roast. But we need a mixed diet. May I make a suggestion? I come with a dish that is usually not considered as belonging on a philosophical table. I am convinced, at any rate, that until this day it has been quite unjustly deprived of an important place in the history of philosophy.

What I am speaking of is nothing less than Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, which is called a satire. No doubt Swift is a satirist, but he is more than that and in the crucial core of the matter, he is something else, just as the whale, generally considered a fish, is in reality a mammal. The concept of satire, established by Roman *saturae*, does not suffice for Swift. Swift is more than Lucian, Horace and Juvenal, Fischart, Grimmelshausen, Moscherosch, more than Ariosto, Voltaire and Rabelais. This not only because he surpasses them by far in philosophic-satirical power and inventive originality. As for inventive originality, we find Swift in the most eminent position even if we examine the whole circle of creative minds. The most original, the greatest geniuses in accomplishment—Homer, Phidias, Plato, Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Spinoza, —all have taken over extant materials and motives in their work. Swift has brought his into the world brand new and fully formed. But he is, as was said, more than a most brilliant satirist, because satire is to him more than satire. As a satirist he stands on the basis of the comical view of the world—all that is comical is withal satirical, since it ridicules. But Swift does not merely ridicule the ridiculous pretensions, the pitiful shams

and abuses, the moral corruptions and depravities and the dreadful actions of men, in order, as he expresses himself, to improve mankind—the only empty phrase from his lips, which he himself does not believe. Swift is an unhappy man in this world of men and he aims for self-improvement in which he does not quite succeed (as his biography shows, which I see differently than it is usually seen). He is unhappy and terribly lonesome in the society of men, in spite of his Stella and Vanessa and precisely because of them. He had been a splendid satirist—with so many things besides. But satire penetrated more and more deeply into his own life which, like the Gulliver who is so filled with red-blooded life, was no satire. This Gulliver is so creditably alive and true—one told of a sailor who swore he knew Captain Gulliver very well but that he didn't live in Wapping but in Rotherhithe. The sailor was mistaken; I really know the living Captain Gulliver: he is the epitome of the truth and reality of the life of the man Swift as he traveled through this human world. We have in him a strange and dependable traveling guide through this world of men. Many a time previously, when, in joy or sorrow, I felt a Wanderlust coming on I traveled with Swift's Gulliver. These are journeys; none is more significant. We'll bring home the most powerful, most incisive and eternally unforgettable impressions, and will have changed not only place and viewpoint but ourselves. Oh no! I take that back. We have not changed the place at all and we haven't seen anything new; it was a "running in place." This is no journeying away; this is journeying in us, into us—greatest and profoundest journey, to which most people never give a thought. My advice to you: journey with Gulliver and acquire for head and heart these most significant illustrations of the illustrator of philosophy, of the unique illustrator of thought and cognoscente of human nature. A cognoscente of human nature is one who, because he knows himself, can see to the very depth of man, right through the imaginary man, through the so-called reasonable and moral earth-dweller which every man imagines himself to be to the very depth of the so totally different person which in truth every man is. Swift's Gulliver is a mirror held up to man, rendering visible the actually existing man, and it is the eminent literary reaction



against our fiction of being the reasonable and moral earth-dwellers.

The first two journeys, inherently connected and unified (Gulliver with the Lilliputians as the monster Quinbus Flestrin, with the Brobdingnagians as the tiny Grildrig) illustrate the relativity of our views; the third trip to Laputa illustrates the negation of our theoretical basis, the fourth and last trip to the Houyhnhnms the negation of our ethical basis. I do not need to tell you any more; and if you will convince yourselves that this is the significance of Gulliver then it will also have become clear to you that Swift can by no means be disposed of with the mere designation of "satirist," and that little is accomplished by his commentators by their pointing to the political and scientific events and personalities of his age under William III and Anne. Even without the slightest knowledge of these temporal relations no reader will be missing even an iota for a full understanding of the eternally human truth in these satires and sarcasms. We have only to listen to Swift himself. On the island of the magicians he wished to see Homer and Aristotle at the head of all their commentators. "Homer was the taller and comelier person of the two, walked very erect for one of his age, and his eyes were the most quick and piercing I ever beheld. Aristotle stooped much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meager, his hair lank and lean, and his voice hollow." Gulliver soon noticed that both were "perfect strangers" to the company of commentators, and a ghost, whom he did not wish to name, whispered to him "that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt" because of their commentaries. When Gulliver gave Aristotle a report on Scotus and Ramus and presented them to him, he got quite angry and asked "whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves." You will have to, and will be able to, allow for this lonely one's great hatred of man. It is, in the last analysis, hatred against human hatred—how truly and profoundly explained is the hatred of the Yahoos as stemming from their ugliness which they never notice in themselves but only in the other. This is misanthropy on the noblest foundation, and serves as the means of exposition by artistic, pathological exaggeration as found with all great portrayers, with Shakespeare, with Michelangelo, with Rembrandt. His technical style, moreover—the sharpest scrutinizer and caviller would not be able to flush out a single superfluous word. But there are no images either, nothing indeed, simply nothing having resemblances to any poetic simile. The sincerity of this great narrator of travels accounts for this sincere style of description, and the narrator himself praises the faithfulness as well as the simplicity of his report. He couldn't manage "to say the thing that isn't," and don't we have indeed in any inapposite ornament such a thing—in other words, a lie? In his Lilliputian realm, he tells us, people run after and make fun of writers who cultivate an affected, stilted and bombastic style. He is right and I wish

we, too, would be induced to suspect an inner defect wherever there is verbosity—just as you can tell from the pants where the leg is broken. Swift's exposition is as clear as his thought is true, as his conceptions of the Lilliputians, Brobdingnagians, Laputians, Houyhnhnms and Yahoos are of a marvelous simplicity. With us it is perhaps Heine who writes in such a simple sincere style, which, to be sure, rises at times to the heights of poetry and poetic enthusiasm. Swift, on the other hand, endowed with but frugal poetical gifts—here, one can learn what, without poetic endowment, creative, autonomous imagination can accomplish in the service of thought, of systematic thought, and of the fundamental contemplation of man, to which poetry can contribute little, if anything. He knows man's egoism, the unrestrained egoism and its crown—truly, he knows that which I call the diabolic in man: his pride and arrogance. Although he has the ideal (the Platonic idea) before his eyes: these wise and noble Houyhnhnms—horses—but alas! they are inimitable. He does not get very far in his attempt to imitate them. Only some of his movements recall their gait and only a few neighing sounds their language, something like the way professors of philosophy, with the gravity of their behavior and their jargon, try to imitate the genuine philosophers. Of what use is it to him; he is and remains a Yahoo and he must reconcile himself to his fate, to bear the society of Yahoos. In the moving confession of his loneliness in this society, his last expression of shudder is not directed against the stupidities and vices, but against the arrogance of this society.

"I am not in the least provoked at the sight of a lawyer, a pickpocket, a colonel, a fool, a lord, a gamester, a politician, a physician, an evidence, a suborner, an attorney, a traitor, or the like; this is all according to the due course of things; but when I behold a lump of deformity and diseases, both in body and mind, smitten with pride, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience; neither shall I be ever able to comprehend how such an animal and such a vice could tally together. The wise and virtuous *Houyhnhnms*, who abound in all the excellences that can adorn a rational creature, have no name for this vice in their language—The Houyhnhnms, who live under the government of reasons, are no more proud of the good qualities they possess than I should be for not wanting a leg or an arm; which no man in his wits would boast of, although he must be miserable without them. I dwell the longer upon this subject from the desire I have to make the society of an English *Yahoo* by any means not insupportable; and therefore I here entreat those who have any tincture of this absurd vice, that they will not presume to come in my sight."

We want to travel with Gulliver, not to become sick but to become healthier, to undergo, as it were, an ethical transformation. This is a sort of suicide, but a glorious one.

Constantin BRUNNER

Translated by Dr. Walter Bernard

## THE DOUBLE-BLADED PELVIS

To be able to blend the contours of the womb with the decaying skull from the molten sphere of suns burning inward, and then to extract from this the purest linear bodies, is a wonderful thing. To reveal the secret thread that runs through the limbs of apes to the eyes of human feet or the lips of human hands, and to use this thread to command the forces of the wind, is also a wonderful thing. But to be able to reverse the direction of putrefying skin and take it beyond its original state, is something that Hans Bellmer alone could do.

Bellmer was the master of all these lines—the breaker of boundaries. He healed many scars with the whip from his pencil and extracted—and indeed, reshaped—the very juices of birth. He asked the question *What are you?* by answering *What has become of your bones?* Without Dali's crutch, Bellmer was the "Peppermint tower in the hands of greedy little girls," and it isn't always a head that is perched on the end of your neck! All the cardinal points have been gathered for our journey through the gates made of feet that speak to us with vulva heels. A bicycle is more than a vehicle passing through space when it is ridden by one of Bellmer's young ladies entangled in the spokes. This oil lamp, this antique bed and velvet chair, as viewed through the crystal in the navel, are but a frog's leg of infantile and adolescent wisdom.

The gate is erased but the entrance remains to the domain of the Doll.

Hans Bellmer created for us a being who liquefies



our very eyes into a sea of silent life and penetrating blindness that orbits the brilliant light of the erotic. This, Bellmer's greatest contribution, is the Doll. The existence of this strange and disquieting creature is an existence in the solitary, absolute void of the pun. The Doll is a pun; it is also an anagram. The pun, in the formal sense, is a "play on words"; that is, it has as its source two or more separate and distinct words which it joins to create a new and separate meaning of its own. The Doll is a play on anatomical units; that is, it has as its source separate and distinct parts of the anatomy that are gathered together to form a distinct and separate being of its own. Thus the Doll, like the pun, automatically negates the very source of its being—in the Doll's case, the human body. But whereas the pun ordinarily tickles its source humorously and from a distance, the Doll sensuously *exalts* its source.

I need not dig into the important role the pun has played in the life of Marcel Duchamp and his creation by selection of the *readymades*. (See "The Lighthouse of the Bride" in *Surrealism and Painting* by André Breton, and *Marcel Duchamp or the Castle of Purity* by Octavio Paz.) But I will point out another parallel between the Doll and Duchamp. When we view the Doll we are faced with a luminous anagram that can be traced in its development from the first disassembled anatomical elements to a final mobile embodiment of an isolated androgynous being dramatically linked to the anagrammatic personality launched by Duchamp: the notorious Rose Sélavy. Like the Doll, Rose Sélavy is an androgyne and an anagram; first a male (Duchamp himself), then disassembled and reformed into a female (Rose Sélavy). The Doll was first a disassembled female, then reshaped into the form of a pair of male legs and hips (wearing trousers) joined to a pair of female legs and hips (naked) at a common pivot which forms the stomach. This is significantly close to the mannequin "Rose Sélavy" decorated by Duchamp and displayed in the corridor of the International Surrealist Exhibition in Paris, 1939—a female mannequin, naked from the waist down, and dressed as a man from the waist up.

The phenomenon of absolute negation and simultaneous creation as found here in the persons of Rose Sélavy and the Doll, though by no means original in its conception, is in my opinion the greatest reconciliation of the sexes since the birth of the child of Hermes and Aphrodite. The Doll is blind and alone. It creates itself while eternally destroying itself like the infinite embrace of Luna and Sol in the womb of the universe that they alone have created for themselves—that is, the very body of their eternal self.

To my knowledge, the only collection of Bellmer's works on permanent display in the U.S. constellates the rear wall of the International Museum of Erotic Art in San Francisco, which perhaps should be called more aptly the International Museum of Genital Abundance. It is a shame that some of Bellmer's finest graphics are housed here—indeed, it is a shame that any surrealist work is found in any museum whatsoever—for such incarceration implies that the poetic content of these works has been extracted from their light and decapitated in the very foundations of the labyrinth which they seek to sunder and ultimately destroy.

Behind this museum is an alley where one can usually find at least one of the city's more indigent-

looking citizens scrounging in the garbage bins in search of some sort of food. Across the alley is a stone wall of the museum featuring a display of small stained-glass windows that depict scenes of various stages of the "sexual act," all enclosed by what seem to be the bars of a prison. These stained glasses behind these bars, hovering so lustroously over the activities in this alley, represent for me the sum total of the present situation in which the human condition finds itself momentarily detained. You will find Hans Bellmer elsewhere.

### POSTSCRIPT

*When one begins to feel a cold wind growing from within rather than above, something else begins to burn, something else gushes forth like a forest fire suddenly beneath the sea. It is from here that death announces its entrance. It is from here that we learned of the death of Hans Bellmer whose eyes we inherit as signs—signs which will only grow in meaning, only come to hold more secrets, greater testimony and wealth. Hans Bellmer died at the age of 72 in January 1975. His work is one of a few in evidence which will save itself from those artmongers who would benefit now by placing it in every bourgeois gallery; for unlike most artists of his generation, Bellmer showed an unwavering refusal to please. The sensibility of his line is saved from exploitation by the severity of its content. His work continues its attack; his radiance continues to blind. In the twilight, the Doll hovering over the sea spits fire on the world, salutes the passing of its maker. Enter the flame, dear comrade.*

Thom BURNS

## JEHAN MAYOUX (1904-1975)

The death of Jehan Mayoux on Bastille Day 1975 deprived surrealism of one of its most estimable combatants. Born in 1904, he participated in the activity of the French Surrealist Group from 1932 to 1967, when differences with those who assumed the direction of the group made it necessary for him to continue an independent course.

Surrealist poet and theorist, Mayoux was also a political revolutionist and trade union militant whose activity in the labor movement was especially important during the period of the Popular Front and the General Strike of 1936. In 1939 he was arrested for refusing to obey mobilization orders. Imprisoned throughout the German occupation, he was released only after the war.

It was in prison that he wrote most of the poems published in *Au crible de la nuit* (1948). His other poetic volumes include *Mais* (1937), *Ma tête à couper* (1939) and *A Perte de vue* (1958).

In addition to his appreciable if neglected poetry, he wrote many essays that are still uncollected. Among the most important are his devastating critique of Michel Carrouges' book, *Les Machines Celi-bataires* (in *Bizarre* 1 & 2, 1955), and his study of Benjamin Péret (*Le Surréalisme, même* 2 & 3, 1956-57).

In the spring of 1966, when Penelope and I frequently participated in the daily meetings of the French group at the cafe Promenade de Venus,

Mayoux was one of the "regulars." Arriving early at the first meeting we attended, we found that Mayoux alone had preceded us. I recognized him at once from his photograph in Aldo Pellegrini's *Antologia de la Poesia Surrealista*. At that time Penelope and I spoke little French (our participation in the meetings required the assistance of one or more bilingual friends), and Mayoux unfortunately spoke no English. Our initial conversation was therefore in the simplest sentences:

"Vous-etes Jehan Mayoux . . ."

"Oui, et vous?"

"Je m'appelle Franklin Rosemont."

"Ah oui, vous ecrivez à Breton!"

Later, after the first issue of *Arsenal* appeared, we invited Mayoux's collaboration. By that time the French group had disbanded and the situation there, as Mayoux wrote to us, was "rather mediocre." Thanking us for our invitation, he explained that he had decided not to collaborate on any reviews, but emphasized that this decision implied no particular enmity toward us. Among many indications of his thoughtful and comradely disposition, he generously put at our disposal an extensive compilation of mostly unpublished materials pertaining to the disintegration of the French group.

An essay on his poetry, with some translations, is included in J.H. Matthews' *Surrealist Poetry in France*. We look forward to the publication of his complete works, for the voice of Jehan Mayoux retains the purity of fiery crystal, dazzling as the gaze of wolves from afar:

*I resemble a wooden tree  
Like a child killing a skylark  
Or a hat eating an oil stove*

F.R.



Hans BELLMER: Portrait of Jehan Mayoux



Jocelyn Cecilia KOSLOFSKY: *The Marsupial Papa Imp of the Rodeo with his Baby Eskimo (Who Trips the Cows so that his Papa Will Win)*, 1975

## NOTES ON THE LEGACY OF CTHULHU

The principal originality and greatest merit of H.P. Lovecraft was his creation of an open-ended, continually evolving *experimental mythology* elaborated collectively with the active participation of many friends, some of whom he knew only through correspondence. Drawing inspiration and data from scientific and anthropological works, the literature of magic and alchemy, New England lore, eccentric researchers such as Margaret Murray and Charles Fort, and from his own and others' dreams, Lovecraft and his associates confronted, point-blank, the problem of the absence of a social myth in our time.

Doubtless unaware of all the implications of such a step, they nonetheless took for granted the irredeemably moribund state of all prevailing myths and developed their own mythic frame of reference from scratch, rescuing from past literature only a few tantalizing premonitions (notably from Poe, Bierce, Chambers and Machen). If this playful idea of utilizing for their own purposes incidents and personages from imaginative works of the past—not to mention freely exchanging characters, backgrounds and other data with one's fellow writers—is wholly foreign to the alienated individualism characteristic of the specialized craft of Literature, it is nonetheless comparable to the procedure of authentic poets as varied as the Eskimos and the Elizabethans. Originating in a sort of *game* played by several writers, the Cthulhu Mythos points *beyond literature* to that exalting future collective creation to be developed in accord with an extensive system of elective affinities and passional attraction. The universal proliferation of this poetry made by all prerequisites a society that has largely resolved the contradictions between individual and collective, city and countryside, conscious and unconscious—a society elaborated on the basis of the surrealist revolution.

★ ★ ★

D.A.F. Sade, in his "Reflections on the Novel" (1800), was the first to recognize that the great Gothic romances of his day were "the inevitable fruit of the revolutionary shocks felt by the whole of Europe." The works of the Lovecraft Circle are similarly inseparable from the revolutionary events of our own epoch, of which the Russian Revolution of October 1917 was the decisive commencement. Once again, as in the age of *Melmoth the Wanderer*, we are living in a *transitional epoch*. But today it is no longer a question, as it was in the epoch of ascendant capital, of one class rising to power only to subjugate others in its turn. This time the future of the whole of humanity is at stake. The question is: Are men and women capable of putting an end to a worldwide system of exploitation and alienation, and of definitively inaugurating the realm of human freedom, or must they lapse into a new and perhaps irrevocable barbarism?

The inescapable universality of the present crisis underlies all Cthulhu Mythos tales. Gone are the isolated crumbling castles, ghostly armor and other paraphernalia suited to the period of declining feudalism. Lovecraft's action is global

and even cosmic; his entire work is imbued with what he called "a sense of spectral whirling through liquid gulfs of infinity, of dizzying rides through reeling universes on a comet's tail." This intuitive insistence on the awesome, truly limitless possibilities opened in the epoch of workers' councils gives his and his comrades' works an implicitly revolutionary character forever unattainable by explicitly "socialist" novels. This is because the Lovecraft Circle grasped the essence of the surrealist view, verified by all great examples of the past, that it is impossible to create anything of significance by expressing only the manifest content of an age, that it is necessary, on the contrary, its *latent* content.

In "Limits Not Frontiers of Surrealism" (1936) André Breton wrote: "The 'fantastic,' which the application of a watchword such as socialist realism excludes in the most radical manner, and to which surrealism never ceases to appeal, constitutes in our view the supreme key to this latent content, the means of fathoming the secret depths of history which disappear beneath a maze of events. It is only at the approach of the fantastic, at a point where human reason loses its control, that the most profound emotion of the individual has the fullest opportunity to express itself: emotion unsuitable for projection in the framework of the real world and which has no other solution to its urgency than to rely on the eternal solicitation of symbols and myths."

That Lovecraft held a compatible view is indicated in this passage from a letter to Clark Ashton Smith: "The true function of fantasy is to give the imagination a ground for limitless expansion . . . I know that my most poignant emotional experiences are those which concern the lure of unplumbed space, the terror of the encroaching outer void, and the struggle to transcend the known and established order."

★ ★ ★

Lovecraft's pessimism, directed against nearly all the false "solutions" at hand, necessarily led him close to the center of the problem of Evil. From such a vantage-point, this ardent atheist armed with his improvised mythology challenged at one blow the most cherished illusions of all religions as well as the rationalist's myopic evasion of the Unknown.

Situated precisely at the intersection of humor and terror (or rather of humor and error), Lovecraft's cosmological propositions add to our appreciation of what Breton called "The Great Invisibles"—hypothetical animals whose behavior is as alien to us as is ours to the ant or the whale, and who elude our system of sensory references through secret camouflage; creatures who, however, as Breton suggested, "obscurely manifest themselves to us in fear and in the feeling of chance." This new myth, the subject of many surrealist explorations, was foreshadowed (as Breton acknowledged) by hints from many writers from Cyrano de Bergerac to William James.

Regarding this myth Breton wrote further: "Considering perturbations like the cyclone, in

the face of which man is powerless to be anything but victim or witness, or like war, on the subject of which notoriously inadequate views have been advanced, it would not be impossible, in the course of a vast work, which would be constantly presided over by the boldest kind of induction, to even succeed in making plausible the complexion and structure of such hypothetical beings...."

When this proposed vast work is compiled, should not a chapter be devoted to the data introduced by Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, Frank Belknap Long, Donald Wandrei and others who have heard and heeded "the call of Cthulhu"?

\* \* \*

Instead of beating "Literature" to a pulp, Lovecraft allowed himself to be beaten by the racket of pulp literature. Throughout his work the hard cold facts of fury are swept under the rug of mere fiction. His dreams, to which he was remarkably attentive, were for him primarily sources of "plots." The surrealist voice, for him and his collaborators, penetrated only faintly through the earmuffs of literary mystification. If surrealism is the imagination reclaiming all its rights by any and all means, Lovecraft represents the imagination dimly aware that its rights have been violated, but still resigned to employing strictly "legal" means of defense.

Significantly, the most disquieting of Lovecraft's writing is to be found not in his tales or poems but in certain epigraphs to letters to Clark Ashton Smith:

*Many-columned Arcades of Weed-grown  
Y'ha-nthlei  
Hour of the Unseen Howling*

*Concave Cliffs by the Tarn of Kyagoph  
Hour of the Reddening of the Dark  
Waters*

*Tower of Narghan in Pnath  
Hour when the Dogs bay at the opening  
of the Topmost Circular Window*

Read in succession, these epigraphs (of which I have quoted only a few) compose an astonishing litany reminiscent of the *Black Book of Carmarthen*. Evidently written in haste and without revision, these lines seem to me to be a remarkable *condensation* of Lovecraft's mythology. His most compelling legacy is given in full in these hurried, fragmentary, cryptic notes to which he probably attributed not the slightest importance.

\* \* \*

The Cthulhu Mythos is neither a mirror-image of the Christian mythos (as August Derleth lamely argued) nor its simple negation. Rather, it is a kind of hysterical conversion in which the literary symptoms of senile mythologies—Christianism among others—were forced to dance to new and terrible tunes. Lovecraft is beginning to be "acknowledged" today because his bad dreams define the bad dreams of a whole epoch. Perhaps there is no better introduction to his work than Victor Tausk's 1919 paper "On the Origin of the 'Influencing Machine' in Schizophrenia."

Too resigned, while he lived, to being the dupe of other men's afterthoughts, Lovecraft regarded himself a failure. Today his work is a great "success," marketed in mass editions to dupe others in turn. But even the abusive circumstances of the "Lovecraft revival" are proof of a real development. The same historical forces that began in the mid-1960s to make surrealism a matter of life and death in the U.S., also brought about the "rehabilitation" of Lovecraft. Utilized by mass market publishers for their own confusionist and profitable purposes, this rehabilitation nonetheless demonstrates once more, in a small way, that the dying social order can continue to live only by killing its gravediggers and then robbing their graves.

There is reason to emphasize that it was Lovecraft's very "failure" that was, in an important sense, his greatest virtue. This is something that inevitably escapes those hostile or condescending commentators such as L. Sprague de Camp and Lin Carter who repeatedly reproach him for not devoting himself more assiduously to being a hack novelist like Sprague de Camp and Carter. What saves Lovecraft for us, what gives his work its special charm and real force, is precisely the fact that he was absolutely unable and unwilling to keep in step with the dominant tendencies of his time, or even with his own declared intentions. The notorious anachronisms that enabled him, posthumously, to become the crowning character in his own mythology, also made him (doubtless in spite of himself) a magnificent thorn in the side of all the hypocritically "progressive" literature of his day.

Lovecraft's greatest achievement can thus be said to have been the consequence of a marvelous misunderstanding. Floundering for years in the waters of naive musings and delusions that were often nothing else than paltry, eventually he stumbled onto the uncharted isle of his own deepest fears. Like Columbus, he never knew where he was going or where he had landed, but he too deserves credit at least for not turning back too soon. It is his fidelity to the task of exploring his own terror and horror that makes Lovecraft's work a monument to the aspiration signaled by De Quincey, "to reveal something of the grandeur which belongs *potentially* to human dreams."

## FRANK BELKNAP LONG

In our day, when a ludicrous mediocrity such as Norman Mailer can pass for a "major" writer, and a groveling imbecile such as Allen Ginsberg acts out a well-paying reputation as a "rebel," it is encouraging that a few writers are still honest and unpretentious enough to concentrate on werewolves, vampires, voodoo, monsters from other dimensions and adventures on Mars, sparing us the poverty of "psychological literature" with all its aesthetic veneer, and—in spite of inevitable concessions—offering the mind at least the ghost of a chance to wander freely on a terrain from which all surprises have not been weeded out in advance.

Of Lovecraft's old friends and collaborators, none has so unequivocally announced the latent

content of the Cthulhu Mythos as has Frank Belknap Long in *The Horror from the Hills* (1931): "Some monstrous *unfettering* is about to take place. That which for two thousand years has lain somnolent will stir again and the 'great things' will descend from their frightful lair..." —proof that the Lovecraft Circle had for its fundamental presupposition (though probably without knowing it) the motto emblazoned on a cover of *La Révolution Surréaliste* in 1925, pronouncing this "the end of the christian era."

Frank Belknap Long has written over a score of fantasy novels, science fiction, gothic romances, and numerous uncollected tales. These were preceded by two books of poems; it is noteworthy that hints of genuine poetic inspiration, and a particular appreciation for Blake and Swinburne, recur throughout his work. The very abundance of his writing, and his acceptance of the etiquette of pulp literature, have unavoidably taken their toll, but the same factors underline the unmistakable ingenuousness that gives his best work, his tales, a unique magic touch.

Long is not, however, a "naive." He is well-informed, and more inquisitive, more alert, more open-minded at the age of seventy than most people half his age. His unselfconscious preference for a "superior kind of logic" derived from Lewis Carroll and Picasso (see *This Strange Tomorrow*), and his utter indifference to the usual crafty motives of Literature and its critical police, permit him in his best tales to rise above the anachronistic fictional forms in much the same way that some surrealist painters utilize historically superseded pictorial conventions for new and unexpected poetic purposes.

Even a lesser work such as *This Strange Tomorrow* focuses above all on those moments "when space itself seems to conspire with the strange and the startling to enlarge the boundaries of human awareness." In the same book Long presents his basic perspective, that "reality is never as unyielding as the harshness of everyday experience leads us, at times, to assume. There are shimmering mountain peaks beyond the veil, peaks which you scaled many times as a child. They can be scaled again, for they are still there."

In the stories collected in *The Hounds of Tindalos* (Arkham House, 1947; reprinted in two Panther paperbacks, 1975), and more recently in *The Rim of the Unknown* (Arkham House, 1972), the imaginative sparks produce a true poetic ignition. In these, his finest tales, "the imagination becomes like a pair of white-hot tongs, overheated, and capable of flattening reality to a thin edge of blackness on an anvil without substance." It is here that he evidences his appreciation for an experimental beauty, his full sympathy for the prerogatives of childhood, his defense of Eros, his intrinsic poetic solidarity.

The future researcher who wishes to define more precisely the tradition of the Great Exceptions of American popular culture, and Long's position in it, will doubtless find much to ponder in the fact that his father was a dental surgeon whose patients included George Herriman (creator of *Krazy Kat*), Frederick Burr Oppen (creator of *Happy Hooligan*), and other famous cartoonists. An anti-realist alert to the temptations of the marvelous, Frank Belknap Long is situated

securely in this tradition of *internal outcasts* whose works, scattered here and there in hidden and unexpected corners, are the only oases in an arid plain of commercial conformism.

F.R.



Ronald L. PAPP: drawing

## MUSIC FROM BALI

The astonishing music of Bali is currently available on a series of LP's distributed by Nonesuch Records. These field recordings are significant reminders of a profoundly humane and poetic culture struggling to preserve itself against commercial exploitation and the no less debilitating effects of official patronage. Currently available are the *Gamelan Semar Pegulungan* (Gamelan of the Love God, H72046); *Music For The Balinese Shadow Play* (H72037); and *Golden Rain, Balinese Gamelan Music & Ketjak: The Ramayama Monkey Chant* (H72028). The records are reasonably priced and technically viable; let us hope only that they are not the herald of fads and forgeries to follow.

The *Gamelan* orchestra, which has come to typify Balinese music, delivers the auditor to the bottom of an infinite sea-forest or into the crystalline brilliance of a deep Pacific sky, where the voices of legendary beings can be heard. The *Monkey Chant*, two hundred voices strong, with its driving rhythms and mounting aggressiveness, creates an atmosphere of latent violence unlike anything else heard on records. In short, it provides perfect orisons for those who set out each morning to combat the monster-buffoons of modern life.

Balinese music is integrally related to the island's dance and ritual. These expressions are themselves of a piece with a mythological structure blending dream and waking life into a triumphant life-form. The impact of these hallucinatory sounds is to reveal instantaneous evidence of the validity of mythic-oneiric conflicts as a fulcrum for a human culture determined to explore and integrate the vicissitudes of desire.

Complementing, modifying, but not negating the demonic or "Dionysian" aspects of Balinese mythos are the graceful and delicate modalities of expression that are as evident from these recordings as from Artaud's essays on Balinese theatre. Artaud spoke of this music as "this sonorous rain resounding as if from an immense dripping forest...." It is unfortunate that he never reached Bali personally. His intuitive feeling for the spirit of its culture, in all its metaphysical and artistic profundity—its life—demonstrates a total, natural compatibility that was perhaps missing from his Tarahumara adventure.

Joseph JABLONSKI

## JOSEPH JARMAN

It is well known that black music, long characterized by an inimitable seething, has set free in recent years, and in all directions at once, the demonic enigmas rising from the killing floors of a dubious "reality" — a "reality" which, designed to reduce desire to dust, has served too often as a stage on which those who are afraid of their dreams have practiced endless variations on their timidity. Opposed to all timidity and to all that it conceals, the great black musicians have contributed inestimably to overturning this "reality". Thus the aforementioned enigmas, which are nothing less than desperate traces of an age-old agony carved whole out of the crystallization of blackest night, are now definitively on the loose and called on to realize the most staggering truths, in broad daylight.

Joseph Jarman has played a major role in all this, and has never shown signs of marking time. His recent book, *Black Case / Return from Exile*, chronicles much of his thinking of the last decade and as such is a remarkable document for all who share the inspirations and aspirations of the new music. If its subtitle recalls Claude McKay's *Home to Harlem* and Aimé Césaire's *Return to My Native Land*, Jarman's record of his voyage of self-discovery is entirely his own, as black and as fresh as the promise of Nat Turner's insurrection (a promise that will yet be kept!).

*Black Case* consists of poems that, as often as not, are manifestoes, and manifestoes that tend to become poems. Jarman sketches a revolutionary Music Theater as "another tool for us to use to get rid of ALL the false images that have been put before us." Significantly he invokes the great Nigerian storyteller Amos Tutuola as "a finger pointing the way into ourselves." If there are guides to the new music — guides outside the music itself — they can be found only among the true poets, those who have risked everything navigating against the stream of false consciousness and who have won the farthest shore of language (language that is given to us, as Breton insisted, to make surrealist use of it). As a musician who is also a poet and a painter, Joseph Jarman provides testimony that is especially crucial.

Those who have read Lautréamont, those who have read and reread the sublime cantos in which every repressive value is subjected to pure Maldororian fury, are perhaps uniquely equipped to follow Jarman and his comrades on their explorations of the explosive jungles of *Chi-Congo*. Not only the album of this title (Jewel Records), but all of Jarman's recordings, and above all his live performances, are nothing less than a majestic and fertile revenge of the wisdom of Africa on the unhappy conscience of Europe: which is to say, as well, the triumph of poetic truth over prosaic lies.

Aware of the inner integrity of the material universe molded by men and women striving to overcome all fetters, Jarman and his closest collaborators avoid all forms of intellectual suffocation, from skepticism to mysticism. Their fundamentally revolutionary and poetic orientation enables them to supersede all immobilizing dualisms, and to approach all questions with a rigorous freedom unparalleled elsewhere in music.

Jarman's "Non-Cognitive Aspects of the City" (on *Song For*, Delmark Records) already

evinces profound aleatory preoccupations which, let it be said, owe nothing to the static and academic exercises of a John Cage. Here, and on his other earlier recordings, Jarman outlines his *expedition* into the heart of a dark becoming, into the secret of freedom itself, lighting an infinite match in some hidden doorway between hope and despair — an expedition so unsparing, so total, that he has inevitably drawn on the emergency fuel of every poetic advance: chance, fear, humor and surprise. In the oneiric transformation of the city's grillwork and grimaces into the very nerves of revolutionary anticipation, Jarman seeks and finds living elements of the new mythology gathering momentum on the other side of all the stopped clocks in the world.

Throughout the last decade Jarman has not only maintained but actually strengthened his unique grasp of the objective terror of our times. Knowing what must be done, and what he alone can do, he remains a splendid "extremist" perpetually violating the imperialist tranquility of the merchants of ideological saccharine.

Joseph Jarman's whole work, so admirably pure of concessions, is illuminated by what he calls, in *Black Case*, "blue light from the sun-ra world," a light that is savagely alive, a light that does not hide behind its shadows but leads us from the visible to the invisible, from the invisible to the inaudible, and from the inaudible into permanent echoes of tomorrow "from the far-off planet Chicago."

Joseph Jarman is armed and dangerous: armed with reasons that are radioactive, dangerous as a door that is open and closed at the same time.

His individual presence is all the more subversively urgent here and now because it is a key element in the prefiguration of a desirable future.

On his saxophones, bassoons, fifes, recorders, clarinets, oboes, marimbas, vibes, drums, bells, whistles, guitars, harmonicas, sirens and gongs, Joseph Jarman announces that which will be.

F. R.

## THE ANTEATER'S TONGUE AT THE END OF EACH FINGER

While the tzar waltzes inside a bullet a nervous bird from Peru carries your lips away in its heart-shaped beak.

Laughter is a balancing act whereby logic is suspended.

The bust of Zeno is riddled with bullets of inspiration shot by an army printed on a postcard lying on a table.

Grilled snakes' tongues hang from little anti-gun war medals.

Cecil Taylor's *Silent Tongues*\*: His flaming signature etched in hieroglyphic colored glass across the keyboard of night suspended like a waterfall of ice dazzling as the interior of a star and the anti-gravitational repose of the imagination in love with the spring which calls all its own the most profound and poetic conception of man: the Dawn.

\*Arista Records

B. R.



## ON THE PROBLEM OF MAX ERNST

The human life-span: "a ridiculous life-span in relation to the species' field of action such as the mind believes it encompasses." These words of Breton's from 1942 have much more meaning now than they did then and they will continue to grow in meaning as long as the obstacles blocking the path of human development continue to grow. As the "field of action" becomes continually more cluttered and defined by the floating and lost debris of everyday life, the life-span of our species grows rapidly more ridiculous. Even so, there are those among us who for one reason or another feel a need to cut it even shorter, who feel the need to break their skulls and spill their brains over the lost humanity that yields them only too little of what they need — one should think of what it means to have a need — to be alive. It is important to think of those suicides and "suicided" who brand their disgust on the ruins of history, the ones we "know." Some, like Crevel, Gorky or Vaché leave us with a symbol of their despair and contempt; they exist as objects of warning and temptation.

But there are others who, losing sight of their aims, "do away with themselves" while continuing to pass air through their lungs, going on to pass luxuries through their hands. One member of this odd breed of erroneous suicides is also a symbol and his recent publicity and fame merit our attention. One Max Ernst, whose "suicide"

was announced in 1955 for accepting prizes in a swine's game, persists in eating the very bread that Benjamin Péret had the pleasure to refuse. In the face of an "old age," Ernst gave up his immortal life with Loplop the Bird Superior, a life courageous and always youthful, for a life of jetting from one "health spa" to another, with nothing to work for but to "preserve" it, along with his painting, like a jar of jam. One can only say that the spirit which led this once inspired and overflowing vessel of the marvelous to play a monumental role in the creation of the movement called surrealist (by which the "field of action" becomes not only visible and within reach but comes to revolve and glow like the Sibyl's gem of stars in our willing hands) killed itself.

And yet, this ghost continues to drip its cold blood into the field of play, which only confuses the game. It would have been much better for all of us (with the exception of a handful of millionaires) had he simply put a gun to his head and pulled the trigger. But no, he prefers that other kind of death: making platinum beds with mink blankets for platinum bodies to knock around in. Like Crevel and Paalen, Ernst exists as a temptation and a warning; but unlike Crevel and Paalen, who show us the head of the tormented beast, Max Ernst shows us the ass.

Thom BURNS



Robert GREEN: drawing

### BIRD MAN, WITHOUT A FEATHER LEFT

Whatever influence Max Ernst may inflict on the world today is so deplorable and disconcerting—in the face of an obvious loss of inner integrity, inspiration, self-respect and a spirit of revolt—that one wonders why only Presidents have all the luck when it comes to having guns pointed at them.

Speaking of public officials, it is time to file certain glaring facts in the index of social awareness when examining the dossier on Max Ernst. The following episodes should suffice to squelch all desire to harbor notions teetering on nostalgic romanticism.

In 1955 Max Ernst was spit out of the surrealist movement, as an unworthy spokesman, for engaging in a competition called the Twenty-Seventh Venice Biennale, in which he sought and accepted the Grand Prize for painting. Besides indulging in at least one exhibition sponsored by the ruling class, the "surrealist" Max Ernst in 1973 dined in style with Georges Pompidou, the then president of France—interestingly enough, on August 10, the same day of the same month that he discovered the "frottage" technique back in 1925. Four months more found him in possession of the Legion of Honor. The latest flat note composing this sour melody is a \$33,000 bed made by Max Ernst for Vice President Rockefel-

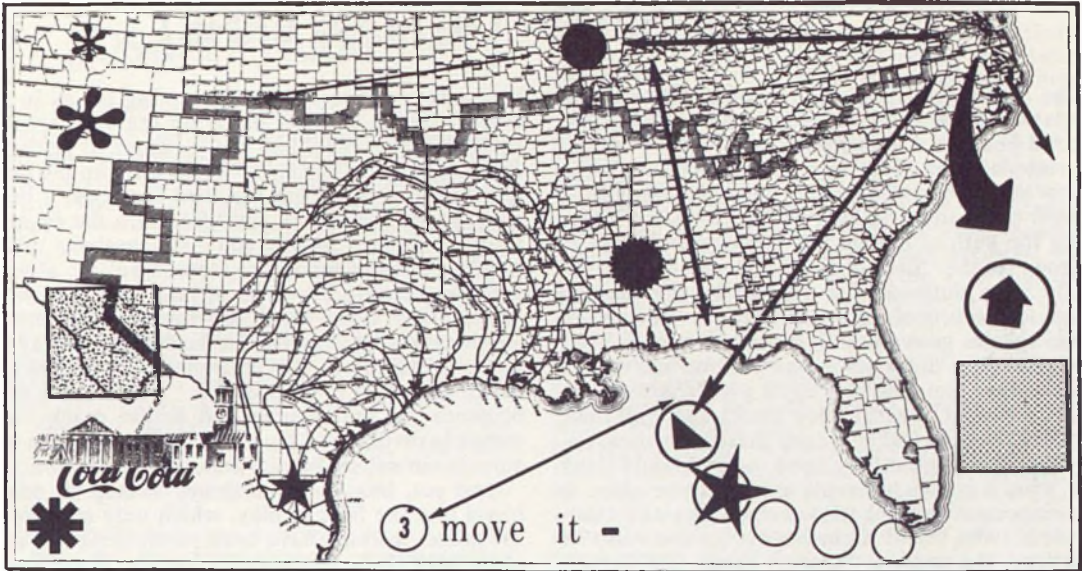
ler—and let's not abuse our imaginations in the ramifications of how many "privileged bastards" will be conceived on this structure.

Enough to declare that this sabotage of the revolution—the revolution in which true art is rooted—and the miserably "bourgeois dream" manner that he cashes in on it, puts him out of the running, once and for all, in the mind's eye of serious consideration. One is reminded of Hegel at this point: "Basically, it is nothing more than the regulated and methodically cultivated spirit of opposition inherent in every human being as a talent which shows its greatness in the distinction of the true from the false."

As Max Ernst has assumed hypocritical roles, it can be expected that the "public and press" will choose to exploit the life he is living today. It suits their needs, which are similarly two-faced: to maintain the existing staircase of social classes, and to escalate money-making as the noblest human aspiration.

Fortunately the Bird Superior is able to fly by its own wings, away from the outstretched hand of its onetime master, in the same spirit as the parrot who winks before leaving the shoulder of a pirate applying for a position as a customs official.

Brooke ROTHWELL



Guy DUCORNET: *Move It Endlessly* (Response to Inquiry: "What should be done with the White House?")

## RESPONSES TO THE INQUIRY IN ARSENAL 1

### WHAT ROLE DOES THE LETTER X PLAY IN YOUR LIFE?

*Thom BURNS:* The letter *x* is zero's death mask.

*Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN:* The *x* is without doubt the most dangerous letter in the alphabet, for being a negation it is consciously evil. Therefore it has always been the finest of friends. Christians, realizing the great evil power this letter contains and emits, have tried to link it to their insipid savior (hence its treacherous use in terms like X-mas). This attempt, however, has failed, for by replacing Christ with the *x* they have in turn negated their savior's "presence." Impossible to reform, *x* is an obvious amulet of atheism, as proved by the pirates, the Zapatistas, and the Spanish anarchists when they used it on their flags during insurrections against bourgeois civilization. The *x*, after all, is visually clear: It is not an upright cross but rather one shoved to the ground. As an algebraic symbol for an unknown quantity it immediately entices one's explorative and luciferous urge to travel in uncharted domains. As the symbol of a kiss (of quantities unknown) at the closing of a letter, it promises and promotes carnal love.

*Robert DAY:* The letter *x* plays no role in my life, but rather creates the role that I play.

*T.R. JOHNSON:* Semi-automatic roles, such as: Malcolm painting the eyes of all oppressor birds with death. Crossroads for the revenge of zombies and intersections for the revenge of strangers. Marks of the track of an earth rapist, pirates from a distance and crosshairs against a cop. The cascading puns of Edgar Poe and the crossed swords of crossed minds. Liars holding masses and frantically opened bottles leaving their shelves. Piles of yellow hair, a surplus of tents, and the red and black thrush-memorial to orgasm. The forced mark of slaughtered Native Americans. The unknown factors of evil genius. Lights sometimes insidious, ancient fish always laughing. XXX.

*Jocelyn KOSLOFSKY:* The letter *x* has the role of stampeding oak trees dressed in velvet tuxedos, especially worn for evening visits to the gentlemanly rhinoceros, whose horn it would sharpen.

*Ronald L. PAPP:* I recognize the letter *x*, in its essence, to be symbolic of the female, whose overall form is composed of this initial suggested shape. Following upward from the corners of the mouth, bridging at the nose, to her soft eyelids, one's thoughts are welcomed to ponder her many contours. There are the graceful cleavages (at the breast and the posterior), her "hourglass" figure, as well as the convergence of her thighs: *x*'s to be sure! When she is wearing a gown of laced ribbons and bows, I need only think of a golden pair of scissors.

*Penelope ROSEMONT:* *X* exemplifies an exalted exchange of existences, an exhibition of extrasensory extravagance, an expansion of the exotic, an exposure of exploitation, an expedition of excited explorers—in other words, an exuberant excuse for exceptional excesses.

### WHICH EXTINCT ANIMAL WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO REAPPEAR, AND WHY?

*Jean-Jacques Jack DAUBEN:* The Triceratops, for no other reason than the fact that last night in a dream a beautiful woman exclaimed to me: "You are the Triceratops of the Silver Window."

*Paul GARON:* The first frog. The only representative of the sub-order Proanura, Family Protobatrachidae, a single specimen of *Protobatrachus masinoti* was discovered in the lower Triassic in northern Madagascar. "The body is already frog-like."

*Joseph JABLONSKI:* I would like to read in tomorrow morning's papers of the renewed threat to commercial shipping, whaling and naval activities posed by the reappearance of the largest and fiercest of sea-going reptiles. These would be the most

appropriate agents to begin the recovery, from exploiting imbeciles, of that truly Maldororian domain, the "Ancient Ocean."

**T.R. JOHNSON:** Any of the various extinct fishlike marine reptiles of the order Ichthyosauria, of the Triassic to the Cretaceous periods. Yes, the Ichthyosaur, legions of them. Their reappearance would be made as a gift in spite of the lewdly academic cacophony of those deluded scientists who treat yesterday's scientific speculations as a finished tale of genesis.

**Jocelyn KOSLOFSKY:** The legendary white whale. It should appear for children to ride on . . .

**Ronald L. PAPP:** The Saber-Toothed Tiger (*Smilodon californicus*), so that it could nightly hunt and pounce at the throats of policemen. Also the Trilobite, ancestor of the horseshoe crab . . .

### WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH THE WHITE HOUSE?

**Schlechter DUVALL:** It should be dumped in pink paint, stuffed with burping noises from heaven, together with the heads of football players, taken to the nearest cookhouse, sliced into pieces and thrown into the mouths of hungry sharks . . .

**Paul GARON:** It should be turned over to any amphibians who choose to dwell there . . .

**Robert GREEN:** Put it in a wheelchair; or roll it into a tortilla; or make rubberbands out of it; or send it down the Amazon.

**Joseph JABLONSKI:** It should be turned into a place where the people of Washington could go to eat varieties of the best ethnic cuisines, or it should become a lodge for wandering blues artists.

**RIKKI:** It should become an aquarium where little naked girls could go swimming when they lose their milk teeth . . .

**Franklin ROSEMONT:** A day should be set aside on which children no older than ten would be invited from all over the world to destroy and transform it as they please.

**Penelope ROSEMONT:** It should be diced into millions of pieces to be circulated as souvenirs (White House Cubes); or the whole thing should be placed on a raft and set adrift in the ocean.

**Brooke ROTHWELL:** It should be painted black and infested with doves.

**Janine ROTHWELL:** It should be turned into a greenhouse growing carnivorous plants that feed exclusively on wasted human flesh.

**Debra TAUB:** Turn it into a cookie jar; or use it for a jello mold.



Thom BURNS and Paul GARON: collective drawing (1976)

"Only that which is an object of freedom can be called an idea."

— G. W. F. Hegel



## IN DEFENSE OF THE IBERIAN REVOLUTION

The Iberian peninsula is one of the touchstones in the struggle for human freedom today. To defend the rising proletariat of Portugal and Spain is inseparable from advancing the revolution elsewhere in Europe, as well as in "our own" country.

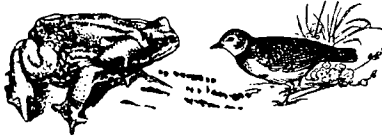
Several times in recent months the surrealists—along with socialists, IWWs, anarchists and trade unionists—have helped organize demonstrations of solidarity with the Iberian workers and peasants. These included a militant picketline at Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago, where Cardinal Cody, heavily protected by police, delivered a special mass for the good Christian corpse of the fascist Franco.

The next step is to organize a committee of liaison capable of developing a more coherent and sustained activity of continually broader scope. A permanent committee of education and action, outside all sectarianism, is urgently needed to defend the interests of the Spanish and Portuguese workers and peasants, and to publicize their struggles; to coordinate an attack on the fascist regime of King Juan Carlos I (also known as Franco II); to protest U.S. trade and military support to this regime; and to expose and denounce CIA skulduggery in Iberian affairs.

Such a committee is now in formation, and needs assistance and funds. For details contact D. Allmen, 4356 North Winchester, Chicago, Illinois 60613. A stamped, self-addressed envelope would be appreciated.

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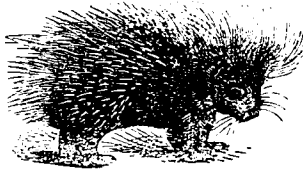
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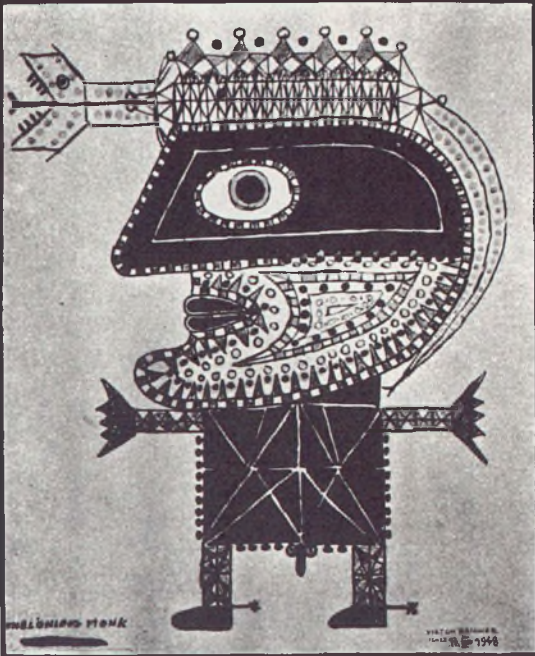
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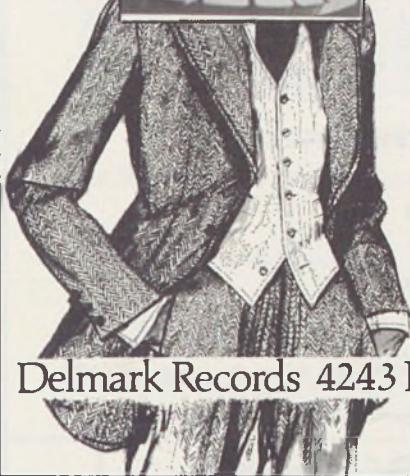
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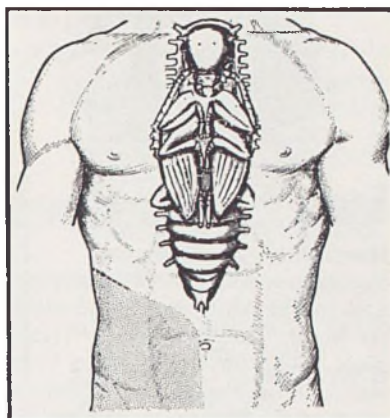


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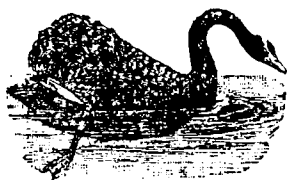
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