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SHORT
SURREALIST
WRITINGS

by

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short texts available for anyone to read and produce

A COMPLAINT FOR M AND M

I believe in the scenic railways
that have not run yet because the scaffolding is still unsafe
and in the buildings they have not had time to finish
I believe this year and this time of the year
there is never the time to finish
only the time left to begin again.

If it is wiser to say too little than to much
there being less to take back in anguish later
then it is easier to say too much
for it leaves that much less to carry about in the veins
seeking to say it or not to say it
or not to remember to say it
or to forget it is not things like this that can be said.

You did not visit the Belgian or the Russian
or the Italian or the German pavilions
or ride up in the lift with the smell of roses thick as smoke
but sweeter in your eyes.

You were expecting Man Ray or Nancy Perry
or Dali or Brancusi to come
and sit in the garden with the tiger lilies
with you.

You did not come to the Paris exposition of 1937
on the opening night when I asked you.

You did not see the fountains fresh as lilacs
spraying along the river in the dark
Or the fans they had bought for the occasion
made of blue lace and used instead of illumination.

You did not wait behind the scenes in the wings
for the actors to come and the curtain to rise
Or the cues to be given.

You were not there
when the searchlights poured the milk of avalanches
Into the obliterated alley of the Seine.

Where you were you could not hear the roman candles
breaking the way glass breaks under a fist
Or say with a thousand other people who were there
“Ah-h-h-h”
with the voice of one person
Awed when the tour eiffel
was transformed to burning wire,
nor could you see
The fireworks climb like larks in spring
to those explosions of indecipherable mystery
That liberate metal or song more valuable than money is.

The savagery
Of serpents and birds imported from Japan
pursued their own incalculable wealth
In emeralds, diamonds,
rubies and topaz,
writing and spiraling through the firmament,
Crashing in thirst and frenzy
through the tropic underbrush
that leafed in conflagrated satin.

Trunked in seething palm and cocoa hair
the sky's wild blistering jungle.

You had people to dinner.
You could not come.
You did not see the small thick hooded candles
They set out like gondolas on the current,
drifting in slow flickering formation like folded gulls
With hearts ignited moving a-light
upon the river's or the tide's declining.

They were extinguished one by one
by breath or wind
or by their own defatigation
(As the complaints I set out
lighted in the dark for you
expire in their passage
Because of the long way through silence
they must go.)

--KAY BOYLE

from SENS PLASTIQUE

A bicycle rolls on the road.
The road is the third wheel
Rolling the other two.

The water says to the wave,
“You are swallowing me.”
“How could I?”
Replied the wave,
“I am your mouth.”

The dew
Said to the sun,
“Do you see me?”
“No,” said the sun.
“I am your eyes.”

With their peaks
Two mountains
Were touching a cloud.
For an instant
The cloud felt
Topsy-turvy
Unable to find
Its head.

When the fine
Seized the branch
The branch gave way
And the flower
Stuck its head out
To see what was going on.

Fanning yourself?
Not so.
The fan's in the wind's hand
That's why
You feel cool.

“I’ve gone all the way around
The Earth,”
One man said.
“Poor fellow
And all that time
You haven’t progressed
Half an inch
In your body.”

The pupil
Turned the eyes
The iris followed
The white of the eye
Delayed
Just long enough
Friend
for you
To slip into the face
Of the one you love.

“I love you,”
The woman said.
“Be careful,”
Said her lover,
“Don’t love me
Too much
Or you’ll come back
To yourself
Love is round.”

“One and one
Make two”
Said the mathematician.
What’s that
To God and the zero?

Cut water
As much as you like
Never
Will you find
The skeleton.
The skeleton of wind
In life itself.

The eye
Is a one-actor
Theater.

Absolute
Mastery
Of the body
Comes only in death.

“I’ll never
Be
Old”
Said the man
“I have hope.”

Emptiness
Has no
Way
Out.

If light unfurled
Its peacock tail
There would be
No room
For life.

Sugar
Doesn't know
What it tastes like.
Someone
Tasting it
Gives sugar
A taste of sugar.

A stone
Hears its heart beat
Only
In the rain.

The circle
Is an alibi
For the center
And the center
Is a pretext
For the circle.

The quickest route
From ourselves
To ourselves
Is the Universe.

Blue
Always has
An idea
Up its sleeve.

Night
Is a rimless
Hole.

The road
Runs
In both directions
That's why
It stands still.

“Take me
Naked”
The flower said
To the sun,
“Before
Night
Closes
My thighs”

The noise,
bit off bits of itself
And left
Its teeth
Among
The keys
Of the piano.

She wore
Her smile
Pinned
To her teeth.

Light
Dressed
For the afternoon
Went
To play golf
With the holes.

The lake
This morning
After
A bad
Night
Got into
Its tub
To relax.

The wave
Out of its depth
On the shore
Went down.

He was
In such a hurry
To get to life
That it
Let him go.

She anchored
Her hips
In his eyes
And brought him
To port.

The car
Will never
Attain
The speed
Of the road.

--MALCOLM DE CHAZAL

THE GREAT MASTURBATOR

Despite the reigning darkness
the evening was still young
near the great stairway houses of agate
where
tired by the daylight
that lasted since sunrise
the Great Masturbator
his immense nose reclining upon the onyx floor
his enormous eyelids closed
his brow frightfully furrowed with wrinkles
and his neck swollen by the celebrated boil
 seething with ants came to rest
steeped in this still too luminous time of the evening
while the membrane covering his mouth entirely
hardened alongside the alarming the eternal grasshopper
stuck clinging motionless to it
for five days and nights.

All the love and all the ecstasy
of the Great Masturbator
resided
in the cruel ornaments of false gold
covering his delicate and soft temples
imitating
the shape of an imperial crown
whose fine leaves of bronzed acanthus
reached as far
as his rosy and beardless cheeks
and extended their hard fibers
until they dissolved
in the clear alabaster of his neck.

In order to obtain the icy appearance
of an ancient ornament of an uncertain and hybrid style
that would make possible an error
through mimeticism
of the complicated architecture of the alley
and in order to render the desirable horror of this flesh--
triumphant, rotting,
stiff, belated,
well-groomed, soft
exquisite, downcast,
marconized, beaten,
lapidated, devoured,
ornamented, punished--
invisible or at least unperceived
by the human face
that resembles that of my mother ...

--SALVADOR DALI

THE BRIDE

In general,
if the Bride motor must appear as an apotheosis of virginity,
that is to say of ignorant desire, white desire
(with a touch of malice)
and if it (graphically)
does not need to satisfy the laws of balance,
nevertheless a gallows of shining metal
might stimulate the attachment of the maiden
to her friends and relations ...

Basically the Bride is a motor.
But more than being a motor transmitting its timid-power,
she is the timid-power itself.
This timid-power is a sort of essolene, essence of love.
When distributed to the virtue-frailty cylinders,
and within range of the sparks from her constant life,
it causes the expansion of this virgin,
now come to the state of her desire ...

This cinematic expansion
is commanded by the electric undressing ...

This cinematic expansion
expresses the moment of undressing ...

This cinematic expansion
(commanded by the electric undressing)
is the whole importance of the picture
(graphically, as surface).
It is, in general,
the glory of the Bride,
the whole of her splendid vibrations:
graphically, it is not a question of symbolizing,
in an estatic painting,
this happy-desire state of the Bride;
it is only that, more clearly,
amidst all this expansion,
the painting may be an inventory of the elements of this expansion,
the elements of sexual life imagined by the Bride-desirous.

--MARCEL DUCHAMP

AUTO-FACIAL-CONSTRUCTION

The face is our most potent symbol of personality.

The adolescent has facial contours
in harmony with the condition of his soul.

Day by day the new interests and activities of modern life
are prolonging the youth of our souls,
and day by day we are becoming more aware
of the necessity for our faces to express that youthfulness,
for the sake of psychic logic.

Different systems of beauty culture
have compromised our inherent right not only to *be* ourselves
but to *look like* ourselves
by producing a facial contour in middle age
which does duty as a “well-preserved appearance.”

This preservation of partially distorted muscles is,
at best,
merely a pleasing parody of youth.

That subtle element of the ludicrous
inherent in facial transformation by time
is the signpost of discouragement
pointing along the path of the evolution of personality.

For to what end is our experience of life
if deprived of a fitting esthetic revelation in our faces?

Once distorted muscle causes a fundamental disharmony in self-expression,
for no matter how well gowned or groomed men or women may be,
how exquisitely the complexion is cared for,
or how beautiful the expression of the eyes,
if the original form of the face
(intrinsic symbol of personality)
has been effaced in muscular transformation,
they have lost the power
to communicate their true personalities to others
and all expression of sentiment is veiled in pathos.

Years of specialized interest in physiognomy as an artist
have brought me to an understanding of the human face
which has made it possible for me
to find the basic principle of facial integrity,
its conservation, and,
when necessary, its reconstruction.

I will instruct men or women who are intelligent --
and for the briefest period, patient --
to become masters of their facial destiny.

I understand the skull with its muscular sheath
as a sphere whose superficies can be voluntarily energized.

And the foundations of beauty
as embedded in the three interconnected zones of energy
encircling this sphere:
the centers of control being at the base of the skull
and the highest point of the cranium.

Control,
through the identity of your Conscious Will
with these centers and zones,
can be perfectly attained through my system,
which does not include any form of cutaneous hygiene
(the care of the skin being left to the skin specialists)
except insofar as the stimulus to circulation it induces
is of primary importance in the conservation of all the tissues.

Through *Auto-Facial-Construction*
the attachments of the muscles to the bones are revitalized,
as also the gums,
and the original facial contours
are permanently preserved as a structure
which can be relied upon without anxiety as to the ravages of time --
a structure which Complexion Culture enhances in beauty
instead of attempting to disguise.

This means renascence for the society woman,
the actor, the actress,
anatomical science is expensive but economical in result,
for it places at the disposal of individuals
a permanent principle for the independent conservation of beauty
to which,
once it is mastered,
they have constant and natural resource.

--MINA LOY

from **PERICOLOSO SPORGERSI**

Naked
I float among the wreckage with steel mustaches
Rusted with interrupted dreams
By the sea's soft ululation
Naked
I pursue the waves of light
Running on the sand strewn with white skulls
Speechless I hover over the abyss
The heavy jelly which is the sea
Weighs on my body
Legendary monsters with piano mouths
Lounge about in the shadow's gulfs
Naked I am sleeping

Look I'm disgusted with men
Their prayers their manes
Their faith their ways
Enough of their overwhelming virtues
Dressed in briefs
I've had enough of their carcasses
Bless me mad light bring on the heavenly peaks
I long to be empty once more like the peaceful eye
Of insomnia
I long to be a star once more

I will swim towards you
Across deep space
Borderless
Acid like a rosebud
I will find you a man with no restraint
This swallowed up in garbage
Saint of the last moment
And you will make of me
Your bed and your bread
Your Jerusalem

You don't know my night face
My eyes like horses made for space
My mouth striped with unknown blood
My skin

My fingers guideposts pearled with pleasure
Will guide your lashes towards my ears my shoulder-blades
Towards the open countryside of my flesh
The bleachers of my ribs draw in at the idea
That your voice could fill my throat
That your eyes could smile
You don't know the pallor of my shoulders
At night
When the hallucinating flames of nightmares call for silence
And when the soft walls of reality embrace each other
You don't know that the perfumes of my days are dying on my tongue
When the crafty ones come with their knives adrift
when I plunge into the mud of night

--JOYCE MANSOUR

YOUR FIGURE OR THE WAR AGAINST FAT

WHAT YOU MUST NOT DO:

1.

Hold a hand held out without a protective glove
Instead, offer the other cheek
And speak, speak, put on some powder
A hand can be a railing
A frictioner, or a meeting
But, remember,
Appetite comes when you are eating.

2.

Go on diets.
Eat what you want at no matter what hour of your miserable day.
You are miserable because you are fat,
without appeal,
without trumps or a waist
or a waiting time,
a pencil sharpener to whittle down the wasps
stinging the little towers:
in short,
you are alone and you don't like that,
so you are eating to have people notice you;
you console yourself for your laughable attractions by chewing;
you are plunging into your sad, ugly,
and anguished fat.
But the charming successes which menace your chastity
take their distance with every mouthful of softness.
Your nightmares with their veterinary fingers
shake up your ulcers and those wrinkles,
guzzling maxims,
scratch your face off the map of youth.
Your friends will do the rest.
There you are, old ...
Eat what you like,
death won't hesitate to take you.

3.

Throw your pounds in the dirty laundry ...
someone else's.

Anyone casting a spell
should know how to avoid the return shock.

More than one camouflaged woman has found herself
on the threshold of the psychiatric ward you can't get out of,
crippled, shapeless, and definitively disfigured.

4.

To dull one's senses too much

By using

The elegant, encumbering, inoxydable

Carving-knife, crash hash in superheated bake-lite;

You are risking a pileup in your generic ensemble

And capricious death of your rotating knife

For female dismemberment is hard to administer

And the fruit squeezer of your dreams cannot be mechanical.

WHAT YOU MUST DO:

Buy an electric cleaver

Make a marinade of your figure simmered without makeup

Invoke a little man dogmatizing between each fat layer

Marinate your lower parts in the singular sauce of your bitterness

Wet the smoking oil little by little, the ovary huddling in itself

The total extraction of your gravy depends on it.

--JOYCE MANSOUR

DREAM

I had the impression
that everything was misty and nacreous around me,
with multifarious and indistinct apparitions,
amongst whom however
was one figure that stood out fairly clearly
which was that of a young man
whose too-long neck
in itself seemed to proclaim
the character at once cowardly
and quarrelsome of the individual.

The ribbon of his hat had been replaced
by a piece of plaited string.

Later he was having an argument with a person
whom I couldn't see and then,
as if suddenly afraid,
he threw himself
into the shadow of a corridor.

--RAYMOND QUENEAU

from **BLIND DATE**

It must have been a very bleak winter that year.

I have no recollection of the weather,
only the marvelous and relentless order
in which everything occurred.

It was the time that the sewing machine broke loose;
nothing could have been more inopportune
or diabolically calculated --
the leaves had been carefully gathered and stored
and now they were to be sewn together.

They were particularly good leaves, I remember,
sere and thin,
each with the track of the snail underside,
exactly the kind of leaf for a birthday,
and now the sewing machine had gone,
fled without a word of warning.

Chagrined, unnerved,
and with an inexplicable feeling of portent,
it was I who set out in hopeless search.

The month was November
but the day had no date.

... a marvelous kind of synthetic awareness
that the wallpaper is singing to me.

And this is the song of the wallpaper:

*Stitch the leaves then,
stitch them carefully
and with regard for the isolated time-beat.*

Tremble a little upon the threshold.

*One feigned tremor flung magnanimously
to that enormous sloth which is legion.*

*Today you have been born,
out of abysmal sorrow and knowledge,
out of symbols,
destructions,
words, pestilence,
instrument sacred and obscene,
spasms, defilements;
out of hates,
and holocausts,
guts and gothic grandeurs,
frenzy, crimes,
visions, scorpions,
secretions,
love and the devil.*

Today you shall be married to your future.

--DOROTHEA TANNING

BULLETIN

The colourless gases are in abeyance
Two thousand three hundred scruples
Snow of the well-springs
Smiles are acknowledged
Don't give sailors' promises
The lions of the poles
The sea the sea the natural sand
The grey parrot of poor parents
Country sojourn of the oceans
7 o'clock in the evening
Night of the land of rabies
Finances sea-salt
Summer's lovely hand is alone to be seen
The cigarettes of the dying

--ANDRE BRETON and PHILIPPE SOUPAULT

NOTES ON POETRY (*excerpt*)

A poem must be a debacle of the intellect.
It cannot be anything but.

Debacle:
a panic stampede,
but a solemn, coherent one;
the image of what one should be,
of the state in which efforts no longer count.

In the poet:
the ear laughs,
the mouth swears;
It is intelligence, alertness that kills;
It is sleep that dreams and sees clearly;
It is the image and the hallucination that close their eyes;
It is lack and the lacuna that are *created*.

--ANDRE BRETON AND PAUL ELUARD

GEORGIA

I can't sleep Georgia
I shoot arrows into the night Georgia
I'm waiting Georgia
I'm thinking Georgia
The fire's like snow Georgia
I hear every single sound Georgia
I see smoke rise and drift away Georgia
I'm walking softly in the shade Georgia
I'm running
The streets the faubourgs Georgia
Here's my city I don't know Georgia
I'm in a rush here's the wind Georgia
and the cold silence and the fear Georgia
I am fleeing Georgia
I am running Georgia
the clouds are low they will fall Georgia
I stretch out my arms Georgia
I'm not closing my eyes Georgia
I'm calling Georgia
I'm shouting Georgia
I'm calling Georgia
I'm calling you Georgia
Are you coming Georgia
soon Georgia
Georgia Georgia Georgia
Georgia
I can't sleep Georgia
I'm waiting for you
Georgia

--PHILIPPE SOUPAULT

EPITAPH: TRISTAN TZARA

Who's that?
You didn't shake my hand
Hearing you'd died we laughed so much
We worried you were eternal

Your last breath
Your last smile

No flowers no wreaths
Just those tiny cars
and butterflies ten yards long

Yes I saw your look
When I closed your eyes
You said I shouldn't be sad
I wept all the same

The angels came up to your bed
saying nothing

Death is quite lovely

How you must be laughing by yourself
Now we can't see you any more
your cane's in the corner

People brought flowers
Even made speeches
I said nothing
I just thought of you

--PHILIPPE SOUPAULTt

**THE DIFFICULTY OF THE SUN:
CONCERNING PIERRE REVERDY**

When one refuses the temptations of an elsewhere,
the illusions of a beyond,
the mirages of a future.

And when one stands on the earth,
as near as possible to things,
listening to oneself,
with one's eyes open,
stubbornly.

And when,
across from you,
reality at it's fullest repulses you
like a smooth wall with no escape.

Imprisons you and exiles you.

Or when the single window under the eaves,
the skylight of the garret,
holds you captive
and isolated from the world in splinters
and slipping away,
whose discordant particles slide endlessly
over an ill-lit slope.

And when even the solidity
of the wall that you seem to run into
and which your head could at least be shattered by,
is only a fog lifting.

And forming again,
opening,
for the time of a poem,
onto the debris of a life dispersed ...

The poet has nothing to say.
“He has nothing to give except what he has not.”
Nothing but this.

Neither impoverishing nor enriching.

Nothing else,
but with a monotonous obstinacy,
a desperate bitterness.

Saying nothing,
in the closest proximity and with the simplest words,
saying nothing but the thing of each instant,
finally gives wings ...

The daily bread,
the daily nothingness.

A priceless poverty.

Which gnaws dully at the heart
and fortifies hunger
like some reason for being and for enduring,--
the touchstone of a poetics ...

Wind, or emptiness, or nothing ...

An ardent poverty, froth of solitude,
essence of single tone.

That poet,
that is, no one,
before the wall which arrests us
and which he traverses,
continues to write on the sand and the dust ...

The less he has to give the more he gives.
He keeps space open.

And the sun begins a perilous ascent.

--JACQUES DUPON

SQUARING THE CIRCLE
(transcribed into a radio play by Richard)

(narrator:)

SQUARING THE CIRCLE

A play by Rene Magritte

Act 1

The Count

(returning from a stroll)

(count:)

I have mislaid my waterproof.

(narrator:)

The Countess

(countess:)

Good gracious!

It's as if we are all in a dream.

Are we awake or sleeping.

(narrator:)

She calls the butler.

(countess:)

Baptiste! Baptiste!

(narrator:)

Enter Baptiste.

Continues the Countess.

(countess:)

Ah! There you are.

Tell me, Baptiste,
are we awake or dreaming?

(narrator:)

Baptiste

(baptiste:)

There is evidence both for and against, my Lady.
Rationally,
there is no way I can prove
that you are not purely a figment of my imagination.

(narrator:)

Act Two

The Countess to the Count

(countess:)

No, not tonight,
I am indisposed.

(narrator:)

Act Three

The Count to Baptiste

(count:)

Although you are not from my social sphere, Baptiste,
I feel the need for a physical relationship with you.

(narrator:)

Baptiste

(baptiste:)

Very well, Milord.
In order to make room for you
I must first go for a crap.

(narrator:)

Curtain

PROVERBS FOR TODAY

He who bestirs himself is lost.

Cherries fall where texts fail.

Faithful as a filleted cat.

One albino doesn't make a summer.

One good mistress deserves another.

A crab, by any other name, would not forget the sea.

Spare the cradle and spoil the child.

I came, I sat, I departed.

The further the urn the longer the beard.

Beat your mother while she's young.

When reason is away, smiles will play.

Cold meat lights no fire.

A shadow is a shadow all the same.

Why waste rope hanging yourself.

Grasp the eye by the monocle.

Who hears but me hears all.

A corset in July is worth a horde of rats.

Make two o'clock with one clock.

Better to die of love than to love without regret.

Breaking two stones with one mosquito.

Mazes are 't made for dogs.

Never wait for yourself.

Correct your parents.

--PAUL ELUARD and BENJAMIN PERET

PROVOCATIONS

He who sleeps with the Pope
requires long feet.

If you see a priest being beaten,
make a wish.

For good luck,
nail up consecrated hosts in the bathroom.

When passing a cemetery,
throw some rubbish over the wall,
this brings good luck.

In the autumn,
light the first fire in the hearth with a crucifix.
this brings good fortune.

THE ORIGINAL JUDGEMENT

Do not read,
look at the designs created
by the white spaces between the words
of several lines in a book
and draw inspiration from them.

Give your hand to others to keep.

Do not go to bed on the ramparts.

Put back on the armor
that you took off when you reached the age of reason.

Put order in its place,
upset the cobbles in the road.

If you bleed and you are a man,
wipe the last wood off the slate.

Form your eyes by closing them.

Give to dreams you have forgotten
the value of what you do not know.

I have known three footplate-men,
five female level-crossing-keepers
and one male level-crossing-keeper.
What about you?

Do not prepare the words you yell.

Live in deserted houses.
They have only been lived in by you.

Make a bed of caresses for your caresses.

If they come knocking at your door,
write your last wishes with the key.

Rob the meaning from the sound;
there are muffled drums in among the pale dresses.

Sing of the great pity of monsters.
Bring to mind all the women standing on the Trojan horse.

Do not drink water.

Like the letter l and the letter m,
near the middle you will find a wing and a serpent.

Speak according to the madness that has seduced you.

Clothe yourself in glittering colors,
it is not the done thing.

What you find belongs to you
only so long as you hold out your hand.

Lie while biting your judges ermine.

You are the pruner of your own life.

Let the dawn stoke up the rust of your dreams.

Learn to wait, with your feet forward.
That is how you will go out one day soon,
and well wrapped up, too.

Light up the perspectives of tiredness.

Sell what you need to eat, and buy something to starve with.

Give them a surprise by not confusing the future of the verb 'to have'
with the past of the verb 'to be.'

Be the glazier with a stone embedded in the brand-new pane.

If someone asks to see the inside of your hand,
show them the undiscovered planets in the heavens.

On the set day, you will calculate
the ravishing dimensions of the leaf insect.

To uncover the nudity of the woman you love,
look at her hands.
Her face is lowered.

Separate chalk from coal,
and poppies from blood.

Semi-colons;
see how amazing they are,
even in punctuation.

Lie down, get up,
and now lie down.

Until the new *order*,
the new monastic order,
which is to say until the most beautiful young women
take to wearing a *decollete* cut in the form of a cross:
with the two horizontal branches uncovering the breasts,
the foot of the cross naked at the base of the belly,
slightly singed.

From all that has a head upon its shoulders, abstain.

Match your gait to that of storms.

Never kill a night-bird.

Look at the flower of the bindweed;
it does not help you to hear.

Miss the apparent target
when you should be piercing your own heart
with the arrow.

Perform miracles so that you can deny them.

Be as old as the aged raven who says:
Twenty years.

Watch out for the fishwives of good taste.

Draw in the dust the uninterested games of your boredom.

Do not seize the time to start afresh.

Argue that your head, unlike the horse chestnut,
is entirely weightless because it has not yet fallen.

Sugar with a spark the otherwise black pill of the anvil.

Think, without batting an eyelid,
what swallows could be like.

Write imperishably in sand.

Correct your parents.

Do not keep about you things that do not offend common sense.

Just think that this woman fits into three words
and that the hill is an abyss.

Seal the true love letters that you write
with a communion wafer profaned.

Do not forget to say to the revolver:
I'm delighted,
but I do think I have met you somewhere before.

The butterflies outside
are only trying to join up with the butterflies inside:
do not replace in yourself,
if it should happen to get broken,
a single pane of the street-lamp.

Comdemn what is pure --
purity is condemned in you.

Observe the light in the mirrors of the blind.

Would you like to own at once
the smallest and the most disturbing book in the world?
Have the stamps from your love letters bound up and weep --
in spite of everything, there is good reason to do so.

Never wait for yourself.

Look closely at those two houses:
in one you are dead
and in the other you are dead.

Think of me who am speaking to you;
put yourself in my place to answer.

Be afraid of walking too close to the wall-hangings
when you are alone and you hear your name called.

With your own hands wring out your body over other bodies:
accept this principle of hygiene without flinching.

Only eat birds that are in leaf:
the animal tree may be subject to autumn.

Your freedom with which you make me laugh until I cry
is your freedom.

Make the fog run away from itself.

Seeing that the mortal nature of things
does not bestow on you the exceptional power of lasting,
hang yourself by the root.

Leave it to the stupid pillow to wake you up.

Cut down trees if you will,
and break rocks too,
but beware,
beware the pallid light of utility.

If you look at yourself with one eye,
close the other.

Do not abolish the sun's red beams.

Take the third street on the right,
then the first on the left,
you will come to a square,
turn the corner by the cafe you know,
take the first street on the left,
then the third on the right,
stick your statue on the ground and stay put.

Without thinking what you will do with it,
pick up the fan that woman dropped.

Knock on the door,
shout "Come in,"
and do not go in.

You have nothing to do before dying.

--ANDRE BRETON and PHILIPPE SOUPAULT