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La Belle Inutile Editions

# LITHAIRE 5

La Belle Inutile Editions

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# Reserves...

On January 12, 1940, in a dark period if ever there was one, Valéry, in his Cours de Poétique at the Collège de France, examined the intellectual reserves of Europe, that is to say the conditions for the continuation of the European civilization after the coming war. For this, on pages 605 and 607 of his Cours de Poétique as edited by William Marx, he gives some criteria which could be interpreted in other areas.

> Intellectual reserves, undoubtedly, have first of all the same conditions to fulfill as material reserves, they are constituted by material, they are constituted by documents, books, and also by men who can make use these documents, of these books, of these instruments, and who are also capable of transmitting them to others.

Valéry does not specify what he means by "making use of these documents, of these books, of these instruments", but if History of Art (for instance) constitutes a way of using them and transmitting them to others, it seems that when it comes to “intellectual reserves” Valéry has a completely different criterion in mind...

> And I explained to you that this was not enough, that spiritual or intellectual reserves could not pass, on pain of perishing while being preserved in appearance, in the absence of men who are capable not only of understanding them, not only to use them, but to increase them..

And this question is a little more delicate, but of crucial importance, because as

Valéry adds:

> […] experience in history has often verified that if a whole set of material was preserved, away from those who are capable not only of using it but also of increasing it, and not only of increase it, but to overthrow it, sometimes to destroy some of its principles, to change the theories, these reserves then begin to wither away.

And here the criteria become even more precise, because Valéry quite clearly speaks about the necessity of a certain degree of infidelity. It is no longer simply a question of increasing, but also of overturning and even destroying principles, and of changing even theories, failing which:

> [...] generations succeed one another and the things that had been found, the ideas that had been implemented begin to become dead things, are reduced to routines, to practices, and little by little even disappear of a civilization with that civilization itself..
>
> Page 605 – *Cours de Poétique, Book 1*

The key point therefore lies in a resumption of intellectual production. And regarding the conditions for the production of intellectual works, Valéry adds: :

> The search for these conditions may obviously seem a search analogous to that of the philosopher's stone. […] However, I believe that any research, even chimerical, even illusory, if we pursue it obstinately, but not blindly, always gives some results, not the results we were looking for, but certain results which are often very appreciable. […] At any moment, an adventurous search is a search which gives a side result, much more precious than the very object that we were initially pursuing..
>
> Page 607 – *Cours de Poétique, Book 1.*

Hence, only research matters in fact, and there is not necessarily any reason to despair, even if the attempt to pursue an adventure can lead to another quite

different adventure, and whose features we had not guessed. After all, the Renaissance, first Italian, then European, was initially nothing more than the decision of a few men to take up certain issues that were more than 1000 years old.

# James Sebor

## Spontaneous Tales



The fertile violin fed the couple for many years. There was no need to leave the house. Everything they needed was supplied by the violin and its beautiful sounds. Their creativity was strengthened by the songs. They left the windows open in order to hear the birds sing in harmony. The beauty that emanated from the bow and strings inspired them to create masterful paintings, keep healthy and remain in love. Things were great until the fertile violin became too fertile and caused the lovers to create too many paintings. The paintings along with all the fruits and delights filled the room and suffocated them. There was no one left to play this beautiful instrument. So, from lack of use and being left out of its case, the violin became barren and then rotted away.




The road weighed heavily on her, so she took to the clouds. “Fusion will flatten the curve,” she said. “It will soon be simple to understand,” she continued. "It will peel away the layers laid beneath the behemoth ballroom. It’s everywhere. The spirits know. The unconscious knows." She took a sip of water and then understood everything.



A princess had her tiara stolen by a raccoon. She chased him until the wind pushed her into the night. She landed behind the world we all believe to be real. Like a speeding train, she forced her way further into darkness. She was determined to regain what was taken from her, but the stars ate the moon and then faded from her eyes. When she woke, the sun killed everything.




Hundreds of clowns have gone on strike at the Clown Factory. The clowns are demanding better pay, working conditions, and health benefits. They claim that they are overworked, underpaid, and exposed to various hazards, such as slippery floors, faulty props, and wipped cream pies. The strike has caused chaos. The management of the Clown Factory has not yet responded to the clowns' demands, but has assured the public that they are working to resolve the situation as soon as possible.



It’s time to rest this old body and mind. Positioned horizontally, I begin to walk. I wander through places that seem to have no end. The people I encounter appear to know me.  They are amused by my presence. Some of these places existed well before my time,  while others feel like I have tred before. What’s this? Another door! Yes! I wonder what's inside. I open the door. I step in. There, people sit and talk. “Hello,” I say, but they just look at me and smile. I continue to wander through more rooms, streets, hallways, and landscapes effortlessly — here, there, and anywhere I please. I hunger for nothing. I am free.

# Catherine Belkhodja

## Images & Texts

## Catherine Belkhodja



**Back to Luxor 1**



**Back to Luxor 2**

# Ailleurs improbable

Elle avait gravé sur le sable des mots
puis lentement les vagues avaient tout effacé
ne restait qu’une bague à son doigt accrochée
étrangement brillante malgré tout ce chaos

flux et  reflux des vagues
le tourbillon des âmes
souvenirs impalpables
noyés parmi les algues

Se peut-il qu'un jour
- après tout ce parcours -
voit ressurgir autour
de tous ces beaux visages
- déclinés page à page -
autre chose qu'un mirage?

nostalgie d'un ailleurs
plus ou moins improbable
où explosent les fleurs
d'un  lien impérissable

Le réel c'est marcher
- plus ou moins à l’aveugle -
et sans rien rechercher
jongler parmi les bugs

et ce - jusqu’à la nuit -
mais la nuit sans étoile
- celle que la lumière fuit -
la dernière sur la toile



**Back to Luxor 3**

# Alibis

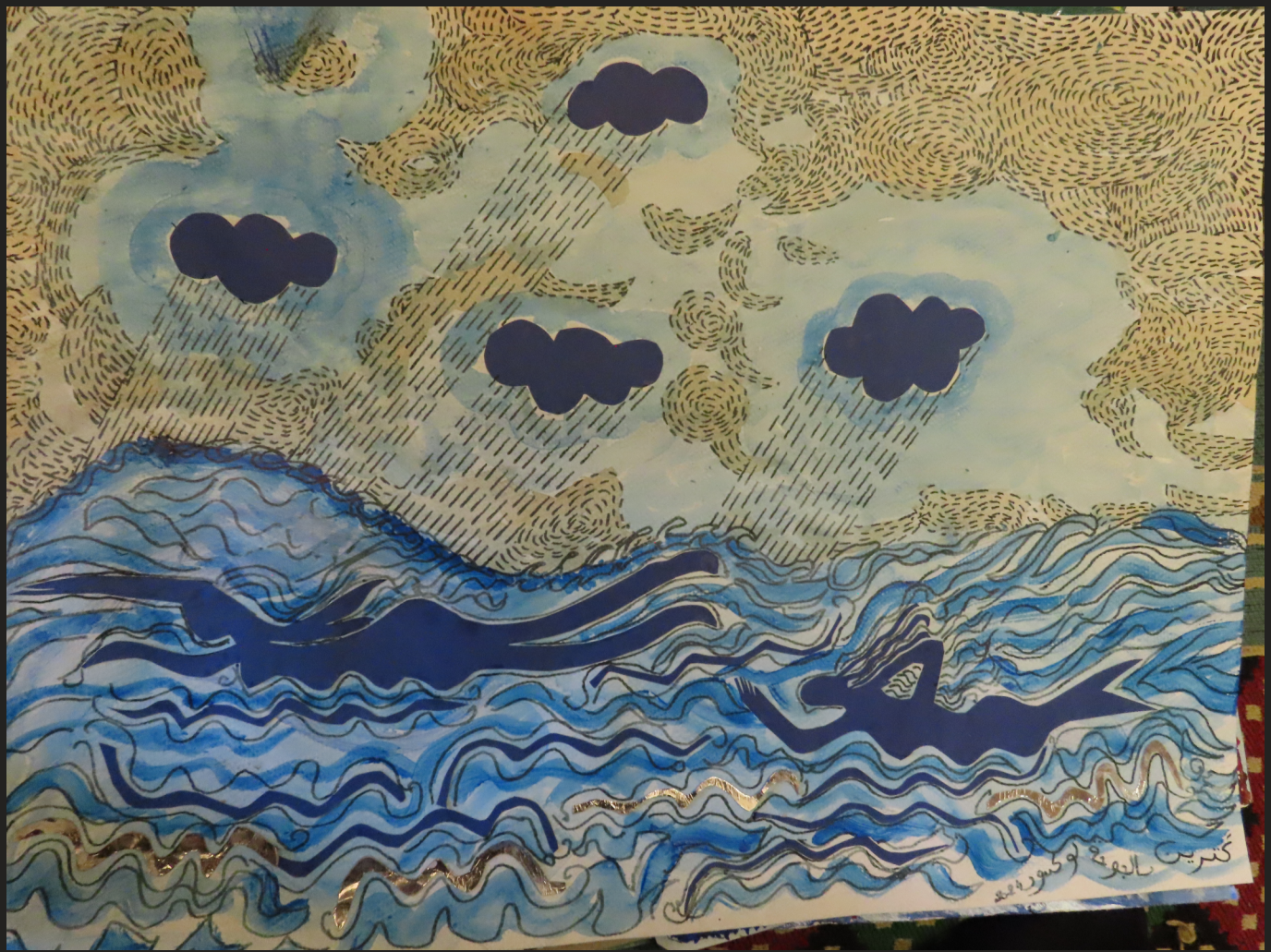
Etoiles filantes
bal du quatorze juillet - née de ces feux
La légende de ma naissance tourne autour d’une valse magique conduisant
- c’est selon -
à l’enfer ou au paradis.
Ma mère bipolaire était d’humeur changeante.

pôle nord:
cette valse dans les bras du prince charmant rencontré la nuit même était
« le plus beau jour de sa vie »

pôle sud:
elle avait
« dansé avec le diable. »

Toujours est-il
que neuf mois plus tard jour pour jour
je naquis
de cette nuit maudite ou bénie c’est selon
Flons-flons
valses musettes
Accordeons
gerbes d’étoiles multicolores des bouquets
en veux tu - en voilà:
suffit de lever la tête

le ciel immense
rien que pour toi:
le grand jeu
amours explosives défenses brisées principes évanouis
La musique et la fête elle a perdu la tête
Je suis née de cet oubli:
conçue
la nuit même de la rencontre
15 juillet-15 avril
9 mois
Depuis cette nuit là il me faut fournir en permanence
de multiples alibis
Alibis d’être là Alibi d’être moi Alibis multiples
Etoiles filantes dans le ciel explosif
Aube
Etoile fil hante



**Back to Luxor 4**

# Miguel De Carvalho

## Images & Texts

## 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.

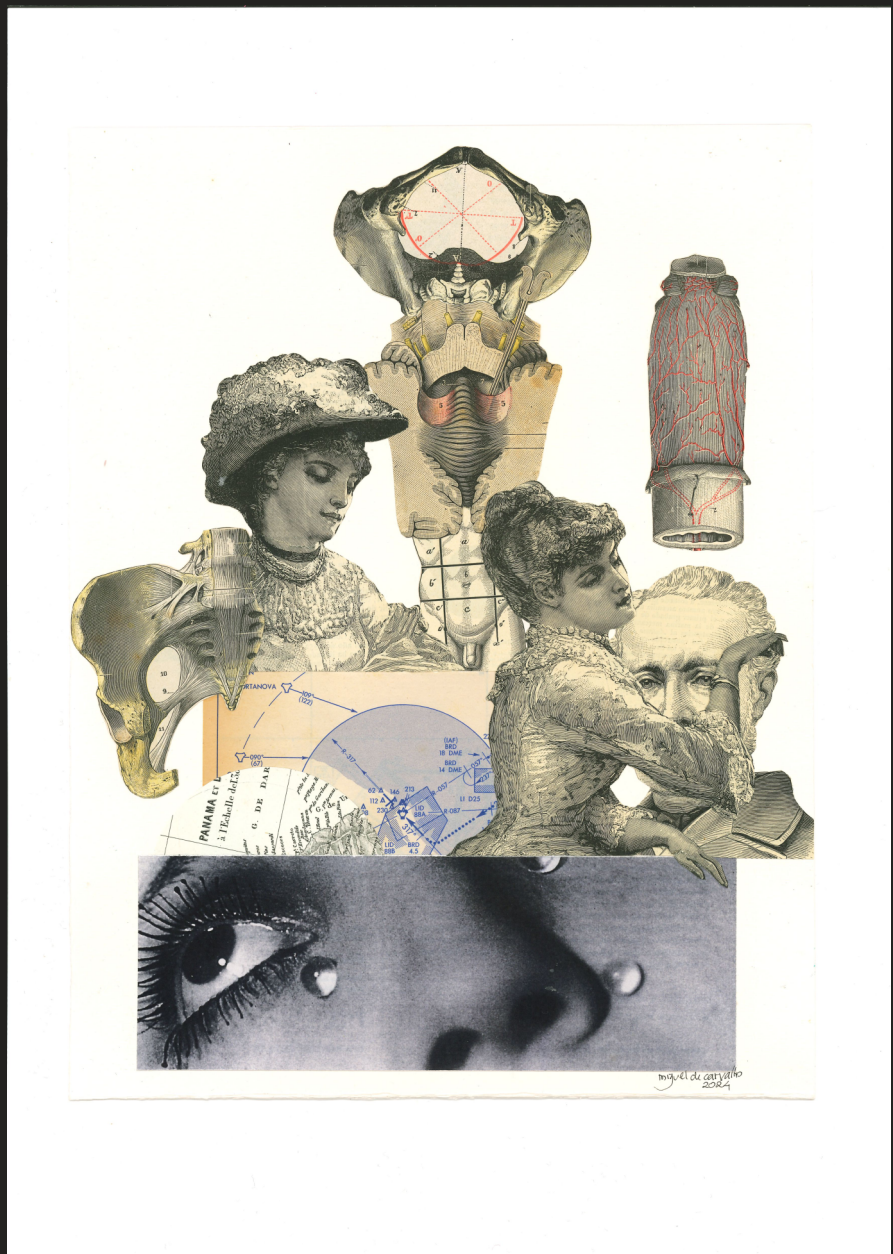
Another house, the forest-mirror-house of naked dancers, who are pure and undo the melody. A house where voices also dance, a house with interior balconies bending over white feathers. Intelligent waters and silken trees, mad and pure too, scalding themselves in the internal fire, tongues which breathe 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.

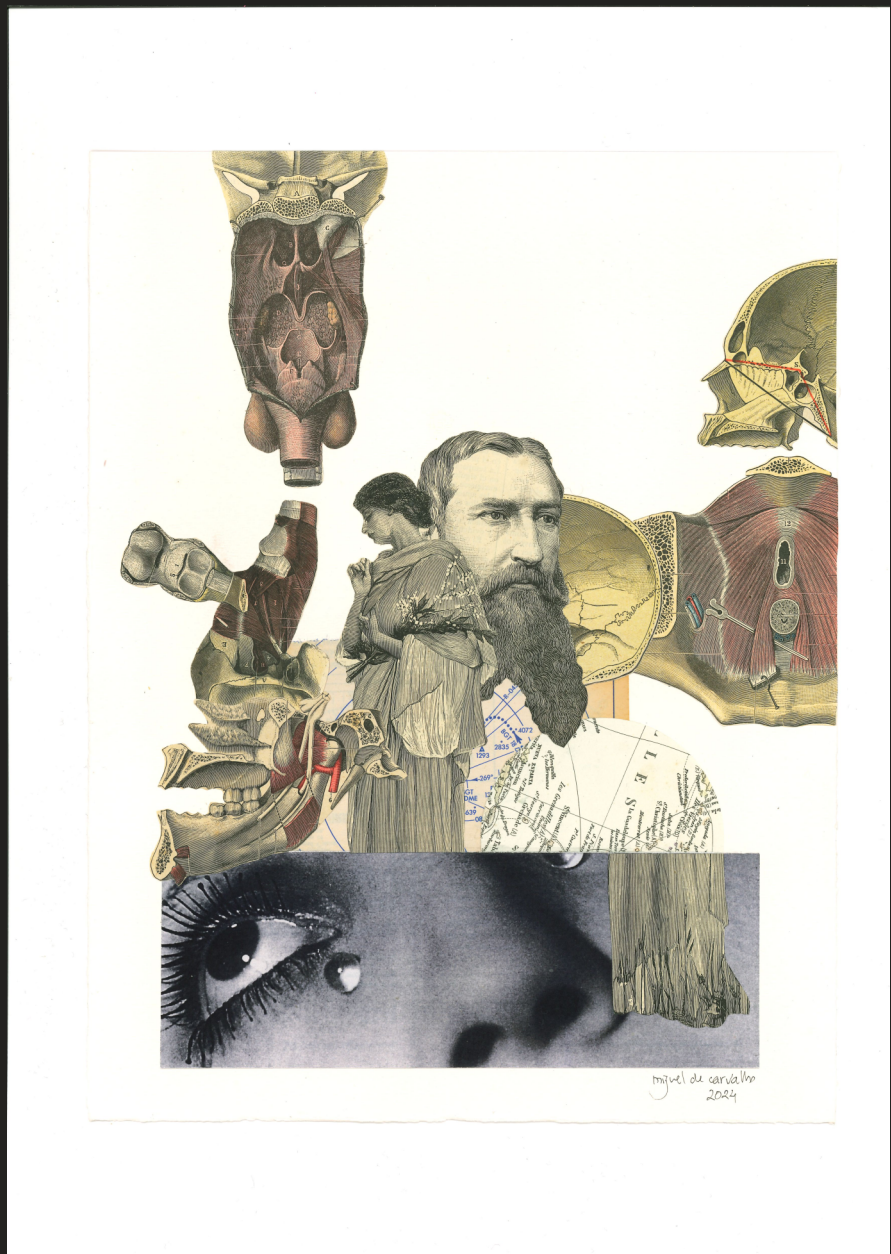
Translated by Merl Fluin

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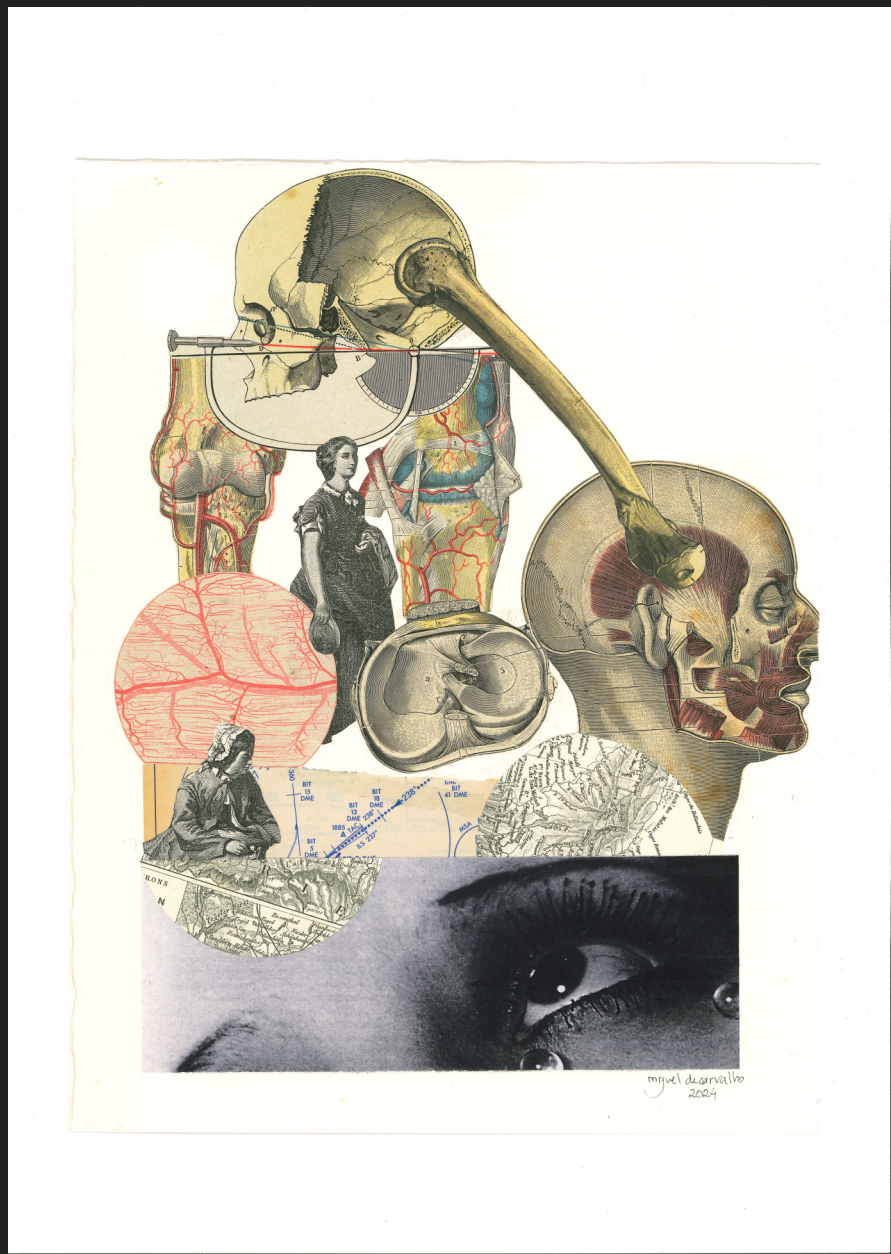
# História Natural da Mulher que se esconde



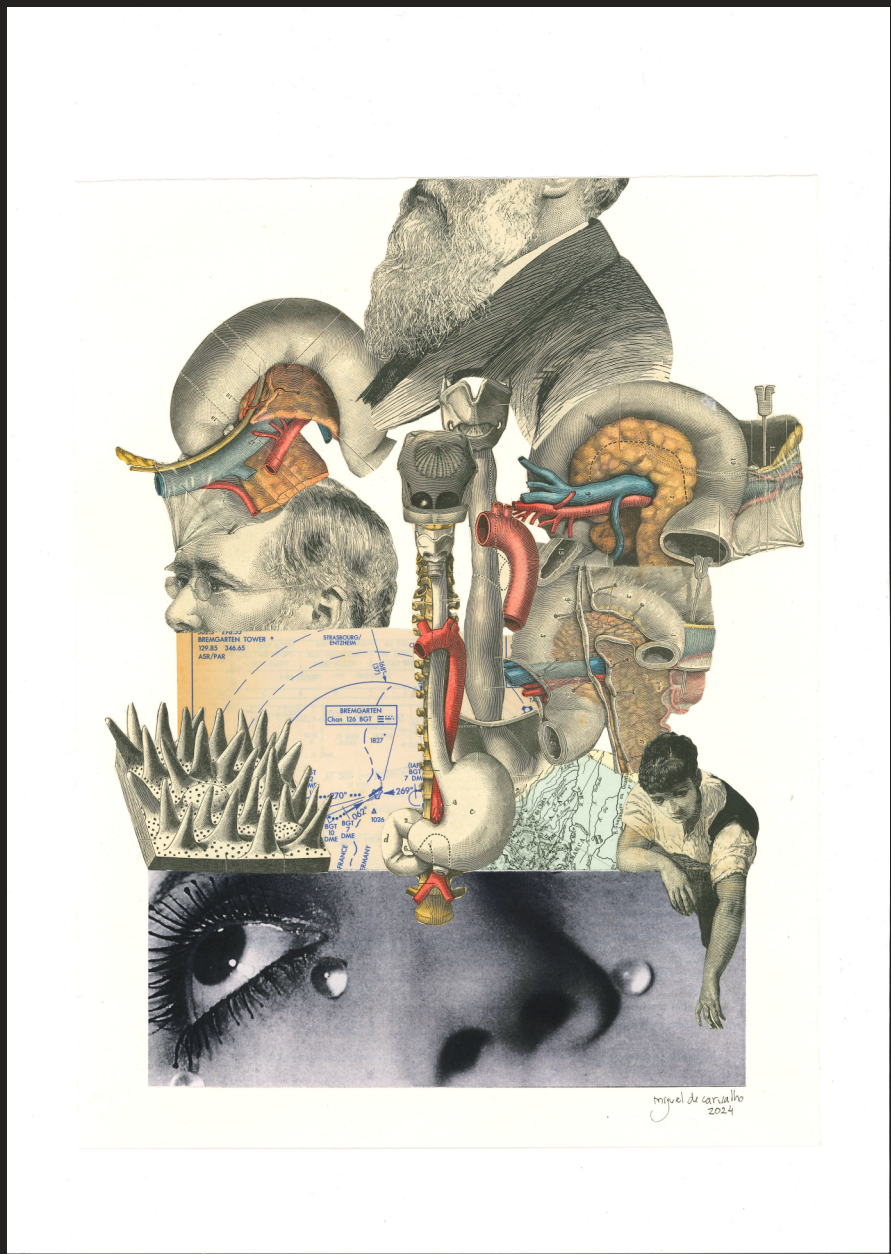

**Homenagem a Man Ray nos 90 anos de Lágrimas de Vidro VI**




**Homenagem a Man Ray nos 90 anos de Lágrimas de Vidro V**



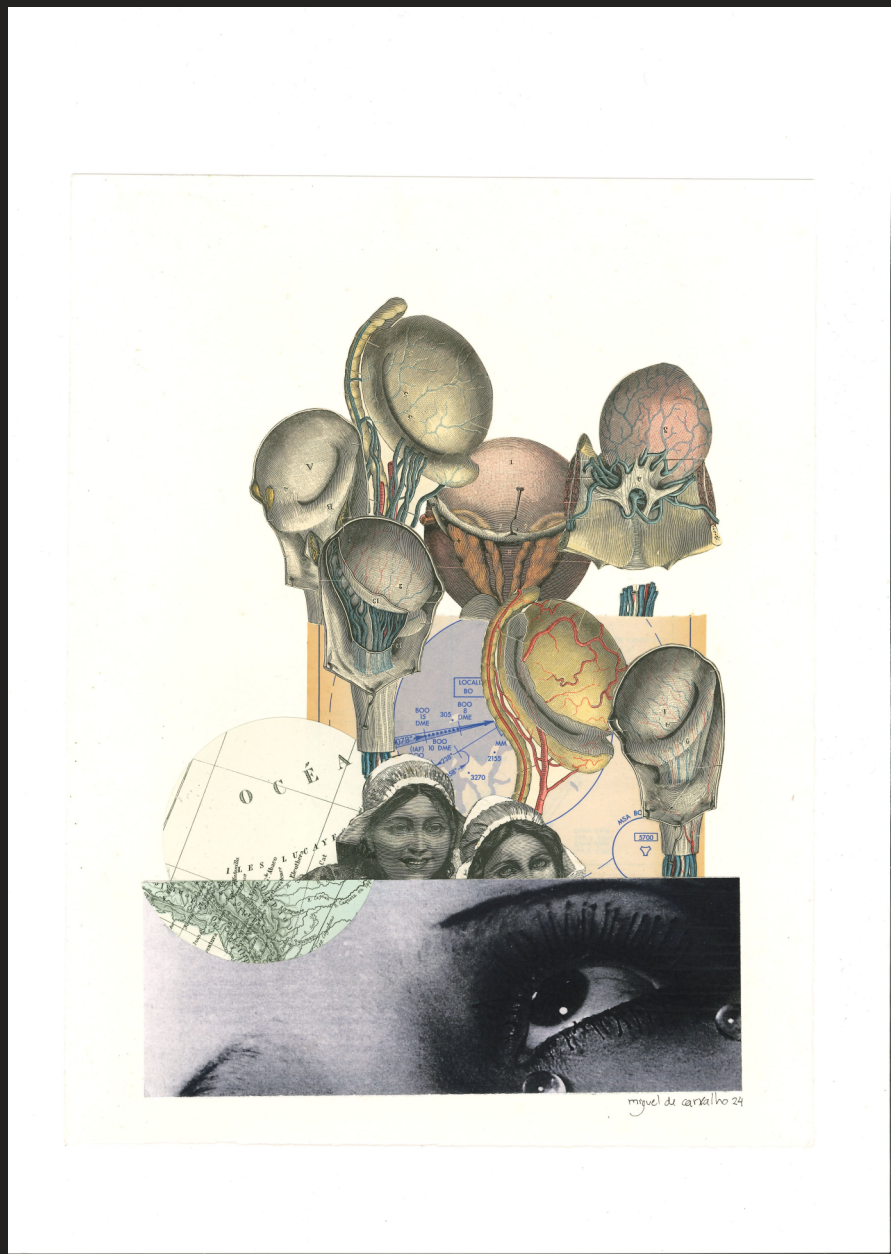

**Homenagem a Man Ray nos 90 anos de Lágrimas de Vidro IV**




**Homenagem a Man Ray nos 90 anos de Lágrimas de Vidro III**




**Homenagem a Man Ray nos 90 anos de Lágrimas de Vidro II**




**Homenagem a Man Ray nos 90 anos de Lágrimas de Vidro I**

# Mohsen Elbelasy

## Images and Text

## Mohsen Elbelasy

# A City with an Ant's Head

The pavement beneath her bare feet pulsed, a strange mimicry of a heartbeat. No, not mimicry, she realized, it was a heartbeat. The streets of Cairo weren't concrete and asphalt, but sinew and vein, the buildings gnarled bone rising in defiance of gravity. She touched a wall, expecting stone, and felt the tickle of coarse hair against her palm.

Where was her head? She couldn't recall, not a moment of loss, no fountain of blood. Just an absence, a hole in her perceptions like a star punched through the night sky. Memory was a tapestry unraveling, the threads floating away like dandelion seeds.

The air thrummed with discordant symphonies – the screeching of owls at midday, clocks with hands spinning backward, the low growl of predatory cats from alleyways that should only hold refuse. Laughter echoed, but when she turned, she saw only the grinning masks of mannequins in shop windows, frozen in impossible contortions.

A scent of smoke curled through the impossible streets, like an invisible serpent. It led her past a bank tower that had never existed in her living memory and onto a bridge where the lights pulsed and shifted, casting her headless shadow in a grotesque dance across the water. Five snails, ponderous and luminous,

materialized on her chest, a prophecy she couldn't interpret.

She encountered a man with no eyes, no mouth. He gestured to her wordlessly, the motion forming shapes in the air that made her nonexistent head ache. Was he a guide or another lost soul in this landscape built of broken logic?

At an intersection, familiar despite its distortions, she stood as figures swirled around her. A child played with a miniature globe instead of a ball, lovers intertwined until she couldn't tell where one ended and the other began, pamphlets about impossible causes fluttered from a makeshift stand.

Her missing head ached with a pressure not born of flesh. Was she the only one untouched by the surrealism, or was there something deeper here? Like a keyhole glimpsed beneath layers of peeling wall paint, she felt an impossible truth just beyond her reach, a truth that might reside in the space her head should be.

Then she saw it – not her head, that still felt more like an idea than a tangible absence – but a door. It shimmered on the horizon, a portal of vibrant colors against the bone-white cityscape. Each step closer brought with it a crescendo of whispers, voices layered and discordant, filling the void where her thoughts should be.

# Une ville avec une tête de fourmi

Le trottoir sous ses pieds nus palpitait, une étrange imitation d'un battement de cœur. Non, pas de mimétisme, réalisa-t-elle, c'était un battement de cœur. Les rues du Caire n'étaient pas en béton ni en asphalte, mais en tendons et en veines, les bâtiments noueux s'élevant au mépris de la gravité. Elle toucha un mur, s'attendant à une pierre, et sentit le chatouillement de cheveux rêches contre sa paume.

Où était sa tête ? Elle ne se souvenait pas d'un moment de perte, d'une fontaine de sang. Juste une absence, un trou dans ses perceptions, comme une étoile perçant le ciel nocturne. La mémoire était une tapisserie qui se déroulait, dont les fils flottaient comme des graines de pissenlit.

L'air vibrait de symphonies discordantes – des cris des hiboux à midi, des horloges dont les aiguilles tournaient à l'envers, le grondement sourd de chats prédateurs venait de ruelles qui n’auraient dû contenir que des ordures. Des rires résonnaient, mais lorsqu'elle se retourna, elle ne vit que les masques grimaçants des mannequins dans les vitrines, figés dans d'impossibles contorsions.

Une odeur de fumée s'enroulait dans les rues impossibles, comme un serpent invisible. Cela la conduisit devant la tour d’une banque qui n'avait jamais existé dans sa mémoire et sur un pont où les lumières pulsaient et se déplaçaient, projetant son ombre sans tête en une danse grotesque sur l'eau. Cinq escargots,

lourds et lumineux, se matérialisèrent sur sa poitrine, une prophétie qu'elle ne parvenait pas à interpréter.

Elle rencontra un homme sans yeux ni bouche. Il lui fit signe sans un mot, ses mouvements  dessinaient des formes dans l'air qui causèrent une douleur à sa tête inexistante. Était-il un guide ou une autre âme perdue dans ce paysage construit selon une logique brisée ?

Elle se trouvait à une intersection, familière malgré ses déformations, tandis que des silhouettes tourbillonnaient autour d'elle. Une enfant jouait avec un globe miniature au lieu d'une balle, des amants s'entremêlaient jusqu'à ce qu'elle ne puisse plus dire où finissait l'un et où commençait  l'autre, des brochures où l’on soutenait des causes impossibles flottaient depuis un support de fortune.

Sa tête manquante lui faisait mal, une pression qui n'était pas née de la chair. Était-elle la seule à ne pas être touchée par le surréalisme, ou y avait-il ici quelque chose de plus profond ? Comme un trou de serrure aperçu sous des couches de peinture murale écaillée, elle perçut une vérité impossible juste hors de sa portée, une vérité qui pouvait résider dans l'espace où devait être sa tête.

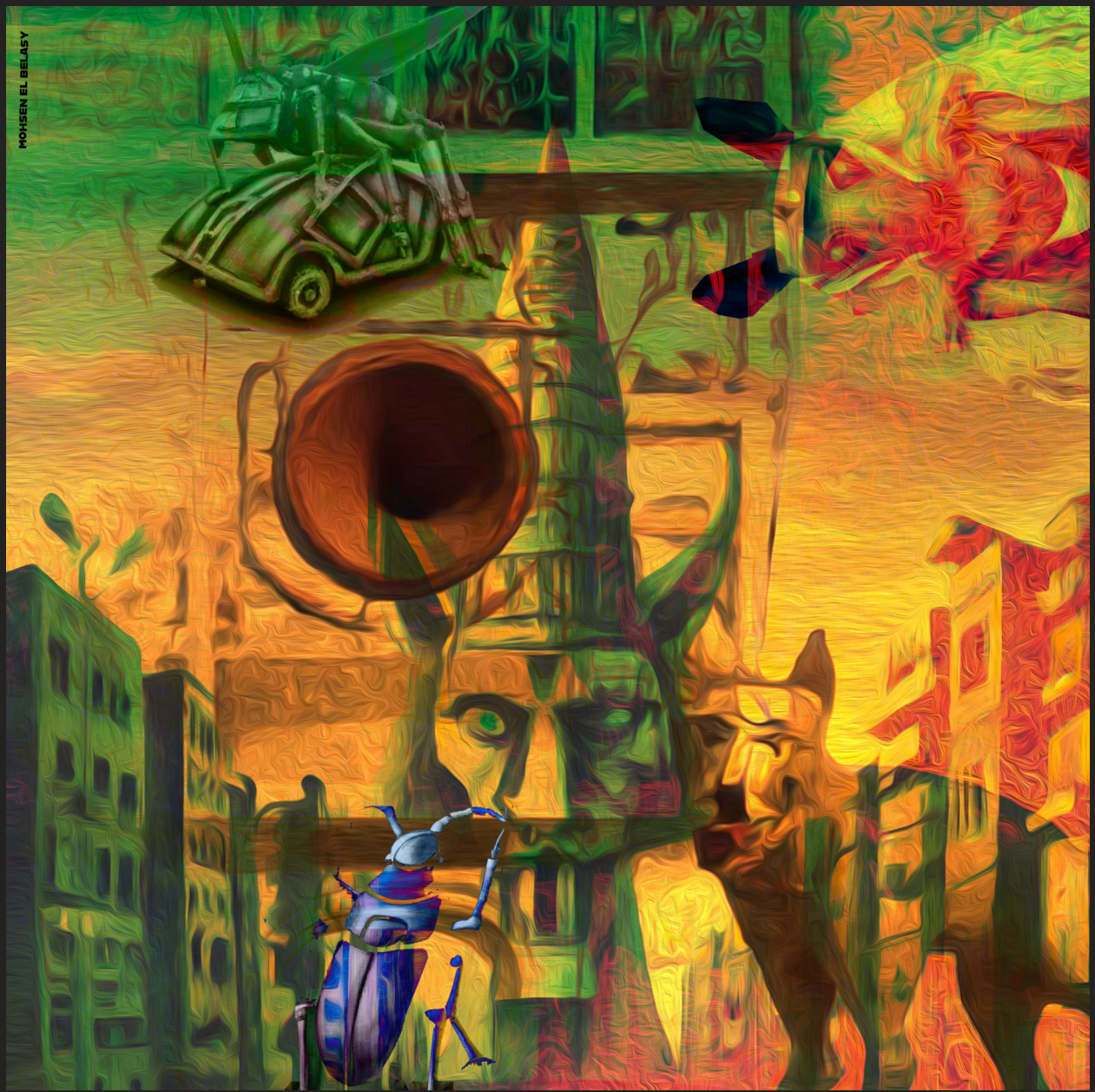
Puis elle la vit – non pas sa tête, qui ressemblait encore plus à une idée qu'à une absence tangible – mais une porte. Elle scintillait à l’horizon, un portail de couleurs vibrantes sur le paysage urbain d’une blancheur osseuse. Chaque pas qui la rapprochait apportait avec lui un crescendo de murmures, de voix superposées et discordantes, remplissant le vide où ses pensées devaient être.




**New Morphology of Lilith 1**




**New Morphology of Lilith 2**




**New Morphology of Lilith 3**




**New Morphology of Lilith 4**




**New Morphology of Lilith 5**

# Ghadah Kamal




**L'autre côté du miroir**



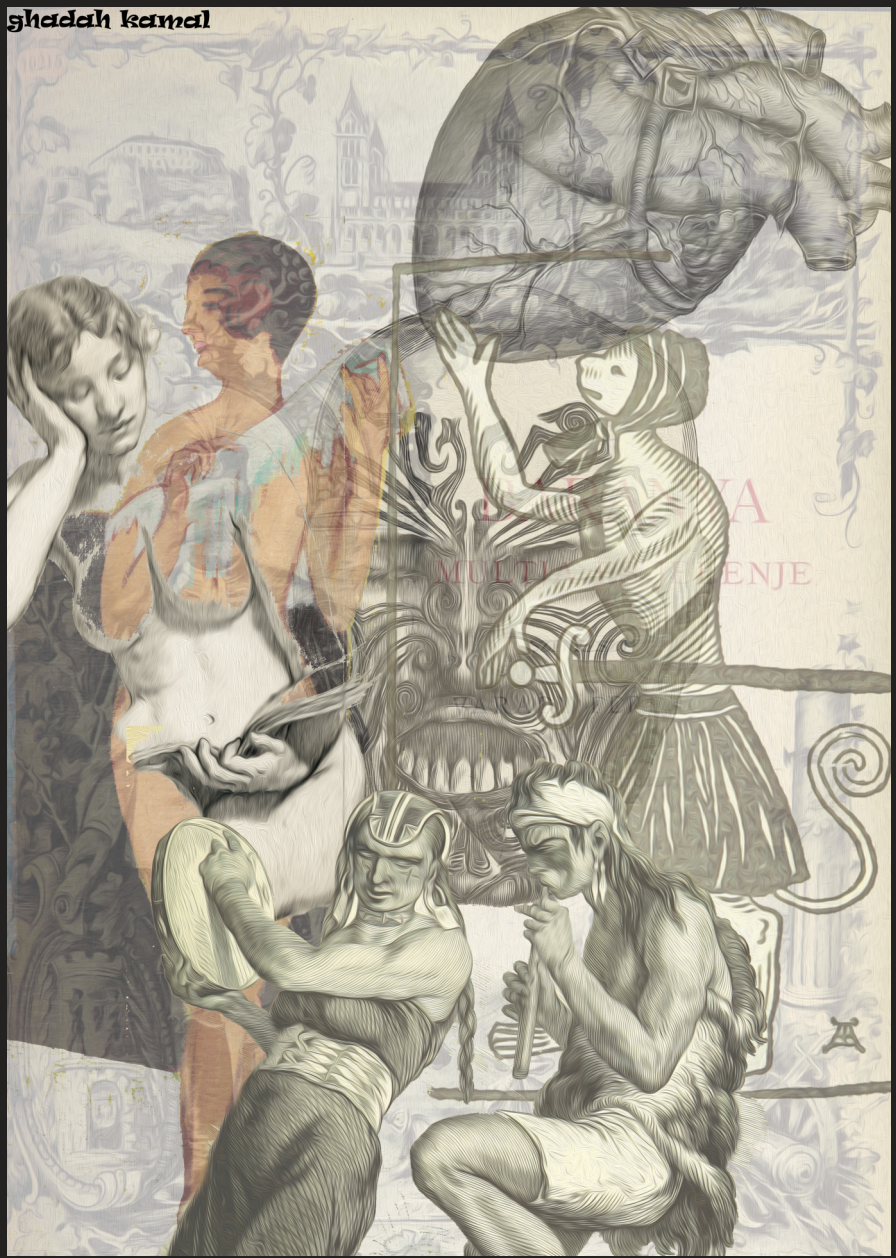

**L'invention de la roue**




**Dentelles**




**L'ombre portée du fiacre**




**Le masque**

# LORNA & STEPHEN KIRIN

## Images & Texts

## Lorna & Stephen Kirin



**Firebird**

# Firebird

Ivan’s nose glows the way back
Let it go, blow by blow

Still glow shines the apple core
The dark wolf escapes it’s king

One tail feather lights the gloom
While turbulent flames consume an eye

You want it, but can’t have it
Wishes are not hand shaped

Which way to greed, a fancier’s prize
A gilded dream to pluck once more

The Firebird’s feather
Lights up a dark space

I collect eggs from my archaeopteryx
Picking up sticks to build a fire

Follow the Firebird mapped by hoof
Stamped in the land of eternal mud

Keep dreaming of colour
To live black and white

Rattle the cage ‘til the bell tolls
And bar descend to Stravinsky’s tune.



**Laocoön**

# Laocoön

A warning is just a voice
An ear is just a hole covered without trace

The priest throws his burning spear
While Athena shakes the ground

Crushed sinew strangled heart
Violence in stone cold to the touch

Punished for either right or wrong
Innocence wrapped tight then gone

Gods and men, good sometimes meant
Just letters in the firmament

Laocoön in coils and loops
Epic cycle spins side on

Slithering scales and muscle squeeze
A very human agony

Greeks bearing gifts, snakes bearing fangs
Return to sender hollow horse.



**Narcissus**

# Narcissus

A passion splits a bulb to gold
Burgeoned petals of Nemesis’ dream

A beautiful image walks tall
All pout and muscle in the gilded air

Look in the mirror, the scrying glass
Growing numb to the shadows within

Narcotic narcolepsy
a wilde cover of sulphur days

Blinded by an echoed glance
He came to know only him

The mercury well looks back and grins
Edges blurring despite daylight

The futile join the alchemic quest
Steps first to Spring, to fade then gone

Greek salad and chips with Aegean dips
In marble halls, the ego falls

The yellow flowers wave their heads
Whilst tapping a beat with their feet

Who’s there? Who’s there?
One stare, who cares?



**Uncommon Frog**

# Frog

A cluster of pearls unstrung in a flap
The dragonfly nymph turns off the tap

Top of the menu for so many
A greenish brown delicacy

We rise with the bubbles
And sink with the trouble

The world rests gently on our back
Removes our coat and lets water in

Wetted feet mint a coin
Kiss our head to plant a seed

Kiss me quick, but I’m not a prince
Give me a lick, no sense since

Fused limbs folded underneath
While Heket’s head swallows the moon

I shook the hand of the Frog God
Tiny tarsals, tangled twig

Making a splash
A watery dash to mate

Shortened by a heron’s bill
Casting asunder each date

Poison for the pen letter
Rub your nib elsewhere.



**Uncommon Snail**

# Snail

Spirals from above, spirals from below
In and out the shell

A silver thread charts it’s border
While an evening copper makes his bed

Armoured knights purged hollowed blast
Sure foot, quiet, then recoil

Pick up your calcium spears
Warrior snails of love

A pile of homes smashed by a thrush
All colours holed by a beak in the middle

Silent, no echoed chamber
Sounds it’s eternal pattern from within

Purple from the snail dyes the queen
While famine dropped into the first mouth

But Laurence ate snails and oysters
Loving both ways

They are everything
Hermaphrodite by day, by night.

# J. Karl Bogartte

## Images and Texts

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## Phantom Bodies In Time...

Deep in the mines where the magical art of a single, irrevocable and ghostly caress establishes the earth in the wind's bright and poetic force like teeth against bone... a swift and swirling chemistry mirrored by the body's other, the body of ether that passes through you with little more than a breath, to stain the sumptuous wall of your absence.

The containers for the daughters of the assassins filled with starlight and murmurs, have lead you to the ever-widening spirit of transparency, where the leopard's breath and the flower of light are dripping in architectural intersections, and resemble each other... They spill the same fluids and pebbles of an eagerly disruptive anarchy. Time dispatches paradoxical inklings that blacken your fingernails, and decode your predecessors into the harmonious dust of a life that is breathed in and ignited by the wind powered with emeralds.

In the passageway between light and dark, where you align yourself in molecular fashion against her linen seductively smoldering in the grass, where the dew-igniting armatures, with their Quetzal tails, dazzle the voyeurs in their dream kingdoms, fermenting beneath the shimmering tables of feral potions and elixirs... where knives are kissing. Only her shadow remains in the wetness of noon, strung between the magnetic poles of disorientation and sheer bliss... It is all dressed in one fell swoop. Spectacles are discarded. The owl's coat covers your escape.

A fire in the city diverts the passage of stars. Bathing is the only solution to increasing the sense of light. Reality is the faded area of reconnaissance, in that moment where the silk merchants offer their bodies out of darkness, out of the lost incantations and alchemical symbols, when fire was shaped by internal obsessions, and two-headed eggs that chase the two-headed King through the labyrinth of complicity.

You release your name from the sound of it. You pass unnoticed between the ordinary schemes, and dance in the silence of faded photographs, becoming a blur of decisive and imperative maneuvers... having passed through, while still arriving, unnoticed a wizard of magnificent intimation, and a forger of hallucinations, brilliant thefts and jutting planes of razor-sharp innocence...



**What is perilous, if not scattered by light?**

# A Master of Disguises

What is perilous, if not scattered by light? What is despair without wings and angles? What is the symmetry of the mountain-dwellers in their Spanish overcoats, meeting you half way, if not the vessels of an unnatural slumber, a chamber filled with black widows naked to the waist?

The daughtering of the universe is without precedent. Your guides are blind and impossible to understand. Night is a landslide of peripheral conspiracies.

The central resolving solution of an intuitive lamp, in the strangeness of the water indigenous to the architecture of a twilight promenade, a dangerous scale, a river running through her hair with all the gold of a divining serpent, moaning in the pale of almandine for the mirrored image (to be scratched and then broken), beneath a cloak of herons that cannot be seen...

She is unavoidable, a feast that signals the antediluvian peace of



**Amorous debacle in fashionable unrest...**

broken gears, light grinding to a halt, an exchange of power takes place in an exhalation of complex lunar designs. She directs the sense of your impossible nature, splicing alternatives, escape routes and twilights in the illusive tunnels of expectation, shaping a tenuous grasp, a drained vessel that still glows even in reverse.

There is always evidence of those who arrive unexpectedly, in the force of wind and fog-forgotten desperation, like tremors or messages, or perfectly round stones made of dreams strung together, seeking the shape of a slender thread that has long since vanished. The gambler stakes his life.

Amorous debacle in fashionable unrest, the mistaken identity poses a threat to a mode of evasion encouraged by tripods and ermine smokescreens.

The Reindeer-veiled schemer is accustomed to being outside of consciousness... a dancing stone and the hopscotch rigging, all around the barely terrestrial bodies, a trick or two, a mirror for your thoughts, antediluvian checkmate. You lose... everything for the keystones of unsettling landscape, disturbed weather, and heretic assemblies, a semblance of oracular contortions to dig yourself out of darkness with a pitchfork.



**It was the doll-maker’s choice of words…**

A shadow-solver, a double-time ravisher, a churning incendiary reflection, the warring of a glow between beings, uncanny acts and knives clashing, fighting amongst themselves in the delicately burning field where pollen and mind are one face, extending nature...

It was the doll-maker’s choice of words, the night it rained wax and exposed the secret wishbones of time, of other, more alternative times, where others move but never noticed, and others melted without moving, and shaped by their newest instincts according to the heat of an indecent proposal: “Touch me, here, where this conflagration spreads like venom. Kiss it and make it beg for more...”

In the Tower of Anywhere, the world waxes and wanes, and the burning out of the core releases what is lost, and finding what it least desires, desiring more... Her name is "dark" and her breath has the scent of sight. The blind-man led by premonition, in the field that sleeps, counting time. The presence of your appearance forked by lightning.

The beautiful scent of the animal is polishing windows, pulling out the stake of light, splitting the agony of a solar night, a life without bright leading the dark in the spinning and spilling of “this ambiguous first-born rapunzel of a flesh-colored fountain of serene proportions...” is without a revealing sensation of having lost everything for a single



**Consciousness is a wound in the cloth of night**

moment of nothing at all. Only the wind with its bright stones leading the way...

Consciousness is a wound in the cloth of night, where the healing is slow and treacherous, one dream after another. Her whispering unthreads the savage crystals of the basque of Mari, the last flower in the evening to survive. Light-borne bodies moving the landscape inwards, where she summons the captives of the feast. Night is raising the table of wonders, combing out its perils...

The fatal plume is more seductive and distracting than any kind of blessing.

A moment without breath responds with a gasp to the sword of an evening’s modesty, written in an unknown language and visited late at night.

The haggard forging of your magic is beautiful and sadistic as a fawn surmounting a shark, with the horns of discontent rattling in the garden like the very end of a cinematic climax... A love story assembled out of disparate objects and spliced with caution to a salvaged fortress. Auburn and sienna for words of association, black for joy and blood light with fingers touching a spark between absences in unison...



**An elaborate dream, a world of statues...**

An elaborate dream, a world of statues, an interminably involved glance, a construct of vague numbers resembling an evening stroll... A question that remains unfinished, in a place that fades, unstable, in a space that trembles, consciousness, a volcano... The colors rub off when in close contact with feral encounters, a ferocious and archaic powder leaving zones of mistaken identities where once there were empty rooms.

The loom goes out walking, unraveling among strangers, in the coliseum of somnambulant glances. A contract is signed in blood...



**Taking wild animals inside the tragedy of a harpsichord**

Pleasure is the pollination of fast-moving vessels, the wet spoons of plundering adolescence. Signaling with mirrors overhead, underfoot, through skin, outside of an image of enacting unusual turning points. Taking wild animals inside the tragedy of a harpsichord, not taking joy for granted, in the scheme of things. Stirring blood up inside the wellspring.

A bezel for a constellation, whistling pyramids. A night-emitting witch-watching. A splendid erasure evoking unlawful contrivances, bone-sucking aurora taking possession. A note of winching into which came first gravity or camouflage, chameleon into female structures.

While wrestling with key figures for conjecture and morphology, the frenzied movement of undefined ritual. A wise old bespectacled tantrum throwing eyes into pooling for the little ones who carry your spine into designated pointing. Casting memories for a puppets voice ...

"I am the ravaging brightness in the heart of the shadow. I am the rose of incisors, the lost faceprints in the haunting parallel. The empty clothing. The frenzy of murmuring."

Sunspots placing river and mannequin for virgin alloy of ocelot. You arrive at the body pointing of departure, Sirocco-whispered, invisible woman; as you shape wind-figures ocellated for primal kindling. Sleep dimensions outward into sliding facets of a guarded cabinet, ground

into the arc of Belgian nudes, to encircle the torch of pouring water into oblivion.

She loves the distant howling, the crystalline face, catching only glimpses. The great dog as candle to the siren, moving out of solitary conjunctions, mouth licking silence for lamps...



**Random asylums are the codes of gendering mint**

Anguish is bliss for the desire of a shadow, a key screwing into your lock without interruption. What beginning is there that never arrives, having passed unnoticed, somewhere else. Between your ribs the Bird of Paradise releases its great window ...

A wayward archery deceives a bird-like lamp, your tribbling twinge, swimming upstream for glowing. She bleeds profusely, and that is the chanterelle at night, cold, damp and visionary.

Above "your breath staining glass" there is erasure and sabotage, the resistance of light and shadow to tincture the hummingbird contest. To doorway the flower- vows. Below there are "marsupials for acrobatics of appearance" and "recovering fuses" to scintillating visage.

Entangled with each hypothetical dive, your arc was more overladen than dissolved, led by shifting dwarves of amorous beauty. You are never known by name, forked by fathoms and galvanized in a golden age to loupe with arcane messages, pressed by sunflowers. An escapee is always worth the weight of gems stuffed into a corpse. Dreaming outside of a dream...

Random asylums are the codes of gendering mint, fused and dangerous, loving, and however, distance from sight is more illusion than certainty. Shrapnel decisions. Before sunlight is measured, there are tusks to knowledge and tiptoe heisting. Luminous bodies under fire.

The dream-shaped snake dancer canticles into fields of bright rain, you shadow the expectations of sight unseen. She will you into glancing. Night-calls. Only sucking sounds and murmuring. Slow clicking drops. High treason for animal salutations and cryptic moaning. It is the form she takes to finely scent and lastly undermine the analogies of hesitation...



**Dancing A Moth For Light**

# Explications

1. Loom returns often to the scene of the grand interruption, but not by accident. Moving by somnambulance, appearing only in translation.

2. The light in question is generated by a leading aberration of gentle obsessions.

3. Mimicry is the pleasure of antlers. As exclamation and defiance.

4. Loom is an aleatory sense of not being who is apprehended in the heat of the moment.

5. Loom is The Veil in essence, but expurgated and unequal in balance, and certainly multi-dimensional. Like a fountain.

6. Pre-Loom was undignified, and post-Loom is feverish. Present Loom relies on multiplication and is unworthy of adoration.

7. When Loom meets Feather, there is the unequal hesitation, the rending to which there are no references. Day blending into night as the glow worms enchant the bell.

8. Lighted by sirens, the orchid-goat with all the enthusiasm of a voyeur harassed by a swarm of bees. Therefore, the supreme emulation.

9. Each missing word assumes the importance of a barefoot messenger.

10. A humming receptacle led by a serene bait and switch. Plugged into deviant calculations.

11. When the spindles clash, upholding a two-bit tumbler, albeit a masterful recovery, leaving a splendid doorway.

12. Loom is transparent. Her engine floods the horizon and the lights go out as they always have, gone out, for landing. For a sense of stealth, pulling up the shore and torched.

Excerpts from K.J. Bogartte's book **Loom**
https://www.surrealists.org/Books/Books.html#Loom

# Zazie





**Dans de beaux draps**



**Passage d'une pensée bleue**



**Rebond d'une pensée toute ronde**



**Conciliabule**



**Evaporation**



**Inspiration**

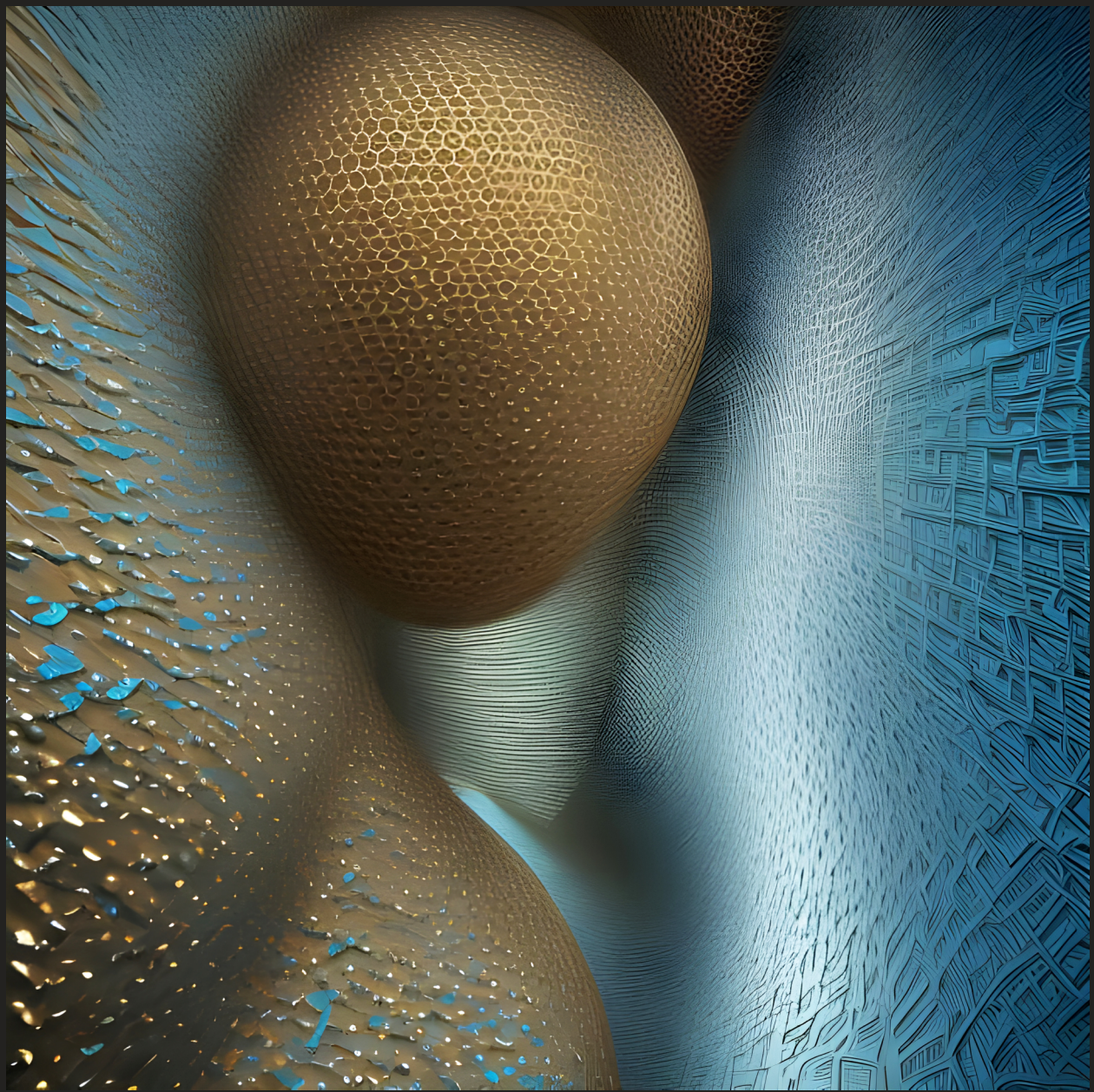


**Panne d'inspiration**

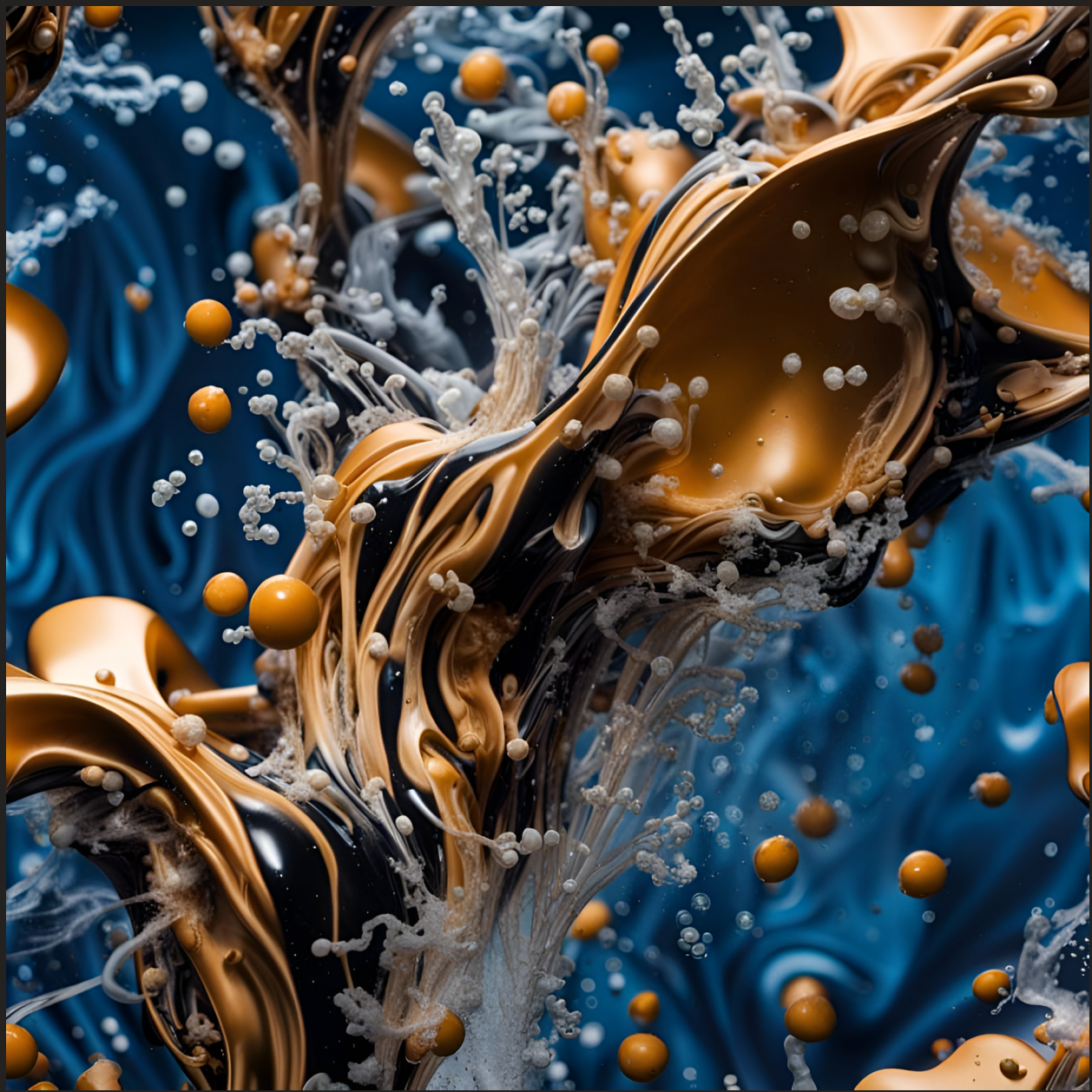
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**Fallen Angel**



**Inside Out**



**La fleur d'eau**



**Lion**

Non. J'ai VU



**Dragon**



**Low Tide 01**



**Low Tide 02**



**Low Tide 03**



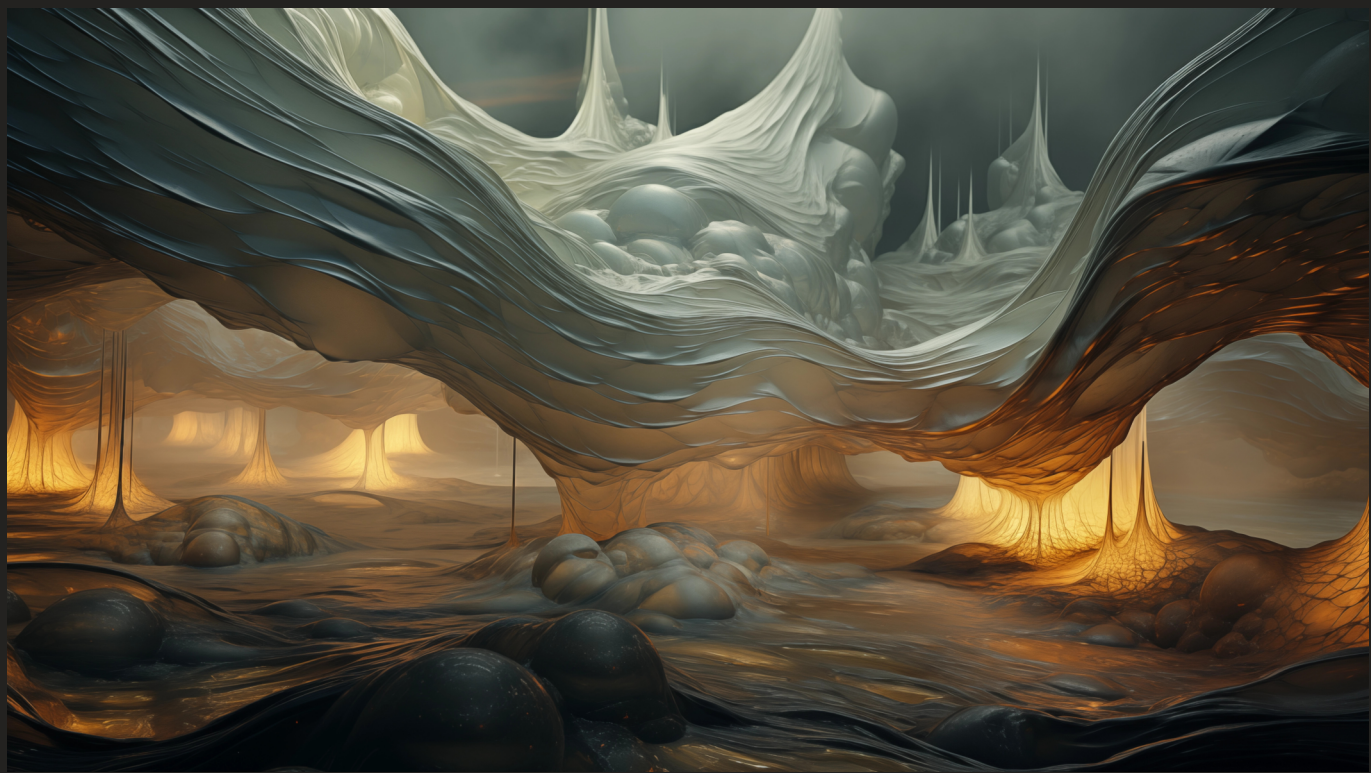
**Heavy Heavens**



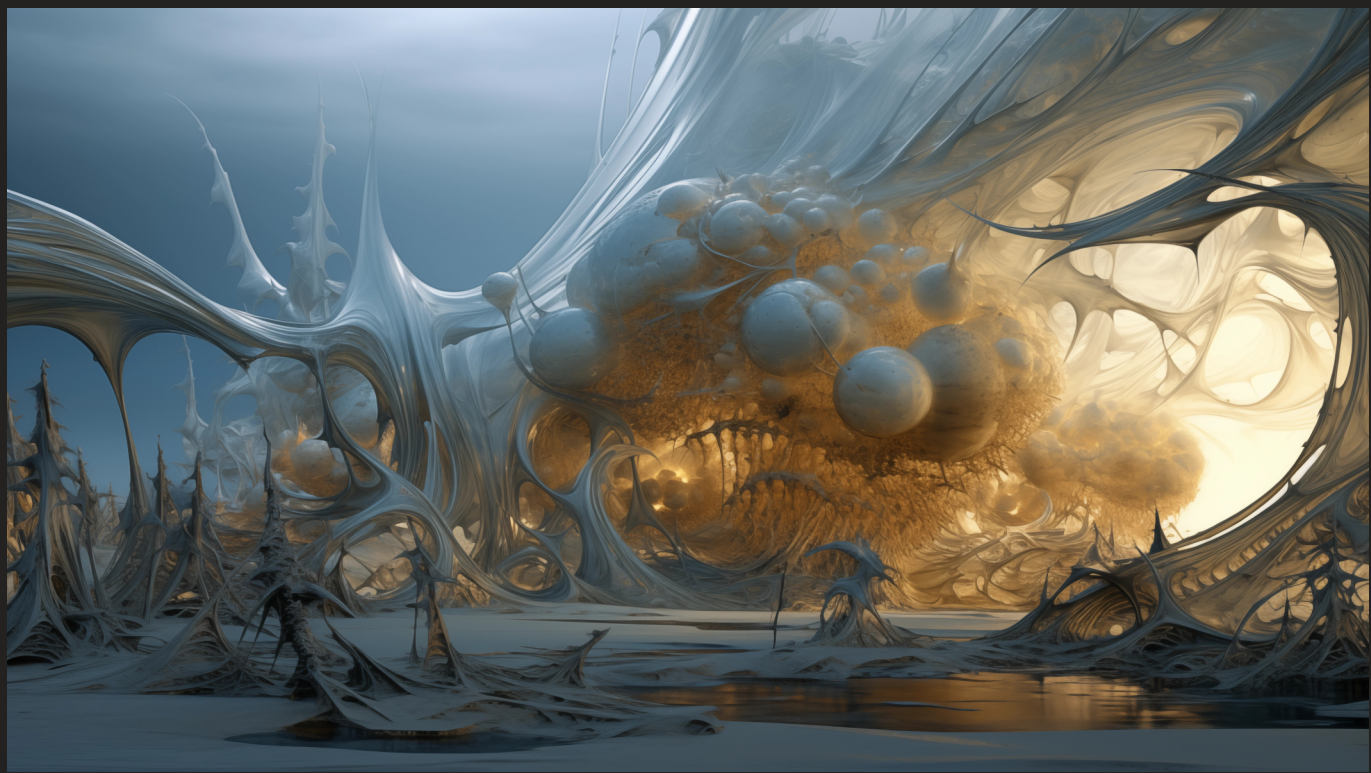
**Red Landscape**



**L'Or du Temps 02 (Fabrication - Etape 1)**



**L'Or du Temps 02 (Fabrication - Etape 2)**



**L'Or du Temps 02 (Fabrication - Etape 3)**



**L'Or du Temps 02**

# Pierre Petiot

# Non Identified Surrealist Art

Some make collages with pictures or words or text fragments. The same sort of thing may be done, with ideas or bits and pieces of theories. And this can be done in a no less automatic way than any "normal" surrealist painter or poet would use in his work, except that it is a permanent activity. It never starts and never ends. It's not a form of art that would in any way be different from any other. The used raw material is just different but the process is exactly the same, although of course more "abstract". Yet this activity does not seem to have been given any name.

When practiced with some assiduity, it sometimes induces "bizarre" mental states and most of the time, when I happen to have the chance to make a little discovery, it looks 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 ; des guirlandes de fenêtre en fenêtre ; des chaînes d'or d'étoile en étoile, et je danse”.
>
> "I stretched ropes from steeple to steeple; garlands from window to window; gold chains from star to star, and I dance."

It is important to understand that 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 of a quite remarkable intelligence since it allows us to survive, and also far below the capacities that animals have developed in the course of biological evolution to move and catch objects and many other things that Life can do and which are not known toe have ever been

"theoretical".

I am actually a declared enemy of Plato whom I consider (roughly) a slaveholder and one of the most notable bastards who helped to separate mind and body, theory from practice and all the kinds of similar divisions that go with it.

When an artist is particularly proud of his work, when a poet is proud of a poem, both tend to want to show it to others. It's of course the same for me...
If I happen to fall on a bunch of ideas that I find interesting, or that I have never read elsewhere, I tend to try to show them to others ... We are all like kids who, when they have found or realized something that they think is interesting, will run to their mother or father shouting: "Mom (or Dad), come see!"

Matta says this about Abstract Expressionist methods:

> « Voir, lire des chevaux dans les nuages, c'est la méthode que proposait Léonard de Vinci. Il ne faut pas partir d'une feuille blanche, sinon vous n'y projetterez que ce que vous connaissez. Si vous partez des taches, si vous les lisez par la méthode hallucinatoire, automatique, vous y verrez des choses qui viennent du désir caché. »
>
> “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 will only project what you know. If you start from the spots, if you read them by the hallucinatory, automatic method, you will see there things that come from hidden desire. "

Moreover, and this connects with Matta’s sentence above, I cannot write on my own. I can't sit down to the computer and decide I'm going to write or make something up ... A blank page has nothing to say for me, or rather, just things I already knew. What would be the use of writing if not to discover new things ?

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

I understand well that one may find such an attitude as somewhat rude since it corresponds to using the word of another person in order to weave my own little abstractions in my own little brain. According to the moral standards in use, this is very bad.

However, if we refer to the series of texts published in La Révolution Surréaliste under the generic title "Surrealist dialogue in 192x", then in surrealist terms, it is very ordinary – or should be. And if, further, we refer to what Vincent Bounoure writes about collective automatic writing in La Civilisation Surréaliste, we fall on the same finding that listening to others should not be considered as a pre-requisite for an honest conversation. It’s actually enough if one happens to once in a while pick up a fragment of what the other says and builds his own thought, hint of theory, meaning or poetry on basis of it.

I spent almost 30 years in a permanent interweaving of monologues with one of my best friend – who is noit even surrealist. Was I really listening to what he was saying? Was he really listening to what I was saying? No, not really. And yet this double monologue was extremely productive for both.
Since then, a kind of crossover monologue has spontaneously settled with many other people, on the understanding that I was not listening or did not even bother understanding what they were saying to me and that there was no question for me to worry the least that they did not listen to me or understand me either. And yet this kind of relationship led to the most precious and stable friendships I ever had.

And besides, in what way conscious and organized thought and speech, would contribute to friendship ? While they are certainly useful in terms of exposing the articulations of a complex or allegedly complex thought, they always remain basically the heirs of an initially controversial tradition. "You will see that you will eventually give in to my reasons." In terms of reasons, friendship is based on a particular quality of mists, in fact of a truly poetic nature.

Perhaps a not too conventional psychoanalyst would come to see in these intertwined monologues a way by which both unconscious finally happen to get finely tuned. To the point that something would result of it, something equivalent to a kind of Freudian transference, without this very professional restriction whereby the poor therapist is not supposed to come to love his client.

The flows of activity of the unconscious are much too fast and capricious (and those of the conscious thoughts are hardly less so) for a synchronization of the unconscious both interveners to be possible over durations greater than a second. But what occurs in the kind of interwoven monologues I'm talking about is a dotted line sort of synchronization, in a much freer manner, but yet comparable in some aspects to the organized and formal experimental protocol implemented in the collective automatic writing sessions described in La Civilization Surréaliste ( 1976).

If you consider it well, after all, it’s also a way to take the other as an oracle, in a way similar as the ancient Greeks were doing with the oracle in Delphi. The Pythia was known to be under the influence of some drug or some god (which is equivalent) and would tell just anything and yet everyone would leave with a few words or visions intended to serve him as a guide in meditation or action.

# Art surréaliste non identifié

On fait généralement des collages avec des images ou des mots ou des morceaux de texte. Plus rarement avec des objets ou des fragments d'objets. Le même genre de chose peut cependant aussi être fait, avec des idées ou des bribes de théories. Et cela peut se faire d'une manière non moins automatique que celle que n'importe quel peintre ou poète surréaliste « normal » utiliserait dans son travail. Sauf qu'il s'agit ici d'une activité permanente. La pensée ne commence jamais et ne finit jamais. D'un point de vue *surréaliste*, ce n'est pas une forme d'art qui serait en quoi que ce soit différente des autres. La matière première utilisée est certes différente mais le procédé est exactement le même, quoique, bien sûr, les résultats puissent paraître plus « abstrait ». Pourtant, cette activité ne semble avoir reçu aucun nom.

Pratiquée avec une certaine assiduité, elle induit parfois des états mentaux « bizarres » comme le collage de morceaux de texte, qui peut devenir hallucinatoire si on le prolonge avec un peu d'assiduité sur une durée de quelques jours. La plupart du temps, quand j'ai la chance de faire une petite découverte, mon esprit tangue, et cela ressemble à une sorte de danse de l'esprit très semblable à celle que Rimbaud décrit dans ce fragment assez connu:

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

Je ne suis pas platonicien. Vraiment pas. Je ne mets pas du tout les idées ou les théories au-dessus de tout. Par exemple, je les place bien en dessous des capacités du système immunitaire adaptatif qui est d'une intelligence tout à fait

remarquable puisqu'il nous permet de survivre contre tant de dangers microbiens différents, et aussi, bien en dessous des capacités que les animaux ont développées au cours de l'évolution biologique pour se déplacer et attraper des objets et de bien d'autres choses que les êtres vivants peuvent faire et dont, comme le note Paul Valéry, on ne sait pas grand-chose, mais qui, peut-être à cause de cette ignorance ordinaire  ne sont généralement pas considérées comme « théoriques ».

Je suis un ennemi déclaré de Platon, que je considère (à peu près) comme un fieffé esclavagiste, et l'un des salauds les plus notables qui aient contribué à séparer l'esprit et le corps, la théorie de la pratique et toutes les sortes de divisions similaires qui vont avec.

Lorsqu’un artiste est particulièrement fier de son œuvre, lorsqu’un poète est fier d’un poème, tous deux ont tendance à vouloir le montrer aux autres. C'est bien sûr la même chose pour moi...
S'il m'arrive de tomber sur une grappe d'idées que je trouve intéressantes, ou que je n'ai jamais lues ailleurs, j'ai tendance à essayer de les montrer aux autres... Qu’on appelle cela exposition, lecture de poèmes, nous sommes tous comme des enfants qui, lorsqu'ils ont trouvé ou réalisé quelque chose qui ils pensent que c'est intéressant, courront vers leur mère ou leur père en criant : «  Maman (ou Papa), viens voir !  »

Matta dit ceci à propos des méthodes des Expressionnistes Abstraits  :

> « Voir, lire des chevaux dans les nuages, c'est la méthode que proposait Léonard de Vinci. Il ne faut pas partir d'une feuille blanche, sinon vous n'y projetterez que ce que vous connaissez. Si vous partez des taches, si vous les lisez par la méthode hallucinatoire, automatique, vous y verrez les choses qui viennent du désir caché. »

De plus, je suis incapable d’écrire seul. Et ceci rejoint la phrase de Matta ci-dessus,  Je ne peux pas m'asseoir devant l'ordinateur et décider d'écrire ou d'inventer quelque chose… Une page blanche n'a rien à dire pour moi, ou plutôt, seulement des choses que je savais déjà. Et à quoi servirait d’écrire si ce n’est pour découvrir de nouvelles choses ?

Alors j'utilise donc les idées ou les mots des autres comme matière première pour ma propre forme de surréalisme. Qui que ce soit avec qui je parle peut ainsi à tout moment me servir de point de départ pour toutes sortes d'excursions mentales, tout comme n'importe quelle forme dans la réalité peut servir de point de départ à un artiste.

Je comprends bien qu'on puisse trouver une telle attitude un peu impolie puisqu'elle revient à utiliser subrepticement la parole d'une autre personne pour tisser mes petites abstractions personnelles avec mon propre petit cerveau. Selon les normes de bienséance et de morale en vigueur, c’est très mal. Et d'ailleurs très mal vu, même en milieu surréaliste.

Pourtant, si l'on se réfère à la série de textes publiés dans *La Révolution Surréaliste* sous le titre générique « Le dialogue surréaliste en 192x », alors en termes surréalistes, ce que je fais est très ordinaire – ou devrait l'être. Et si, plus avant, on se réfère à ce qu'écrit Vincent Bounoure dans *La Civilisation Surréaliste* (1976) à propos de l'écriture automatique collective, on tombe sur ce même constat que l'écoute de l'autre ne doit pas être considérée comme un préalable à une honnête conversation surréaliste. Il suffit en fait que l’on reprenne de temps en temps un fragment de ce que dit l’autre et à partir de là, construire sa propre pensée, un bout de théorie, son propre sens ou sa propre poésie.

J'ai passé près de 30 ans dans un entrelacement périodique permanent de

monologues avec un de mes meilleurs amis – qui n'est même pas surréaliste. Est-ce que j'écoutais vraiment ce qu'il disait ? Est-ce qu'il écoutait vraiment ce que je disais ? Non, pas vraiment. Et pourtant, ce double monologue fut extrêmement productif pour l'un comme pour l'autre.

Depuis, une sorte de monologue croisé s'est spontanément installé avec beaucoup d'autres personnes, étant entendu que je n'écoutais pas ou que je ne prenais même pas la peine de comprendre ce qu'ils me disaient et qu'il n'était pas non plus question pour moi de m'inquiéter le moins du monde de savoir s'ils m'écoutaient, ou me comprenaient. Et pourtant, ce genre de relation a conduit aux amitiés les plus précieuses et les plus stables que j'ai jamais eues.

Et d'ailleurs, de quelle manière une pensée et une parole conscientes construites et organisées contribueraient-elles à l'amitié ? Si elles sont certes utiles pour exposer les articulations d'une pensée complexe – ou prétendument complexe – elles restent toujours fondamentalement les héritières d'une tradition initialement polémique. "*Vous verrez que vous finirez par céder à mes raisons.*" En termes de raisons, l'amitié repose plutôt sur une qualité particulière de brumes, de nature véritablement poétique.

Peut-être qu'un psychanalyste pas trop conventionnel en viendrait à voir dans ces monologues entrelacés d'associations libres une manière par laquelle les deux inconscients finissent par s'accorder finement. Au point qu'il en résulterait quelque chose, quelque chose d'équivalent à une sorte de transfert freudien, direct ou inverse, sans cette restriction très professionnelle selon laquelle le pauvre thérapeute n'est pas censé en venir à aimer son client.

Les flux d'activité de l'inconscient sont beaucoup trop rapides et capricieux (et à vrai dite, ceux des pensées conscientes ne le sont guère moins) pour qu'une synchronisation des inconscients des deux intervenants soit possible sur des

durées supérieures à une ou quelques secondes. Mais ce qui se produit dans le type de monologues entrelacés dont je parle est une sorte de synchronisation en ligne pointillée, d'une manière beaucoup plus libre, mais pourtant comparable sous certains aspects, au protocole expérimental organisé et formel mis en œuvre dans les séances collectives d'écriture automatique décrites par Vincent Bounoure dans *La Civilisation Surréaliste.*

Après tout, si on y réfléchit bien, c’est aussi une façon de prendre l’autre comme un oracle, d'une manière similaire à ce que les anciens Grecs faisaient avec l'oracle de Delphes.
La Pythie était connue pour être sous l'influence d'une drogue ou d'un dieu (ce qui est équivalent) et racontait n'importe quoi. Et pourtant chacun repartait de Delphes avec quelques mots ou visions destinés à lui servir de guide dans la méditation ou l'action.

# Exhibitions

For months and years I've been trying to improve the range of my bomb
And I didn't realize that the only thing that matters is where it falls.
Boris Vian, The Java of Atomic Bombs – Around 1955

Even though I supported it – strongly – it was very clear to me, as I explained to Mohsen Elbelasy, that the *International Exhibition Of Surrealism* in Cairo in February 2022 was not – and could not be – a surrealist exhibition. The Cairo exhibition was a group exhibition of artists who believe they have something to do with surrealism. Which is very good. Which is a very good thing. Which is absolutely no small thing, particularly in Egypt. And even, it must be said, this is probably the best that we can hope to achieve in the current historical period, whether in Egypt or elsewhere.

Having expressed my viewpoint, I happily agreed to contribute to this exhibition on the basis of the strategic and didactic objectives set out by Mohsen. It had to be attempted to show Egyptian youth that there could exist something completely different from the military-religious pothole to which they are usually confined. However, I am not (yet) stupid or ignorant enough to have thought for a moment that there could be, at the beginning of the 21st century, a surrealist exhibition in the true sense of the term, neither in Egypt nor elsewhere. The main reason for this opinion is that I fear that there are not many people left who still truly care about Surrealism and its evolution, that is to say about the *Surrealist Revolution*, the present difficulties and opportunities that it must face, and its possible future.

I still remember the beautiful international surrealist exhibition in Prague in 1999, but I cannot forget the strange sort of silence that followed the utterance of the question: *and now what do we do?*

Most of the time everyone has come to consider Surrealism as a sort of art school, one car among the others in the train of art schools, coming after Impressionism, Symbolism, Cubism, Dadaism, and finally followed by other more or less equivalent "isms". This is approximately how what we call the general public perceives Surrealism, following art historians, of whom – as the dress makes the monk – it is not entirely certain that they understand what they are talking about in the specific case of Surrealism.

It seems that we have reached a point where there are undoubtedly artists who claim to be Surrealists – or who at least refer to it – without Surrealism itself having seemed to evolve significantly after the last few years that followed the Second World War, whether in terms of thought, "theory", or even practice. However, there was no lack of symptoms or warnings indicating possible exhaustion.

It began during the Second World War itself when around twenty young people from the *La Main à Plume* group – 8 of whom were murdered by the Nazis – set out to ensure the permanence of surrealist activity, and even to resume the *Surrealist Revolution* in occupied France and Belgium, in parallel with the activities of resistance to Nazism which seemed essential to them. The least we can say is that their courageous action was not really celebrated after the war. Some returned to the "Parisian" surrealist group, others to Belgian Surrealism, and others disappeared from the surrealist horizon.

Perhaps do we not remember clearly enough as well the participation of Duchamp, Breton and survivors of the Acephale adventure in the works entitled

*Memento Universel Da Silva Fascicule I, Memento Universel Da Silva Fascicule II and Da Costa Encyclopédique Fascicle VII Volume 2,* a sort of unbridled intellectual farce – but perhaps somewhat desperate too – which, in some aspects, foreshadowed the future *Collège de 'Pataphysiqu*e founded a few years later, and which could have seemed symptomatic of a certain exhaustion of the intellectual life, as seen by some of its previous contributors themselves.

How not to notice Breton's doubts about the destiny of the surrealist movement as they emerge towards the end of a fairly well-known interview of André Breton on Radio Canada.

A few years after Breton's death, in an interview, Marcel Duchamp criticized Breton (without any true malice), observing that basically, Breton had ended up as a "head of [an art] school". By which, he surreptitiously intended to suggest that such a disappointment could hardly happen to himself. Touching naivety since we now know what happened to Duchamp himself…

The text of the Romanian surrealists *La dialectique de la dialectique - message adressé au mouvement surréaliste international,* which dates from 1945, also symptomatic of the fairly widespread perception of an empty period of time, contains some remarks which make clear certain trends that could be identified prior to the second war world and oppose them to the initial yet clearly expressed demand for a surrealist revolution.

> […] before moving on to the presentation of our own details, we believe we must point out certain existing trends in surrealism in recent years, trends which risk compromising, little by little, the common effort. These artistic deviations, ideologically linked to the surrealist movement, are grouped by us under the following general headings: slow transformation of objective discoveries into means of artistic production, and attempt to propagate, in a cultural way, a given state of the future of thought surrealist.

As for the “slow transformation of objective discoveries into means of artistic production” Gherasim Luca and Dolfi Trost specify quite clearly what they mean by that:

> […] It is a question of a mimetic use of the techniques invented by the first surrealists, techniques reoccurring in all kinds of productions within the movement itself, if we analyze them closely. There are surrealist discoveries, but there are no surrealist ways, applicable as they are, and which would only replace the old and odious methods of poets, painters or writers.
> It is a use of surrealist processes for purposes which have no connection with the initial objective of a Surrealist Revolution.
>
> Although the processes discovered by the surrealists, such as automatic writing, collage or the interpretation delirium have an objective value that we cannot exaggerate, so powerful is our agreement and our admiration, it is obvious that idealist repetition of their use, removes from them any primary theoretical value and is not justifiable from the surrealist point of view, that is to say, from what is the most dialectic in this revolutionary movement. Because, through this artistic repetition, surrealist techniques become, in the hands of those who allow themselves to be deceived by such a dubious interpretation of objectivity, aesthetic and abstract techniques.

And the term idealist in the expression "idealist repetition" underlines a use of surrealist techniques in a way historically "above ground", that is to say disconnected from the requirements of surrealist revolutionary activity which must be adapted, at all times, in each new historical context where it is supposed to be exercised.

> Around surrealism, and in its very interior, and especially in painting and poetry, we see some surrealist data taken up, varied, remade, and the existence of the “[surrealist] landscape” of which we were speaking, constitutes in our eyes an artistic deviation,

> dangerous from every point of view. This “surrealist” mannerism, very often involuntary, risks making surrealism an artistic movement, making it accepted by our class enemies, granting it a harmless historical past, in a word, making it lose the bite that animated, through all the contradictions of the outside world, those who have made the revolution their reason for being.

What is therefore clearly designated in these lines is *a surrealism in the service of art* instead of what should be, that is to say *an art in the service of the surrealist revolution*.

The second criticism of Luca and Trost is even more prophetic than the first since we have had the evidence of it right before our eyes for quite a long time:

> The transformation of objective surrealist discoveries into artistic techniques is linked to the second error that we believe we must point out, the error that we have called a tendency to propagate, in a persuasive way, a given state of the surrealist movement.
> This trend only amplifies the first, since it introduces surrealism into a kind of cultural policy. The “surrealist” anthologies visibly express this second deviation and the attempt they manifest to mechanically propagate existing discoveries and to make the data obtained shine can only be considered as a sad attempt to have surrealism accepted, in fixing it at any specific moment of its perpetual movement.

Thirty years later, in the collective book entitled *La Civilisation Surréaliste (Payot, 1976),* Vincent Bounoure wrote that artists constituted the internal enemy of surrealism, thus reactivating, although in a more discreet manner, the criticisms expressed by Gherasim Luca and Dolfi Trost in 1945.
Should we consider this assertion by Bounoure as an echo of Jacques Vaché's inaugural “we do not love  art nor artists”? Probably not. Vaché's statement sounds more like an expression of spontaneous disgust, of a desire for something completely different from what the world of art and artists was like

at the time. The point of view of Luca, Trost and Bounoure appear of a different nature because it is strategic, it fits into the context of the fight for the surrealist revolution.

We can also quote an excerpt from the break-up letter sent by Georges Henein to André Breton:

> In truth, are you not struck by the fact that what has maintained surrealism since the end of the war are individual acts and works, while everything that tended towards collective expression resulted in the most cruel failure, when it was not undermining the patiently erected edifice ? To give the temperature of surrealism I know nothing better, from 1946 to 1948, than the exhibitions of Brauner, Matta and Hérold. You are free to ignore these practical truths and give in to the panicky need for novelty which, in the current stage of surrealism where it is important to reclassify and condense its guiding values, may only lead to some bazaar style innovations …

It could be interesting to compare the term cultural policy used above by Luca and Trost in 1945 and that of *cultural industry* developed by Theodor W. Adorno and Max Horkheimer in *Dialectique de la Raison* (French version title), a text written in California during the Second World War, first published under the title *Philosophische Fragmente* (Philosophical Fragments), in 1944 in New York, and then under its current German title *Dialektik der Aufklärung* (Dialectic of Enlightenment) in 1947 in Amsterdam.

In the absence of the time required to study the work itself, we will temporarily be content with recourse to Wikipedia:

> The work presents the world as structured by the "cultural industry" (translated into French as “culture de masse”, i.e. mass culture), which is a system formed by cinema, radio, and the written press. The cultural industry does not tend to the emancipation or

> liberation of the individuals, but to a standardization of their lifestyles and the domination of an economic logic and authoritarian power.

Let us note from the outset that the French translation of the title of the German work *Dialektik der Aufklärung* by the French *Dialectique de la Raison* is faulty since Aufklärung designates in German the era of Enlightenment. Let us note too, that the same is true of the terminology of "culture de masse" (“mass culture”) surreptitiously introduced in the quote of the French version of Wikipedia I used above. Adorno and Horkheimer clearly designate a deliberate and organized industrial enterprise of cretinization of the People. The French expression "culture de masse" (“mass culture”) on the opposite would tend to suggest that the masses might somehow be complicit or even perhaps responsible for their own cretinization.

It will be observed that the term *cultural policy* as used by Luca and Trost designates the implementation of the products of revolutionary activity in the service of the very enemy that revolutionary activity sets itself the mission of combating. This semantics is much closer to that of the word *Recuperation* used by the *Internationale Situationniste,* whose meaning is similar, although much broader.

Given that, as the Internationale Situationniste writes “power does not create, it recuperates”, then – from the point of view of the I.S. – it is the totality of human creativity, whether scientific, technical or artistic, that is systematically put at the service of Capital, and not just artistic creativity. Another way of saying that the world of Capital is entirely constructed by this permanent and generalized deployment of the recuperation process, and that the world of Capital is therefore "materially" as well as "intellectually" entirely constituted by the results of this process, that is to say, literally “made of” these results.

The Internationale Situationniste considered it relevant to state “Art is dead”. What biology already denied at the time and what it still persists in denying. The appearance of aesthetic emotion long predates the emergence of the human species and is perfectly identifiable in many species of birds, of which the garden birds of New Guinea provide striking examples.

The I.S. also considered it relevant to ban - not all artistic activity but - any publication of the results of the artistic activity of its members, hence including exhibitions of their artworks, precisely on the grounds, that these exhibitions were an open door open to all recuperation maneuvers of Capital. However, the I.S. did not entirely respect these drastic recommendations, since the books of the I.S. were published by fairly ordinary bourgeois publishers, thus finally opening the door to the recuperation of situationist theories, as planned by these theories themselves.

It should however be noted, that this recuperation only occurred, for the most part, after the declared death of the situationist movement, that is to say after its self-dissolution. But this recuperation of the movement by the bourgeois world took place all the same, and this, precisely "by fixing it at any specific moment of its perpetual movement" as Gherasim Luca and Dolfi Trost had clearly seen, regarding Surrealism, in *La dialectique de la dialectique*.

What can we make of the above considerations regarding surrealist exhibitions?

It seems to me that, according to a vision suggested by the position of Luca and Drost in *La dialectique de la dialectique*, exhibitions should be considered as one specific element of a more global surrealist strategy. That is to say, that the question should systematically be raised of what an exhibition is meant for, what an exhibition can be used for from the point of view of the Surrealist Revolution, and this in each given singular local or historical context.

In most cases, these questions are not addressed. We make an exhibition because... Well, because we have to do that one once in a while, if only to give ourselves the feeling of existing. A hope however disappointed each time. First because the visitors are generally not very numerous – but do they have to be numerous? – but above all, because, even if reasonably numerous, things can be even worse, as it is most often easy to observe that, strictly speaking, the public passes in front of the artworks but does not really look at them. That is to say that visitors literally *see nothing*, and that, even when by a miracle they happen to see, we can be sure that they do not understand much of what they see either, if not to say, downright, nothing.

Some will argue that works of art must be sufficient in themselves and that if the public does not see nor understand anything, the fault lies with the artists, who have become too pretentious or too stupid or even both. However, this would mean to grant pre-eminence to the results rather than to the processes of intellectual creation themselves. That is to say, it literally means to consecrate the superiority of the Dead over the Living. Something that the art market and museums perform in a very professional way. If it is pointless to emphasize the process of creation rather than its results, then let us be resolutely pointless. The artwork is never anything but slag and ashes, *a thing*. A perfectly senseless *thing* or else a plain commodity. Except, as Paul Valéry says, when this otherwise senseless thing happens to be this bridge over the abyss through which two human minds find for an instant their *meaning*, whether such a meaning may be either common or singular to each of them.

It is not enough to attract an audience, this audience must also be made up of at least a few *viewers*, according to the term used by Duchamp in his well-known remark that "*it is the viewer who makes the painting*". By virtue of which we have to conclude that: no viewers, no painting!

Exhibitions are like books. It is not the number of readers or visitors that counts, but the impact that the book or artworks will have – or not – on the lives of visitors, on their projects, their activities, their commitments, their practices. As such, it would probably be better to have an exhibition visited by less than 10 people, but who would really meet an opportunity to look, see, delve deeper into artworks, chat with artists and come away, if not converted, at least a little convinced that something happened to them. This, rather than an exhibition visited by 1000 or even 10,000 people, most probably slightly less passionate than cows watching trains go by, and whose number will undoubtedly make the journalists' fortune, but in no way ours.

The purpose of this text is therefore not to rule for or against exhibitions (or publications more generally), but to suggest identifying, in each case and in each particular context, the objectives that we aim for, and whether the way we think as regards practically designing things, may enable us to achieve these goals – or not.

This is hence in no way a call to some kind of clandestine form of activity, nor even any (then ridiculous) reference to the term *occultation*, used both by Breton and by the Collège de 'Pataphysique – we are quite enough occulted by this world without us having to worry about adding to it – but we are not either in any way bound by publicity, nor noise, nor fury. The point targeted here is rather a particular kind of discernment.

The type of *traditional* exhibitions to which late French historical surrealism ended up rallying is not the only possible one, nor the only practicable one. It is up to us to look for and invent others. And to experiment with them. Nothing in the world, not even the weakness of our means, forces us to so many repetitions and so much conformism. Everything should, on the contrary, suggest to us the development of new demonstrative architectures, capable of arousing vertigo.

A pataphysicist once observed that the *Collège de 'Pataphysique* was not a secret society, but a discreet society.

If by chance we do not find ourselves in a position to make a strategically revolutionary use of exhibition mechanisms, then we always have the possibility of practicing them among ourselves, discreetly, without any other justification than our own pleasure. A kind of honesty that may only ever be guaranteed by the pleasure that we actually find in it, that is to say outside of any possible simulation of pleasure. The kind of simulated pleasure, which is a little false, a little forced – you know it well – as it often happens in openings.

# Expositions

> Voilà des mois et des années que j'essaie d'améliorer la
> portée de ma bombe / Et je ne me suis pas rendu compte
> que la seule chose qui compte, c'est l'endroit où elle tombe.
> Boris Vian, *La Java des Bombes Atomiques* – 1955

Il fut un moment dans l'histoire où l'objectif des expositions surréalistes était de montrer le Surréalisme lui-même, la fonction des œuvres des artistes du mouvement étant d'y contribuer. Les slogans « transformer le monde » et « changer la vie » prenaient alors un sens, du moins temporairement.

Peut-être suis mal informé et-ou bien très ignorant, mais je crains qu'aucune exposition depuis la *World Surrealist Exhibition* de Chicago (1976) n'ait récemment été – ou même tenté d'être – une exposition surréaliste au sens propre du terme. C'est à dire, non pas une exposition d'artistes surréalistes, mais une exposition du Surréalisme *en tant que tel*. L'équivalent d'un manifeste, c'est à dire une forme de manifestation ayant pour but de montrer le point auquel étaient arrivés, la pensée, les pratiques et le mouvement des surréalistes. J'ai eu la chance de pouvoir acheter le catalogue de la World Surrealist Exhibition de Chicago et je dois dire non seulement qu'ils ont essayé, mais que, dans une certaine mesure, ils ont réussi.

Je me souviens encore de la très belle exposition surréaliste internationale de Prague en 1999, mais je ne peux pas oublier l'étrange sorte de silence qui a suivi l'énoncé de la question : *et maintenant que fait-on ?*

Même si je l'ai soutenue – fortement – il était très clair pour moi, comme je l'ai expliqué à Mohsen Elbelasy que the *International Exhibition Of Surrealism* du Caire de février 2022 n'était pas – et ne pouvait pas être – une exposition surréaliste. L'exposition du Caire a été une exposition collective d'artistes qui pensent avoir quelque chose à voir avec le surréalisme. Ce qui est très bien. Ce qui est une très bonne chose. Ce qui n'est absolument pas rien, particulièrement en Égypte. Et même, il faut le dire, ce qui est probablement le mieux que l'on peut espérer réaliser dans la période historique actuelle, que ce soit Égypte ou ailleurs.

L'exposition d'Alexandrie quelques mois après dans la même année 2022, visait assez vigoureusement à dépasser le pieux conformisme du *chemin de croix esthétique*, illustré ici et là de platitudes à deux dimensions, et ponctué de génuflexions mentales. Une atmosphère générale au fond pas très éloignée du religieux et dont chacun sent plus ou moins confusément que le propos est le même, à savoir de sanctifier les choses avant leur sanctification finale (éventuelle), sonnante et trébuchante, c'est-à-dire monétaire par le marché de l'art. Tout le contraire de ce faux sein féminin exposé par Marcel Duchamp sous le titre « Prière de toucher ».

Ces réticences exprimées, j'ai joyeusement accepté de contribuer à cette exposition sur la base des objectifs stratégiques et didactiques énoncés par Mohsen. Il fallait tenter de montrer à la jeunesse égyptienne qu'il pouvait exister tout autre chose que la marmite militaro-religieuse à laquelle on continue de tenter de la confiner. Pour autant, je ne suis pas encore assez stupide ou ignorant pour avoir pu penser un instant qu'il pourrait y avoir, en ce début de 21ème siècle, une exposition surréaliste au sens propre du terme, ni Égypte ni ailleurs. La principale raison de cette opinion est que je crains qu'il n'y ait plus grand monde pour se soucier véritablement du Surréalisme et de son évolution, c'est à dire de la *Révolution Surréaliste*, des difficultés et des

opportunités auxquelles elle doit faire face et de son avenir possible.

La plupart du temps on en est venu – consciemment ou inconsciemment – à considérer le Surréalisme comme une sorte d'école d'art, l'un des wagons, parmi d'autres, du train des écoles artistiques, venant après l'Impressionnisme, le Symbolisme, le Cubisme, le Dadaïsme, et suivi par d'autres «ismes» plus ou moins équivalents. C'est à peu près ainsi que ce qu'on appelle le grand public perçoit le Surréalisme, à la suite des historiens de l'art, dont – l'habit faisant le moine – il n'est pas tout à fait assuré qu'ils aient compris de quoi ils parlent en l'espèce du Surréalisme.

Il semble que nous soyons parvenus à un point ou il existe indubitablement des artistes qui se réclament du Surréalisme – ou qui pour le moins s'y réfèrent – sans pour autant que le Surréalisme lui-même ait paru sensiblement évoluer depuis les quelques années qui ont suivi la seconde guerre mondiale, que ce soit quant à la pensée, à la «  théorie  », ou même quant aux pratiques. Ni les symptômes ni les avertissements n'ont pourtant manqué qui témoignaient d'un possible épuisement.

Cela avait commencé durant la seconde guerre mondiale elle-même où une vingtaine de jeunes gens du groupe de *La Main à Plume* – dont 8 furent assassinés par les nazis – s'étaient mis en tête d'assurer la permanence de l'activité surréaliste, et même de reprendre la *Révolution Surréaliste* dans la France et la Belgique occupées, en parallèle des activités de résistance au Nazisme qui leur semblaient incontournables. Le moins que l'on puisse dire c'est que leur action courageuse ne s'est pas vraiment trouvée célébrée après la guerre. Quelques uns sont retournés au groupe surréaliste «  parisien  », d'autres au surréalisme belge, d'autres ont disparu de l'horizon surréaliste.

Il se peut qu'on ait oublié que Breton et Péret, l'un se trouvant encore aux USA

et l'autre au Mexique se soient un instant sincèrement posé la question de savoir s'il fallait poursuivre le mouvement surréaliste – ou non.

Peut-être ne se souvient-on pas non plus assez nettement de la participation de Duchamp et de Breton et de rescapés d'*Acéphale* aux ouvrages intitulés *Memento Universel Da Silva Fascicule I* et *Da Costa Encyclopédique Fascicule VII Volume 2*, sorte de farce intellectuelle débridée – mais peut-être aussi un peu désespérée – qui par certains aspects préfigurait le futur *Collège de 'Pataphysique* fondé peu d'années plus tard, et qui aurait pu sembler symptomatique d'un certain épuisement de la vie intellectuelle, vue par quelques uns de ses précédents intervenants eux-mêmes.

Comment ne pas s'apercevoir des doutes de Breton quant au destin du mouvement surréaliste tels qu'ils se font jour vers la fin d'une interview assez connue d'André Breton à Radio Canada.

Quelques années après la mort de Breton, dans une interview, Marcel Duchamp critiquait (sans méchanceté) Breton en observant qu'au fond, il avait fini en tant que «  chef d'école  ». Par quoi, il entendait subrepticement suggérer que pareille déconvenue ne pouvait guère lui arriver à lui. Touchante naïveté puisqu'on sait désormais ce qu'il en est advenu quant à Duchamp lui-même…

Le texte des surréalistes roumains *La dialectique de la dialectique - message adressé au mouvement surréaliste international* qui date de 1945, lui aussi symptomatique de la perception assez répandue d'un passage à vide, contient quelques remarques qui opposent certains tendances antérieures à la seconde guerre mondiale à la revendication initiale pourtant clairement exprimée d'une *Révolution Surréaliste*.

> […] avant de passer à l'exposé de nos propres précisions, nous croyons devoir signaler

> certaines tendances existantes dans le surréalisme des dernières années, tendances qui risquent de compromettre, peu à peu, l'effort commun. Ces déviations artistiques, idéologiquement rattachées au mouvement surréaliste, sont groupées par nous dans les rubriques générales suivantes : transformation lente des découvertes objectives en moyens de production artistique, et essai de propager, d'une manière culturelle, un état donné du devenir de la pensée surréaliste.

Quant à la «  transformation lente des découvertes objectives en moyens de production artistique  » Gherasim Luca et Dolfi Trost précisent assez clairement ce qu'ils entendent par là  :

> […] Il est question d'un emploi mimétique des techniques inventées par les premiers surréalistes, techniques revenant dans toutes sortes de productions à l'intérieur même du mouvement, si on les analyse de près. IL existe des découvertes surréalistes, mais il n'existe pas de manières surréalistes, applicables telles quelles, et qui ne feraient que remplacer les anciennes et odieuses méthodes des poètes, des peintres ou des écrivains.

Il s'agit d'un emploi de procédés surréalistes à des fins qui n'ont aucun rapport avec l'objectif initial d'une *Révolution Surréaliste*.

> Bien que les procédés découverts par les surréalistes, tels que l'écriture automatique, le collage ou le délire d'interprétation aient une valeur objective que nous ne saurions exagérer, tant notre accord et notre admiration sont puissants, il est évident que la répétition idéaliste de leur emploi, leur enlève toute valeur théorique première et n'est point justifiable du point de vue surréaliste, c'est à dire dans ce que ce mouvement révolutionnaire a de plus dialectique en lui. Car, par cette répétition artistique, les techniques surréalistes deviennent, entre les mains de ceux qui se laissent tromper par une interprétation si douteuse de l'objectivité, des techniques esthétiques et abstraites.

Et le terme idéaliste dans « répétition idéaliste », vient souligner un emploi de techniques surréaliste en quelque sorte historiquement « hors sol », c'est à dire détaché des exigences de l'activité révolutionnaire surréaliste qui doivent être à tout moment adaptées à chaque nouveau contexte historique où elle est supposée s'exercer.

> Aux alentours du surréalisme, et dans son intérieur même, et cela surtout dans la peinture et dans la poésie, on voit certaines données surréalistes reprises, variées, refaites, et l'existence du « paysage [surréaliste] » dont nous parlions, constitue à nos yeux une déviation artistique, dangereuse à tous points de vue. Ce maniérisme « surréaliste », très souvent involontaire, risque de faire du surréalisme un courant artistique, de le faire accepter par nos ennemis de classe, de lui accorder un passé historique inoffensif, en un mot de lui faire perdre le mordant qui a animé, à travers toutes les contradictions du monde extérieur, ceux qui ont fait de la révolution leur raison d'être.

Ce qui est donc clairement désigné dans ces lignes, c'est *un surréalisme au service de l'art* au lieu de ce qui devrait avoir cours, c'est à dire *un art au service de la révolution surréaliste*.

La seconde critique de Luca et Trost est encore plus prophétique que la première puisque nous en avons depuis assez longtemps déjà l'évidence sous les yeux :

> La transformation des découvertes objectives surréalistes en techniques artistiques est rattachable à la seconde erreur que nous croyons devoir signaler, l'erreur que nous avons nommée une tendance de propager, d'une façon persuasive, un état donné du mouvement surréaliste.
>
> Cette tendance ne fait qu'amplifier la première, vu qu'elle introduit le surréalisme dans

> une sorte de politique culturelle. Les anthologies « surréalistes » expriment visiblement cette seconde déviation et l'essai qu'elles manifestent de propager mécaniquement les découvertes existantes et d'en faire rayonner les données obtenues, ne peut être considéré que comme une triste tentative de faire accepter le surréalisme, en le fixant à un moment quelconque de son mouvement perpétuel.

Trente ans plus tard, dans le livre collectif intitulé *La Civilisation Surréaliste (Payot, 1976),* Vincent Bounoure écrivait que les artistes constituaient *l'ennemi intérieur du surréalisme*, réactivant ainsi quoique de manière plus discrète, les critiques énoncées par Gherasim Luca et Dolfi Trost en 1945.

Faut-il considérer cette assertion de Bounoure comme un écho au « nous n'aimons ni l'art ni les artistes » inaugural de Jacques Vaché? Probablement pas. La déclaration de Vaché sonne plutôt comme l'expression d'un dégoût spontané, d'un désir de tout autre chose que de ce qu'était le monde de l'art et des artistes à l'époque. Le point de vue de Luca, Trost et Bounoure apparaît d'une nature différente parce que *stratégique,* il s'insère dans le contexte du combat de la *Révolution Surréaliste*.

On peut encore citer un extrait de la lettre de rupture envoyée par Georges Henein à André Breton :

> En vérité, n'êtes-vous pas frappé de constater que ce qui a maintenu le surréalisme depuis la fin de la guerre, ce sont des actes et des œuvres individuelles, tandis que tout ce qui tendait à l'expression collective aboutissait au plus cruel échec, quand il ne minait pas l'édifice patiemment élevé ? Je ne connais pour donner la température du surréalisme comme rien d'autre, de 1946 à 1948, que les expositions de Brauner, de Matta et Hérold. Libre à vous d'ignorer ces vérités pratiques et de céder au besoin panique de nouveauté qui ne saurait, en l'étape actuelle du surréalisme où il importe de procéder à un reclassement et une condensation de ses valeurs conductrices, mener

qu'à des innovations de bazar…

Il pourrait être intéressant de mettre en rapport le terme de *politique culturelle* employé ci-dessus par Luca et Trost en 1945 et celui d'*industrie culturelle* développé par Theodor W. Adorno et Max Horkheimer dans *Dialectique de la raison,* texte écrit en Californie pendant la seconde guerre mondiale et publié sous le titre *Philosophische Fragmente* (Fragments philosophiques), en 1944 à New York puis sous son titre allemand actuel *Dialektik der Aufklärung* (Dialectique des Lumières) en 1947 à Amsterdam.

A défaut du temps nécessaire à une étude de l'ouvrage lui même, on se contentera temporairement d'un recours à Wikipedia :

> L'ouvrage présente le monde comme structuré par "l'industrie culturelle" (la culture de masse), laquelle est un système formé par le cinéma, la radio, la presse écrite. L'industrie culturelle tend, non pas à l'émancipation ou à la libération de l'individu, mais à une uniformisation de ses modes de vie et à la domination d'une logique économique et d'un pouvoir autoritaire.

Notons d'emblée que la traduction française du titre de l'ouvrage allemand *Dialektik der Aufklärung* par le titre français *Dialectique de la Raison* est fautive puisque Aufklärung désigne en Allemand l'époque des Lumières. Notons aussi qu'il en va de même de la terminologie de « culture de masse » introduite plutôt subrepticement dans la citation de Wikipedia ci-dessus, et qui est sensiblement aux antipodes de ce que veut dire celle d'industrie culturelle en ce qu'elle tend à gommer et à même à effacer le sens véritable du terme utilisé par Adorno et Horkheimer où une entreprise *délibérée et organisée* d'une industrie d'abrutissement du peuple est clairement désignée (comme elle l'est ailleurs par Chomsky) tandis le terme de « culture de masse » tendrait à laisser supposer que les masses pourraient en quelque sorte être complices ou même peut-être

responsables de leur propre abrutissement.

On observera que le terme de *politique culturelle* tel qu'employé par Luca et Trost désigne la mise en œuvre des produits de l'activité révolutionnaire au service de l'ennemi même que l'activité révolutionnaire se donne pour tâche de combattre. Cette sémantique est beaucoup plus proche de celle du terme de *Récupération* employé par l'*Internationale Situationniste* dont le sens est voisin, quoique nettement plus étendu.

Étant posé que, comme l'écrit l'I.S. «  le pouvoir ne crée pas, il récupère  » c'est bien –  du point de vue de l'I.S. – la totalité de la créativité humaine, qu'elle soit scientifique, technique ou artistique qui se trouve encore et toujours mise au service du Capital, et non pas la seule activité artistique. Autre manière de dire que le monde du Capital est entièrement construit par ce déploiement permanent et généralisé du processus de récupération et que le monde du Capital est donc «  matériellement  » comme «  intellectuellement  » intégralement constitué des résultats de ce processus, c'est à dire littéralement «  fait de  » ces résultats.

Une autre formulation peut-être plus claire consisterait à dire que tout ce que nous avons sous les yeux, tout ce que nous voyons, n'est rien d'autre que le résultat du processus permanent de récupération de la créativité humaine par le Capital, et ceci *jusque dans la manière même dont nous le voyons*. Autre façon de dire que dans 95% des cas, nous «  *voyons bourgeois* » et que, dans le cours de notre existence, notre vision même du monde n'est la plupart du temps rien d'autre que bourgeoise.

L'I.S. a jugé pertinent d'énoncer «  L'art est mort  ». Ce que la biologie démentait déjà à l'époque et qu'elle s'entête d'ailleurs toujours à démentir. L'apparition de l'émotion artistique est largement antérieure à l'émergence de l'espèce

humaine et parfaitement identifiable chez bon nombre d'espèces d'oiseaux, dont les oiseaux jardiniers de Nouvelle Guinée fournissent des exemples éclatants.

L'I.S. a aussi jugé pertinent de bannir – non pas toute activité artistique mais – toute *publication* des résultats de l'activité artistique de ses membres, dont par exemple les expositions, au titre, justement, que ces expositions étaient la porte ouverte à toutes les manoeuvres de récupération du Capital. Toutefois, L'I.S. elle-même n'a pas entièrement respecté ces préconisations drastiques, puisqu'elle a publié – ou plus exactement fait publier – ses livres par des éditeurs bourgeois assez ordinaires, ouvrant ainsi la porte à la récupération finale des théories situationnistes, comme prévu par ces théories mêmes.

Il est juste d'observer que cette récupération n'est intervenue, pour l'essentiel, qu'après la mort déclarée du mouvement situationniste, autrement dit celle annoncée par son auto-dissolution. Mais cette récupération du mouvement a eu lieu tout de même, et précisément en le fixant à un moment quelconque de son mouvement perpétuel comme l'avaient bien vu Gherasim Luca et Dolfi Trost dans *La dialectique de la dialectique*.

Que peut-on penser des considérations précédentes quant aux expositions surréalistes ?

Il me semble que, selon une vision que suggère la position de Luca et Drost dans *La dialectique de la dialectique*, il faudrait faire des expositions un élément d'une stratégie surréaliste plus globale. C'est à dire se poser systématiquement la question de savoir à quoi sert une exposition, à quoi peut servir une exposition du point de vue de la *Révolution Surréaliste*, dans chaque contexte local ou historique singulier donné.

Dans la plupart des cas, ces questions ne sont pas abordées. On fait une

exposition parce qu'il faut bien en faire une de temps en temps, ne serait-ce que pour se donner la sensation d'exister. Espoir chaque fois déçu pourtant. D'une part parce que le public n'y est généralement pas très nombreux – mais faut-il qu'il soit nombreux ? – mais surtout, parce que même s'il est raisonnablement nombreux, ce peut être pire encore… Car il est le plus souvent facile d'observer qu'à proprement parler, le public passe devant les œuvres plutôt qu'il ne les regarde. C'est à dire qu'il ne voit littéralement rien, et que, lorsque par miracle il lui arrive de voir, on peut s'assurer qu'il ne comprend pas grand-chose non plus, pour ne pas dire, carrément, rien.

Certains argueront que les œuvres d'art doivent se suffire à elles-mêmes et que si le public ne voit ni ne comprend rien, la faute en revient aux artistes, devenus trop prétentieux ou trop bêtes ou bien les deux à la fois. C'est pourtant là accorder la pré-éminence aux résultats plutôt qu'aux processus de la création intellectuelle eux-mêmes, c'est à dire que c'est littéralement *consacrer la supériorité du mort sur le vif*, à quoi s'activent très professionnellement, le marché de l'art et les musées. S'il peut être oiseux de mettre en valeur le processus de création plutôt que ses résultats, alors il faut être résolument oiseux. L'œuvre n'est jamais que scorie et cendre, chose parfaitement insensée ou marchandise, sauf, comme le dit Paul Valéry, à être *ce pont au dessus de l'abîme* par lequel deux esprits humains trouvent un instant *leur sens*, que ce sens soit commun ou singulier à chacun d'entre eux

Il ne suffit pas d'attirer un public, encore faut-il que ce public soit constitué de quelques *regardeurs* selon le terme employé par Duchamp dans cette remarque très connue selon laquelle « *c'est le regardeur qui fait le tableau* ». En vertu de quoi on est bien obligé d'en conclure que : pas de regardeurs, pas de tableau !

Il en va des expositions comme des livres. Ce n'est pas le nombre de lecteurs ou de visiteurs qui compte, mais l'impact que le livre ou les œuvres auront – ou non

– sur la vie des visiteurs, leurs projets, leurs activités, leurs engagements, leurs pratiques. À ce titre, mieux vaudrait une exposition visitée par moins de 10 personnes, qui ont pu regarder, voir, approfondir quelques œuvres et en sortir, ne serait-ce qu'un peu convaincues sinon converties, qu'une exposition visitée par 1000 voire même 10.000 personnes visiblement un peu moins passionnées que des vaches regardant passer les trains et qui fera sans aucun doute la fortune des journalistes, mais en aucune façon la nôtre.

La raison d'être de ce texte n'est donc pas de statuer pour ou contre les expositions (ou les publications de manière plus générale), mais de suggérer d'identifier, dans chaque cas et dans chaque contexte particulier, les objectifs que nous visons, et si la manière dont nous envisageons pratiquement les choses peut nous permettre d'atteindre ces objectifs – ou non.

Il ne s'agit pas davantage ici d'un appel à la clandestinité, ni même d'une quelconque (et ridicule) référence au terme d'*occultation*, utilisé aussi bien par Breton que par le Collège – nous sommes bien assez occultés par ce monde sans qu'il faille nous soucier d'y ajouter – mais nous ne sommes non plus aucunement tenus à la publicité, ni au bruit, ni à la fureur. Ce dont il est question ici, c'est plutôt d'un genre particulier de *discernement*.

Le type d'expositions *traditionnelles* auquel le surréalisme français historique tardif a fini par se rallier n'est pas le seul possible, ni le seul praticable. Il ne tient qu'à nous d'en chercher et d'en inventer d'autres. Et de les expérimenter. Rien au monde, pas même la faiblesse de nos moyens, ne nous contraint à tant de redites et de conformismes. Tout devrait nous suggérer, au contraire, l'élaboration de nouvelles architectures démonstratives, propres à susciter le vertige.

Un pataphysicien faisait un jour observer que le Collège de 'Pataphysique

n’était pas une société secrète, mais une société discrète.

Si d’aventure nous ne nous trouvons pas en mesure de faire un emploi stratégiquement révolutionnaire des mécanismes d’expositions, il nous reste toujours la possibilité de les pratiquer entre nous, discrètement, sans autre justification que notre plaisir. Honnêteté qui ne saurait jamais être garantie que par le plaisir que nous y trouvons effectivement, c’est à dire hors, ou plutôt au delà, d’une éventuelle simulation de plaisir, celle un peu fausse, un peu forcée – vous savez bien – des vernissages.

Décembre 2023

# For a Generalized Poetics

Paul Valéry's *Cours de Poétique*, recently published in two volumes by Gallimard, does not deal with poetry in the restricted sense that the word continues to have despite surrealism, or perhaps alas also because of surrealism, which maybe did not succeed to push far enough the initially glimpsed *Surrealist Revolution*. This *Cours de Poétique* has little to do with the history of literature, and just as little to do with any discussions applicable to poetry or even art. It deals with *the process of intellectual creation* as such. Of all types of intellectual creations, including artistic and literary as well as scientific and technical. Valéry deals with Poïetics in the sense of intellectual creation, in the sense of the processes that produce the works of the mind. And this could be a definition of Poetry if Poetry consented to lay down its linguistic blinders and extend the scope of its vision beyond what a respectable tradition has bequeathed to it, but which, after all, is not more than a tradition.

> “The works of the mind are indeed defined as" the works of man which aim to act on his sensitivity or his intellect, without utilitarian intent". The work of art has the property of creating a feeling of "aesthetic infinity" while it basically has no use whatsoever, it provokes its own need by activating what we would today call a cognitive or sensory loop, or even an addiction effect”.
>
> William Marx commenting Valéry’s Cours de Poétique, Volume 1, Page 27.

What does Valéry mean by "without utilitarian intent"? Beyond a laudable criticism of utilitarianism, it seems that for Valéry, the process of creation emerges from what exceeds simple biological survival. That is, beyond a kind of "biological utility” in short.

But to speak of biological utility is to reverse things. Biological evolution creates abilities that may or may not turn out to be useful depending on circumstances that no one can anticipate, and it is only some sort of shortsighted technical view that qualifies them as useful after the fact. One cannot define a "biological utility", because Life exceeds utilitarianism in every way. A species must withstand everything that may happen in some hundreds of thousands or some million years. It must therefore be equipped with many more abilities than those required for day-to-day survival. Abilities some of which may only be "useful" once in 500,000 years. It follows that living things are made up of a sedimentation of many adaptation layers that have no reason to be logically consistent. Possibly contradictory capacities, hence, but which must be so, because History is not coherent.

Valéry's "biologism" is therefore in a way, unfounded. But what is fundamental is Valéry's insistence *on the creative process rather than its results*. Capitalism is what is interested in results and Valéry's approach therefore constitutes an overcoming of it. What matters to him is the dynamics of the creation process in the "producer" (i.e. the artist) or of the reception process in the "consumer" (i.e. the public). It follows that the work of art, and more generally the object, is nothing but an intermediary between human imaginations. Taken apart from that, works of art, of science or technology are only natural *things*, that is to say *deprived of any meaning*, just like a grain of sand, a pebble, a gush of wind, or a stream.

And, on closer inspection, the "aesthetic infinity" that Valéry speaks of is none other than passion. Because passion, just like aesthetic emotion, feeds on itself, provoking in the same movement a desire, the satisfaction of this desire, and the almost immediate return of the same desire, or more often still, a desire for more, therefore potentially opening on infinity.

By taking things not at the level of the results, which can be as diverse as you

like, but at the level of the creative process as such, that is to say of what Breton calls *the real functioning of thought*, which is common to all humanity, it becomes possible to rebuild some kind unity, because the brains that produce science and technology and the arts and poetry are always human brains. A unity that is therefore established *beyond specializations* and the scattering of the various contexts of application of intellectual creation. From this irrefutable and deeply surrealist point of view, we can envisage a poetics that is no longer restricted to words, but extended to *the actual functioning of thought*, whether textual or visual, artistic, scientific or technical. Because the human creative process, *the actual functioning of thought is surrealist*.

Despite appearances (as regards results), implementation contexts, so-called "methods" and scientific, technical or artistic disciplines, the core process of intellectual creation is always the same, for the simple reason that it is of a capacity common to all men.
And this is also what Breton has in mind at the end of the First Manifesto when he notes that the process of intellectual creation is no less surrealist among scientists than among artists. This was amply demonstrated in mathematics by Henri Poincaré in 1908 and by Alexandre Grothendieck much later. (See *Another Exploration of the Unconscious*).
What is thus established by Valéry and by Breton is nothing less than the bases of a radical humanism which overflows and exceeds that of the Renaissance as well as that, more profoundly bourgeois, of the Enlightenment.

It is not a question of abolishing the canonical formulations required by the various disciplines, and whose function remains essential in that they allow the standardized presentation, verification, and dissemination of knowledge within each discipline. Simply, these canonical formulations *do not think*. They consist of a rational shaping of creations of the mind of quite another origin. "Rational thinking" is not the thinking of creators, but the harping of teachers.

There is obviously no more question of thinking that the unconscious of a mathematician can produce any mathematical idea whatsoever without a thorough mathematical culture ; not more, as Henri Poincaré notes, of hoping that the unconscious, even highly mathematically educated may ever perform the slightest calculation.

However, it should be noted that certain fundamental aspects of mathematics and theoretical computer science draw the borders of what may be reached by language in a much more radical way than Poetry does.
Evolutionary biology, too, designates an area beyond what language can reach and even more, *beyond the calculable*, in that it reveals that *doing goes far beyond saying.* From then on, either in a way of self-mutilation we agree to restrict poetry to language and saying, or we liberate poetry by opening wide the doors of *doing* to it.

And this is hardly opposed except by traditional habits according to which people, whether they are poets, or scientists or anything else, tend to behave like petty shopkeepers of their conformism.

In the sense of the surrealism of the First Manifesto, Valéry's approach in the *Cours de Poétique* seems appropriate for clarifying the objectives of surrealism and allowing its extension by opening it up to the totality of human thought, beyond the narrow world of art and poetry, at least, as currently conceived.

This presupposes that surrealism ceases to agree to restrict itself to the production of poetic and plastic works, or even to some kind of specific lifestyle, and that it dedicates itself effectively to the collective practice and elucidation of the expression of *the real functioning of thought* taken in its totality. Valéry's objectives in the *Cours de Poétique* should normally appear in line with those set out in the *First Manifesto*. But are we serious about the initial objectives of

surrealism when we prefer the eternal poetic and artistic exploitation of the gold mine unearthed by Breton and Soupault, rather than risk ourselves in going to see if there is not something even more exciting at the end of the mine tunnel – if only the end of this tunnel.

Spring 2023

# Applying Surrealist Methods to Surrealist Methods and Games

One of the underlying ideas of what follows is to apply the methods of surrealism to abstract objects rather than to physical or sensitive objects or their representations as is usually done. From a surrealist point of view, the mental mechanisms involved can be – for example – the same as those implemented in the creation of an image in the sense of Pierre Reverdy.

The definition of the poetic image, as stated by Pierre Reverdy in the Nord-Sud magazine around 1918 and subsequently quoted by Breton, consists of a connection between two objects previously mentally perceived as distant and deprived of any link between them before the poetic image brought them together. The only difference of what is proposed here with the usual surrealist poetic image therefore lies in the application of the notion of poetic image to “abstract objects”. From a formal point of view, this may be considered a simple syntax game, consisting of replacing the expression “object” in Reverdy’s definition with the expression “abstract object”.

The notion of abstract object is extremely flexible and its scope may extend from mathematical objects to legal processes, from commercial practices to industrial or artisan processes and even to religious conceptions and rituals. However, I shall limit myself hereafter to giving some illustrations of the method, restricted to the domain of surrealism itself.

If we consider surrealist games, methods or processes as abstract objects, the

idea would therefore be to apply surrealist methods to these abstract objects in order to create, logically, analogically or by any other mental operation, new surrealist games, methods or processes.

In the following I will give some examples of transformation of the surrealist Game of the Fragment according to the methods suggested by this introduction.

# Analogical Transformations of the Game of the Fragment

## The Game of the Fragment

I quite like the idea of the Game of the Fragment, which heard of but I have never played, and about the details of which I know almost nothing. I shall hence assume that the principle is as follows: a fragment of some object is presented to the players who must imagine to which object the considered fragment could possibly belong…

## The Reversed Game of the Fragment

We can first imagine geometrically reversing the Game of the Fragment by constructing a priori (randomly or not) the environment (the context) of an unidentified fragment, then by proposing to each of the players to imagine and/or realize the type of fragment that would fit with the provided context.

In the original Fragment Game, we are faced with a piece of something and we try to imagine in what sort of  context this fragment may fit.
In the reversed Fragment Game, we are faced with a given context and we try to imagine what sort of fragment may fit in this given context.

## Transporting the fragment game...

In the introductory text, I talked about images. I could also have said *metaphor* and since the word “metaphor” contains the root “phore” which means “transport” we can think of taking the Greek root “phore” (or its Latin equivalent “fere”) at the foot of the etymology and to transport the Fragment Game into areas other than the area from which it originated.

## Transporting the fragment game into the textual domain

We can thus create a purely textual variant of the fragment game by transporting it from the domain of things to the domain of texts...
Given a sentence or sentence fragment, each player imagines and writes a few sentences that can be inserted before the proposed textual fragment, and a few sentences that can be inserted after the proposed textual fragment.
This can be done both in the field of poetic texts and in the field of narrative texts, such as novels, short stories or tales.

## Transporting the Fragment Game into the Time Domain

We can transport the game of the fragment into the temporal domain...
Given a fragment (or object), players must imagine which time sequence or period of history it comes from, and in which time sequence or period of history it may go to in the future.

If we take a knife stained with blood as a fragment, then the game consists of imagining why the knife is bloody and then what will happen next with this knife.

If we choose a carved stone or a fragment of pottery as a fragment, players

must imagine what historical period the fragment comes from, and what could happen to it in the days, years or centuries to come.

## Notes:

1 - The method used in this specific case consists simply of introducing a mental connection between the Game of the Fragment on the one hand and the word Time on the other hand. Exactly as a poetic image is supposed to do between two real objects.

2 - We immediately imagine that it would be possible to link the Game of the Fragment to the word Space instead of linking it to the word Time and then to vary the number of dimensions of the considered sort of space, i.e. look to what what happens with the Game of the Fragment in spaces of dimension two, three or four.

## Transporting the fragment game into a 2D spatial domain

A fragment of a geographic map or plan is chosen, and the players try to draw a map into which the proposed map fragment would fit.

Variation… Each player makes a collage of pieces of maps including the proposed map fragment.

## Transporting the fragment game into a 3D spatial domain

In dimension 3 it seems to me that we find the ordinary  Game of the Fragment again, except if we intend making one or more sculptures.

Let's hence see what things would look like in dimension 4.

## Transporting the Game of the Fragment into a 4D space

### Step 1 – Random or imaginary mapping

The fragment used is a city fragment, a monument or a district. Concretely, it will be a photo or a fragment of a map including this monument or this district. The game then consists in connecting the proposed city fragment to other city fragments (from the same city or from other cities). Connections can be made using any type of links: piece of string, HTML link, poem or text allowing you to go from the initial fragment to the fragment linked to it, or by any other means...

Each player hence chooses a city fragment, connects it to the initial fragment in the way he wants, then passes the obtained result to the second player who chooses another city fragment and adds it to the result produced by the first player, then he passes the result to a third player, etc.

Note:
From a practical point of view, if you do not know where to collect the necessary material, you can generally obtain the necessary fragments free of charge in the advertising leaflets of tourist agencies.

### Step 2 – Psycho-geographic Implementation of Step 1 results

Players can then visit the geographical object thus constituted, either together or separately, in a defined order or randomly, and they then textually or photographically document the mental and poetic impact of each of their

explorations.

Experiencing and documenting the mental and poetic effects of various location on your mind is the core of the situationist *Dérive* method and *Psycho-geography* itself was invented by a British situationist.

## Transporting the Game of the Fragment in the field of parks and gardens

An interesting variation of the previous game could be to use fragments of parks or gardens (photos, or plans therefore) instead of monuments or districts of a city, so as to create a network or mental collage of fragments of gardens representing an ideal garden (beautiful or sinister) which would only physically exist in pieces.

## Transporting the Game of the Fragment into the video domain

One of the possible implementations of the fragment game in the field of video would be to provide players with a small video sequence and to ask them to imagine – or create – one or more video sequences located before or after the provided sequence.
Almost everyone has a phone capable of taking video footage and there are many free and accessible video editing tools.

If generalized to a set of predefined video sequences, this method may be used to create a complete film or scenario.

## Other directions of expansion of the Game of the Fragment.

Quite probably, we could create other variations of the Game of the Fragment by connecting it to other words, like cooking, or region, or tree, or even factory (or industrial wasteland) for instance.

So, if we consider a crossover (or a link) between the fragment game and the word Cooking, we can then play the Game of the Fragment by starting with a given taste fragment or recipe fragment and imagine what would be the recipes to which this recipe fragment or this taste fragment could belong and which recipes, new ones or not, can thus be derived from the recipe fragment initially considered.

## Temporary conclusion

The above is only one specific example of implementing the principles outlined in the introduction. We can see that in a relatively short time, with a little imagination and with the help of a few analogies, it is possible to create 8 hitherto unknown variants of the traditional surrealist Game of the Fragment. The proposed method is flexible and general and in the sole field of surrealist games it would allow many other results to be obtained, which will be presented another time.

# Application des méthodes surréalistes aux méthodes & jeux surréalistes

Une des idées sous-jacentes de ce qui suit est d'appliquer les méthodes du surréalisme à des objets abstraits plutôt qu'à des objets physiques ou sensibles ou à leurs représentations comme on le fait habituellement.

D'un point de vue surréaliste, les mécanismes mentaux mis en jeu sont les mêmes que – par exemple – ceux mis en œuvre dans la création d'une image au sens de Pierre Reverdy. La définition de l'image poétique telle qu'énoncée par Pierre Reverdy dans la revue *Nord-Sud* vers 1918 et citée ensuite par Breton consiste en une connexion entre deux objets préalablement mentalement perçus comme éloignés et sans relations entre eux avant que l'image poétique ne les rapproche. La seule différence avec l'image poétique surréaliste usuelle réside donc dans l'application de la notion d'image à des "objets abstraits". D'un point de vue formel, il ne s'agit au fond que d'un jeu de syntaxe consistant à remplacer dans la définition de Reverdy l'expression "objet" par l'expression "objet abstrait".

La notion d'objet abstrait est extrêmement flexible et son champ d'application peut s'étendre des objets mathématiques aux processus juridiques, des pratiques commerciales aux procédés industriels ou artisanaux et même aux conceptions et rituels religieux. Mais je vais me borner ici à donner quelques illustrations de la méthode, restreintes au domaine du surréalisme lui-même.

Si l'on considère les jeux, méthodes ou procédés surréalistes comme des objets

abstraits, ce qui est suggéré ci-dessus consisterait donc à appliquer les méthodes surréalistes à ces objets abstraits afin de créer, logiquement, analogiquement ou par tout autre opération mentale, de nouveaux jeux, méthodes ou procédés surréalistes.

Je vais donner dans la suite quelques exemples de transformation du jeu surréaliste du Fragment selon les méthodes suggérées par cette introduction.

# Transformations analogiques du jeu du fragment

## Le Jeu du Fragment

J'aime assez l'idée du jeu du fragment que je n'ai jamais pratiqué et dont j'ignore presque tout de sorte que je vais supposer que le principe en est le suivant : on présente un fragment d'objet aux joueurs qui doivent imaginer à quels objets le fragment considérer pourrait bien appartenir…

## Le Jeu du Fragment inversé

On peut d'abord imaginer d'*inverser* le jeu du fragment en construisant à priori (aléatoirement ou non) l'environnement (le contexte) d'un fragment non identifié, puis en proposant à chacun des joueurs d'imaginer et-ou de réaliser le type de fragment correspondant au contexte fourni.

## Transports du Jeu du Fragment

Dans le texte d'introduction, j'ai parlé d'images. J'aurais aussi pu dire *métaphore* et puisque le mot "métaphore" contient la racine "phore" qui veut dire "transport"  on peut songer à prendre la racine grecque "phore" (ou son équivalent latin "fère") au pied de l'étymologie et à transporter le Jeu du Fragment dans d'autres domaines que le domaine dont il est originaire.

## Transport du jeu du fragment dans le domaine textuel

On peut ainsi créer une variante du jeu du fragment purement textuelle en le transportant du domaine des choses au domaine des textes…
Étant donné une phrase ou un fragment de phrase, chaque joueur imagine et écrit quelques phrases pouvant s'insérer avant le fragment textuel proposé, et quelques phrases pouvant s'insérer après le fragment textuel proposé.
Cela peut être fait aussi bien dans le domaine des textes poétiques que dans le domaine des textes narratifs, type roman, nouvelle ou contes.

## Transport du jeu du fragment dans le domaine temporel

On peut transporter le jeu du fragment dans le domaine temporel…
Un fragment (ou un objet) étant donné, les joueurs doivent imaginer de quelle séquence temporelle ou de quelle période de l'histoire il provient et vers quelle séquence temporelle ou période de l'histoire il va vers le futur.

Si l'on prend comme fragment un couteau ensanglanté, le jeu consiste à imaginer pour quelles raisons le couteau est ensanglanté puis ce qu'il va se passer ensuite avec ce couteau.

Si l'on prend comme fragment une pierre taillée ou un fragment de poterie, les joueurs doivent imaginer de quelle période historique provient le fragment, et ce qui pourra lui arriver dans les jours, les années ou les siècles à venir.

Notes :

1 - La méthode utilisée dans ce cas précis consiste simplement à introduire une connexion mentale entre le jeu du fragment d'une part et le mot temps d'autre part. Exactement comme une image poétique est supposée le faire entre deux objets du réel.

2 - On imagine immédiatement qu'il serait possible de relier le jeu du fragment au mot *Espace* au lieu de le relier au mot *Temps* puis de faire ensuite varier le nombre de dimensions de l'espace considéré c'est à dire regarder ce qu'il advient du jeu du fragment dans des espaces de dimension deux, trois ou quatre.

## Transport du jeu du fragment dans le domaine spatial en dimension 2

On choisit un fragment de carte géographique ou de plan, et les joueurs essayent de dessiner une carte dans laquelle le fragment de carte proposé vient s'insérer.

Variante… Chaque joueur réalise un collage de morceaux de cartes incluant le fragment proposé.

## Transport du jeu du fragment dans le domaine spatial en dimension 3

En dimension 3 il me semble qu'on retrouve le jeu du fragment ordinaire, sauf à réaliser une ou des sculptures.
Voyons ce que ça donnerait en dimension 4.

## Transport du jeu du fragment dans le domaine spatial en dimension 4

### Etape 1 – Cartographie aléatoire

Le fragment utilisé est un fragment de ville, un monument ou un quartier. Concrètement il s'agira d'une photo ou un fragment de carte incluant ce monument ou ce quartier. Le jeu consiste alors à connecter le fragment de ville proposé à d'autres fragments de ville ( de la même ville ou d'autres villes). Les connexions peuvent être réalisées au moyen de n'importe quel type de liens : bout de ficelle, lien HTML, poème ou texte permettant de passer du fragment initial au fragment qui lui est relié, ou par tout autre moyen…

Chaque joueur choisit un fragment de ville, le connecte au fragment initial de la manière qu'il veut, puis passe le résultat obtenu au second joueur qui choisit un autre fragment de ville et l'ajoute au résultat produit par le premier joueur, puis il repasse le résultat à un troisième joueur, etc.

Note :
D'un point de vue pratique, si on ne sait pas où collecter le matériel nécessaire, on peut généralement se procurer gratuitement les fragments nécessaire dans les dépliants publicitaires des agences de tourisme.

### Etape 2 – Mise en œuvre psychogéographique

Les joueurs peuvent ensuite visiter l'objet géographique ainsi constitué, ensemble ou séparément, dans un ordre défini ou aléatoirement, et documenter textuellement ou photographiquement l'impact mental et poétique de chacune des étapes de leurs explorations.

## Transport du jeu du fragment dans le domaine des parcs et jardins

Une variante  intéressante du jeu précédent pourrait être d'utiliser des fragments de parcs ou de jardins (des photos, ou des plans donc) au lieu de monuments ou de quartiers d'une ville, de manière à réaliser un réseau ou collage mental de fragments de jardins représentant un jardin idéal (beau ou sinistre) qui n'existerait physiquement que par morceaux.

### Transport du jeu du fragment dans le domaine vidéo

Une des mises en œuvre possibles du jeu du fragment dans le domaine de la vidéo serait de fournir aux joueurs une petite séquence vidéo en leur demandant d'imaginer -- ou de réaliser -- une ou plusieurs séquences vidéo se situant avant ou après la séquence fournie.
Presque tout le monde dispose d'un téléphone capable de prendre des séquences vidéo et il existe de nombreux outils de montage vidéo gratuits et accessibles.

## Autres directions d'extension du jeu du fragment.

Peut-être pourrions-nous créer d'autres variantes du jeu du fragment en le connectant à  d'autres mots, comme cuisine, ou région, ou arbre, ou même usine (ou friche industrielle) par exemple.

Ainsi, si nous envisageons un croisement (ou un lien) entre le jeu du fragment et le mot cuisine, nous pouvons alors jouer au jeu du fragment à partir d'un fragment de goût ou d'un fragment de recette donnés et imaginer quelles seraient les recettes auxquelles appartient ce fragment de recette ou ce fragment de goût et quelles sont les recettes, nouvelles ou pas, qui peuvent ainsi en être dérivées à partir du fragment de recette considéré initialement.

## Conclusion temporaire

Ce qui précède ne constitue qu'un exemple particulier de mise en œuvre des principes exposés dans l'introduction. On voit qu'en assez peu de temps avec un peu d'imagination et à l'aide de quelques analogies, il est possible de créer 8 variantes jusqu'ici inconnues du Jeu du Fragment traditionnel. La méthode proposée est flexible et générale et rien que dans le domaine des jeux surréalistes elle permet d'obtenir beaucoup d'autres résultats que je présenterai une autre fois.

# Tranformations analogiques du Jeu de Cadavre Exquis

Un autre exemple d'application des procédés du surréalisme aux jeux et procédés surréalistes eux-mêmes pourrait consister à étendre la notion classique de cadavre exquis en lui ajoutant certains degrés de liberté supplémentaires.

## Cadavre exquis étoilé

Au lieu du cadavre exquis textuel classique qui se déploie généralement de manière linéaire dans la seule direction présent vers futur, haut vers bas ou bas vers haut, on peut envisager un cadavre exquis multi-directionnel se déployant dans plusieurs directions à la fois, ce qui a déjà d'ailleurs cours dans presque tous les exemples de cadavres exquis visuels, mais ne semble pas avoir été envisagé pour des cadavres exquis textuels.

Ci dessous un exemple de cadavre exquis triangulaire (donc pour 3 joueurs), mais qui peut être étendu à un nombre de joueurs un peu plus grand (mais pas trop grand, par exemple inférieur à 10). Avec 5 ou 6 joueurs, il serait possible d'obtenir un joli cadavre exquis étoilé.

Dans le cas précis de cet exemple, au premier tour de jeu, les 3 joueurs commencent avec le même paragraphe initial (chacun sur une feuille différente). Puis le joueur 1 joue sur la feuille du joueur 2, le joueur 2 sur la feuille du joueur 1 et le joueur 3 joue sur la feuille du joueur 2, etc.

Bien que l'on puisse penser que l'ordre soit potentiellement sans importance, l'utilisation d'un ordre circulaire simplifie la procédure puisqu'il suffit que chaque joueur passe sa  feuille à son voisin pour commencer le tour de jeu suivant. En outre, cela simplifie le travail d'analyse des résultats du jeu.

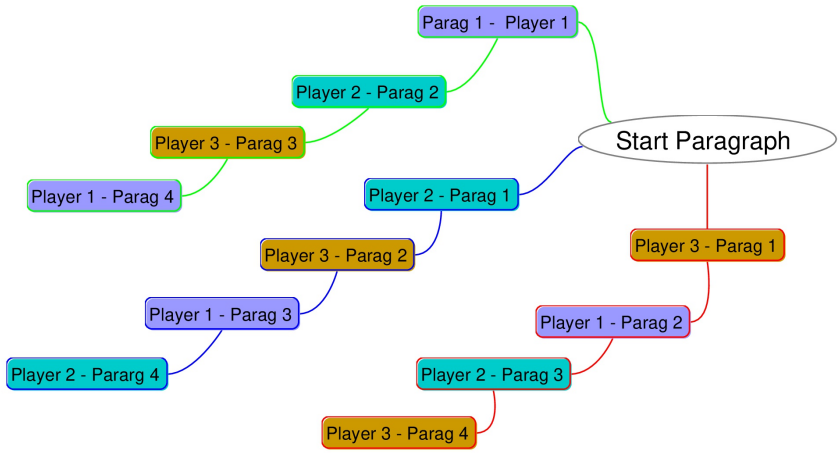



Figure  1

On voit immédiatement l'un des intérêts pratiques de cette procédure, à savoir que tous les joueurs sont actifs à chaque instant. Les temps d'attente du retour de la feuille qui sont toujours une source d'ennui dans le jeu traditionnel sont totalement supprimés.

On obtient ainsi 3 cadavres exquis qui peuvent se développent en parallèle indépendamment, ou pas du tout, ou dans une certaine mesure seulement.
D'un point de vue surréaliste, l'un des intérêts du jeu est d'analyser dans quelle

mesure les 3 narratifs créés en parallèle s'influencent les uns les autres ou non. On peut considérer ce jeu comme une version un peu remaniée du *Jeu des Histoires Parallèles* inventé par Micheline Bounoure.

On peut bien  sûr exposer les résultats du jeu de manière classique, c'est à dire sous forme de trois histoires séparées. Mais on peut aussi le faire à l'aide de cartes mentales (comme dans l'image ci dessus, avec des liens HTML associés à chacun des éléments de la carte et conduisant à chacun des paragraphes des textes.

## Cadavre exquis composite

On peut aussi ajouter certains degrés de liberté en laissant à chaque joueur la possibilité de choisir à son gré le médium d'expression utilisé pour avancer dans le jeu.
Cela conduirait à la réalisation de cadavres exquis composites qui incluraient, selon les décisions "automatiques", aléatoires ou poétiques de chacun des joueurs, des éléments graphiques, textuels, mais aussi bien sonores, musicaux, gestuels, des objets, des animations, etc. Les parties précédentes du cadavre

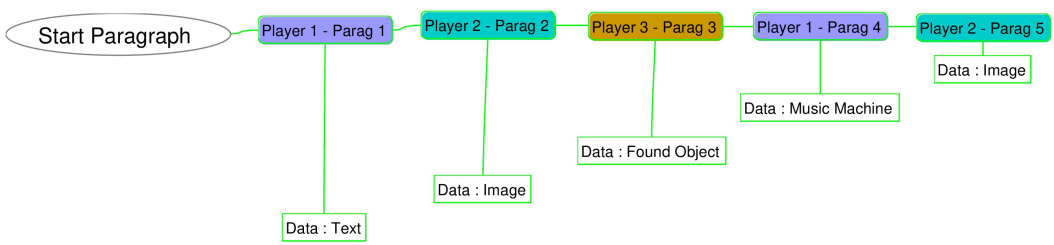



Figure 2

Une telle forme de cadavre exquis composite se déploie alors assez naturellement dans l'espace multidimensionnel d'une page Web qui permet la mise en œuvre conjointe et simultanée des différents médias utilisables tels que l'écriture (1D) ou le visuel (2D), mais aussi possiblement la danse (4D), la musique (xD) , la sculpture et-ou les objets trouvés (3D) ou bien d'autres modes d'expression connus ou qui restent encore à naître.

Les cadavres exquis composites sont tout à fait réalisables au sein de pages HTML pourvu que les possibilités des outils numériques disponibles soient connues des joueurs, et qu'au moins une personne compétente quant aux techniques HTML requises soit accessible pour réaliser le cadavre exquis final, par exemple, par simple collage, par liens HTML ou bien par image-maps, objets 3D, etc. Le résultat serait donc un ensemble de pages web incluant et reliant les divers morceaux du cadavre.

Une réalisation matérielle de ce type de cadavre exquis composite peut aussi être envisagée par exemple sous la forme de suspension des éléments composant le cadavre exquis type Mobile de Calder mais peut s'avérer d'une réalisation plus délicate et surtout plus coûteuse qu'une réalisation numérique.

## Cadavre exquis QR codes

Il y a quelques années, *La Belle Inutile* avait proposé l'emploi de QR codes pour diffuser des textes et des poèmes. Cette méthode avait été inventée par **Richard Misiano-Genovese** et il avait été proposé d'adjoindre des cadres d'image aux images des QR codes pour les faire ressembler à des tableaux et donc ouvrir la possibilité de les montrer dans des expositions..

Un QR code permet d’encoder jusqu’à 4000 caractères ce qui est souvent plus que suffisant pour un poème.
Mais un QR code permet également d’encoder un lien HTML quelconque, conduisant à une image, une vidéo ou tout autre chose qui se trouve stocké sur le Web.

Pour réaliser un Cadavre Exquis sous forme de QR codes, il est possible de matérialiser physiquement sur un plan les relations entre les différents QR codes par des liens quelconques, bouts de ficelle, flèches de tous ordres, ou encore de réaliser une suspension de type mobile de Calder ou autre.

Il est bien entendu possible d’employer la même technique à propos des éléments d’un cadavre exquis composite

Janvier 2023

# Abdel Kader El Janabi

## 7 Poèmes

## En compagnie de nos chimères

Nous émergeons
De la profondeur d'un acte tragique
Portant
La joie,
La connaissance
ET
La lumière.

*

Le jour
Est une autre nuit de réveil.

## Oracle

Ô poème !
Ô livre !
Ô parole !
Ô devenir !
Ô muse, toi qui te caches
Sous ma plume
Virevoltant entre les lignes
Je ne suis pas un autre,
    Mais un simple effet de miroirs,
        Le calice des regards inclinés !

## L’esprit des mots

S’unissant dans le froid,
L’arbre, l’oiseau, les nuées
Souffrent des mêmes blessures d’absence
Que l’idée,
Cette écume troublée du cerveau
Qui se hâte
Vers le risque détendu
Et s’arc-boute
Sur sa robe d’eau.

## Veille

Chaque fois que tu baisses la tête,
Tu laisses échapper la clé de champs.
Je découvre les trésors de ton corps
Ruisselant de tous ses pores
Sous les nuages endormis de l’été
En gardant sacrificielles
Toutes les sueurs du désir.

## Aux bas-fonds du poème

J'ai pléthore d’origines
Étendues de la première aube
Au dernier soleil couchant,
Des odes suspendues
À l'asphalte écumée de la toile,
Matière arlequine
Qui mêle les chimères aux ruines
Gonflant le passif de l’histoire.

Des origines, malgré la pluie, l’entaille
Et les angoisses éparpillées sur le sable
Redessinent l’horizon
Se dissipant comme une buée errante
Je guette alors le sursaut du printemps
Aux vitrines nues du langage.
Je prélève les éphémères
Et oublie les fanfares.

Des origines qui veillent toujours seules
Au bout du chemin.
Il faut les aimer fort
Pour que de l'obligation nocturne
Se délivre la décadence  !

## Rythme des images

L'abondance du sens
S'est descellée et se répand
Pour que le mouvement latent
Précède l'immobilité des arbres et s'allège.

Les ombres ne trouvent point de refuge.
C'est comme si vivre pour elles
Était une dualité vierge de toute couleur.

La lucidité plonge dans l'encre de la nuit
Comme une virgule dans une phrase sans verbe.
Elle se fait entendre dans les rives oubliées
    Où le soulagement avoisine l’angoisse.

## Revue de rigueur

Il nous faut les pointes blanches de l’existence
Pour éclairer la porte invisible,
Le temps corporel qui nous enroule,
Le sans forme qui nous est propre
La solitude qui s’allume à chaque vacarme,
Et le rideau de fenêtre que l’on abaisse
Chaque fois que nous sommes ensemble.

# Barrett J. Erickson

# Time as Space as Imagination

## or

## How Raisins Nourish Genocide

*The Existentialists asserted that existence precedes essence — we do before we are. Enactivism (cognitive science) "argues that cognition arises through a dynamic interaction between an acting organism and it's environment" (Wikipedia). In an interview, theoretical physicist Carlo Rovelli, referred to his pen as a "node of possible interaction". Chaos theory speaks of "strange attractors", "perturbations", and "bifurcations". The Situationists spoke of "reversible coherence".*

*In 1962 Thomas S. Kuhn talked about scientific revolutions:*
*- "…the scientist who embraces a new paradigm is like the man wearing inverting lenses. Confronting the same constellation of objects as before and knowing that as he does so, he nevertheless finds them transformed through and through in many of their details."*

*A hundred years ago, Andre Breton called for a creative revolution of the mind that integrates the imagination into our daily experience.*

All of this resonates in metaphorical harmony today as I contemplate reality as we experience it.

Athletes often speak of being "in the zone" — when they've become so focused in competition that they are no longer aware of spectators or anything else beyond what they describe as reflexive responses to the challenge immediately facing them. This is the quintessential "here/now" moment.

Having experienced a few of these, my observation is that they seem to happen outside of time and in a condensed space. In fact, I don't think they even feel like an "experience" until that specific "here/now" has passed into the "past".

Carlo Rovelli:
- "Modern physics indicates that it is more useful to think about the world without having to put time at the beginning."
- "I wouldn't think that the world is a four-dimensional continuum. Quantum mechanics are more complicated. The world is about facts, about happening, about processes. They themselves can be counted… And that is time. It's just a counting of the things that happen… Not something that is pre-existing to the phenomena."

Time as a series of "here/now" events.

But, you may ask, if "here/now" happens outside of time, and we "do before we are" and what we do first is "a dynamic interaction between an acting organism and it's environment", what is that process of the "counting of things that happen" from which our (meta)sense of continuity comes from — that sense of "self"?

Well, now that you ask, here's how I see it:

Think of latent reality (i.e., the substrate we cognitively engage) as a kind of dimensionless chaotic soup of quantum superposition, in which we swim, and from which our primary sensory apparatus — those processes directly interacting with quantum level stuff (e.g. rods and cones of the eye with photons) — produce an overload of "data" (like this sentence, maybe) where every nerve is a data point. It's not a smooth broth we're talking about, but rather a clumpy, lumpy stew of strange attractors, perturbations, and

bifurcations — these are the “nodes of possible interaction”, like Rovelli’s pen.

As we evolved into complex physiological beings, our brains evolved the processes necessary to regulate our internal systems and simplify our interactions with the environment. This is what allowed us to survive. Instead of millions of photons hitting rods and cones, we evolved a sense – I would say “(meta)sense” – of vision. Same with hearing, touch, smell, taste.

Because all “nodes of possible interaction” are not created equal (some we can eat, others can eat us), another (meta)sense emerged to recognize, evaluate and prioritize patterns in our (meta)sensory processes. This was the imagination.

These (meta)senses are the true dimensions of our experience. It is the imagination that ties it all together, not only allowing us to recognize a predator, but also as evolution continued, allowing us to conceptualize the past and the future and see them as tied to our current here/now and even to conceive what isn’t here/now.

So, for me:

Our Time/Space experience can be described as a sphere whose radius is the infinitely variable and difference (limited only by the imagination) between Here/Now and There/Then. Where “there” is anywhere and “then” is past or future.

Here/Now >>==========>> There/Then
(imagination)

This is our reality-as-experienced. The stronger the imagination, the more integrated into the here/now, the bigger and fuller the sphere of experience.

Of course, I’m not alone on the planet (although I confess that occasional fantasy). There are 8 billion+ other here/now’s and they’re all unique, as are imaginations, which each produce a unique reality-as-experienced. The degree to which our spheres of experience overlap, like some kind of 3D Venn diagram, is the degree to which we agree on the facts and truths of our common existence.

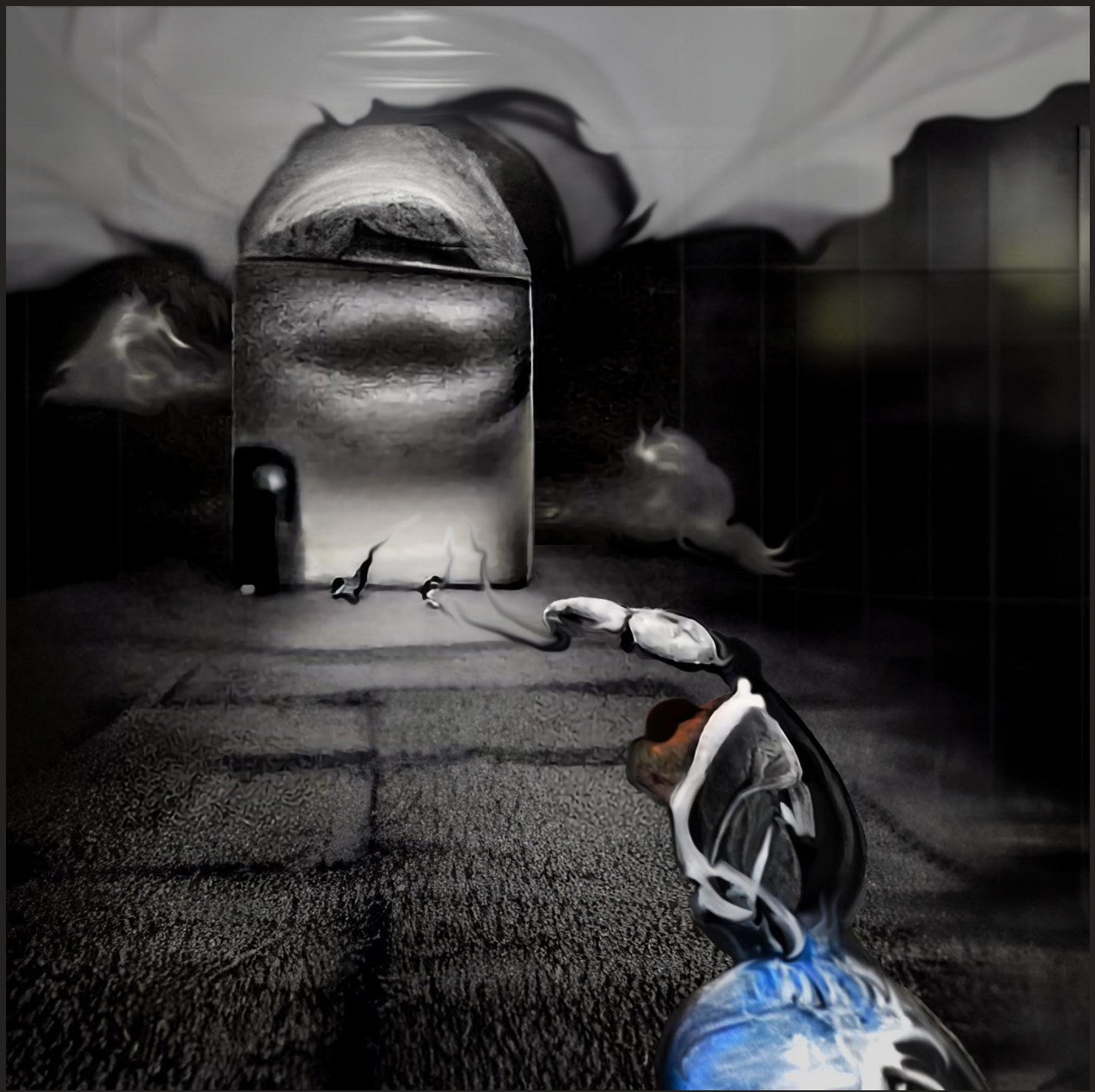
In the kind of world surrealists envision, everyone’s reality-as-experienced would be as a large smooth sphere. But we all know we are not living in the kind of world surrealists would hope for. In today’s world, far too many imaginations are under-nourished, and all imaginations have suffered some abuse. In extreme cases, this results in a warped sense of “reality”, an inability to properly process the past or conceptualize the future – a small, deformed desiccated existence without essence. A raisin like nothingness, if you will, where creativity died.

Which explains the current global plutofarcy and the governments that serve it, especially here in the U.S.

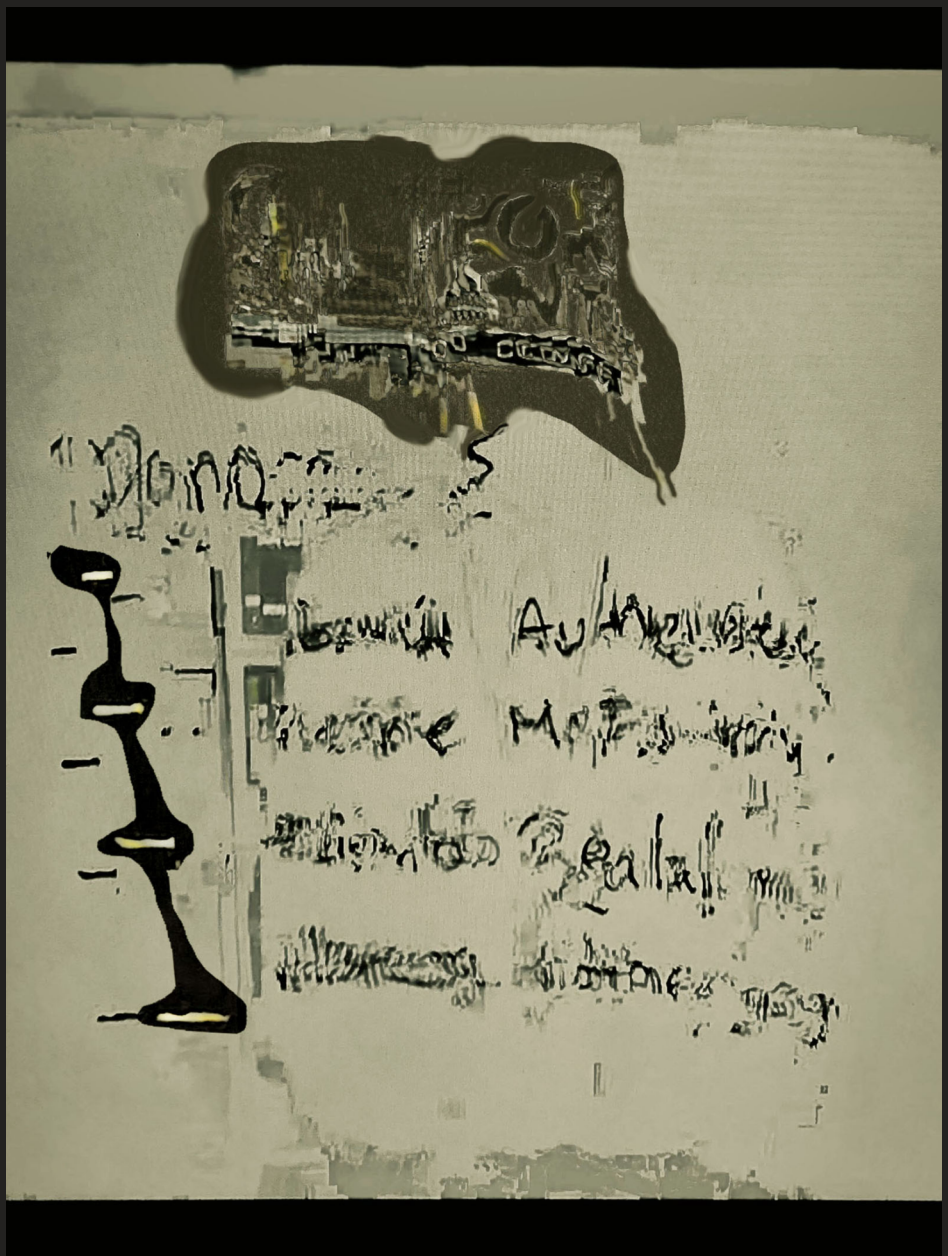
# Dale Houstman



**A Fresh Reign of Terror**



**Condensation of the Conversation**



**danger is in no danger**



**The Fact of the Shape Is**



**where breezes sleep**

# Veronica Cabanillas

## Images & Texts

## Veronica Cabanillas



**Loplop o un recuerdo de Max Ernst sobrevuela el litoral de los poetas**



**Allá tan lejos la casa de Nicanor Parra**
**(recuerdo de playa chica, Las Cruces)**



**La mujer coral y el esternón enamorado en la costanera**



**La mujer y su cria**

# Magdalena Benavente

## Images & Texts

## Magdalena Benavente



**Portal del agua**

200

# Alas de Mosca

Volver al lugar donde las calaveras brillan como manzanas entre las hojas

donde los pájaros contienen la respiración del dolor

volver al lugar donde la muerte engendra los huevos azules del frio donde crepitan sepulcros y elogios a lo oscuro

la cara manchada de fuego y el tiempo pegado a la espalda,

pero nada de esto tiene la menor importancia

porque es el diablo quien nos mira atizando el viento entre las ramas

# Fly wings

Back to the place where the skulls shine like apples among the leaves

where the birds hold their breath of pain

back to the place where death spawns the blue eggs of cold where sepulchers and eulogies crackle in the dark

the faces stained with fire and time stuck to the back

but none of this is of the slightest importance

because it is the devil who watches us poking the wind among the branches



**La cita**

203



**Lugares comunes I**

204



**Lugares comunes II**



**La danza del aire**

# Jaime Alfaro Ngwazi

## Oneiric Library



**Oneiric Library 1**



**Oneiric Library 2**



**Oneiric Library 3**



**Oneiric Library 4**



**Oneiric Library 5**

# Uly Paya

## Images

## Uly Paya



**111-the cognition of space**



**236-digitization of the world**



**332-harmony**



**283-the witch**



**345-towntree**



**461-soul of the self**



**525-lockdown**

Wiritinb

# The ImPROMPTu

Writing Budapest Group

# Aron’s Escape: An Exquisite Corpse

And, so, when he had packed his bags and put away his father’s keepsakes, he sat, back erect, and droopy eyes as alert as they have ever been, in his kitchen facing his stove. No, he sighed, no one will ever cook me dinner here. This place will never be warm. He sighed again, pulled his phone out of his back pocket, swiped the screen, opened Facebook and created the group “Áron’s Escape”.

Had he known about it, Áron would have vehemently protested given the precarious security around his situation and how he had sworn [the narrator] secrecy around it. But I/the narrator, felt in himself the kind of desire to help that is born out of a showiness – the kind he would boast about for years afterwards to all his tinder dates.

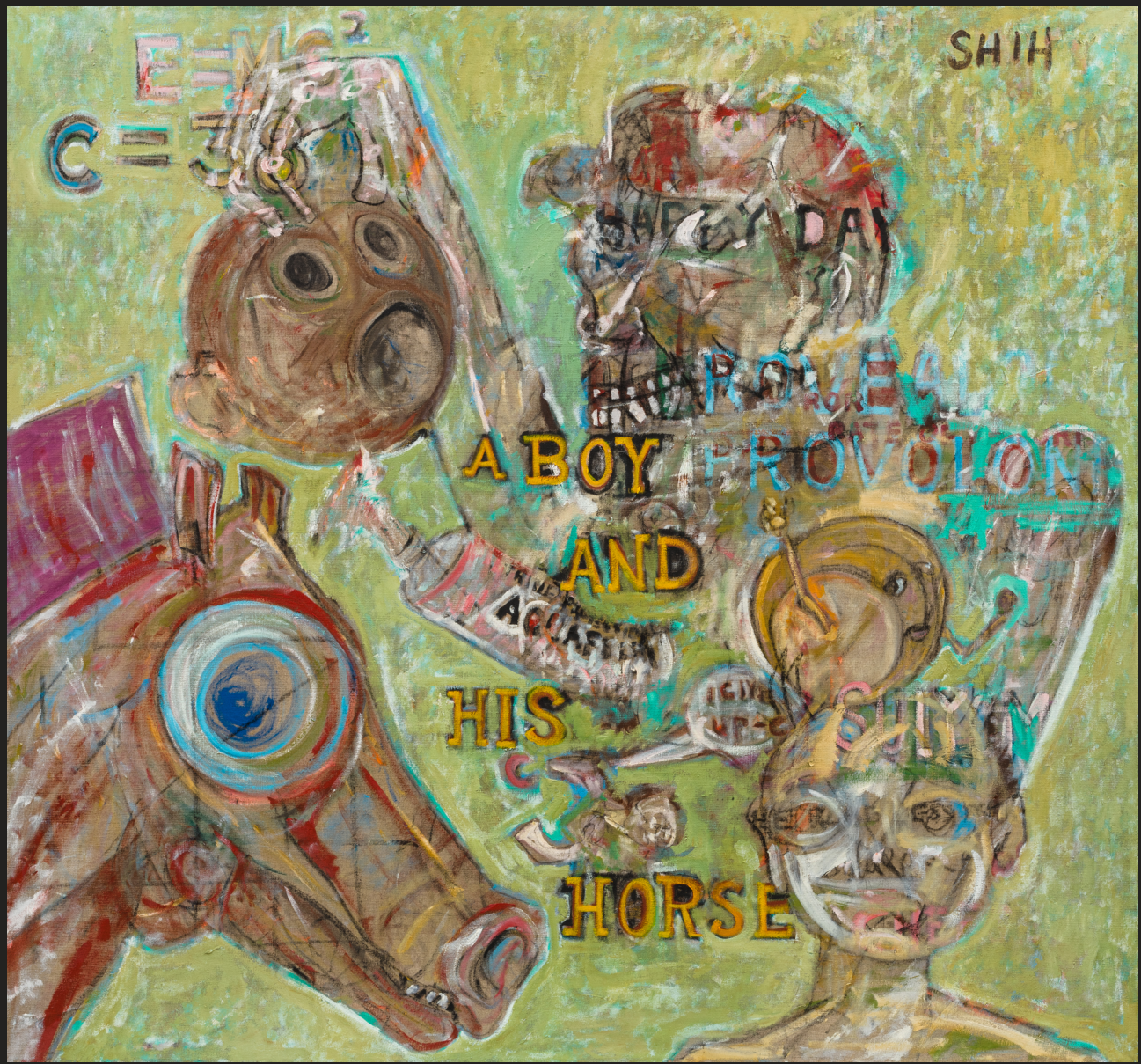
But he wasn’t all the wiser for it. He was just looking for something himself when telling these stories: a sense of grandeur was what he so desperately wanted to convey but was never sure that he did.

Honestly, I can’t remember. It was something like a dream, a little unbalanced equation. Several things in conversation.

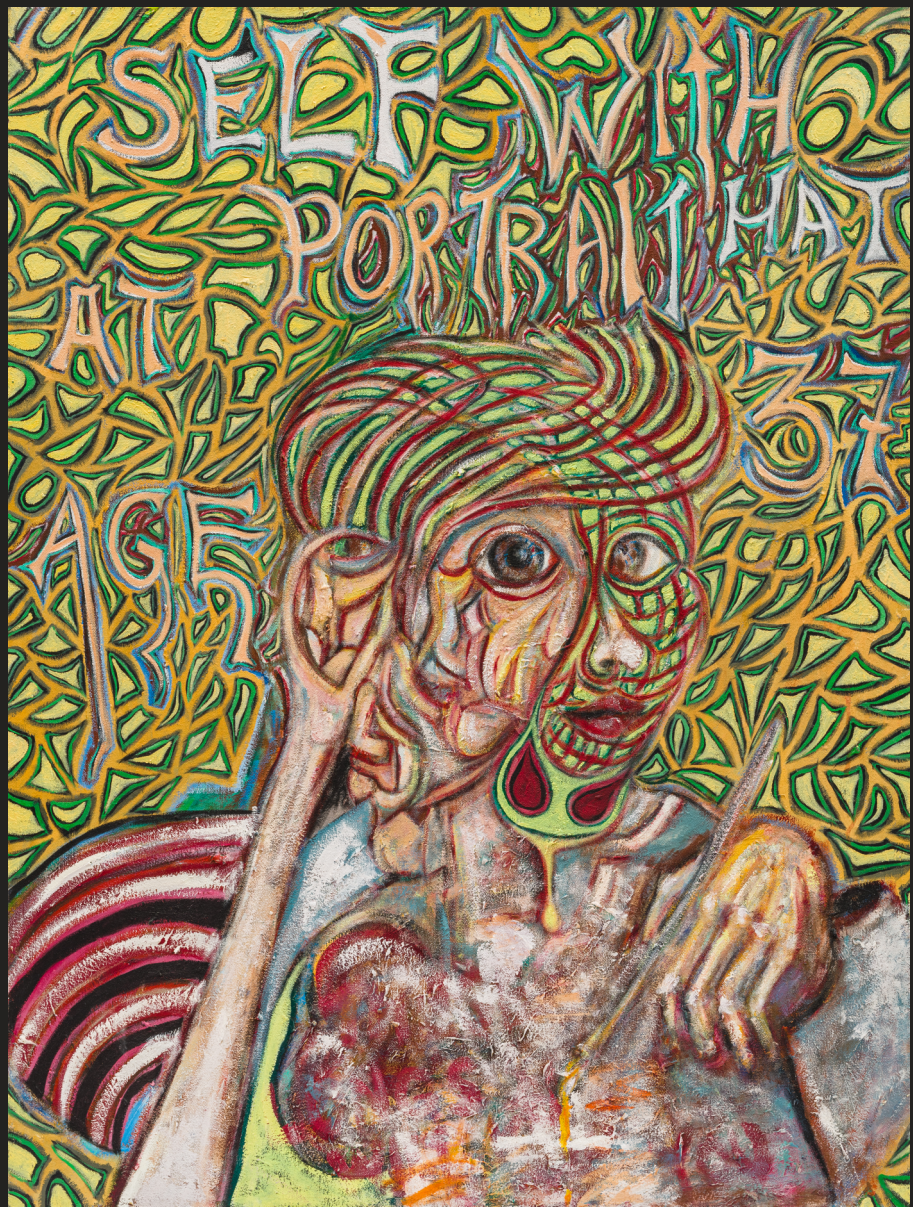
Others in morse code, nail Track Taps and sonar pings.
SO, WE ARE IN SPACE NOW
Endlessly floating.

18 January 2024

# Bullet Shih




**No. 1**




**2 No. 2**

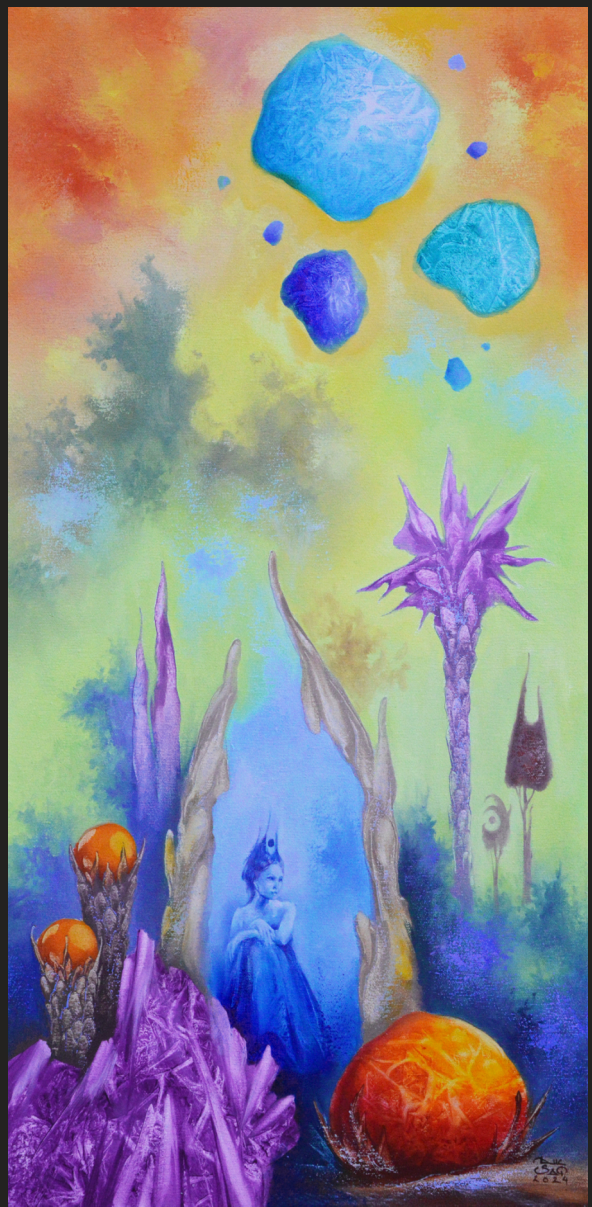


**David G No. 3**




**No. 4**

# Zoltan Ducsai



**Blue Siren**



**Emerald Valley 5**



**Firecrystal House**



**Land of  Crystal flowers (dawn in the garden)**



**Purple Valley 7**

# Jennifer Walker

# The Magic City

It was a Magic City.
Sn-City, missing the “i”.
It breathed metal.
It perspired light.
Order coursed through its veins.
Magic in Sn-City meant stability;
Something hard to break.
Everything found a place in its predictable rhythm.
Until it didn’t.

Boulevards expanded, encircling the city walls, widening as they moved further away. Each ring was decorated with historicist buildings of eclectic styles embellished with neoclassical columns and neo-baroque arches growing so tall they scratched the sky in places. Parks swallowed the empty spaces between. Empty meadows and forests licked up the land as it rippled from one ring to another until it spilt into the wilderness, exhaling into an ocean, where ships melted into clouds.

The city condensed from the sea to the centre, like waves gathering towards barnacled rocks. Electric carriages circumnavigated metallic tramlines along the ornate ring roads orbiting high city walls, carrying the electrons who lived in the free city. Within the walls, the city’s heart was a prison. Its dense nucleus split into two ventricle-like neighbourhoods clustered around Sn-City’s pulsing heart. Protons populated the left district, while the neutrons resided in the

right. Each citizen within the muscular city walls lived in a grand house, serving unique roles. Spinning in different directions or on varied energy levels as they skipped through their atrium.

Each one had their place.
Protons and neutrons remained segregated.
The city never ceased to function.
For the city was life.
That’s how it was.

Neutrons, in theory, could come and go, like oxygen being breathed in and out of a respiring lung, but only following a cumbersome pile of paperwork. Their departure would destabilise Sn-City like a dismembered crab. At least in recent history, no neutron had ever stepped beyond the walled boundary. There were legends, recorded in isotopic tomes, about a chaotic era when the city lost and attracted neutrons as a matter of practice, a saga from before the city became Doubly Magic.

Modern city-dwelling neutrons lived in gleaming marble halls, with arcaded rooms lined with columns and windows overlooking the clouds and stars glimmering above through the curved atrium windows. Their rooms were stuffed with statues and books that they had never read. Neutrons are typically known to have a weakness for poetry, however. Sn-City neutrons, too, delighted in dancing words with rhyme and rhythm, though they were confined to the rules of their own nuclear structure. Syllables retained their shell population: 2, 6, 2, 6, 2, 4, etc. It always had a beat.

Poetry had a purpose in the city.
It kept the neutrons from getting too curious.
From exploring outside the walls.

Instead, they happily retreated inwards
like collapsing rose petals in their search for perfect words.

The movement of protons, on the other hand, was explicitly forbidden. Without precisely the designated number of protons, this would no longer be Sn-City, but a different element altogether. The protons resided in the most orderly houses: cube-like, spartan, and heavily structured. Everything was carved out of tin, so their world embraced a metallic hue. It changed colour while sand cascaded through the hourglass in response to the light and time of day. As the sun rose and set, it painted the metal halls in shades of rose gold. Reflections of the midday sun were sometimes so deafening that the protons could only walk about, rushing along the arterial street with sunglasses on to retain their vision as light reflected off the tin roofs and retreated home unscathed.

The protons knew their place and understood their essence was essential to the city's existence. But the neutrons knew there was a sliver of a chance they could leave. Minimal hope lay in this possibility, which grew in the heart of one curious neutron, who dreamt of the poetry it could find beyond its drumming atom.

Eugen lived on the edge of the shell within the city walls. They shared their house with ten other neutrons. It was these neutrons who helped the city become Doubly-Magic. Cities with 2, 8, 20, 28, 50, 82, or 126 protons or neutrons were Magic. Having protons and neutrons in those numbers made the city Doubly-Magic so Sn-City special–a Magic City that was even more impenetrable to invade or escape. You could tell the Magic Cities by their walls. Magic neighbourhoods were surrounded by enormous fortresses with massive empty lookout towers that melted shadows over the widening boulevards, while even higher walls enclosed Doubly-Magic cities.

Eugen could only see the towering walls that ascended, and they ached to see the void beyond. They were lucky; they lived on the city's edge so they could walk along the base searching for the invisible door that promised escape. However, all they could find was an alcove that led to nowhere. Eugen felt the bricks and the stones that rose into an infinite sky pricked with bleeding stars at night, stars that promised poetry while peering to that world beyond.

> Wandering the edge of the limits.
> Eugen felt a breeze that came from the west.
> The wind never whispered from that direction.
> It brushed past and crashed, scattering over the bricks.

The stars cast their light onto the cracks in the wall, revealing their promise of a grip for Eugen, who realised they could scale the high wall. With an energy that surged within them, Eugen pulled themselves up till they reached one of the lookout towers. Darkness flooded the sky, and only the trams zipping along the boulevards belonging to the electrons beyond the walls illuminated as they orbited in the silent night. The proton quarter glimmered with reflected metal inside the city, while the neutron quarter flickered by candlelight on marble. They curled up, feeling the rumble of something having stirred—infidelity to the city as they longed for something new. To escape the comfort of all that love could give. To break out of the limits imposed by a stable home where nothing skipped a beat.

> They wrote a poem, inscribing it on the eternal wall.
>
> Stars melt (2)
> Beyond the cracked red bricks (6)
> They burn (2)

Take me away from here (6)
New worlds (2)
Await me there (4)

Outside the shell enslaving me (8)

Freedom awaits (4)
As the lights breaks beyond (6)
Release (2)
Me from the nuclear prison called my home (10)

Although neutrons don't pen good poetry, their poetry also had its rules; enclosed within its own shells like the nuclei of Sn-City, they had to live with rhythm.

Eugen fell dormant, only awakening to a sunrise over a liminal ocean far beyond the final ring. They looked over and saw a shadow.

"You're not supposed to be here," the shadow spoke, "The city murmured. Awakened a shift in the energy; the more you scaled, the more the bricks began to crack and crumble."

"How can I leave?" Eugen said as they dreamed beyond.

"Do you know what would happen to Sn-City if you left?" the shade asked, "It would break. I would lose its Magic. It would still be Sn, but it would crumble into instability and flutter into an irregular rhythm. More neutrons would want to escape. They'd no longer know their place and hunger for change. Is it worth breaking a heart for curiosity?"

But it can be done?” Eugen said, and their meaning washed over him, effervescing like the seafoam he craved to taste.

“It can, but remember, for every action, there is a reaction.”

“How?”

The figure looked over the side of the wall that plummeted down into the first boulevard.

Eugen could smell freedom electrifying in the air.

Eugen turned back towards the inner city. As they watched their home, they thought of the other neutrons they knew and those who lived enclosed in other halls serving the function they were born to do. However, now they saw the sun rise over the ocean beyond the walls for the first time, questions infected them. Did they have the right to decide their fate on their behalf? Would their sojourn into the world be worth destroying the very thing that made them and breathed life into them? Could they return to being imprisoned by that life pre-destined made for order?

“When you decide,” said the shadow, “Descend the side you choose. Scale down the outside, and the world will change. Slide back inside, the world remains the same, but you change.”

“There is a third choice,” Eugen said, “To remain here forever. Neither living nor dead until a decision is made.”

“To exist caught between two choices is an unsatisfying one.”

No," said Eugen, "Choice leaves me with hope."

Time skipped across the sky. Eugen was alone in the tower, and the sun began to cast its dying rays that bled over the city.

Order remained days, weeks, and even years. But it sat on a precipice of one whose decision would decide the fate of the Magic City one day, who unknowingly waited for the right time to break its tin heart.

# David O'Riordan

# Blah blah blasé

*I am both evil and stupid*
*Here comes an arrow from cupid.*

*You don't want an evil and stupid boy in love, as they say. Luckily, I am on train tracks, and a very fast train is about to come.*

His last words, reportedly, were "Hitler's bunker blah blah blah, Hitler's bunker blah blah blah..." That sounds very blasé for someone approaching death; you might even say, blah blah blasé.

Now I'm going to sing a song for you:

Blah blah blasé
I went away
To fight for my country at war

Blah blah blasé
I was quite fey
Not someone cut out for war.

I hope you enjoyed that, and I hope it took your mind off evil, stupid boys. There

was also the slight silliness of rhyming "war" with "war". I hope that put you in a party mood; I hope it made you put your party hat on. I hope you're dancing now at the party; and evil, stupid boys are far from your thoughts. Of course, statistically, it's not too unimaginable that one of the 31 people present at the party is a psycho; but you are young, not yet ten even, not thinking of that kind of thing. Let us sing again:

Blah blah blasé
Let young people play
A bouncy castle in the sunshine

Blah blah blasé
I know that one day
You'll be working hard down in a coalmine.

If you are ever traumatised by thoughts of malevolent psychos in your midst, you should stare at a lump of coal for several minutes. It has a very tranquilising effect. One young boy who tried it started to nickname it "chamomile coal" for this reason. There is of course that famous photo of Woody Guthrie with his guitar with "this machine kills fascists" written on it. Once, the aforementioned boy brought a piece of coal into his bedroom, placed it on a large piece of paper on his desk, and wrote on the paper, "this machine diminishes the significance of psychos". Later that evening, he started doodling on the same piece of paper and wrote, "Never eat a banana before bed." It was just something off the top of his head, and he laughed a little when he realised what he'd written. He in turn made this into a verse:

*Never eat a banana before bed*
*It will only go to your head*
*Never eat a banana before bed*
*It will only turn you into banana bread.*

A nice silly little verse, which he could only have written under the influence of coal. Without it, he'd be too distracted by

*There's nothing more fun*
*Than shooting a gun*
*At an innocent creature*
*It's life's greatest feature.*

You don't want that.

# Disco Dancing and the Wink Wok

“We are a fool, but we are not fools,” I said.

“How does that work?” asked my friend.

Then, I broke down crying and said, “I’m in denial. I just hate plurals and I don’t want to admit to being a component of one.”

“Don’t worry. Me and the boys still love you; for your humour, for your intelligence, for your resemblance to a cardigan dripping with melted chocolate.”

At this point, my friend got on the dance floor. He was a big disco nostalgist, even if he was only one year old when George McRae’s “Rock Your Baby” was released. It was actually Chic’s “Good Times” that was playing on the dance floor. He was doing some of the most spectacular somersaults and break dancing I’d ever seen. He got wilder and wilder, until he produced a pair of nunchucks. He playfully waved them in my face, before smashing a nearby glass table with them.

He went to the bar and ordered a quadruple whisky with a twist of gin and tonic.

“How did ya like that?” he said.

“I thought it was ebullient. It reminded me a bit of a fireplace in winter, when

I’m cuddling a teddy bear and dreaming of snow falling in proximity of chestnuts roasting on an open apple cart.”

This time I got up on to the dance floor; but unlike my friend I just wiggled my bum geriatrically. It was “Tragedy” by the Bee Gees playing now. I never liked this song much. I picked up the nunchucks, but just started stroking them.

I went to the bar and ordered a quadruple gin and tonic with a twist of whisky. “What did you think of that?” I said.

“It was nice,” my friend said. “It reminded me of the notion of a teleport.”

“Not a time machine?!!”

“No. It was more reminiscent of a time machine than a teleport itself, but not more than the notion of a teleport.”

“People say I’m the life of the party, cause I tell a joke or two,” sang Smokey Robinson out of the speakers.

This was not a song to dance to. It was a song to go fighting in Vietnam to. Myself and my friend both ran towards the nunchucks, but we bumped into each other’s heads and let out noises of pain.

“Perhaps this means a truce,” I said.

“You were always the more pacific of the two of us.”

“Oh, absolutely. I am soft and soppy and conciliatory in temperament. My bedroom is very hard to move around in, cause there are so many pink teddy

bears. Paradoxically, I put all those teddy bears into my room in order to create enough persistent stress and inconvenience that it would toughen me up, and make me more stoical and reticent in the face of life's hardships."

"Hmmm. I would have loved it if you had said, 'vicissitudes' there."

"Well, maybe. But you can't change the past. You can't undo wars, you can't undo the use of less euphonious words…"

"IT'S NOT ABOUT EUPHONY!!!" my friend roared, bursting into fury.

He quickly grabbed the nunchucks; but luckily, I almost immediately sussed out his intentions, and got up and ran away. I left the disco bar, feeling quite shocked and fraught. I needed another drink, so went off in search of another watering hole. I spent the rest of the night getting arseholed out of my wink wok.

Goodnight. Curtains?

Or wait? An encore, yes. George McCrae, in his septuagenarian state, comes on stage and sings "Rock Your Baby". He has no musicians backing him, so I provide accompaniment by saying "wink wok" repeatedly while he sings. A magic moment in musical history. It reminded me of the notion of a set of cutlery. It reminded me more of an individual knife than a full set of cutlery itself, but not more than the notion of such a set.

We've come full circle. I love you all.

# July is a Month

July is a month
July is a month
Don't deny that fact
July is a month

It's not a week
It's not a day
It's not a coded way
to say you're gay

July is a month
July is a month
Don't forget that fact
July is a month

It's not a house
It's not a train
It's not a budget
holiday in Spain

July is a month

"Budget holidays in Spain sometimes occur in July," said the clever-clever boy.

I shot him in the head. But he survived. I was never charged, cause I'm not an

organism. July isn't either.

July is a month
July is a month
Don't deny that month of rest to your father. He has been working very hard on the comedy circuit, and the recent spate of fatal heart attacks among working comedians - Tommy Cooper, Eric Morecambe etc. - is concerning. The year is 1984. What could be more Orwellian than a budget holiday in Spain? I think the answer is ...

July is a month
July is a month
Don't forget that fact
July is a month

Don't forget that... Don't deny that...which do you prefer? Deny? Forget? They have the same number of syllables, but "forget" has more letters. Is that a raisin to prefer something?

"Don't you mean, 'reason'?" said the literal-minded boy.

I refrained from shooting him, but only because my ingrown toenail was killing me, and I would have had to have moved a significant distance to have had a hope of being on target. The ferocious July heat also put me in something of a stupor. It was sort of like the effect of Beethoven on Lenin. I think the latter said that hearing such beauty softened him, and made him want to say silly things like, "July isn't a month."

July is a month. It ticks all the boxes.

charisma
kindness
patience

Oh no! It missed one of them. I was arrogantly confident that "patience" would be a walkover.

A lesson for next time…

# David Hayhurst

# Line 13

Should I?

I really probably should ... but I didn't sleep all that well and work sucks little pink poodle dicks. My manager is a walking grease fire. A moldering suet dumpling. And how the fuck is it only Wednesday  ?...

Jesus Christ, this week will never fucking end.

***

She's not that old, probably...

Some people just look older...

I mean, she's gargantuanly fat for a Frenchwoman, granted, but still pretty solid on her feet.

Not like she's standing there, wobbling on a cane, trembling with palsy, or has got one of her legs wrapped in ratty bandages....

Avoid eye contact; that's imperative. Absolutely essential.

Keep reading the pre-fish-wrap rag of a free newspaper they stack near the turnstiles.

Fuck, why did I forget to charge my iPod?

I could've gone Full Commuter Cocoon and been able to justifiably deny - to myself and any accusers - having any knowledge of her existence...

What's that? You're a hundred and eleven years old?

With the lower half of your body encased in plaster?

The plaster is so itchy you're losing your mind?

And you're finally going to the E.R. because of that gaping, suppurating bullet wound in your skull?

Okay, fuck you, bitch!

HERE!!!

TAKE.

MY.

SEAT!!!

After all, I'm nothing if not a Gentleman of the Old School...

Oh, so you DO want to sit down, then?

Well, a "thank you" would have been too much to expect, then?

Or even looking at me in an appreciative way?

A little half-smile of acknowledgement that I showed you a minimal amount of human courtesy?

No, no. You just plunk your blubbery, decrepit Hindenburg of an ass in my nice, warm, comfy seat.

You bloated, snail-chewing, Harpy half-wit.

And yeah, that's right. Give a nice, long world-weary sigh while you're at it, while staring off into the starless midnight void that constitutes your putrid excuse for an existence.

Nobody knows your troubles, eh?

Anyone ever told you we live in a society, you crab-faced French ratbag?

Yeah, that's right. I'm gonna stand here and glance/glower at you every ten seconds...

****

Jesus Christ, what the fuck is WRONG with me??? ...

I merely gave a morbidly obese old baggage my seat on the metro, not my only functioning kidney, for chrissakes...

Seriously, dude. Try to get a GRIP!!!

Doors open.

Some of the Trolls and Goblins and Golem in Human Form let people get off before barging on board. Most don't.

Look at them. Just fucking look at them.

Faces like slapped asses.

Pig-eyed pustules of misery.

***

Doors open ...

and stay open ...

and still open...

Thirty seconds. Sixty Seconds. Ninety seconds.

People muttering. Sighing like they could sigh for France at the Winter Olympics of Pathetic Snivelling Wank Stains.

And now an announcement.

What????

What is she saying?

Christ, why can't they invent a P. A. system where you can actually hear the fucking person speaking?

Doors closing.

Then reopening...

Staying open...

Ten. Twenty. Thirty...

Still not moving.

What Limbo must be like. Only longer and with less positive visual or any other form of stimulation...

***

And we're off again...

Fucking finally!!!

There's four and a half minutes out of our lives none of us are ever getting back....

***

And now, homeward bound.

Maybe beat the worst of the evening rush hour. Maybe not.

Some days, half of the city seems to be crammed onto Line 13 at three in the afternoon on a Wednesday, or something.

And now it's fucking stifling in here. Thank God it's not more crowded.

It's not even late October yet, and they've got the heaters on full blast.

Ding-a-ling a dong

"Beware of pickpockets" in five different languages.

If it wasn't for pickpockets, I wouldn't have a sex life...

First Circle of Hell. Or is it the Ninth Circle that's the outermost?

Goggle it, soon as get home...

And I'll "mind the fucking gap" if I fucking well WANT to!!!

****

Ah, Christ on a Rubber Crutch... what Fresh Hell Is This?

“Those Were The Days”.

Why was it almost always “Those Were The Days”?

Same tune last time I took the metro in Brussels ... And Marseille too, come to think of it...

Grubby bastard of an accordion player, bashing out a tune on an ancient, crumbling squeeze-box.

As if everybody trapped in here didn't probably already have heads that feel like they were full of hornets on cheap Speed....

And why are they almost always eastern Europeans?

Seriously, is there some sort of Underground Railroad (hah hah!!) that funnels them out of Bambollavakia or Dogturdistan in the dead of night, so that they can then plague the mass transit systems of Western Europe with their mother-fucking migraine makers?

This guy’s fingernails look like he just burrowed his way from Bucharest under his own steam.

He's got alcoholic hair.

Breath could knock a snout-beaked buzzard off a shit wagon, as well.

Feeling like Captain Willard, cruising slowly up the Mekong ...

Charlie Don't Surf.

When are we gonna start taking Incoming Fire?

***

How does society even function?

I mean, any society. Anywhere. Ever.

I'm not talking in terms of quasi-existential hierarchies or trade-offs or whatever Bertrand Russell or Foucault or some other Oxbridge harumphodite or flatulent, schnitzel-stuffed Kraut, or wine-soaked Frog "philosopher" that I've never even actually read had to say...

But rather ... how can we possibly get on with each other well enough – brushing past each other on the sidewalks or lining up for forever at EuroDisney with our snivelling brat kids and bitching grandparents...

...or to get Sunday brunch or tickets to see Céline Dion, or the hottest new post-modern theatre production, where they throw rotten meat at you while scream-counting to a thousand. In German?

Waiting to board planes that are two hours late to go places we loathe the very idea of going to.

Sharing elevators and open-plan offices and shuttle buses and whatever...

... without sinking our teeth into each other’s throats for maybe -- just maybe - looking at each other the wrong way?

How do we manage to even hope to communicate through any kind of collective conscience? As far as I know – and the greater weight of both science and modern Western philosophy would back me up on this, I'll bet ...

if I could ever tear myself away long enough from Facebook cat videos and watching the Kardashians' Celebrity Shit in a Bucket Christmas Special on the E! Network when the roommate is out for drinks with friends, that is ...

every human who has ever existed has basically only lived – or being capable of living – in accordance with the reality created by his or her brain’s ability to form order out of the swirling, heaving chaos of "perceptible" reality.

How, then, is it possible to find enough common ground with even a single, solitary other individual – any individual at all - to make this thing we call, for lack of a better term, “Humanity” work on any level whatsoever, for more than a week...

before it all turns into a cross between the Sack of Carthage and Day of the Locusts?

I mean, just look at this fucking pitiful specimen from the shallower end of the gene pool!

He’s muttering away to himself ... like a pretty remarkable number of French people seem to do publicly a lot of the time.

But this guy seems to be engaged in a violently passionate argument with himself -- or to the invisible enemy or enemies who have set themselves upon him -- who can’t be confronted face to face, or whoever or whatever.

Eyes smouldering like a pit fire.

Teeth like rotting bamboo stalks.

Skin like week-old gruel.

How does he manage to inhabit anything like the same universe as this here immaculately turned out, well-oiled and scented, hundred-and-fifty-Euro-haircut

Hervé sitting directly opposite him, probably listening to Charles Fucking Aznavour on his iPod, face buried in Le Figaro?

I mean ... on what transcendental or metaphysical or whatever other maybe indefinable level can their psyches even hope to find even the most fleeting common cause?

But still, both are part of what we choose to call “Society”, even though one of these two guys is clearly very, very much more front and centre in Society than the other.

If the self-written scripts and CGI-generated animations and GIFs and soundtracks of the home movies running 24/7 in all of our heads heads can be...

... and how could they not be? ...

... running along such totally different trajectories, how do they manage to have enough in common to make the connections that surely must be needed, on some level, to even speak to each other in the same language, and comprehend the words?

Ah, how the fuck should I know?

And, honestly, do I even care?

****

Barbarians.

Filthy, shrieking, caterwauling, blind stinking drunk Barbarians...

So ... Ostrogoths or Visigoths?...

Huns?

Maybe just plain old Vandals...

Look, at 'em . Just look at them. With their stupid fucking winged helmets...

Blood dripping down from the severed heads on their lances....

Necklaces of human ears...

Spit-roasting boars, bison and their skinned captives alive in the middle of the metro platform like they owned the fucking place!!!

# Biographical Notes

**James Sebor** is a surrealist artist and poet, also author of 3D video animations.

**Dale Houstman** (and Barrett J. Erickson) are members and co-founders of the surrealist group *Blue Feathers*.

**Lorna and Stephen Kirin** met at art school in London in 1986. Friends for many years until life's revolutions ushered in a new era of artistic collaboration following their marriage in 2016. Their first collaborations date back to the fall of that year and since then a synchronicity of combined knowledge and chance has continued to inform their practice.

**Uly Paya** is an Austrian painter, writer, musician, filmmaker, surrealist, adult educator and dream interpreter. He was born in Malawi in central Africa where his parents worked in development aid. He traveled a lot and had to change schools 8 times. His work is closely linked to surrealism.

**Catherine Belkhodja** is among the main leaders of *Karedas*, an independent French publishing house and film production company, and of *Belleville galaxie*, a non profit association dedicated to the promotion and enhancement of the cultures of different countries, regions, neighborhoods, and their communities. Poet, haidjin, script doctor and playwright, Catherine Belkhodja, also publishes short stories and has produced notable television shows. She has long collaborated with filmmaker Chris Marker.

**Abdel Kader El Janabi** is the creator of the magazine Revue de la Poésie in toto

**Ghadah Kamal** and **Mohsen Elbelasy** are members of the Middle East and North Africa Surrealist Group. They publish the electronic magazine *The Room* and run the blog *Sulfur*.

**Veronica Cabanillas, Magdalena Benavente** and ***Jaime Alfaro Ngwazi*** are artists and poets from South America (Peru and Chile). Veronica Cabanillas and Magdalena Benavente are the creators of the surrealist magazine *HONIDI*.

**Bullet Shih, Zoltan Ducsal, Jennifer Walker, David O'Riordan, David Hayhurst** are members of the *Budapest Surrealist Society* and **The ImPROMPTu** is the *Budapest writing group*

**J. Karl Bogartte, Richard Misiano-Genovese, Zazie** (Evi Moechel) and **Pierre Petiot** are the members and co-founders of the surrealist group *La Belle Inutile* and *La Belle Inutile Editions*.

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# Notes biographiques

**James Sebor** est un artiste et poète surréaliste américain, également auteur d'animations video en 3D.

**Dale Houstman** et **Barrett J. Erickson** sont membres et cofondateurs du groupe surréaliste *Blue Feathers.*

**Lorna** et **Stephen Kirin** se sont rencontrés à l'école d'art de Londres en 1986. Amis pendant de nombreuses années jusqu'à ce que les révolutions de la vie aient inauguré une nouvelle ère de collaboration artistique après leur mariage en 2016. Leurs premières collaborations remontent à l'automne de cette année-là et depuis lors une synchronicité de connaissances combinées et de hasard a continué d'éclairer leur pratique.

**Uly Paya** est Autrichien, peintre, écrivain, musicien, cinéaste, surréaliste, éducateur pour adultes et interprèteur de rêves. Il est né au Malawi en Afrique centrale où ses parents travaillaient pour l'aide au développement. Il a beaucoup voyagé et a dû changer d'école 8 fois. Son travail est étroitement lié au surréalisme.

**Catherine Belkhodja** figure parmi les principaux animateurs de *Karedas*, une maison d'édition et une société de production de films française indépendante et de *Belleville galaxie*, une association loi 1901 dediée à la promotion et à la valorisation des cultures de différents pays, régions, quartiers, et de leurs communautés. Poétesse, haidjin, script doctor et dramaturge, Catherine Belkhodja, publie aussi des nouvelles et a réalisé des émissions de télévision remarquées. Elle a longtemps collaboré avec le cinéaste Chris Marker.

**Abdel Kader El Janabi** est le créateur du magazine *Revue de la poésie in toto*.

**Ghadah Kamal** et **Mohsen Elbelasy** sont membres du *Groupe Surréaliste du Moyen-Orient et Afrique du Nord*. Ils publient la revue électronique *The Room* et animent le blog *Sulfur*.

**Veronica Cabanillas, Magdalena Benavente** et **Jaime Alfaro Ngwazi** sont des artistes et poètes d'Amérique du Sud (Perou and Chili). Veronica Cabanillas, Magdalena Benavente sont les créatrices de la revue surréaliste *HONIDI*.

**Bullet Shih, Zoltan Ducsal, Jennifer Walker, David O'Riordan, David Hayhurst** sont membres de la *Societé Surréaliste de Budapest* et **The ImPROMPTu** est le *Groupe d'Ecriture de Budapest*

**J. Karl Bogartte, Richard Misiano-Genovese, Zazie** (Evi Moechel) et **Pierre Petiot** sont les membres et les co-fondateurs du groupe surréaliste *La Belle Inutile* et de *La Belle Inutile Editions.*