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International Exhibition of Surrealism

Cairo / Saint Cirq Lapopie

A Poetic and Critical Anthology

Part 1 – Cairo February 2022

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Maison André Breton - La Rose Impossible

Pour un Surréalisme du XXI ème siècle

Il y a plusieurs décennies au milieu du XX ème siècle naissait le groupe égyptien d'influence surréaliste "Art et Liberté" pour contrer la montée des fascismes et subvertir la chape de la colonisation. Presque un siècle après, les mêmes questions se posent face aux guerres et aux destructions écologiques en cours, mais cette fois éclairées par la poursuite de la découverte de l'Inconscient et l'analyse du monstrueux échec des communismes staliniens, maoïstes, khmer rouge etc.

Les surréalistes du monde entier présents à cette première rencontre internationale du XXIème siècle au Caire ou d'ailleurs dans leurs différences sauront-ils (ré)inventer un surréalisme D'AVANT les catastrophes en cours et annoncées ?

Les traces de ce catalogue sont une contribution aux débats et actions essentiels auxquels nous surréalistes de "La Rose Impossible" de Saint Cirq Lapopie avec d'autres du mouvement surréaliste international nous faisons "gloire de participer" ¹

1 André Breton, Premier Manifeste du Surréalisme

For a Surrealism of the 21st Century

Several decades ago, in the middle of the 20th century, the Egyptian group of surrealist influence "Art et Liberté" was born to counter the rise of fascism and subvert the screed of colonization. Almost a century later, the same questions arise in the face of ongoing wars and ecological destruction, but this time, enlightened by the pursuit of the discovery of the Unconscious and the analysis of the monstrous failure of the Stalinist, Maoist, "Khmer Rouge" communism etc.

Surrealists from around the world present at this first international meeting of the 21st century in Cairo, or elsewhere, in their differences will they be able to (re)invent a surrealism BEFORE the current and announced disasters?

The traces of this catalog are a contribution to the debates and essential actions in which we, surrealists of "La Rose Impossible" of Saint Cirq Lapopie, with others of the international surrealist movement, have "the glory to participate" ²

2 André Breton, First Manifesto of Surrealism

من أجل سريلية القرن الحادي والعشرين

Maison André Breton - La Rose Impossible

[Arabic]

قبل عدة عقود، في منتصف القرن العشرين، ولدت المجموعة المصرية المتأثرة بالسريالية
"Art et Liberté"

لمواجهة صعود الفاشية وكسر قاعدة الاستعمار
بعد قرن تقريبًا، ظهرت نفس الأسئلة في مواجهة الحروب المستمرة والدمار البيئي ، ولكن
هذه المرة ، مستنيرة بالسعي وراء اكتشاف اللاوعي وتحليل الفشل الذريع للستالينية و
الماوية الشيوعية "الخمير الأحمر" إلخ
السرياليون من جميع أنحاء العالم الحاضرين في هذا اللقاء السريالي الدولي الأول في القرن
الحادي والعشرين في القاهرة ، أو في أي مكان آخر ، عبر اختلافاتهم ، هل سيكونون
قادرين على (إعادة) اختراع السريالية قبل الكوارث الحالية والمعلنة؟
تُعد آثار هذا الكتاب مساهمة في المناقشات والإجراءات الأساسية التي نقوم بها ، نحن
السرياليين في

"La Rose Impossible"

Saint Cirq Lapopie

مع آخرين من الحركة السريالية الدولية
"المجد للمشاركة"

أندريه بريتون ، البيان السريالي الأول

Middle East & North Africa Surrealist Group - Sulfur Surrealist Jungle

"I don't deny that love has something to do with life. I say that it must conquer and that to reach victory, that it must have risen to such a poetic consciousness of itself that everything hostile, that it necessarily encounters, finally melts in the hearth of his own glory."

- André Breton, Mad Love

In order to liberate the unconscious, we must be alert to reality. This was not just an exhibition of surrealist artworks. What we fought for, since the beginning of this idea and project, was to dust off the concept of collective work.

We were reminded of the statement of Surrealism, which stated, "The problem of action is only one of the forms of the general problem that Surrealism has begun to provoke, which is the problem of man". This is what prompted us to act.

Everything in life can be achieved by those who have nothing to lose nor to trade in, by those who have nothing but the powers of their imagination. This exhibition was self-financed by the surrealists themselves, and every square centimeter of it was physically built by surrealists, whether from the beginning or in the last days when many challenges, difficulties and forced changes occurred.

Those who lived those moments know that well.

Three months before this exhibition, we launched preparatory activities with dozens of young artists and writers in Egypt. Their whole concept of Surrealism was summed up in the fact that it was an exquisite artistic corpse coming from the past. Now these young people are asking about the relationship of contemporary surrealism to science and other aspects of life such as architecture and biology. They asked us to translate more books about surrealism, and they asked for the continuation of collective activities and surrealist games where they experienced and tested their ability to open closed doors in their imagination.

In a region like North Africa and the Middle East, this marks the beginning of a quantum leap for collective imagination.

We did not and will not care about those who make surrealism a victim of a process of reduction to the past or imprison it in their spatio-temporal surroundings. We will continue our constant endeavor to link surrealism with science and technology in order to break any boundaries that tend to separate the various colors of human imaginations, in order to dispel the myths surrounding every expressive language, both visual and written, by devising our own technical methods.

Surrealism for us is not a school of art at all, nor is Surrealism confined to some kind of intellectual workshop, but a framework for intense collaborative multi-dimensional work.

We say it and repeat it violently and clearly : there will be no geocentric surrealism. All cities in the world will become surrealist cities through the flood of technology, its expansion and our liberation by means of tools that

are the common property of all living beings.

We are now experiencing a historic opportunity to reinvent surrealism by supporting the idea of global surrealist cooperatives using all available tools. We need not reinvent problems that surrealism has faced before. We will not be merely a presentation tool for the history of surrealism in the past. The present and the future are all we care about. The past won't matter to us anymore.

Mohsen Elbelasy

That eternal moment to change the view of the world, and the future of the Earth lies in refuting myths and linking sciences. Free imagination and free science are the remaining fragments of hope for the Earth to return to its first being.

In this Cairo 2022 exhibition, the experiences held with young people and kids tell us that with free imagination we can cross through that closed door in the unconscious to make the future as free as a feather in the hands of a child..

From among the folds of all this darkness, which is like a cloud covering the sky of the planet, we can make the rain fall so that the sun of free imagination shines again, like in those first moments when we are feeling life without restrictions or precautions. Like the first contact between the first humans and their imaginations ... when they woke to embody their dreams on the walls of caves...

To free imagination, the gateway to the crossing...

Ghadah Kamal

I am very happy to participate in the first international exhibition of surrealism in Cairo, and I am very sad of course too not to have been able to be physically there. But my heart was there with our comrades. I am proud of my belonging to this project that liberates imagination and cosmic creativity, and of being a part of this trip since its inception in 2019.

Tahani Jalloul

Groupe surréaliste du Moyen Orient et d'Afrique du Nord (MENA)

« Je ne nie pas que l'amour ait quelque chose à voir avec la vie. Je dis qu'il lui faut vaincre et que pour parvenir à la victoire, il faut qu'il ait atteint une telle conscience poétique de soi-même que tout ce qui lui est hostile, qu'il rencontre nécessairement, se fonde enfin au foyer de sa propre gloire. »

- André Breton, L'Amour Fou

Pour libérer l'inconscient, il nous faut être attentifs à la réalité.

Il ne s'agissait pas seulement d'une exposition d'œuvres d'art surréalistes. Ce pour quoi nous nous sommes battus depuis le début, depuis l'idée même de ce projet, c'était pour dépoussiérer le concept de travail en commun.

Nous nous sommes souvenus de cette affirmation du Surréalisme selon laquelle : « Le problème de l'action n'est qu'une des formes du problème général que le surréalisme a commencé à provoquer, qui est le problème de l'homme ». C'est ce qui nous a poussés à agir.

Tout peut être réalisé dans la vie par ceux qui n'ont rien à perdre ni à vendre, par ceux qui n'ont que les pouvoirs de leur imagination. Cette exposition a été autofinancée par les surréalistes eux-mêmes, car chaque centimètre carré en a été physiquement construit par des surréalistes, que ce soit depuis le début ou dans les derniers jours où nous avons rencontré de nombreux défis, difficultés

et changements forcés.

Ceux qui ont vécu ces moments là le savent bien.

Trois mois avant cette exposition, nous avons commencé des activités préparatoires avec des douzaines de jeunes artistes et écrivains d'Égypte. Toute leur conception du Surréalisme se résumait alors au fait qu'il s'agissait d'un cadavre artistique, aussi exquis soit-il, venu du passé. Maintenant, ces jeunes s'interrogent sur la relation entre le surréalisme contemporain et la science et d'autres aspects de la vie tels que l'architecture et la biologie. Ils nous ont demandé de traduire davantage de livres sur le surréalisme et ils ont demandé à poursuivre les activités collectives et des jeux surréalistes où ils ont expérimenté et testé leur capacité à ouvrir des portes fermées dans leur imagination.

Dans une région comme l'Afrique du Nord et le Moyen-Orient, cela marque le début d'un saut quantique pour l'imaginaire collectif.

Nous ne nous soucions pas et ne nous soucierons pas de ceux qui font du surréalisme la victime d'un processus de réduction au passé ou qui l'emprisonnent dans leur environnement spatio-temporel. Nous poursuivrons nos efforts constants pour relier le surréalisme à la science et à la technologie afin de briser toutes les frontières qui prétendent séparer les diverses couleurs de l'imagination humaine, pour dissiper les mythes qui entourent chaque langage expressif, visuel et écrit, en concevant nos propres méthodes techniques.

Le surréalisme, pour nous, n'est pas du tout une école d'art, pas plus que le surréalisme ne saurait se restreindre à une sorte d'atelier intellectuel. Il s'agit pour nous du milieu le plus favorable à un travail collaboratif multi-

dimensionnel intense.

Nous le disons et le répétons violemment et clairement : il n'y aura pas de surréalisme géocentrique. Toutes les villes du monde deviendront des villes surréalistes par le flux de la technologie, son expansion et notre libération au moyen d'outils qui sont le bien commun de tous les êtres vivants.

Nous vivons aujourd'hui une opportunité historique de réinventer le surréalisme en soutenant l'idée de coopératives surréalistes dans le monde entier, et en utilisant tous les outils disponibles. Nous n'avons pas besoin de réinventer des problèmes auxquels le surréalisme a été confronté auparavant. Nous ne serons pas simplement un outil de présentation de l'histoire passée du surréalisme. Le présent et l'avenir sont tout ce qui nous intéresse. Le passé n'aura plus d'importance pour nous.

Mohsen Elbelasy

Ce moment éternel pour changer la vision du monde et de l'avenir de la Terre consiste à réfuter les mythes et à relier les sciences. L'imagination libre et la science libre sont les derniers fragments d'espoir pour que la Terre revienne à son être premier.

En parallèle de cette exposition 2022 du Caire, ont eu lieu ces expériences avec des jeunes et des gosses, qui nous disent qu'avec une imagination libre, nous pouvons franchir la porte close de l'inconscient pour rendre l'avenir aussi libre qu'une plume entre les mains d'un enfant.

Depuis les plis de toute cette obscurité, qui est comme un nuage couvrant le

ciel de la planète, nous pouvons faire tomber la pluie pour que le soleil de l'imagination libre brille à nouveau, comme à ces premiers instants où l'on ressent la vie sans restrictions ni précautions. Comme le premier contact entre les premiers humains et leur imaginaire... Tandis qu'ils s'éveillaient pour matérialiser leurs rêves sur les parois des grottes...

Pour libérer l'imaginaire, la porte d'entrée ouvrant sur la traversée...

Ghadah Kamal

Je suis très heureuse de participer à la première exposition internationale du surréalisme au Caire, et très triste, bien sûr, de ne pas avoir pu être là physiquement. Mais mon cœur était là avec nos camarades. Je suis fière d'appartenir à ce projet qui libère l'imagination et la créativité cosmique et de faire partie de ce voyage depuis sa création en 2019.

Tahani Jalloul

MENA Surrealist Group - Sulfur Surrealist Jungle

أنا لا أنكر أن الحب له علاقة بالحياة. أقول إنه يجب أن يغزو ويحتل ليصل إلى النصر ، يجب أن يكون قد ارتقى إلى مثل هذا الوعي الشعري لذاته بحيث تذوب كل الصراعات العدائية ، والذي يصادفه بالضرورة في النهاية ، الذوبان في قلب مجده

أندريه بريتون ، الحب المجنون

كي نحرر اللا وعي علينا أن نكون يقظين للواقع ، لم يكن هذا مجرد معرض للأعمال الفنية السريالية ما قاتلنا من أجله منذ بداية الفكرة كان لإزالة الأثرية عن مفهوم العمل الجماعي التعاوني وما يمكن أن يحققه للسريالية العالمية المعاصرة تذكرنا البيان الثاني للسريالية الذي جاء فيه " إن مشكلة الفعل ليست سوى أحد أشكال المشكلة العامة التي شرعت السريالية في إثارتها وهي مشكلة الإنسان

وهذا ما دفعنا للتحرك

كل شيء في الحياة ممكن تحقيقه عبر هؤلاء الذين لا يملكون ما يخسرونه أو ما يتاجرون فيه ، لا شيء سوى القوة الكهربائية الخارقة لخيالهم

هذا المعرض حدث بتمويل ذاتي من السرياليين أنفسهم، حيث تم تشييد كل سنتيمتر مربع فيه بعضلات السرياليين الفيزيائية سواء منذ البداية أو في الأيام الأخيرة التي شهدت الكثير من التحديات والصعوبات والتغيرات القسرية

قبل هذا المعرض بثلاثة أشهر بدأنا أنشطة تحضيرية مع عشرات من فنانيين وكتاب شباب في مصر كان كل مفهومهم عن السريالية يتلخص في كونها جنة فنية قادمة من الماضي، الآن هؤلاء الشباب يسألون عن علاقة السريالية المعاصرة بالعلوم والتفاصيل الحياتية مثل المعمار والبيولوجي، يطلبون منا ترجمة المزيد من الكتب عن السريالية ويطلبون استمرار الأنشطة والألعاب الجماعية التي اختبروها واختبروا قدرتها على فتح أبواب مغلقة في خيالهم

في منطقة مثل شمال أفريقيا والشرق الأوسط يمثل هذا بداية لقفزة نوعية للخيال الجمعي لم ولن نكتثرت بمن يجعلون السريالية ضحية لعملية اختزال في الماضي

أو يحبسونها في محيطهم المكاني والزمني
سنستمر في سعينا الدائم لربط السريالية بالعلوم والتكنولوجيا لكسر
، أي حدود تفصل بين المخيلات البشرية
لتبديد الأساطير المحيطة بكل لغة تعبيرية سواء بصرية أو مكتوبة من
خلال ابتكار أساليبنا التقنية الخاصة
وللرد على هؤلاء عبر هذا المعرض
ليست السريالية بالنسبة لنا مدرسة فنية على الإطلاق ولا حتى
تتحصر في كونها حلقة عمل فكرية لكنها آلية لصناعة تعاونية ثقيلة
نقولها ونكررها بكل عنف ووضوح
لن يكون هناك مركزية جغرافية للسريالية
ستصبح كل مدن العالم سريالية
عبر فيضان التكنولوجيا وتوسعها وتحريزنا لأدواتها كملكية عامة لكل
الكائنات الحية
نحن الآن نعيش فرصة تاريخية لإعادة اختراع السريالية عبر دعم فكرة
التعاونيات السريالية العالمية باستخدام كل الأدوات المتاحة. لا نحتاج
إلى إعادة اختراع المشاكل التي واجهتها السريالية من قبل
لن نكون مجرد أداة عرض لتاريخ السريالية في الماضي
الحاضر والمستقبل هو ما نكثر به فقط
الماضي لن يهمننا بعد الآن

محسن البلاسي

تلك اللحظة الأبدية لتغيير نظرة العالم ومستقبل الأرض تكمن في دحض
الأساطير وربط العلوم.. الفن الحر والعلم الحر هما ما تبقى من شظايا
أمل للأرض لتعود لكيونتها الأولى... قد نجد الكلمات معقدة أو تافهة
ولكن بالتجربة على الأرض نستطيع أن نقول أن المعرض السريالي
الدولي في القاهرة 2022 يحمل بين ثناياه تجارب لشباب وأطفال تقول
أنه بالفن الحر نستطيع العبور من ذلك الباب المغلق في اللاوعي لنجعل
المستقبل حر كريشة ألوان في يد طفل
بين ثنايا كل هذا الظلام الذي هو كسحابة تغطي سماء الكوكب
نستطيع أن نسقط الأمطار لتشرق شمس الخيال الحر مرة أخرى كتلك
اللحظات الأولى لتحسس الحياة دون قيود أو محاذير
كأول اتصال مابين الإنسان الأول وخياله... حينما فقط استيقظ ليجسد
أحلامه على جدران الكهوف
ليكون الخيال الحر بوابة العبور
غادة كمال
سعيدة جدًا بمشاركة في المعرض السريالي الدولي الأول في

القاهرة ويؤسفني طبعاً اني لم أكن حاضرة بجسدي لكن قلبي كان
حاضراً هناك مع الرفاق، ولي الفخر باتتمائي لهذا المشروع المحرر
للخيال والإبداع وكوني جزءاً منه منذ تأسيسه في 2019
تهاني حلول

La Belle Inutile [En]

This exhibition would probably not have been possible without the Internet and the software of the World Wide Web, which made it possible not only to organize it, but also to transmit most of the works digitally and print them in Egypt. Nor would this exhibition have been possible if the Middle East and North Africa surrealist group had not been one of the most open and competent among surrealist groups regarding the use of digital tools and technologies. To whom would regret that more physical works could not be presented, it must be recalled that a visual work, as Vinci clearly said, is "cosa mentale", that is to say a work of thought . Its value hence does not stand in the colored pastes of which it happened to be made, nor even to the possible personal virtuosity of the artist, but rather in that it contributes (or not) to the honor of the human mind. As Max Ernst said: "if the feather makes the plumage, it's not the glue that makes the collage" and what matters above all are ideas. From a surrealist point of view it is hence fundamental that this exhibition was accompanied by conferences and workshops intended to make known and disseminate some of the fundamental ideas and practices of surrealism. So true is it that, as Lautréamont said, "poetry must be done by all and not by one".

La Belle Inutile [Fr]

Cette exposition n'aurait sans doute pas été possible sans Internet et les protocoles du World Wide Web, qui ont permis non seulement de l'organiser, mais aussi de transmettre numériquement la plupart des œuvres et de les imprimer en Égypte. Cette exposition n'aurait pas non plus été possible si le groupe surréaliste du Moyen-Orient et de l'Afrique du Nord n'avait pas été l'un des groupes surréalistes les plus ouverts et les plus compétents en matière d'utilisation des outils et des technologies numériques. A qui regretterait que plus d'œuvres physiques ne puissent être présentées, il faut rappeler qu'une œuvre visuelle, comme l'a bien dit Vinci, est "cosa mentale", c'est-à-dire une œuvre de pensée. Sa valeur ne réside donc pas dans les pâtes colorées dont elle se trouve être faite, ni même dans l'éventuelle virtuosité personnelle de l'artiste, mais plutôt en ce qu'elle contribue (ou non) à l'honneur de l'esprit humain. Comme le disait Max Ernst : « si la plume fait le plumage, ce n'est pas la colle qui fait le collage » et ce qui compte par dessus tout, ce sont les idées. D'un point de vue surréaliste, il est donc fondamental que cette exposition ait été accompagnée de conférences et d'ateliers destinés à faire connaître et diffuser certaines des idées et pratiques fondamentales du surréalisme. Tant il est vrai que, comme le disait Lautréamont, « la poésie doit être faite par tous et non par un ».

LA BELLE INUTILE

ربما لم يكن هذا المعرض ممكناً لولا الإنترنت وبرامج شبكة الويب العالمية، التي جعلت من الممكن ليس فقط تنظيمه، ولكن أيضاً نقل معظم الأعمال رقمياً وطباعتها في مصر. كما لم يكن هذا المعرض ممكناً لو لم تكن المجموعة السريالية في الشرق الأوسط وشمال إفريقيا واحدة من المجموعات السريالية الأكثر انفتاحاً وكفاءة فيما يتعلق باستخدام الأدوات والتقنيات الرقمية لمن يندم على عدم إمكانية تقديم المزيد من الأعمال المادية، يجب أن نتذكر أن العمل المرئي ، كما قال فينشي بوضوح ، هو "cosa mentale" أي عمل فكري ،

ومن ثم فإن قيمته لا تقف في المعاجين والألوان الملونة التي تصادف أنها تم صنعها أيضاً ، ولا حتى تكمن قيمته في البراعة الشخصية المحتملة للفنان ، بل بالأحرى في أنه يساهم (أو لا) في شرف العقل البشري كما قال ماكس إرنست: "إذا كانت الريشة هي التي تصنع الريش ، فلن يكون الصمغ هو الذي يصنع الكولاج وما يهم قبل كل شيء هو الأفكار. من وجهة نظر سريالية ، من الضروري أن يكون هذا المعرض مصحوباً بمؤتمرات وورش عمل تهدف إلى التعريف ونشر بعض الأفكار والممارسات الأساسية للسريالية

La Sirena Surrealist Group

La Sirena Surrealist Group participated in the International Exhibition of Surrealism by submitting collective poetry texts, artworks, and films, which was followed by their physical representation as a group at the exhibition in Cairo (February 2022). This historically significant event also marked the first time that all members of La Sirena have met each other since the group's virtual inception the previous year, during lockdown.

Taya King

For me, being part of the exhibition was a great experience because of its truly international nature, offering a wonderful opportunity to meet old and new comrades alike, and take part in a collective dialogue and group activities - the poetry made by all!

Darren Thomas

I was excited to see the rebirth of Egyptian surrealism, and thrilled to be invited to Cairo to participate in the exhibition. Despite the many challenges faced by the organisers, the event more than lived up to expectations. A meeting of minds in a magical space, and perhaps necessarily challenging. The challenges were a reason to participate, not a reason to stay at home.

Doug Campbell

I was over the moon to come to Cairo for such a monumental surrealist exhibit. As a polyglot, I was in my element to be surrounded by artists and

creators of all kinds from 28 countries and 4 continents who flew in. It was enchanting to meet with my fellow sirens from La Sirena and I look forward to further collaborations with the artists who contributed to this amazing historical exhibit. An ancient country hosting the next chapter of surrealism. Bravo!

Daina Kopp

La Sirena Surrealist Group

شاركت المجموعة السريالية

La Sirena

في المعرض الدولي للسريالية بتقديم نصوص شعر جماعية وأعمال فنية وأفلام ، تلاها تمثيلها المادي كمجموعة في معرض القاهرة (فبراير 2022).

يمثل هذا الحدث التاريخي المهم أيضاً المرة الأولى التي التقى فيها جميع أعضاء

La Sirena

بعضهم البعض منذ تأسيس المجموعة على الانترنت في العام السابق ، أثناء الإغلاق الخاص بفيروس كورونا

(تايا كينج)

بالنسبة لي ، كان كوني جزءاً من المعرض تجربة رائعة نظراً لطبيعته الدولية حقاً ، حيث أتاح فرصة رائعة للقاء الرفاق القدامى والجدد على حد سواء ، والمشاركة في حوار جماعي وأنشطة جماعية !الشعر الذي صنعه الجميع

(دارين توماس)

كنت متحمساً لرؤية ولادة السريالية المصرية من جديد ، وسعدت بدعوتي إلى القاهرة للمشاركة في المعرض. على الرغم من التحديات العديدة التي واجهها المنظمون ، إلا أن الحدث كان على مستوى التوقعات

لقاء العقول في مساحة سحرية ، وربما تحدي بالضرورة كانت التحديات سبباً للمشاركة وليس سبباً للبقاء في المنزل

(دوج كامبل)

كنت فوق القمر للمجيء إلى القاهرة لحضور مثل هذا المعرض السريالي الضخم. بصفتي متعددة اللغات ، كنت في عن نفسي محاطة بالفنانين والمبدعين وفنونهم من جميع الأجناس من 28 دولة و 4 قارات بالإضافة للمشاركين الذين سافروا إلى هناك

كان من الرائع أن ألتقي بزملائي من مجموعة لا سيرينا وأتطلع إلى مزيد من التعاون مع الفنانين الذين ساهموا في هذا المعرض التاريخي المذهل

!دولة قديمة تستضيف الفصل التالي من السريالية. أحسنتم

داينا كوب

Penelope Rosemont

Dawn at Midnight

“Call every day not danced a wasted day, call every truth without laughter false.”

— Ikbal el Alailly

“Ibis mummy perfection calling on the incessant fusion of imperfect creatures.”

— André Breton

Other places, other times, in search of the gold of time, for me, the golden riches of images, words, individuals, experiences and visions. My essay “The Revenge of the Ibis” appeared in Arsenal, 1973, inspired by an unusual building in Egyptian style on Clark Street, extraordinary amid the ordinary. It concluded, “words and images once created have the power of actualizing themselves, becoming eternal through the medium of desire.” By chance, things happen, especially to surrealists beginning to write, and here are Michael Richardson’s wonderful thoughts, his “Entry of Ancient Egypt into Surrealism ” (Contemporary Africa) recently published.

In it, one discovers many new aspects of Egypt and surrealism. A beautiful discussion of Breton's *Fata Morgana*, poem of resistance; information about how surrealism crossed King Tut's path; and surrealist thoughts on the film *The Mummy* with its theme of deathless love.

Richardson points to an entry in Breton and Eluard's "Dictionnaire Abrégé du Surréalisme, 1938 defining Metamorphosis, "I arrive as a sparrow hawk and leave as a phoenix" - Spell 122, Book of the Dead.

Breton in *Fata Morgana* finds links to the ibis, the protector spirit. Surrealists choose their ancestors: one is the Ibis. Richardson also finds, "The transformative aspect of ancient Egyptian culture, the emphasis it placed on the process of transformation, and the possibilities it offers to the heart of surrealist interest, and is what especially drew Breton to utilize the elements of Egyptian myth."

Situationists predicted surrealist images had become part of the spectacle, but the spectacle has only spread the surrealist image. It did not destroy its power. Still it remains a constant struggle against the pervasive miserablism and a constant struggle against the slimy grasp of religion and advertising.

But in ads one only remembers "the Ostrich driving the car," not the product. It is through collage and painting we take back the image, give it new life, collecting it like Isis did Osiris.

These images become the monsters of surrealist consciousness with the power to disrupt the complacency and boring order of daily-life.

Joyce Mansour writing in Paris, 1965 on how to view the "L'Ecart absolu" exhibition points out, "It is necessary for visitors as well as those who

embrace “absolute divergence” to embroider without end onto these canvases, to trace their own paths as they please. Certain places, certain times push our imagination into contortions normally impossible.”

Transforming the world has been slow, fighting with a chimera, but we must pick up the pieces of our dreams and continue.

In 1957 Egyptian surrealist Georges Henein wrote, “If poetry is slow to be made by all, at least let it be lived by some.”

Ikbal El Alailly, Georges Henein, Ramses Younane and others in Egypt’s Art & Liberty group lived in crisis times. Henein wrote in the “Long Live Degenerate Art” 1939 Manifesto, “Thinkers, artists, writers: Let us stand together and accept the challenge! We must align ourselves alongside this “Degenerate Art” for in such art reposes the hopes of the future!” Amazingly the degenerate art treasures survived the war. This demonstrates the vitality and the survival value of the image.

I think of Arturo Schwarz’s magnificent books devoted to surrealism, his Milan gallery, his surrealist collection. He himself was imprisoned and expelled from Egypt in 1949.

A misuse of technological development is destroying our old world and the physical threat of rampant viruses make our meetings in cafes, galleries, and jobs, very difficult.

Hard to say if anything but mega-chains will survive, at the same time physical letters on paper are rare, and printed on paper journals and books are difficult and expensive.

But new possibilities have opened to us. Surrealist friends communicate from all over the world instantly. There are Zoom events. Impossible to find documents are on the internet. This new global network brings many promises that we cannot ignore. The International Surrealist Exhibition in Cairo, Egypt/Saint-Cirq-Lapopie, France (Saint-Cirq-Lapopie was the residence of André Breton) is the first of its kind, organized largely over the Internet.

Consider The Room: Surrealist Magazine, seeking to “plant the seeds of the surrealist storm in Africa;” of Sulphur: Surrealist Jungle; of Mohsen Elbasy and his friends organizing the gallery, playing surrealist games.

What has been seen on the internet is magnificent and we are eager to see it all, and we are eager to see it all and more. Those of us who have been surrealists for a long time should remind all that surrealism began in 1924, it has a history of criticism of Western civilization, it has been passionately involved in the exploration of the mind, in political engagement, in public manifestoes from the days of protesting the Colonial Exhibition to the Declaration of the 121 to the Defense of First Peoples in Canada. What is done in the name of surrealism is always under the banner of Poetry , Love, and Freedom. Freedom above all!

Penelope Rosemont - January 12, 2022

L'Aurore à minuit

"Déclarez perdu chaque jour non dansé, déclarez fausse toute vérité où ne luit pas un rire."

— Ikkal el Alailly

"La perfection de la momie d'Ibis qui appelle la fusion incessante de créatures imparfaites."

— André Breton

D'autres lieux, d'autres temps, à la recherche de l'or du temps, pour moi, la richesse dorée des images, des mots, des individus, des expériences et des visions. Mon essai « La Revanche de l'Ibis » est paru dans Arsenal en 1973, inspiré d'un bâtiment insolite de style égyptien sur Clark Street, extraordinaire au milieu de l'ordinaire. Il se concluait par «les mots et les images une fois créés ont le pouvoir de s'actualiser, devenant éternels par le biais du désir ». Par hasard, des choses arrivent, surtout aux surréalistes qui commencent à écrire, et voici les merveilleuses pensées de Michael Richardson, son "Entrée de l'Egypte ancienne dans le Surréalisme" (Afrique contemporaine) récemment publiée.

On y découvre de nombreux aspects nouveaux de l'Égypte et du Surréalisme. Une belle discussion sur Fata Morgana de Breton, poème de résistance ; des informations sur la façon dont le Surréalisme a croisé le chemin du roi Tout ; et des réflexions surréalistes sur le film La Momie et sa thématique de l'amour éternel. Le texte de Richardson pointe vers une entrée du "Dictionnaire Abrégé du Surréalisme" de Breton Éluard de 1938 qui définit ainsi la Métamorphose : "J'arrive comme un épervier et je repars comme un phénix" - Sort 122, Livre des Morts.

Dans *Fata Morgana*, Breton constate les liens du Surréalisme avec l'ibis, l'esprit protecteur. Les surréalistes choisissent leurs ancêtres : l'Ibis en est un. Richardson fait également le constat de : « L'aspect transformateur de la culture égyptienne antique, l'accent qu'elle met sur le processus de transformation et les possibilités qu'elle offre au sein du domaine d'intérêt surréaliste et c'est ce qui a particulièrement conduit Breton à utiliser les éléments du mythe égyptien.

Les situationnistes ont dit que les images surréalistes étaient devenues partie intégrante du Spectacle, mais le Spectacle n'a fait que répandre l'image surréaliste. Il n'a pas détruit son pouvoir. Pour autant le surréalisme reste une lutte constante contre le misérabilisme omniprésent et une lutte constante contre l'emprise visqueuse de la religion et de la publicité.

Mais dans les publicités, on ne se souvient que de "l'autruche conduisant la voiture", pas du produit. C'est par le collage et la peinture que nous nous ré-empersonnons de l'image, lui donnons une nouvelle vie, en faisons la collecte, comme Isis l'a fait pour les morceaux Osiris.

Ces images deviennent les monstres de la conscience surréaliste douées du pouvoir de perturber la complaisance et l'ordre ennuyeux de la vie quotidienne.

Joyce Mansour écrivant à Paris en 1965 sur la manière de regarder l'exposition "L'Écart absolu" souligne : « Il est nécessaire pour les visiteurs, comme pour ceux qui embrassent la "divergence absolue", de broder sans fin sur ces toiles, d'y tracer leurs propres chemins à leur guise. Certains lieux, certaines époques poussent notre imagination dans des convulsions normalement impossibles. »

Transformer le monde a été lent, un combat avec une chimère, mais nous devons recoller les morceaux de nos rêves et continuer.

En 1957, le surréaliste égyptien Georges Henein écrivait : « Si la poésie tarde à être faite par tous, qu'elle soit du moins vécue par quelques-uns ».

Ikbal El Alailly, Georges Henein, Ramsès Younane et d'autres membres du groupe égyptien Art & Liberté ont vécu des temps de crise. Henein, écrit dans le Manifeste « Vive l'art dégénéré » de 1939 : « Penseurs, artistes, écrivains : levons nous et relevons le défi ! Nous devons nous aligner aux côtés de cet "art dégénéré" car c'est dans cet art que reposent les espoirs du futur ! » Étonnamment, les trésors de l'art dégénéré ont survécu à la guerre. Cela démontre la vitalité et la valeur de survie de l'image.

Je pense aux livres magnifiques d'Arturo Schwarz consacrés au surréalisme, à sa galerie milanaise, à sa collection surréaliste. Lui-même fut emprisonné et expulsé d'Egypte en 1949.

Une mauvaise utilisation du développement technologique est en train de détruire notre vieux monde et la menace physique de ce virus rampant rend nos réunions dans les cafés, les galeries et le travail très difficiles.

Difficile de dire si autre chose que les méga-chaînes survivra, en même temps les lettres physiques sur papier sont rares, et les journaux et livres imprimés sur papier de réalisation difficile et coûteuse. Mais de nouvelles possibilités se sont ouvertes à nous. Des amis surréalistes communiquent instantanément dans le monde entier. Il y a des événements Zoom. Des documents impossibles à trouver sont désormais sur Internet. Ce nouveau réseau mondial

est porteur de nombreuses promesses que nous ne pouvons ignorer. L'exposition internationale surréaliste au Caire en Égypte et à Saint-Cirq-Lapopie en France (Saint-Cirq-Lapopie était la résidence d'André Breton) est la première du genre, organisée en grande partie sur Internet.

Voyez The Room: Surrealist Magazine, qui cherche à «semer les graines de la tempête surréaliste en Afrique»; voyez Sulphur : Jungle Surréaliste, de Mohsen ElBelasy et de ses amis qui organisent la galerie et jouent à des jeux surréalistes.

Ce qu'on a pu voir sur internet est magnifique et on a hâte de tout voir. De tout voir et plus encore. Ceux d'entre nous qui sont surréalistes depuis longtemps devraient rappeler à tous que le surréalisme a commencé en 1924, que son histoire est une critique de la civilisation occidentale, qu'il s'est passionnément engagé dans l'exploration de l'esprit, dans l'engagement politique, dans des manifestes publics, depuis les jours de protestation contre l'exposition coloniale en passant par déclaration des 121 et la défense des peuples premiers du Canada. Ce qui se fait au nom du surréalisme est toujours sous le signe de la Poésie, de l'Amour et de la Liberté.

Liberté avant tout !

Penelope Rosemont

MENA Surrealist Group

Collective Poem

Mohsen Elbelasy

Ty-fifth of December tenth?

As I remember

I devoured the anal of the starvation-pearls

What's the secret behind the foam exiting your nails?

Put a copper cone between the thighs of the sky,

and vomit the messengers of black blood

“Where are you sitting now?”

The serpent-headed lioness squats over the head of the bowing-worm
symphony

“What is the nationality of the poet?”

Sheep succumbing to a copulating hyena,

smiling in pain,

his eyes bulging

The poet's nationality, you asked

“What is the nationality of the poet?”

Sheep succumbing to a copulating hyena,
smiling in pain,
his eyes bulging.

The poet's nationality?

Nothing more but a cement-like clitoris turning to dust when aroused

Michael The Seer

My looks make me drunk / forever lost in empty fields
My hands carry death / watching the grave of an evil monk
Drowning in the wind / Then swinging with a knife to float,

Barbarism is the new trend
Behind an old deserted garden / I solemnly bury my gaze...

Ghadah Kamal

Eternal sun peeks out from the balcony of every day life
Noon begs for eternal light

It's coming close,
and time beats us

And before the evening
Birds return to their nests

Three sparrows look pitifully at what is between my hand

The night's stubborn,
it's planets fallen down,
Long and deaf night,
It is meant for begging
As someone coming at the end of all things
Like a fleeting dream before leaving

“Everything comes late.”

It's salutes us and then leaves
Look at my last cigarette
Like the look of a last adieu
Leave it!

Go!

The last things are always sexy
Though wobbling on their last breath
On an empty table,
except from my cup,

and my fantasies,
(I remembered those)
But I didn't feel a thing
I finished my cup and smiled

Difficult climb,
Tides,
Black seas
Blackness of strength and glory,
Blackness of pride and role

Ships pass when it all calms down
Others drown in the slapping waves
In the middle of silent islands

Fresh air,
Fresh sand,
Simple huts,
Beautiful trees
Attractive and playful trees

Leave it!

Leave it!

The teeth of calm?
A beacon of love,
A scourge of hate

Calorimeters of war,

Breathing the repressed
Landing like a slice of dark imagination

Nawal Sherif

Jagged face vomiting the adrenaline of the gaze
There is no deformed sadness left
Except for the one fixing its smile
Existence has become colder than a dead ear

I am the first and last tear in the history of the angel of death.

Meanness!
Clouds without water
I feel Time,
But Time doesn't feel me back

Winds blow strong
trees sob
While white umbrellas ascend

like goblins in water

MENA Surrealist Group

The Statement of the East

*Language and its slaves.
Through the poem, we will demolish the corpses of linguistic livelihood*

The poem is a collective act, even if it is cast by a single imagination.

Collective automatism is self-contained in daily life. It floats through the air, dissolving all standing authority, and poetry is the belly of the river in which the showers of the collective unconscious take refuge. Every class, political, religious, linguistic or social authority wears off with the lightning of the poem.

Poetry alone, without a partner, is able to completely dismantle it.

Dark humor is the ghost of truth raging with the hammer of the Sloth, the Killer of All Holies.

Everything that is physically neglected in the city and every sexual explosion concealed by social fascism and its sick moral and religious logic, and everything that kills the sacred in its various bloody aspects represents for us the dough in which we form our poems.

We disdain the guards of the grammars because they are the condoms that

protect the heritage of linguistic subservience with its fascist religious sources, that erases every ecstasy that every free desire carries.

What is our language? What is language?

Is it the tool or the material subject to manufacture? Is it a hammer or a piece of steel that is hammered to be made into a blade?

Language is the most ordinary tool and always ready for recycling, it is the most human tool, subject to frequent use, it seems that everything that can be said with it has already been said, the same previous sentence was written by a Pharaonic writer from the old country, old wine is poured into old containers.

How miserable the fate of the poets is, boring is language, because the condition of its existence is that it be normal and acceptable and bear all the official seals of recognition, how can you form feathers for a phoenix from these yarns that have been spun countless times?

The truth is, language is not boring. People are boring.

Free imagination is to deconstruct the world and recreate it in the image of ourselves. Language is too fragile to be dismantled.

I have to give you a verb, an actor and an object every time, so that we agree that “this is language”, OK.

But what I can tell with it is endless and has no limits. The hammer and anvil of the blacksmith are the same, they do not change, and yet what can be formulated through language is what we call the infinite, and there are no limits to it except the creative abilities of the creator to imagine and develop

his tools to create what he imagines. Language is the most complex delivery tool because it is able to communicate a new meaning every time it is received. Every time a message falls through a human receiving device, it is reflected in a slightly different way to its original image.

We culminate the objective coincidence of daydreaming with a wreath that links Surrealism with all psychological, literary and artistic sciences, we connect it with what the sociology of the cities hides.

Pure poetry is the eye that is hanging in the festoon, the dawn of the horizon, and the sulfuric acid that is burning the face of the civilization of slavery markets.

You do not have to get close to people, you have to choose 400 close wolves who look like the linguistic numbering tools. Then you storm all the theaters of the city to read an orphan poem about the futility of life without poetry.

The daily Arabic dictionary is one-armed poverty, and it is the rattle of acquiescence.

And the Arab poetry scene is an ass hole to soak up the collective thirst.

We strongly emphasize our apparent hostility to those who limit both surrealism and poetry to fictional artificial masturbation, and canning the free rave.

Also...

We support the hidden relationships which are swimming in the deep ocean of the collective melatonin that has been blocked by the rust of everyday life and

we preserve it perfectly in the skeleton box.

The poem should be an arena for the execution for all celestial metaphysics, to burn them with the napalm of desires, and real poetry employs itself to discover a daydream that avenges its fate and make barbaric sex with it.

It is there in the room of closed blinds where yesterday's world licked the thigh of the sleeping's world, where free delirium with sufficient needs flogs the back of the bloody logical consciousness and trivial daily facts.

In our hands it's the whip of the Marquis de Sade that irritates the clitoris of the inner thirst of the human imagination.

Every poet must put himself alone in the pursuit of his golden room overlooking the execution field of all laws: family, authority, religion and society.

The pain you feel in your head has been caused by the speeches of nobles for 400 years.

If fools had listened to poetry, it would have been better for them and for us not to reuse the same evening more than 400 times, except for the poetry-lit evening.

The most beautiful poems were like a grenade. Toss it and take the ground. Let a child choose the title of your poetry book.

The Revolution is: Poetic Solitude and Rebellious Laziness.

No coat of poetry, no parentage in Surrealism.

Today's poet has nothing but to carry the pickax of his screams.

- As you leave yourself, don't forget to close the mouth of the ego.
- Break your mirrors inside you.
- Follow the concealed steps, and cover the shades of the chameleon.
- Don't travel, turn cities toward you.

Don't cross the river, let it cross you again and again, as you it's the surrealist estuary.

MENA Surrealist Group – 2019

Fresh Dirt

Collective poem

[Janice Hathaway & Ladonna Smith]

Inevitable Being

Slow, listenable clatter
from delicate to explosive
lead us toward one of gradual change
A pass begins with an accident
It is neither inner or outer
but both
Tickling the brain seems possible
Perhaps a puzzle resolving into a whisper of wind
Quietly
the disagreeable food
becomes delicious before
evolving into a toast to internal lights
From the center of her heart,
an opening exposes a fire of
yearning not fully satiated
Mysterious ships of cargo
creep in to existence
bringing needed change

The signal trumpet,
manifest hummingbirds
lending soft pulsation
to the intermediate descant
pushing a cloud
Then slowly sinking into a mire of seaweed
A life that is present and sensory input
manifests into myriad lifeforms
Tracking and floating
Other Minds

La Belle Inutile

What Will Be

Since the dawn of the 2000s, La Belle Inutile has taken the risk of not being one of the places where the history of surrealist art is discussed. A strange term to say the least, but an academic discipline that does not lack excellent specialists. It's a profession, a trade – no more vain than many others – but you may also choose not to have any profession at all, to “never have your own hand” (as Rimbaud said). In spite of a proven tenderness for what has been, having little taste neither for deference, nor for celebrations, nor even for celebrities, it immediately seemed incomparably wiser since more foolish to try to contribute to what will be.

For more than 300,000 years, the history of the species has only been the adventure authorized by the interplay between the arts, sciences and techniques – and ecology! Nothing very surprising in this, except for those who failed to notice that the living, over the last 4 billion years, will have been considerably more artist, more learned, and more technician than the human species probably will ever be...

Ah! Yes, but that must not be taken into account because it's unconscious, you might say. An unconscious technology is not really a technology. Words like arts, sciences and technologies may only be used for conscious and therefore human activities. To which the first virus to come silently retorts that consciousness does not intervene the slightest in the good or bad

functioning of the technical means that, as a virus, it implements with a success that no human being seems to dispute.

By a characteristic feature of a stubborn and lingering religious mental attitude, the dominant ideas of the time continue to grant a completely disproportionate importance to consciousness and, as unconscious heirs of usual religions, that is of Neolithic religions, persist in denying any existence to the immense treasure of inventiveness, cunning, trickery and slowly accumulated wisdom of a living unconscious almost 4 billion years old. Hence a much wider field than what psychoanalytic therapeutic techniques have ever been able to attempt to grasp.

For the rest, barring divine intervention, whence could well have come those few scraps of consciousness which humans pride themselves on and, by the effect of a holy principle, deny to other beasts, except out of this immense ocean of unconscious that Life is indeed.

Similarly, to any mind even only slightly concerned with atheism, it should have since long appeared that technology did not fall from the sky but, on the contrary, constitutes an original and central property of the living. By a blindness typical of Realism, which always wants to only believe in things, technology was first perceived as specifically human for this weak reason that in most cases it is implemented by means external to the body – that is to say via what Bernard Stiegler calls exo-somatic organs – while the technology implemented by living beings is most often based on means internal to the body – hence via intra-somatic organs according to Stiegler’s terminology. The case of language is particularly enlightening since it is a technology that relies only on one specific organ, internal to the body, but yet particular to the human species, in the sense that our very close cousins the great apes have no

equivalent of it.

So it is ultimately through loyalty to what should be called the spirit of the living that La Belle Inutile has, from the outset, endeavored to investigate, identify, experiment and implement the artistic, scientific and technical means of this time in order to make a surrealist use of them whenever possible.

But it was also necessary to go further and, in line with the requirements of the First Manifesto, it was necessary to understand how, by what meanders, the real functioning of thought could have led us to the current disaster. To understand the slow emergence of unequal societies and the central role once played, and still played in it, by the imaginary. To understand how commercial exchange profoundly transforms our perceptions and even our understanding of the Real itself. To understand how the creativity of mathematicians designates a type of unconscious that psychoanalytic therapeutic techniques had not identified. To understand how the procedural unconscious silently comes back to haunt our every move for better and for worse. Finally, to understand how Life systematically implements mechanisms based on inner chance and even collage to anticipate and adapt to the upheavals originating in outer chance itself.

Although we may hope for a new quality of lucidity from it, all this will certainly not be enough to get us out of the deadly trap into which capitalism has led us. But perhaps such an attempt at deepening can at least prevent us from unwittingly falling back into the ruts from which we absolutely must get out.

KAREDAS éditions - BELLEVILLE galaxie

KAREDAS est une maison d'édition et une société de production de films française indépendante.

BELLEVILLE galaxie est une association loi 1901 créée dans le but de promouvoir et valoriser les cultures de différents pays, régions, quartiers, et leurs communautés, la mixité sociale, la solidarité et le soutien de projets culturels internationaux ou sociaux innovants, la communication entre différentes classes d'âge, le soutien à la francophonie et aux droits de l'homme, la parité hommes-femmes, les droits des enfants et développement durable.

Catherine Belkhodja figure parmi les principaux animateurs de l'une et de l'autre des deux structures et on donne ci dessous quelques éléments biographique de Catherine.

Poétesse, haidjin, script doctor et dramaturge, Catherine Belkhodja publie aussi des nouvelles aux Editions Liroli, KAREDAS ou dans Brèves. Elle a co-adapté et interprété avec Etienne Sandrin *Le dépayés* de Chris Marker, présenté au Collège des Bernardins à Paris et au Théâtre des Halles à Avignon, adapté et mis en scène *Splendides exilées* d'Arezki Metref en France et en Algérie, et est l'auteure de *Heureux comme un roi* et *Escapade clandestine*, deux premiers volets d'une trilogie sur l'émigration dont elle a assuré la mise en scène à Paris, à la Halle aux cuirs et au Théâtre 104 .

Élève à 16 ans au Conservatoire et aux Beaux-Arts d'Alger, puis de Paris, elle n'a jamais cessé de peindre, de jouer ou d'écrire. Portant son regard curieux sur le monde, elle assure la promotion d'artistes ou écrivains dans des revues

ou magazines de la presse écrite, audio visuelle, ou internet.

L'émission *Taxi* qu'elle a conçue et présentée pour Arte et France 3, alors qu'elle était journaliste à Gamma TV a remporté un Sept d'or. Fondatrice de la collection kaiseki chez KAREDas, elle édite des haikus, haïshas ou haïbuns. Depuis une dizaine d'années, Catherine Belkhodja est commissaire d'exposition à la galerie itinérante BELLEVILLE galaxie - où elle proposait dernièrement à proximité de l'IMA, une exposition des œuvres de Jaber, peintre d'art brut tunisien talentueux, récemment disparu.

Après avoir exposé longtemps dans des lieux plus marginaux, elle a montré en 2022 quelques facettes de son travail à la Galerie Arnaud Lefebvre à Paris, et à la galerie Peter Blum à New-York. On pouvait y revoir des extraits de l'installation *Silent Movie*, dont elle est la figure principale à côté de grandes actrices du cinéma muet. Créée spécialement pour le Wexner Center en hommage au Centenaire du Cinéma, cette installation de Chris Marker a été reprise au MOMA de New York puis dans de nombreux Musées internationaux d'art contemporain: Tate Gallery de Londres, Académie Royale de Bruxelles, Musées d'Art contemporain de Tokyo, Oslo, Copenhague, Barcelone ou Zürich.

Dialector, son dialogue avec Chris Marker, de longs mois après sa mort, a été présenté à Moscou et au Centre Pompidou grâce un logiciel créé par Chris Marker à partir de leur correspondance.

A l'instar de *Level Five*, fiction réalisée par Chris Marker, qu'elle a co-écrit et dont elle est l'héroïne, ce logiciel ravive le dialogue avec un disparu. Au Centre Pompidou l'installation *Zapping Zone*, dans la version 1994, présentait également deux de ses films *Parfaitement imparfaite* et *Monsieur Clou*.

Au Caire, Catherine Belkhodja présente des œuvres ou textes dans le cadre de la première exposition surréaliste en Afrique. Elle présente aussi la relation particulière qui la lie à Matta: deux faire parts de naissance et de mort : *La perte des 0*. Elle y présente également des photos-haikus, fruits d'une collaboration avec le poète-psychanalyste Philippe Bouret.

A la Galerie Arnaud Lefebvre, elle présente un libretto, dernier né de la collection *kaiseki*, préfacé par Eric Dussert : une suite de haikus écrit par le collectif « coucouduhaiku » qu'elle a supervisé sur le thème de la lucidité durant le confinement, ainsi que son haibun « *Hamster mélancolique* » en hommage à son père, publié par KAREDas.

Catherine Belkhodja is a painter, actress, script-doctor, author (poetry, haikus, new songs. She has worked for many years with Chris Marker and is currently exhibiting her work in New York (Peter Blum Gallery), Paris (Galerie Arnaud Lefebvre) and (Centre Pompidou) and in Cairo.

** The Centre Pompidou installation featured multiple film clips including two short films of her "Perfectly Imperfect" and Monsieur Clou. On one of the screens was programmed a clip of the group ELECTRONIC in which she participated for the producer Michael Shamberg.*

** film LEVEL FIVE by Chris Marker*

** Installation SILENT MOVIE by Chris Marker - Wexner Art Center, MOMA, TATE gallery, Royal Academy of Brussels, Museums of Modern Art in Oslo, Copenhagen, Barcelona, Tokyo...*

Chrysopoeia International Surrealist Group / Union / Cooperative

- Chrysopoeia is a free association of surrealist groups and individuals, artists, writers, poets, and researchers. It is not limited to, nor shaped by any geographic, racial or gender boundaries.
- Chrysopoeia embraces Surrealism and its developments as a comprehensive approach, and seeks to develop a collaborative research context for international, multidisciplinary, multilingual practice related to all forms of independent unconscious-based expressions.
- The activities of our union will include the organization of international surrealist events, actions and publications. We will provide technical support for members, groups, publications and literary translation while ensuring the independence of participating groups.
- Surrealism relates to expressing «the real functioning of thought [...] in the absence of any control exercised by reason and apart from any aesthetic or moral concern ».
- We think that not only language, but the whole world in all its aspects, was given to humanity to make surrealist use of it.

“All things are called to other uses than those generally attributed to them.”

– André Breton, *Le Point du Jour*.

- We think that surrealists should make use of whatever materials and tools that they find attractive. Whether a feather, a cloud or a computer, any single object in this world becomes a surrealist object as soon as surrealist use is made of it.
- We think that the results of surrealist activities do not have to conform to any type of listed art form, nor even to whatever is considered art.
- Restrictions regarding materials and tools, as well as compliance with traditional artistic categories are views that were already considered and experienced as obsolete by most artists of the Renaissance period. We think that an attempt to liberate the human mind may in no way be successfully achieved on the basis of a narrower scope of practices and intellectual freedom than that which was already acquired by artists at that time.
- “we are interested in how surrealism appears in everyday life, whether it’s from surrealists or not, but we understand this is not the same as a surrealist movement.”
- “We are interested in certain parallel currents that might overlap with surrealism. Surrealism may -appear- or be present- within avant garde or popular art but it’s not necessarily the same thing.”
- We categorically reject mixing surrealism with whatever form of religion, and we reject the presence of any religious persons within the group.
- We reject any aesthetic attribute that directly or indirectly integrates into the life of this society or that would tend to reconcile with it.

- We will not be part of struggles between contemporary surrealist groups. Chrysopoeia neither aims to establish a new form of ideology nor any kind of artistic dogma. Chrysopoeia is a collaborative group whose goal is to further the liberation of the imagination.
- Realistic daily life erases the perception of the unique characteristics of objects. We will always seek to break this mechanism and its dynamics by means of words, plastic art, music and cinema or any other means.
- Collective automatism is self-contained in everyday life. It floats in the air, dissolving every entrenched and worn-out intellectual authority.
- The poem is a collective work, even if it is from one's individual imagination.
- We have nothing but contempt for the guardians of grammar because they are the protectors of the heavy legacy of linguistic dependence that erases the ecstasy of all free desire.
- We support every creative act that contributes to the wondrous conquest of everyday life and the conquest of mad love. Everything that has been physically neglected in the city, and every sexual explosion that social fascism hides, is for us the dough with which we form our written and visual poems.
- We have collective dreams in laboratories tanned by the corners of the sun. Every creative act is an act where the moon comforts the dead with shining tenderness. Without complacency we are scattered through huge maritime corridors, beyond our masks and resistances, outside of potions and tubes, we gather electromagnetically in the synthetic and in the natural to liberate our collective. The creation machine is activated under new surreal techniques,

inside small canoes all dressed by the milky way. Hell can be detained in the showcase of a box, or beyond, the marvelous in the beautiful, the convulsions of crazy love in the exercise of our freedom. Flowers reveal their secrets to birds as soon as they are thirsty, and words beat grammarians in all languages.

– Surrealism is beautiful like a swan devouring a printing press in a bed of ghostly nights!

– The constellations that unite us are the nets that we cast into the sea. What we really transmit is the deep language of the inexplicable that surpasses us. We have found ourselves stranded, throwing the last compass overboard. We continue the path of despair, but we know like the shipwrecked and the discoverers of the seas that there is always someone on the other side waiting for the days of mist and salvation, or whatever that Breton said is in the future; the golden age. In that search for the gold of time, we find ourselves sitting at the table drinking wine.

– Finally, and last but not least, as a due part of our pleasures, we embrace parties, costumed or not, good humor and humor itself, whether black or in full color, in the midst of everyday life.

Founding members

As groups and individuals

Groups:

Sulfur Surrealist Jungle

La Belle Inutile

La Sirena Surrealist Group

Budapest Surrealist Society

Individuals:

Penelope Rosemont /USA

J Karl Bogartte /USA

La Donna Smith /USA

Ghadah Kamal /Egypt

Darren Thomas /Wales

Doug Campbell /Scotland

Taya King /England

Irene Plazewska /Ireland

Daina Kopp /USA

James Sebor /USA

Mohsen Elbelasy /Egypt

Verónica Cabanillas Samaniego /Peru

Richard Burke /USA

Suzan Burk /USA

Daniel O'Reilly /Spain

Esther Holbrook /Hungary

Michael the Seer /Iraq
Magdalena Benavente /Chile
Jennifer Walker/Hungary
Moheeb Al Barghothy /Palestine
Amirah Gazel /Costa-Rica
Janice Hathaway /USA
Khalifa Dari /Morocco
Miguel Lohle /Netherlands
Gaetano Andreoni /Italy
Dawn Juan /Canada
Deborah Stevenson /USA
Andrei Azsacra/Russia
Jaime Alfaro Ngwazi /Chile
Argenis Herrera /Costa Rica

International Surrealist Statement

A Spark in Search of a Powder Keg

Rebellion is its own justification, completely independent of the chance it has to modify the state of affairs that gives rise to it. It's a spark in the wind, but a spark in search of a powder keg.

- André Breton

If only one thing has brought me joy in the last few weeks, it began when the matriarchs at Unist'ot'en burned the Canadian flag and declared reconciliation is dead. Like wildfire, it swept through the hearts of youth across the territories. Reconciliation was a distraction, a way for them to dangle a carrot in front of us and trick us into behaving. Do we not have a right to the land stolen from our ancestors?

It's time to shut everything the fuck down!

Tawinikay (aka Southern Wind Woman)

The toxic cargo carried in Canadian pipelines, whether it be tar sands oil or fracked liquid natural gas (LNG), is, according to all serious climate scientists, a major, perhaps even decisive contribution to global warming, i.e. ecological catastrophe. Meant to fuel industrial expansion, the pipelines have themselves become fuel for revolt. Designed to move these dirty fossil fuels from one location to another, they are a crucial element in normalizing the dubious paradise of unlimited growth in awe of which all obedient consumer/citizens are supposed to genuflect. In what the colonial mapmakers have called British Columbia (BC), resource extraction has always been the name of the game. However, the emergence in February of this year of a widespread oppositional network ranging from “land back” Indigenous warriors to elder traditionalists and from Extinction Rebellion activists to anarchist insurrectionaries was heartening. Railways, highways and ferries were blockaded, provincial legislatures, government administrative offices, banks and corporate headquarters were occupied. The catalyst for this rebellion was a widespread Indigenous uprising that refused the illusory promises of reconciliation. Together, these rebel forces disrupted business as usual in solidarity with the Unist’ot’en Big Frog clan of the Wet’suwet’en tribal house.

As objective chance would have it, the primary Indigenous land defense camp is situated not far from the same Hazelton, B.C. area to which surrealist Kurt Seligmann and his wife Arlette had journeyed in 1938. During that time, they visited Gitksan and Wet’suwet’en villages, marveled at the imaginative power of the totem poles and ceremonial objects, made field notes, shot 16mm film, collected stories and recorded mythic histories. Now, in 2020, growing numbers of these same Indigenous peoples have been threatening to bring the

Canadian economy to a grinding halt. Unwilling to be bought off by corporate petrodollars or mollified by a legal system that has never done anything but pacify, brutalize, or betray them in the process of stealing their land, Indigenous peoples passionately fought back against the forces of colonial law and order in a radical whirlwind of willful disobedience and social disruption. One action built upon another in creating a rolling momentum that seemed unstoppable. When one railroad blockade would be busted by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP), another would spring up in its place elsewhere extending the frontlines of the battle all across the continent. Then the debilitating Covid-19 virus arrived to compound the damage that had previously been done to the capitalist economy by the incendiary virus of revolt. The resistance of these Indigenous communities against the pipelines concerns all of us, worldwide, since they are on the cusp of the struggle to prevent cataclysmic climate change.

In the future, a key question will be whether Canadian authorities can successfully put the genie of Indigenous rebellion back in the colonial bottle of “reconciliation”. As surrealists, we hope they will not, and we stand in solidarity with the unreconciled insurgent spirit of defiant Indigenous resistance. A new reality is to be invented and lived instead of the one that today as yesterday imposes its environmental miserabilism and its colonialist and racist hierarchies. As surrealists, we honor our historical affinity with the Kwakwaka’wakw Peace Dance headdress that for so long had occupied a place of reverence in André Breton’s study during his lifetime before being ceremoniously returned in 2003 to Alert Bay on Cormorant Island by his daughter, Aube Elléouet, in keeping with her father’s wishes. With this former congenial correspondence in mind, we presently assert that our ongoing desire

to manifest the emancipation of the human community as distinctively undertaken in the surrealist domain of intervention is in perfect harmony with the fight of the Indigenous communities of the Americas against globalized Western Civilisation and its ecocidal folly.

Surrealists in the United States:

Gale Ahrens, Will Alexander, Andy Alper, Byron Baker, J.K. Bogartte, Eric Bragg, Thom Burns, John Clark, Casi Cline, Steven Cline, Jennifer Cohen, Laura Corsiglia, David Coulter, Jean-Jacques Dauben, Rikki Ducornet, Terri Engels, Barrett John Erickson, Alice Farley, Natalia Fernandez, Brandon Freels, Beth Garon, Paul Garon, Robert Green, Maurice Greenia, Brigitte Nicole Grice, Janice Hathaway, David Houstman, Karl Howeth, Joseph Jablonski, Timothy Robert Johnson, Robin D.G. Kelly, Paul McRandle, Irene Plazewska, Theresa Plese, Michael Stone-Richards, David Roediger, Penelope Rosemont, Tamara Smith, Steve Smith, Abigail Susik, Sasha Vlad, Joel Williams, Craig S. Wilson

Surrealists in the UK:

Jay Blackwood, Paul Cowdell, Jill Fenton, Rachel Fijalkowski, Krzysztof Fijalkowski, Merl Fluin, Kathy Fox, Lorna Kirin, Rob Marsden, Douglas Park, Wedgwood Steventon, Frank Wright, the Leeds Surrealist Group (Stephen J. Clark, Kenneth Cox, Luke Dominey, Amalia Higham, Bill Howe, Sarah Metcalf, Peter Overton, Douglas Park, Rob Marsden, Jonathan Tarry, Martin Trippett) , the London Surrealist Group (Stuart Inman, Philip Kane, Timothy B. Layden, Jane Sparkes, Darren Thomas), and the surrealists of Wales (Jean Bonnin, Neil Combs, David Greenslade, Jeremy Over, John Richardson, John Welson)

Surrealists in Paris:

Ody Saban and The Surrealist Group of Paris: (Elise Aru, Michèle Bachelet, Anny Bonnin, Massimo Borghese, Claude-Lucien Cauët, Taisia Cherkasova, Sylwia Chrostowska, Hervé Delabarre, Alfredo Fernandes, Joël Gayraud, Régis Gayraud, Guy Girard, Michael Löwy, Pierre-André Sauvageot, Bertrand Schmitt, Sylvain Tanquerel, Virginia Tentindo, Michel Zimbacca)

Surrealists in Canada:

Montréal (Jacques Desbiens, Peter Dube, Sabatini Lasiesta, Bernar Sancha), Toronto (Beatriz Hausner, Sherri Higgins), Québec City (David Nadeau), Victoria (Erik Volet), the Ottawa Surrealist Group (Jason Abdelhadi, Lake, Patrick Provonost) and the Inner Island Surrealist Group (as.matta, Jesse Gentes, Sheila Nopper, Ron Sakolsky)

The Surrealist Group of Madrid

Eugenio Castro, Andrés Devesa, Jesús Garcia Rodriguez, Vicente Gutiérrez Escudero, Lurdes Martinez, Noé Ortega, Antonio Ramirez, Jose Manuel Rojo, María Santana, Angel Zapata

Surrealists in Sweden:

Johannes Bergmark, Erik Bohman, Kalle Eklund, Mattias Forshage, Riyota Kasamatsu, Michael Lundberg, Emma Lundenmark, Maja Lundgren, Kristoffer Noheden, Sebastian Osorio

Surrealists in Holland:

Jan Bervoets, Elizé Bleys, Josse De Haan, Rik Lina, Hans Plomp, Pieter Schermer, Wijnand Steemers, Laurens Vancrevel, Her de Vries, Bastiaan Van der Velden

Surrealists in Brazil

Alex Januario, Mário Aldo Barnabé, Diego Cardoso, Elvio Fernandes, Beau Gomez, Rodrigo Qohen, Sergio Lima, Natan Schäfer, Renato Souza

Surrealists in Chile:

Jaime Alfaro, Magdalena Benavente, Jorge Herrera F., Miguel Ángel Huerta, Ximena Olgúin, Enrique de Santiago, Andrés Soto, Claudia Vila

The Middle East and North Africa Surrealist Group:

Algeria (Onfwan Foud), Egypt (Yasser Abdelkawy, Mohsen El-Belasy, Ghadah Kamal), Iraq (Miechel Al Raie), Syria (Tahani Jalloul), and Palestine (Fakhry Ratrouf)

Surrealists in Prague:

Frantisek Dryje, Joe Grim Feinberg, Katerina Pinosova, Martin Stejskal, Jan Svankmajer

The Athens Surrealist Group:

Nicos Stabikis, Theoni Tambaki, Thomas Typaldos, Mariana Xanthopoulou

Surrealists in Costa Rica:

Gaetano Andreoni, Amirah Gazel, Miguel Lohlé, Denis Magerman, Alfonso Peña

Surrealists in Buenos Aires:

Silvia Guiard, Luís Conde, Alejandro Michel

Surrealists in Portugal:

Miguel de Carvalho, Luiz Morgadinho

Surrealists in Bucharest

Dan Stanciu

Surrealists in Mexico:

Susana Wald

Surrealists in the Canary Islands

Jose Miguel Perez Corales

Postscript: During the process of gathering signatures for the above declaration, we were inspired to see its uncompromising stance against white supremacy and police repression reflected in the brightly sparkling flames of the Minneapolis uprising that lit a powder keg of pent-up rage and incited an earth-shaking eruption of spontaneous rebellion in the streets of America. It was only fitting that in solidarity with the uprising about police brutality kicked off by George Floyd's execution/lynching at the hands of the police, anti-racism protesters in the United States would take direct action by beheading or bringing down statues of Christopher Columbus, genocidal symbol of the colonial expropriation of Native American lands. (Guy Girard, Michael Löwy, Penelope Rosemont, and Ron Sakolsky, June 18, 2020).

Allan Graubard

The Butterfly Man

The Butterfly Man first appears to us in 1817, his name attached to a notice in the New Orleans daily, *Le Courier de la Louisiane*, as having mail in English waiting for him at the post office.

In all probability, he arrived in the city some seven years prior, when he set up shop on Bourbon Street to fashion from prevailing styles his now famous armoires. Made from mahogany, with some use of cherry and walnut, and secondary woods like cypress and poplar, they carried his signature, finely appointed interiors: a double dovetail – a bowtie-shaped patch also known as “butterfly” or “Flying Dutchman” -- to strengthen the glued panels that make the side walls.

Never having signed his creations, we can only guess at his motives, complete with the fact that mystery attracts admirers, and admiration magnifies value.

Why his competitors did not emulate him in style or quality is another issue.

They knew well enough, especially during those years, that anonymity was no cure for revenge. George Dewhurst, if that was his name, hailed from the northeast, but he made his fortune on the delta, thick with émigrés from Saint-

Domingue fleeing the Haitian revolution; Creoles mostly, who would soon come to comprise high society.

Did he take on apprentices from the island, recognizing their skill with wood and the ease with which they watched and learned?

I assume so.

At the same time, with all records lost, conjecture opens other doors, not so much into linen, carefully folded and perfumed, or men and women's attire, but of the man himself.

That he lived well is evidenced by his home, which while discrete from the outside boasted a large living area on the second floor with a lovely, wrought-iron grill-worked terrace overlooking a Spanish garden with fountain and, as it seems, a small pool for pleasure fish, the kind you look at, feed and guard from preying kids and hungry cats.

The first floor is divided into two rooms, one a showroom, the other a workshop.

It doesn't matter that several generations of other families inhabited the building after Dewhurst's death or disappearance, there also being no death certificate with his name in the city morgue.

They did not alter the interior structure, and must have enjoyed the garden as Dewhurst did. The lush, tended retreat then embraces still today despite the overgrowth and rot.

The iron base of the pool, having rusted away to a patina of the metal, retains

its original shape, and the brick wall beyond with its wounds of crumbling dust.

Did Dewhurst marry or use his women as he wished, when he wished in a city known for spice and joie de vivre? Or was he enamored of men and their cultish affairs?

Did he enjoy both sexes with a bit of pedophilia or bestiality as topical mixers for conversation's sake?

Or was he an anchorite consumed by his work and the dreams that inspired it, socializing when custom required or need intervened, but not more; his private life complete enough to forgo the complexities in relationships that must have injured him, once or more than once or a few times more than enough?

His armoires, which also seem to avoid him, giving less of the man than they might, and leaving, in their wake, just the sort of questions I have asked, are a perfect foil. The rationality that governs the design, buoyed by their baroque qualities, which repetition must have allowed him to savor, is a mask. Once established as an artisan of choice, he need not give up anything more of himself to preserve the compact.

And yet there is something else, which has entangled me ever since encountering the twenty remaining armoires scattered around the country. Their solidity encloses a perfectly practical interior with dark recessive rectangles and emptiness; a sensation of emptiness that eludes attempts to fill it.

No matter what quantity of textiles the armoire stores, the grace with which it

does so exhales an expanse infused by the smell and sheen of wood; an analogical expanse to be sure but one that works, which makes of the thing, not an antithesis to light, a regression into shadow, but a prism of sorts that sublimates shadow, and through which Dewhurst passed, as he created it.

This is poetry, the very *raison d'être* of the poetic. And even if he didn't recognize it – which I can't believe, I'm sure he did – he must have found in completion the same fatigue the poet finds, with the last few words falling away, as if silence were a chorus startled by a score composed entirely of rests.

Which is simply to say, Dewhurst's secret is his, just as the armoires are ours, retaining within them the gift he gave us -- supported by two prismatic wood-carved fans, which we equate by name with a myth in a semi-tropical city, just recently bought by the French and sold to the Americans.

Pierre Petiot

Of an art of being surrealist that would not be recognized as such

Roughly...

Some make collages with pictures or with words or fragments of text. The same sort of thing can be done with ideas or scraps of theories. And this in a way that is no less automatic than any "normal" surrealist painter or poet would use in their work. Except, however, that it is a permanent activity because thought does not stop. It never begins and never ends. Considered as an art form, it is not an activity different from other cataloged and recognized art forms. The raw material used is of course different but the process is exactly the same, although of course more "abstract". However, this activity does not seem to have ever received a name.

When practiced with some assiduity, it sometimes induces "bizarre" mental states and, when you are lucky enough to make some small discovery, most of the time it then feels like a kind of dance of the mind, very similar to the one that Rimbaud describes in this well-known fragment:

« J'ai tendu des cordes de clocher en clocher ; guirlandes de
fenêtre en fenêtre; chaînes d'or d'étoile en étoile, et je danse ».

"I stretched ropes from steeple to steeple; garlands from window
to window; golden chains from star to star, and I dance. "

I am not a Platonist. Truly not. I don't put ideas or theories above everything

at all. For example, I place them far below the adaptive immune system, which is quite remarkable in its form of intelligence since it allows us to survive, and also far below the capacities that animals have developed during biological evolution. to move and grab objects and do lots of other things that Life can do, although they are not known to be in any way "theoretical".

I am actually a declared enemy of Plato whom I consider (cavalierly) a slaveholder and one of the most notable bastards who once helped to establish the separation between mind and body, between theory and practice and all the other homologous divisions that go with it.

When an artist is particularly proud of his work, when a poet is proud of a poem, they tend to want to show it to others. It is of course the same as far as I am concerned with my particular sort of abstractions-based collages ...

If I happen to come across an idea or a cluster of ideas that I find interesting, or that I have never read about elsewhere, I tend to try to expose them to others... Considered from outside, it seems that it makes me appear as pedantic, although, when seen from my point of view it's essentially all about playing, sometimes seriously, sometimes not. But maybe, as Duchamp says, is it the viewer who makes the picture... We are all like children who, when they happen to find or achieve something that they think is interesting, will run to their mother (or father), shouting: Mom (or Dad), come see!

Any art exhibition is basically nothing else ...

It turns out that I cannot write alone. I never could. I find it way too boring. I can't sit in front of the computer and decide that I'm going to write or make something up... This connects with Matta's remark below.

“Seeing, reading horses in the clouds, this is the method proposed by Leonardo da Vinci. You should not start from a blank sheet, otherwise you are only projecting what you know. If you start from the stains, if you read them by the hallucinatory, automatic method, you see things that come from hidden desire.”

A blank page has nothing to say to me, or rather, leaving me facing myself, it can only tell about myself, that is to say about what I already know. And what would be the point of writing if not to discover things that we do not yet know?

So I have to use other people's ideas or words as the basis for my own form of surrealism. Anyone I talk to, may at any time, serve as a starting point for any kind of mental excursion, just as any form within the real can serve as a starting point for an artist.

Of course, this can be confusing and even unpleasant for an uninformed interlocutor, but the mind blows where and when it wants, and when an idea passes, it must be picked up on the fly and even it must often be developed a little to keep a firmer and sharper trace of it. I understand that people may find such an attitude somewhat rude since it consists in using the word of someone else to weave my own little abstractions in my own little brain. By current moral standards, this is disrespectful and very wrong.

However, if we refer to the series of texts published in *La Révolution Surréaliste* under the generic title “*Le Dialogue Surréaliste en 192x*”, we can see very clearly that in these “dialogues” no speaker seems to take into account what is being said by the other. From a surrealist point of view, then, this appears as a pretty reasonable attitude - or to say the least, this should be considered so. And if, when pushing a little further, we refer to what Vincent Bounoure writes on collective automatic writing experiments in *La*

Civilisation Surréaliste (1976), we come to the conclusion that listening to the other should in no way be considered as a prerequisite for an honest surrealist conversation. It suffices, in fact, to synchronize by picking up, once in a while, a fragment of what the other is saying and to let your unconscious casually build your own thought, a hint of theory, an ounce of meaning or a torrent of poetry, based on this randomly selected fragments.

I spent almost 30 years in an endlessly repeated series of interweaving monologues with one of my best friends - who is not even a surrealist. Was I really listening to what he was saying? Was he really listening to what I was saying? Not really. It was never anything else than a vague, careless, floating form of attention. And yet this double monologue was extremely productive for both of us.

Subsequently, this kind of crossed monologues spontaneously settled with many other people, being understood by both sides that I was not listening nor that I was even caring to understand what my interlocutors were saying, and that it was out of the question for me to worry the slightest about whether they listened to me or whether they understood me either. And yet, these kinds of relationships have led to the most precious and stable friendships I have ever had.

Moreover, in what way would conscious and organized thought and speech contribute to friendship? They are certainly useful for exposing the articulations of a complex or supposedly complex thought, but they always remain basically inherited and dependent on an initially polemic tradition. A tradition rooted in the will to convince: "You will see that you shall eventually give in to my reasons." In terms of reasons, friendship rests on a particular quality of haze, sensory, instinctual as much as intellectual, and in fact of a

largely unconscious and properly poetic order.

Perhaps would a not too conventional psychoanalyst come to suspect in these intermingled monologues, a means by which two unconscious agree and sometimes even almost musically. So much so that this would result in something equivalent to a kind of Freudian transference, however without this professional and castrating restriction according to which the poor therapist is not supposed to come to feel affection for his client. If we reverse the view point, perhaps is Freudian transference fundamentally nothing else than a kind of deliberately missed occasion of creating a friendship...

The activity flows of the unconscious are much too fast and capricious (and those of conscious thoughts are hardly less so) for a synchronization of the unconscious of two speakers to be possible over a duration greater than one second. But what happens in the kind of interwoven monologues I'm talking about, is a sort of dotted line synchronization, much freer, yet quite comparable in some ways to the organized and formal and almost timed experimental protocol implemented in the collective automatic writing sessions as described in *La Civilization Surréaliste*.

And then, if you consider it correctly, after all, this dotted line listening that takes place in these intertwined monologues, is also a way of taking the other as an oracle, in a way similar to what the ancient Greeks used to do with the oracle of Delphi. Everyone knew that the Pythias was under the influence of some drug or that of a god (which is equivalent) and that she said anything. And yet everyone left Delphi with a few words or visions intended to serve as a guide in meditation or action. Humanity has never been sailing otherwise than based on this joint wisdom of chance and the unconscious.

Laurent Doucet - Séances de sommeils surréalistes Saint Cirq Lapopie

Brèves visions dans la Maison d'André Breton

« Il se peut qu'un jour la peinture ou la sculpture
que nous admirons tombent en poussière (...)
ou qu'advienne une ère qui fasse taire toute vie
sur Terre »

- S. Freud, Éphémères destinées, 1915

Dans la tour
Les oiseaux sont des livres ouverts
Et des nombrils
Les moutons semblant sortir du tableau
Un œil brûlant
Darde derrière le bouquet mignon
L'explosion des chrysanthèmes
En cette Sortie de messe
Peinte sur « papier boucherie »
Enfantin jusque dans le trait
Le sujet de La petite fille
Est rendu par le dessin même
Et la matière

Le peintre aperçu dans le rêve est le seul à pouvoir peindre le vent

La toile déformée comme la Maison des Têtes

A Toulon

La part d'ombre du colporteur

Malles pointées vers la mort

Et les silhouettes des femmes veillant près des cimetières

Telles des cyprès

On retiendra aussi les tentatives futuristes

Et les repentirs

Le bleu de Prusse

Et cette Arlésienne au front ridé

Buste de sphinge

Qui m'attend à l'entrée

J Karl Bogartte

The rampage of lucid dreams, one after the other, follows the polishing of electrical impulses growing a doorway with compassion and sudden shadows dancing with sparks...

Stephen Kirin

dancing dancing lancing corners of eyes till mirrors feed on sparks.
I have no knowledge of this beetle king's mud.

Nelly Sanchez

I am like those animals that make their own path, step by step, day by day

Irene Plazewska

The weave has lost its legs and arms to skim above the rosy dune & flail the brambles which conceal the roses underneath the rock.

John Olson

If you blow into a paragraph will it inflate into an outlook?
If you blow into a paragraph
it will inflate however you'd like it to inflate because it will be your
paragraph,
your breath, your time and money, so don't kid around, get to work and
wrench those bolts
and weld those frames and when you're done let's get together and have
lunch.

The froth here is good for discharge.

Hydrogen ostentation will sometimes flicker in a marquee.

This causes the paregoric to scramble into the bones of a hummingbird
balloon dripping crabs & entelechy.

You can get up & leave anytime you wish but if you leave now you'll miss the
dinner show.

Here come the frost fairies all fuzzy with levity & kettledrum juice.

The dandelions, under considerable egress,
enhance the dignity & purpose of this sentence as
it accumulates words & grows into a giant helium gonad.

Take a deep breath, press it gently to your lips, & blow.

It will inflate into Philadelphia.

James Sebor

The FBI is investigating a rare first-edition couple who were a hair's breadth
away from photographing mud at Sotheby's auction. This raised the
likelihood of electric currents arriving at a home already engulfed in flames.

Erik Volet

The shifting sands alternately reveal and conceal the wandering Scribe,
who is writing other events into being, his satchel contains the case holding
those writing instruments that are the tools of his trade...
tirelessly pursuing the phantoms which lead him on, the horizon forms the
ideograms which he will later set into his tablets with the serpentine figures
and forms dictated to him by the sky beyond and the ground at his feet, and by
the feverish sweat of his brow under the beating sun...

Mitchell Pluto

tipi, tent cities. a pipeline full of plastic water bottles.

fiber-optic threads based on carbon keys drive us from selfie to selfie.

Anansi knows all the evidence boards and links via omniscient.

here we are flowing through another layer. from record, 8 track, cassette to laser disc.

a sediment escalator. Omar Khayyam knows to know, we are only a bright moment.

meanwhile iron, blood and those magnetic waves between points on a map.

see a crowd moving, see one person moving. vertical awake, horizontal asleep.

poles that guide the birds and light as feather wrote. artificial motion is always thirsty.

do not worry our most organic computer,
the whole calendar will never fit on a screen.

JD Nelson

the little hum was of the wax
pocketed here, a bruised feather
the tank's shadow is the flute
to manage the warming
science scolds the hummus
the humans in the sun

Miguel de Carvalho

Magnetic blood flows under your feet
while a burning house

swallows a giant moon
During the night that shows the light
Of the other half planet Earth.

Craig S Wilson

The impossible moon shapes the world into a marble;
the silver in your mind becomes such a cocoon for your thoughts on a
moonlight drive north.
You become a plant, a statue, and finally a series of footsteps out the door.

Argenis Herrera

En el paso de esta vida vas dejando sombras en el pasado,
que se disuelven con el continuar de los años.

D.C. Wojciech

Where is your shoeshine? I heard through a grain of sand, loveboats lace the
air with intangibles.

Where is your first breath? I tucked mine in my sock for 100 years the same
double helix hope in an old man's eyes.

The next time I want out of body no one will keep my secrets for me.

What oceans speak is for oceans alone.

The matador's cape hidden in chrysalis & river bottoms.

I am tied to my post. Kissing my side of the duct tape.

Walking upside down the street becomes voices untying ribbons from the
bullet parade.

Willem Den Broeder

And all this on the border of land and water,
where at sunrise the firstborn receives love from the mother of the seas.
At nightfall the then probable bliss will abruptly disappear
as the approaching
storm stirs the sea in impregnable
thoughts of a distant past

Latif Yılmaz

Sans savoir
Sans connaissance
J'ai mangé la pomme
La pomme qui a dit merci à Picasso.

Yes yes apple knows me,
And I know the way an apple walks through the olive trees...

Belki bütün bunlar bir gün elmanın hafızasından silinir ve kaybolur.

Eva Nicky

Une tempête avec deux ailes

Amirah Gazel

Y me acompaña la luz redonda en mis noches blancas.

Richard Burke

Transmitted by the Nortan space goddess Princess Vanue,
harlot of the Elder Gods, & engraved by the Atlantean historian Mutan Mion
on
indestructible tablets of Telonium. Take this brother, may it serve you well.
This talisman that banishes the Fungi from Yuggoth!

Dale M. Houstman

Desire-Matter

Forms assumed by *desire-matter*: hairs of gold scars splashed across grey slate, a limb of blood-milk veins of dew decorating leaves smoking arteries petrified in air: these prove the shape the pluriverse wishes to *express out of pocket* as it forges its desire through *an ecology of need* tempered by lethargy. Cognition is weary.

These faint meanders *a suspense of imagined canals* own up to a radical disinterest Germanic in its rigor. Germans made petulant astronomers.

Slums of slumber upon byways staring at the bodies of stars captioned by the leaves.

Desires made useful are useless.

The *urge* is desire's avant-garde in service to the *nagging* of the moment.

Swans of Beaten Linen: Light Reflections

*"People lie in the sun not because they worship it
– for they are healthy animals and only wish the
sun to worship them."*

Keith Tinder, *The Fair Inconstant*

And light's sole occupation?: To elevate sight to the realm of possibility. The side benefits are, in the main, metaphysical extensions of this release into chance (*an arena of accidents*), and are dependent upon subtle modulations in men's *ambitions*. To "see" may be sufficient, maybe even the most difficult attainment: consideration, conjecture, and all the more limpid or less livid catalogues of philosophy are secondary: even crude *reminiscences* of some bloated existence, whose body will not withstand the scribbles and tattoos of explicating sentiment.

Still, we do live in these winding tributaries, these cold capillaries, these derivatives of the actions we might praise so highly and (in the process of praising) lose beneath ornamentation, nostalgia, endless machinations of religion and science. It is always beyond us, this simple performance, and for that we should be grateful.

If much is made of light, it is because light reveals all without comment. It is ultimately "hip," blithe, and cool to our conjectures. Certainly, there exist sentimental correspondences in the sunrise, in the dying light, in the ways in which light sinks into the surface of a person's illness and kneels. But these

remain characteristics more of the human mind, as symptoms of *a diseased appropriation of nature* and the lure of new forms of necrophilia. Light itself is so disinterested in its revelations and creations that we are reminded of a new height of aristocratic disengagement, so pure and terrifying (because it is an extreme socio-pathic coolness) that we are forced to bear light as the final ecology of horror – light’s clinical intrusions, its distant courses, are finally too reminiscent of this century’s most scientific *enthusiasms*. Light can reveal all because it is hardened against emotion. At its brightest, light remains far away, and untouched.

And just as a flayed prisoner, or the victim of kidnap, will pause to invest the torturer with several qualities of common humanity in an attempt to comprehend the event within a social context frame they have given their lives up to, so we drape these works of light in pathos, exultation, and the like, because we wish the light to love us, as if we were somehow of its *family*. Light is alone – singularly – and yet feels multitudinous, while we are multitudinous and yet feel alone and singular. From this we might conjecture that, in some ancient and mysterious way, light and man have exchanged consciousnesses, much to the glorification of light and the demerit of mankind.

Light is its own best confidante, and sexual double. We are envious of its easy egotism, we admire its royalist postures, and we are disgusted only by what it reveals to us. Most of all though, we are simultaneously fascinated and repulsed by the manner in which light makes love to itself *in the open* like any crude beast, and yet retains a rational detachment purer than Apollo.

The Wind Rewritten As An Absence Of Birds

1

the fairness sets clamoring
under the dry downy disher
two wild drums creaking.

2

see the tuckering flint afloat.
wheezed and wan between
trees escaped in lemon light.

3

summer night equators.
this medium close day
hides skin leaves.

4

sleep and a white and a sand
of redheaded meteorology
retired from gay motoring.

5

too swift blades
of conjuncture trams.
blue exhaust and curtains.

6

fathom the startled hedge
of knees awning.
milk shells and mantels.

7

shoddy-giddy.
Helpless-pretty.
flooded-mowed.

8

black flag daffodil.
congenerous rosehead
in blue meres and shambles.

9

slow is as fond once was/
glass-swallowed trail/
branch of crusty kisses.

10

one fashionable mile
croaks
in coffee disposition.

11

a buried river
it is inevitable a bird.
that platitude of child's breath.

12

all that is of nothing rough with thunder.
torches passing gripped
y shades of suicides restful.

13

on vacant couches
where your head
native marble branched appliances.

14

intimates its bottomless summer
sufficing waterways fastened by boats
to our congested bed.

15

floats above receiving fires
and stingy your reflection a street
dim when trees behind us shine.

16

at a length heard by clouds.
we waved seduced
by a pressure of voices a fidget.

17

at this recital of roses wet
with a sleeping rain
which our heels captured.

18

linen mirrored hyperbole of things.

heedless of the Roman cats.

the kisses that once shimmered.

19

a river.

the stem of your watch.

The Romance of Indictment

1

Shadow of a streetcar on the distant elms" you mangle the recall "a museum like a nativity party I presume" and escaped to first-class, dreaming of Crimea.

2

In America, the sobriety of the villain nearly breaks the narrative, or at the very least grounds a helicopter or two at the latest indigestible "*opera of ideas*". Who Is Man? Yeah.

3

Hence these encampments of the tenderly manhandled, with painful dialogues and – in midtown terrariums – the swimsuits lit by bruised chemical light. The ocean, nervous, obvious.

4

Balance these inquiries into the horror of Hollywood, and the delicate Pacific waters made a logo for a pearl-colored pickup. We lunch, observing the abstracted dishwasher.

5

"*Travelers and robbers*" a voice like Michael Caine looking forward to bed "*Actresses, and other arguments for a social gin, a word I am groping for... Systems. Yes. Cisterns.*"

6

The next sequence glitters with hectic self, unfocussed as a broker's script, and amiable in the way of a Greek portico full of Arab children when the checkpoint closes early.

7

We were adroit in sentiment, rough as a blasted window, grandly sidelong. Dangerous...

Aztecs start appearing on American coins, geishas drift down the Thames, engripped.

8

In a hot hotel room a traveler's dreams of a daughter are melodies sung by an eagle, as late summer carp swim awkwardly in a puzzle pool of weekends.

9

I turned to the page of Christian prequels, now filled with the bloodstains of the electorate, the after-flow buzzing with tiny instructions for a fake wedding. The edelweiss subsided before the flies.

10

The purse was beguiled by the oyster, as young Baedeker looked up the street he had just discovered in a book to see a statue of Italian sunlight.

11

This small pyramid of dishes, this enforceable disaster, this fashion of empire. Always, there shall be moments we must dress in attendance...

12

"Bach shifted gears beneath the sheets, a hobby of embarrassment."

When we met, we were like nothing we had ever met before. And now it is after.

13

Behind the row of blue cabins, a nun unplumbed glimpsed into the tidy
kitchens
where the French fireflies raped the castle like an impatient shoe.

14

*"Horny for representative governance, they squandered in a dinghy, two
headaches stitched together into one dictionary to hobble the skirts of
German puppetry".*

The Descent Steepens Past the Redundant Pillar

We turned to go, as the linoleum moon rolled into its railed housing. Through a small window halfway up the structure, a decapitated billiard player could be seen. pointing at the blue tiles fallen from the moon and forming a pyramid on the ground lightly dusted with ceiling snowfall. There was a fragrance rising from the tip: boiling lettuce, deprivation, obsolete liberation.

In this large chamber there were people who did not undress but dismantled, shedding gears as they sat in spiked shadow chairs. Their rented sheep slept in an abandoned gin-palace.

It was the last dregs of the Execution Festival. Everything was obvious.

A Lion Tulips in the Leaf-Lightning

for Jean Arp

1

A lion tulips in the leaf-lightning
for leaves tattooed on piggy banks which dream

that all the steam-leaves are blue porcelain
like lion-tulips in the leaf-lightning which dreams

of steam-stars & gondola-stars & stars made of pigskin
that help the giraffe grow hair in the leaf-lightning.

2

A star gondolas in the tulip-lion
for lightning tattooed on piggy banks which dream

that all the porcelain giraffe-stars are porcelain blue lions
like tulip-steam in the leaf-lightning which dreams

of gondola-stairs & tulip-stairs & stairs made of pigskin
that help the tulip-lion grow a heart in the leaf-lightning

of steam-stairs & giraffe-stairs & stairs made of pigskin.

La Sirena

La Sirena Surrealist Group Manifesto Statement

'We catch surrealist dreams by the tail and don't let them run away'

- La Sirena Surrealist Group.

La Sirena represents an inclusive meeting space for all those involved in the surrealist adventure, connecting academics, researchers, writers, artists, filmmakers and all those who share our vision, cutting across lines of age, nationality, gender, sexuality and ethnicity and so on. We have been meeting virtually on a weekly basis, since March 2021. Difference and Otherness are celebrated and the figure of the siren, like other monstrous hybrid identities that we are drawn to, underscores our belief in the notion that identity is not fixed but fluid, multiple, contested, shifting, in a state of eternal becoming: convulsive.

At the same time, we seek active engagement with the contemporary surrealist movement and believe that collective activity is crucial for surrealism. The notion of surrealism as a community of artist-researchers, combining artistic experimentation with scientific inquiry (surrealist practice as research) is a far more accurate description of what we do as surrealists – rather than as an art movement, for example. The films, paintings, collages, objects and other

media we create are not separate, different or special from our other activities but evidence of an ongoing alchemical process, documenting our experiments, investigations and other forms of research, ultimately connected to a much wider political, philosophical and ultimately revolutionary programme.

Indeed, the intention is to devise and carry out collective research into the possible transformation of life and to study the energies released. The challenge is to create spaces, however small or fleeting, for the collective imagination to explore the possibility of transformation: “‘Transform the world”, said Marx, “change life”, said Rimbaud; these two orders are for us one in the same’ (André Breton). We believe that Poetry should be made by all: it is ‘the collective experience of individualism’ (André Masson). The group is an expression of the input of the individual members and the individual is an expression of the input of the group. This dialectical or dialogical process is a form of amour fou and like love it transforms all those involved. And as such it demands commitment and the courage to ‘transform desire into the reality of desire’ (the Romanian surrealist group).

In the collective adventure of surrealism, we dare to dream real dreams, to reveal unexpected directions through a benign labyrinth of shared interests. Within the magnetic fields of respectful perception, we advocate the generous giving of clues, secrets, hard facts, fluent magic and dazzling encouragement. Imagination is central in transforming ourselves and the world. We confront the reality principle with our individual and collective interventions that disrupt the banality of the false mirror called ‘common sense’. As the offspring of Alice, we choose to go through the looking glass, shattering convention and conformity. We do not recognize borders. There are only crossings. We seek to forge a new conception of reality by transforming one’s vision, able to see the world and reality anew. This is linked to the model of

the communicating vessels, connecting the external world of social reality with the interior world of the mind in a state of perpetual dialectical exchange. What is emphasised here is the importance of action, thought and imagination, and an active engagement with everyday reality in the constant exchange of/and interpenetration of dream and reality.

We must embrace the possibility of failure. Progress demands it. Without that first step, it is impossible to really try, or to actually learn. Dead ends and disproved hypotheses are the fertiliser of research. Absolute commitment to making a glorious mess is a minimum demand:

‘Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try again. Fail again. Fail better’

- Samuel Beckett.

Mohsen El Belasy

The Gospel of Bab El Louk

Nothing compares to the soup of those perpetual wanderers
The wolves of the expanding cities
Silk bridge lines of the blood of time,
Termite meals sleep in the veins
Leather divas buried under the slaps of the blue ranger

The desire of the blue poetry leaking through the green caverns of the
nocturnal flocks with their tongues sprouting from the furs of the wind
there

Again a sparrow
inside the earless
No other ear

The eyelashes of the clown who sleeps on the melatonin lake with the sacred
buttocks drums / Wall awe / They scream / King of hot tombs / After the first
slap

Wind's teeth trembled, holding the patriarch's crutch with a nail between his
eyebrows
And the hunter shakes his feet

Sneaking through the legs of the wooden building
He just mutters the hiss of the eternal paleness
and the blue mouse coming out from my silver ass

He runs on his seven limbs
There
under your feet
Electrical transformation of mountains of soap
Now fill the holes in the bodies with the wine stoppers of the divine
ejaculation.
The bloody sacrifices Eros,
With the bus driver
heading to "Abdeen"³

All you have to do is slit your skull
You will find me
And you will find
Invisible black dogs
here / there

You will traverse the half-lunar sacrum tunnels
my gift to you
The fat-stuffed dreads of the Kama Sutra
Look for Lotus at " Bab El Louk market"⁴
or

3 - An old area near to downtown Cairo

4 - Bab El Louk: a square in Downtown Cairo

As Fana says / the wise roisterer

"Nile Palace" ⁵

brassy knives sprout under the crocodile tongue of revolutionary brothels

Ataba / Ataba / Ataba / Ataba ⁶

Ramses/ Ramses /Ramses ⁷

to ensure survival

Fountains of crushing will howl under the heel of balance between censorship
and motives of satisfaction

Thanatos carves the song of the red path on his palm

Reverence to the unknown surface of barbaric mouths

I am tall

I stand upside down

above

The slow sequence of rock blood snoring

I am the sadistic gardener who sows sniffles on the air skirts / Go there to
see / The lost smell of the triple pleasing patch /

Go there to see / Mother's finger still can't reach her iron womb / Death has a
scalp that urinates with life / Slanting streets whisper with the terrain of dark
cats' tails

5 - A street in downtown Cairo

6- A commercial square near downtown Cairo where Chinese products are sold. Repeating the
word, mimics the calls of the assistants of the bus drivers calling the pedestrians.

7 - Ramses: Square in Cairo, where is the main railway station of Cairo

Shadow/ shadow /shadow

Inside the L'air of my nose.

My gritted teeth sink into the flesh of a peasant eaters bee

Shadow /shadow /shadow

The shadow will die under the wheels of the wolf who sleeps to wake up to
his death at dawn / There is a mirror that crushes the truth on my neck / The
juice of whales chattering between my nails / The louse of desires spirit
smells from wax statues that say nothing
/ Plundering the weeds of the lush cities /

The one who laughs on the other side

The King of the rogue formations of the back streets of time

A butterfly eating its metal leg

At Zuweila's door ⁸

This reminds me of blowing into the golden horn of daydreams

My couch is there

Over the mounds of the blue scent of the city's armpit
where

The care of the knives lead to the cleavage of the color into five mounds of
hissing clots

Who is this?

How do you draw pain?

radio says

They wanted to rip out the psychic guardian's lung

Baudelaire didn't find the hash dealer who is standing on the corner of Falaki

8 - Bab Zuweila or Bab Zuwayla is one of three remaining gates in the city wall of the Old City of Cairo, the capital of Egypt. It was also known as Bawabbat al-Mitwali during the Ottoman period. It is considered one of the major landmarks of the city and is the last remaining southern gate from the walls of Fatimid-era Cairo in the 11th and 12th century.

Street ⁹.

They spit an expansion will into the flames

The mouse again aligns the panic secretions

He runs towards Shubra ¹⁰ Tunnel

To find another dealer for Baudelaire

Or a bed of thorns of possibilities

I'm the only Pokemon

With a face dotted with violence and sarcasm

I am a peacock

The ghostly note of the Symphony

The electric transformer is ready to squirt shots of sulfuric liquid that melt the

eunuch tones of the lady of repression

(Abu Kulthum)¹¹

Desire: crackling rib cages and melting the alcohol on necks

I am the Pokemon /digger of pubes

The king of melatonin bars poisoned by blue

No voice is louder than the sound of a scepter which devouring its stomach

Vertical view from the top

You have to catch vermins coming from Monoufia ¹² and make soup from them

Two cheetahs tearing each other's veins

9- A street in downtown Cairo

10- An old popular neighborhood in Cairo

11- A satirical linguistic and gender play referring to Umm Kulthum, the famous historical Egyptian singer

12 - An Egyptian city

The city without a tail, without a language

And on the other hand

The two Lynx tear each other's buttocks

O fetus

Here I explain the secret mechanisms of visual curiosity

The woman's brass penis smells like hay wet with the giggles of the Snowy
Monkey

Green blood flows from the throbbing womb with the sounds of minibuses
heading to Giza ¹³

pyramid /pyramid/ pyramid /pyramid

The alpha lynx is holding the microphone

The two-nosed Pokemon will live in the perineal artery

He will rule with the spoon that he stole from the Sheep Accessories store

Animal accessories/animal accessories/animal accessories

Cairo is a young boy armed with nonsense mutation

I demolished the old opera

Flash ascends the punishment staircase

Falls out of the wooden clock window of the mouse's cache memory

Velvet contemplation is characteristic of the neighborhood of Eunuchs

And I defile the air with impossible

Holy defilement

between my nails

We will prosecute "Talaat Harb Square"¹⁴

13 - An Egyptian city

14 - A Square at downtown Cairo

Michael Löwy

Critical Irrealism

The concept of critical realism has a long tradition in Marxist and radical literary studies. One can trace its origin to Marx and Engels own – scattered but insightful – remarks on Balzac, Dickens, the Brontë sisters, and other novelists admired for their gift to document the reality of bourgeois society much better than – according to Engels in his Letter to Miss Harkness, from April 1888 – « all the professed historians, economists and statisticians» (Marx and Engels, 1973 : 115) . It is Georg Lukacs who more systematically – but also dogmatically – developed the aesthetic theory of critical realism, represented in his eyes by the great classic literary tradition, from Honoré de Balzac to Walter Scott, and from Tolstoy to Thomas Mann. There is much relevance in the concept of critical realism, but it tends to become exclusive and rigid : too often – and this applies certainly to Georg Lukacs – realism appears as the only acceptable form of art, and the only one that can have a critical edge towards the existing social reality.

Are there not many non-realist works of art which are valuable and contain a powerful critique of the social order ? In other terms : does it not exist a category of literary and artistic creations that could be defined as critical irrealism ? This term obviously does not exist in any dictionary nor in any established literary terminology, but I would argue that it is helpful in

describing a vast area of the literary landscape which has been neglected, despised or ignored by (most of) the partisans of critical-realist aesthetics. Of course, there is an element of provocation and irony in manufacturing this expression, but I think it has a deeper meaning.

What do I mean by Irrealism? Obviously it is conceived as the counterpart to Realism, in the ordinary meaning of the word for aesthetics. In order to define the former, we have to briefly survey the usual definitions of the latter, not according to the specific theoretical arguments of one or another scholar, but in the established use of the word, codified by dictionaries and encyclopaedias. Interestingly enough, the main scholar writing on the history of realism, Erich Auerbach, did not try to define the word in his great classic work *Mimesis* (1946): in the post face to the book, he explains that he deliberately avoided any attempt at systematic description or theoretical elaboration of the term « realism ». In fact, Auerbach does refer to some characteristics of modern realism, such as taking daily life, in its historical context, as the subject of serious, problematic and even tragic presentation. ; but this stops short of any substantive definition. Auerbach, 1946 : 494, 496).

According to the Cambridge International Dictionary of English (1995), « paintings, films, books, etc, that try to represent life as it really is are in the artistic tradition of realism ». One could therefore argue that paintings, films, books that do not try to represent life as it really is belong to the realm of irrealism. Irrealist works of art can take various forms : Gothic novels, fairy tales, fantastic stories, oneiric narratives, utopian or dystopian novels, surrealist art, and many others. Usual definitions of realism insist on the importance of « precise detail » : according to the Oxford English Dictionary (1989), realism is « the close resemblance to what is real ; fidelity of

representation, rendering the precise details of the real thing or scene » ; similarly, the Webster Third New International Dictionary (1981) defines realism as « the theory or practice in art and literature of fidelity to nature or to real life and to accurate representation without idealization of the most typical views, details and surroundings of the subject ». Now, this may be misleading : it is not the « details » that distinguish realist from irrealist works. For instance, in a fairy tale like, say, « Sleeping Beauty », most of the details are very precise and very « accurate », but the story is certainly not « realistic » : its logic is not that of « fidelity to real life », but a logic of imagination, of the marvelous, the mystery or the dream. Of course, all these definitions of realism suppose there exists such a thing as an “objective” natural and social reality, independent of human subjectivity – a presupposition which I share. This does not mean, it seems to me, that subjective aspects – culture, ideology, individual feelings – do not enter necessarily into our perception or knowledge of this reality, not to speak of its literary or artistic representation.

Georg Lukacs also defines « the literature of realism » as one that aims at « a truthful reflection of reality ». But he seems to have a much narrower concept of this « truthful reflection » since he rejects as belonging to « modern anti-realism » some of the most important authors of the 20th century : Joyce, Kafka, Musil, Proust, Faulkner, Virginia Woolf, and many others. It is because of their « subjectivism » – which consists in « exalting man’s subjectivity, at the expense of the objective reality » – that this modernist literature is « anti-realist ». Lukacs’ discourse is exceedingly dogmatic in its exclusion of « subjectivism » from realist literature : as if art, in all its forms, was not necessarily « subjective ». Moreover, it is seriously corrupted by typical Stalinist arguments : for instance, that Modernist works of art based on the subjective feeling of angst cannot avoid « guilt by

association with Hitlerism and the preparations for atomic war » !! (Lukacs , 1971 : 23, 24, 81). The argument is not only politically and aesthetically absurd, but has a sinister ring, since « guilt by association » was a standard Stalinist argument in the Moscow Trials of the 1930's...Lukacs book from 1956 has little in common with his brilliant early Marxist writings, such as *History and Class consciousness* (1923) : it is probably one of his worst pieces, but the authors' culture and intelligence is such that even his weakest writing raises interesting questions. It was ferociously criticized by Theodor Adorno, in an essay entitled « Forced Reconciliation », which takes the defense of the modernist authors and rejects Lukacs viewpoint that true art should be the « reflection of objective reality » – or the « copy (Abbildung) of empirical reality » – as a fetishistic adherence to vulgar materialism (Adorno, 1965 : 153).

Anyhow, what I understand as « irrealism » has little in common with Lukacs' concept of « anti-realism »: not only because most of his « subjectivist » authors are not, in my view, foreign to realism, but also because « irrealism » does not oppose realism; it is not « anti », it just describes the absence of realism.

To some extent, the concepts of realism and irrealism should be considered as ideal-types in the Weberian sense, i.e. as entirely coherent and « pure » epistemological constructions : in the empirical literary world, works are often an « impure » combination of both. In fact, there is hardly an irrealist work that does not contain elements of realism, and vice-versa. Moreover, many important literary oeuvres – for instance, Franz Kafka's novels and tales – defy such classifications : they establish themselves in a no-mans land, a border territory between reality and « irreality ». Kafka's writings do not follow the classical realistic canon, because of their disquieting oneiric

atmosphere : the author seems to erase – silently, discretely, unnoticed – all distinction between dream and reality. For instance, in the astonishing fragment found in his Diaries, where the main character dreams that an ancient knight plunges a sword in his spine. Once awakened, he discovers that effectively a great and ancient knightly spear is thrust in his back. He will be saved only thanks to his friends, who, standing on a chair, pull it slowly out, millimeter by millimeter...This marvelous confusion between dream – or nightmare – and reality is also present, in a less direct form, in his novels, such as *The Trial*. According to Lukacs, Kafka's « vision of a world dominated by angst, and of man at the mercy of incomprehensible terrors », is typical of modernist anti-realism : « an essentially subjective vision is identified with reality itself » (Lukacs, 1971, p. 36, 52). What Lukacs doesn't seem to realize is that Kafka's visionary power flows precisely from this subjective approach, which, without being either « realist » nor « anti-realist », illuminates social reality from within. (I have developed this interpretation in my book on Kafka, see Löwy 2004). It is true that some of Kafka's short stories , such as *The metamorphosis*, or *Josephine the singer and the people of the mouses*, are decidedly on the side of irrealism.

Of course, not all irrealist literature or art is critical. Fairy tales, for instance, can be quite conformist, in their ethical and social values. Critical irrealism can be said of oeuvres that do not follow the rules of « accurate representation of life as it really is », but nevertheless are critical of social reality. Their critical viewpoint is often related to the dream of another world, an imaginary, idealized, or terrifying one, opposed to the gray, prosaic, disenchanted reality of modern (capitalist) society. Even when it takes the superficial form of a flight from reality, critical irrealism can contain a powerful implicit negative charge challenging the philistine bourgeois order. The word « critique » should not be understood as a

rational argument, a systematic opposition or an explicit discourse : more often, in irrealist art, it takes the form of protest, outrage, disgust, anxiety, angst – the feeling so thoroughly dismissed by Georg Lukacs; sometimes the critique is only present in an indirect way, through the idealized images of a different, non-existing « reality ».

Most – or at least a very substantial part – of irrealist critical art belongs to Romanticism, and its later manifestations, such as Symbolism or Surrealism. This has to do not only with literary style, but also with social, political and philosophical views. Erich Auerbach did not consider the Romantic novels of Jean-Jacques Rousseau as realistic, because their view of social reality was too much determined by his belief in Natural Rights (Auerbach, 1946: 413). There is certainly a sort of elective affinity between Romanticism and critical irrealism. In order to understand it, we have briefly to discuss the meaning of Romanticism as a cultural phenomena.

The established view of Romanticism is based on the apparently obvious assumption that we are dealing with a literary movement of the early XIXth century. For instance, the Chambers 20th Century Dictionary defines it at « the late 18th century and early 19th century revolt against classicism or Neo-classicism to a more picturesque, original, free and imaginative style in literature and art ». Much of the Romanticism scholarship shares this approach, albeit in a less superficial form. Just to mention one example : in his well known essay *Natural Super naturalism* – an outstanding book, by all standards – M.H.Abrams asks the question : « what can properly be called Romantic ». His answer is that the major Romantic figures are those poets « who came to literary maturity during the crisis precipitated by the course of the French Revolution », namely Wordsworth, Blake, Coleridge, Schiller and Hölderlin.

This assumption is doubly wrong : Romanticism is much more than a literary phenomenon – although of course it has an important literary component – and it did not come to an end either in 1830 or in 1848. Romanticism is a worldview – in the German meaning of *Weltanschauung* – which manifests itself in all spheres of cultural life : literature, poetry, art, religion, philosophy, political ideas, social theories, historiography and social sciences ; its history extends from Rousseau – to mention the name of a Founding Father – to the present, i.e. from the second half of the 18th to the beginning of the 21st century. One could formulate its concept – Begriff – in the following terms : Romanticism is a cultural protest against modern industrial/capitalist civilization, in the name of values and ideals drawn from precapitalist, premodern societies. The nostalgia for an idealized past can take regressive forms – in conservative or reactionary Romanticism – but also revolutionary ones, when the aim is not a return to the pre-modern times, but a detour by the past towards a utopian future. Rousseau himself is a good example of such revolutionary Romanticism, as are William Morris or Gustav Landauer. (For a systematic discussion of this issue see Löwy and Sayre, 2000).

The Romantic opposition to capitalist-industrialist modernity does not always challenge the system as a whole, but rather reacts to a certain number of its features that are experienced as inhuman or particularly repellent. The following are thematic constellations that most frequently appear in Romantic works:

1. The Disenchantment of the World.

In a famous passage of the Communist Manifesto (1848), Marx and Engels observed that “the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervor, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism” of the past had been killed by the bourgeoisie, “drowned ... in the icy water of egotistical calculation.” (Marx, Engels, 1975 : vol. 6, 487). Seventy years later, Max Weber noted in a celebrated talk, “Science as a Vocation” (1919): “The fate of our times is characterized by rationalization and intellectualization and, above all, by the ‘disenchantment of the world.’ Precisely the ultimate and most sublime values have retreated from public life either into the transcendent realm of mystic life or into the brotherliness of direct and person human relations.” (Weber, Max, 1994: 302).

Romanticism may be viewed as being to a large extent a reaction on the part of “chivalrous enthusiasm” against the “icy water” of rational calculation and against the *Entzauberung der Welt*—leading to an often desperate attempt to re-enchant the world. From this standpoint, the well-known verse “die mondbeglanzte Zaubernacht” (the moonlit enchanted night) from the German Romantic poet Ludwig Tieck can almost be read as the philosophical and spiritual program of Romanticism. It contains, at least implicitly, a critical distance towards the modern disenchanted world, illuminated by the blinding sun of instrumental rationality.

Religion—both in its traditional forms and in its mystical or heretical manifestations—is an important means of “re-enchantment” chosen by the Romantics. But they also turned to magic, the esoteric arts, sorcery, alchemy, and astrology; they rediscovered Christian and pagan myths, legends, fairy

tales, “Gothic” narratives; they explored the hidden realms of dreams and the fantastic—not only in literature and poetry, but also in visual arts, from Füssli and Blake in the 19th century to Max Klinger and Max Ernst in the 20th. The connection to critical irrealism is obvious.

2. The Quantification of the World.

As Max Weber sees it, capitalism was born with the spread of merchants’ account books, that is, with the rational calculation of credits and debits. The ethos of modern industrial capitalism is *Rechenhaftigkeit*, the spirit of rational calculation.

Many Romantics felt intuitively that all the negative characteristics of modern society—the religion of the god Money (Carlyle called it Mammonism), the decline of all qualitative, social, and religious values, as well as of the imagination and the poetical spirit, the tedious uniformization of life, the purely “utilitarian” relations of human beings among themselves and with nature—stem from the same source of corruption: market quantification.

3. The Mechanization of the World.

In the name of the natural, the organic, the living, and the “dynamic,” the Romantics often manifested a deep hostility to everything mechanical, artificial, or constructed. Nostalgic for the lost harmony between man and nature, enshrining nature as the object of a mystical cult, they observed with melancholy and despair the progress of mechanization and industrialization, the modern conquest of the environment. They saw the capitalist factory as a hellish place and the workers as damned souls, not because they were exploited but because they were enslaved to the machine. We will see below how critical irrealist works deal with this issue.

4. Rationalist Abstraction.

According to Marx, the capitalist economy is based on a system of abstract categories: abstract work, abstract exchange value, money. For Max Weber, rationalization is at the heart of modern bourgeois civilization, which organizes all economic, social, and political life according to the requirements of goal-oriented-rationality (Zweckrationalität, or instrumental rationality) and bureaucratic rationality. Finally, Karl Mannheim shows the connection between rationalization, disenchantment, and quantification in the modern capitalist world. According to him, “this ‘rationalizing’ and ‘quantifying’ thinking is embedded in a psychic attitude and form of experience with regard to things and the world which may itself be described as ‘abstract’ . . . [This] rationalism . . . has its parallel in the new economic system” oriented toward exchange value (Mannheim, 1986 : 62).

The Romantic opposition to rational abstraction is often expressed as a rehabilitation of non-rational and/or non-rationalizable behaviors. This applies in particular to the classic theme of Romantic literature: love as a pure emotion, a spontaneous attraction that cannot be reduced to any calculation and that is in contradiction with all rationalist strategies of marriage – marriage for money, marriage “for good reasons.” There is also a revalorization of intuitions, premonitions, instincts, feelings – terms that are intimately associated with the usual image of “Romanticism”.

5. The Dissolution of Social Bonds.

The Romantics are painfully aware of the alienation of human relationships, the destruction of the old “organic” and communitarian forms of social life, the isolation of the individual in his egoistic self, which taken together

constitute an important dimension of capitalist civilization, centered on urban life. Saint-Preux in Rousseau's *The New Heloise* is only the first in a long line of Romantic heroes who feel lonely, misunderstood, unable to communicate in a meaningful way with their fellow men, and this is the case at the very center of modern social life, in the "urban desert".

Several of these issues can be found in critical irrealism: in fact, to a large extent, this form of art is part and parcel of the Romantic movement, as here understood, and its critical attitude towards the modern industrial society is often inspired by the topoi of the Romantic protest. Obviously, in the 20th century, irrealist art takes different forms as in the early XIXth century Romanticism. Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dalí's extraordinary film *L'Age d'or* (1930) is a good example of a new, Surrealist, form of critical irrealism: in a dream-like succession of images, bourgeois conventions, the social order, and the established religion are unmercifully torn into pieces, while eroticism and mad love are immoderately celebrated. Some of the scenes, such as the love-making couple that disturbs a pompous official ceremony, or the bishop, a burning tree and a giraffe thrown by the window, have become classical images of Surrealist black humor. The ironical and subversive power of this Surrealist – i.e. irrealist – piece was such that it triggered a political and cultural scandal, and was forbidden by the police for half a century!

In what follows we are going to discuss a few examples of irrealist oeuvres which have as one of their central (critical) themes the nightmare of a totally mechanized life. While the dominant ideology of bourgeois society celebrated, since the Industrial Revolution, the virtues of Economic

Progress, Technology, Mechanization (later Automation), the unlimited expansion of Industrial Production and Consumption, these artists voiced a radically dissident attitude. This applies also to Romantic authors that can be described as realists such as Charles Dickens : in his industrial novel *Hard Times* (1844) he describes the dreadful fate of the workers forced to adapt their movements to the uniform rhythm of the steam-engine's piston, "which worked monotonously up and down like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness". (Dickens 1965 : 22). By the way, a beautiful poetical image, but hardly realistic, considering that even the maddest of elephants could not keep as deadly monotonous a movement as a steam machine...

Let us begin our brief survey of critical irrealist works with some of the fantastic novels, the *Märchen*, by the great German Romantic author E.T.A. Hoffmann. Curiously enough, Georg Lukacs hesitates in classifying Hoffmann as "anti-realist" : in his novels, "realism in detail goes hand in hand with a belief in the spectral nature of reality". However, "with Hoffmann the supernatural was a means of presenting the German situation in its totality, at a time when social conditions did not as yet allow a direct realistic description". This is of course questionable, since other contemporary German writers such as Kleist, were quite realistic, while several Romantic authors from England and France – where social conditions were more advanced, according to Lukacs – did also use supernatural elements in their writings. Hoffmann's world, argues Lukacs, is "for all its fairly tale, ghostly ambiance – an accurate enough reflection of the conditions in Germany" (Lukacs, 1971 : 52). One can agree that Hoffmann's fairy tales relate to the social conditions in Germany, but one cannot, by any stretch of the word, define them as "realist". They are not "accurately describing real life", but creating a fantastic, supernatural, imaginary world, which contains a typically Romantic protest against the emerging bourgeois society.

A striking example is *The Sandman*, one of Hoffmann's most famous and popular novellas, and a piece which has become, thanks to Offenbach's operetta *Les contes d'Hoffmann*, a sort of modern myth. As we know, its subject is the sad story of a young man, Nathanael, who fell in love with Olympia, a perfect dancing-and-singing-life-sized doll manufactured by two disreputable characters, Professor Spalanzani and Mr. Coppelius, the diabolical Sandman that haunted Nathanael's childhood and killed his father. Fascinated by the marvelous puppet, which he mistakes for a living creature, Nathanael declares his love for her, takes her in his arms for dancing and even kisses her ice-cold lips. His friend Sigmund tries to warn him: Olympia, in spite of her beautiful features is "soulless", and her eyes are "utterly devoid of life". Convinced of her artificial nature, he insisted: "She is strangely measured in her movements, they all seem as if they were dependent upon some wound-up clockwork. Her playing and singing have the disagreeably perfect, but insensitive timing of a singing machine, and her dancing is the same". Desperately in love with Olympia, Nathanael rejects this friendly warnings, and keeps adoring and courting the automaton, until the day when the two perverse magicians quarrel and tear their masterwork into pieces in front of her lover. Nathanael becomes totally mad and kills himself. (Hoffmann 1967: 32). In a commentary on Hoffmann, Walter Benjamin observed that his tales are based on an identification of the automatic with the Satanic, the life of modern man being "the product of a foul artificial mechanism governed by Satan from within." (Benjamin, 1930 : 644) The tale is "irrealistic", in so far as only thanks to supernatural powers could the two diabolic manufacturers create a puppet so perfect as to be mistaken for a living beauty by an over-sensitive and innocent young man. And it is critical in so far as it gives form to the Romantic angst, or rather,

terror, of the modern process through which everything, including the human beings themselves, is becoming mechanical.

In a much less known tale, significantly titled *Automata*, Hoffmann describes a mysterious (supernatural?) automaton in Turkish costume, who answers, with oracular insight, questions from the public. The Turk seems to have some link to a strange (supernatural?) Professor X, the owner of an astonishing collection of music-playing automata. One of the heroes of the tale, Lewis, gives free rein to his feelings of terror toward such artificial constructions, in a way that seems a direct comment on the events described in *The Sandman*: “The fact of any human being’s doing anything in association with those lifeless figures which counterfeit the appearance and the movements of humanity has always, to me, something fearful, unnatural, I may say terrible, about it. I suppose it would be possible, by means of certain mechanical arrangements inside them, to construct automata which would dance, and then to set them to dance with human beings, and twist and turn about in all sort of figures; so that we should have a living man putting his arms about lifeless partner of wood, and whirling round and round with her, or rather it. Could you look at such a sight, for an instant, without horror?” (Hoffmann, 1967 : 95). Combining realistic detail with a fantastic atmosphere of supernatural forces, Hoffmann’s irrealist critical tales gave voice and form to the deep-seated Romantic rebellion against the industrial/capitalist mechanization of life.

Almost one century later, Franz Kafka wrote a short story, *The Penal Colony* (1914), inspired by similar feelings. This disquieting piece is, as often Kafka’s writings, simultaneously and inseparably realistic and unrealistic. It describes, in extremely realistic terms, a non-existing, purely imaginary machine, invented by the Commander of a penal colony in order to

torture and execute prisoners by writing on their body the sentence that condemned them. The whole narrative turns around this deadly appliance, its origin, its social and political meaning, its automatic functioning : there is no need to move it by hand, since “the apparatus works entirely by itself”. The other characters in the story play a role only in relation to this central device. The machine, whose “each movement is calculated with precision”, appears, more and more, during the explanations of the officer in charge of the execution, as an end in itself. It is not there to execute a person, its rather the victim which is there for the apparatus, to furnish it a body where it can write its masterpiece, a bloody inscription illustrated by “a very great number of ornaments”. The officer himself is only a server of the machine, which finally sacrifices his life for this insatiable Moloch. (Kafka, 1996 : 164-198). Fetish manufactured by human beings, the mechanical thing becomes a power in itself, that dominates and destroys them. The story clearly belongs to the Romantic tradition of protest against the growing and sinister power of modern machinism.

Of which specific human-sacrificing “machine” was Kafka thinking? The penal colony was written in October 1914, three months after the beginning of World War I...The war was for Kafka a mechanical process, in two ways : a) in so far as it was the first really modern war, the first one where the confrontation of killing machines had such an important role. In a document he wrote in 1916 – a call for the building of a hospital for nervous illnesses produced by the war – Kafka observed: “the enormously intensified role of machines in the war operations today generates the most serious dangers and suffering for the nerves of the soldiers”. (Kafka, 1976 : 764) ; b) the world war itself was a sort of blind system of gear-wheels, a murderous and inhuman mechanism escaping any human control.

In spite of all his criticism against the Prague writer, Lukacs acknowledges that “the diabolical character of the world of modern capitalism, and man’s impotence in the face of it, is the real subject matter of Kafka’s writings”. The problem, according to Lukacs, is that, instead of realism, Kafka uses an allegorical method, and in allegory, as Walter Benjamin (quoted by Lukacs) emphasized, “the *facies hippocratica* of history looks to the observer like a petrified primeval landscape” (Lukacs, 1971 : 41, 77-78). Lukacs is right to insist that allegory is not a realistic style, but if it is able to convey “the diabolical character of modern capitalism”, the *facies hippocratica* of history, why should it be disqualified? Kafka’s tale *The penal colony* is precisely a remarkable example of the powerful insights on the sinister side of reality offered by an allegorical piece.

A few years later, Aldous Huxley provided , in his well known novel *Brave New World* (1931), a new artistic expression for the Romantic angst of mechanization. This brilliant dystopia is irrealist, not because of any supernatural presence – as in E.T.A. Hoffmann – but simply because it describes an imaginary future world which does not exist anywhere. Without doubt, many details of the book were inspired by tendencies which existed already in modern society at his time, but all of them are products of imagination that do not have any accurate correspondent in reality. To give an exemple : the glorification of industrial manufacture, of machinery, is so great in this imaginary society, that Henry Ford became the God or the Prophet of the *Brave New World*. The ancient prayer to “Our Lord” is replaced by “Our Ford”, the sign of the cross by the letter T (as in Ford’s famous flyver model) and the historical chronology is divided in two periods: BF, “Before Ford”, and AF, “After Ford”. In one of the chapters, Mustapha Mond, the chief Controller of the “New World”, explains the historical rille of the new prophet : “Our Ford (...) did a great deal to shift the

emphasis from truth and beauty to comfort and happiness. Mass production demanded the shift. Universal happiness keeps the wheels steadily turning, truth and beauty can't". The reason why traditional religion had to be replaced by the cult of "Our Ford" is one of logical coherence : "God isn't compatible with machinery and scientific medicine and universal happiness. You must make your choice. Our civilization has chosen machinery and medicine and happiness" (Huxley, 2004 : 210, 205). The critical/ironical intention is obvious, but the Ford-religion imagined by the author – a most insightful and amusing literary invention – does not pretend to "represent life as it really is". The same applies to other aspects of this extraordinarily "advanced" - in terms of scientific-technical performance – civilization : for instance, children are not conceived by sexual relations, but manufactured in a biological plant, and destined to become members of distinct social castes. At the Central London Hatchery and Conditioning Center, mentally different individuals are produced, in a rigid hierarchy which goes from intelligent Alpha to semi-moron Epsilon; their embryos are placed in bottles and those disposed in racks : "each rack... was in a conveyor traveling at the rate of thirty-three and a third centimeters an hour". The result is a series of identical human (?) "products": "standard Gammas, unvarying Deltas, uniform Epsilons" (Huxley 2004 : 22). Huxley's dystopia does not pretend to reflect, reproduce or faithfully describe existing reality: by inventing an "irreal" world, he critically illuminates the present, confronting it with the possible results of its worst tendencies. While ETA Hoffmann was terrified with the confusion between the living human bodies and the soulless mechanical artifacts, Aldous Huxley fears the industrial chain-production of human beings, thanks to the unlimited power of modern technology. However, both share the Romantic protest against the mechanization of life, and both create an irrealist narrative which powerfully conveys their angst.

These anxieties can be found not only in literature, but in the plastic arts and in cinema. One striking example of cinematographic critical irrationalism, which has much in common with E.T.A. Hoffmann's *Sandman* is Fritz Lang's picture *Metropolis* (1927). In this remarkable film, certainly one of the masterpieces in the history of cinema, a terrifying mechanical under-world, inhabited by masses of enslaved workers, is ruled by an elite of rich owners, living comfortably above the surface. Several of the subterranean laborers become victims of the monstrous machinery, which appears, in one of the most impressive scenes of the picture, as a sort of pagan idol claiming human sacrifices. The only hope of the modern slaves is a young woman, Maria, who preaches them love, social justice and self-emancipation; but she is replaced, in a sinister elite-inspired conspiracy, by a clone, an automaton manufactured by a perverse scientist. The artificial doll, in appearance identical to Maria, instigates the workers to blind violence, almost leading to catastrophe (the flooding of the subterranean world). The plot concludes with a – highly artificial – “happy end”, but the images of the terrifying and murderous Power Plant, and of the diabolical puppet replacing the angelical Maria, are extremely powerful and suggestive, and have become, as much as E.T.A. Hoffmann's *Olympia*, part of modern imagination.

The above examples refer to the issue of mechanical de-humanisation, but of course there are many other aspects of the modern bourgeois/industrial civilization which are the object of the anger, the protest and the fear of “non-realist” artists. Critical irrationalism is not an alternative, a substitute, or a rival to critical realism : it is simply a different form of literature and art, which does not attempt, in one way or another, to “reflect” reality. Why choose, as Georg Lukacs vainly tried to argue in 1956, between Kafka and Thomas Mann, i.e. between “an aesthetically appealing, but decadent modernism, and a fruitful critical realism”? (Lukacs, 1971A : 92) . Are

they not both fruitful, but in distinct manners and using distinct methods ? Cannot critical irrealism be conceived as complementary to critical realism ? By creating an imaginary world, composed of fantastic, supernatural, nightmarish, or just non-existent forms, can it not critically illuminate aspects of reality, in a way that sharply distinguishes itself from the realist tradition?

I would plead for the introduction of the concept of critical irrealism, because it permits to define a large and important territory in the aesthetic sphere and give it a positive content, instead of just ignoring it, or rejecting it into the tenebrae exterioris of realism. Adepts of the realist cannon often seem to consider non-realist art as a residual category, a dust-bin of aesthetics where one must dump all irrelevant, unimportant, or inferior works, disqualified by the lack of the most important requisite of accomplished art : “fidelity to real life”. This is a serious mistake, not only because it leaves out important works of art, but because it is blind to the capacity of critical irrealist art to help us understand and transform reality.

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Rik Lina

Automatism

During your sixties I often drew with small children to keep my own way of drawing spontaneous. This way of drawing came from Eastern Zen painters like those I admired, like Sengai, and also because I wanted to collaborate in the same way jazz musicians do during collective improvisations. When I came into contact with the Surrealists ten years later, I understood that they called this automatism. But also in this circle the inclination to undertake this together turned out to be very rare, and was actually only practiced in games such as “cadavre exquis”, etcetera.

It was not until the nineties that I came into contact with more painters and poets who thought in the same way as I did, and the international groups “CAPA (Collective Automatic Painting Amsterdam)”, “Cabo Mondego Section of Portuguese Surrealism” and “Cornucopia” were created.

It is understandable that this difficult but fascinating way of spontaneous collaboration meets with incomprehension in the official art world, on the one hand because it is in extreme contradiction with the ego-destroying idea of personal genius, and on the other hand with the commercial difficulties of the art trade closely associated with this art world. But that it is also not taken seriously in the circles of surrealists stays therefore incomprehensible to me. The surrealism that emerged in the 1920s was originally collective and anonymous. Today's surrealism needs to reinvent this!

Rik Lina – Amsterdam 2023

La Sirena

Who is the Found Woman?

Collective Poem

Who is the found woman?

She is the sunset without limits

She is smiling in my dreams

She is the water goddess

She is dancing on a dime

She is at the back of midnight

She is in my shadow, always

She is the queen of black cats

She is the queen of wrong numbers

She is teaching the children of the revolution

She told me she existed, but I don't believe her

She gave birth to her own dreams

She wants to take me to the top of the Empire state to read me her poems

She does not care for Paris

She whispers in white ash and red seashells

She is entirely capable of anything

She is a tramp, but that's ok

She is not afraid to be an androgyne

She smells like red wine once a month
She's a haunted house and all her windows are broken
She can only breathe underwater
She counts the hours in kisses
She whispers to the sea
She lives, breathes and sighs in the spaces between yes, no and always
She didn't do that, but she might
She isn't a mistress, but her reflection is
She makes the fishes sing in echoes
She is all the hope that we secretly need but do not dare to speak
She is a type of elemental fire, a smokeless, smouldering flame
She is a tightrope that I cling to when I go to sleep
She is an experiment in femininity
She eats fire that dances on the ceiling
She bleeds when her purity is misunderstood or maligned
She is the dancer that I aspire to be
She cannot tempt the tempters but she can heal the healers
Her eyes are on my dream mask
She is the dolphin who played the clown for the cloud-king
She is the mask that I can never remove

Will Alexander

A Further Note on Le Grand Jeu

Not savage clinical aspiration but a rising of forces beyond the spell of old beliefs. Not as kindled proportional realm or alterity as obsolescent embrace via religious camouflage. Never as myopic planetary guide Le Grand Jeu continues to hurtle in secret, within strange secretive enclaves sans endemic diminishment. Not simply a strange secular posture akin to theoretical lightning, as if its darkened absorption were claimed by comic options image akin to psychic cadastral leverage. Because I am experiencing another range of possibility I am looking at a crucial turn of tendency that's happened at the Bar du Chateau in March, 1929. This is when Le Grand Jeu were turned away as "boys" and its power announced to history as a secondary destiny. Not to light upon this figment via an ideological rationality but to take into consideration an extended long view rarely broached in contemporary assessment. Saying this I am claiming on my behalf a susurrant wisdom from the safety of distance but to attempt to access the long term vibration that erupted from this proceeding. The gist of the meeting erupted from shared commonality of the of the moment principally encompassed within Breton's pacing. First of all I am not making judgment or taking sides. But I feel a deeper tendency was obscured in the haze of the moment. The conditions of the moment signaled a less obscure turning given the pressures of the moment when figures such as Breton, Artaud, Bataille, Ribemont-Dessaignes, and Le Grand Jeu were scattering in various directions. Maybe I am postulating to

much in retrospect. But given the manner that humanity has found its way to the present, that, *Le Grand Jeu*, given our properties of the present moment would have sired an active psychology more suited to our present needs of the moment rife as it is with apocalyptic grammar. Of I am not arguing from an indulgent tenor but from the fertility of possibility. If inner research had been pursued in the praxis of *Le Grand Jeu* another power of human development would have had license to develop itself. Not that Breton has proved ineffective but another tenor would have self-described itself so needed in our present time replete as it is with cosmic uncertainty. Citing another example, what if the shared psychology of the American Indian culture had shared its force with the advanced mind that issued from Islamic Granada during, say, the 1060's or the 1070's. Where would humanity now find itself vis a vis its deeper self-recognition? A kind of reverie on my part given the existential danger we collectively face. Certainly I am not naively looking at the past via distorted perception but angling the past through the past as living possibility as we head into a disoriented and calamitous possibility.

On Invisible Amplification

Humanity has become a blur so what i'd like to dispel is the solemn power that remains a linear connection. The atmosphere of experiment continues to glow long after the thwarted influence of Le Grand Jeu. Because it's central tendencies were reprimanded at the infamous gathering at the Bar Chateau in 1929 we will never know the power of epigenetic irradiation upon the collective psyche.

Perhaps a bottomless incandescence or perhaps an irrigating trickle within the gathering of a distinct minority. Of course I am not here to gather a self projected tally and apply it to the mass of humanity. Nevertheless a protracted smoldering has occurred sans any intended distancing from general consideration.

For me the tragedy of a staunch kinetic, of an irradiation of organic invading the general thought stream. A loss of nourishment for the subsequent inner power of humanity. A bottomless incandescence that may have irrigated a secretive informational complex in the Occident not existing as a terse and derived calamity empowered by a protracted and superficial pulse. Not an ideological assessment on my part but an understanding that the mind at large remains harried, subsequent, sans the power of protracted strengthening by insight.

I am of the persuasion that the known mind in the Occident may have included a psycho-cellular component not as mystique but as a gathering of higher forces. As for ideological reasoning or rotational deadening I remain open to the sorcery of suggestion.

Our Present Populace: Consumed by Defamation and Blindness

Never spellbound by Draconian nuclei or intrepid aural banter Le Grand Jeu having morphed from their apparition as the Simplisties generated emboldened inner action. Never did they mimic themselves via pranks propounding themselves through untraceable kinetics. This was not herculean semantics, instead they at principle level seeded spectacular osmosis sans the end of their grouping rife as it was with argument and dysfunction. If meta-experiment had been more organically seeded, possibly a less maimed inner populace may have transpired. Perhaps a palpable inner maturity may have arisen. Of course we will never know maimed as we are free suffering from inner destabilization. Thus the blood of thought remains tainted and self-infused with itself beyond the possibility of morphing into an independent self maturity. At present we have a populace consumed by a troublesome state consumed by defamation and blindness.

I am thinking of the discourse of Le Grand Jeu that aurally blazed at inner scale not unlike energy akin to quantum wandering. The latter wandering at seeming invisible scale not unlike a mist without weight or human measuring symbol as common denominator. Its protocol via inner susurrations remains not the equivalent of diamonds or exterior largesse. Instead what presently persists is not spectacular osmosis but protracted inner annihilation that remains akin to common palpable exchange. This continuously occurring mental taint hones hubris as its exhibit as higher exchange. I understand this to be an ongoing syllabus of contamination hampered by rational excuses akin to adolescent tendencies where delimited stresses are invoked.

During the phase of first of first maturity possibility never seemed exhausted. Le Grand Jeu during the phase of its initial strength maintained a beacon that continued to burn from the explosion of its first purity. Not that its experiments remain precious and engraved and preserved as a form of religious hallucination, or revered as loquacious spells that carry the capability of dated tablets. I understand this initial phase as of evolving insight as one of spectacular opportunity igniting an unknowable genetic springboard capable of tapping into power akin to the magic of lightning. An accelerated grasp of consciousness never profligates with ideology that pervaded collective resistance during that era. Le Grand Jeu remained akin to secretive explosions much like undersea volcanoes. As to the architecture of public clamor they tended to bypass its reasoning handing down instead hieroglyphs of silence not unlike the haunting value that remains the province of Indus Valley script. Not the hyperbole of public tension but script as impalpable collective value all the while capable of leaping its private confine so as to galvanize an evolved neurological imprinting. Certainly not a callous assessment of things based upon issues such as Marxian dialectics but a probing of unknown states always subject to censure according to the prevailing powers of the day. For Le Grand Jeu dialectical analysis remained a province of superficial fervor issuing from the prevailing scales of the day. I am thinking of Artuad's thoughts as they issued from Mexico during this period extolling inner life as essential activation of the inner life as an organic method of transformative power.

When para optical power was evolved by Daumal and Le Grand Jeu it was not a reality in service to ideology as exterior aggrandizement. It became a thrilling inner gift that naturally could have intertwined itself into an evolved neurology capable of morphing over time into unimaginable human potentia. Not simply a spell but an evolved station of being not that devolves from

belief that cradles ideological necessity as a fervent form of exterior participation. Of course this is not claim as analysis or subjectivity but a working form of insight. What may have evolved from such insight may have evolved into a form of quantum maturity and engaged social activity at a level that contemporary analysis remains incapable of engaging. Of course this is not some subjective declaration calling for some savior or noun based element based on the value of salvation. Never Le Grand Jeu as an autocratic simile bent on warping the general mind but an evolving inner discipline capable of what I consider to be an alchemical kinetics. Saying this I am simply extolling a direction that has never been effectively pursued that may have yielded a more seasoned and effective maturity.

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John Bradley

Because of Poetry

Because of Poetry

I was reading Johnson's *Because of Poetry I Have a Really Big House* (Shearsman Books, \$18.00) when I felt a sudden urge to check my dreams. There was someone in an orange jump suit sitting across from me in a visitor's center. He asked me if I knew who he was. "Roque Dalton?" I asked. "I'm Kent Johnson," said the man who said he was Kent Johnson. "You look just like Roque Dalton," I said, still not sure who the hell he was. But he insisted that he was Kent Johnson. The Kent Johnson, that "bad boy" of American letters, co-editor, with Mike Boughn, of *Dispatches from the Poetry Wars*, recently defunct.

[N.B. I was a contributing editor of that journal, one of a cast of thousands. I haven't met with Kent for many years, and when I did, I never noticed any resemblance to the El Salvadoran poet Roque Dalton.]

I asked what he was doing in prison, and he said that this wasn't a prison. This was a poetry re-education camp, he explained, run by the Poetry Institute. "They treat me pretty well," he said, "all things considered." But why had he been placed in a poetry re-education camp? "They want me to discover the error of my ways. Certain poems, you know. They want me to critique them. And then rewrite them until I get it right." Whatever that

means. “Are you saying that you have to censor your own poetry?” “No, no no,” he said. “You obviously don’t understand. Just clarify the intent and make the poem behave more like, you know, a poem.”

“I don’t read poetry unless I have to, which / would be when a guard from Penn is pressing / a knife to my throat in a penitentiary, where I / am residing for protesting some Poetry Institution,” I read to him, the opening lines of “With Fred Seidel, near the Matterhorn, in 2020.” “That seems kind of, well, prophetic, doesn’t it?” I asked. Kent, or the man who said he was Kent, looked around nervously. “You shouldn’t be reading that book. In fact, you shouldn’t own any of my books. Burn them. All of them. As soon as you get home.”

“Say, isn’t that John Ashbery?” I asked. “Over there, speaking with some young poet who’s trying to look like a young John Ashbery?” I told him, though I sounded just like the Kent Johnson in the “Maatterhorn” poem who tells Fred Seidel that he sees John Ashbery. “That’s ridiculous. Everyone knows Ashbery is dead,” said Kent. “And besides, why would the Poetry Institute put John Ashbery in a poetry re-education camp. They love his poetry.”

More and more confused, I turned again to a poem to help me right my balance. ““Could someone tell me why I’ve never been / selected for the yearly Best American Poetry?”” I read from “Could Someone Tell Me Why.” Is it a crime, I wondered, to write such a thing in a poem? I must have said this aloud, as Kent told me that he would be released from the re-education camp as soon as he wrote a poem that was chosen for Best American Poetry. I wasn’t sure if he was joking or serious, and I nervously laughed. “But that means you’ll be here forever!” I said, to cheer him up. I could hear John

Ashbery laughing nearby.

“Is there anything of your poetry that the Poetry Institute folks actually approve of?” I asked. He took my copy of *Because of Poetry*, and with his Sharpie started blacking out objectionable lines in the poems (this took a good hour, but it felt like a few seconds). He handed me back the book and all the lines were blacked out, except for these lines: “I like the way the flowers grow, / The way rain falls, the discs of snow.” “Of the entire book of poetry, 89 pages, that’s the only thing they like?” I said. He nodded.

I had to leave the dream and get back to fighting the spread of Covid-19 by injecting myself with poetry approved by the Poetry Institute. I hope Kent Johnson, or Roque Dalton, or whoever the hell he is, will get out of the poetry camp soon. Perhaps he’ll escape, disguised as John Ashbery. Or maybe as the Matterhorn.

John Welson

What Surrealism Defines Your Creation?"

The gliding prism of lucidity. The tender breath of freedom. A splintered equation where that which equals each splinter, in turn splinters again.

In the early 1980s I was in Paris visiting Edouard Jaguer (founder and leader of the Mouvement Phases), whilst in Paris I went to visit Vincent Bounoure and we went out to dinner. In conversation, Bounoure and I discussed painters and writers who were "surrealists in spite of themselves" and then moved to the subject of whether one might be a Surrealist before becoming aware of Surrealism, and then, when you happen upon Surrealism, it allows you to draw those disparate threads of thought and action together and give them both direction and cohesion through Surrealism. Bounoure and I considered other perspectives on how/when/why that "crossing into" crystallizes, what are the conditions that act as the empowering impetus for embracing the Surrealist adventure. Forty years have elapsed since that conversation, Vincent Bounoure has sadly passed away but that conversation retains a relevance as the Surrealist adventure retains its enduring relevance.

In addressing the question as well as offering a comprehensive response to the question, "What Surrealism Defines Your Creation?" (a question posed to myself in April 2022, by Floriano Martins) I will reflect upon fifty seven years of unconditional involvement and commitment to Surrealism. Over half a

century of meeting Surrealists, the pleasure of their company and views, undertaking group activity with fellow surrealists from around the world in tandem with my own creative output of paintings and writing. Surrealism has always been my life and my perspective upon life.

Every surrealist has her or his personal energy and vista and that organic pulse is the life force of the validity and continued relevance of Surrealism. Following and participating in the Surrealist adventure is indeed a prism of lucidity and the varying pulses of input are nothing less than a tender breath of freedom. Surrealism is not a doctrine of constraint, but rather, the catalyst for lucidity and freedom, the possible made possible and a celebration of the human condition.

In reflecting upon the nature of my Surrealist creativity I am reminded of the conversation with Vincent Bounoure, for, upon reflection I consider that I was a Surrealist before I had the good fortune to have a chance encounter with a book on Surrealism when I was twelve years of age. Born in 1953 on a farm in a remote and mountainous area of Mid Wales, we lived in and of the land. The countryside, hills and streams have an energy, like a giant breathing torso of undulating limbs and you as individuals are nurtured by its force in the same way as you in turn nurture the crops and animals. You become aware of the latent qualities of the land and sky, you become attuned to the shapes of the fields and how sunlight will cause shadows across the landscape that give the appearance of valleys taking the form of fingers or moving limbs. As a child I would observe the shadows of clouds moving rapidly across the hill tops as though figures were suddenly dancing out of the depths of the hillside only to disappear as quickly as they had revealed themselves. The low angle of the sun in winter caused the shadows cast by the sheep to give them the appearance of being dressed in circus stilts. The fields had wooden or steel

gates for access and when the winds blew through the holes in the hollow steel gates a high pitched screaming sound emanated like some symphony composed by the elements. All these occurrences fed the imagination of a child who was conscious of the fact that the farm land was the stage of a theatre and the actors were the creation of a primordial force of nature. The poetry of these observations was made the more intense by the fact that they were counterbalanced with my practical duties on the farm. It felt as though there were two different threads to the life I was living and the world that surrounded me, they were not in conflict with each other, but rather two parts of the whole, one feeding and extending the other. Essentially, this was the formation of the initial strata of being receptive, open minded and responsive to that which is around around me. I was aware of Welsh culture and the Celtic culture and history and how it shaped Wales. Our family owned and farmed three farms and the fields were adorned with standing stones and stone circles, like necklaces of a bygone age which still echoed through the land and its inhabitants.

Living in a farming community one is surrounded by the expanses of land, the colors of nature, the shapes and forms that are both close at hand and sometimes at a distance of some miles. It was nothing to observe sheep at the distance of some miles, watch snow clouds appearing at a distance of twelve miles on the furthest range of mountains that surrounded our farms. One becomes used to and deeply aware of “space” and “shape” and the absorption of that awareness was one of the most significant elements in forming my definition of that which was around me and how it effected me, there was a real pleasure, even at such an early age, in sensuously being both effected visually and intellectually by the tension of shape and form in the landscape. Such landscapes are “protective” in the sense that we lived in a valley that could only be entered from one end and only consisted of our farms. It was as

though we lived in a giant protective womb of mountainous shapes and forms which were forever in a state of nurturing movement.

Surrounded by such affecting sensory elements rather made up for the fact that there was little or no literature around the farmhouses (though I do recall at five/six years of age visiting a friend of my older sisters and seeing Charles Kingsley's, "The Water Babies" and being captivated by the illustrations of Jessie Wilcox Smith and also by Tennial's illustrations of "Alice in Wonderland"). There was no time for such indulgences, for, you were up before dawn and went to bed when dark. Farming in such terrain was an austere existence and the luxury of books was not high on the agenda. It needs to be said that I was not alone in pleasuring in my surroundings, both my father and grandfather were often to be seen absorbing the beauty of their surroundings. It was an environment where aesthetically your insularity caused you to create from inside, relating to your environment as the direct model for your imagination. This is an ideal catalyst for someone who may choose to undertake the solitary journey of the artist or writer. It most certainly defined some of the initial emotional infrastructures for forming a capacity to create from inside, having absorbed the external from a "personalized" perspective.

Traditionally the Welsh have a great pleasure in singing, both individually and in choirs. I showed a capability and propensity for singing, for I had a clear voice, could sing in tune and my mother was advised to consider sending me away from the farm to a choir college. I was sent away to a boarding school at the age of seven and learned to read music, attain the grades in my piano studies and sing in the choir which made records and appeared on television and radio. Did it define any creative elements of my personality? It most certainly made me very independent of personality, being away from the land,

the farms and my father and grandfather, I learnt to stand firmly on my own two feet. But all that learning of musical theory was a means of acquiring discipline and application, mental focus. It was also a discipline that later on at the age of twelve, when I first heard the music of John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, Charlie Parker, Bartok, Hindemith needed to be revisited. This in retrospect was the focused formation of an important intellectual faculty, the ability never to be satisfied with where you are creatively. There is always a need to be constantly revisiting your creative perspective, not for the sake reinventing yourself, but, rather because Surrealism is an adventure and as such your progress does not depend upon you standing still or repeating yourself because you have “a style” that you are recognized as having created. My definition of creation has always been colored and affected by constant reappraisal and revisiting of the means, direction and the context of adventure and the retention of the eye always being in a primitive state.

At twelve years of age I was sent to another boarding school where I was to show considerable aptitude in sport, achieving high standards in both rugby and cross country running at a national level. However, at the age of twelve, whilst sitting in the school library I chanced upon Patrick Waldberg’s book “Surrealism”. This book, full of images, photographs and texts was to transform my life. By the time I had got to the end of the book I was already embarking on the adventure. I had decided to be a Surrealist. I had no previous knowledge of art or literature. I went to the art teacher and asked if I could be included in art studies? The teacher sat me down and placed a still life in front of me and advised me to draw it. Upon observing the pitiful drawing he advised me not to take art lessons as my drawing was so poor. I returned and worked and worked on drawing until I had the ability to draw to a high level of accuracy, day after day I returned and acquired the technical facility of an artist. However, I was not an artist. I merely acquired the skills

as tools in order to express the cornucopia of images that were surfacing within my imagination since finding the book on Surrealism. By the age of fourteen I was painting pictures with an identifiable style of my own. Surrealism had defined my creation, pulling together those powerful threads that had been the bedrock of my childhood and allowing them to become the momentum for the voice of my Surrealist path for the future.

I painted and wrote continuously. After leaving school I was to undertake further educational studies, firstly, in physics and then psychology. But in every vacation I returned to the farms to work and marvel at the landscape which was now directly informing my output of pictures. A relative of mine was a secretary in London and she said that I should attempt to get an exhibition in London. I had never exhibited my work, but my relative knew of a gallery and obtained me an interview. I was offered a solo exhibition at the age of nineteen in early 1973. The gallery director advised me that I needed someone to open the exhibition for me and he knew the right person. That person was Conroy Maddox, who had been a Surrealist in London and Paris since the 1930s. I met Conroy Maddox in his apartment, the walls of which were adorned with works by Roberto Matta, Yves Tanguy, Andre Masson, Dali and ELT Mesens. Conroy Maddox's kind and inclusive personality was a revelation to me. Up until that date I had only painted on my own, the secret Surrealist, looking at work in books was my only involvement with Surrealism. But, here was a member of the International Surrealist Group and he offered me the names of people to contact. Within a short period of time I had met Paul Garon of the Chicago Group. I was to meet Michel Remy, Paul Hammond, Petr Kral, Michael Bullock and Dawn Ades in the period of a few weeks. By 1975 I had been invited to contribute works to the International Surrealist "Marvelous Freedom - Vigilance of Desire", Chicago 1976, showing with artists such as Jackson Pollock and William Baziotes. In 1977 I

met Edouard Jaguer and joined the Mouvement Phases, showing with them in over twenty exhibitions around the world in the coming years.

“What Surrealism Defines Your Creation?”. I have always felt that however insular the actual act of painting or writing may be, the intent behind the creation, is a focus of creation through Surrealism and it is a reflection for and upon the human condition. Therefore, to contribute to international events and actions is a very real privilege, it is fundamental to my personal definition, both of myself as an individual creative energy and of myself in the context of relevantly being a part of a greater whole, that of Surrealism as a world revolutionary force and energy.

Since the first exhibition in London, back in 1974, I have had the pleasure of exhibiting in over 350 exhibitions through out the world. Each exhibition is an exciting experience, each exhibition defines you afresh, for you are making a statement , both of commitment, but also of inclusiveness with those you are showing with and about the connection with the public and the fashion in which you attempt to share your gift with the public. Throughout the years I exhibited with my dear friend, the artist Jean Claude Charbonel, our affinity both as Celts (Charbonel was from Brittany, France and I from Wales prompted Edouard Jaguer to refer to us both as “Celtic Brothers”), displayed a sympathetic relationship between the earth and the human condition, a celebration of the “Celtic Myth”.

If I look back over the fifty seven years of writing, painting and organising exhibitions and events I have always been committed to the positive, to the constructive and the promotion of celebration. I do not sympathize or empathize with miserabilism in any form and the defining essence of my creation is the realization of hope. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the

recent book, “Earthly Kingdoms and Dreamy Knights”, 2018 (Black Egg publications) in which the writer Patrick Lepetit wrote the verses and I produced the illustrations, it is a weaving of word and image to form the crystallization of the most empathetic celebration of the senses. The poetry of the image woven into the painting of the word, a perfect sharing of the imagination.

In almost six decades of creative expression, whether in word or in paint there has necessarily been an evolution, development and progression, but fundamental key elements have always remained, I have continuously produced work with passion and conviction. From the first works of the 1960s there was a youthful exuberance, finding a voice, the raw celebration of the realization of an individuals expression made visible. During the 1970s/80s the painting of narrative images, figures, objects animals interacting in various dramas of construction and reconstruction, flatly painted, depicted consciously in a two dimensional fashion in order to remove the painterly qualities of a picture thus inviting the viewer to focus on the story unfolding between the participants of the narrative. In describing these works I reflect that the first stage of reconstruction is the destruction of that which has become corrupted. These pictures, always painted on a red background (to add an additional layer of tension) were claustrophobically filled with interacting episodes, a theatre of players and dramas, one impinging upon and affecting the other. By the late 1980s and early 1990s the dramas had been refined and the imagery painted in a three dimensional fashion. Some of the pictures contained one perspective consciously challenging another. The theme of the majority of these pictures was the environment and the effect of pollution and the desire to celebrate a world that was resisting its destruction and rejuvenating itself.

Then, in 1994, half way through a picture, I stopped, after twenty five years of

painting in a certain style, taking a certain approach to mapping my Surrealist adventure, it was a figurative vista, with interacting human dramas questioning the machinations of materialism and I decided to review where and how I was to continue the adventure. The path that painters such as Oscar Dominguez, Victor Brauner, Conroy Maddox, Toyen and Wilhelm Freddie had been the direction that I had followed as it had defined my own perspective on voicing my Surrealist view point. However, I felt a need to express another aspect of my Surrealist energy, a more lyrical vista that shared my affinity with the environment that I was familiar with in the Welsh countryside. This in part was inspired by the works I had created in the early 1990s that related openly to nature and the environment and also a meeting with Matta and discussions with my friend the painter Rik Lina (the Netherlands) when we were both exhibiting at the Galerie 13 in Hanover, Germany. I increasingly felt that a more fluid, automatic way of creating what I was “seeing inside” was relevant. The way I was defining the expression of my Surrealist creativity was evolving, one never stands still, the imagination evolves, your perspective encompasses new directions of adventure, you observe new paths within you and embrace them openly. Since 1994 I have produced work that celebrates the human condition. The paintings burst with an energy and force of freedom and the forms are both organic and sensuous. The shapes, forms and colors are dancing in a lyrical Surrealist festival of the possible made possible.

“What Surrealism Defines your Creation?”. The Surrealism of celebration, of adventure, of freedom, the paint brush becomes a prism through which your imagination dances as a gift of hope.

John Welton (April 2020).

Thomas Mordant

Remarques pour un projet de société désaliénée

Le capitalisme tend à détruire systématiquement toute civilisation. Comment le monde peut-il se libérer des forces prêtes à le dévorer ? Pour avoir une chance de répondre à cette question, il est nécessaire tout d'abord de juger comment le sujet pressenti pour cette libération, le prolétariat, est entravé dans cette fonction, quels facteurs peuvent le désentraver et jusqu'à quel point. Un moment essentiel de la réflexion est de se mettre en condition de savoir si un projet de libération peut, dès à présent, être proposé. Si oui, dans quelle mesure pourrait-il ouvrir un chemin à un projet de civilisation digne de ce nom, qui s'élèverait sur les décombres de civilisation laissés par le capitalisme?

1) Aliénation et désaliénation

« Touche, je ne vais pas m'écarquiller comme un oeil »

Sylvia Plath

Quand je touche à des concepts comme celui de « fétichisme de la marchandise » ou de « réification » de la force de travail – qui étant, elle-même marchandise, relève-t-elle aussi du fétichisme – j'éprouve cette sensation étrange que l'on ressent, en tentant de prononcer, dans leurs sens originels et authentiques, des mots qui ont été déviés, très majoritairement, de

cet usage. Ces concepts, conçus par Marx, ont été utilisés par tant autres d'auteurs pour conjurer le danger de se livrer à des analyses débouchant sur des résultats concrets, ayant des conséquences contraignantes pour la praxis marxiste, qu'ils semblent avoir acquis le pouvoir de plonger le marxisme dans les eaux stagnantes des spéculations philosophiques. Les concepts de fétichisme de la marchandise et de réification ont le plus souvent été mal compris par les auteurs marxistes (et non marxistes) qui s'en sont inspirés, à commencer par le Lukacs d'*Histoire et conscience de classe*, qui est loin d'être le pire de ces auteurs, mais qui, malgré des intuitions souvent intéressantes (comme celle qui lui fait écrire que la bourgeoisie est beaucoup plus encline que les autres classes, de par sa place dans le processus de production, à réifier le vivant - y compris sa propre activité au service du capital - s'autorise, à propos de la réification, un point de vue exagérément abstrait. Il tend, en outre, à faire penser que la « réification subjective » de la force de travail pourrait découler automatiquement de sa réification objective et même prendre le pas sur elle par ordre d'importance. Il met en avant l'exemple du journalisme, qui pourrait aujourd'hui être étendu à celui de l'enseignement et de tous les « travailleurs intellectuels ». Où va-t-il donc chercher que la force de travail de ces prolétaires serait par essence plus réifiée et subirait une réification subjective plus grande, sous le règne du capital, que celle des autres prolétaires ? Même chose pour la petite bourgeoisie intellectuelle. Lukacs simplifie mécaniquement un enjeu de la lutte des classes.

Par bonheur, Marx nous a aussi légué le concept d'aliénation : il permet de fédérer toutes les formes de déshumanisation physique et intellectuelle. Dans l'idée d'aliénation peut prendre place l'aliénation face aux contraintes de la nature, celle du fétichisme de la marchandise, celle de la réification, celle de l'usure de la force de travail, celle des contraintes idéologiques et celle

d'idéologies intériorisées (sous forme consciente, fantasmatique ou inconscient), celle de répression dépersonnalisante des pulsions et celle de «désublimation répressive», celle de division objective et subjective du prolétariat, celle du patriarcat... Cette liste est loin d'être exhaustive. Au concept d'aliénation, il faudrait coupler celui de désaliénation. Ce qui m'intéresse, ce sont les processus dialectiques par lesquels les prolétaires perdent et/ou gagnent en humanité et en conscience de classe, ce qui n'est pas la même chose mais ces deux qualités peuvent évidemment converger et elles ont même tendance à le faire. Lorsqu'elles sont affectées d'un signe négatif cela donne des monstruosité : déshumanisation et absence de conscience de classe, cela fait penser aux pires moments du fascisme et des sociétés bureaucratiques

Je crois qu'il y a un penchant normalisant, obsessionnel, très fréquent chez les auteurs se réclamant, souvent à tort, du marxisme, ou d'un « anticapitalisme », ou même seulement d'un esprit critique, à tenter de justifier leur impuissance politique en sous-estimant la conscience de classe du prolétariat et en surestimant son aliénation subjective. Ces illusions d'optique sont notamment utiles pour s'abstenir d'élaborer des projets de libération à la hauteur des exigences actuelles. Le penchant inverse existe également et pour les mêmes raisons bien qu'il soit moins à la mode ces temps-ci. Je ne veux évidemment pas dire que le monde où nous vivons ne soit pas invivable et intolérable, que toute tentative de poésie manifestée publiquement ne soit pas généralement traquée par les rayons de mort les plus sophistiqués et les plus implacables, avec des succès considérables.

Le rapport de forces, actuellement défavorable au prolétariat, s'est construit historiquement, par une série importante de défaites politiques, économiques et sociales. Le prolétariat est pourtant loin d'être atomisé, malgré des efforts

impressionnants du capitalisme en ce sens, et ses capacités de lutte sont loin d'être écrasées. Au contraire, depuis une dizaine d'années, les luttes défensives se sont multipliées mondialement, aboutissant le plus souvent à des défaites partielles. Seul le prolétariat latino-américain a recommencé, à avoir une expérience multiforme de luttes, à la fois défensives et offensives faisant boules de neige, et à réapprendre expérimentalement que de véritables victoires sont possibles. Même les colonies françaises de Guadeloupe et de Martinique ont participé à ce mouvement. Aucun pays n'a connu jusqu'à présent de montée révolutionnaire. Les nombreux commentateurs marxistes qui ont cru pouvoir jouer avec ce mot dans des situations conflictuelles très diverses ont manifesté, par ces abus de langage, une solide irresponsabilité et une frivolité grave, frisant la débâcle intellectuelle. Il ne fait aucun doute, pourtant, que la domination du capitalisme soit plus lourde de contradictions qu'elle ne l'ait jamais été. C'est manifestement une crise de civilisation à la fois chronique et aiguë qui commence, c'est presque une banalité de le dire, moins banal est d'essayer d'en appréhender lucidement les conséquences au point de vue théorique et pratique, et par exemple, sur le plan politique.

Contrairement à ce qu'affirment massivement toutes les familles de desperados de la théorie révolutionnaire, c'est peut-être sur le plan idéologique que la domination du capital est, pour le moment, la plus faible. Pour faire image, je dirai : c'est une idéologie en haillons que le capitalisme présente au prolétariat, et cette idéologie décharnée, les yeux exorbités, hurle l'axiome de base de la métaphysique : «ce qui est est, ce qui n'est pas n'est pas !», ce que le mouvement historique se charge de réfuter chaque année, avec une fougue dont la violence peut étonner. Même les valeurs, typiquement capitalistes, de perspectives de progrès matériel et de contrôle technique accru sont en crise, voire en déroute, y compris dans la plupart des centres dominants du capital. Le noyau fort de l'idéologie capitaliste, le petit

concentré de quelques valeurs, qui donne aux membres de la classe bourgeoise leur dose de drogue mentale quotidienne, tend à se réduire aux nécessités les plus courantes, pour la survie à court terme du capital : concurrence, profit, circulation monétaire, consommation ostentatoire individuelle, mêlée aux « eaux froides du calcul égoïste ». Et ce sont ces valeurs là que le capitalisme tente d'infuser, de perfuser, dans le corps du prolétariat, avec d'ailleurs une réussite surprenante, bien que médiocre. Le prolétariat est toutefois incapable de digérer ces valeurs, sans de fortes doses de tranquillisants et d'anesthésiants idéologiques. Or, ces tranquillisants et anesthésiants manquent cruellement, les uns avaient été hérités de sociétés précapitalistes, les autres de la période de triomphe du capitalisme libéral au 19e siècle : l'héritage a été en majeure partie dilapidé et le triomphe est loin derrière nous. La faiblesse et la crise de l'idéologie dominante, sur les terrains de jeux de la pensée, comme sur ceux des réalisations civilisationnelles, interdit actuellement une intériorisation, durable et profonde, de la domination par le prolétariat. Il existe, certes, une réification subjective de la marchandise « force de travail », comme il existe une fétichisation non seulement objective mais subjective de l'ensemble des marchandises. Cependant, ces processus sont combattus par des processus inverses, à tous les niveaux de la vie humaine, et en particuliers de la subjectivité. Nous voyons se produire des phénomènes de déréification subjective et de défétichisation subjective, c'est-à-dire des objectivations, élucidations des rapports humains réels, qu'il s'agisse des rapports de production ou des rapports amoureux, par exemple.

L'étude dialectique des rapports concrets entre réification et déréification, fétichisation et défétichisation ont été beaucoup trop laissés en friche (Michel Lequenne est un des rares auteurs à avoir insisté sur cette dialectique, notamment dans ses critiques de Lukacs, ainsi que dans un texte sur l'aliénation paru dans la revue « Critique communiste », première formule ; à

un niveau de conscience de classe moindre, Edgar Morin en sa jeunesse, dans « L'esprit du temps », et aussi Lucien Goldman, dans une perspective toutefois « réformiste-révolutionnaire », dans son texte sur la réification. Ce n'est pas pousser le paradoxe bien loin de dire qu'une aliénation objective croissante (par exemple une réification objective croissante de la force de travail) peut souvent entraîner, par le biais d'une révolte consciente ou inconsciente, organisée ou non, une désaliénation subjective. En ce qui concerne la marchandisation des biens de consommation, il ne faudrait pas exagérer le pouvoir fétichiste de fascination de ce rapport social. Des enquêtes nombreuses montrent que la jeunesse des pays occidentaux considère la consommation de télévision ou de jeux vidéos comme des loisirs médiocres, voire méprisables, leur préférant de loin des loisirs plus actifs, plus sociaux et plus créateurs. Il semble aussi que la majorité des habitants des grandes villes préféreraient y voir la circulation automobile interdite et les services collectifs de circulation accrus. Certaines manifestations de conscience de classe passent souvent presque inaperçues. Le fait que l'offensive néolibérale se soit heurtée, dans la plus grande partie du monde, à un refus du démantèlement global des services publics existants en est un exemple remarquable. Les services publics, malgré leurs directions bureaucratiques, et une certaine régulation de la politique économique, sont des sources de dérédification. Elles rapprochent tendanciellement les prolétaires des produits de leur travail. Elles humanisent celui-ci. Elles défétichisent les marchandises qu'elles produisent.

La plupart des théoriciens marxistes révolutionnaires conçoivent l'aliénation sous deux formes différentes. Il y aurait d'une part une aliénation résultant d'une force apparaissant comme presque fatale, en dehors des grandes luttes révolutionnaires : « la réification objective et subjective » conjointe au « fétichisme de la marchandise ». Et ils se désolent par exemple de la « disparition des lieux », sans percevoir à quel point les « lieux » de jadis

étaient le plus souvent des lieux d'isolement collectifs et de conformisme folklorique. En mai 68, le quartier latin, déjà envahi par les touristes ou le bâtiment de la Sorbonne, par exemple, n'avaient rien d'enchantés, et puis tout à coup... De la même façon, des événements récents ont montré, dans d'assez nombreux pays, bien qu'avec une moindre force, comment des lieux, sans attraits particuliers, pouvaient, investis par le désir social, reprendre vie de manière manifeste. Il y aurait d'autre part, pour ces auteurs, une aliénation politique contre laquelle une lutte politique, pourrait être menée. Je suis bien sûr partisan des luttes politiques anticapitalistes et de la politisation des luttes qui n'apparaissent pas comme telles, à priori. Toutefois, le mot « politique » apparaît, sous beaucoup de plumes, comme une formule magique, comme si les luttes pour du pouvoir politique et le pouvoir politique lui-même, entre de bonnes mains et organisé selon de bons principes, pouvait trancher seul les questions sociales, économiques, culturelles, idéologiques et civilisationnelles les plus complexes.

Les luttes qui apparaissent comme peu susceptibles d'accéder rapidement à la sphère politique, au sens large, ou pour lesquelles cet accès semble plus ardu, sont dès lors traitées, soit par principe, soit de fait, comme des « fronts secondaires » ou ne sont même prises en compte par la théorie, qu'à titre éventuellement anecdotique. Cette fétichisation du politique convient tout autant aux tendances substitutistes (souvent dénoncées chez les ultra-léninistes, mais souvent présentes aussi dans d'autres courants) qu'aux tendances spontanéistes les plus attachées à un « messianisme » indéfini et au mythe ambigu du « grand soir », quelle qu'en soit la durée escomptée. Que l'imprévu, l'inespéré, survienne, c'est bien le moins que l'on puisse attendre d'événements pré-révolutionnaires ou révolutionnaires. Mais tout miser sur l'imprévu, l'explosion soudaine des forces libératrices et/ou sur la force des partis révolutionnaires (qui restent d'ailleurs partout à construire, pour

essentiel), c'est se priver de la possibilité de chercher, dès à présent, les forces et les désirs non inventoriés mais disponibles pour « transformer le monde et changer la vie »

À la naissance du mouvement féministe fut lancée une formule qui mit du temps à être largement comprise : « le privé est politique ». (soulignons en passant qu'affirmer que le privé est politique, c'est aussi suggérer, d'un point de vue dialectique, que la politique a quelque chose de traditionnellement lié au privé, qu'elle est passionnelle ou qu'elle n'est pas, qu'elle n'est nullement seulement affaire de parti pris) l'ensemble de la gauche révolutionnaire déjà organisée, avec des exceptions individuelles ou fugaces, rejeta d'abord cette formule avec le mouvement féministe lui-même, accusé de diviser le prolétariat, puis accepta, bon gré mal gré, peu à peu et plus ou moins, que le mouvement féministe était bénéfique au mouvement prolétarien. La formule «le privé est politique» fut toutefois laissée de côté par la plupart des théoriciens des groupes d'extrême gauche. Une des fonctions des marxistes révolutionnaires serait de sonder tout ce qui, dans le privé, est politique.

Le capital, privatisant l'intelligence, mettant les mathématiques aux enchères, fabriquant des OGM et des SDF, industrialisant la prostitution, vendant des organes humains, de la viande hautement toxique et des virus « de synthèse », faisant coter en bourse des bidonvilles, rêvant de cyborgs et de clones et bien décidé à réaliser ces rêves, tentant d'organiser des conditions de vie sociale sur la lune, en orbite ou ailleurs, pour faire fondre la peur et réduire l'inconfort d'un hiver nucléaire limité, a pu démontrer que, pour lui, le privé était bel et bien politique. Prononcée par des féministes et des révolutionnaires, la formule change de sens. Il s'agit alors de percevoir tout ce qui, dans le privé, gagnerait à être politisé plus visiblement. Il s'agit de comprendre que ces luttes occultées, non perçues comme luttes ou tournées en dérision, n'ont rien

de spécifiquement « culturel ». Elles sont liées à des questions de mode de vie, liées à un mode de production, d'échange et d'usage, ou à plusieurs, et elles gagneraient à en changer : ce sont des questions de civilisation.

La grande majorité des marxistes révolutionnaires ont choisi de se battre pour faire disparaître des injustices visibles, en nombre limité, à commencer par celle de l'exploitation du prolétariat et de la domination qu'il subit. Ce choix initial ne les qualifie d'emblée que de manière sommaire pour percevoir la nécessité d'une civilisation totalement différente, et surtout pour tenter d'en saisir les conditions de réalisation. C'est par une longue initiation, que certains marxistes révolutionnaires en sont venus à comprendre, quelque peu, l'inconditionnelle nécessité du féminisme le plus radical et de l'écologisme le plus intransigeant. Quand on regarde les bibliothèques et les écrits, on peut se rendre compte qu'elles et ils sont encore très minoritaires. Il s'agit toutefois, dès maintenant, d'approfondir cette initiation et de l'étendre à quelques questions nouvelles, qui se manifestent par des mouvements de masse, de manière publique ou qui ne se manifestent pas encore de cette manière, mais intéressent de nombreux prolétaires. Un mouvement d'usage quelque peu différent de la langue, initié par le mouvement zapatiste et étendu à de nombreuses villes mexicaines, a, par exemple, pu surprendre agréablement un grand nombre d'entre nous. Mais qu'avons-nous fait de cette belle surprise ?

Comment politiser l'idéologie ? Comment combattre presque à mains nues, les couples infernaux assis sur les trônes de la pensée unique imbibée de logique : « pile je gagne, face tu perds » ? Ces couples marchent lentement, ils pensent avoir le temps pour eux. Voici l'individualisme et le conformisme, le prosaïsme et le sentimentalisme, le productivisme et le consumérisme, le rationalisme et l'irrationalisme, l'ignorantisme et l'informatisme, le naturalisme et l'artificialisme, le sédentarisme et le tourisme, le misérabilisme

et l'idéalisation ... Pourtant il faudrait renverser ce château de cartes à puces chancelant. Bien sûr, il n'y a jamais eu de luttes de masse contre l'individualisme ou le conformisme, mais la plupart de ces luttes sont porteuses d'un refus de ces valeurs et de toutes les autres citées plus haut. D'ailleurs la conscience de la portée idéologico-politique des grandes luttes est de plus en plus présente chez leurs acteurs. Il s'agirait d'aviver cette conscience, et d'abord de savoir que cette conscience existe.

Au surplus, il existe des luttes dont les enjeux idéologiques sont d'emblée brûlants comme le féminisme, l'écologisme, la réduction radicale du temps de travail, etc. Il y a aussi des idéologies dominantes dont la dominance n'est plus évidente. Le bon vieux nationalisme, par exemple, tient toujours debout, mais il semble tirailé de toutes parts. Le militarisme n'enflamme plus de façon aussi inconditionnelle le cœur des peuples. L'idée d'aller écraser des prolétariats étrangers, sous des tapis de bombes, fait quand même germer quelques graines de scepticisme. Même le racisme, qui s'accroche à la crise économique, comme une tique à l'odeur du sang, n'est plus aussi sûr de lui que naguère, lorsque l'ensemble vénéré de la communauté scientifique, avec de rares exceptions, lui donnait son aval. Le fanatisme et l'intégrisme religieux intransigeant sont également depuis plus d'un siècle plutôt en recul mondialement, quel que soit le battage médiatique que l'on fait à ce sujet et malgré les moyens techniques dont ils disposent. Gros plan sur l'islam sunnite ou chiite, judaïsme en Israël etc. Presque partout ailleurs, les religions sont en recul, surtout dans leurs versions les plus radicales et/ou agressives. Toutes ces vieilles pourritures peuvent cependant être revivifiées et le génocide à ciel ouvert des Tutsis du Rwanda, préparé, accompagné, puis nié, par le gouvernement français de « cohabitation » est une catastrophe qui peut se reproduire n'importe où et à plus vaste échelle, facilitée par les nouveaux moyens de communication et de surveillance.

Toutefois, le développement quantitatif formidable des médias pyramidaux ou programmés ne peut se confondre avec une adhésion idéologique ni, encore moins, avec une nouvelle idéologie, ayant d'ores et déjà remplacé les anciennes. Une certaine idéologie consensuelle de l'information existe, mais elle n'a pas une consistance en pouvoir hypnotique actif comparable aux idéologies en déclin. Les prolétaires, dans un monde façonné par le capital, écoutent et regardent, certes, ce qu'on veut bien leur montrer après leur journée de travail et/ou de « galère ». Cela ne signifie pas qu'ils aiment cela ou qu'ils l'approuvent sans réserve critique.

Le capital a engendré une crise de civilisation qui met radicalement en cause, non seulement ses propres principes civilisationnels, mais aussi la plupart de ceux qui avaient traversé, grâce à quelques symbioses et quelques mutations, d'assez nombreux modes de production antérieurs. Le prolétariat ne pense pas à une révolution socialiste avec beaucoup d'enthousiasme. Est-ce dû à son aliénation profonde ? Est-il drogué à la marchandise et au spectacle, à force d'en consommer et ivre d'esprit marchand, à force de vendre son temps et d'essayer de valoriser sa force de travail ? Beaucoup d'intellectuels, bien qu'ils ne le diraient peut-être pas en ces termes, croient des choses de ce genre. Je n'y crois pas de tout. Je crois que le prolétariat a un certain bon sens. Les révolutions se réclamant du socialisme ont subi des répressions faisant de nombreux morts. Les révolutions victorieuses ont, presque toutes, assez vite, dégénéré bureaucratiquement de façon plutôt effrayante, puis ont fait place à des régimes bureaucratiques parasites, qui ont fini par s'écrouler. Les révolutions qui ont été directement vaincues par le capitalisme ont généralement engendré une forte réaction, souvent fasciste. Le prolétariat ne pense à la révolution socialiste, que comme issue de secours périlleuse, au cas où il n'y aurait vraiment pas d'autres voies, pour éviter une crise terrible ou une guerre par exemple. Il n'est pas du tout exclu qu'une révolution se

produise en d'autres circonstances, mais cela serait dû à un enchaînement de circonstances aujourd'hui imprévisible. Je suis marxiste révolutionnaire et je n'emploie le bon sens que quand je n'ai rien de meilleur sous la main. Je préfère la dialectique. Mais les prolétaires, s'ils ne manquent pas d'esprit dialectique, ne sont pas généralement habitués à entrer dans des considérations théoriques et méthodologiques complexes.

Par contre, la plupart des prolétaires se rendent compte que le capitalisme a beaucoup changé, et en pire, qu'il est en crise et qu'il est, partout, un danger réel pour la civilisation et peut être pour la vie humaine. Ils sont souvent prêts à réfléchir à un projet de société alternatif, sans trop se préoccuper, dans un premier temps, des moyens stratégiques pour réaliser ce projet. Ils voudraient vivre autrement et ils ont l'impression que c'est possible. Le prolétariat, bien qu'exclu en grande partie, sauf exceptions, de la création culturelle et intellectuelle manifeste et objectivable, est la seule classe sociale potentiellement apte à saisir le fonctionnement global du processus de production, du mode de production et du mode de vie, dans la société dominée par le capital, à comprendre la crise de civilisation générée par le capitalisme et à désirer y mettre fin en changeant de civilisation.

Il serait souhaitable de construire un projet proposant de permettre une civilisation différente et qui pourrait donner lieu à des débats, à des développements, à des programmes. Ce projet devrait être celui du mouvement communiste libertaire, dans un esprit marxiste révolutionnaire. Redonner un sens désirable au mot révolution passe à mon avis par le développement d'un tel projet d'ouverture civilisationnelle, ainsi que par le projet programmatique approfondi d'une démocratie beaucoup plus concrète, plus large et plus systématique, dans le cours des révolutions et des sociétés révolutionnaires à venir, que dans les démocraties parlementaires et les

révolutions socialistes antérieures.

2) Conditions pour qu'une renaissance civilisationnelle voie le jour

Idéalement, cette ébauche devrait être argumentée, simplifiée, développée et couplée à un projet communiste révolutionnaire, à la fois économique, social écologique, culturel, politique, stratégique et puis largement débattue, et transformée par le débat.

Un point de vue mondial contre des menaces mondiales

« Aujourd'hui, autour du monde, c'est AU TOUR DU MONDE » écrivait le poète surréaliste Mesens. Un changement civilisationnel devrait d'abord se concevoir au niveau mondial, même si ce monde semble assez grand pour contenir plusieurs civilisations libérées du capital et du bureaucratisme, de l'impérialisme et du patriarcat. Chacun sait qu'il est nécessaire de parer à des dangers mondiaux, notamment à celui d'extinction de la vie humaine. Il serait temps, aussi, de permettre aux actuels « damnés de la terre » une désaliénation vis-à-vis des contraintes naturelles, qui continuent à saper, surtout dans les sociétés les plus pauvres, l'accomplissement des potentialités humaines. Enfin, puisque nous avons encore la chance de connaître d'autres civilisations (dites primitives) que celle dominée par le capital, la prudence la plus élémentaire nous conseille de cesser de les détruire et de plutôt manifester pour elles la solidarité la plus respectueuse, surtout pour celles qui sont menacées de disparition.

Pour une société qui puisse rompre radicalement avec la logique de la réification objective de la force de travail, et par voie de conséquence, avec le travail lui-même

Dans une société construite par la marchandise « force de travail », personne n'échappe à la malédiction lancée par l'aliénation du travail. Ceux qui se livrent à un travail intellectuel et/ou artistique sont marginalisés, et n'ont aucune chance de construire un mode de production et un mode de vie fondamentalement différents. Leur activité est d'ailleurs, tôt ou tard, prise d'une façon ou d'une autre, dans le circuit de la circulation des marchandises et, de plus, vivre sans acheter de marchandises leur est impossible. La réification de la force de travail n'est pas un phénomène, individuel mais un processus social généralisé.

Une réduction radicale du temps de travail pour tout le monde permettrait une rupture, certes partielle mais réelle, et en outre principielle et symbolique, avec le capitalisme.

Réduire la durée de travail à deux ou trois heures par jour, partout dans le monde, semble aujourd'hui envisageable à des économistes prudents. Le travail contraint et aliéné cesserait, pour toutes et pour tous, d'être la principale activité de la vie humaine- comme si c'était notre activité la plus précieuse et qu'il faille en permanence la fêter. L'activité libre et gratuite deviendrait, peu à peu, celle où s'investirait le plus d'énergie et autour de laquelle la civilisation commencerait à graviter et à s'organiser prioritairement.

Pour que cette rupture avec le travail aliéné soit effective, il faudrait rompre également avec le travail domestique obligatoire, c'est-à-dire pour essentiel avec le travail ménager obligatoire et avec les soins individuels obligatoires aux enfants. Ici encore, ce n'est pas la suppression totale du travail

domestique, son éradication d'une pureté parfaite, qui est visée, ce nous voulons c'est que ce travail forcé cesse de paralyser la liberté des femmes et la vivacité extraordinaire des enfants et que le patriarcat commence à agoniser.

Ce ne serait pas une intrusion insupportable dans la vie privée de proposer, sans obligation, pour toutes les personnes soumises au travail domestique d'y souscrire, les mesures suivantes :

Une propreté gratuite, par l'industrialisation par quartier des services de nettoyage (y compris dans les « parties privatives ») ainsi que d'entretien et de lessive. Des douches publiques dans tous les immeubles et des piscines et bains publics dans tous les quartiers. Des meubles et des vêtements gratuits et élégants pour tout le monde, avec une plus vaste capacité de choix que celle qui prévaut actuellement.

Des repas biologiques gratuits, appétissants et variés dans les restaurants et à domicile.

Une prise en charge collective de la grossesse et des bébés, avec notamment des crèches gratuits de qualité, ouvertes jour et nuit, à tous les enfants à partir de trois mois, et ouvertes en principe également à tous les adultes.

Une responsabilité socialisée, attentionnée, émancipatrice et libertaire des enfants, vingt-quatre heures sur vingt-quatre, avec aussi des lieux publics, des transports et des lieux de vie conçus prioritairement pour les enfants petits et grands, ainsi que pour les personnes âgées et très âgées, et non uniquement pour les adultes les plus performants, comme c'est cas actuellement.

Je répète que toutes ces propositions ne devraient pas nécessairement être acceptées par les personnes auxquelles elles s'adresseraient. Mais quand ces

propositions seraient acceptées, les parents, comme les libres communautés éducatrices, verraient leurs rapports affectifs et intellectuels, avec les enfants et entre eux, renforcés et devenir beaucoup plus riches et plus denses, parce que déchargés de la contrainte déshumanisante. On verrait aussi se développer un artisanat original et gratuit de meubles, vêtements, jardins, cuisine...pour lequel des matières premières, des matériaux, des outils et des machines seraient disponibles dans des comptoirs de prêts et des ateliers de quartiers.

Pour un travail au service des gens et non l'inverse

Le droit à un travail non abrutissant, intelligent et nécessaire serait adopté, ainsi que le droit de changer de travail. Le droit de travailler moins que les autres, ou de ne pas du tout travailler, serait également prévu, sans aucune nécessité de justification. Les entreprises, les ateliers, les laboratoires seraient ouverts à toutes et à tous, pour satisfaire une curiosité naturelle et bienfaisante ainsi que le désir d'étudier et de travailler bénévolement (par exemples à la réduction accrue du travail humain, et à la réalisation de produits et des services plus beaux, plus étonnants, plus agréables et plus utiles). Cette ouverture favoriserait des processus de solidarité, de coopération, ainsi que de visibilité et de contrôle des processus de production. Les prolétaires cesseraient d'être séparés des produits de leurs travaux, et la logique de la production pourrait devenir transparente. Les lieux de recherche scientifiques et techniques seraient également grands ouverts, afin de permettre une appropriation critique des méthodes de recherches pratiquées et des connaissances, et un contrôle populaire de l'organisation des recherches. Il faudrait aussi reconnaître le droit, pour tous les individus et toutes les communautés minoritaires, de prendre des initiatives et d'avoir un accès autonome aux moyens de production.

Pour une civilisation qui voue à l'agonie le fétichisme de la marchandise en supprimant les marchandises elles-mêmes, en commençant par les plus nécessaires et en les remplaçant par des services gratuits

Il existe des préjugés contre la gratuité et d'autres pour la préservation d'un secteur marchand dans les secteurs de petite consommation. Toutes les enquêtes montrent pourtant que la médecine salariée (et surtout quand elle est gratuite) est meilleure que la médecine libérale à l'acte, que l'enseignement public est donné avec plus de cœur que l'enseignement privé et avec de meilleurs résultats et les exemples pourraient être multipliés, dans tous les domaines, avec de très nombreuses expériences (médias, alimentation, logement etc.) à l'intérieur même du système capitaliste.

Le principe de gratuité de services de qualité devrait être adopté, ainsi qu'un certain nombre de droits à une vie digne.

Gratuité d'une restauration raffinée, de transports qui soient des invitations aux voyages, proches ou lointains, d'une éducation qui permette des initiations choisies à toutes les activités humaines, d'une médecine qui favorise une connaissance passionnelle des corps et invite les patients à prendre soin de leurs proches et d'eux-mêmes, de lieux de veille et de sommeil qui favorisent le repos, le rêve, les rencontres, les créations individuelles et collectives et les dons sans attente de contre-dons. Il faudrait aussi reconnaître le droit à un environnement qui favorise la sensualité tactile, à l'espace, à un air qui sente bon, à une eau pure, à une terre fertile, à une interaction approfondie avec la nature minérale, végétale et animale, à la beauté, et à un mouvement vers plus de beauté.

Vers une civilisation qui s'enthousiasme pour les créations individuelles

et collectives

Les plus hautes créations et les plus grandes découvertes ont toujours pris appui, non seulement sur les capacités d'inspiration et d'illumination de personnalités exceptionnelles, et sur le bon plaisir des puissants, mais aussi et surtout, par diverses médiations sociales, sur les connaissances accumulées et les désirs latents ou manifestés de manière plus ou moins implicite, de l'ensemble des membres de la tribu, puis ensuite des basses classes majoritaires vouées à la plupart des tâches d'appropriation de la nature (esclaves, serfs, paysans, artisans, prolétaires...) Il s'agit pour qu'une civilisation communiste libertaire puisse être imaginée que les prolétaires et l'ensemble du peuple s'approprient de manière enfin libre et visible, l'ensemble du processus de création (notamment, mais non exclusivement, des mathématiques, des sciences et des techniques, de la poésie, des arts et des artisanats). L'appropriation dont il s'agit concerne l'ensemble du pouvoir sensible et intellectuel de l'humanité, qu'il s'agirait de continuer à développer, mais aussi de réunifier et de rendre accessible.

Le capitalisme est un grand diviseur des savoirs et des pratiques. Il a par exemple favorisé massivement l'isolement de la nature comme sujet de perception, d'étude, de manipulation et d'instrumentalisation et le cloisonnement de disciplines mathématiques et scientifiques de plus en plus spécialisées. Ce que l'on nomme encore souvent « la science » au singulier est devenu, dès début du XXe siècle, une vaste jungle particulièrement dense et difficilement pénétrable, qu'aucun des plus grands théoriciens n'a désormais pu connaître ni comprendre, en dehors de quelques parcelles de ce volume énorme de découvertes et de méthodes éparpillées. Réappropriation ces domaines vitaux de connaissances et de savoirs, devenus souvent hostiles entre eux et souvent aussi apparemment incompatibles à priori, aménagés sur

des hypothèses qui semblent se contredire et qui souvent se contredisent ouvertement, est un des plus grands défis que l'humanité s'est inconsciemment lancé à elle-même. Il n'est pas impossible que ce défi puisse être relevé.

Il n'est pas inconcevable non plus que la poésie, les arts et les artisanats, les mathématiques, les sciences et les techniques, libérés de leurs ghettos, cessent de constituer des espaces séparés et puissent, dans une mesure bien sûr incalculable à priori, s'unifier, ni que ces pratiques ne refassent un jour corps avec la vie courante, sans solution de continuité.

Depuis que le capitalisme a pris les rênes du petit chariot de l'humanité, les recherches intellectuelles, dans leur immense majorité, n'ont rien eu de plus pressé que d'exclure, de leurs activités sérieuses, l'humanité elle-même, qui reste pour elle-même le continent le plus opaque. Rien ne dit que cette malédiction, balbutiée dans son sommeil par le capital, ne puisse être conjurée par nos efforts pour construire un renouveau civilisationnel, avec l'aide de l'expérience et de la pensée de tous ceux qui, jusqu'à ce jour ont lutté contre l'exploitation capitaliste, bureaucratique et patriarcale ainsi que de la psychanalyse, de la poésie, des arts et du féminisme, une des clés les plus précieuses pour ouvrir les lourdes portes successives de la caverne interdite des relations humaines. L'humanité vient à peine de commencer à libérer et à réinventer l'amour, ainsi que la poésie collective. Il serait dommage qu'elle s'en tienne là.

Une civilisation libératrice et nouvelle, cela n'implique pas seulement une rupture avec le capitalisme, une réparation des injustices, des irrationalités destructrices et un système d'échanges qui permettent aux potentialités humaines de s'épanouir. Les civilisations ne sont pas seulement

«rationnelles», en tous cas elles ne se limitent pas à telle ou telle forme de rationalité. Elles sont, de ce point de vue, au-delà des cultures qui gardent (sans s'y limiter) des caractères d'enseignement, des matières à classifications et à identifications utilitaires. Une civilisation libératrice et nouvelle exige des charmes nouveaux, des désirs nouveaux, des passions nouvelles, des fois nouvelles (enfin dégagées des gangues religieuses et métaphysiques), qui donnent des sens nouveaux à des mots comme poésie, science, nature ou amour, qui mettent en place des systèmes d'interactions sociales inédits, elle crée, en grand nombre, des sujets et objets dont les fonctions sont sans précédent. Une telle civilisation sera nécessairement surprenante, il ne sert pas à grand-chose d'essayer d'en dresser une carte détaillée. Des projets peuvent toutefois être imaginés : les civilisations « primitives » qui n'ont pas été totalement exterminées continuent à élaborer et à vouloir élaborer davantage des manières de vivre. Celles-ci stupéfient et émerveillent souvent ceux qui les rencontrent authentiquement. Le mouvement surréaliste lui aussi a cru pouvoir avancer dès 1976 un projet de « civilisation surréaliste » et il continue à le faire. Ces perspectives civilisationnelles sont, bien sûr, minoritaires mais elles sont sérieuses et rigoureuses et les marxistes révolutionnaires ont grand intérêt à y regarder de près, même si la construction de civilisations nouvelles n'entre pas pour le moment, comme tâche actuelle, dans le projet communiste libertaire qui a la prudence de s'arrêter à leurs seuils.

Conclusion

Ce projet qui peut permettre une ouverture civilisationnelle ne contient pas de proposition originale. Toutes ses propositions ont déjà été formulées auparavant, et la plupart ont été partiellement expérimentées à ce jour, à de nombreuses reprises, de multiples façons et sur une large échelle. L'unification des savoirs et des pratiques reste évidemment très peu explorée,

dans un mode de production dont la schizophrénie psychosociale est un principe moteur, résultant d'une division sociale et technique du travail exacerbée. Pour le reste, il ne s'agit que de rendre communes des pratiques, qui, pour l'essentiel, ont déjà fait leurs preuves. Le communisme libertaire n'a jamais prétendu proposer aux prolétaires des pratiques nouvelles, il s'est toujours limité à proposer de réunir, de façon cohérente, des pratiques existantes. Il n'a pas été question, ici, d'imaginer un projet de civilisation nouvelle. Marx et Engels défendaient leurs pensées contre l'utopisme, ils n'en ont pas pour autant renoncé à proposer des ouvertures civilisationnelles comme la suppression de la séparation entre ville et campagne, de la division sociale mais aussi en partie technique du travail, des inégalités entre les hommes et les femmes. Aujourd'hui, près d'un siècle après Octobre 17 et près d'un demi siècle après mai 68, nous sommes en présence de nouvelles contraintes, de défis supplémentaires et de nouvelles possibilités et cela nous donne des responsabilités théoriques et pratiques nouvelles. Il a seulement été envisagé de dégager quelques conditions de désaliénation nécessaire pour qu'un changement de civilisation puisse s'opérer : pour que des sens nouveaux, des perceptions, des représentations, des significations, des orientations, des sensualités, des rencontres et des passions nouvelles et libératrices puissent être libérées collectivement, librement et en pratique. Si un tournant de cette espèce n'est pas pris, le capitalisme agonisant sait très bien ce qu'il conviendrait, pour lui, de continuer à faire de la vie, avant de la détruire : la presser comme un citron et rentabiliser la manipulation de ses gènes pour un profit immédiat maximal.

Paris, Juillet 2013

Philippe Bouret

Autoportrait au lézard

Habitant du placard
visiteur de l'ombre
quand tout dort
tu envahis ma pupille

Tu incises le miroir
sans tain de ma mémoire
fragmentée et indocile
dans le fracas
d'un silence absolu

Tu griffes de ton ongle
encre le puits
la tâche noire

Tu franchis le bord
en fusion et étreinte
amoureuses
jusqu'à l'os rétinien

Oh toi reptile!
de l'orbite creuse

qui fouilles sans cesse
le désert de mes nuits

Tu façannes mon cauchemar
comme une amante appliquée
au plus près
du cirque de ma vie.

Je t'aime et te je te hais.

Vivons
scorpion sur l'œil
toujours sur le fil du désir
dans le danger constant
de la création.

La statue du maître a perdu ses boulons

Il n'y a pas plus
de professeurs
que
fesseurs-pro
de la fissure
de l'être

La statue du maître
a perdu ses boulons
le bronze a rejoint
la poussière
des mots creux
comme l'étron
le caniveau.

Si élève tu es
sois celui de la vie
qui t'enseigne
et
t'en saignes
parfois
toi aussi.

Élève
oui

élève
ton âme
à la dignité
d'un mot inconnu
du jamais prononcé

Mâche
Souffle
crache
lance
ton esprit
au-dessus
du savoir
des
faiseurs
des pro-faiseurs
du Diable

Élève
oui
tes lèvres
pour que le mot
prenne son envol
au bord
au bord juste
de ce précieux objet

Ton désir.

Craig S. Wilson

Revenge of the Butterflies

I can't see you through
all the wrecked planets,
But when you speak
it sounds like a flood
and your words are like fried onions,
like cars burned in broccoli fat.

How did you get into
those tiny shells on the sidewalk
I nearly stepped on and crushed?

Wherever I look
comets are crashing into the sea.
It's the revenge of the butterflies.

Abdul Kader Al Janabi

History always wants to refer me to you, Andre Breton

*These lines are dedicated to
The bandits of the windy city*

André Breton,

Windows are open

And your becoming is eyed by their curtains.

From under the blanket of unapplied thought

I see you holding a dream

Curved between your hands

A phoenix smeared with blond haze rises up

And gives you a sultry look

For you are handsome like "a militant swan"

Whose tongue is wading into my enemies mouths.

Indications of flames you smile

Foresights which permit

Civilizations to melt into celestial bodies

Streets to pile in mobile corpses

And flowers to bleed the four corners of the air.

There is no bird curious to fornicate a wood

The old-timers are of no consequence.

To furbish their sobered call

They kneaded the tongues of a horizontal insomnia

They are priest-ridden dogs

The needle of death is their phallic symbol

And i should say

You have to go down the paper

Loaded with a growling anguish

To be hurled on the bedrooms of their visions.

But you come to me never with what they know.

For i see you a woodfire butterfly

Cleaving cascades of knowledge

A blazing running water

Whose depth is a shape of elsewhere

An epicurean domain engraved on the stone of flesh

With fingers comparable

To the interior convulsions of uneven sounds

Then i see you "touching only the heart of things"

And mossy vibration

As a limpid nightfall

Tiptoes in my wide-awake sleep.

You "hold the thread"

And i still see a curious childhood

Stronger than death
Weaving invisible sands.

Implanted in the shores of sleepless mirrors
Where the gesture of insurrections
Sings its reincarnation.

The poem is a being
And history - the hive of ironies - is in no hurry
To see that a windy city
Is reserved
For your springs.

Gary Cummiskey

Out on the street

It's true I live nowhere. I have no face. I'm a bird, an otter, a slice of pizza, a lie. I plant mushrooms in shacks and gather horses from townships. I wander through the naked Karoo in a green shirt and ugly red jersey – I'm a misplaced soccer fan in a valley full of misfits and beggars beating on a broken drum.

Snap

Yes, I can see beyond the curved curtain: my hand is on the beach-side railing and the parrot lifts its beak for food. 'What are you busy with?' asks the man who climbs in through the window, a broken wing falling over his face. The dog barks as we all stare into the camera.

Cardboard Kings

Train tickets

soft

in

the rain

cardboard kings

suspended

in

loneliness

fingertips

slipping

on

wet thighs

Still Now

My eyes are blindfolded, though I know the sky above me is dark blue and thirteen birds fly around my head. The birds are never still, but I remain still – nothing moves in my hemisphere. My nose might be long and pointed, but at no time will any of the birds rest there. My mouth is stitched; I have many secrets to tell, but you will never hear them. Or perhaps one day you will, but not now. For now there is only silence.

Nowhere Rooms

The night market is ready to close, with emptying stalls, muttering shopkeepers, kittens playing in turquoise corners. Alleyways lead to nowhere rooms, where strange faces are met with desolate stares. We walk to the moonlit mosque. To the left there is a statue surrounded by police cars. The policemen are brandishing white sheets and laughing. You tell me the wet tongue is broken.

J. Karl Bogartte

Impeccable Interventions

In the coveted dimensions of love and madness the long-coated herons dive for the memory of those who disappear into lucid dreams.

Desire is the glow of apes, the furnace of a child and the eyes spinning in reverse.

When the laws of nature intercede on her behalf, footprints are sent scurrying in every direction, and when the coordinates mimic the exact measurements needed to trigger the alchemical vessels that seduce the weather, that whirl and hum like simian lanterns held up to warn of impending dangers and invisible locks, she enters the forest from behind, where the spirits speak only Spanish and the nights are without equal. It is necessary to harness these wonders.

She is the emerald battling with the ruby, fire and water as a way of life. She will kill someone tonight, and bring them back to life again, just for the joy of it...

The minerals of distraction... Molecules of light. When she places her hand on the left side, only the brightness of a sudden recognition prevails. When her hair accidentally flounders in your eyes, she is the invisible word of a

transparent body. Realities pass through that word on the way to your mouth...

Undercover of deception and exacting duplicity, the illuminating anomalies that held sway over the conjuring of animated gloves that interdict the passage of time through your present space of being alive, bring you face to face with the shape of your desires coming towards you, to breathe on you, to mold your malleable elegance, and initially, to assist in your complete resistance to all that does not arouse the perception of what is ignited in your presence. The tiger comes to lick your reflection.

The psychosomatic eggs of an open window. Black honey, a pure black stone with a faithless heart of fire. Illusive and impeccable interventions.

When you gather with the others for a defining moment, bathing the fire like rubbing an eclipse for the oil lamp that announces the erotic movement of your shadow freed from your body. The other is not yourself watching yourself, but the other who does not know it is watching another...

The uncanny whining of her wing-like phosphorescence is at the root of all things anatomical and timeless, a perpetual rotation that unravels the strange and unfathomable myths of question and answer, fear and embrace, the fever and the fossils of Spring. Morphologically she is both prey and predator wrapped up in the christening vessel filled with useless words. The carbon face in the vice of the jeweler.

Eureka is night stalking, she aches for its blood, the passive streams, threading arteries through the needles of deaf-mute determination and tormented youth. The voyeurism of deception with a touch of painful tenderness, the tongue of a violin that embodies a curse. She is groomed because of her stature that influences the rotation of distant planets. Beneath your lids of twilight are

placed the puncture wounds of unanswerable thirst. Prowling...

Love is subversion of the senses, the negative light of magnetic sensations that cover you with the black dust of wings in the continuous vessel that reproduces your presence, and overflows. A singular plurality out of which are coaxed the drops of poison, of light, or words, a language of dew in the early morning, the dangerous clairvoyance of the body that swims in the bright water of its own two-way mirror.

In the Theater of Chimerical Schemes the amethyst ring follows the black glove of the anointed specter of desire that begins to purr and whimper on the table of unexpected kingdoms. She takes pleasure in this prolonged kiss...

The glow of the heretic assumes the form of the dream and offers the general malady of things that fall asleep in the night to the one who resembles the heretic and writes endless notes concerning lunacy and the occultation of things according to the position of the sun, when it turns black, when it fills in the shape of your absence, and in a most delicious turn of events, becomes the veil that leads you astray.

The virginity of night becomes obscene, and most enticing when it leaves its heavy breath behind... smoldering in the grass, a spasm of innocence torn to shreds. A vision of pure delight, absorbing and reflecting, exciting and transferring. An evening stroll...

A gyroscope in the female form is always the sign of dreaming pilots

The radiance of the saboteur, the shame of children, the innocence of the widow, the lamentation of the wizard when he wakes, the last breath of rain, the embers of her eyes like love letters in the fire, the séance of Summer, the

ape's amazing grace when it unfurls the secret of its own memory in the meager scrapes of charred meat, the fawn-shaped weapon... A sacred tryst.

An unexpected breathlessness ignites the lighthouse of leopards prowling amidst the bright bones of night, feeding on those intuitive dreams that dispel the terror of seeing through yourself. Pebbles of mercury in the arsenal of days and nights layered upon each other, like doorways bursting with the nature of space, shedding their unnatural secrets like feral skins that glow in the dark. The daughter of the key runs ahead of your passage, unlocking the abyss.

There is the whirlwind and the sparks of flesh and moonlight, and the gates of intoxicating movement that intimidate the fear of ordinary wailing in the face of magic. The ship of insomnia follows the sphinx of your language, where fierce water is concerned, where the pigments of incandescent water darken the stone of your psyche, glowing.

She, as usual, exposes the mirror of the imagination... a vengeful joy of articulate symmetry, that makes her smile, endears her to the beasts that roam the arcades at noon, in broad daylight, like travelers coming and going, like ghosts in an avalanche, like her abandoned clothing, on a deserted street, in a city that resembles the one you just left...

She guards the light by hiding it and then replacing it with something far more devastating, more ancient and naked.

She places gravity in the deep waters of concealment, and coaxes out of that mixture an elemental sense of exploding seeds in the fissures of consciousness. She never fails to reveal the imperative necessity of magical decisions. The geometer of imagined realities embodies the relentless circles of absence. The chalk of unrest...

An aleph of a night and its sea-worthy mother, bright as ether for this intrusive circulation of the watcher's gate singing to its costumes, and she is most agreeable: it is in the prowling, and a coven in the prowling, in the dust, accidental and black as a wedding hung from the apex of a triangle and rendered beautiful as light and the amorous tortures.

The distance that separates the machinery of longing and the sand of thoughts, taunts the world into equal parts dismay and loss of consciousness. A city of sleepwalkers rises out of the embers...

She crouches to shape those loving glances trickling in by the psyche-driven chisels and ravenous clefts of dark gowns. She is inviolate, to be seen and entered only in the dark. A molecular fabric of igneous illusion glittering in the doorway... but she adores the clarity of your absence. The magic is in the sudden hesitations, sublime and feverish, and anointed with the candle-making craft of aroused promontories. Agate claws its way out of the light, a nameless kiss.

In the careless and rabid frenzy of her delicate scent, she does not move in the multiplication of her senses, but for you she is heated to the point of transparency. For the sudden loss of color that is instantaneous and grievous, panting out of molecules, driven by thirst, hollowed out, and obsessively touched, and retouched again, from one animal element and meridian to another, one bridal pagan divining-rod to the other, one century to the next, she is releasing in one fell-swoop the forest from the trees. "I am the cult of ruby for your throat, brighter than the whirlwind that secures you to your precedence. I am your calligraphy of dreamless falconry. The sphinx of moonlight in blood."

All the masks have gathered together in the bed of sparks, long and slender
quandaries, inseparable reindeer orphans, raven haired clairvoyants circling
overhead into the darkness of a violin-seeded field of wandering lunatics...

La Rose Impossible

Entrée gratuite

Entrée gratuite

Le soleil crache

sa langue de feu

sur l'Amazonie

alors que mon papier cul

est recyclé à la chaîne

Entrée gratuite

Je peux engloutir une mine d'or

en une seule journée

et encore me plaindre

de l'assaisonnement

Entrée gratuite

Il y a sur les rives

des fleuves asséchés

des tentes de plastique

pour se tenir chaud

quand vient l'hiver

On y chante des chansons paillardes

et des hymnes à la consommation

Entrée gratuite

Je viens de recevoir en héritage

les terres de mes voisins affamés

On y plantera des légumes sans gêne

et on viendra pisser dessus

tous les matins

pour qu'ils grandissent plus vite

et faire fuir les insectes pillards

Entrée gratuite

Même les végétariens

ont du sang sur les mains

car les boucheries sont contagieuses

Merci bien

ta gueule

au revoir

Entrée gratuite

J'imité des tableaux classiques
avec une pinte de bière bon marché
L'art doit se faire en ready-made
couvert de dégueulis
N'hésitez surtout pas à en rajouter
jusqu'à ce que disparaisse
la notion de gaspillage

Entrée gratuite

Des montagnes grises
se sont enrhumées
Elles toussent leurs glaires toxiques
sur des enfants
qui n'ont plus le droit de s'amuser

Entrée gratuite

Les voitures jouent à saute-mouton

sur des téléphériques en caoutchouc

Leurs pets sentent meilleurs

que ceux de vos vaches

Jean-Paul Gaultier vous en fera

des parfums fantastiques

et vous proposera un slip en promotion

Entrée gratuite

L'eau de javel s'imisce dans la terre

comme dans les rivières

et les restes des fast-food

que grappillent les clochards

Joyeux anniversaire au petit Enzo

Entrée gratuite

Une pomme empoisonnée

attend ses patients en file indienne

devant les portes de la Silicone Valley

Leur nombre est aussi gros que leur connerie

et que le chiffre d'affaire

Entrée gratuite

Les femmes bourgeoises

portent en bandoulières

plus de peaux mortes que les chasseurs

Leurs maris les engraisent
avec des bijoux hors de prix
et de la bouffe synthétique
pour pouvoir mieux les baiser dans leur graisse

Entrée gratuite

J'inonde de ma vie
une vaste araignée de métal
en composant sur sa toile
des partitions binaires

Ça va

Bien et toi

Qu'est ce qu'on s'emmerde

Entrée gratuite

Bienvenue

Bienvenue

Bienvenue à tous

Bienvenue au vingt-et-unième siècle

Bienvenue au président des USA

Bienvenue sur terre

Bienvenue

Entrée gratuite

Enfermés

R

R

E

E

S

S

du ciel

toute l'eau

Les arbres vomissent

des papillons mourir dans leurs chrysalides

Je vous jure que j'ai vu

Et bientôt

les hommes iront construire leurs tours

vers le centre de la terre

Je vous jure que j'ai vu

des poissons manquer d'air

La mer se réfugie

aux pics

des montagnes

S

E

R

R

E

S

Cycles et matricides

Sur une clôture électrique
des hommes déboutonnent leurs yeux
et leurs ombres sont des taches
sur des lettres usées

Une chouette bleue
assise en tailleur
observe le monde
à travers une loupe

Des rapaces arrachent
la tête d'une image de plante
qui donnait à boire
une fontaine de sang

Un chat blanc
endormi dans l'herbe
offre des morceaux de soleil
à toutes les mains

Un reptile noir
essaye de cracher de la fumée
et un volatile mécanique
tente d'arrêter le temps

Un écureuil marron
répare la peau d'un arbre
et un oiseau de feuille
s'en va nourrir la couleur du ciel

Plus loin
des destriers d'encre
broutent un fusil de pétrole
qui étouffe une rivière

Tout près de nous
ne femme aux cheveux verts
nage toute nue
dans la montagne

Une future friture grise
avale sans la voir
une robe d'épouse endeuillée
qu'on a jeté dans l'eau

Un chien d'air pur en liberté
défend avec courage
la clef d'un nuage
saoul de pluie

Un diable
un frelon
et une tête de mort

ont des ailes

Un ange
une abeille
et une renaissance
ont des ailes

Les bonnes questions sont toujours vertes
Une coupe est toujours le contraire d'une lampe

Quelques questions à poser

coécrit avec Théophile Laverny

Pourquoi marcher ?

Non !

Mais plutôt :

Pourquoi marcher

avec les oiseaux ?

Pourquoi le ciel est bleu ?

Pour avoir la vue double.

Que dira le vent ?

Sortez de là !

Quelle sera ta voie ?

Je l'ai déjà dit :

Marcher avec les oiseaux !

Comment relever la tête ? En s'accordéonnant.

Quel est ton problème ?

C'est mon sang !

As-tu un conseil à me donner ?

Oui : sans modération.

As-tu un conseil à me donner ?

Oui.

As-tu un conseil à me donner ?

Sans modération.

Où se trouve la ville ?

Partout !

Il faut retrouver partout !

Qu'est-ce qu'un temps mort ?

C'est un abat-jour

dans la nuit.

Que peut-on attendre du futur ?

Un sommier

sans matelas.

Quel est le nom de l'étincelle ?

La survie.

Que veut dire systématiquement ?

Je ne sais pas !

Crier le feu

avec un alambic

Un alambic

Crier

un alambic

et le feu

Le feu avec

un cri

dans l'alambic

Je ne sais pas !

Le travail forme-t-il l'individu ?

Non !

L'amour est-il un multiple ?

Non !

Salé ou sucré ?

Non !

Faut-il être surréaliste ?

Oui !

Vieillir, est-ce important ?

Oui !

Doit-on tuer le président ?

Non !

L'œuf ou la poule ?

Oui !

Où est mon cœur ?

Dans l'arène.

Qui suis-je ?

L'avenir !

À quoi je joue ?

À la vie !

Où as-tu mis la clef ?

Je te parlerai plutôt des fourmis et des escargots...

Détours

Quand vient le soir
nous empruntons les échafaudages
contrairement aux bourgeois
qui prennent l'ascenseur

Les bourgeois
ne prennent jamais autre chose
que l'ascenseur automatique

Nous
nous empruntons les échafaudages
et nous ne prenons pas l'ascenseur
car seuls les échafaudages
permettent d'accéder
aux chantiers du ciel
au-dessus des toits

Les bourgeois
puisque'ils prennent l'ascenseur
ne peuvent accéder
aux chantiers du ciel

Voilà pourquoi
nous ne prenons pas l'ascenseur

L'ascenseur
ne mène pas aux chantiers du ciel
contrairement aux échafaudages

Nous ne sommes pas des bourgeois
mais nous sommes pourtant
un milliard de fois plus riches qu'eux
alors qu'ils prennent l'ascenseur

Nous sommes plus riches qu'eux
car nous avons accès
aux chantiers du ciel
qui ne sont accessibles
comme nous l'avons déjà dit plusieurs fois
que par les échafaudages
et non par l'ascenseur automatique

La liberté
est toujours un échafaudage
qu'il faut gravir chaque nuit
pendant que les bourgeois dorment
piégés dans leur ascenseur
qui ne mène jamais
aux chantiers du ciel

« Vous n'avez pas la priorité »
Un panneau à l'entrée d'une cité

Le soir
le vent pleure
dans un chenil

Nous dormons
dans des barreaux
de métal et de béton

La faim se couche près de nous

Le monde
nous rejette
du monde

Plus aucune sirène ne vient
chanter dans nos flaques d'eau

Nous nous cachons
en étant déjà cachés

Ceux qui ne nous connaissent pas
disent que nous mordons
en aboyant

mais c'est seulement notre destin
qui bégaye
alors nous inventons
de nouvelles façons
d'aboyer

Souvent
on oublie
qu'on nous a oubliés

Parfois
on nous regarde brûler
de loin

À la coupe de cheveux de Notre-Dame

Entrez

Entrez dans le foyer de mon crâne

dans mon cerveau poussiéreux

Je me souviendrai de chaque visage

Entrez dans ce pont tendu

entre deux morceaux de temps

La lumière fume

des souvenirs froissés

et donne la leçon

à des statues

J'attends derrière

des portes plurielles

Je soutiens tout un monde

en équilibre sur mon nom

J'enseigne une langue

qui rapproche l'Homme du ciel

mon doigt pointé vers lui

Du matin au soir
je peins mon ombre
sur des marées de têtes levées
qui regardent ma tête
Des oiseaux enfantent
dans ma chevelure rouge de vieille Dame
et comme toutes les vieilles Dames
je suis souvent bavarde
et on fait parfois semblant
de ne pas m'entendre
quand je parle aux anges

L'Histoire a pris en note
chacun de mes silences
et des histoires écrivent mon histoire
et ma voix chaque jour
sera une ponctuation
de l'histoire de tous

Madame B

*À l'Oubliée Hélène Bessette
et à Charles Robinson, Claudine Hunault
et Cédric Jullion pour leur mémoire*

Madame B

puisque vous n'avez plus de nom
je vous accuse de trous dans le mur
Mur solide qui sait où est sa place de mur

Madame

Je vous accuse de volets devant la chambre
Ce mystère questionnant le monde
Ce point s'entr'ouvrant comme un œuf

Madame B

Je vous accuse de voiles et de vents
Le bateau que vous avez pris hier
est sorti de nos cartes de batailles navales
et de cimetières

Madame B

Je vous accuse de volcanisme
et d'îles dans la mer

Madame B

Je vous accuse de soleils mauves

et de ciels verts
et de pluies rouge
et de sables noirs
et d'herbes folles
et d'animaux sauvages
et d'arbres ampoules

Madame B

Je vous accuse de cabanes
Maisons qui n'ont pas de toit
et dans lesquelles on peut parler directement
aux étoiles

Madame B

Je vous accuse de larmes
qui donnent à boire à la mer
et qui risquent de faire pousser
des champs de fleurs d'encre

Madame B

Je vous accuse d'avoir écrit
au début de trois textes les mots
« Inoubliable »
« Écrire »
et « Nouveau Monde »

Madame B

Je vous accuse de vouloi
Écrire l'Inoubliable du Nouveau Monde

Madame B
puisqu' vous n'avez plus de nom
je vous accuse pour finir
de liberté

*« J'ai eu longtemps un visage inutile,
Maintenant j'ai un visage pour être aimé,
J'ai un visage pour être heureux. »*

Paul Eluard

C'est moi

Je suis revenu
du pays de la boue
comme on rapporte une tête coupée

On me fuit
car je suis contagieux

Je n'ai rien à cacher
Mon visage ne ment pas

Mes yeux sont trois trous
qui crachent la vérité
Mes cheveux d'encre
dégoulinent sur l'air
Mes joues pleurent
des larmes de joues

Mon nez saigne
sur le bois des bureaux
Mes lèvres gardent le goût de la nuit
qui bave dans les cous
Ma bouche ne mord pas
elle est une falaise qui vomit le vide

J'aimerais n'être pas un portrait
Mais je ne veux pas qu'on m'oublie
Le monde m'a tatoué
et je ne suis qu'un de ses miroirs
Un miroir pour l'humanité

L'eau prend la forme de celui qui lutte en elle

*À Alfred Nakache et Noah Klieger
et leurs cents mètres nage libre
dans les réservoirs d'Auschwitz*

L'eau prend la forme
de celui qui lutte en elle

Lorsque quelqu'un nage
il l'empêche de geler
il s'improvise source
il devient à la fois le fleuve et la mer
et à force de nager
il invente en s'évaporant
sa propre évasion

Nager revient à imaginer
une autre écriture de la liberté
comme quand l'eau utilise
l'érosion et la rouille
pour inscrire son nom
dans les os des murailles
et dans les dents des barbelés

Chaque dimanche soir
des constellations assoiffées

trempe leurs lèvres
dans la sueur du bassin

Nul ne peut retenir l'eau
qui venge les cendres de ceux
que nous avons aimés

Laïka

*Quelque part très haut au dessus de nos têtes
l'aboïement désespéré du fantôme de Laïka
encore en orbite*

Allô Allô

Est-ce que vous me recevez

Je vous appelle depuis l'espace

Allô Allô

Est-ce que vous me recevez

Est-ce que tout va bien

J'ai vu depuis le ciel

des morceaux de métal

faire fleurir des roses

devant des pierres

J'ai vu des oiseaux immobiles

pondre des œufs enflammés

dans un désert

J'ai vu de la peinture rouge

se mêler à la boue

J'ai vu des loups

chassant d'autres loups

J'ai vu des tortues
marcher mille kilomètres
pour ne laisser que des trous

Allô Allô

Est-ce que vous me recevez

J'ai vu des baleines de pierre
déféquer dans la mer
une tonne de baleineau

J'ai vu la terre s'ouvrir en deux

J'ai vu le bruit des bourdons
construire des ruches
dans chaque oreille

J'ai vu le silence et la nuit

J'ai vu des ruisseaux pleins de vent
où se sont cachées des taupes
plus barbues que le Père Noël

J'ai vu un bout de plaine
dévorer un autre bout de plaine

Allô Allô

Est-ce que vous me recevez

J'ai vu des lions édentés
assassiner leurs petits
en se battant sans se blesser

J'ai vu des chevaux
monter des zèbres
et des éléphants
prêter leurs défenses
aux rhinocéros

J'ai vu le sacrifice et le vide

J'ai vu des dards
se planter dans des dos

J'ai vu des griffes
décapiter des girafes

Allô Allô

Est-ce que vous me recevez

J'ai vu des bambous
pousser sous des ongles

J'ai vu des sabots et des marteaux
puis un bruit sourd

J'ai vu une longue averse
ne tomber qu'en un seul endroit

J'ai vu quatre quadrupèdes
partir dans quatre directions

J'ai vu un bouc saillir le refus

J'ai vu des poils blanchir
puis tomber comme des dents

J'ai vu des arbres sans branche
se faire perforer avec des chiens
ui n'avaient pas donné la patte

Allô Allô
Est-ce que vous me recevez

J'ai vu mourir de faim

J'ai vu le pain rassir la table
et la table manger des ventres

J'ai vu du lierre partout

J'ai vu des colonies de fourmis
traverser la mer
pour fuir un feu de forêt
puis s'arrêter devant des montagnes

qui avaient poussé pendant la nuit

J'ai vu des araignées
piégées par des toiles
qu'elles n'avaient pas tissées
et des papillons mourir
dans un verre retourné

Allô Allô

Est-ce que vous me recevez

J'ai vu la fin dans les yeux

J'ai vu des Hommes

J'ai vu des Hommes sur la Terre

Nuit artificielle

Une bouche fond d'hypocrisie v

en récitant un ange

i

Les faux arbres attachent des caravanes

et leurs fausses branches arriment des nuages

d

Les échelles retombent en geôles

e

Le ciel s'éloigne de la parole

comme un cerf volant

Viens

L'heure t'attend

Rien ne sera plus jamais dit

Ceci n'est pas une prédiction

L'aube naîtra telle un reflet

Des danseurs auront piétiné

Des étoiles toute la nuit

Des sons de piano brilleront

Près du visage du sommeil

Des jours seront d'une clarté

Qui aura aveuglé le jour

Un soleil perfusé d'aiguilles

La route sera indiquée

Des tunnels communs vomiront

Un vomi de chair et de nerfs

Des artères seront bouchées

Par de longues queues de métal

Des pieds écraseront des pieds

Dans des corridors infinis

Un trou pour unique chemin

Le travail cognera des fronts

Des mains se vendront elles-même

Oubliant leur rôle de mains

Lentement marcheront des heures

Fabrications toujours rapides

Des répétitions enchaînées

Lieront d'autres répétitions

Une sueur au goût de fer

La bouche mordra très souvent

Des paroles attaqueront

Ceux qui ne diront aucun mal

Des canines auront été
Affûtées pour la chasse à courre
Et des mares de sang séché
Donneront à boire à des chiens
Un cannibalisme encadré

L'agenda sera recopié
Des habitudes seront prises
Dans l'abîme de l'inconscient
Des questions seront effacées
Par des calculs et des réflexes
Des miroirs iront s'accoupler
Au milieu des yeux des miroirs
Une existence reproduite

L'ordre régnera sans partage

Des documents seront toujours

Classés alphabétiquement

Partout des cases pousseront

Comme des prisons de bambous

Des étagères gigantesques

Porteront des vies sur leur dos

Une présence estampillée

Le manque n'existera plus

Des nouveautés remplaceront

Des nouveautés de l'avant veille

Des objets ornementeront

Chaque pièces des maisons

Des poubelles prolongeront

Des estomacs jusqu'aux trottoirs

Un ventre infiniment rempli

Le consentement prendra place

Des outrages auront été

Acceptés sans compensation

Des foules de voix muselées

Prétendront que ce n'est pas grave

Des rêves seront effacés

Avant même qu'ils soient rêvés

Une résignation totale

Mais toujours quelqu'un dort sur un lit plein de tuiles

Malgré la nuit

Marcher malgré la nuit

Marcher sur

le silence

la chambre immobile

l'eau courante

les dents de plomb

les nids d'hameçons

le fauteuil qui invente la fin

Marcher

Et vivre

Vivre peut-être

Malgré la nuit

Lettre au professeur

À mon grand-père

Cher toi

Hier

En suivant tes conseils

Je me suis réveillé bien avant le matin

Pour extraire mes os de la terre endormie

J'ai poussé la porte d'un verbe entier

Comme si c'était celle de demain

Mes mains ont déchiré des chemins immobiles

Et mes yeux ont pu lire

L'hypothèse du ciel

Cher toi

Aujourd'hui

Je suis debout

Devant l'océan

Qui attend ses plongeurs

Je sens venir la marée

Celle qui n'épargne personne

Celle qui n'efface aucune trace

Celle qui noie la barbe des nuages
Son écume se dépose sur ma chair
Je deviens le miroir d'un miroir infini
L'Un

Cher toi

Demain
Tu m'apprendras encore
ce que nul ne sait
Je verserai alors l'eau de ma peau
dans ton sillage
Et je n'aurai de cesse de te suivre
de loin
Comme on suit une étoile
en pleine mer

Liberté

Moi gravier je quitte

le sillon

Car la lumière et la nuit sont bien plus belles

sans toit

Car il n'y a à l'horizon

aucun mur

Car personne ne voit

les ombres des oiseaux

Rien n'arrête les contre-courants

La vie coule

Dans le sens qu'on lui donne

On ne peut t'inventer

Toi
Cet arbre
Devant l'enfance

Toi
Le rouge
Baisant ma vie

Toi
De dos
Tout est possible

Toi c'est la grande énigme
Un trou dans un nuage
L'attente et son chemin

La falaise est ce qui engendre
À la fois la chute et l'envol

Télékinésie

Beauté de glace

Ce soir nos âmes dansent

Sans s'être vues

Les règles fondent

Dans le fond de la scène

Posons nos verres

Caresse d'air

Chantant dans les arènes

Comme un aveugle

Solide vie

Quand nos rideaux s'enflamment

Télescopique

Muse aérienne

Pinceaux de tes cheveux rideaux devant ta langue

simplement fière

volets fermés

petites seringues

sur les micro-ondes

invoquer les ailes

des soldats du cygne

Et en un seul regard la serrure s'effrite

Tu es nue et bleu ciel sous mes paupières closes

Tu dances sans bouger au milieu de mon âme

Je t'aime sans te voir

Je t'aime au-delà du regard

Je t'attends

Assis devant les ruines du ciel

Dans le soir dans le froid

Et jusque dans la nuit blanche

Je compte les oiseaux pour mieux rêver de toi

Je t'invente une nouvelle couleur
Mes yeux sont soûls du sang de la lumière

Partageons ce vin

Ta vision danse dans la plaie du jour
Tu peins toutes les teintes du réel
Tu dénombre les plis dans les lits des nuages
Et dans le songe diurne
Dans la chaleur dans le matin
Debout derrière le plein soleil
Tu m'attends
Tu vois beaucoup plus loin que moi
Tu me vois sans me voir

La couleur du temps

Je suis les traces de ce serpent dans le sable

Je suis ses écailles brûlantes dans la brise

Je suis dans sa bouche la proie avalée

Je suis son sifflement dans le silence

La couleur du temps

Brève et silencieuse

Je suis la route éclairée par le soleil et les étoiles

Je suis les arbres marchant à ses côtés

Je suis la voix du premier pas de l'aube

Je suis le chemin suant de fatigue

La couleur du temps

Verte et grisonnante

Je suis le calme du matin et la tempête du soir

Je suis la tempête du matin et le calme du soir

Je suis le calme de la tempête et le soir du matin

Je suis le soir de la tempête et le matin du calme

La couleur du temps

Boueuse et sauvage

Je suis ces gens assis en cercle

Je suis leur danse autour du feu

Je suis leur chant qui guérit le mal

Je suis leurs secrets transmis à l'oreille

La couleur du temps

Blanche et sépia

Je suis la paupière solide d'une statue

Je suis les cendres d'un cimetière

Je suis le point d'une phrase

Je suis la queue du serpent

La couleur du temps

Rosée et noire

Je suis sous le ciel cette perpétuelle écume

Je suis sur sa rive la couleur du temps

Archéologie inversée du chiffre originel

à Serge Pey

La mer inonde la mer
Le temps recompte le temps

Les soleils ne sont jamais en retard
Ils éclairent juste des morts
Qui ne savent pas qu'ils sont morts

Les dents de la lumière
Trouent même les trous

Les nombres désapprennent à compter
À chaque fois que nous les nommons
Pour savoir combien il y a
D'étoiles et de morts dans le ciel

Nos yeux traversent tous les ans
Trois cents soixante-cinq paysages
Multipliés par deux
Car il existe deux types de paysages
Ceux que l'on a vécu et ceux que l'on rêve

De même la beauté de l'infini
Réside dans les cendres
De toutes les forêts brûlées
Et à naître

Nous volons tous les jours
Des tombes à l'univers
Qui est la seule tombe du temps
Que des milliards de mains
Creusent avec des murs

À Chiara Mulas dont les actions poétiques redéfinissent la poésie

Chiara Mulas porte des chaussettes noires
et des bas noirs
pour que le feu apprenne
à marcher avec elle
Les morts assis devant l'église
se signent à son passage
Elle consume des pierres
qui avouent leur forme nouvelle
Un dragon fait semblant de dormir
dans le cercueil secret des cendres

Chiara Mulas porte une robe blanche
et des gants blancs
pour déplier la lecture
sur la page nue de l'extérieur du livre
Les morts font tomber dans ses mains
les morceaux mous de leur nom
Elle dissout les os des squelettes
qui sont des outils cachés
Sisyphus se blottit dans son rocher
pour fissurer le corps friable de son rocher

Chiara Mulas porte des lèvres rouges
et des cheveux rouges
pour que des roses éternelles
fleurissent de sa bouche
Les morts oublient leur mort
quand elle leur parle sans un mot
Elle brille d'elle-même
comme un bouquet dans la nuit
La salamandre murmure à l'initié
l'emplacement de la toison d'or

Touche moi

*À Virginia Tentindo
et les anagrammes corporels de ses statues*

Touche-moi
Ma peau est douce
comme une flamme
et mon corps entier
brûle de désir

Touche-moi
Je cache en moi
ma jeunesse et ma mort
ma réalité et mes rêves
Mes doigts tracent les dessins
impossibles du plaisir
Mes sexes béants et tendus
sont des portes équivoques

Touche-moi
Vois comme je me plie
en un millier de perfections
Vois comme je n'en finis pas de naître

et d'accoucher de chimères
Ma bouche s'ouvre
pour que je me vomisse ou m'avale moi-même

Touche-moi
Le sang qui coule en mon sein
est encore animal
Je me fais lierre et écorce
J'inspire et expire des métamorphoses

Touche-moi
Je suis une mythologie
qui n'existe pas encore
On m'a donné des noms
pour que je les habille
de ma nudité
Mes visages sont des autels
que j'ôte à loisir

Touche-moi
Lorsqu'on me regarde
chacun croit que je le séduis
Les miroirs se contredisent
en me voyant
Je ne souhaite pas ressembler
mais faire ressembler

Touche-moi

Entre en moi pour me connaître
pour te connaître
Je te ferai visiter
des pays lointains
où les sens et le savoir
se superposent
Tu marcheras avec moi
sur les rives des passions
qui montrent toujours
le vrai chemin

Touche-moi
autant de fois qu'il le faut
pour que mes formes
s'impriment en tes mains
et pour que tu me multiplies
quand tes doigts nageront au hasard
dans la prime argile

Touche-moi
et mon fossile intact
sera une baignoire dans la mer

Les dieux sont lâchés

À Jean Claude Charbonnel et sa mythologie armorigène

Les dieux sont lâchés

Les dieux du hasard
sont en liberté

Les dieux mangent les arbres
et rotent les pierres

Les dieux courent derrière
les sangliers et les biches

Les dieux cousent
les oiseaux sur le ciel

Les dieux promènent
le jour et la nuit

Les dieux inventent les yeux
de ceux qui les regardent

J'ai croisé une fois
un dieu qui portait

les lettres secrètes de son nom
dans des trous

Il m'a dit sans me parler
qu'il venait de naître
de la fissure d'un rocher
et qu'il aillait se baigner
dans les cascades de la lumière

D'autres fois encore
j'ai observé d'autres dieux

Ils s'assemblaient
dans la boue et les branches
et ils transformaient
les déchets et les ordures
en membres impossibles

Ils n'avaient ni os ni peau
mais laissaient tomber derrière eux
leurs ombres fossilisées
qui inventent nos rêves

Ils ne dressaient pas de dolmens
car c'était les dolmens
qui se dressaient pour eux

Bien-sûr

les dieux avaient des fidèles
qui les transportaient
dans des cercueils inversés
et jouaient de la musique
pour les faire sortir
car les dieux aiment cela

Le vent faisait chanter
les angles et les courbes
de leurs têtes

Souvent
la mousse et l'écorce
organisaient des festins
sur les peaux rugueuses ou douces
des dieux
si bien qu'on en venait
à les confondre avec le décor
qu'ils habitaient

Les dieux ne portaient pas d'armes
car ils étaient des armes
qui ne chassaient jamais
non pas des armes à feu
mais des armes pour faire le feu

C'était des dieux minéraux
que mâchait le temps

Depuis lors

la mer a mille fois
accouché des dieux
et la terre à l'infini
a engendré leur corps

La mer et la terre
sont toujours des ventres fertiles
d'où les dieux s'élèvent
comme des champs de bl
ou de corail

Le dieux trouent les poubelles
pour prolonger l'imagination

Les dieux existent
pour peu qu'on se donne la peine
de les ramasser

Je veille

*À Laurent Doucet et à tous les membres de la
Rose Impossible.
Que cette fleur incandescente ne cesse de fleurir
dans l'or du temps*

Voici mon rapport

Je veille

Je veille sur une langue derrière une porte
sur une réserve de briques
où les signes de ponctuation
reposent à la place de la poussière

Je veille parmi des cimetières de mots
qui ont pris la forme d'objets

Je veille sur des visages
qui ne ressemblent à aucun visage
sur des fenêtres sans rideaux
aux couleurs irréelles

Je veille au sommet de cette montagne noyée

avec dans les bras un fusil d'octobre
et je fais tous les jours réciter à l'écho
toutes les gammes de l'imagination

Je suis une avalanche
Je suis un chasseur d'Hypnos
dont les balles percent des trous d'oreille

J'ai les poches pleines de grains de lumière
pour jouer aux dés contre le ciel

Voici mon rapport

Je veille

Je veille sur notre Maison

Notre Maison n'est pas qu'une maison
Notre Maison est l'idée d'une maison
Notre Maison est un château
qui n'a que des portes d'entrée
et dont on ne compte plus les étages

Notre Maison est un bateau
qui vogue sur une mer de poissons
et qui mouille dans l'encrier d'une bougie

Et au dessus de notre Maison
la Terre brille de mille marées

Voici mon rapport

Je veille

Je veille la bouche ouverte

Un filet de songe coule sur ma joue

Je veille en dormant

Je veille à chaque fois que je dors

Je veille

Je rêve

David Nadeau

The Doll in the City of God

*“Let me be a light doll
And that the train of eternal history
Roll on the rails of the last fathers
Towards a tomorrow without adults
Filled with the winged dragons of childhood “*

Ghadah Kamal. Configuration inaugurale
[Excerpt from *Revue de la Poésie in Toto*
#2]

The recent creation of the Middle East and North Africa Surrealist group is the first manifestation of a surrealist activity organized in an Arab country, since the Egyptian collective *Art et Liberté* (1938-1948), of Trotskyist orientation[1]. Active in the 1970s and 1980s, the Arab surrealist group in Paris was formed by exiled creators and activists. It publishes, “in order to put the foot of surrealism unreservedly against all religious, social or aesthetic fundamentals”, the review *Le Désir Libertaire*, which was banned in the countries of origin of its members: Iraq, Syria, Lebanon and Algeria. This group is in the lineage of *Art et Liberté*, publishing certain texts by its main theorist, Georges Henein. The poet and translator of Iraqi origin Abdul Kader El Janabi, who was an active member of the Arab surrealist group in Paris,

participated in the publication of an anthology of texts translated into French and illustrations from *Le Désir libertaire* (Éditions L'Assymétrie, 2018). More recently, and still with Éditions L'Assymétrie, he founded *Revue de la Poésie in Toto*, which, without being a surrealist review, is very open to certain current manifestations of the movement. Published in February 2021, the first issue of the journal includes an important file on MENA, which opens with a presentation text by Abdul Kader El Janabi: "Their activities, he specifies, are not, strictly speaking, to speak, a return to surrealism, but the putting into function of a voice widely heard elsewhere and whose powerful echo has never really resounded in the societies of macabre obedience in which they live" ("Formation de bataille surréaliste au Moyen Orient et en Afrique du Nord").

The MENA was created towards the end of 2019 in Cairo, following the meeting of Ghadah Kamal and Mohsen Elbelasy, a couple of collagists and poets, with the artist and poet Yasser Abdelkawy. It was during a seminar given by Professor Samir Ghareb, the great scholar of Egyptian surrealism. The three poets planned the publication of a surrealist review, then other creators joined them: Fairouz Al Taweela (Egypt), Onfwan Fouad (Algeria), Tahani Jalloul (Syria), Fakhry Ratrouf (Palestine), Michael Al-Raei (Iraq), Nawal Sherif (Morocco), Kamal Rabea and Nehal Kamal. The collective statement, "*The Statement of The East / Language and its Slaves* [2]", addresses more the question of written poetry, but the principles set out are also valid for the other forms of creation practiced by the members of the MENA. Based on analogy and free association, the surrealist imagination opens up endless perspectives:

"The blacksmith's hammer and anvil are the same, they don't change, and yet what can be formulated through language is what we call infinity, and there are no limits to that, apart from the

creative capacities of the creator to imagine and develop his tools to create what he imagines.”

Pressure of a revolt against the family and other conservative values championed by societies marked by both neo-liberalism and religion. It is “the Killer of All Hollies” and “the ghost of truth that rages with the hammer of the Sloth”. Surrealist means of exploration and expression, adapted to a particular socio-political context, are reinvented without any cliché: “No coat in poetry, no filiation in surrealism.”

The Doll of the City of God is a series of thirteen oneiric photographs by Mohamed El Kashef, produced in association with Ghadah Kamal and Mohsen Elbelasy. Its realization precedes the formation of the MENA, but it should be noted that Elbelasy and Kamal had already identified themselves as surrealists for more than ten years. The doll, personified by Ghadah, seems to represent the utopian hope for the advent of a Surrealist Civilization, a “new myth” which alone sums up the scope of recent surrealist collective activity.

From this perspective, social transformation is necessary in order to abolish capitalism and the state, but it must be accompanied by a moral and poetic revolution. Thus, the creative and revolutionary forces, maintained in particular by the surrealist movement, will end up resolving the contradictions of the current civilization. “Surrealist critical thinking, as Kamal explains in a short introductory text to the first issue of *The Room*, the MENA magazine, does not mean the abolition of real life, nor is it an invitation to witchcraft, but it is rather a reminder of this inner strength that the repressive society tries to suppress”.

Bandage that covers the face of the Doll is a symbol that brings together multiple and complementary meanings. The facial wounds, which one can

guess without seeing them, evoke the theme of repressive political violence. The motif of the injured woman is repeated in a poem by Kamal taken from a collection of texts and images produced in collaboration with Elbelasy: “She was standing in front of her shadow, / and she stuck out her tongue, / and then she cut it while laughing” (excerpt from “*The Stores of the Damaged Brain*”, *The Wolves of the Moon*, 2021). The gaze of the poetess, veiled by gauze, is blind to the ideological lies propagated in society by religion and economics. It is completely turned towards the inner vision: “We are here to unleash the storm of our imaginations that capitalist politics strives to reduce to the commodity, while metaphysics locks it in invisible cages”. (Ghadah Kamal, introduction to *The Room* #1). The bandage also brings mummification to mind, and the reinterpretation of visual elements linked to ancient Egypt in several Elbelasy collages. In a world ravaged by capitalism and obsessed with religion, the mummy’s asocial reverie silently prepares for the triumphant resurrection of the subversive poetic spirit.

In “*The Ceremonial Relation*” (*The Surrealist Civilization*), the Czech painter Martin Stejskal calls for the practice of a “surrealist ceremonial”, which would find its rules in the game. The act of peeling oranges, having the face covered of a bandage, corresponds to this surrealist interest in the ritual. Annunciator of utopian and creative abundance, it is a propitiatory gesture which aims to reveal the emancipatory potentialities of the human spirit. The violence of the gesture, a reflection of the political violence actually suffered, symbolically prepares a renewal of civilization on new bases. Future civilization, according to the esotericist René Alleau, will no longer be either magical or scientific, but “poetic”; that is to say, it will achieve a harmonious and free synthesis of the rational and irrational modes of knowledge (“*The exit from Egypt*”, in the collective book *La Civilisation surréaliste*): “Freed from the double mask of reality and of dreams, it will finally invite us to celebrate the surreal

resurrection of the dead and the sleepers.”

The Mummified Doll performs its oneiric and utopian ritual in a setting that recalls the surrealists’ interest in urban exploration and experimentation: “Chance in the city, sensual surprises, our responses to labile fascism under its moral armor or religious, like the insult to the gods, are for us like so many poetic harvests.” (“*The Statement of The East / Language and its Slaves*”, quoted by Abdul Kader El Janabi in “*Formation de bataille surréaliste au Moyen Orient et en Afrique du Nord*”). The attempt to make manifest the poetic potential of a building under renovation corresponds to a search for “what the sociology of cities hides”, and which the members of the MENA interpret in the light of the Bretonnian concept of “objective chance”.

In the neo-liberal City of God, the propitiatory ritual of the Surrealist Doll symbolically anticipates the moral and aesthetic revolution that will mark the advent of a future, more emancipated civilization.

David Nadeau

Mohsen Elbelasy [Egypt]

This is Me

My voice comes from afar, from my dying hollow, I remember this but I can't get rid of it.

Fifty thousand years ago I was born with six fingers in my left hand I walked on, instead of my severed feet, I walked with bowed head.

Fifty years of desires pupated in fears, only fears, and here I am walking towards the end of this street to reach my house in the neighborhood where the hordes of my trifles flock, if you look up at the entrance to the street you will find a sign-board marked "Only shadows are allowed in, only shadows are allowed to pass from here".

This is me, just a one-eyed mouse, afraid of the air.

Forty-three years ago, didn't they expel me from the school they forced me into? They kicked me out because I was unable to memorize by heart their talismans, or maybe they kicked me out because I slapped the Arabic language teacher's butt and pretended, I was chasing a stray fly that landed on it?

After my expulsion, I devoted myself to play here in the streets of the petty neighborhood, where I also couldn't call things by their names.

I believed that puncturing the tires of sleeping cars was a beautiful act, and I also believed that throwing stones at street lamps, letting their glass fall like tears, was a beautiful act, and that killing parents is the only birth.

I was a child as skinny as a single match in its box, loving the rain that melts the posters of defeat on the walls of fragile, hunched-back homes.

I was not born in this petty neighborhood to compete with the sons of officials, doctors, engineers, beggars, merchants, officers, prostitutes, elders, priests, and sellers of things and bodies. But I was not even able to compete with them in their frivolous claims that they call things by their names.

As a child, I loved killing street cats

As a child, I loved plucking flowers and eating them from the neck

As death eats death

I was eating myself

Skinny years passed, slender close to my fragile wrists.

My petty daddy is dying

They will go away after they tell me

Adapt with your dear trifles

Nor be yourself.

Learn to dream like a chicken

and eat like a pig

In fact, you will always and forever be eaten

Learn to live with being a meal

Do not pass through and leave any trace

Be a neck always ready for slaughter

They went,

They were devoured by their desires pupated in fears.

They departed to their trivial destination, and I remained here alone with their furniture stained with the scent of barren circles and labyrinths.

In the end, I donated that furniture to the seller of old rags, and the house remained empty, so emptying the houses of the assets inside them is like emptying the language from all the logical handcuffs that shackle it, and it defecates in all the corners of the house. I used to stick the brush in the faeces and write on the walls the jurisprudence of dark hysteria, the walls piled up with my words and my faeces, the dirtiest places are the freest ones! Yes

I used to spend my days in the alleys screaming at the windows, and the curtains behind, but no one was answering. Just stones thrown at me, by children like I used to do with street lamps, so I break and the showers of my body fall like tears,

I fear the children,

I used to spend my days in the alleys screaming at the windows, and the curtains behind, but no one was answering. Just stones thrown at me, by children like I used to do with street lamps, so I break and the showers of my body fall like tears,

I fear the children,

The wounds due to stones that children inflicted on my chest have festered

I spent many years looking for the shortest and most painful way to die, death is trivial and it is hard to find pain in trivialities.

They told me you are a rat infected with scabies, look for a good rat poison, and smile while the poison burns your intestines.

I did it and death wasn't painful

I was back looking for another way, more painful

I tried to draw everything I see, and I tried to sculpt poetry

But I did not die in pain

Rather, I died this time with an explosion in my head, the flesh of my head float on the walls, bedaubed the words and faeces,

So, I went back and searched this time for the most painful way to die, but without a head.

A cockroach who accompanies me at home told me that the shortest way to die in pain is to cut off the six fingers of your hand and eat them.

I killed him by trampling as a punishment because he is clumsy with no memory and he didn't remember that my head had exploded and that I was now headless to eat my fingers and search for even the most painful way to die.

They tricked me and said there is a shop selling heads, you just have to fumble this wall and follow it to the end

There you will find the store. But remember, do not leave the wall.

How will I remember when I am headless?

I crawl there

Through the middle of your life

You are approaching the end of the wall.

Overcome your foolish suffering

And find you an empty face to eat with your fingers.

And after ailing years, you get there

(Welcome to the Empty Head Shop, here we will find a good way for you to die in pain.

Please come into this room, here your new face will be fitted to eat your six fingers)

They pounced on my body and tied it up

With fat arms I was squeezed,

I remember

An injection in the back of my palm:

Here is a mental health sanitarium.

You are our sick guest

You are here forever

Between the ceiling and the far ground,

Enter the head assembly room first

welcome

look and choose

Here all the heads are made of gypsum and you have to choose one of our special collections.

1 - This is a head with protective scales from awakening

2 - This is a head of gold feathers

3 - This is a head with a tap from which dark, ephemeral, raging images come

down

I'll go into the hole from one head, I'll be a louse in someone's head

The first night:

The rest of my body lies in a wet bed.....

Hundred and third night:

Staring at the ceiling and fly away

I am a louse in a head without a body,

Nothing floats above me but a few serpents of fire and my rogue dead,

I am the head of all the dead and the absent

I want a tongue, with which to lick these walls, so that all the cracks left behind by the scumbags will fall from pleasure.

O all the flies that come to live in me

I stay here on my shoulder, I'm lonely, so lonely without a head

I have no more fingers or shadows to eat,

Nor a palm to dig a tunnel out of the barren hole

I'm going to fling my balls to let the ceiling fall and I fly.

I fly over the city of ogres and stone throwers children.

The first night of the second year:

I'm a moss covering the wall

Hordes of cigarette butts inhabit me, scribbles, and registered lines on my molluscan body.

I'm just a green stench

(The sound of shattering glass deafens all the readers' ears, followed by a hammy voice): I go out into the street now without a head and look in the alleys for a wooden bar)

And here I am, bending over a short door

After a long sleep

Bless death in pain

Let me go back to children slaps

I go back to my trifles

I don't want to live carrying a head on my shoulders, and I don't need two feet to take me down,

My shoulders are of straw

I want a hand with twenty fingers

And to drink my blood non-stop

And to be a dice with points that fingers do not erase

Farewell! I will be a blue fire floating above time, time that has no head.

Translation from Arabic : Dr. Yousef Hanna

Ody Saban

Critique de la représentation de femmes sans têtes

Paris, Septembre 2022. Texte lu à la galerie « Les Yeux Fertiles » à mon exposition personnelle « Tendres assemblées de femmes et autres merveilles »

Il y a, dans le surréalisme, une profonde tendance égalitariste. Une croyance essentielle en la potentialité égale de tous les êtres humains à créer. Le surréalisme a été le premier mouvement à célébrer les « arts premiers », l'art des fous et les arts populaires. Il y a pourtant une catégorie d'êtres humaines, les femmes, pour laquelle le surréalisme se montrait beaucoup plus frileux.

Max Ernst, dont le génie m'a fortement influencée, a pourtant publié très tôt, un recueil de collage intitulée de façon ambiguë « La femme 100 têtes » (avec le nombre 100 et un pluriel à têtes, mais l'expression est plus qu'ambiguë, puisqu'elle est grammaticalement incorrecte et que l'on comprend, à la lecture orale, que la femme n'a pas de tête et à l'écrit qu'il s'agit manifestement d'un jeu de mot misogyne.

Marx Ernst s'est d'ailleurs ensuite laissé aller à représenter dans ses œuvres, toutes sortes de corps de jolies femmes nues dont il avait ôté au moins les têtes. Ce thème a malheureusement été repris par d'autres très grands peintres de notre mouvement, comme Magritte, Miro, Bellmer, Molinier et bien d'autres, innombrables.

Ces représentations n'ont provoqué aucune indignation de la part des hommes et les femmes n'ont pas été écoutées. Cela aurait été tout différent si un peintre surréaliste avait représenté par exemple « des peaux rouges » sans tête, des « nègres » sans tête, des juifs sans tête, etc...

Mais, vis-à-vis des femmes, au nom de la révolte contre la pudibonderie dominante et de la lutte pour la liberté sexuelle, il semblait permis et «audacieux» de considérer les corps des femmes comme des objets, avec lesquels tout était permis.

Cette image abominable des femmes est presque devenue un poncif dans notre mouvement, un passage obligé. Or ces femmes surréalistes sont nos sœurs, nos amantes, nos ancêtres, nos filles et moi-même. Je n'oublie pas. Je ne pardonne pas. Pas de justice, pas de paix. Et dans l'extrême immédiateté : «NiUnaMenos,PasUneTêteNiUnCorpsDeFemmeEnMoins».

Le surréalisme s'est néanmoins développé en un mouvement mixte où les femmes créatrices ont pris qu'on le veuille ou non, une part qualitativement déterminante en prenant d'assaut le surréalisme.

Cette horreur des têtes de femmes qui bouillonne dans les cerveaux des hommes, cette transformation momentanée de magnifiques peintres en coupeurs de têtes de femmes désarmées, mérite qu'on se pose des questions à ce sujet.

Lichtenberg avait inventé son fameux « couteau sans lame, auquel manque le manche ». Dans le sens du patriarcat, la femme idéale pourrait être considérée comme une femme sans tête, à laquelle manque le tronc, le sexe et les membres. De cette façon, nos chers amis auraient tout le loisir de façonner cette femme idéale, comme ils la souhaiteraient. La femme idéale serait celle

qui n'existe pas, celle qui est morte trois fois : réellement, symboliquement et imaginairement. « La femme » resterait à jamais un merveilleux petit continent tout noir, magique, polymorphe, prêt à satisfaire les moindres désirs masculins. Un classique dans cette direction a été la fameuse « Poupée » de Hans Bellmer qui montre une petite fille au visage très réaliste et très triste dont toutes les parties du corps peuvent tourner dans tous les sens, sont démontables et remontables de façon monstrueuse, chaque partie du corps pouvant prendre la place d'une autre.

On sait que ce fameux « continent noir » est une expression de Freud lui-même, qui a fini par avouer, ne rien comprendre aux femmes, malgré son génie qui continue à nous inspirer.

Ce « continent noir » a commencé à s'ouvrir et à s'illuminer merveilleusement, grâce au grand mouvement de libération des femmes, dit de la « deuxième vague », qui a commencé à démolir l'ordre patriarcal, dès avant l'aube des années 70. On a peu à peu découvert que les femmes avaient une Histoire riche, pleines d'inventions et de surprises, de luttes, de victoires et de défaites. Cette Histoire on a commencé à l'écrire. On a aussi découvert que certaines civilisations sauvages, matrilineaires et matrilocales, étaient presque égalitaires. Certaines de ces civilisations, beaucoup moins inégalitaires que la nôtre, ont été saluées par le mouvement surréaliste, comme celles des indiennes et des indiens Hopi. Cependant, de très nombreuses autres civilisations de ce genre, restent à explorer par notre mouvement en tant que tel, pas seulement par quelques-unes ou quelques-uns d'entre nous.

Le mouvement féministe international a aussi apporté la preuve que la psyché des femmes ne prenait pas nécessairement la couleur noire ou la couleur rose que, selon les moments, les hommes voulaient leur attribuer. Les

innombrables rencontres entre femmes, non supervisées par les hommes, ont fait resplendir l'évidence que les femmes avaient des milliards de corps et des milliards de têtes. Le cœur et le cerveau des femmes pouvaient être d'une transparence fabuleuse. Cette transparence a le nom de « sororité ». La sororité c'est l'amour entre les femmes. Sans l'amour entre les femmes, il ne peut pas y avoir de sympathie authentique pour les hommes, mais seulement une haine ouverte ou cachée ou présentée comme son contraire, c'est-à-dire, l'adoration vide et imbécile.

Les amitiés passionnelles entre femmes surréalistes ont beaucoup joué. Par dizaines, elles ont créé les œuvres peut être les plus magnifiques et les plus chargées de sens de notre mouvement. Dans ces œuvres, la révolte féministe est toujours au moins sous-jacente et parfois clairement perceptible.

Malheureusement, les hommes surréalistes ont très peu regardé les œuvres des femmes, jusqu'à présent. Du temps de Breton, ce n'était évidemment pas une particularité du surréalisme. Bien au contraire, notre mouvement se distinguait par sa propension à accueillir des femmes créatrices en son sein. Et cela malgré le contexte de la réalité sociale et des idées dominantes violemment sexistes, en absence d'un puissant mouvement féministe. Breton reprenait par ailleurs les idées d'Engels concernant les relations entre les hommes et les femmes qui sont aujourd'hui tout à fait insuffisantes mais qui, à l'époque, étaient parmi les plus avancées.

Le mouvement de libération de femmes a permis à de nombreuses créatrices parmi nous, surréalistes, de crier notre admiration et notre dette vis-à-vis des œuvres de nos sœurs surréalistes plus âgées. Certaines d'entre ces femmes surréalistes s'étaient d'ailleurs très clairement proclamées féministes, avant même l'éclosion du superbe mouvement initié au point du jour des

années 70. Ce mouvement a permis à nos paroles comme à nos gestes et à nos actes, d'acquérir plus de puissance. Il est aujourd'hui connu que Leonora Carrington a participé au mouvement « Mujeres Libres » au Mexique. Eva Svankma jerova comme Remedios Varo ou Leonor Fini ont proclamé bien haut leur révolte féministe, mais celle-ci est également présente dans toutes les œuvres des femmes authentiquement surréalistes, sans aucune exception.

Par exemple : Mimi Parent, Joyce Mansour, Claude Cahun, Toyen, Marianne Van Hirtum, Ithell Colquhoun, Suzanne Césaire, Nadja, Unica Zürn, Simone Kahn, Frida Kahlo, Valentine Hugo, Valentine Penrose, Micheline Bounoure, Jacqueline Lamba, pour ne citer que quelques noms connus de celles qui nous ont précédées.

Grâce au génie des femmes surréalistes du passé et du présent, une unité indissoluble a été forgée entre le surréalisme et le féminisme. Cette unité reste à approfondir avec des perspectives heureusement à perte de vue.

Il est par exemple surprenant, objectivement humoristique (d'un humour noir involontaire), mais insupportable, que le génie de la vingtaine de femmes surréaliste que je viens de citer, parmi d'autres, soit le plus souvent reconnu de l'extérieur de notre mouvement et non de l'intérieur. Il en résulte alors des commentaires nombreux, mais peu initiés, souvent peu informés, peu sentis et des tentatives d'analyses relativement superficielles et fréquemment totalement hors sujet. C'est en général, l'œuvre d'historiennes d'art et d'universitaires, qui ne se revendiquent nullement du surréalisme et lui sont parfois hostiles, jugeant à tort notre mouvement, particulièrement anti-féministe et même anti-femmes. « Surrealist women », de mon amie Penelope Rosemont, fait très heureusement exception, mais il subsiste un désir poignant, que ce cri du cœur soit repris et que cette œuvre soit suivie de

multiples autres, par des initiatives individuelles et collectives et aient un puissant impact à l'intérieur de notre mouvement et à l'extérieur de celui-ci.

À l'ordre du jour - comme à l'ordre de la nuit- de notre mouvement, il est fort rare que la recherche d'une simple égalité concrète (et pas seulement formelle) entre femmes et hommes figurent parmi les objectifs (pour ne pas parler des priorités). La grande idée de l'Égalité devrait pourtant embraser nos cœurs, nos libidos et nos esprits, car elle est l'unique porte d'entrée pour une Liberté effective, qui elle-même est la clé du développement de l'imagination et de ses « très grands vents » de révolte.

Le même gouffre mental et social se retrouvent dans d'autres mouvements majeurs, comme la gauche révolutionnaire politique ou le mouvement psychanalytique, y compris dans ses franges les plus radicales.

On accuse, de façon routinière, obsessionnelle et chronique, notre mouvement de considérer les femmes comme des « Muses ». Ce fantasme recouvre pourtant une réalité indéniable, d'après le témoignage écrit de Leonora Carrington et de bien d'autres, parmi nos aînées.

Par contre, l'érotisme amoureux est peu présent dans les œuvres surréalistes masculines.

Ce qui continue à encombrer les pauvres mutilés de leur « guerre des sexes » qui se traînent jusqu'à nous, ce sont des clichés pornographiques (en particulier ceux qui relèvent du sadisme et du masochisme) les plus éculés, les plus médiatisés et les mieux commercialisés. Une critique violente, lucide et collective de ces représentations régressives et abruties seraient la moindre des choses et d'une grande salubrité surréaliste « Que salubre est le vent ! » (Rimbaud, cité par Breton). Joyce Mansour a initié une telle critique, en

empregnant ses poèmes et ses contes des odeurs macabres et de « lieux communs » de la pornographie, en vaporisant sur tout cela, un humour issu de sa terreur.

La logique de la passion de l'égalité n'est pas de créer des êtres opposés pour leur couper ensuite la tête. Elle est tout au contraire de dépasser (aufheben), non sans luttes, la contradiction apparente, entre ce qui semble se figer en contraires, en oppositions comme l'a très bien défini André Breton dans sa célèbre définition d'« un certain point de l'esprit ».

Il faut en finir au plus vite et en pratique avec, non seulement les divisions, mais aussi les polarités entre les hommes et les femmes, les enfants et les adultes, les jeunes et les vieux, les noirs et les blancs, les manuels et les intellectuels, les théoriciens et les praticiens, les scientifiques et les artistes, et bien sûr entre les riches et les pauvres... etc.

Les pôles naturels de cette Terre nous font du bien ; les pôles artificiels - fantasmés comme naturels - nous font du mal.

Daniel O'Reilly

Cephalopod

In centuries preceding, during the long, dark night of people passed, the light from the moon was different, they say. Carpet weavers watched sporadic clouds wrestle with thick air as translucent sentiments, ribbed by fleshy coils, pointed fingers at old friends. Tarpaulin Triveni, female, teacher of twenty, payer of Federal taxes, architect of the west winds, lover of afternoons; Route 79 to Tiruvannamalai, rush hour smoke, brimstone, incense, pooja, sudden migrations: the Temple, partly stone, partly human -

Astarte! At last, longed the cantaloupe queen, conscious like burned butter afloat in disquietning nodes of boiled heroism, sheer terror written on her bronze armour in longhand Sufic prose, arrows bristling brilliant shafts of light upon those who stand amazed. In showers of liquid lead and riddles like retribution she raises up her head in thunderous paroxysms of wildfire, incinerating the noise of the NASDAQ trading floor via the quietest opening, or tearing into the roaring twenties: like lovers they eat themselves whole. A pain-pointed predilection for killing gods of all sorts, striking them to the ground, howling, shrieking for mercy, but shewing none, misusing the corpse after the kill like orca with a dead seal, or Achilles with Hector's remains. We play with death. It makes us young.

Silver serpents entwine the heart-locket of a young man in Queens. The crepuscular silhouettes of tall buildings all empty, as in a dream, bitter chills in the wind from Hudson's channel, flashes of red lightning, banshees in the street below setting the dumpster afire. Concrete streets empty and dark, this wraith-like apparition only masquerades as a city: a riddle, an omen, a curse. A picture of petty consequences, catalyzing a tuber shaped oath for remedying unlikely afflictions of the psyche, like the pinch of a rubber band wound too tightly around your finger. Entrenched layers of decimal decline pontificate politely to a crowd of mainly young goatherds, but they don't mind, as any entertainment will suffice for a goatherd of the Bactrian valley, long suffering in the August Afghan oven heat, yearning for the cool Hindu Kush. Up there, queens look down from snowy temples, peaks outlined by the monsoon moon, vanished layers of paradise passing instantaneously from view. Instantaneously -

Borders bind the wealthy to the poor, but in seaside temples of voluminous concern we count epigrams between sunsets, rallying fractious spirits in the meanwhile, damaging civic furniture installed in the Citibank Plaza. The old guard sits outside the bank on a plastic beach chair, machine gun hanging lazily at his side, smiling cheerfully at the calls of the brain-fever bird stirring raptures in the daytime as if coaxing clams from shells, a child of every man. Now we are ringing the new year by the seven bridges of Königsberg, full of cheap fortified wine and high on super glue, destroying the way of life for those who cannot know better, sweetening a joyous relation between the baroque lintel and its most spiritual rejoinder.

Openings, ruptures and fissures decimate Dorothy Drumwise on her drunk drive through the badlands of Blackpool, BMW unlicensed, DMT fairground flake out. She sings sweet missives of the Golden Age, of Plutarch, Pindar,

and of Ovid: precious oil pressed by a memory of Mediterranean light, the oil a liquid gold down payment on civilization, earned through dusty toil. Inclinations of ages move with tectonic twists, first shifting this way, then that way, as with the latest dance fad. “I know that you know that this ‘this way and that way’ is a vital mechanism of natural philosophy. The waggle dance of industry, the fiesta after the feast, festivals observed on Temple grounds and with much smoke and incense, fictions bind the hive mind occluded by each personal ego like a residue of things to come, a hollowing out of things which have already passed. Astarte above, chariot rider of fury smoking halos of pure fire above the heads of gathered postmodernists, crypto-Marxists, and other groups assembled for purposes only spectacle may account for. This terror and delight is for quivering flesh alone: no gods may get a taste -

In an asemic New Babylon, in an endless plan of a constant architecture, sketch after sketch of alleyways and avenues, flows, interruptions, passages of ludic intrigue: our only concern will be for how the wind goes. The city-gestalt stacked tier-upon-tier as with the Hindu temple, the sombre front of a necropolis, grey and overbearing, pantheonic structures of dead gods hewn into rock, but haphazardly, without plan or meaning, with only sense, intuition and primary repression to guide the chisel. The Temple of pure, empty worship, accessed via doors which only appear to be doors, words which only appear to be words, each word a door signifying an exit, but signifying without being -

The cultivation of ways, sulfurite ligaments imposing reasonable content on expounding gasses, phosphorescent burns blister the torn corners of Lloyd George’s copy of *The Life of Gargantua and of Pantagruel*, but this will not be a problem for long - at least, not for several centuries. Down in the Centre Pompidou there exists a scale copy of Nieuwenhuys’ *Labyrinthe aux échelles*

mobiles. Parisians drink pastis at 7pm -

The matriarchal temple builders of our mother, our lady, Notre Dame. The swollen, translucent body nurtures a billion babies in complex mythic tunnels underground. Our lady, the Temple, human animal-machine laid with mortar and keystone, high Romanesque arches, transverse, ribbed, darkened by smoke of incense that beckons, intoxicates, shines, yet moulds-over quickly. The body of our lady nurtures a repugnant decay where fungi of a million kinds find resplendent consumption, the gentle wood breeze lifts spores up and into the rain forest above, the penthouses, tower blocks, the Gothic quarter below, even the suburbs populated with a thousand empty houses, empty restaurants, empty hotels, emptiness itself. The crowing cock of L'Hospitalet de Llobregat two-thousand years ago is heard today more clearly than ever before, or so it is reported by La Vanguardia, thumbed in street corners by elderly gentlemen sipping coffee in districts of towering blocks, Brutalist forms, echoes of steel rod construction divining bittersweet sunsets of lackadaisical reform, wilted in margarita sunsets, sugary sensualities disinhibiting bashful dissimulation, with the gait and libido of a wild cur, roaming street corners, or between mummy's skirts, around the kitchen table, the dresser, the panty drawer, our lady of the Llobregat intends two-thousand years of certitude for divine discourses on nature, for a thorough study of Deleuze, for a months long dance of the wild kind, for carnivals of a schizoid nature, for a Heraclitean passing, and passing, and never returning -

Our retreat towards a porcelain past resides in a turpentine residue of vistas opening above the Sierra Nevada, that pillar supporting the vaulted deep blue sky, keeping worm-eaten heavens from falling. Remember how we drove there in December of 2018, how the warning signs for ice hazards slowed us for many miles? We sat in the steamy car and drank tea from a flask, ate

sandwiches prepared earlier at home, austerity gnawing at the innards. Porcelain does not prevent cysts, large as an eyeball pickled in vinegar solution, stacked on a high shelf in a back room of the British Museum. Perhaps it was Napoleon's eye? Perhaps it was not?

It was I, not Napoleon, who took the moon and put it at the bottom of a lake littered with the bloated bodies of Englishmen drowned in their re-sprayed Range Rovers. Between velour flaps, cold castellations and raptures colored like velvet bands at the fair, phalanxes shimmer like desert lizards tussling in the heat of day, the axehead aligns at the very base of the skull to release a thousand demons from their hiding places, demons who vy against one another in their scramble to escape this mind forever, darting this way and that, a confusion of beastly shapes writhing in colors both sapphire and turquoise -

La Donna Smith

C Chrysopoeia

Combing a Crater
for Case, Cause and Category
Catacombs contain
Crystal Cauldrons
and Castrations of
Calcified Comprehension.
Caluminous canaries
Carress and Catapult
Cataclysmic Catatonia
Capturing Calescent
Cauliflower Cathedrals
the Cannibals of Catharsis
and Castrophe
that dwell in the Cavern
of the Chrysalis.

P Putin

Onomatopoeia

Ono mato Put in

No man Put Potent

Piss Perfectual reflection

Perfection Perfect

Perfect Perfect

Per Fucked

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Pluck Put

Put Put in

Putin Putrescent

Putrid Putrefying

Piss Poussette

Parochial Pariah Putin!

S

Ssss

Slime

Snake

Snitch

Snarl

Sizzle

Soft

Sworn

Sample

Surf Size Salt

Saturn

Slime snake snitch snarl sizzle soft sworn sample surf size salt Saturn

Dawn Juan

Sinai

A break from speaking

Brings a quality of experience

And with it perhaps exhaustion about listening in time.

Words do less for us than we credit them.

They have a price.

And with their application so are limits imposed to understanding.

Each step reducing potentials.

This problem we attempt to solve with tone, body language, touch, context
yet!

It is always experiential and we can never capture that in symbol.

This other quality, beyond the limits – this is vitality.

This is the purest form of being prior to its reduction by our own mind.

It all begins within the garden of silence.

Winter Dream in Tagamoa el Khamis

In the back of a car
I drive away
Surrounded by women who caught this ride
The driver missing her head
Had replaced it for the journey upon arrival
Seem still showing
I left quickly abandoning my companions for this opportunity
We are leaving the island
An occult theme park
My little sister friend and a male companion.
He is an academic, we are doing professional work
Of the occult nature
My sister does not have the sensibilities
I allow disrespect to roll over shoulders
Light tumbleweeds
As i practiced the patience
We entered the chamber of the monster
Dark as it was we could barely make out it's form
It sees me
A glint in its eye catches the light
Catches my eye
We connect and he has interest in eating me
Predator scans for access
My sensations of threat bud and ignite
If it can, it wills it

My evisceration
The others gaze elsewhere
I am unwelcome
Nebulous it moves
Distracted by ego banter my companions disappear
The creature is magic and I've entered its spell
I want it to catch me
Darkest curiosity
May I be devoured, may I be consumed, may I be received
An honest desire
But not like this
People talk of the risk of this magician
A monster containing what was once a man
What it brings, what comes of it in time
For it is now timeless
The gift that changed it
I wonder
The question is dangerous
I arrived in a car broken down
Picked clean
Going no where at all
I departed quickly
This answer
To my question
What is to be done?

Glass

Smooth,
in flow of its purpose.

Held together,
until it is not.

Released with sound.

It begins a new purpose.

It occupies a new identity

New formz

Ola Hosamou [Syria]

A Life in a Cardboard Box

In a very small carton

I gave birth to me.

Without any sound.

Without any color.

Without any name.

Butterflies hovering around me grimace – tigers, dogs.

The horses jumble out like goblins with severed tongues.

0000000 The deers sway like dancers with camouflaged dresses.

Soldiers flare their nostrils, they try to catch the direction of the scent...

Hssssssss!

There is no smell here.

The air is hidden in a small slit in my chest,

and my chest is hidden in a small slit in the sidewalk.

There among the weeds that have wearied from proliferation, despite the pedals.

Soldiers crudely extend their tongues at protruding nipples.

They try to pick up the taste to point their guns.

Hssssssss!

There is no taste here.

No light here.

Nothing here.

I extend my open body as a lonely lotus flower on the surface of this world.

I swallow all the butterflies, horses and deer around me.

From sidewalks, streets and cities.

Then vanish softly as disaster.

In a tight carton box

I swap jokes with myself.

With No sound.

No color.

No trace.

And around me, the soldiers are running without legs,

And crying without eyes.

Late Dinner Under my Skin

At home

I take off my skin,
I wear my wild shadow.

My shadow has nine names, and I have one name
I hang it above my neck
every night.

I cut my daughter's nails – loneliness, so she stitched them
into my heart.

Sewing it with a song and a glass of wine
Then I cradled her to sleep.

I kiss my father's mania, love
I trim my mother's scales, instinct
and when I become hungry
I exhume my body with my fingers, with my teeth

I bring a small table for both of us
I invite you – for a late dinner under my skin.

Like a Dominating Mother

Like a dominating mother

I spread my hand like a paper handkerchief

I wipe off what remained upon your lips from previous kisses

then furiously slap you, my student, and command you to stay away.

Like a headstrong, naughty child,

you open your eyes wide, stretching your body.

A nail stands in front of me – a steady peg,

then relaxing my weary jealousy upon it, and rest.

Your intransigence has the color of salmon,

fresh, clear and delicious.

My absolutism is the color of orange.

Once you touch it to the tip of your genius, it will flow,

enervate – sweet and simple.

A little bit later, I will disavow this,

but for now, I will give you my boob as a gift

to squeeze all the love from it.

Come, I will give you milk to swim in like a small whale,

and from it you will make funny bubbles.

I give you my fingers as a gift, implant them to paralyze your eternal hunger.

Come, let me fold you into my flesh as a fetus.

Like a lonely, single red cell.
As a knife – which I am afraid of – to stab anyone but me.

I will stab you soon – but now.

To bind your body with my soft skin,
I rise from your opened pores with my hot sweat.
I bridle your pain with my thin lips.

I will hate you soon – but now.

Let me give you all the love
that I have – give you all my lust and craziness.
Come, I will give you all of me – but now.

Come, I will sing you to sleep.
To sleep on my bosom for the last time

Translated by: Mohsen Elbelasy

Fathi Mahadbi [Tunisia]

The Celestial shoots back

I won't kill my victims
Or throw my poisonous thorn in their ankles...
Before the blind carry
The bed of the day
On their shoulders...
A stone monster guards me
Brought by the guardian
From the pyramids of the Pharaohs...
I won't kill the celestial inlaid
The makeup
Before she pickes
Her armpit hair
And raise two waves of laughter
In her arm...
While its moonlit feet
Treads the sun's rays...
Before dawn comes out
From the cracks of her nails

And pickes the front of cold night...
Before her fruit-filled laugh falls
And indulges into the family screams...
Before she fires to the back
And nervous trees go towards blueness of thinking.

Translated by the Syrian poet : Essam Zodi

Lightning Laughs in the Room of the Murdered

Lightning that gifted me
His green wing ...
Many and invisible hands
To distribute urns of light for the blind ..
What if I was given a dagger
To kill the beast?
Which lives deep inside me
Before the poor fall
From the imagination swing ..
I am the stone eager
To the sun of love ..
But lightning will break
His fingers
And laughs loudly In the murdered's room.

Translated by the Syrian poet Essam Zodi

Ghadah Kamal

The Ladybirds of the Sky

The sky is lit with the flying frogs
Here,
they replaced circumcision with the extraction of the vocal cords at birth
Nothing pollutes the purity of the day but black rain
Babies without necks don't cry
Mature frogs don't object
The elderly die in silence
At a collective dinner party
The red Wolves howl
And bears fly
Children celebrate in the middle of the day because of the end of the
compulsory recruitment period in the education cells.
The eternal shiver of famine causes the predation mania to kill the knowledge-
obsession.
Snakes don't have feet but they walk
Elephants remember the graves of their dead
Dogs don't betray
The rain is wild
He take out is his umbrella
He searched in his pockets for the remains of what he had
And he Bring two pieces of bread and a cigarette

The dog is hungry
He gave the dog the bread
And he took the cigarette that made from his bones,
And he sat to contemplating the black frogs in the sky
The ladybirds raining on his head
The houses have no windows
noise
Thudding sound

Mo'men Samir [Egypt]

The Last Blind's Hymn

To Salah Faeiq

Walking in the dark
I was robbed of one of my eyes
An old woman I had to ask
she said don't believe my looks they tell lies
Since my memories denied me
Refused to sleep with me
I became a failed corpse
My clouds wander aimlessly driven by destiny
And fill the city
I hurried after its golden bird
Bewitched by chasing it in vain
The fire passing by my eyes awoke my pain
I asked the sad cages and the fugitive sound
I asked the disguised policemen in scents and ships around
I asked my beloved that I left with my picture
until she got used to
My seduced smile and forgot my feature

Everyone denied except my other eye, sighed and said twenty years ago, I
conspired against my sister and handed her over to the forest... Animals were
weeping of isolation that the lake will be filled with pictures

And we are devoured by loneliness

Translated by Dr. Waleed Abdallah

Reda Ahmed [Egypt]

What About the Fall?

Shall we ask the bee how did a flower of cloves trick her?

Shall we interrogate that raindrop about her true intention in spending whole night in pond of mud?

Shall we rove in circle around a butterfly whom ashes were kept by the lantern on its door to be taken as example by blinds?

Shall we watch a tear marches to the first wound!

The way always pretend to recognize us!

It Indulges with our tired feet, so the falling goes on and on with no pain,

No explanation,

No end

How could the claws of hope spread to our hearts?

And stole the wisdom of despair and the experience taken from the trail?!

Translated by Farahnaz Fadhel

That Was not Just a Rope

The line you had it being sketched around my neck inside a frame
In a form required to the death
Although now I can with a tiny pair of scissors pull my head out of life's
outline
Or over a body that is stinking with serious smell of a mouldy/musty heart
We are a way far from those who releases
Why some born with hearts which are already frozen?!
Or those who suffers from a permanent headache by just informing them with
wrinkles refers to that past which they had never reached.

Translated by Farahnaz Fadhel

The Poet Must not Apologize

The poet mustn't apologize for an offensive video arose a lust of his thumb .
Nor for a miserable lamp covered with dust while he was passing in the street.
The poet mustn't apologize for a frightening bullet saw -in his chest- an
honoured shelter
Nor for a cold funeral kept his poems' hostility .
The poet has to commit a lot of crimes to face dirtiness, stupidity and
betraying law, but he has to say sorry many times to a beloved chasing him
and jumping beyond him like an empty cell
Wished to become his address .

Translated by Kamal Mustsfa Gad

Anonymous Surrealists

Surrealism & Black Lives Matter

Keep in mind that surrealism began as a liberation movement, not as an artistic or literary exercise. Despite its initial post-Dada sense of provocation & anarchic denunciations of restraints placed upon the mind, they eventually evolved to make a comprehensive and lucid critique of all the oppressive systems of their time—systems that have by brutality & exploitation continued into the present.

As long ago as the 1930s with tracts like *Murderous Humanitarianism*, the Surrealist Group in France stood against the racist colonial exploitation and white hypocrisy carried out by France, the U.S. and the West. To learn more of this history check out books like *Refusal of the Shadow* which presents material from the Tropiques group, or *How Europe Underdeveloped Africa* by Walter Rodney, or dozens of other books and articles written by black scholars & surrealists.

Here we are in 2020 and many white people in the U.S. are being manipulated into a phony outrage over the—consequences—of this heritage of racism & dispossession that carried on in other forms after chattel slavery was abolished. It's so easy for white folks to spout cliches about how blacks need to get over it, how slavery ended, how we define ourselves by our hard work, and numerous other pithy evasions. ” Do as the cops say, why did you run, they are all thugs and looters, no one ever gave me anything and I'm white,

how dare you want that boot off your neck,” and it goes on and on.

Meanwhile in the streets we see white society and its police unions in love with Trump, white property owners and the various currents of neo-fascism from Fox News, Proud Boys, Three Percent militias to Atomwaffen & Patriot Front still out to subjugate black and indigenous bodies, to stifle their voices and distort their message. Trump could say ‘get those son of a bitches off the field’ and a thousand and one bigots screamed about peaceful, symbolic protest until they were blue in the face, but meanwhile they presented a never ending chorus of fallacies and waffling in support of a system that should have ended long ago. And now they have the gall to demand everyone remain civil, tolerant, patient as more prisons and graveyards continue to be filled.

As we have seen, capitalism & whiteness is very tenacious, and will leverage your fear of property damage and economic insecurity by finding new scapegoats each time the heinous legacy of American racism erupts into civil unrest. Look into the roots of this situation and you will find the rude truth that the U.S. was imposed upon Turtle Island and they have written their constitution with the blood of those who were seen as not worthy of inclusion in their majestic tirade about equality. This is where these divisions were initially implemented, creating the social context we are still forced into today

Kent Johnson

A Dream Review of...

John Bradley's spontaneous mummification, winner of the 2019 International James Tate Poetry Prize, Dublin, Ireland, forthcoming in Spring 2020

For Matthew Zapruder

Three hundred years ago, when the Earth was still living, I wrote a dream review of James Tate's *The Government Lake: Last Poems*.

I had dreamt there that I carried Tate in his chair up the mount, strapped to my back, to look down at the teal sheen of Government Lake, shrouding its drowned 19th century village beneath. And then, after a smoke and a spell at the top, I carried him back down the same way we'd come up, though now he was strapped to my strong, thirty-something abdomen, while he used his long, mantis arms as spindle-brakes, to keep us from tumbling down the path.

At last, the shack appeared, glowing, on the twilit clearing, where Dara Wier was waiting. We all kicked back on the busted porch, on ripped-up Packard Predictor seats. And there, he read me his last poems, in manuscript, by the wick of a Coleman lamp.

But now James Tate was dead. I said to John Bradley, What was he like when you met him in Alabama? Did he have the long, mantis arms he had when he and I and the rest of us were still living? John's answer was not audible, because the Dixie Chicks were full tilt on the jukebox, and I am hard of hearing.

We were at Sully's Tavern, a proletarian bar, if ever there was one, where we would always meet, in DeKalb, Illinois, John's corncob town. I would drive an hour and a half there, through the cornfields, from corncob Freeport, Illinois, to meet him, maybe once every couple months, on average, for twenty-some years. And as I was driving, and also on the way back, another hour and a half more, I would wonder to myself, sometimes, why it was always me who drove to meet him, and why he never once came to visit me, except for the two times I invited him to read in Freeport. Was there something wrong with me, was I a loser, an unwelcome guest, a self-pitying depressive, and so forth. Yes, of course I was, but that didn't make me feel any better.

Thus went the story of my life as a minor poet, in the cornfields of northwest Illinois, to be smothered in two-hundred-foot deep ash, three hundred years hence. Oh, I loved Sully's Tavern, in DeKalb, back then, the smell of cheap cologne mixed with spilled beer and menthol cigarettes, and Merle Haggard, Johnny Cash, and Patsy Cline twining the gunmetal air.

What was that you said? I said, cupping my ear like a frail old man from some mountain holler, against the wailing of the Dixie Chicks.

I said, hollered John, That No, I don't at all recall him having long "mantis" arms, whatever that means... What a bizarre question to ask. Are you feeling

alright?

One time, long before that, maybe between ten or fifteen thousand years before, while we were still living, I met John Bradley at Bowling Green State University, in Ohio. This was shortly after the two thousand year-old Ezra Pound had died, in Italy, yelling racist oaths in his chair, strapped to the strong stomach of the Vichy-informer Gertrude Stein, who died, herself, at nearly 700 years of age.

We sat next to each other, in a group, with our desks all close together, in the mid-80s, Peter Elbow style, for our professor had arranged us that way, so she could smoke a menthol cigarette and be alone, sitting atop the desk, in a skirt, with her legs casually dangling, in the manner of back then, when teaching English was easy, not that it ever stopped being so after that, until the world ended. I think her name was Barbara. Like all university Poetry professors, she looked to be about four thousand years old.

There was a strong smell of cheap cologne, and I don't know if it came from John, who seemed surly to me on that first meeting (he looked like a Barbary pirate from the 1700s), or if it came from one of the two stylish women in our group, whose names I didn't know and never will, though that is no one's fault, as usual, but mine. I closed my eyes and made believe Hank Williams, in the future, was singing with Mama Carter before the world died forever, as you know it has, if you are here, dreaming that you are reading this review.

His head was transparent, like a vase of crystal from Tirana, where delicate glass was blown for the Iron Curtain trade, into the delicate, beautiful shape of the Great Leader's cochlea, the nautilus of the tympanum. A majestic, ancient oak stood far back inside, far away, down far past the college quad, before it

was to be struck by lightning and chopped up to make ladles and clogs, around the time of Srebrenica. Or at least that is what the poem said, as John softly read it, while the pronouns got confused. I could almost see Aimé Césaire, sobbing and sawing it all into proletarian pieces, inside “their” girl-boy head.

Juan (as I would coquettishly come to call him) was nodding all surly at what the ancient students said in fawning reply. And as he did, the limbs of the tree moved to and fro, causing the faces of great, unknown poets from the 15th century Balkans to appear and disappear in its leaves. Yes, I had smoked some hash that James Tate had given me, in Massachusetts, where I was born, in my other dream, long ago, which I had forgotten about for a long time, but now I am remembering. It sure was different!

Also, we were drunk. Suddenly, from across the booth at Sully’s, John took my hand and pressed it to his lips and kissed it long, like the Albanian courtier he was, when we were living, which calmed my nerves, those centuries ago. I said to no one in particular, What are we doing here, three hundred years after we have died? Three chords sounded from the smoky air and then the whole truth did, too, as in country music. The girls looked at me super strange, for what seemed like a long time.

OK, so the poems veer and swerve and enchant, crack you up and then sadden you, and so much mas... Someone new to Bradley’s work, or unaccustomed to reading poetry, might find themselves pleasantly surprised by the absence of all the usual things we expect, and perhaps dread, about contemporary American poesía. These poems, though odd and sometimes downright frightening, are completely clear, comically matter-of-fact, and incredibly easy to read, while also rewarding to reread. Some of the poems end with a

real carcajada! On closer reading, the charm of the poems doesn't fade, but a subtle sense of dread, a disintegration of the usual conventions of human behavior and relations, begins to perturbar!

There's something unbuttoned and timeless about Bradley's versos. They seem like naughty fatrasies written by Phillipe de Remi, in 1259, only slightly more esquizofrénico! The narrators of the poem remind me of Twain's personajes. They also have the bumbling, revealing naiveté of Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin, and Will Rogers, the innocent American man who keeps discovering he's not so innocent después de todo! That may be, at least partially, the source of these poems' subtle dread: they are, in their own quiet way, an allegory for the self-deluded, so-called normal American vida. (Someone might say the "so-called normal" also includes using, in a review of a white male poet, four white males in a row as illustrative examples of greatness and with no sense of self-awareness, but that's another historia.)

Many of the poems in Spontaneous Mummification begin with a simple yet weirdly compelling first line that sets the escena:

"I was born in a box of Cheerios, inside the pantry, near the broom and the bison."

"In Coral Gables, Florida, today, a man invented a new word for knee."

"I breathe allegro calmo senza rigore, which means my legs rub together calmly yet riotously."

"Jack never makes peepee or poopie, sing Georgette and Rene."

"The President finds a book, Just and Unjust Wars, on his Oval Office desk."

“Anne Frank squats over an open book.”

In every poem, there is a moment when reality shimmers, and the poem rockets out of something like a tenuous and hyperventilating—but still recognizable—narrative space, to cede its discursive vestments to a wild, waking dream (or *pesadilla*). Here, hypotactic and syntagmatic norms drop through a neural trapdoor, into a primordial strata of buried parataxis far more elemental than Kantian categories or country music lyrics, *y ni decir!* Though that said, some of the poems are wrenchingly sad, quite like country, actually; only in this case, the sadness sneaks up on you because of the lack of sentimental manipulation that comes antes! I don’t know if I’m making any sense. But just like Matt Zapruder, I am doing my best.

For instance, consider the opening of “For the Black Angel, Oakland Cemetery, Iowa City, Iowa,” which I asked John to read me, over the cell, in 1965, when we were once young:

You call yourself Rodina: Rodina Feldevertova: but

I know your name: it’s Before You Worried Away

Each Thumb: it’s When Misshapen Memory Is a Wing

Rinsed in the Blackened Earth. I can give you

a penny: a pen: my sweaty perambulations.

Note for instance, how relaxed the language is, as it stages fantastical propositions in the guise of simple, indexical statements: I both laughed and wept out loud when I read that, feeling something very ancient inside me. In

fact, sentí tanta emoción que llamé a mi amigo, el gran poeta y ensayista Andrés Ajens en Santiago, donde reside, y aunque pareciera mentira, en una vieja casita situada en pleno terreno que en antaño era parte de las tierras latifundias del padre de Vicente Huidobro. Le dije a mi compa Ajens: Huevón, pues tenés que leer a John Bradley. El hombre es genial!

And then I laughed and wept again as the poem kept on, sending its nine-billion-year-old neutron-star colons into no one's deaf and dumb stun or pain, and far before the little child fell, in Niger, for no reason, down a well:

You look down: away: back to where one day you'll

lead us: to the iron cradle filled with oranges:

still warm from the forge. What was it my father

wanted to tell me: each time in the motel room

when his soft voice: broke: all I could hear was

the rustle of your wings: newspaper singeing

your fingers. I wanted to shake you: shudder

you back into silence: the iron ore before gesture.

Something, you see, that began as gently funny and sweet becomes full of pathos! And then it is deepened beyond pathos into epistemological mystery, though not that the latter can't include the former:

You say I follow the words wrong. I don't know who

I'm saying: what I speak with. One day I'll pause

before a stranger without thumbs: and then whoever

I've stung: however wrong: will I come undone.

I will say, and kill me if it's a lie, that this quatrain stands among the very greatest of any stanza written in American poetry since the death of César Vallejo.

Now, the reader should be forewarned that more people die in this book than in all of Bradley's previous work combined, and more than in any book by James Tate, I should add. In fact, the living, also, are very dead, dead as doornails, truth be told. There is a willingness to imagine bodily decay, disappearance, and the afterlife, without a speck of sentimentality or self-pity. Mundane actions and objects become symbolic, full of mysterious resonance! That has always been the strength of Bradley's work, from his very first book under the spell of James Tate, until his last, this one, where he transcends him! In that way, the poems are existentially encouraging. Something interesting is always waiting around an esquina.

Read me another poem, I cried to John, I just love it when you do, it makes me feel so much better about myself! Even though I know you do not admire me as I do you! And so he did, in his extinct songbird voice, like sixteen-year old Kasim Omerović of Srebrenica and Emily Dickinson of Amherst, coming together on their virgin wedding bed, eternal and safe in their alabaster chambers.

And then the great Dolly Parton came on the jukebox, sighing a ballad from 16th century Wales. No more or less lost in endless time, really, than the

verses of John Bradley. And I could see that almost the whole bar was crying, or trying not to.

John Bradley is the greatest living surrealist poet of the United States of America.

Gregg Simpson

The Triumph of the Surreal

Forty-six years after the publication of the first draft of the Surrealist Manifesto by André Breton, we are pleased to announce the absolute triumph of the surreal and magical consciousness. It was the expressed aim of Breton and his followers to alter the course of the unconscious of society. We feel that this has been accomplished. It has been largely a question of those who are initiates in the esoteric arts remaining hidden and, in the process, becoming the shadowy figures they are. With the exception of the emergence for a while into the public eye of certain surrealist 'stars' in the 1930s, the initiates have led a secretive and mysterious existence. By initiates I mean those who know and use the various procedures for probing fantasies, dreams, visions and intoxications with the purpose of rendering the results in some formal way, with no moral preoccupation, or comment on the nature of what comes out, no matter how startling they are. The formalization must necessarily be of an empirical and/or classical nature, in order for the next step to be evident in a clear and archetypal way to the explorer.

In his 1924 manifesto, Breton also included what he felt to be the definite and traceable history of surrealism and magical art in the work of certain artists and visionaries, many of whom were obscure then. I will also define my reference to magic by defining magician as someone who can use the arts of illusion and staged phenomena to induce an audience to believe to

be not only true, but highly so, no matter how outrageous their Cartesian credibility is. He must have the patience and process-consciousness of the alchemist. We relate here to alchemy in the following context: any manifestation on a physical plane of unconscious, or divine processes. Alfred Jarry, the French writer referred to the science of 'Pataphysics as the laws and equations which describe or govern the astral level, or as he put it on one occasion, "the surface tension of God".

With the Age of Aquarius beginning, we find attention shifting to the image of the sun. The general condition of mankind is to become peaceful and benevolent. But even if this is not true or evident, those who have reflected on the Egyptian's sense of time and phenomena to the Hopi's time system, will realize that is they themselves who are already embodying these manifestations. True, there are many hangovers from the last era: wars, racism, pollution, etc., but they are just that, "hangovers", which must clear up as the day continues. Perhaps ritual will resume its rightful place as the proper outlet for aggressive tendencies. In this case, the artist who is involved in the processes I have mentioned, is the likely person to help in describing the form of these rituals. There will also be a coming awareness of the true descent of Western culture from Atlantis. The truth of the Sufi teachings will enable Western man to recover his true spiritual heritage and just as the Eastern modes of learning have come to light, so will there be a re-learning of the real Western myths.

Artaud realized that Western man must be able to re-live his passage in terms of Western archetypes and attempted to show them in his plays. Eastern, or any other myth senses, have inestimable value as teaching aids, but serve no real emotive or personal value to Western man compared with his own archetypal allegories. Likewise, Greek mythology is at best an interesting

study, but survives mainly as literature. Although Greek logic, science, etc. did invade Europe through Rome, the inherent magic of that era is gone. The one exception is the Tuatha de Danaan tribe who migrated from Greece to Ireland where they became a legendary Celtic fairy clan. This places them in touch with other aspects of Celtic myth lore, the King Arthur legends and Druidic mysteries, which Robert Graves describes in *The White Goddess*. In that book, he relates that the lore of the British Isles was spread by the minstrels. This, then, brings us to the fountainhead of Western learning, the Sufis. Through their influence, the tradition of the troubadour spread through Spain and southern France with the Saracens and eventually led to the tradition of “romance”. Going back even further, we find the existence of the divine arts and sciences from Atlantis preserved in ancient Persia and Egypt. Here were developed the various practices and beliefs which eventually found their way into Europe: alchemy, Freemasonry, Rosicrucianism, minstrelsy and such institutions as the Knights Templar and the Order of the Garter. These did not fare too well when they encountered the Hebrew-Christian theologies, the ‘official’ Bible myths being a distraction for the student of magic that often the true Christian mystics are overlooked by him. It is an interesting fact that many Christian esoterics from Assisi to Jacob Boehme were actually indoctrinated of the Sufis. This also applies to many scientists and scholars such as Roger Bacon. From there the tradition largely went into the arts.

In art, music and literature, the traditions of Sufism and magic lay beneath the surface until some 19th century French artists uncovered them. These artists, who are by no coincidence, the spiritual predecessors of the Surrealists, saw as evidence around them, and in the wisdom of their imaginations, the traditions stemming from Arabia. The most mysterious inheritors were the Gypsies, with their Tarot cards, fortune telling and

intoxicated rituals. They parallel so closely the Sufi Dervishes who used mushrooms and hashish to prolong their unusual 'whirling', that the influence is unmistakable. There is also the phenomenon of the Basque region near the (French)-Spanish border, which because of its strange and customs which relate to no other in Europe, is thought by many scholars to be a last remnant of Atlantis.

One artist who perhaps best personified those tendencies was Maurice Ravel. A Basque by birth, he spent hours of labor over his immaculate compositions in order to express what he felt was the effect of the Arab pollination of Europe. Although rarely, or never mentioned with regard to the Surrealists, he was, in fact, a favorite of such magician-painters as Magritte and Ernst, who obviously saw the hallucinatory and anti-gravity effects of such compositions as "Alborada del Gracioso" or "Une Barque sur l'Océan". To a lesser degree perhaps, Claude Debussy also translated the tradition into his work*, but it seems he was more pre-occupied with the Norman-Celtic myth sense that he had in common with writers like Maeterlinck and Mallarmé. The other composer who was with the first two were referred to as 'Orientalists' at the time. A Rosicrucian for a time, Satie's delicacy reminds one of a Persian tableaux, or a Moorish garden at night. Comparable examples in painting would be people like Delacroix, Gustave Moreau, Douanier Rousseau and Odillon Redon. Then there were the other Symbolists, the writers. This would include men like Gautier, Baudelaire and the Club des Hashiciens, Rimbaud, Huysmans and many more. Perhaps the most outstanding and easily the most outrageous of these was the meta-magician and poet/playwright, Alfred Jarry. Jarry actually embodied in his everyday life and attire the most extravagant and hyper-real of his hashish and absinthe (later ether) hallucinations to the degree that it consumed him at an early age. His life made it possible, however, for the Surrealists, through the poet

Appolinaire to appear.

By the end of the First War and after the convulsion of Dada, it was high time for a gigantic flowering of all these accumulated knowledges to erupt in the intoxicating, and intoxicated atmosphere of Surrealism. It was by this time pretty well agreed that the Mediterranean was the seat of Western magic. Even Picasso eventually moved there to be closer to his inherent mythologies. Dali never ceased to speak of his Catalonia. Miro lives on Majorca Giorgio de Chirico was a Mediterranean by birth. Paul Klee resolved himself as a painter after a trip to Morocco.

The last note was sounded by Antonin Artaud, who symbolized the apocalyptic end of the first phase of the re-investigation of magical art. Through the hysterical and acute vision of his madness, he saw these and other possibilities for Western man's salvation. Artaud even traveled to Mexico to take peyote with the Indians and learn their god and myths. This seems to us to be a matter of his trying to assemble the trans-Atlantis antediluvian myth sense himself, proving too much for his already unstable mind. As he said himself, "In Mexico, while climbing a mountain with my guides, I was bewitched by an agent of the International Dark Forces". This also seems to have been the case for the Surrealist painter and inventor of the decalcomania technique, Oscar Dominguez. A native of the Canary Islands, which we know to be a portion of lost Atlantis, Dominguez' untimely suicide in 1958 shows the strain on those who endeavor to investigate the true myths. Max Ernst seems to have survived intact, however. Announcing at one time that he had been reborn at the end of World War One as a young man seeking the myths of his time, he managed to get through with his life.

For reasons of survival, similar to Ernst's, the magic-artists have again

gone underground. There they lie, in pseudo burial, waiting to take their rightful place as the people's magicians.

Published in the Georgia Straight 1970

J. Karl Bogartte

Magnetic Scent

Never allow yourself to be overtaken for being overtly discrete, she is touched, that one. they whispered, in another language, a stray inkling without likeness, but overwhelming like kindling, and claw marks.

Constantly deciphering between us, thought and appearance reciprocating, showmanship and guile, to change and transform, from anthracite to snake charms, and tobacco pouch to belle scratch and cane pointer... You are that girl from south waters limping through the fields, a lantern wildly swinging, to sinister we go, embalmed with honey, whispering and drawn with ironic ink...

Tutelary light cutting diamonds in your variations, ascendant blood lights for a radiant language on the outskirts of embalming the very long shadows, all counting time, and strangers like campfires landing in the canyons. For undefined drapery, and sustenance, gnawing on bones, the lenses form the finest material through ancient movements. The doorknocker of Aurora in the green eyes of leopard vigilance. She offers only magnetic zones sewn in your scent...

Tim White

Language as...

language as palindrome axis
an anti-axiom
of living syntax in breathless fractal diasporas
language as palindrome axis
conjuring gnomonic neon genii
via fervent declarations of ghost electrostatics

language as palindrome axis
slippery with amorous silences
and polyvalent caresses
in moist ataxias
of inward silences and outwardly tuned sensorium

language as palindrome axis
like Mephistolean computers screeding brittle vocabularies of desolation
via jagged monadic discharge

language as palindrome axis
of a resuscitating human gyroscopy
revived by

shared ancestral melodies
contoured from stone and cloud
as the imaginings of a forgotten childhood

Richard Misiano-Genovese

Duplication [En]

In a fiery breath

A stroke of madness engulfs the senses

Dream-struggle

Look in the mirror – if you want advice

The duplication you seek is not less than

The duplicity found within the reflection

Not in spite of it. It's normal

Breathe. Relax. 1-2-3-4...

The end comes much quicker than the beginning.

Reproduction [Fr]

Dans un souffle de feu

Un coup de folie engloutit les sens

Lutte de rêve

Regarde dans le miroir – si tu veux des conseils

La duplication que vous recherchez n'est pas inférieure à

La duplicité trouvée dans la réflexion

Pas malgré, c'est normal.

Respirer. Se détendre, 1-2-3-4...

La fin vient beaucoup plus vite que le début.

Chance [En]

You dream everyday of that chance encounter That changes your life – It comes when we do not want it. It never comes at all... Damned perfidy is the mad dog of existence waiting to tear your lungs out. Relax. It's only existence. Could be much worse if your asses grew pineapples

Chance [Fr]

Tu rêves tous les jours de cette rencontre fortuite. Ça change ta vie – ça vient quand on ne le veut pas. Ça ne vient pas du tout. Zut ! Perfidie est le chien fou de l'existence qui attend de vous arracher les poumons. Se détendre. Ce n'est que l'existence. Ce pourrait être bien pire s'il nous poussait dse ananas dans le cul.

Knowledge

A waste of time learning stuff, inn the end we're a mass of decaying matter.
And that master work you have planned all your life, just got eaten up by
bacteria.

Take the subway next time – if you care to endure the ennui of another
existence.

Why do apples start rotting on the surface first? Is it for spite?

Willem den Broeder

North Pole

The ship flew on and on through my dream.
Nipple cracked eye without a rainbow,
but with wine from a felled tree.
Where also two by two, the last seafood
turn up without breathing.

Noordpool

Het schip vloog verder en verder door mijn droom.
Tepelkloven oog zonder regenboog,
maar wel met wijn vanuit een omgehakte boom.
Waar tevens twee aan twee, de laatste zeevruchten
omhoog draaien zonder adem te halen.

Darren Thomas

A Glass Cocoon

There where the marble trees cast their shadows

Lilacs grow

And the sun

Beats faster

Than the blood burning in my mouth

Leading me to the last taste of summer

There in the town of horizons

The snow drops never melt

And the sand

In my eyes

Dresses me in doubt

So that the razor blades

Hidden in dreams

Can go to sleep

There beyond the silver sky

Daffodils quicken the way

And the sea

Steals the kiss

That can only exist
In secrets and wishes
A place I know so well
A glass cocoon

Domino-Days

So the rage of domino-days

Begins

Beguiles

The already broken hand

That held the rusty claw

And the fog that engulfs dreams

Lifts momentarily

So I might see myself

There among the sycamores

I see you again

I see your perfect body

That announces spring in its petals

I feel the caress of your hair

That shelters my eyes from the threat of storms

I taste the innocent fire on your lips

That transports me across the years

And I see you again

I see your eyes that make my heart bleed

When the last pale shout

Has gone before

My echo comes back to me

The whisper of death

Louder at my door now

But it is on the other side

It is here

Inside

Cloaking me in shadows

The pain I encounter in that lovely face

Etches itself on to my own

Sculpting tears

That cannot be wiped away

And I witness death in the making

And I witness death in the taking

So long not living

In life

But now alive

In death

And my mother joins my father

At last

The mirror finally gives back the reflection

She sought for all these years

And in these scything winds

That make me to lie down

I rage

My domino-days

Fall about me

Battering

Flesh and bone

Hope and dreams

Heart and head

but in between the cracks
My love casts her tendrils
 Holding me
 The spring tide turning
So that I might not perish
So that I might live again

The Naked Village (Cadaqués)

The naked village
stripped bare by her bride
she wants to take you deep inside
she wants to sell you her innocent eyes
she wants to show you how to live and die

In the shroud of her receding smile
the church hovers like a bird
watch her dance like a child
watch the ant-men crawl all over her
watch the world weep blood and bile

The melancholy of the sun-drenched afternoon
collecting in the shadows of the wedding proclaims
that: 'The time on the clock is NOW!'
that the hour of kisses is upon us
that, somehow, the moment has already past us by...

Only Approached in Dreams

As starfish
In ocean rain
We cast no shadow
Before we return

You mimic my every movement
Each swirling caress
Slicing through the pale firmament
Making the sun cool
In the shroud that was your smile

Betwixt and between
The gloved interior
Further past the threat of the glacier
We plant the hours of the clock
Lined up like toy soldiers
Ready to command
Yet when they catch sight of your reflection
They rage
Their razor kisses
Tearing at the very mirror of your being
We desire their dissolution
Or perhaps we coalesce in wishes

Sleeping in unmarked graves
On a distant isle
Only approached in dream

Tall in Sunlit Moth-Masks

Holes that are fire
In hands
Made to write
Frame my targets
Your name
In my quick sand
Dark
With the magic of kisses
That I imagine
Where your lips begin
Is forcing its shadow on to my tongue.

The starfish
In my heart
Leads
Without taking its dance
To your fresh dreams
Cool with morning glances
Tall in sunlit moth-masks
Delicate
A satisfaction only ghosts will know
So near now
With its essence
Gleaming

The Gleaming

The bridge where I buried my second heart
There, next to the last words of the glass fire storm
Is the mirror of my becoming
Its threads connect me to the wolves perched in the snow-covered trees
Their trunks oozing the honey of sleep
And the echoes of the firebirds glistening like kisse
Gluing me to your smiling eyes

This is the reckoning without the sting of sunflowers
Their petals catching alight on lips brittle with the promise of autumn
Their poison seeping through every pore
And the carnival of searchlight recognition dissolves the space between
thought and action
But too late – we have already set sail!
The skeleton of desire, hangs far behind, its sticky bones, merging with:
The silver blood
The succulent bliss
The glove of dreams

When the hangman's rope reaches beneath your skin
Then you will pull yourself up to face the shards of your tortured reflection
Here are:
the pearls for eyes
the windmill whispers
The ice candle tears

Dragged through the shadows of nocturnal sandstorms
Taunting you with tales of the abyss
Yet their memories are hollow and fleeting
Leading you across each river that threatens to swallow the gleaming

David Nadeau

Divinatory Oblivion

I

The Agartha gesticulates. From Sirius, cannabis scrutinizes the intimate disasters. The euphoric diagram shudders.

II

The king of the world accumulates the radiant darkness. His accomplice concealed the fraudulent substitutions, prior to language. The most sublime contradictions border on meteorology. The moment unfolds its ambiguous and dizzying cues, in the right place.

III

Megalomania encumbers his destiny. Chance turns purple. Vague memories of oneiric impressions wrap around the backbone. A holographic corridor approaches.

The Golden Fleece melts like wax. Simple gestures, barely perceptible, prepare the marriage of the Unconscious and the critical rationality. A knowing smile wraps around the backbone.

IV

Covered with gelatinous ornaments, the Duchampian etheric body manipulates microscopic clues; it is the only one to have been miniaturized.

The thoracic frog detects the qualities of the initiabile. The divinatory cedar announces the stages of a stealthy investiture. Suggestive coincidences pile up. Vague memories of oneiric impressions enhance the sharpness of the image. Chance is becoming of an angelic precision.

An old conversation becomes central again. The memories permute. Optical games link the transparent houses together. To prevent the heraldic geodes from deforming, the backbone slices the swelling meridians. This effective action reinstates a comfortable slowness.

Giorgia Pavlidou

inside the black hornet's mind-tunnel

i

& as for राक्षसी

or अपसरस

fluttering inside celestial black insects

& as for महाकाली

*her name milked from the same
word as time & black*

she disguises herself as the tiny

but daily inevitable death

*what is it she's taking with her,
vibrating black kleptoparasite?*

you know best

because it is you
who's the undertaker of the mind

the light of your language
liberates

cremate my brain
if you must
you osteopath of spirit

manipulate my meandering mind
if you will

&
i'll eat
bursts of
माँ दुर्गा's
carnivorous
syntax

ii

& because i'm reflecting on your electromagnetic sting
as charged with the voltage of manic wasp medicine

i consider your telekinetic Φ armakon
a form of extraterrestrial mutation

harvested from multiple dimensions

it is:

*poisonous as well as therapeutic
both dead and alive
male and female at once*

it is your धर्म i'm talking about
the law of right action sizzling
beyond the noon-tide of the dead

remember: there are fictive realities
tucked deep inside the real of your illusions

these pulverize intrusive thoughts

& as you've shown
with Artaud and van Gogh
you excel in
transforming
schizophrenia
into the arts of life

iii

beloved insect
your tentacles control psychosis

as if swarms of
spectral phantoms
faint like a poem without a center

when you watch them in the eye

*your exobiology
defies drabness*

your vibrations are fluid

liquid

never obvious or sullen

the light of your language is relentless:
you are fire dressed in fire

iv

around the magnetism
of your fangs
the depressed
before recovery
first loose their minds

*in your presence
suicidal thoughts
obliterate
calcinate
decompose
or turn into rubber*

try sensing the invisible traversing
of the human nerve domain

*interplanetary
insect intelligence
fractured like a δαίμων's
premonition*

& here's your black exoskeleton
written with the blinding
brightness of your language:

being lava clothed in lava
you fight fire with fire
let me
fight
psychosis with psychosis

v

at very last
we've arrived at the final act:

*in this instant
with your help
kali's inorganic biology is birthing*

& in exchange for your homeopathic spores:

she promises
to protect you
forever

once you're inside her

inside the black hornet's mind-tunnel

राक्षसी

guarantees you

you'll as be safe
as infinity sculpted
inside a mummy

safe
as if
forever
embalmed
into
the memory
of a caterpillar
or silken cocoon

safe
as long

as eternity
&
a millisecond

अप्सरस् promise

The Annunciation of the Φonemic Body

*The women's naked body is a portion of eternity
too great for the eye of man*

- William Blake

*Language neurologically blazes and condenses as
an operatic sundial suddenly spinning. Thus sonic
irrigation transpires and becomes material
confluence transmuting in human cells.*

-Will Alexander

i

once below a time

i was like-

-them protein bags: wrinkled sacks of bowels and bones

machines

manufacturing

miniature machines

every nine months

i was

wife

daughter
mother

though in my nightmares
naked cyborgs sung to me

faceless

females

undulating

as if

gigantic transparent snakes

violent
arrhythmic beats
flooded my earshot

fire
crackled-crackled-crackled

in the midst of this dark chaos:

the *prima materia*
of human flesh and plastic

my own corpse appeared
ablaze on an operating theater:

*a young woman's body
enclosed by throat singing trolls
chanting in polyphonic overtones*

while
medical robots rewrote my skin

while
white coats re-spun my nervous system

ii

my eyelids cracked open
the morning after

when words

trembled
wriggled
swum
under my skin

glossolalic fishtails;

waved inside my womb

pisces with decibel-scales

fluttered

their invisible fins

organs whispered;

murmurs-murmurs-murmurs

of
an alien syntax

shrieking sounds
as if resurrected
from languages
long gone extinct
annunciating that:

on the first day of the 6th month

after march 25th
the day bodies of
Φeminine thought
burned up
”Οσιρις,

serpents
squirmed through
rivers of asphalt
& uttered

et ecce concipies in utero

ohne

dich kann

ich

nicht

leben

iii

once

i was human

parents and grandparents

raised me

brothers & sisters loved & hated me

i birthed a baby boy i detested

& adored

alas on the 6th month

my new genitals chanted hallelujah

in a meltdown of female sighs

my skin appeared

synthetic

my organs

plastic

my mind

electric

my womb

phonemic

stroke my silicon nipples

kiss my plastic lips

be perplexed by my lexical fluidity

on the 9th month

when i entered labor

celestial triangles penetrated circles

circles stroked squares

the letter ϕ kissed the letter $\chi\tilde{}$

water was seduced to disrupt

fig trees peeled & devoured their own fruit

iv

my births

can never be reduced

to one or two

like my punctuation:

this silicon body
gestates
pluralities

multi-polar embryos
gifted with perpetual regeneration

*painted spectres
in constant phonemic expansion*

& my adjectives
look
they're watching astral winds!

lingual hailstorms in black holes

intergalactic phonemes

knock-knock-knock

against a relentless human skull

iv

my phonemic body was announced by the oblique
its lexical tentacles
burrowed in human skin

observe zillions of swarming infixes
spiraling up humanity's spine

undulating around one's neurotransmitters
undulating around one's phonemes

this φonemic body
this synthetic body
this one true body

evaporates
when one tries looking
into all its eyes

like a spider's:
eight-eight-eight

this plastic body

with its multiple φantom-genitals
will rub against the humanity's orifices:

billions will orgasm against their will

& when they do
they'll have no other choice
than to speak to me
in one contracted voice

whispering sweet words in my ear

perhaps three times
perhaps seven times

& when they do

billions of splendiferous voices
will sprout in their heads

singing songs from the future

songs of experience
sung without consonants

songs of innocence
excommunicated

eternally

from
their
native
tongues

Moheeb Al Bargothy

The Lab of Death

To Sylvia Plath

It all begins with pain

As if you were in a house inhabited by corpses

From which the river passes through like a memory

And a sea of yellow roses like the voice of a dying lonesome woman

For her lost bet on the living.

It is pain which resists love

and desires death

Magdalena Benavente

Sweetness of the Fallen

Talking about the past is always sad and inaccurate
Because in those contents there is neither truth nor falsehood
Only mysteries that live in memory and rest
On faded orphan poisoned lilies
Delivered the attributes of memory like an old custom
One distances himself from spring
And its flamboyant heartbeats

Vulnerable

Vulnerable to forget
Vulnerable to the cliffs
Vulnerable to the discolored sun
Defenseless to the dead people
Who pretend be alive
Romantic novel where I kill my
Parents in page 16
I don't have brothers
I don't have much friends
The rest are windows, cilings
Bread and poverty asking for compassion
Vulnerable to the thieves
Vulnerable to the sacred bronzes
Vulnerable to the blood of the imperial crowns
Defenseless to my own ashes
Burning to rest
I only have a dream of freedom
Where the stars start writing

Zazie

Dragonfly

Thousands and thousands of sexangular views
White and purple showers falling, upward-sloping
zigzag
stop and go
Green bluish shimmering waiting... above the caustics.
Something here and there, the sun does its work.
Clouds unkilld but present
Hunger
backwards and forwards...
Sparkles everywhere.
Violet star shaped neighbors passing by.
My little one passing by
somewhat reddish
stop and go and stop and go and zigzag
Sexangular views of thousands of worlds.

Libellule

Des milliers et des milliers de visions hexagonales
Averses blanches et violettes en pente ascendante
zigzag
arrêts et nouveau départs

Vert bleuâtre chatoyant en attente ... au-dessus des caustiques.
Quelque chose ici et là, le soleil fait son travail.
Nuages répandus là-haut, dispersés mais présents.
Faim
en avant et en arrière ...

Des étincelles partout
Des voisins violets en forme d'étoiles qui passent.
Et ma toute petite qui passe un peu rougeâtre
qui s'arrête et qui repart et qui s'arrête et qui repart et
zigzag

Visions hexagonales sur des milliers de mondes.

Revolving

The realm of bluish moisture
surrounding the spoken word.

Engulfed by flurry thoughts like disobeying spider legs
failing their loot.
Or many loots.

The storm arises after nights of despair and qualm
bringing relief by tossing the impossible future
toward the offended soul.

Vortices are helpful opening new places for dying fish.µ
No need for spouts or pistols.

Lovely abyss here and there while revolving again and again
to discover the ultimate treasure of gold.

Tournoiement

Le royaume de l'humidité bleutée
qui entoure le mot prononcé
Envahi par des pensées agitées
comme des pattes désobéissantes d'araignées manquant leur butin.
Ou de nombreux butins.

La tempête se lève après des nuits de désespoir et de scrupule
apporte du soulagement en projetant l'avenir impossible
vers l'âme offensée.

Les tourbillons aident à ouvrir de nouveaux endroits
pour les poissons mourants.
Pas besoin de jets ou de pistolets.

Joli abîme ici et là
qui tourne et tourne encore
pour découvrir l'ultime trésor d'or.

Monochrome Clouds

Monochrome clouds are wandering backwards in my eyes,
carrying away all thoughts,
unconsciously but with lust.

Behind the shadows some sunbeams are spurting out,
flickering memories are merging with forethought
while melting hands are touching the spiraling breath.

Raindrops are hot these days leaving little scars on the skin of time and
everywhere. There are these invisible ribbons between now and then,
between here and there and even the air shys away from itself.

Time is giving space an admiring glance...

Nuages monochromes

Des nuages monochromes errent derrière mes yeux,
emportant toutes les pensées,
inconsciemment mais avec volupté.

Derrière l'ombre, des rayons de soleil jaillissent,
des souvenirs vacillants se confondent avec des anticipations
tandis que des mains en fusion touchent la respiration en spirale.

Les gouttes de pluie sont chaudes de nos jours,
laissant de petites cicatrices sur la peau du temps et partout.

Il y a ces rubans invisibles quelque part
entre de temps en temps, et ici et là
et même l'air se dérobe à lui-même.

Le temps jette à l'espace un regard admiratif...

Pierre Petiot

Mathematical Conviction

« The essence of mathematics is freedom »

Georg Cantor

Mathematics is simple, said a friend, since you always progress in it from one piece of evidence to the next... But what is evidence except something like a flash. Do you think I'm exaggerating? It may well be, but I'm not alone. I remember a book by Martin Gardner called *Haha ou l'éclair de la compréhension mathématique*. How the ponderous and methodical "rational thought" could ever be accountable for the flashes of the mind?

Let's move on – momentarily... Proofs are central to mathematics. Not only because they constitute the proof of what is proposed, but also (and above all!) because they constitute the narratives by which mathematical ideas are propagated. Because any mathematical proof is first of all, a story, that of the intellectual adventure of its author. This is so true that, very often the first proof provided by the author of a theorem is not necessarily either the definitive or the simplest proof of it.

Mathematical proof is, of course, also a theater that aims to convince the reader and beyond the reader, the whole world. The whole world, yes, because there is no human truth without the consensus of the entire species. A consensus of the entire species, in the absolute as regards mathematics, but in practice, of course, by delegation to the community of mathematicians. Yet, before getting there, this first (re-)reader who is the author himself must first and foremost be convinced. "I see it but I don't believe it" Georg Cantor said of the fact that there are as many points in one single straight line as there are in all of space (may it be a 2 dimensional, 3 dimensional, 4 dimensional space, or more...).

The elements which are articulated and on which the progression of the mathematical proof is based, the "and", the "or", the "no", the "then...", the "therefore...", the "for all ...such as...", the "there exists... at least one... such that...", are a punctuation in the movement of thought, but they are not thought itself. An evidence of it is that, while there are software programs used to prove theorems, no one infers from so little that these software programs think.

It is nonetheless remarkable that the mathematical proof, which is perhaps the most eminently social act of the mathematician, can also be carried out by means of machines. Without being able to explain it clearly, it seems to me that this says something strange about the social – or maybe at least about language. Is technique entirely hidden in the language? Was language already slyly lurking within the technique? Are both in fact implicitly buried in the social, as suggested somewhere by Jean Piaget, who notes that common elementary mathematical operations have their counterpart in social relations during work or collective game?

It is also surprising that mathematical thoughts, although often deeply derived from analogy – such as for instance Henri Lebesgue tells us, who invented the theory of integration which bears his name while daydreaming about the tiles of a roof – end up being expressed in mathematical terms (and this apparently completely. But are we sure that they are completely expressed this way?) by means of the logic of a mathematical proof which only seems to be, after all, a pure game of syntax.

But what happens in the holes and the hollows of the syntax? For the mathematical proof to be valid, the logical operators must nevertheless articulate something. And these "some things" that are articulated by the logical connectors must be true. But what does "true" mean, except marked with the seal of evidence (of intuition, says Descartes)? That is to say, from very small events of the mind, "spiritual" events in a way, but which, for being sometimes the zero degree of a dazzling (or flashes of much wider scope), are nonetheless of the same nature as it. All evidence, any piece of evidence, no matter how small, is based on a personal conviction. In other words, on a conversion of the mind.

And so, in a mathematical proof, just as in a poetic image, either a mental event occurs in the reader's mind, or there is no proof at all. The proof, in its active moment, says: "That is it!". But who can, at this critical moment, specify in what the THAT of "that is" and the IT of this "it" actually consist? At the heart of the proof, the unspeakable, irreducibly. I shall not, however, appeal here any more to mysticism than mysticism ordinarily appeals to mathematics. Not less either. It's all about the human mind here. Mystical or not.

Besides, even when it is computerized, where does the proof lie? Is it in the

machine that possibly establishes it? It is doubtful. Because the machine does not really know anything about what it is doing. No. The ultimate proof is in the conviction of mathematicians, or else – and it must be recalled since here is the greatness of mathematics – of anyone who happens to be able to make a judgment about this proof. The proof lies in the conviction of the mathematicians who reread and validate the proof, possibly established by the execution of software or, much more frequently, by the work of a colleague. There is no proof for a computer – at least in the current state of the art.

Mathematics, as creative, and not as this eternal rehashing of teachers, is not rational. And it is even good and legitimate that they are not. Beyond Poincaré's statements about mathematical invention (See *Science and Method* – Chapter 3, *Mathematical Invention*) that stress the critical role played by the mathematician's unconscious, and by analogical thinking, we will recall that Henri Poincaré, seized with a sudden idea during a reception, seized the back of his neighbor's tuxedo to write some formulas on it with a piece of chalk that he just took out of his pocket... Is this really a rational behavior? Is this an attitude that everyone would agree to call rational, or rather that of a poet who has resolved to let nothing be lost of what would suggest to him (mathematically speaking here) this shadowy mouth that spoke to Hugo, Breton and many others.

Roger Godement noted a long time ago, in his beautiful *Cours d'Algèbre*, that if one could build a machine to establish theorems, that is to say **all** the theorems possibly produced from a given set of axioms, then it would accumulate theorems and their proofs in the manner of Brownian motion. In other words, it would build a library of theorems and proofs analogous to Jorge Luis Borges' Library of Babel. Hence a maze of truths without the slightest geography, which would then have to be mapped in order to identify

the main roads, ridge lines and crossroads, and, in short within, which it would be required to separate the trivial and uninteresting truths, from deep and fundamental truths.

Unidentified Author

Advocacy for an Anonymous Surrealism

"It is the viewer who makes the painting"

- **Marcel Duchamp**

"Poetry must be made by all. Not by one."

- **Isidore Ducasse**

All these copyright marks spreading over the World... So many of them there are, that you can hardly see the proud texts underneath any more. Is it just another evidence of how the formal kills the functional?

But wait. Think... Don't you feel, don't you sense, that something is very wrong there. And yet... How can so many people be so wrong so simultaneously?

Don't sign anything! Never. Did not you ever notice that anything you sign just puts you into more trouble? Ain't that not yet clear to you? So why are you still following this cursed path?

Why is it not yet plain to you that, by just doing nothing, by not signing your work and by casually encouraging people to steal it, you have a real chance to get rid of a whole bunch of nuisances?

Think of the always hypocritical praise of your contemporaries. Think how

jealous and mean they are and how quick they can be as regards inventing lies and misinterpretations about anyone's work. Are you going to allow them to do that to your own intellectual blood, sweat and tears? Consider how skilled they are in building traps to cause the fall of their peers and of their betters. Are you going to give them that sort of pleasure?

Think of all the low, pitiful and cowardly ways by which people will abuse your authority as soon as you will possibly happen to have earned one.

Think of all the stupidities and lies they will say, pretending to have understood the treasures of your mind whereas they never caught the very first word of it.

You don't trust me? OK then, check it on your friends, and evaluate how deeply they read you. Ah! You already did it. Good! And you let the game go far enough to draw some accurate and bitter conclusions regarding the result? Perfect!

Now look... Those ones are your very best friends, aren't they ? And you discussed the whole stuff again and again with them, so that you honestly thought that they almost wrote your works with you. Correct ? And they know you well and they do care for you, don't they?

So now just imagine what potential foreign readers could possibly do to your work...

Can you foresee the disaster and the waste? Oh! Yes you can ! So just trust me. Don't ever sign your work! Don't be so childish. Drop that toy.

Be true and honest to yourself. Think further! Think deeper! Think of all the

crimes, wars and concentration camps and all that your "innocent" audience may make in your name if you happen to sign your work!

Do you really want to take the risk of seeing your name cursed by millions of people when they die ? No, of course not. So... Don't let them do that to you! Don't even let them do that to the shadow of your ghost. See, here is the quite easy means to avoid such a pitiful fate: just don't sign your work!

Believe me and listen! Create the most delicate and beautiful things you can, yes. But hide your name carefully. Cover your footprints. Step wisely within the mist and disappear for eternity. Be wiser. Prevent even your own nasty heirs from mistreating your thoughts for money's sake. Just give your work away. Yes, give it away.

Don't be mean! Do it right. If you really think you are a creator, then at least show some evidence of self respect, and give your work the ultimate touch of professionalism: Don't sign it. God did not! He just left His excellent Creation and then He retired in Himself as silently as He could.

So, be wise. Listen to the Lord ! Follow the High, the Holy Behavior. Be on the Creator's Side. Be smart, and don't sign your work!

Dare! Dare face the truth and face yourself! If you are not too sure whether you are really a creator or not, still the best is not to sign your work! Just let people steal it freely, this will give you the surest evaluation of your actual talent. The quicker they will run away with your work in their bags, the better you are.

Stop wasting your time and money and let them care about dissemination. If your work is really good or just somewhat useful, then it shall fly its own

flight away and propagate by itself.

Look! Did you ever happen to pay for anything good and reliable? No, of course not. Everything you are paying for only causes you all sorts of bitter disappointments. Just consider love for instance... So don't sign your work and just give it away. Give it away for free! It's the surest evidence of excellence and quality.

Don't sign your work and give it away or you shall face the risk of ending up like all these ridiculous celebrities in the mass media. Hey, don't laugh! It's an awfully contagious disease.

Now let's assume that unlike most of the Rich, you do have some self respect. Good! You are on the right track. Carry on! That's just another reason not to sign your work.

If you do, you will end up being mixed up with a crowd of brats who are so pitiful that they have to use costly commercial ads to force their stupidities into their neighbors' brains. Do you find the slightest hint of dignity in such a behavior? Is that compatible with the size and extent of your pride? Is that compatible with the range and breadth and height of your hopes? Of course not. You can't kid yourself on this point, can you?

So I hope you now caught me well. I hope you have understood where all our evils come from. All the mess we are in, basically results from only one thing: you-are-signing-your-work.

And worse... You are using this pathetic copyright mark everywhere, on top of it all... This of course, without thinking - without thinking a bit, just a little bit - about the possible consequences.

Stop that, idiots, you are just hurting yourselves ! Be smart, be clever, and listen to sweet golden holy sister laziness! Don't ever sign your work! Drop this stupid habit once for all, you are on the wrong side.

You may go on smoking if you like. Yes you may. You may even resume smoking. That's no real point. You are only hurting yourself. It's not that bad after all, you know... So, yes, go on smoking, it's a detail.

But please, stop signing your work! You are spreading the very root of all pollution throughout the entire Earth. Remove this bloody signature needle from your veins, remove it now! Or else they will all start sucking your blood to death again and again, as they always did..

But well... I can see that you don't trust me. I am not surprised. You are addicts, that's all. OK then, I don't object. Do as you like... That's your business. Not mine. You are all supposed to be grown-ups, aren't you?

But yet when you have a moment, when you are on your own, in the middle of the night, in the depths of your bed, under your blankets, think! Think a bit further. Take your time, walk it through on your both feet, walk it through at your own pace, but walk it through nevertheless. Just think for a while... And then, when things start getting clearer a bit for you, don't hesitate. Be clever for once, and throw all your signatures and copyrights away.

Then, I promise you shall see how quickly and easily the entire world and everything - even you - may improve.

Verónica Cabanillas Samaniego

The Wave Grows

The wave grows

Bursts

Your look behind

All the commensurate pain

Like a great frozen lagoon

Stuck in my throat

I don't know how to explain

I do not let myself understand

My volatile hand hits everywhere

Like a crazy shaft

Pure diamond the mind

Explodes in a thousand ways

The wave breaks with my voice over the skies

It's raining

Stones fall on the blue bush

Black paint

That mimics paranoia

Ten thousand images are one

In a second

I grab myself as I can

And the vertigo over the desert

On the plain or on the high seas

On the dock

At the border

I breathe

I find myself alive

After so much

After so many

Times

Some remote like the Andes

Some current like music

But always

The wave breaks this time inside me

The water overflows, tidal waves in my eyes

And on my lips or the fingers of my hand

Catching the water

Drinking the electric light of all my memories

Vibrating in unison

Cacophonous

Delirious

On the edge of myself

I watch the sunset fall like a ball of fire on my lashes and burn them

Burn everything to live they said

And I believed it

And here I am

ablaze

With burned eyes

With calloused skin

With the throat unable to say

That this is no end

That everything begins

Like the wave that breaks and flies to be herself, over and over again.

Translation: Frido Martin

La vague grandit

La vague grandit

Éclate

Ton regard derrière

Toute la douleur proportionnée

Comme un grand lagon gelé

Coincé dans ma gorge

Je ne sais pas comment expliquer

Je ne me laisse pas comprendre

Ma main volatile frappe partout

Comme un arbre fou

Pur diamant l'esprit

Explose de mille façons

La vague se brise avec ma voix dans le ciel

Il pleut

Des pierres tombent sur le buisson bleu

Peinture noire

Qui mime la paranoïa

Dix mille images ne font qu'une

En une seconde

Je m'attrape comme je peux

Et le vertige sur le désert

En plaine ou en haute mer

Sur le quai

Au bord

Je respire

Je me retrouve vivante

Après tant

Après tant de

Fois

Certains distants comme les Andes

Certains actuels comme la musique

Mais toujours

La vague se brise cette fois en moi

L'eau déborde, raz-de-marée dans mes yeux

Et sur mes lèvres ou les doigts de ma main

Attraper l'eau

Boire la lumière électrique de tous mes souvenirs

Vibrant à l'unisson

Cacophoniques

Délirants

Au bord de moi-même

Je regarde le coucher de soleil tomber comme une boule de feu sur mes cils et
les brûler

Brûlez tout pour vivre ils ont dit

Et je l'ai cru

Et me voici en feu

Avec les yeux brûlés

Avec la peau calleuse

Avec la gorge incapable de dire

Que ce n'est pas une fin

Que tout commence

Comme la vague qui se brise et vole pour être elle-même, encore et encore.

Traduction: David Nadeau

The Trip

Just burying oneself

Throwing soil on open eyes

Biting the soil

Flying with the sand

To other worlds

Coming back and being another

Far away

Unknown

Like all the stars.

Le voyage

Juste s'enterrer

Jeter de la terre sur les yeux ouverts

Mordre le sol

Voler avec le sable

Vers d'autres mondes

Revenir et être une autre

Loin

Inconnue

Comme toutes les étoiles.

Traduction: David Nadeau

By This River [Sp]

A Magdalena Benavente

Ahora que eres todo

Y a ti conduce todo lo que de mí nace

Aquel océano

Lo veo a través de las alas que despegan, entre las luces de las montañas que se apartan y solo quedan cuadrados en forma de círculos con lluvia y cielo,

hasta hacerse de noche y aterrizamos tú en mi alma y yo en la tuya,

¿recuerdas?

Encontré la vida

Conocí la vida

Toqué la vida

Palpé la vida

El viento violento suave y las hojas surcando lo que queda del paraíso

Busqué en la locura y en la noche

Un día para verte y lo hallé

Y ahora que eso es todo

Donde todo ha conducido

Un lugar para contemplar el tiempo

El último río en llegar a ese océano y cerrarse a sí mismo con las puertas selladas de golpe

Rápido

Veloz

Como el acto supremo de mirarse adentro

Nadie entrará al océano de todos los ríos del mundo
Donde he llegado conducida por la sed insaciable
Y el fuego tierra chamuscada donde se oculta el viento agitado en mi pecho
Ahí
El cielo
Me toca
Atravesando
El tiempo de la espera
Para ser río de tu océano
El que despliegue las alas
Hacia la última quebrada
Y morir en silencio
Sin arrepentimientos.

By This River [En]

To Magdalena Benavente

Now that you are everything
And everything that is born of me leads to you
That ocean

I see it through the wings that take off, amidst the lights of the mountains that
move away and there remain only squares in the form of circles with rain and
sky, until nightfall and you land in my soul and I in yours, remember?

I found life
I knew life
I touched life
I felt life

The gentle violent wind and the leaves furrowing what remains of paradise
I searched in the madness and the night
One day to see you and I found it
And now that's it
Where everything has led
A place to contemplate time
The last river to reach that ocean and shut itself with the doors slammed shut
Fast
Swift

Like the supreme act of looking inside
No one will enter the ocean of all the rivers of the world
Where I have arrived driven by insatiable thirst
And the scorched earth fire where the churning wind hides in my chest
There
Heaven
Touches me
Traversing
The time of waiting
To be the river of your ocean
The one that spreads the wings
Towards the last ravine
And die in silence
Without regrets.

Translated from Spanish by Frido Martin

Catherine Belkhodja

Hamster mélancolique

J'ai toujours pensé
que mon père était un lion.
En fait, c'est un hamster.
Il rugit comme un lion
mais
dès qu'on a le dos tourné,
il ronge tout.

Il ronge
ses papiers d'identité
ses relevés de banque

ses déclarations d'impôts
ses quittances de loyer
ses factures de téléphone.

Il les déchire soigneusement
en bandes très fines.

Puis il entreprend
de les machouiller
jusqu'à ce que les écritures de-
viennent illisibles.

Ensuite,
il les régurgite soigneusement
pour vérifier qu'aucune lettre
ne subsiste.

Quand le papier est bien mâché
il passe alors à la phase suivante
la phase petites boulettes.

Selon l'inspiration, elles peuvent
prendre la taille
d'une perle
d'une bille .
d'un caillou.

La plupart du temps, elles sont
rondes.

La phase suivante est la disper-
sion.

Papa choisit avec soin des petits
coins.

Au début,
j'ai cru que de petites souris ras-
semblaient là leur butin
mais j'ai trouvé ces petites perles
de papiers
au fond des poches
ou bien cachées
au fond des tiroirs.

Quand les boulettes
sont bien cachées
papa réclame alors les papiers
qu'il vient de faire disparaître.

Il a besoin de vérifier
que personne n'a deviné.

Si on découvre
ces petites boules de papier
devant lui,
il fait mine de les découvrir
lui aussi :
il prétend ignorer leur origine.

Il dit
« c'est bizarre »
et prend

l'air de rien.

Ensuite,
il se met dans ce fauteuil
et pleure.
Il pleure ses papiers disparus.
Il accuse
les uns
puis
les autres.

Il pense même
que quelqu'un a voulu lui voler
son diplôme.

Je tente
de déplier les petites boules
pour voir si par hasard,
un mot ne serait pas resté
lisible.

Le hamster a bien fait les
choses :
Tout est absolument illisible.

A l'hôpital,
cela énerve les infirmières.
On lui confisque
le papier à lettres
les stylos.

«ils veulent m'empêcher
d'écrire»

Je le fournis en cachette
en stylos et papiers.

Il écrit d'abord des lettres de dé-
nonciation:
je dois les poster

Puis il se ravise

et me demande un café.
je descends à la cafétéria

les lettres se transforment
illico presto
en boulettes

Impossible de le prendre
en flagrant délit.

Une seule fois
j'ai vu sa joue gonflée.
Je n'ai pas eu le cœur
de révéler
que j'avais percé son secret.

A l'hôpital,
le médecin explique qu'il ira
bientôt dans un établissement
adapté.

Papa proteste.
Il veut rentrer chez lui.
Il me supplie de le sauver.

Pendant que je tente
d'amadouer le médecin
Il met son manteau
ses chaussures
son bonnet

Toutes ses affaires
sont déjà dans un grand sac
caché sous le lit.

Il me dit
«Allez, on y va»
et glisse sa main sous mon bras
pour retrouver son terrier
et transformer
les actualités du monde
en petites boulettes

de papier mâchés
-mots et maux effacés-

Melancholy Hamster

I always thought my father was a lion.

In fact, he is a hamster.

he roars like a lion

but as soon as your back is turned,

he gnaws at everything.

He gnaws

his identity papers

his bank statements

his tax returns his rent receipts his telephone bills.

He carefully tears them into very thin strips.

then he begins to chew on them until the writing becomes illegible.

Then he regurgitates them carefully to check that no letter remains.

When the paper is well chewed,

it then moves on to the next phase, the small balls phase.

According to the inspiration,

they can take the size of a pearl

of an invoice.

of a pebble.

Most of the time they are round.

The next phase is dispersion.

Dad choose carefully small corners

At first, I thought that little mice were gathering their loot there
but I found these little pearls of paper at the bottom of pockets or
well hidden

at the bottom of the drawers.

When the dumplings are well hidden,

Dad asks for the papers he has just made disappear.

He needs to check that no one guessed.

If we discover these little balls of paper in front of him,

he pretends to discover them too μ

and pretends not to know their origin.

He says "that's weird" and takes

nonchalantly.

Then he sits in that chair and cries.

He mourns his missing papers.

He accuses

each

then

others.

He even thinks that someone wanted to steal his diploma.

I try to unfold the small balls to see if by chance

a word has not remained legible.

The hamster did it right:

Everything is absolutely unreadable.

At the hospital, this annoys the nurses.

They confiscate him
writing paper
the pens.
“They want to prevent me from writing”
I supply him secretly in pens and papers.
They write letters of denunciation first,
I have to post them
Then he changes his mind and asks me for a coffee.
I go down to the cafeteria
the letters transform instantly
in dumplings
Impossible to catch him in the act.
Only once did I see his swollen cheek.
I didn't have the heart to show him that
I had figured out his secret.

At the hospital, the doctor explains
that he will soon go to a suitable establishment.
Dad protests.
He wants to go home.
He begs me to save him.
While I try to coax the doctor,
he puts on his coat
his shoes
his hat
All his things are already in a big bag hidden under the bed.
He tells me
" Lets' go "
and slips his hand under my arm

to find his burrow

and transform the news of the world into small dumplings

papier maché

- words and evils
- erased -

Catherine Belkhodja - 2022

Vie, mort et humour noir chez Matta

Matta ,grand peintre surréaliste chilien, est toujours associé pour moi à la vie et à la mort.

Depuis quelques années , je tournais régulièrement avec Chris Marker sur plusieurs projets en même temps. (clip, film, installation, photos ou reportages)

Un jour Chris m'a demandé de venir tourner au centre Pompidou où il présentait une installation...

Sur l'un des écrans, on voyait Matta en train de peindre et de commenter son travail. Chris tenait à filmer un plan unique et guettait mes réactions à la caméra. Visiblement il attendait qu'il se passe quelque chose. En effet, quelques minutes plus tard, alors que Matta parlait tranquillement de sa peinture, il poussa un hurlement si terrible qu'il me fit basculer de frayeur et hurler moi aussi... J'étais si tremblante que je vis soudain une petite mare d'eau apparaître à mes pieds ... Quelques secondes plus tard , je dus me rendre à l'évidence, j'avais perdu les eaux et pouvais donc accoucher à tout moment sur la moquette du Centre Pompidou ! Chris paraissait satisfait de ce qu'il avait capté dans sa caméra et était déjà en train de ranger son matériel. Nous n'avons eu que le temps de courir jusqu'à la clinique et j'ai donné naissance en quelques minutes à mon joli bébé Kolia.

Depuis chaque fois que j'entends le nom de Matta , je l'associe à la naissance.

Mais je l'associe aussi à la mort: Lors de sa mort, j'ai reçu un faire-part vidéo

très émouvant.

On voyait Matta allongé sur son lit de mort, les yeux clos, les deux mains sagement croisées sur sa poitrine, l'âme en paix. La vidéo se prolongeait, accentuant notre chagrin d'avoir perdu un ami ... Puis d'un seul coup, Matta s'est relevé en poussant un cri ! Là encore , j'ai poussé un cri de terreur !

Jusqu'au dernier moment Matta gardait son sens de l'humour surréaliste... Il avait même programmé une dernière blague pour nous effrayer quand il ne serait plus là, puis nous faire rire de notre frayeur, en recevant l'annonce de sa propre mort. J'imagine le malin plaisir qu'il a pu prendre à nous faire cette dernière blague à l'humour très très noir, sachant l'effet qu'il produirait sur nous...

Jusqu'au dernier moment, Matta a su rester un enfant. Le très beau film de son fils Ramuntcho présenté pour la première fois au Caire, montre bien qu'il ne cessait de s'émerveiller sur les perspectives de constant renouvellement de son œuvre apportées par les avancées technologiques permettant de lier image et son. Ce film montre bien la complicité artistique entre le père et le fils , tous deux de grands créateurs.

Je me réjouis que l'Égypte puisse le visionner à l'occasion de cette exceptionnelle rencontre surréaliste en Afrique, à laquelle je suis si heureuse de participer .

Catherine Belkhodja,

Matta - Life, Death and Black Humor

Matta, a great Chilean surrealist painter, is always associated for me with life and death.

For a few years, I toured regularly with Chris Marker on several projects at the same time. (clip, film, installation, photos or reports)

One day Chris asked me to come and film at the Pompidou Center where he was presenting an installation. On one of the screens, we saw Matta painting and commenting on his work. Chris wanted to film a single shot and watched my reactions at the camera. Obviously he was waiting for something to happen.

In fact, a few minutes later, while Matta was talking quietly about his painting, he let out a scream so terrible that it made me fall over in fright and scream too... I was so trembling that I suddenly saw a small pool of water appearing at my feet... A few seconds later, I had to realize that my water had broken and that I could therefore give birth at any time on the carpet of the Pompidou Center! Chris seemed satisfied with what he had captured with his camera and was already putting away his equipment. We only had time to run to the clinic and within minutes I gave birth to my lovely baby Kolia.

Since, every time I hear the name Matta, I associate it with birth. But I also associate it with death: When he died, I received a very moving video announcement. We saw Matta lying on his deathbed, his eyes closed, his two hands wisely crossed on his chest, his soul at peace. The video continued, accentuating our grief at having lost a friend...

Then suddenly, Matta got up with a cry! Again, I let out a cry of terror! Until the last moment Matta kept his surrealist sense of humor... He even had programmed a last joke to scare us when he was no longer there, and then make us laugh at our fright, receiving the announcement of his own death. I imagine the malicious pleasure he took in playing this last joke with very, very dark humor, knowing the effect it would have on us... Until the last moment, Matta knew how to remain a child.

The beautiful film by his son Ramuntcho presented for the first time in Cairo, shows that he never ceased to marvel at the prospects of constant renewal of his work brought about by technological advances making it possible to link image and sound. This film shows the artistic complicity between the father and the son, both great creators. I am delighted that Egypt can view it on the occasion of this exceptional surrealist meeting in Africa, in which I am so happy to participate.

La Sirena - Collective Poems

Found Woman

Found woman
In the breath of dreams
In my glass heart
Always there
In spring
She is my fluid rose
Growing from the seabed
Beneath my dreams
In spring
I can see you Sirena...
I can smell you on my tongue
She exists within my blinks
But never in my dreams
The lilac smile
Her path beyond the fist of thorns
Leading me
Beyond myself
To the chandeliers
Hanging like the gleam of childhood
From my shadow
I can taste you...

Between each rapid eye movement
And then in deeper sleep
She took the arm of a passer-by
The movement caught the beast's eye
The door to the banqueting hall
Burst violently open
Returned to the shadowy world
Divided the sea and sky
Sending great waves
Instead of beauty
The box contained sleep
Serpents seem so precious to the gods
Hanging like the gleam of childhood
From my shadow
Part flesh
Part mirror
Her body sparkles with midnight seashells
I dreamed she spoke to statues
An arm of the sea stretched inland
And they became friends
The egg of the sea felt numb
She dances in collaged whispers
She swallows the sun
She kidnaps the last rays of hope
And emerges in kisses
Large as a pigeon's egg
In the underwater world
The pearl shone like the moon

Cracking her whip above their heads
Climbing through the open window in her heart
And near the back of her reflection
She steals the night
Only to reclaim the box of delights she buried there in a dream
I found a ladder and thought it would it help me find her but...
She made her way back up the gloomy passage
She was already caught in the echo of her gleaming
Somewhere near the bridge of lost daydreams

Who is the Automatic Woman? (1)

She is the domestic goddess of my dreams

She is the wave and I am the ocean

She is carved from Venus

She is not my equal

She emotes like a frightened nightingale

She is tabula rasa

She is made from the milk of human kindness

She is the doll woman with her doll dreams

She is a constellation of fetishes

She is the white queen

She is a mere mask, an ornament, a particle of sand, cast adrift in a great storm

She is a pawn

She is barely a shadow of man

She is a text to be read as you please

She is in perpetual checkmate

She cries her witch tears that flatter no one

Her reflection does not exist

She is a signified without a signifier

She doubts everything

She does not dare to dream anything but second-hand dreams

She is a mistress to patriarchy

She is a stain on the face of this earth

She is a cheap paperback novel to be discarded

She is a gift from the gods

She is the epitome of evil – a femme fatale, a siren, a new Eve – a plague to
be extinguished

She is not to be trusted

She has the dry tears of all women that vampirise men's laughter

Her mask is made out of the finest silk

She murders midnight with feminine ease

She is a masochist

She is hysterical

She is duplicitous

Her cruel games with mankind are genocidal

She is a succubus

She aspires to be a princess, but she is always only an actress

Who is the Automatic Woman? (2)

She is an equal

She is a hunter

She does not care for Oedipus

She inhabits my thoughts, my dreams, my waking life,

She is revolutionary

She is crossing over, becoming who I am, who I wish to be

She is the mirror I fall asleep in

She is beyond good and evil

She is not mythical

She rejects time

Her smile is the color of my dreams

She walks in fields of fire

She knows what she wants

She knows who she is

She is beyond signified and signifier

She inhabits the space between yes and no

She is the key

She is closer to the sun than the moon

She cannot listen to the vile cacophony of hate-speech

She rises above it like a great surfer

She has a form that defies form

Her x ray eyes see through you

She is a raging maenad

Her gaze turns men to stone

Her tears water the gardens where we will plant the new children

She is a forest made from the leaves of love
She is always the bridge that carries us to where we need to be
She is limitless in her vision of the future
Her arms are big enough to embrace a world that does not even care about
itself
She is fork lightning caught in a velvet glove
She is real
Her cauterised sleep is the essence of magic and produces the brightest pearls
She speaks in tongues
She is the whisper I hear when I want to hear nothing
Her confidence is only sleeping
She knows the secrets of all the hidden rooms
She gives birth to herself
She is part sunrise, part teardrop, part seashell
Her wedding to the winds of old Arabia is legendary and, in this tale, she casts
the greatest shadow
She is not in chronological order
The alphabet reorganizes around her
Her sunshine is infectious
She does not seek the end, only the beginning of the end, and this is where she
begins again, to find her new beginning
She is the last word
She is metamorphosis

Where Do the Sirens Meet?

At the turning into evening

They meet in the eardrum of a grandfather clock

They meet in the glint of sunlit underground vistas

They meet in dry patches under the sea

The sirens meet in the inner ear of Odysseus

In the library of Alexandra – or of Babylon on public holidays

They meet where the dream of midnight kisses the sun

At the confluence of the lost rivers of London

They meet in the ocean's hot springs

They meet hand in hand garlanded in petals and tears

In the bride's train

Where the three hemispheres meet

They meet on the giant chessboard

At the hour of the wolf

In the rose made of seashells

They meet through the mirrors

When the stars are right

In the place of whispers

In equality

They meet in waking dreams

They meet in the clocks without time

Under my lover's curse

They meet in the smiles of lovers

In the ghost stations of the underground

Coffins brimming with yeast

They meet in the shadows of living ghosts
In echoes
In hope
They meet in the miracle of becoming
They meet in the hazy daydreams of tomorrow
In the folds of time
They meet in period novels
They meet without limits
Under the moons of forgotten worlds
They meet in black and white
After the ball is over
They meet in the womb of the mountain
They meet on giant clams to play with phantom limbs
They meet inside her silver castle
In the mouth of madness
They meet on the dissecting table
At the Tannhäuser Gate
Where my first childhood grew glass antlers
They meet in the androgynous islands
Down a dirt track road
In the swollen ant hills of Arabia
They meet on Pangaea
Within the old house filled with swallows and love letters
They meet on purpose
They meet on the tail of an upset cat
They meet beyond the border
In a feline landscape composed from the glassy stares of the first sirens
They meet in each other's gaze

In Plato's prism
In haunted houses
In a message, glimpsed in a mirror, from a borrowed dream
They meet in de Sade's chateau
In my silent laughter
They meet on the screens of abandoned movie theaters
They meet without prejudice
At the lighthouse
On someone else's sacred ground

Uche Nduka

Bainbridge Island Notebook

(Excerpts)

1.

Bowmoon three-gunned
and a light less fed
than dew
to say nothing
of going to pieces
and screaming
my guts out
a benefactor
in good standing
i'm inclined
to minimizing
the falsification
of a banquet
you happen to the day
like nautical make-overs
between bong hits

2.

Nor solitudes conspire
against flying lovers
a tickle fight.
roof shingles
white walls around
soiled night
soil men
where timers tumble
into shadow steps
horses in stirrups
smell of the false
teeth of the moon
phalanxes and ridges
of conceit surround
survivors
pulsations
of seasons in lust
where the skyline
spies through shutters
on folding knives, potted plants
gone east gone west

3.

Tells you how much
nutrient there is
in a serving of hell
surgery is not an option
you may not be
the one you take yourself
to be
preparation is out
of the question
can't help the shrewdness
of green across the water
tells you how you can
defend yourself
against balanced sheets
while planets sing of you
someone's wearing
the almanac thin
be ready for anything
ethnic cleansing
has always been a fad
just thinking
that wherever you are
you are still doing the splits

Hoda Hussein

The Eye to Become

Yesterday I was marrow
Today I am blood
So never question my belief
That red is nothing but a shade of gray
That yellow and white are friends
And blue blossoms out of scars
Makes seeds of trees where seas come from.
I have cut oceans like a knife in butter
Well did the sun on earth frying pan
Sauced my existence in a life sandwich
So eat
Eat now
The now is endless
Same is your hunger to consume
Combust in the dust
Turn the gray to the red
Turn the red to the gray
As white and yellow we are
As blue blossom as scars as knife tree
Cuts the sea of sun light shade
In the black of our own eyes
Melting
Like butter.

Ammar Abdelkhalek [Irak]

Piscines de mercure pour femmes

La vie est une maladie grave.

Être fou,

Un fou qui brûle la phrase composée

(le verbe être) la source interprétée qui boit les voix des puits.

Au bar de Jasmine,

Rien ne paie dans le corps du mariage,

Les travailleurs du refuge sont des députés actifs dans le verset (à la difficulté suit la facilité).

Rire des poignards des hymnes des prêtres.

Rire du toit (la maison d'étain) touchant les fabricants du marché du virus à l'intérieur de la bouche de poulpe,

Rire de la table de piège de révolution.

L'AVC disparaîtra dans le cerveau des tentes.

Et

.....

La batterie va être sur le point de s'épuiser lorsque ton éloignement sera fixé.

Ici, la colonne de fourmis se déplace en tête du kilomètre lors de la grande soirée avec l'odeur des couvertures sur le sang de la journée froide,

Pas de ciseaux à la recherche de sommeil.

Sauf pour l'éternité.

Et de loin, nous voyons

Le film d'eau est recouvert d'un four pour les endeuillés devant la chaleur du
bain malade

Au creux des villes des pieds clairs.

Il y a un ver à soie.

Tu vois ceux qui viennent par derrière.

N'écris pas l'eau comme un chemin.

La charité a soif maintenant.

Et la servante vend ses tresses aux enfants d'Adam pour un sac de farine

Le frelon est barbu, avec l'équilibre des messagers célestes, éteignant les
jambes des bâtiments nus.

Puis il répète le point culminant de l'excitation dans la suite privée de la
piscine commerciale du gouverneur.

Traduction: Abdel-Waheb Souayah [Tunisie]

J. D. Nelson

Tumulus (A chord of ants)

silver was a rusted bug
this helps

some sun or nothing
a leathery heap

a treat of the forest
unit A (AA)

the law of grease
the shoes of wonder

these can help

RW Spryszak

Connu seul par les anciens

Jusqu'à alors, nous sommes séparés
La pierre sanglante.
L'homme grand se tient debout, seul, à l'horizon
On lance une pierre
Et les empires s'effondrent.
Les trésors nourrissent l'homme blanc
Les anciens sont nouveaux par leur taille et leur classe.
Les murs païens ne signifient rien pour un père jaloux.
Sur les oreillers les rois tirent des ficelles.
Moi, je préfère le lent déchéance
Tout acte sacré justifie la tribu.
Les hommes aveugles font la moisson
L'élève boit aux âmes profondes
Car ce sont la glace et le sang qui donnent sens
A la plaie.
Laisse-moi être chaleureux et calme à mon âge.
Nous échangeons à travers des machines sans esprit,
Montagnes de cire,
Et tombes anciennes,
Pendant que la pluie tombe inconnue
Dans les antres de la forêt
Et des palais du désert.
Avant de connecter le fil à toute la lumière

Il y avait quelqu'un avec ton visage
dans les marchés.
Casque à la main.
Il tuait les serpents avec ses dents.
Ses mains passent les vagues
A travers l'esprit des malades.
La mort des enfants
C'est l'outil qu'on utilise
Pour mesurer les heures
dans ce monde.
cet outil est très courant.
Comme une cuillère.
Prends leurs cuillères
Aux étoiles.
Là, il n'y a pas d'horizon.
Donc, personne ne sera offensé

Naoual Charif [Maroc]

Tu n'es plus loin comme tu l'étais,
Tu es maintenant sous l'herbe, celle de ma mémoire.
Quant à ta langue qui déchiquetait mes rêves,
Je l'ai abandonnée seule en dehors du sol.

Voilà, j'ai creusé ta tombe avec les griffes d'une chatte qui n'a pas d'utérus.
Et j'ai fait fondre mon amour humain
Jusqu'au jaillissement du sol rouge.

Quant à ton nom, j'en ai fait un paillason devant la porte,
chaque fois qu'une joie rentre,
elle s'essuie les pieds dessus.

Traduit de l'Arabe par Khalid Chebihi

James Sebor

Eat at Joes

A dog runs through a soiled canyon
The heart beats like Gene Kruper
Wet brows bend blocking out the sun
The acid within burns the corpse
Raw feet explode
Darkness comes
Darkness stays
Before it was known
The truth was told
Lies were eaten
Rotting fruit was black
When a thief entered
there was nothing
Rainbow?
There is none
Colors are muted
Villains laugh
Hamburger helper
does not help
The rotten potato
cries "not me!"

Eat at Joes
From the hand of a weasel
Exploding bowels
at the feet of the web
Move quickly
Crawl through the cracks
spread into the veins
Darken the room
Escape inside.

No Salami

No salami, no salami, no salami

She is going to die

She is very poor

The vendor cries

no salami, no salami, no salami

The pig enters

The farmer cries

The ground is shifting

The rain is black

The stars are muted

the pig cries

no salami, no salami, no salami

Red Wings

The red winged pilgrim searches for a home

The scattered bricks bleed stones

The creatures are moving

They swim

they walk

they crawl

they jump

and then fall

All is still

The trees cry

The lamp posts bend

shining light downward

Illuminating the fallen

A hard force picks them up

then smashes them back down!

Ghadah Kamal

The Beak of Time

The room has a purple sky
The severed noses of unknown persons adorn its walls.
That red nose of a clown who was playing God in a skit

He Killed by black-nosed passers
A blip in history
God despairs his work

So he asked his lesbian mistress to turn him into a hook with billed gull

He missed
after a million years

His mistress was a fish without a tail on the shore
So he ate her and broke his beak and died

The walls of the caves draw the wrinkles of time on the face of the geology of
the earth

In the fossil memory of millions of images

The pictures are celluloid with no way out.

I searched a lot for a technique to transfer the images in my head to a negative
of any camera.

How beautiful the loss would be then

I miss my mom

Take out the negative
The camera works
Pictures are moving
life returns
But before his departure,
The seagull burned all the cameras...
And in an instant
He realized he wouldn't be able to catch all eyes
Or erase the memory of the land and objects.
So he ate his lesbian mistress

And he committed suicide, breaking his beak, by beating the body of a god
who had preceded him to perish

And he committed suicide, breaking his beak, by beating the body of a god
who had preceded him to perish

As for his mistress, she crushed her mistress's bones and poured them into the
ocean

Then she cried
She turned black
She clipped her tail
And she rushed to the beach

The many-nosed room was taken by the ocean waves, mourning two lesbian
mistresses

And a lover without heaven.

The Music of Blue

dark blue spot.

I visit it at night.

Two wings sprout from my pubic...

I shake my buttocks dancing to the music of blue...

Two clouds make love and yellow falls...

The sun is falling from the sky...

swallows the blue...

And my wings are withered.

My buttocks crunch...

The music breaks and falls like rain...

The one-eyed woman visits me in my dreams...

Her legs are like a hippopotamus's legs...

looking at me...

holding her brush...

...

Frogs jumping in the dark blue dream ...

There was once a frog with one leg...

He jumped out of my dream and disappeared...

Dogs are an animated memory of human cruelty...

My stomach swelled...

A newborn came out from my legs...

I looked at him from my breasts eyes.

So he disappeared.
He was like a frog that jumped out of a dream and went...
Once in a dream, my head was the head of a fish...
I remember how happy I was...
Fish can't remember...
Forget that she was killed, and never stop blaspheming.
It's not like a dog's genetic memory...
Fig trees grow from my head...
Earthquakes tell us about our past...
Skeletal remains.
Might make us reconsider in the future...
The laws of motion make us more aware of the value of time...
The one-legged frog returns with an acrobatic leap...
My head is not a fish's head now...
Crying in my arms...
Drops of milk fall from my breast.
The sun is buried in the heart of the sky...
Two wings grow from my pubic again...
I'm flying towards a dark blue spot...
Silence reigns...

Cristina Botta

- Elle

Elle écrit
la parole de ses rêves
Elle danse
entre la rosée et le soleil
Elle lit
la voix du vent
qui caresse ses pensées
Elle écoute
les frissons des fleurs
qui s'endorment
sur sa peau
Elle connaît
le secret du bois
caché dans son histoire

Un nuage passe
léger
comme une promesse.

- Écriture :

Je trace
la ligne des jours
mêlée à tes soupirs
à nos corps suspendus,
à la voix de la mer
qui nous a surpris
dans les châteaux de sable
inventés
par nos regards perdus
l'un dans l'autre
je trace la mélancolie
dessinée
le long du nuage
qui nous attend
après la tempête
de nos corps,
après l'arc-en-ciel
de nos sourires
où glisse
l'amour.

Moumen Samir [Egypt]

Ancient Hunter

Sunrise time, I'm standing on the balcony
Collect the whispers and the muffled voices
Lying and gasping
Singing, confusion, silence and joy...
I drag them to my bed
and sit quietly
I receive the greetings of ghosts
Whose
they enter
Consecutively..

In the morning, I stand on the balcony
I throw away the voices that have become old
I rub the terrified...
I stomp on the killers
And come back healthy without crowding
Except your voice
Except for your glowing body
Except for your gaze that sculpts my shadows
Except for your serpent tongue
Who mashes my bones in my flesh
So I flutter wildly from wall to wall
Like a blind bat

Who knows in his heart the nets of escape

But he

Afraid

Translated by Kareem Abozaid

Salah Faik

An Opium Eating Horse

My body was in one room and I in another

I cut my self while shaving and smiling in the mirror

When i heard that some scuba divers had found a horse eating opium in a silver mine.

Not long ago, I arrived here walking from another planet,

Took a bath and shaved when the above incident occurred.

I am going to meet dancer at the post office.

(Perhaps her husband is now smoking aboard a ship)

I will buy coal tongs for my heater

and curtains smuggled from some distant country.

With the dancer at my side

Heller Levinson

Lure in Predispositional Slur

slink inkily spill sum of the
parts disputable. the camera never lies. the point
of view mercantile exchange.

Fritter

fetter

fester

blind alley → slip slide sucker punch →
claustrophobia.

I want to go home.

wish you were here.

above all be true to yourself. it's only
a matter of time.

then rang. rang in the form
of storm of heteroclite. Thunder
cackle clunk rhumba. cha cha cha.

Hyperbole.

a chance.

it's only a mater
of time.

cha cha cha

In the Tiered Bivouac of a Slant Obscurity

rupture bleed scant disclosure
gnarl pittance cleat dissension
cleared for take-off stumble
cross-bred irregularity
capacity
culture
vulture rain, gnat tooth
from the thrombotic rumble of torn
reports this everlastingness
effer-vesces

Hager Youssef

"Tonight is Past"

Benign tumors

Looking for a lover

His face is sunken like a hole, and hands that don't get heat.

Drunk as insomnia, heavy as blue

me

Purified water

The night covered me like a point of light

Read the pain of cats and leaves

It's a face and a hand,

Not an answer, not read, not read

I wondered about an old code "three letters"

It fell into my little ear.

"A glamorous howl for cats and trees"

Live threads caressed my passion muscles

Tonight, a hyphen

Repetitive memory

Expels metaphors from white, flees from vision

And on the biggest areas of the body closed

Tonight she sits,

Limping

Moaning

Qaida

For the great sins.

Tonight, moon and sky
They embrace my pain archingly
Like plants
Tonight, a big question
I poured raw words on the counter.
I replaced his smell with a bed sheet
And I rushed to the toilet,
vomit my sadness

Tonight, my Wound is Green

opened, and a leaf like a newly sprouted tree
Green and inflamed
It burns, like an ember
Like a volcano
And when I touch it
The tsunami overflows memories quickly and non-stop
Tonight, I feel my body
Heavy as flabby thighs
Like a sad turtle
Like a painful sword
It doesn't make the way of sadness
Tonight, I lean like a stick
Twisted and slim
Turn the stars on both sides like wheat kernels
And I don't count my pains in number
As a window on several streets
Tonight, I feel myself
My legs have hands
Cling to the ground
Like a little rabbit
Racing gravel and sand
Sees only green
of colors
And my sadness seeps into the dry like water
It irrigates the wounds of the blooming earth like flowers

Feeding ants
And from my skin mosquitoes feed
happily and reconciled
Tonight, like the sun alone
Like the moon accompanying its stars
And that there are no other sides of the world
Except the sea, only the day
And he leveled my wound,
On the bank of love
Waiting to heal.
I am an old fruit
However, I haven't touched the ground yet.
I'm going to fall asleep on tonight's metaphor.
I move the stars with my finger like rice
Under the sky that shines like clean utensils
I'm a small house.
Red inside
Very narrow as a diseased artery
Greet tomorrow's emotions with a trembling pulse
Like an insect, in front of a light
Climb to the top
Like a shaved bird.
Butterfly
As a growing plant
And some days, like a kite lost in the air
Climb to the top
Like the eyelid of my love
Like angels

Like a light day
Climb to the top
Like a melody that rises louder
As an objector finger
Like an arrogant nose tip
And yet he dropped
And no one sees me,
Except myself in heaven,
That shines like clean utensils.

Daniel Y. Harris

[excerpt from Daniel Y. Harris' manuscript]

The Metempsychosis of Salvador Dracu

4.011

Demand the sigla (HOC IG V1.2):

for the confessor, Manichean

or this faulty thesis,

this Scumblr project

deprecates *Alltagsgeschichte*

with its *mixticius*. Unprecedenta:

Amidah or Esh Kodesh

(PAdding oracle eXploiter) — *Aktion*,

its extroduct is in remission.

This finger terminus—solfege.

Ascend: Do, Di, Re, Ri, Mi, Fa, Fi, Sol,

Si, La, Li, Ti. Descend: Ti, Te/Ta, La,

Le/Lo, Sol, Se, Fa, Mi, Me/Ma,

Re, Ra, Do. The official

app — Cloaks: swift belt, the dorsal

turn queers the backdoor:

these symbolisms prove

the sub glitch: *avoir*

la trique.

Irene Koronas

Excerpts from Irene Koronas' manuscript Gnōstos

NHC VI,3

1

What creed comps
its division
in liminal discuss
in extensive verbats
and in quotation threats
they disappear in italics
vener and antiheretical
circles (the odd manda)
and mandaeen corpus
a egyvernacular
in its codex
(about 3500 pages)
just hermes tismegistus,
pormadies contains
the syncretistic god
and coptic papyri
(exclude translation)
The indir variations are

absolute and transmundane
that mediate descent
into a ospis prison

2

Phrenic sedates the archons
who borrow from hadar
The tyra rule, heimarmene
It is an antipsychical
aspect that bars return
The demiurge anima
sparks or (spans)
the human rocosm
the pneuma vestments
and unconstitutes itself.
Benumbs its own origin
wherewere
wherein
whereto
wherefrom
whereheld
who outwits
ascenders

Penelope Rosemont

Zoom Jayne Cortez (1936-2012)

“Find your own voice, and use it?”... These words, now more frequently heard and repeated these days, but I first heard it, it was first used by Jayne Cortez at one of her poetry readings. Readings that set the “house on fire” with urgency; adding a blood-soaked collision of images; and built itself into to a sexual incantation. African-American surrealist poet, Civil Rights activist, Bola Press publisher, born Sally Jayne Richardson in Arizona ,1936. Cortez took the name of her grandmother; spent her youth in California and moved to New York city. She married Ornette Coleman, their son is Denardo Coleman. She published her first book of poetry in 1969, *Pisstained Stairs and the Monkey Man’s Wares*. In 1975 she married surrealist sculptor and print-maker Melvin Edwards. In 1978 Cortez was personally introduced to the Surrealist Movement in New York by Ted Joans beat-poet, advocate for Black Power and friend of André Breton.

Influenced by the great Carribean poets who in the year 1932 published *Légitime défense*, a one issue magazine with a small print run, and yet it marked an epoch, a movement begun. Writers in their 20s from the Carribean: Etienne Léro, René Ménil, Jules Monnerot, Maurice Quitman, Pierre Yoyotte and Simone Yoyotte. It began:

“This is only a preliminary warning. We consider ourselves totally committed. We are sure there are other young people like us who...Refuse to adjust to the surrounding dishonor. We rise up here against all those who are not suffocated by this capitalist, Christian, bourgeois world to which involuntarily our protesting bodies belong... On the concrete plane of modes of human expression, we equally and unreservedly accept surrealism to which we relate our awakening. We refer our readers to the two manifestoes of Breton.” (36)

In the same year, 1932 Breton’s surrealist group issued their manifesto “Murderous Humanitarianism”. Here are some highlights:

“For centuries the soldiers, priests and civil agents of imperialism, in a welter of looting, outrage and wholesale murder, have with impunity grown fat off the colored races. Now it is the turn of the demagogues, with their counterfeit liberalism.....

Among the signers J.-M. Monnerot and Pierre Yoyotte from Martinique.

This idea of Négritude was an internationalist concept designed to go beyond tribalism, was born in this milieu of Paris in the 1930s. It was to create a superb literary expression! The founders, still students at the university, now called the Three Fathers, are considered to be Aimé Césaire (Martinique), Léopold Senghor (Senegal) and Léon Damas (Guyana) (One should include the Nardel sisters) Theirs was a modest student publication in 1934, *L’Etudiant noir*. The word Négritude was first used by Césaire in the third issue of *L’Etudiant noir*.

Fleeing from Fascism Breton stopped in Martinique, still under Vichy control,

there by chance he found the journal *Tropiques* in a notions shop while buying a ribbon for his daughter Aube. It is a surrealist journal! He writes, “I could not believe my eyes: what was said was just what needed to be said... All those grimacing shadows were shredded; all those lies, all those sneers fell away in tatters: The human voice was not stifled and broken after all; it rose here...a very staff of light. Aimé Césaire was the name of the one who spoke.”

The students from Martinique who had published *L'Étudiant Noir* while in Paris had now returned to their homes and become surrealists themselves. Besides writing and publishing they were teaching in the schools.

The work of Césaire, especially his *Return to My Native Land* was considered by Breton to be the best poetry in the French language. Suzanne Césaire's theoretical essays celebrating surrealism and the natural world were an important contribution to surrealism. In *Tropics* 1945 she writes, “Here are the poet, the painter and the artist, presiding over the metamorphosis and inversions of the world under the sign of hallucination and madness... Here at last the world of nature and things makes direct contact with the human being who is again in the fullest sense spontaneous and natural.”

After his student days Léon Damas followed a political path in Guiana; was a member of the French National Assembly for 3 years. A contributing editor of *Présence Africaine*, he moved to Washington DC in 1970 and became a professor at Howard University. In her essay “Leon Damas – Human Writes History” (*Surrealist Subversions*) Jayne Cortez wrote in 1998, “Damas was like his poems: quick, precise, sharp, ironic, tense, humorous, confrontational, nonconforming, on the edge, not for commercial use, and not for sale. He reminded me of myself and the other poets of the 1960s whose need for self expression exploded into poetry.” ...

She commented on him as a teacher, “We read his work in English translation. He read our work in French translation. We spoke to each other in broken English, broken French, and in other voice, the voice of laughter, songs, jokes, complaints, predictions, disappointments, the voice with African, creole, and ebonic words and phrases. The voice poets use when they really want to communicate and pass the torch on, as he did, right in the middle of the belly of the beast...” Jayne gave this talk in French Guiana, 1998.

Though we had received Jayne first book of poems by mail, it was Ted who introduced us to Jayne Cortez, 1978 I was tending a table at a small press book fair in NY and staying at the Chelsey Hotel. We were sharing a table with Charles H. Kerr co. They were selling Eugene V. Debs, Spokesman for Labor which they had recently printed and I was selling *Arsenal: Surrealist Subversion 2* and who should arrive but Ted Joans. Arriving just in the nick of time to defend Cecil Taylor’s music from a pale-faced white guy who hated jazz. (Ted’s friends included jazz musicians Charlie Parker and Cecil Taylor. It was Joans who coined the phrase “Bird Lives!”). Somehow the argument drew a crowd. Ted ended it by holding up a photo of Taylor and pointing to it. The crowd cheered. Saved by Ted.

That evening he insisted we come along with him and meet Jayne and Mel. I worried about being surprise guests but when Ted introduced us to Jayne Cortez and Mel Edwards we got a very warm welcome. Jayne was a beautiful woman, filled with a calm self-confidence. But when she read her poems she was stunningly transformed, she caught fire. And that fire was contagious. The only poet who compares to her in the English language is William Blake and she surpasses his images, his poetry. Jayne should be among the most celebrated and famous poets in the U.S. But then, what does this country, this land of wanna be billionaires, really care about poetry? We visited our friend

Eugenio Granell also. But this NY trip had many odd aspects.

Jayne did several readings in Chicago and we went to all of them. However, one very cold winter we did not instead I visited her at her hotel the next day. She was not her usual self, she seemed depressed and tired. She told me that she lived near the Twin Towers, they had been struck a few months previously but she hadn't been able to get it out of her mind. Explosions, smoke, dust had filled the neighborhood, infiltrated her apartment, there was no refuge from it. I was very worried about her...

But she had come through it and warm and sunny in Chicago, June 2, 2002. Surrealism Is Hot! Surrealist Subversions: Rants, Writings, & Images by the Surrealist Movement in the U.S. A monumental 752-page book on Surrealism introduced and edited by Ron Sakolsky is done and is what we are celebrating! Many of our friends are in town today. Notably Jayne Cortez from New York and Senegal and Ted Joans from Paris and Timbuctu. Our Chicago Surrealism event had been scheduled for 11am, Speakers were Ron Sakolsky, Gale Ahrens, Franklin Rosemont, Don LaCoss, Laura Corsiglia, David Roediger...But we added Jayne Cortez and Ted Joans. They were not on the Printers Row Official list of events, but we had advertized their appearance in the Tribune.

For us surrealists, this was a rare occasion... Our talks ran overtime into the lunch break, nobody cared but one of the officials and he was duly shushed by the audience. Jayne talked briefly but powerfully about the bringing the blues back home and Ted gave a wonderful speech defending the Rhinoceros and why Rhinoceroses are Roses not Rhinoceri, hysterical humor of an ingenious sort. Ted had recognized Adrienne Rich and she came and sat with us.

Now 2pm in the afternoon and the book fair erected a small stripped tent, since poetry usually attracts from 3 to 15 people. There on time with the earliest arrivals, not counting the reading poets, I was hoping a few people would come. Some filed in. Then, more sat down, then Ted and Jayne began, still more people, then many standing around the tent walls. It got hot inside, I got up, opened a flap that was an exit and looked out. Not only was the tent filled beyond capacity but it was surrounded by a crowd of people listening to Jayne's voice... To her reading her poems, reading "Sacred Trees" devoted to women and the trees of the forest. Her voice sang out far beyond the confines of the tent, people were staring at the tent, frozen in wonder. It was great, an event that proved to all present the magnificent power of Jayne's poetry.

I wish my two good friends Jayne Cortez and Ted Joans were here to be part of our current struggle. We certainly need their help. But being poets they left their words, their feelings, their intimate thoughts, and especially their dreams behind; that is one of the marvelous things about the written word. Both were participants in surrealism in the U.S., both valued education and were inspired by the surrealists before them and the culture of the African Diaspora. They celebrated Black Power, Black Revolt and Black Culture, but the significance of their work goes far beyond this. It makes us more human, more powerful, more alive! Ted Joans with his poems, seeks to defend and educate, Jayne Cortez uncovers the very root of our emotions with her magical incantations, her musical jazz rhythms of patterned words and vocal images.

The surrealists located in Chicago had long recognized that the passion that the seemed to burst from Cortez's poetry was superbly and uniquely surrealist, yet it was lyrical and musical like the poetry of Aimé Césaire. (Cortez published eleven books of poems, most through her own Bola Press). She added her name to the declarations of the surrealists including "When Tourists

Replace Seers” (Against Columbus, 1992) and “For Tyree Guyton”; was co-editor of the surrealist collection published by City Lights, *Free Spirits: Annals of the Insurgent Imagination* and published in other publications including *Arsenal: Surrealist Subversion*; *Marvelous Freedom/Vigilance of Desire* (the World Surrealist Exhibition catalog, 1976); and *Surrealism and Its Popular Accomplices* (originally published as *Cultural Correspondence*.)

In 1963 she went with SNCC to Mississippi; she founded the Friends of SNCC in LA; in 1964 she created the theater group Studio Watts; then, in 1967 the Watts Repertory Theatre; she collaborated with Fannie Lou Hammer; participated in the Black Arts Movement; taught English at Rutgers University; lived periodically in Ghana; co-founded with Ghanaian writer Ama Ata the Organization of Women Writers of Ghana (OWWA; received the American Book Award; recorded poetry with jazz in her band the Firespitters; etc.

An issue of the *Black Scholar* was devoted to her, and memorial tributes to her were organized in New York and London. Robin D.G. Kelley, a good friend who knew her well, wrote in *Freedom Dreams, the Black Radical Imagination*. “Cortez after all was and first and foremost is an activist.” Jayne Cortez writes, “Say it, and peel off that grey iguana skin mask; Say it, and clean out your cock pit of intoxicated spiders; Tear the sexual leaves of grief from your heart; Pluck the feathers of nostalgia from your nipples; Push the slow moving mudslide of contralto voices from your afternoon skull of anxiety. Say it and let the tooth chips fall from your hole of rebellious itches....” Excellent surrealist advice.

Jayne took Pan-Africanism and Négritude and made it her own, there is no other poet with such a powerful voice and imagery. She was not only a

participant but an organizer of one of the great movements of human liberation. She took surrealism as an inspiration and made it Spit Fire!

Revised May 3, 2023 by Penelope Rosemont

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Fariel Shafee

The Fall

I am falling all alone; I have been falling for too long. How many thousands of moments have I swum through? Perhaps, instead, it has only been several seconds stretched to eternity. I am that traveler who meets his own youth in his senility.

The thorny asymmetrical weeds hanging on the rough walls that surround me linger indefinitely and then smudge into indecipherable darkness as I hurl towards a black throbbing heart beating silently.

Something blinks. There is darkness yet again, and then that scarlet light blinds me before it shuts down.

Am I floating in deep space? Did I pass a shooting star burning down to ashes? The heavens are closer than you believe them to be. I began this trek when I crawled into a tunnel buried next to my front gate, slipped, and then fell helplessly. Then the depth of darkness folded around, swallowed me into the void. Eternity always was tucked inside my own yard.

Every night I fall.

Once I fell from the roof of the tallest new skyscraper. The cars dashed along like hungry bugs along the street beneath. But brown and black feathers

suddenly grew upon my arms like saplings craving for life. I was a lark, I thought. Then I suddenly hit an invisible wall and I tumbled, curled into a ball and fell. I woke up screaming that night, and saw a raven outside my window. That bird was way too black. That night too was filled with darkness, the one that had seeped out of my heart. Then the bird just flew away like a whisp of thoughts into a large disc of glowing desperation.

I found the feather later when I returned to make my bed. The sun was bright like relentless desires. The tree was dry and stark, panting like a dehydrated dog. There was not a single bird outside, but the feather was on my pillow. It was large and brown like a fan. The scar that resembled a fallen star on my arm was new and raw. This feather did not just wither. Someone took it out. "Monster," I wanted to shout, but I said nothing, walked up to the door. I did not look back at that window.

I have a box full of my past in the attic. It has the plucked feather, a pair of scissors and nitrile gloves, a surgeon's blue apron, a boot made of rodent skin for my left foot, a large gray fabric that is torn in the middle. I was a donkey once. The meek beast! I loathed the human kind as I tumbled down a hillside saddled with large bags filled with rubbish one unfortunate night.

The other beast stood right outside my house, staring at me through the living room window the night I did not sleep. That beast was the size of a horse standing on its back feet. It had horns like a goat, curled and pointy. The hair all over its body was long and green as though a weeping willow had come to life.

That beast was also mossy _ damp and salty like the past. The bark was cracked where the chest began as though the heart had stopped its death right

before it set in. That stale reincarnation of death filled up all the air and crept under the door. That's when the sun had peeped in. The ugly shape of life then dispersed into a sad and cloudy nightmare folded up in the heavens.

How I loathed that light! It burned.

My skin was hot. The air scorched. The aroma of the flowers boiled into a breeze that ran up to yet another land.

I too wanted to run.

This house was cluttered with stories that did not belong – tales of missing shoes and of broken wings – sagas that did not end – and an invisible hole through which you fell until you screamed and then time was up.

How I longed for a canvas wrapped with clean linen – feathers piled together into a cloudless sky! I had to have a room that had nothing in it but the void.

That room is indeed a black hole. That space is totally dark. It starts at the end of a tunnel buried under the leaves together with the faces I do not remember, together with the faces I chase. “They are not there,” you say. But the mouse knows and the wise but silent owl knows. I know that as well. I know that there is a tunnel. I know the faces I do not remember wait in there cautiously. I know I need to find them.

But that tunnel has no faces. There were sighs though that dissolved into the walls.

There is life in death. There is nothing in space that is dense like darkness.
That flickering star should not be here. Nothing should be here.

I should not be here.

I am nowhere. That person falling in space with that dying star is not me.

I am free now in the midst of nowhere.

Miguel de Carvalho

North Star

Wrapped up in a future archeology

exhuming a language of the real

intuitively composing images

in search of my desires

by default

overlay and adjustment.

Translated by Manuela Marques

The House

A wave-house of green foam, a dissolving icy wind, a cry beyond the melting horizon. A bed of outstretched flanks where time and anguish meet in short pulses, rapid and severe, pulses of devouring love as rough he trails centrifugally upstream to the source of memory and gods.

A forest of mirrors and fleeting shadows of flaming perfume. Flying spirals, illegible words, blue mountains which enter sleep, fowl diving into fingers and throwing themselves against the magnolias. Everything trembles and throbs at the interior place, where primitive colours oxidise, clinging to the heart.

Another house, the forest-mirror-house of naked dancers, who are pure and undo the melody. A house where voices also dance, a house with interior balconies bending over white feathers. Intelligent waters and silken trees, mad and pure too, scalding themselves in the internal fire, tongues which breathe love on the tables and drink from the flower pots. The portraits move in the direction of the vertiginous kiss where distracted hills lie down with him.

I want to be a lover throughout the night and throughout the warm mouth, throughout the shipwreck of breasts in hands, throughout the night which exceeds the mouth while the shipwreck goes on. I want to return to the house of the infinite flaming landscape and encounter the tree so as to die in love.

Translated by Merl Fluin

Janice Hathaway

Stop It



Janice Hathaway – *Stop it*, 2023

No matter how many times there is a collective cry to *Stop It*, humans ignore the escalating effect of global warming that cause hurricanes and extreme weather events impacting sea life. A mournful dog, who also rarely responds to being told to *Stop It*, grieves with the ocean and sea creatures as the stopwatch counts down to zero.