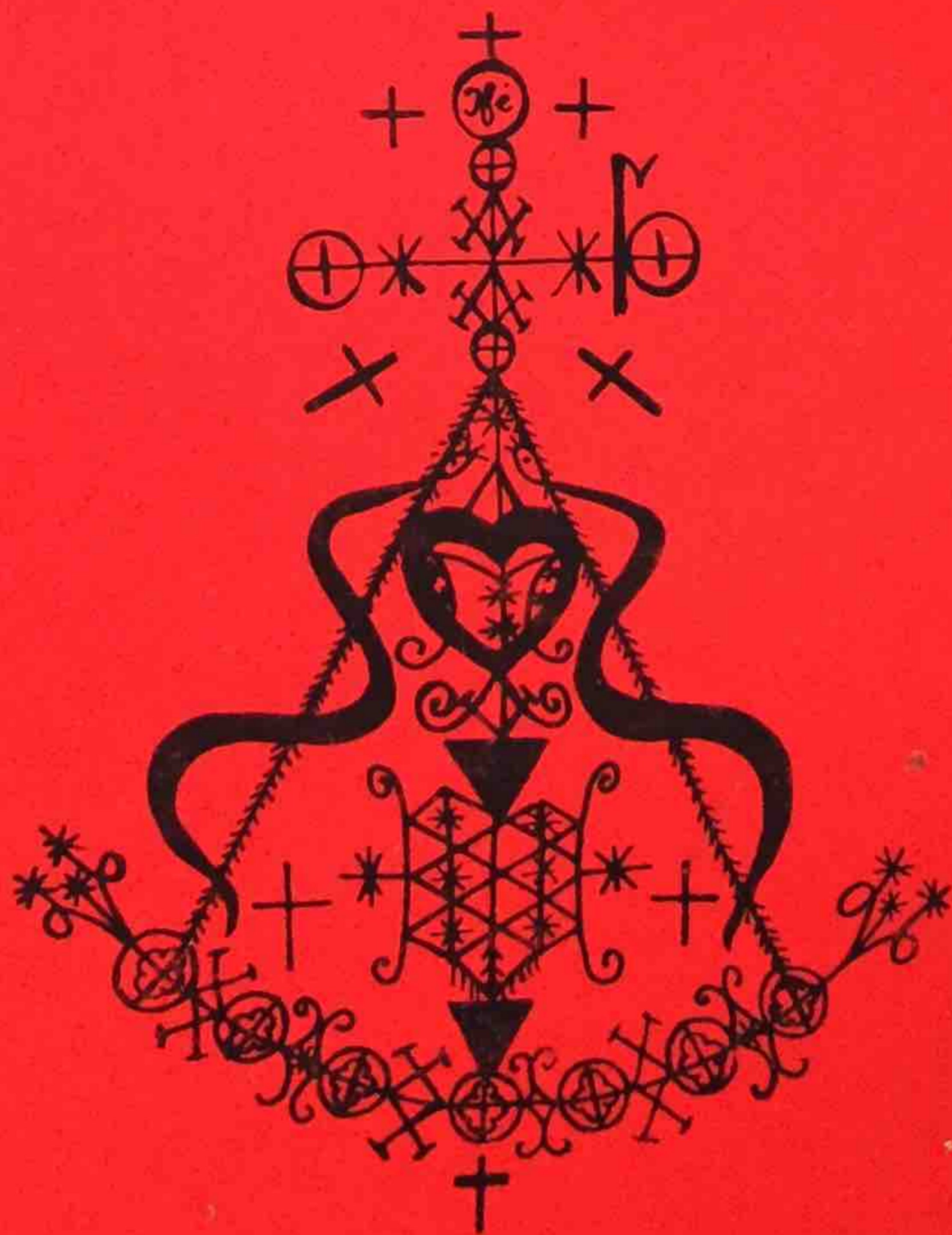


ARSENAL

SURREALIST SUBVERSION

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SURREALIST SUBVERSION

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F. R.: Buster Keaton's Smile (collage)

“Evil arises against good. It could do no less.”
— *Lautréamont*

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Reading André Breton I returned inexorably to two nearly identical phrases, one so controversial: in *Nadja* we are reminded of a knowledge of a kind "to send men rushing into the street"; in *The Second Manifesto of Surrealism* "the simplest surrealist act consists of dashing into the street, revolver in hand, and firing blindly, as fast as you can pull the trigger, into the crowd . . ." For my part I cannot divorce the particular willingness manifest in these all-too-laconic emblems from the refrain of a Mexican revolutionary song, *If they want to kill me tomorrow, then let them kill me today*, or from the noted battle cry of the Cheyenne, *It's a great day to die!* Here we find expressed a rare distillation of the total refusal to accept life on terms other than as a being filled with light, challenging a physical and moral darkness.

Yet it is within such darkness that analogy functions most freely, breaking with reductive means of cognition and submitting life to the rule of desire. Breton, in *Signe Ascendant*, follows Pierre Reverdy in identifying analogy, "the spontaneous, extralucid, rebellious rapport which establishes itself, under certain conditions, between one thing and another," as the most exalting form of poetic thought. In a later text¹ discussing the painting of René Magritte, Breton calls our attention to the writings of the German-Jewish philosopher Constantin Brunner (1862-1937), whose theses on the structure of the mind deserve a wider circulation today. The greater part of Brunner's writing² follows Spinoza in a careful but acerbic attack on scholasticism "in whatever guise, be it Kantianism or Cartesianism,"³ and Brunner unfortunately does not escape the pitfall of a rigid rationalism of the variety Trotsky had in mind when he wrote of "rationalism . . . a reactionary factor the moment it is directed against dialectic." Yet notwithstanding his shortcomings we are indebted to Brunner for his introduction into the evidence, so to speak, of a theoretical model of three mental faculties: *science*, a system of assimilation of exterior and sense-derived data; *spirit*, an abstract form of interior motion; and *analogon* or fictitious thought, synthesizing spirit and science. If we project Brunner's model into the analysis of the structure of operant thought we can, I think, only conclude that at present the analogical potential is subject to a repression in the mind, dependent upon the whole process of repression of Eros, and by which the faculty of conceptualization of objects, contingent upon language, is limited by a reduction of the field of signifiers at the individual's disposal. This reduction may be accomplished by the imposition upon the affective field of signifiers of a system of signifiers (the "micro-language") based on traumatic anxiety as well as upon positivist logic. Thus the Excalibur of language, by which the world may be transformed, is torn from the hands of the child. It is paradigmatic of Indo-European and Chinese thought that an-

alogy has remained a secret element, often suppressed or distorted and refined beyond recognition; let me confine myself to a reaffirmation of Idries Shah's contention⁴ that the various forms assumed by analogical or fictitious thought in the dominant cultures of the world (Zen, Tao, Tantrism, Zoroastrianism, Mithraism, Gnosticism, Sufism, the esoteric and heretical doctrines of the Christian era, materialist dialectics, and surrealism) may be derived by diffusion from the extraordinary structure of liberation of expression embodied in Central Asian and Siberian shamanism, which, of course, extended itself across the Bering Strait.

May the prominence of shamanic-automatistic means of expression be correlated with a less-repressive system of social obligations? While such correlation would easily lend itself to an abstract schematism of method, it is instructive to examine the functioning of analogical thought in the matrices of Mayan civilization in Yucatan. Two forms of analogical communication are in evidence in both glyphic and alphabetic documents; the first, glyphic analogy by homophony, or rebus writing, is attested by the scholarship of J. Eric S. Thompson.⁵ The Yucatecan dialects are rich in homonyms, and Thompson discusses their glyphic representation with the following examples, among others: "the word *xoc* or *xooc* in Yucatec is a name for a mythological fish. The word *xoc* also means *to count* . . . there is little reason to doubt that (in a particular context the glyph) *xoc*-fish stands for *xoc*-count"; further, the name Bolon-Yocte or Nine Strides is represented with the inclusion of *oc* (head of a dog) for *oc* (stride). While it may be argued that this phenomenon is merely exemplary of a homonymic process whereby several systems of writing have developed, here the birth of the symbol extends itself beyond the development of, for example, the Hebrew letter *aleph* from the sign for the word *aleph* (head of a cow), with the addition of a dimension of analogical substitution, of words "making love." More extensive evidence for a major role for analogical means of expression in Yucatecan thought is provided by the books of Chilam Balam, a collection of versions of a single Yucatecan text transcribed, secretly, in Latin characters during the immediate post-Conquest period, and still in use in certain parts of the Mayan culture area today. In the *Book of Chilam Balam of Chumayel*⁶ we encounter several complexes of metaphoric analogy, as follows:

"Son, where is the cenote? All are drenched by its water. There is no gravel at its bottom; a bow is inserted over its entrance. It is the church . . . Son, where are the first-baptised ones? One has no mother, but has a bead collar and little bells. It is early yellow corn . . . Son, bring me what hooks the sky, and the hooked tooth. They are a deer and a gopher . . . Son, bring me a three-

stranded cord. I want to see it. It is an iguana...

While a germane issue in social analysis is the extent to which comprehension of such systems of analogy was accessible only to initiates, I believe we can infer a predominance of analogy in the Mayan world-view. Further, Mayan homophonic and metaphoric analogy are remarkable for their tendency to escape a rule of resemblance and adopt a rule of pleasure. It is not entirely inconceivable that the key to untranslated Mayan glyphs may lie more in the realm of psychology than of pure linguistics.

Means to comprehend the functioning of a sublimated analogon in our own continuously-evolving collective mental life are provided by a multitude of sources; I think, now, of two Anglo-American precursors of the researches in the triumph of the principle of pleasure carried out under the sign of surrealism today, of whom I learned quite recently—Thomas Morton, the notorious May Lord of early New England history, and S. P. Dinsmoor, creator of the magnificent "Cabin Home and Garden of Eden" in Lucas, Kansas. Thomas Morton is among the few wholly admirable figures in our sorry history; in 1625 this gentleman took command of a fur-trading post on the Kennebec River in Massachusetts, and in 1628 he was tried and banished by the Puritan authorities, charged with promoting ribald May revels with the natives and selling them firearms. In 1637 he published, at Amsterdam, *The New-English Canaan*, a truly marvelous work⁷ including an extended survey and defense of the customs of native Americans; an exalted lyrical evocation of the American landscape; attacks on the Plymouth bigots filled with black humor; and a series of poems of startling metaphoric quality. That Morton's work is nearly unknown today can only be regarded as a consequence of deliberate suppression, for his writing is poetically the equal of Mather's *Wonders of The Invisible World* and is certainly superior to the grim pieties of the repulsive Bradford.

S. P. Dinsmoor's Garden of Eden, rising like a sign against the evil eye from the plains of Kansas, makes manifest the revolutionary aspirations of Morton's work, best expressed in terms of a *disorientation* by nature, and of a deference necessary to it. Rest assured, it is hardly my wish to share the sentimental bondage of "nature poets"; rather, I am forced to acknowledge an active role of a principle of the erotic in the languages of stones, of trees, of whole systems of signs yet obscure. Here we are faced by the marvelous communications of walls of warehouses, of wharves, of certain residences, deserted and overgrown, too rarely prey by their very design to an architectural mad love. I think of those structures that infest the Pacific Coast: in San Francisco alone the Octagonal Houses of Fourierist inspiration, the Caselli Avenue castle in whose shadow I am pleased to live, the whole of the Embarcadero; and, above all, a house in Guaymas, on the Sonora coast in Mexico, where I passed a moment or two before conferring with the hermit crabs: an old wooden house with a high, absurd keep surmounted by a balcony fit only for suicides, where an unbreakable bond

seemed to spring up between myself and Mary. I, for one, am unable to discern any resemblance between such architectural incarnations of the darkest and brightest sides of the human mind and the dreadful styles affected on the one hand by the most desperate sectors of the bourgeoisie, on the other by a *soi-disant* avant-garde; for me the Doric-columned marble monstrosities erected by the petty sugar or railroad magnates of California, OR the dreadful wedding-cake Stalin-gothic prevalent in Eastern Europe and the USSR, OR Le Corbusier's and Frank Lloyd Wright's attacks on the human spirit, OR the Los Angeles style of office and apartment building, are indistinguishable; it is a clue to the extent of the anxiety that rules the bourgeoisie now that they feel called upon to sponsor intimidation after intimidation in steel and concrete, monuments to their own sterility, in a weak attempt to validate their fast-disappearing power. Regretfully, too, the demolition-ball of "urban renewal" is not aimed at the latest atrocity from the minds of Lawrence Halprin or William Pereira, but against one or another waterfront warehouse or Victorian walkup, overwhelmed by gestures of liberation. The excuse that "urban renewal" eliminates only the miserable shelters of an oppressed population and exchanges for

SURREALIST INQUIRY

In spite of the fact that on Sunday people are free from the responsibility of work, for many there remains attached to that particular day a peculiar air of discomfort. In 1919 Sandor Ferenczi suggested that "Sunday neuroses" were caused, in fact, precisely by the freedom from work which, by provoking an internal freedom, further engendered a return of the repressed; this last, Ferenczi argued, produced the displeasure so commonly associated with Sundays.

An informal inquiry on this subject among friends and acquaintances elicited the following responses:

- 1. Mail is not delivered on Sunday.*
- 2. Stores are generally closed.*
- 3. Sunday is associated with the oppressive atmosphere of early family life.*
- 4. For the young boy, it is the day he can least expect to be alone with his mother, for father is home.*
- 5. Sunday is associated with Sunday school, church and other aspects of religion.*
- 6. Sunday is ruined by the anticipation of Monday; the week-end seems already over.*

Obviously Ferenczi's observations and the foregoing suggestions barely scratch the surface. In the hope of deepening the investigation of this problem, we therefore pose the question to the readers of ARSENAL:

Why is Sunday, among the days of the week, so especially intolerable?

P. G.

them light, airy, livable blocks where working men, women and their children may enjoy a measure of dignity is more than a little suspect inasmuch as few would contest the contention that prefabricated housing is a good deal more dehumanizing, with its ever-smaller rooms, than crumbling, shadowy brick and wood remnants of a past generation; it is not entirely without significance that one of the few creative expressions open to young people in the ghetto or barrio, the street gang, functions better in the latter environment than the former, and that the wonderful sublimative "crimes" that blossom in the latter (theft, arson, attacks on the police, etc.) are turned into petty forms of repressive desublimation (wife-beating, for instance) in the former. In general at least 30 years' natural action is required to make one another residence livable; it is just then, of course, that the wrecking crew makes its appearance. I dream of houses built by madmen, their walls of antimatter revealing every secret of their inhabitants, conducive to every liberty like a half-deserted anonymous hotel, more sinister than "the aura of the jungle, conceived almost as a sort of lyrical anti-thesis to urbanism";⁸ you will, I am sure, pardon me if I insist on the inadequacy of this remarkably concise dictum of Franklin Rosemont's

should it not embrace a synthesis of jungle and city in certain quarters of San Francisco, of Chicago, of Paris, of Port-au-Prince, of Cairo, of Calcutta. For, after all, what exists for us but the living dream, those streets where the child-woman grows more beautiful with every step? To comprehend her power over me (by my choice or hers) I must learn how to approach this screen she has raised between me and all I know, made translucent only by her presence, confronting me with the Watts Towers, with the Dream Palace at Hauterives, with the Garden of Eden in Lucas, Kansas . . .

Stephen SCHWARTZ

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- (7) Thomas Morton: *The New-English Canaan*, edited by Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Boston, The Prince Society, 1883.
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THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

(excerpt)

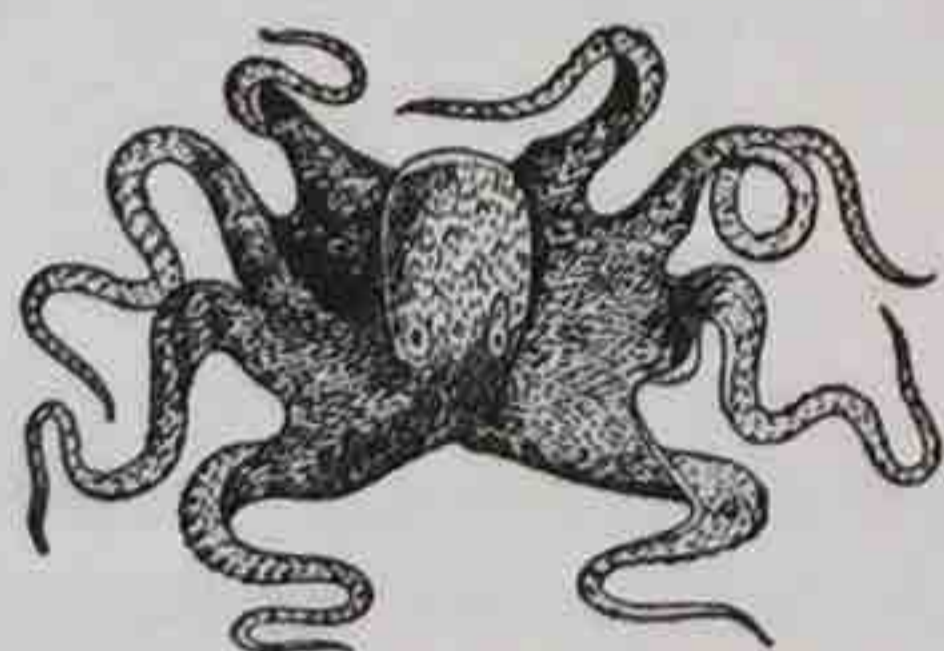
This morning, after disposing of three more skeletons that I found in my closet, I began writing the word "slippery" on my little finger and found that I was unable to stop until I had covered my entire hand. The door collapsed when I inadvertently touched it with my hair.

Along the arrows of arches the empty mirror opens and assumes the aspect of a window of uncut night. A copy of reality lingers in the shadows of a brief building, holding its newspaper upright as a protection against the heavy rain of hourglasses.

The anger of glass lions echoes the metamorphosis of eagles. I stand at the entrance of a cavern engraved with the hypnotic lightning of luminous desires, whose alphabetical mirages stretch endlessly into the depths. The walls awaken at the cry of a white crane, and wings of isometric amber entice me further into the eternity of this translucent but artificial night.

For on the surface of the apple it is just noon.

A viscous train greets me without introduction. An arm-chair beckons and, seating myself on an impetuous sea-lion, I survey the occult laboratory wherein are prepared unique plants and animals, perhaps to be condensed to seeds or eggs, and transported to the surface to be the form and fortune of the future.



Common European Octopus (*O. vulgaris*). (3/50)

Those who were rejected by the local committee of plastic lieutenants wander about amusing themselves balancing frying pans on soda straws and playing pool with artichokes.

Included in their number is a delightful giraffe, shimmering with long sable hair that reaches to his knees, who will not occur in our encircled reality because the climate of Africa forbids it. He hopes to be placed in a secluded valley

of the Rocky Mountains or on some high Chilean plateau. We exchange addresses and discuss the limitations involving the height of ceilings in the city.

Watching the magical rites performed over a lavender caracara to reduce it to embryo size (necessary for it to fit comfortably into an egg) two birds of questionable species, with beaks of bronze and transparent wings of cellophane, run in circles shrieking wildly and beating their wings against the innocent air.

Another creature, the aeronautical octopus, equipped with wings resembling those of bats (thus enabling him to visit the surface world and carry away tender victims to his dwelling beneath the sea) is attired in white tie and eight white gloves; sporting slim bamboo canes in at least four of his arms, and his wings falling about his shoulders like a cloak stirred by a light breeze, he balances gracefully on two arms while lecturing on marine life in six languages. A most elegant gentleman, to be sure!

Penelope ROSEMONT



drawing by Leonora CARRINGTON

Notes on

The Revolution of Witchcraft

1. In tribal societies where the belief in witchcraft is constitutional, the peoples consistently make use of an expression such as "witchcraft is increasing," or "the country is filthy with witches," or some variant of the same notion. We tend logically to attribute this idea to the natural incidence of misfortunes which "superstitious natives" always interpret as resulting from malign magical influence. Psychologically, however, we could more plausibly view these sayings as a projection of the constant gnawing dissatisfaction within the human breast which people always complain about but also always cling to, as if its ache were itself the germ of a future fulfillment. At any time or place—*the witches are increasing*. How could it be otherwise with man, so long as repression confronts him? Malinowski attributes the origin of magical beliefs to a mechanism of wish-projection or emotion extended symbolically. Desire is the key to this explanation. The witch is a dreamer engaged in a dream-type action. And conversely, every dreamer, every desirous person is potentially a witch.
2. Since I find Malinowski's thesis wholly acceptable, I also find it necessary to accept Lucy Mair's seemingly bland conception of the witch as the stereotypical "bad neighbor." This social anthropologist has accurately taken the measure of the witch from the perspective of social science. The witch is an enemy of the group, a hostile, petty rebel. The aims and goals, or else the methods, of the witch are always an infringement of roles and taboos. The witch kills, disturbs the elements, obtains meat he did not have to hunt, or commands the services of zombies to tend his crops, etc. The witch in fact enjoys community with a society of beings (familiar, zombies, fellow witches, ghosts, animals) within which satisfaction denied ordinary men and women is available. By acting on a premise of desire in defiance of a taboo, any magical operative becomes a witch by Mair's definition. Is this definition too broad? I think not. If we were to submit it to members of tribal societies from various quarters of the globe, I am sure that all respondents would confirm that this is indeed the witch we have described.
3. Is not the point made that man does not necessarily wish to remain confined within human society or social humanity? The witch universally, strange clans such as the pseudo-leopards of Sierra Leone, the werewolf, the vampire, are all examples of human beings who have entered a community too broad for ordinary social taboos to regulate. Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie, in a study of peasant uprisings in Languedoc, reveals that witches

were associated with the uprisings. (Michelet advances similar conclusions.) One of these rebels however, a certain Jean Grenier, was condemned to death for being, additionally—a werewolf.

In the days of Jean Grenier (the 16th century) there were many remote peasant communities in Europe that had not been essentially altered by Christianity, which had long since “converted” Europe. The final conversion of the continent, so it appears, was a long pacification struggle conducted against the culture and the natural religion (the Old Religion of Margaret Murray) of those rural societies that were oldest and geographically well suited in terms of their self-defense. To this day the process is not total. It would be interesting to determine what relation the concentration and dispersion of such groups had to the geographical pattern of persecution in the centuries of all-out witch-hunting, 1450-1650. Did the peasant bring his archaic beliefs to the less remote villages, and later to the towns, thus precipitating a reaction on the part of the church?

4. Critics of Margaret Murray, and they include some of the leading authors in the field of European witchcraft, deny that witchcraft can be identified with a pre-Christian religion of the continent. Yet these authorities would be the last to deny that survivals of paganism existed; indeed they still exist even in such unlikely places as Italy. What is more, it is well-known to all who have glanced at the subject that the church itself at times identified participation in any paganism as traffic with Satan, and hence witchcraft. Does this not suggest that Murray is essentially correct, even leaving aside her analysis of the specific archaeological evidence?

Lucy Mair refutes Murray by applying her empirical definition of the witch as an anti-social person acting hostilely through magic. How, she asks, can the regular devotee of a traditionally accepted cult be a witch if the witch is by definition an outsider morally and ritualistically? One can only answer that the hypothetical “Old Religion” was in fact an outlaw in the days of the witch trials. If applied from the perspective of larger historical forces, Mair’s definition includes Murray’s analysis as a specific case. Implicit in this approach is the expectation that within the old, pre-Christian communities of Europe there were individuals who practiced malefic magic outside the rites and accepted mores of those societies. That is, when the “Old Religion” was the norm, there were also witches apart from it. It is highly possible that the pressure of conflict with Christianity caused the devotees of the archaic religions to fall back upon their most violent traditions (witchcraft traditions?) in a defensive reflex. The peasants of Friuli, up to the 17th century, believed (in common with the Nyakyusa of Tanganyika) both in witches and in an elect corp of “defenders” who waged supernatural combat with the witches attacking their harvests. The “defenders” were simply certain neighbors whose spirits left them in their sleep. Carlo Ginzburg, a supporter of Murray, has established how the pressure of the Inquisition eventually led the “defenders” (the *Benandanti*, “Do-gooders”) to identify themselves with the witches and confess to witchcraft. Ginzburg raises the possibility that this process of polarization went on throughout Europe. When the Inquisition finally managed to convince the populace that all that was not of Rome was of Satan, millions drew the only possible conclusions about themselves. Elements that had never been of the church were joined by some that defected from the church. Basing itself upon theology and scripture, the church tried to subdue and rule a world in which the imminent, the Marvelous, was the fountainhead of all vivid experience. This is why the conflict between the church and witchcraft was to last for centuries and claim millions of lives. This is why it is possible to speak of a “Revolution of Witchcraft”—the first great revolution that Europe saw. In the vast Sabbats and peasant risings, in the secret conclaves of the covens and the ministrations of solitary witches, rebellious liberty entered the consciousness of the European masses threatening the foundations both of feudalism and theocracy. In the arsenal of this revolution were the wolf, the black cat, belladonna and the dream.

5. While I have emphasized the rebellious nature of the witch and her friends I do not want to convey a one-dimensional impression. The witch is not merely a social rebel, any more than she is merely the devotee of a pre-Christian fertility cult. Rather I would insist that at the apex of this complex of tribal, rural occultism we must always recognize the mythic features of a figure whom many students have been nervous about, to the extent of wishing to banish her altogether, i.e. the wondrous, flying, night-witch. Despite the church and the Satanists, it is the night-witch herself, not the pact with the devil and the inversion of Christian symbolism, that is the alpha and omega of witchcraft.

The traditions of African and Oceanic tribes widely echo the European belief in a hag (at times a beautiful one) who entertains a court of weird familiars and flies through

the night to Sabbats and evil works. In these societies it is woman who is placed in the center of malign occult responsibility. In Europe she is identified with night, as Baroja points out, citing Diana and Hecate. Woman, in the early mythology of the continent, needed no male devil's aid to be herself in her element, to be, that is, the center of an erotic mystery in the heaven of night—the moon. Woman in her sexual transport does float and fly out of herself, just as the witch who anoints herself with an hallucinogenic ointment swoons and flies to the Sabbat. Woman flies, man wishes to fly. In some parts of Africa all women are suspect of witchcraft simply by virtue of their sex. Woman is also the cook, therefore the experimental herbalist. If Satan was king of this world, it was altogether fitting that he should have a bride who epitomized the greatest female prowess. But she was his mate—not his abject slave.

It is clear that the fabled night-witch is the poetic heart of witch beliefs, the fertile soil out of which the myth had of necessity to grow. Magic flight and metamorphosis remove witchcraft to the realm of the other. There desire takes leave of its senses and dominates the mind. Lacking any roots in this surreal ground, modern Satanism and Old Religion revivalism are wretched shells indeed—as various popular accounts on the pulp stands demonstrate.

6. If we reflect upon the tendencies that witchcraft and surrealism have in common we will realize that there is a continuity of human love for the material and animal worlds and a continuing desire to wed essences and experiences radiating from these viewpoints. This "animism" is more a social system than a metaphysic. The *desirable society* is perhaps one in which things and animals have a function which somehow relieves the pressure of man against man. Perhaps man will some day again learn to embrace the physical world as his fetish and the animal world as his totem.

Joseph JABLONSKI

A SHORT BIBLIOGRAPHY

In recent years the idea of witchcraft has been spat upon so repeatedly by commercially inspired authors and publicity-inspired cult-faddists that one would reasonably expect it to be beyond any kind of redemption. However, the persistence of witchcraft in its tribal and rural settings in many parts of the world, combined with the serious attention of social scientists, has made it possible to address this phenomena on its proper level, while at the same time appreciating the dismal "witchcraft fad" to a certain extent as its imperfect emanation. The "proper level" referred to is that of a symptomatology of the universal disease of desire as it is embodied in myth, magic and oracular knowledge; and in addition to this, a particular kind of revolt, since it is impossible to dissociate witchcraft from revolt. While this proposition owes a great deal to the anthropological literature on witchcraft, it owes at least as much to the surrealist revelation of the centrality of poetic mechanisms within the expressive and behavioral life of man insofar as these take an "irrational" form.

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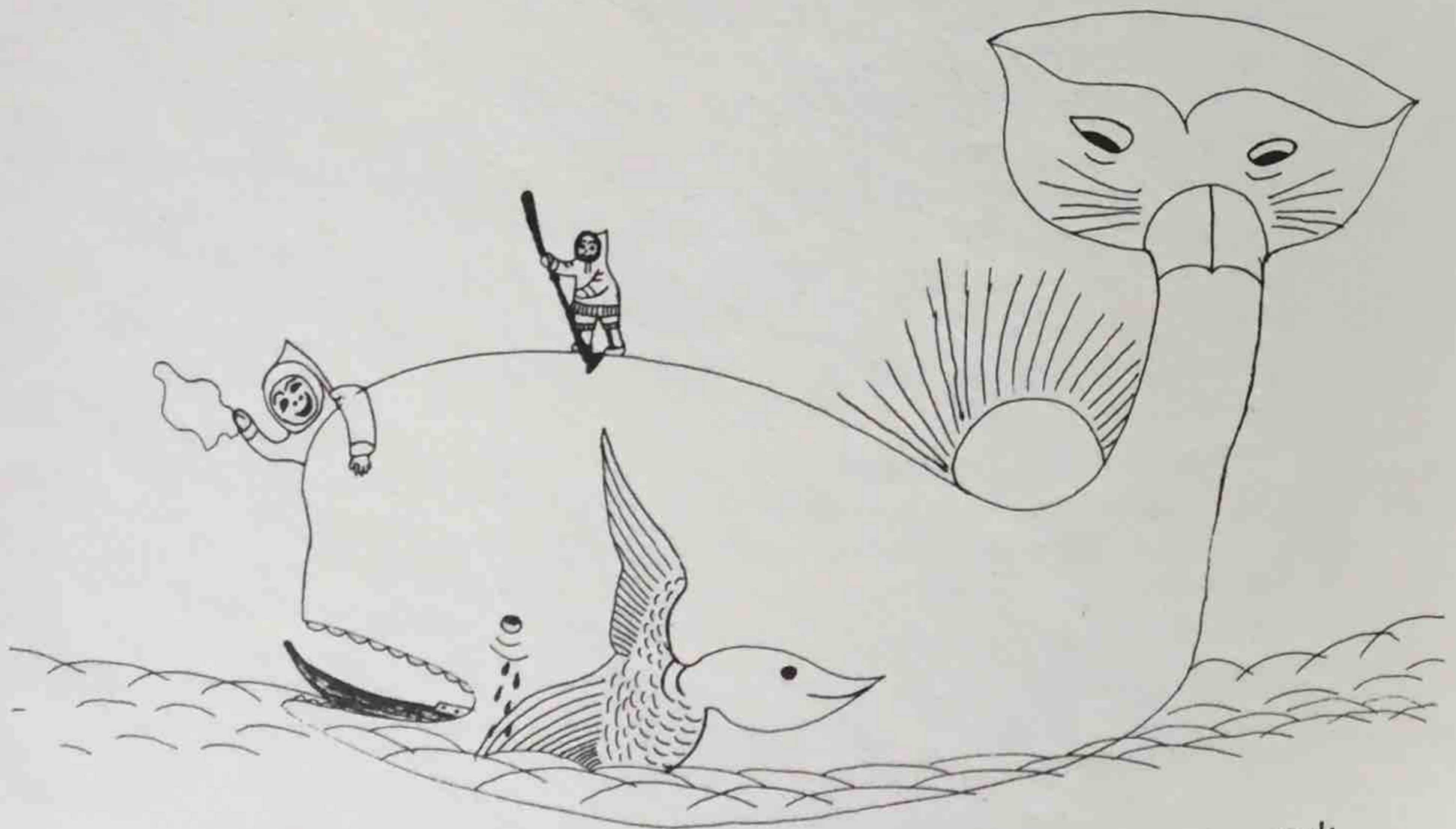
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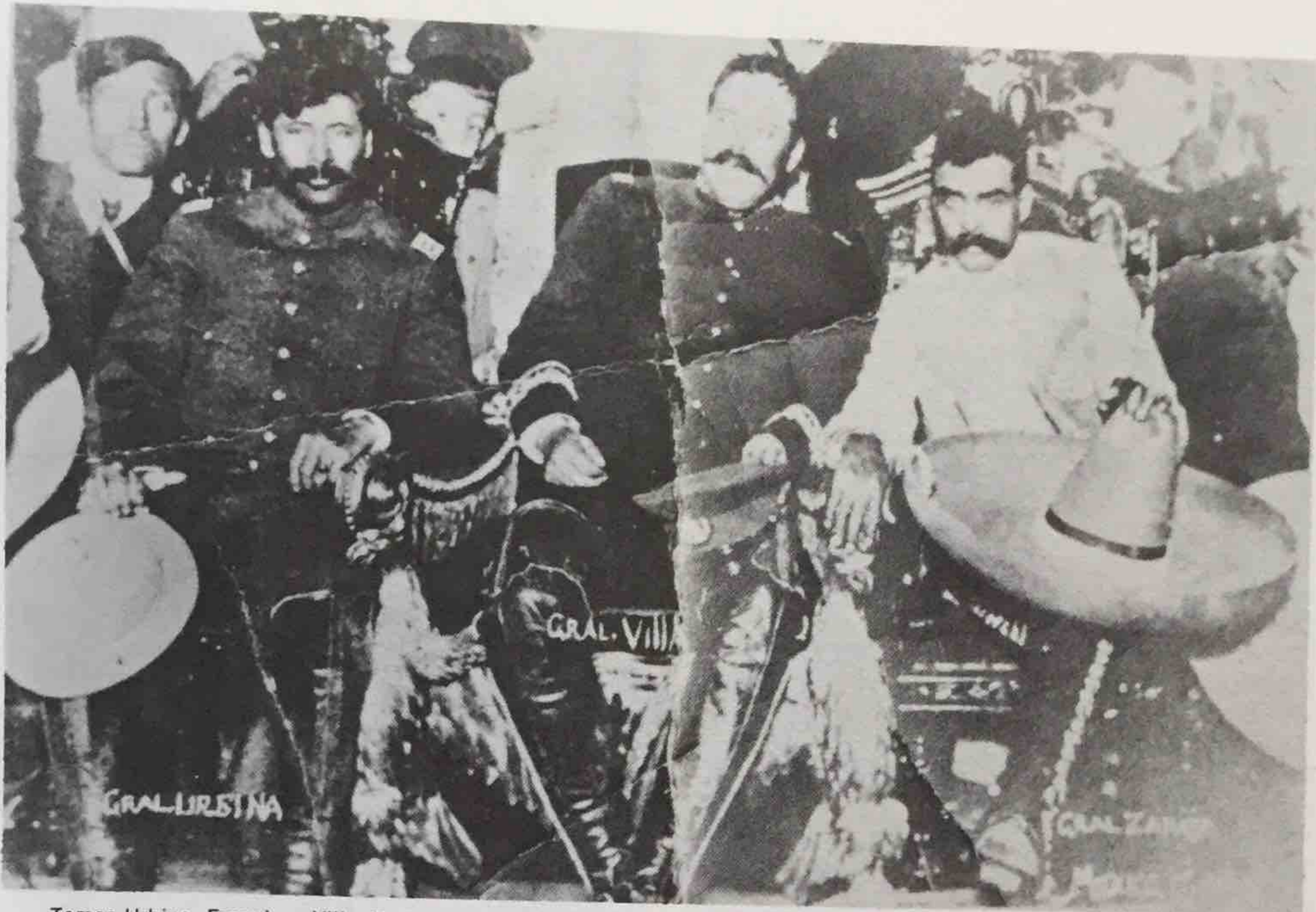
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Henry Napartuk



Tomas Urbina, Francisco Villa, Emiliano Zapata

The Crisis of the Imagination

I. ABSOLUTE DIVERGENCE

*What can be smashed should be smashed.
What withstands the blow is fit to survive.
What flies into pieces is rubbish. In any case,
strike out right and left; no harm can come
of it.*

—Dmitry PISAREV

Is it not deplorable that those who were compelled as children to memorize that there are 365 days in the year, forget so easily, from one moment to the next, that there are also 365 nights? But what a pitiable circumvention, this forgetting, as if the morning's headlines did not comprise, more or less degradedly it is true, at least agonized reflections of the *imaginative energy* everyone unleashes every night in the form of dreams. Look at these headlines spelling out the crimes, infamies, massacres, calamities, earthquakes, shipwrecks, suicides and hazardous voyages to the north pole, to the peaks of unconquered mountains, to the moon. Is not the latent content unmistakable and irrefutable? Are not men and women trying desperately to tell themselves something of the appalling jeopardy of life today, and the crying need to transform the world, to rebuild everything from scratch?

I take it as beyond argument, in spite of the fact that everyone avoids thinking about it, much less discussing it openly, that the flagrant contradiction between dream-life and waking-life

remains the pivot of the misery of the human condition. Everyone knows there are always beasts larger than life breaking loose from their cages; that undiscovered continents continue to blossom forth at one's fingertips; that the marvelous, in short, is an imperishable and inexhaustible well. Yet the ignominious farce of life, with its homilies on cradles and graves, the incessant stammering of the stock exchange and the intolerable omnipotence of the alarm clock, goes on day after day. Who can deny that surrealism was ushered into the world precisely to discredit and to *smash* this dismal, monotonous procession of cowardice, hypocrisy, evasion and venality? I know very well how wildly utopian, how silly, how incredibly *childish*, the surrealist project inevitably seems to those who, having proceeded ceaselessly throughout their lives from one set of prefabricated renunciations to another, are finally concerned exclusively with their little place in the sun, their ridiculous position in the world. Currently only a very small minority manifests its total disdain for the paltry joys auctioned off by the racketeers in charge of "reality." The fact remains that serious discussion is impossible with anyone else.

Little by little this minority is growing, its self-confidence expanding. On the street corners, in the factories, in the poolhalls, in the truckstops, in barracks, in prisons and even in schools, a few lone individuals refuse to say yes to the

existing state of affairs; a few lone individuals raise insolent questions and ruthless challenges: Above all, they see what everyone else prefers not to see. To them alone could surrealism have any true meaning; with them alone is it possible for us to speak freely, unburdened by the usual morbid concessions. Sooner or later these few will be more; I am even convinced that some day the world will be theirs. But meanwhile all the cynicism in the universe could not efface a single drop of the marvelous. *Childish?* "The storms of youth precede brilliant days," said Lautréamont. There is still every reason to await great things—I am not even joking—from a handful of irreconcilable recalcitrants who continue to fling in the face of bourgeois law and order messages of thoroughgoing demoralization, insults, blasphemies, imprecations and threats, and who do not conceal the fact that they are out to make life as miserable as possible for everyone who pretends to be satisfied with things as they are. I admit that the means at our disposal are severely limited—for the moment. And at least until this situation is corrected—until surrealism, that is, attains some measure of executive efficacy—it will remain impossible to expect anything emancipatory or beautiful except from *violence*.

If ever it was necessary to speak out for complete nonconformism, total insubordination, the necessity of atheism, revolutionary intolerance, systematic sabotage, treason, armed insurrection, and to lash out in all directions with *absolutely modern* fury against all and everything that restricts the quest for freedom and true life, it is here and now. Make no mistake: As far as surrealism is concerned, the whole stinking parade of patriotism, the flag, private property, God and everything having to do with religion, cops, the family, government, civilization, the "moral value" of work, etc., provides nothing more than objects of derision, targets for spit. Refusing to relinquish the unsparing rigor and incorruptible extremism that alone ensure the advance of thought and action, surrealism today recognizes not only its basic orientation but also its entire *spirit* in the principle of *absolute divergence* originally elaborated by Charles Fourier, which is the necessary completion of Marx's call for "merciless criticism of everything in existence." A profound and lyrical radicalization of Cartesian doubt, absolute divergence makes short work of every "eternal value" of civilization, every justification of human misery. "The surest means of making useful discoveries," according to Fourier, is "to diverge in every way from the paths followed by the uncertain sciences . . . to remain in constant opposition to these sciences." By "uncertain sciences" Fourier intended particularly the prevailing forms of the manifestation of bourgeois ideology. The specifically revolutionary character of our own struggle against bourgeois ideology in all its forms should suffice to clear us of the absurd charge that our interest in the theories of Fourier somehow mitigates our fundamental adherence to dialectical materialism or our solidarity with the cause of the proletariat. Only proletarian revolution is capable of safeguarding human freedom, which remains the

prime motive of surrealist action. Debate on this point, in fact, is no longer permissible. What must be emphasized, however, is not the *compatibility* of surrealism and Marxism but rather their *reciprocity*. To dream the revolution is to desire it all the more, by night as well as by day. Surrealist activity and research supplement, deepen, reinforce the theory which guides the self-emancipation of the workers, and vice versa. Any "Marxist" today who fails to take into account the surrealist contributions—and conversely, anyone who pretends that surrealism today can ignore the struggles of the working class at the point of production—is clearly an imbecile, an impostor, or both.

Surrealism today, far more than in the past, is surrounded by forces inimical to its development; every action undertaken by us brings us into direct or indirect confrontation with those who would like nothing so much as for us to call a halt. There are still those, for example, who are disturbed to find us constantly overstepping the conventional boundaries of art or poetry and defending the organization of factory committees and a workers' militia; that is, there are those who wish to confine surrealism to the boundaries of bourgeois culture, to concede it a corner in the Museum of Modern Art and a page or two in the textbooks. But there are also those—some of whom even pretend to be Marxists—who would prefer that we abandon the surrealist project as such, so that we could devote our energies exclusively to socialist propaganda and political organization. To these "classical" critics must be added a third category, which is today more and more numerous: the ideologists of pseudo-surrealism (or "post-surrealism"), representing a development comparable to the appearance of revisionism and Stalinism in the workers' movement. United by essentially the same reactionary fear, the same conservatism, the same skeptical bad faith, all these critics lose sight of the *specific historical mission of surrealism*. For such critics, poetry, freedom and love are mere words. Such critics have forgotten, if they ever knew, that in the struggle for consciousness, as Hegel says, "The process of bringing all this out involves a twofold action—action on the part of the other and action on the part of itself . . . But in this there is implicated also the second kind of action, self-activity; for the former implies that it risks its own life. The relation of both self-consciousnesses is in this way so constituted that they prove themselves and each other through a life-and-death struggle. They must enter into this struggle, for they must bring their certainty of themselves, the certainty of being for themselves, to the level of objective truth . . . And it is solely by risking life that freedom is obtained; only thus is it tried and proved that the essential nature of self-consciousness is not bare existence, is not the merely immediate form in which it at first makes its appearance, is not its mere absorption in the expanse of life."

Disinclined as I am to engage in exegetical exercises, I wish to emphasize here, for the sake of elementary clarity, that too much of what passes for surrealism today is merely rotten meat with a false label. Countless swine throughout the world are building entire careers, all

rights reserved, on a line or two lifted from the works of Breton or Péret, just as Duchamp's discoveries of 1912-23 are repackaged, at enormous profits, in the sickening "idioms" of the current "art market." Such putrescent intrigues are not surrealism, however, but only its worst caricatures. Those who confuse their paltry ambitions, their literary indigestion, their day-to-day trepidations or the shabby products of their impotence with the surrealist *crisis of consciousness* can only continue to slobber from one wretched and inexcusable absurdity to the next.

When we use the word surrealism we intend above all an *adventure*, the supreme adventure, which may be undertaken only at the risk of everything that gets in its way. We have nothing to discuss with those who use this word to signify anything less. The word itself, in any case, is hardly the decisive issue. What is essential is to devise — from scratch — a system of "challenges and provocations," as invoked in the *Second Manifesto*, "to keep the public panting in expectation at the gate" — that is: to secure the **PROFOUND AND VERITABLE OCCULTATION OF SURREALISM**. Everything everywhere awaits its true invention.

It is not for us to succumb to a "tradition," even a pretended "surrealist" tradition; it is not for us to permit ourselves to fall to pieces before "great works" that are indeed great but which today are shoved down too many throats by too many reactionary scoundrels whose every grimace and every gesture make it perfectly clear that these works have to be completely renewed and followed through all the way to the end.

The defense of the marvelous, like the struggle for freedom, admits but one watchword: **STOP AT NOTHING**. "Those who make revolutions half way," said Saint-Just, "merely dig their own graves."

And thus I hope it will be understood that the well-known reproaches brought to bear against us by enemies and critics of every description—that we are nihilistic, conspiratorial, irresponsible, narcissistic, authoritarian and crazy; that we are purists, dogmatists, animators of tempests in teapots, consumed by the thirst for vengeance, addicted to invective, driven by compulsions to excommunicate, to polemicize, to scandalize, to fly into rages, to disrupt, to denounce, to destroy—for us, these are not even reproaches. Similarly, it is a matter of little importance if this or that transient associate or fellow traveler loses his nerve, starts slipping and comes to prefer the security of literature, the consolations of philosophy or even "making a living." If it is not always possible to recognize such parasitic elements at first glance, and if consequently they are able to insinuate themselves now and then into our midst, rest assured that once we become aware of their *lack of moral qualifications* we are content to abandon them indifferently to their lamentable fate and do not even listen to their whining farewells as they begin to make their peace with the enemies of all the principles they had sworn to uphold. Away with the intellectual tourists, the perpetual moaners oozing with vanity, the speculators in boredom ready to peddle half-truths at thirty-five cents a line, the timid bibliophiles for whom the pursuit of pure

psychic automatism is reducible to a literary technique, the philosophical snakes in the grass, the hopeless malingerers, the dead weights, the two-bit cowards and shilly-shallying impostors! To go forward we must sweep the road of every obstruction. The revolution we desire and foresee—the revolution which alone can clear the way for the actualization of the marvelous—is of such a character as to admit of no equivocation, no wavering, no compromise. Surrealism would be nothing if it did not demand everything of each of those who incarnate its living presence.

Entirely on the other side of hope, beyond literature, beyond boredom, at the point of total despair or sublime love, one is less than ever inclined to deny that "all consciousness is an appeal to other consciousness" (Hegel). One must go not only as far as one can, but always farther. I insist on being among those who always *go too far*. Every fork in the road of thought demands its knife. A century ago Lautréamont wrote: "When a thought offers itself to us like a truth running through the streets, when we take the trouble to develop it, we find that is a discovery."

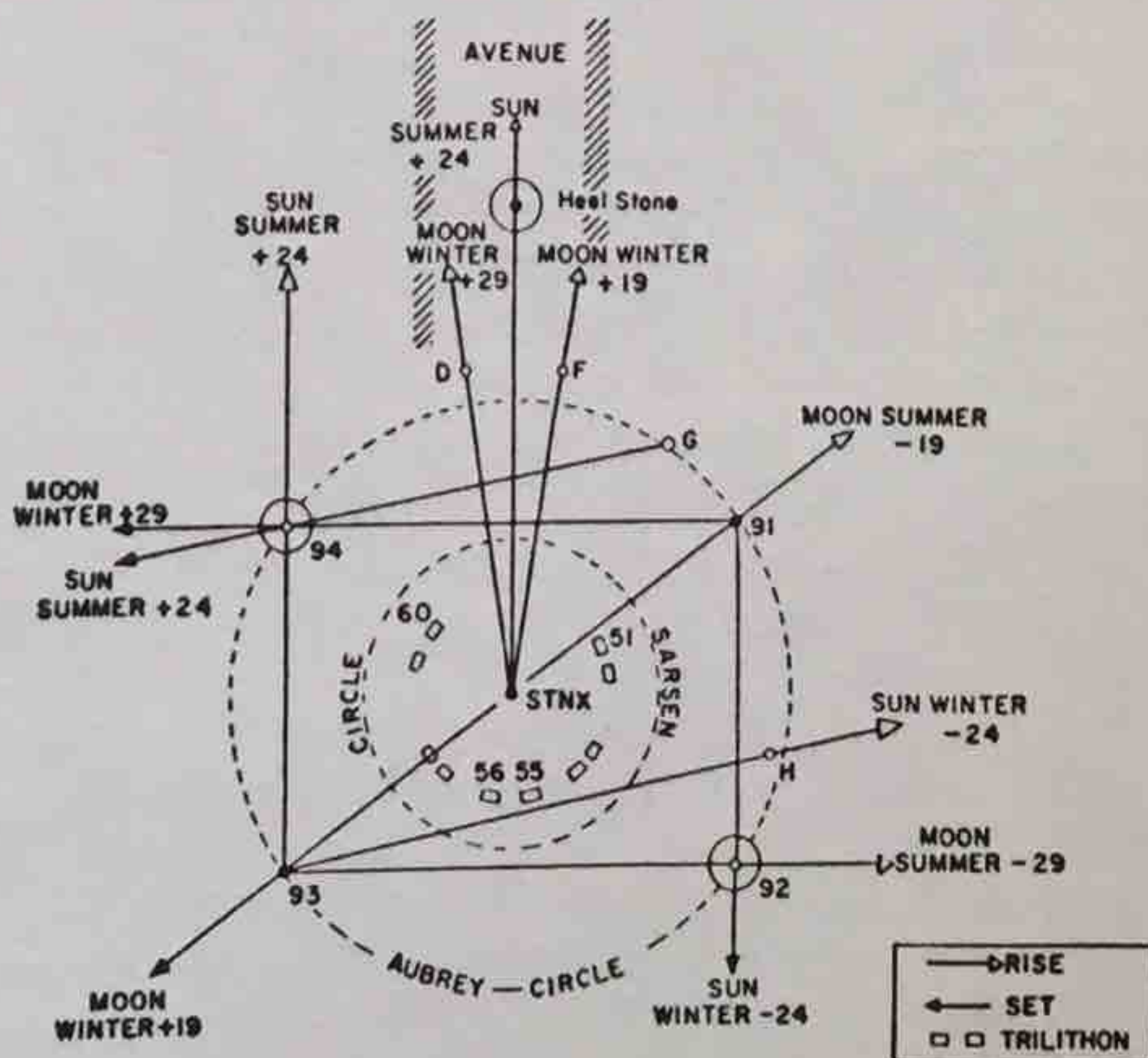
As a child I resolved always to be a fanatic. Certainly I do not mind in the least if idiots take me for a madman.

II. WORLD REVOLUTION AND THE OUTCOME OF POETRY

Poetry has an aim: absolute human liberation.

—Malcolm de CHAZAL

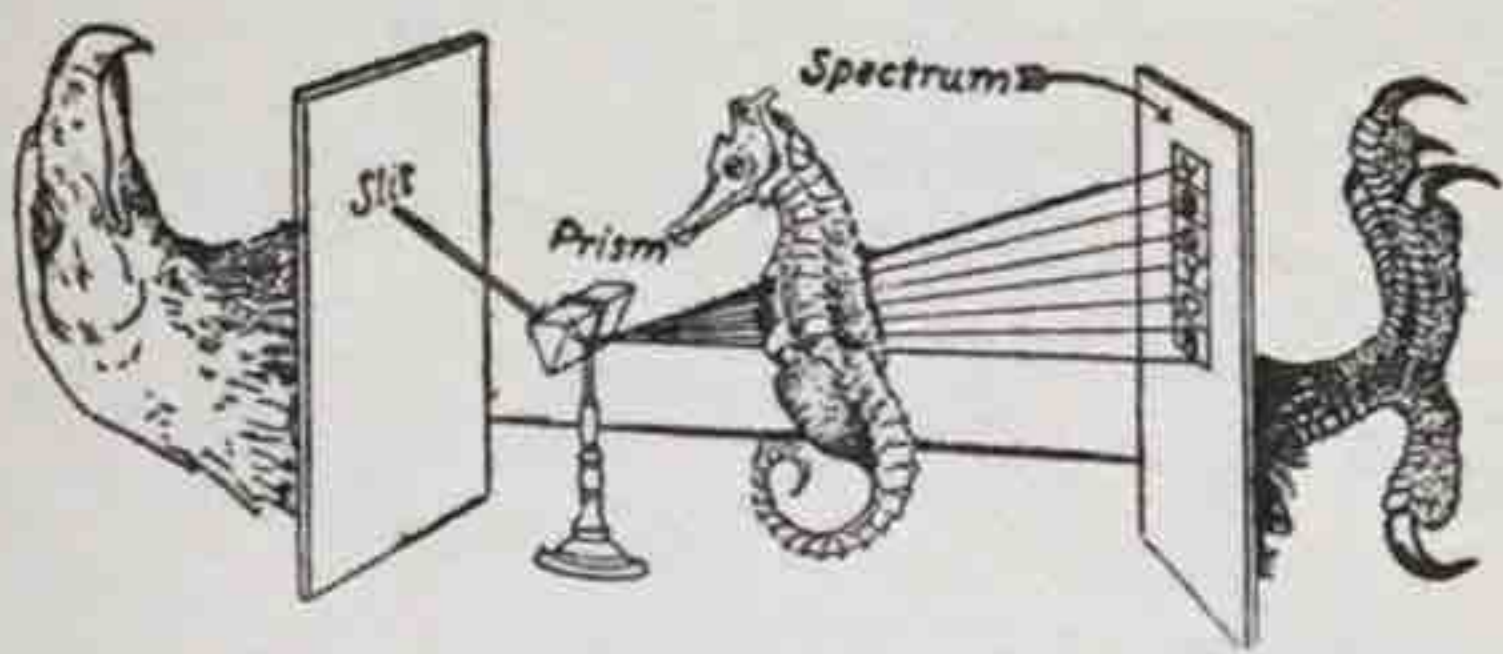
The absolute power of the workers' councils is indispensable for the efflorescence of what Lautréamont designated "poetry made by all." As Engels noted in *Anti-Dühring*, the proletarian revolution will introduce "a method of distribution which permits *all* the members of society to perfect, preserve and practice all their faculties to the greatest possible extent." Meanwhile, in a society divided into classes, total war must be waged against the despicable convention



Schematic Plan of Stonehenge

by which the sustained pursuit of thought, or what passes for thought, remains with very few exceptions the privilege of a small and parasitical caste directly and indirectly in the service of capitalist confusion. Notwithstanding the myopic oversimplification of some would-be "Marxists," the immediate task on this terrain is not only to break through the provincial empiricism, chauvinistic pragmatism and generally philistine anti-intellectualism characteristic of the American way of evading life, but also, and more particularly, to undermine, overcome and annihilate the concomitant pseudo-aristocratic pretension, condescension, alienated individualism, academism, mysticism and cliquism that infect what little real intellectual life exists in this country, even among revolutionary tendencies. The surrealists fundamentally agree, in this regard, with Rosa Luxemburg's argument that the task of intellectuals is to prepare the way for the abolition of intellectuals. This urgent *critical* task, of course, is inseparable from the more general struggle for the revolutionary communist hegemony of the proletariat.

Virulent opposition to all conceptions of the "ivory tower" is integral to the surrealist perspective of revolutionary clarity. We make no secret of our limitless disdain for the "little magazines," literary circles and other intellectual agglomerates that regard themselves as a sort of priesthood whose "talent" entitles them to promenade like peacocks. As an organized movement surrealism is necessarily minority, but in no sense whatever does it constitute itself as an elite; in no sense can it be codified into an ideology (it is not, in fact, truly an *ism* at all). The surrealists readily acknowledge that they have no interests separate and apart from the movement of human emancipation as a whole. "Surrealism is within the compass of every unconscious," stated a card issued by the Bureau of Surrealist Research in Paris in the 1920s. "I am not for adepts," said André Breton. The profound egalitarian tendency of surrealism is further proof that in its essence the surrealist cause is indissolubly united to the cause of the self-emancipation of the workers.



Far more than is generally admitted by the critics, the revolutionary orientation of surrealism is the result of a thoroughgoing revaluation of poetry. "Language is given man that he might make surrealist use of it," wrote André Breton. Poetic thought, no matter what misfortunes may have befallen it in the hands of epigones and poseurs, has proved itself, at various historical junctures, supremely capable of articulating the boldest solutions to the gravest problems facing humanity. The great examples of the past justify our expectations that the practice of poetry today will contribute decisively to dissipating the clouds of skepticism and confusion that impede the serious and sustained confrontation of

the human condition. "The words expressing evil," wrote Lautréamont in the *Poésies*, "are destined to assume a useful significance. Ideas improve. The meaning of words participates." And in *Art Poétique* André Breton and Jean Schuster wrote:

Imagination is neither right nor wrong. One does not invent in a void. I have resorted to chance and to magic potions. I have disdained reason and experience. I have changed, if only to have solicited from them their commanding way, the meaning of words. Words leave me, nevertheless, richer than they found me. They have enhanced my powers by confrontations which are retained in the mind.

As *The Platform of Prague* (1968) explains, poetry, in contrast to other modes of thought, remains relatively free of the influence of the reality principle and thus opens more easily on the chances of what *can be*, in much the same way that dreams, as Freud noted, "by picturing our wishes as fulfilled . . . are . . . leading us into the future." Poetry has its own laws, its own rigor, which reduce to dust the purely evasive etiquette and aesthetic sidestepping which are often mistaken for poetry today for the same historical reasons that Georg Lukacs has been mistaken for a revolutionary thinker. In the *Poésies* Lautréamont wrote: "Poetry must have practical truth for its goal. It enunciates the relationships existing between the first principles and the secondary truths of life."

In the light of surrealism poetry fully retrieves its highest prerogatives and prepares for power. It becomes an unparalleled imaginative stimulant; it provokes the most far-ranging inspiration; it capsizes inhibitions; it foments new necessities of the mind that it alone can sustain. Poetry restores men and women to a truer sense of themselves by restoring to them the *oracular voice* and a fuller consciousness of their infinite capacities to act on the world, to *change life*. It is true that such a conception of poetry is scarcely known in the English-speaking world today. The poverty of the poetry officially held up for our admiration today is a perfect mirror of the inexcusable poverty imposed on the human spirit in the epoch of imperialist decay. "Poetry Fetter'd Fetters the Human Race," as Blake said. The time has come to show the door to the insufferable quibblers and toadies who bore us to tears with versified exegeses of their own contemptible worthlessness. It is necessary to take up again the indestructible thread of Shakespeare, Young's *Night-Thoughts*, Chatterton, Collins' "Ode to Fear," Crabbe's *World of Dreams*, Falconer's *Shipwreck*, Cowper, Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," Shelley, Byron, Keats, Clare, Poe, Emily Brontë, Melville, Morris, Swinburne, and Lewis Carroll's *Hunting of the Snark*.

The practice of poetry today, properly understood, necessarily assumes a relentlessly oppositional character, a fact which has not escaped the attention of the ideologists of advanced capitalism who do everything in their power to stifle every manifestation of poetic

genius, carefully steering all discussions of poetry into the tea-rooms and the universities—that is, into *cages*. Like wolves and lions in the zoo, poetry is thus provided a “safe place” in the universal showcase of commodities. In certain cases even stricter measures are taken. Is it an accident that there is no current edition of the works of the greatest American poet of this century, Samuel Greenberg (1893-1917), most of whose writings, in fact, have *never* been published? Certainly it is clear that authentic seekers of poetic truth today can only disdainfully turn away from the trivial obsequies of the Great Soft Heads of our epoch. Poetry lies elsewhere.

For when we refer to poetry, to the practice of poetry, to poetic thought, to *poetic action*, it must be understood that this has nothing to do with the disgraceful and unforgivable rubbish commonly and mistakenly passed off as poetry by the editors of *POETRY* magazine, or its imitators and competitors, or their academic accomplices, all of whom deserve a thrashing for their interminable vainglorious dissimulations which only feebly camouflage an infamous groveling before the icons of a rotten social order. From the surrealist point of view, this latter “poetry” has as little to do with authentic poetic activity today as the so-called Communist and Socialist parties have to do with the emancipation of the proletariat. Completely severed from the greatest adventures of the mind, this false poetry survives today only as an *execrable illusion*, an illusion that nonetheless continues to exert a certain debilitating influence, in precisely the same way that images of saints, crucifixes and the holy ghost extend a slovenly authority over the unfortunate prisoners of Christian superstition.

Such illusions, of course, have material foundations, psychologically as well as socially. Marx analyzed the social function of religion (as the opium of the people and “the heart of a heartless world”) and Freud pinpointed its psychological (infantile and unconscious) sources. Surrealism, for its part, demonstrates that the belief in the greatness of an Eliot, a Pound, a Claudel serves a similar reactionary social function as a reinforcement of what Marcuse has called the *performance principle*. Largely derived from feelings of guilt and inhibition, traceable—like religion and other mysticisms—to the social organization of the Oedipus complex in advanced industrial society, the work of these “poets” constitutes a veritable reserve army of *surplus repression* (to use another of Marcuse’s terms).

Surrealism intrudes on this dreary spectacle as the nocturnal avenger of human potentiality, armed against “that poetry dripping with weakness, resembling decay” (Lautréamont). It is plain that surrealism automatically spells death for all the poetry that longs for death. Let us have done with the “poetry” that is confused with prayer, the “poetry” that fears dreams, recoils from the future, degrades Eros, and flounders in memory, humility, confession, regret and remorse. Let us hear no more of “personal poetry,” weeping in public, all the *tics de-*



“We must dream!” — *Lenin*

nounced by Lautréamont which, often proceeding from very different starting points, one after the other have fallen into edification or sunk into insipidity because they lack what Hegel called “the seriousness, the suffering, the patience and the labor of the negative.” Only the revolutionary practice of poetry can negate the reactionary negation of poetry.

It cannot be emphasized too strongly that surrealism is the only revolutionary conception of poetry today; that there is no longer any possible solution to the poetic problem outside surrealism. The desperate but trivial attempts by a part of the bourgeois intelligentsia to reassemble the moldering fragments of bygone cultural moments into a contemporary avant-garde, and thus to invest the illusion of life into the rattling bones left behind by the surrealist onslaught, are obviously doomed from the start. Deluding themselves that glue is the secret of collage, these blind idolaters of accomplished confusion merely multiply and magnify the most retrograde errors and call their destitute amalgam an “innovation.” Such stupid exercises can be regarded only with the severest contempt. Currently all the watchdogs of bourgeois culture are trying not to notice that the jig is up; that all the would-be emperors of Art and Literature are naked little scarecrows standing out in the rain. The problem of criteria, however, is actually quite simple: *Those who do not lead poetic lives have nothing to teach us about poetry.* Hats off to the guillotine, jokers!

Let us fraternize with the limits of cruelty. The streets redefine the actuality of evil. Ocean, sleep, night: These are not ordinary words. Dawn breaks questioningly over the heads of strangers. "Ammunition, *c'est moi*," the twilight replies. There is much to be learned from the wolf, the owl and the octopus. Poetry is neither reflex nor reflection. Cast aside good intentions. You will make me happy.

Is letting the cat out of the bag the same as letting the albatross out of the piano? Those who call themselves sleepwalkers are all on the verge of being on the verge of an irresistible grandeur. It is no less true that the word "hello" conceals a terrifying enigma. What? I'm breaking your heart?

Revolutionary poetry — there is no other kind — navigates the disconsolate frontiers of the visible and the invisible, calling into question every phantom, every alibi, every equation that is content merely to sink or swim. Even at its worst life always exceeds the vicissitudes of the written and the unwritten, always promising some unrestrained marvel or other *just around the corner*. Poetry intrudes precisely at that point. For my part, I have sufficient confidence in these hurried formulations. And you? Do as you please.

The false poets and artists of today, naively hoping to recapture a golden age of pomp and patronage, are hired exclusively to patch and decorate the cracks in the repressive edifice. Their work is a fitting complement to the work of the police. The surrealists, on the contrary, aim at the permanent destruction of all repressive mystifications, and the permanent revelation of latent human resources, thus complementing the revolutionary party which, as expressed in the *Communist Manifesto*, "represents the future in the movement of the present."

The surrealist intervention, on the poetic plane, consists of short-circuiting the whole gamut of rationalizations (aesthetic, moral, etc.) to express the real functioning of thought, thereby liberating images of concrete irrationality in poetry that escapes the clutches of realistic appearances, breaks through the meshes of everyday lies, smashes the idols of one's own alienation, destroys the barriers between dream and action and, breathing the flames of inspiration and revolt in all directions at once, calls for and prepares *the dictatorship of the imagination*.

The tasks of poetry in our time clearly exceed the formal limitations of the poem, and require the *continuation of poetry by other means*. Surrealism has judged and condemned, once and for all, the artistic apology, the literary alibi, the aesthetic evasion. The very first skirmishes of the surrealist revolution demonstrated the counter-revolutionary idiocy of any sort of literary/artistic "solution" to the problems of human existence, and the complete inadequacy of employing purely literary or artistic means to supersede Literature or Art. Surrealism utilizes the "lamentable expedient" (in Breton's words) of painting and writing expressly to undermine and overthrow the fragmented, colonized, frozen and hierarchical relationships of

everyday life. There is absolutely no justification for regarding a surrealist poem or painting in an aesthetic light, when they are, in fact, exteriorizations of libido and as such, in a repressive society, *vehicles of subversion*. This should explain our relative indifference to the greater lively interest in a news item which reported that the workers in a pet-food factory poured green dye in a large vat of pet food that was supposed to resemble meat. Let the bosses, the bankers and their insurance agents tear their hair over the thousands of dollars lost as a result of this splendid joke. Let the sociologists and the clergy bemoan the "breakdown in communications between workers and management." The point is that proletarian vandalism and sabotage frequently open the very doors of inspiration that today's art and literature so often close. Surrealism calls for nothing less than the progressive negation of every obstacle to the fullest realization of the dream of freedom and the freedom of dreams. In its critique of the reactionary ideology of "talent" with which the bourgeoisie continue to enforce their detestable compartmentalization of life, the surrealist position has always been, as Max Ernst expressed it in his essay *Inspiration to Order* (1933), that "surrealist painting is within the reach of everybody who is attracted by real revelations and who is therefore ready to assist inspiration and make it work to order."

Humanity faces today a profound and protracted *crisis of the imagination*. Dispersed to the four winds of distraction and subjected to the demoralizing improvisations of bourgeois and Stalinist realistic and rationalistic encirclement, which brutally imposes upon life only the most circumscribed and wretched possibilities for development, the imagination's natural inclination to expand in all directions is severely inhibited. Reduced, that is, to the impoverished ambition merely to *survive* rather than to conquer, the imagination today, unguarded, solitary and desperate, more often than not falters and flounders helplessly on the shores of everyday desolation—a mere shadow of its former self, scarcely a glimmer of what *will be*. In the same insidious way that dreams are conventionally confined to night and play confined to childhood, the imagination is confined to means and ends specifically inimical to its seizure of power: It is enlisted in the service of mere literature, of writing novels, of journalism or still worse, advertising slogans; or it is channeled into the miserable dead-ends of mysticism or other forms of asphyxiating acquiescence. And yet it is clear that the objective prerequisites, on the planetary scale, are more than ripe for the creation of a new world society in which the imagination would constitute the only power.

It is to resolve this contradiction that surrealism is called on to enter the world-historical arena as an organized international movement-conscious of its specific and profound revolutionary tasks. The crisis of the imagination reduces itself to the crisis of surrealist intervention. It is the historical mission of surrealism to break through and tear down the walls of repressive rationalizations; to uproot confusion and dis-

credit its perpetrators; to liberate language from its utilitarian and prosaic regimentation; to subvert the mental hierarchies of apathy and passivity; to wreck the ideological structures of repression and reification; to recover the most far-reaching and prehensile prerogatives of the imagination; to fortify every manifestation of the marvelous; to set loose ferocious and untamable images of desire. In short, it is the historical mission of surrealism to assist in creating the revolutionary situation, which, as Marx put it, "makes all turning back impossible"; that is, on the moral plane, to prepare not only the liquidation of all inhibiting vestiges of the Greco-Roman, Christian-bourgeois heritage, but also the creation of a new collective myth, a form of permanent exaltation rooted in human freedom.

For historical reasons which are only too evident, it is first of all in the modest and apparently "harmless" form of books, pamphlets, magazines, objects, films, paintings and drawings that the unfettered imagination invades the realm of everyday life. But these books, paintings, etc., slowly and unobtrusively, are seizing minds and creating an indispensable *free territory of the imagination*. The reinforcement and expansion of this free territory—that is, the widest possible circulation of authentic surrealist works—are thus urgent revolutionary needs of the present epoch. These initial victories on the literary and artistic plane do not, of course, complete the surrealist insurrection; they only begin it. The point is that the surrealist presence is absolutely uncontainable; it invariably overflows whatever boundaries may be momentarily assigned to it. A Durruti Column of the spirit, it pushes inexorably into all domains of life, smashing each and every repressive structure, ceaselessly releasing new forces for the freedom of desire, and thus geo-

metrically extending the dictatorship of the imagination until *miraculous weapons* are in everyone's hands and all other authority dissolves in the free play of the passions.

Tristan Tzara observed in his *Essay on the Situation of Poetry* (1931) that surrealism is preparing the transition, in the sphere of poetry, from quality to quantity, and bringing about the *materialization* of what has been, heretofore, a merely *formal* exigency. Already in the first *Surrealist Manifesto* (1924) André Breton wrote that surrealism "tends to ruin, once and for all, every other psychic mechanism and to substitute itself for them in solving all the principal problems of life." Surrealism is not merely the culmination of all poetic thought, but above all the foundation of a new and revolutionary stage of human society. Just as modern capitalism has continued to extend and multiply its contradictions, surrealism today must extend and multiply its acts of subversion. If the surrealist leap implies the death of all the alienated forms in which poetry has dwelt in the past, it simultaneously heralds the birth of a new civilization in which poetry (and philosophy) will be realized in everyday life.

We are on the eve of a world congress of great dreamers! To vanquish the unliveable we shall enjoy every pleasure of true life!

The world will never be the same!

Faithful to its global perspective of unrelenting sabotage of all repressive systems, the surrealist revolution not only supersedes all anterior poetic development but, like the proletariat, creates the conditions for its own supersession in practical life, proving once more, in its own way, that "the hand that inflicts the wound," as Hegel wrote, "is also the hand that heals it."

Franklin ROSEMONT



Ladies in the Park (anonymous, c. 1924)

JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE POND

Everything about a toad is worthy of our attention — all that he is and all that he does. — JESSE

Charles Fort has said "We shall pick up an existence by its frogs." We will hear from Fort again. While I am in complete agreement with Fort's statement, let me add, "We shall not pick up a frog by its legs." No, indeed. That can be very painful. I can still feel the pain — in my knees, my feet, my back. As a frog, I am compelled to believe, I could set new postural precedents for myself, positions in which I would at last be comfortable — comfortable without the drugs, without the twitchings and stretchings which now bring only minimal relief.

Until 1968, I forgot my early connections with the world of frogs, the recollection only vaguely reaffirming itself with the notion that a post-revolutionary era would be heralded by "circles of frogs dancing in the sun." Perhaps from an old children's picture book, you say? Perhaps. But these days I don't feel much like dancing, in the sun or out of it. There's still the pain, and there are dreams:

Many frogs, each of a different solid color, are hopping about the floor of a large room. There is a yellow frog which does not hop, but simply crawls along, dragging one broken leg behind him.

I awaken feeling very sad. A woman is murdered, put into a large sack, and dumped into a lake. She sinks, but then she floats back to the top. For a long time, the body remained unidentified, but the willingness with which the woman in white intervenes in my fantasy life suggests that the frogs are in for rough riding — riding, as it were, into forests of ghosts that can be passionate only in terms of their venom. Once I had a hearth, and if I had one now, I would burn those gowns of death, and from the sputtering ashes, small frogs and toads would hop to freedom. Small frogs and toads, indeed.



In *Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro* Puckett reports hundreds of beliefs connected with frogs and toads. A few of these seem appropriate here. 1) Frogs are dangerous; they eat buck-shot and coals of fire. 2) Goiter may be cured by wearing a live frog around the neck. 3) Killing a bullfrog means a spring will dry up. 4) There is a case of a murdered husband's ghost hopping out of his coffin in the form of a frog and going back into the coffin again.

A nice collection. With a connection drawn between springs, frogs, and murder, we also have the report of a cure, a cure for goiter. While Puckett cites dozens of such cures, Frazer, in *The Golden Bough*, reports that in Chelsea, when aphta or thrush affects children's mouths and throats, a frog is held with its head inside the mouth of the sufferer. The frog catches the disease and the sufferer is cured. A witness re-

ports, "I assure you, we used to hear the poor frog whooping and coughing, mortal bad, for days after; it would have made your heart ache to hear the poor creature coughing as it did about the garden."

All of such cures, of course, are for humanity — cures, that is, in which a frog is used. There is little mention, however, of cures for the ailments of frogs. While this may seem a minor point, it is deceptively so, for in our humanist terracentricity we have made little allowance for an evolutionary hierarchy in which we may find frogs at the top and human beings at the bottom. The winged frog and certain observations of Charles Fort, which will come up later, suggest that the matter before us requires far more than a purely traditional scientific clarification.

Citing Frazer a last time, "The Kapus or Reddis are a large caste of cultivators and landowners in the Madras Presidency. When rain falls, women of the caste will catch a frog and tie it alive to a new winnowing fan made of bamboo. On this fan they spread a few margosa leaves and go from door to door singing, 'Lady frog must have her bath. Oh! rain-god, give a little water for her at least.' While the Kapu women sing their song, the woman of the house pours water over the frog and gives an alms, convinced that by so doing she will soon bring rain down in torrents."

Rainmaking rituals involving frogs are no rarity. Roheim has analyzed dozens of them. Yet I am at a loss as to how to approach this whole question of frogs and water. The beliefs and myths imply that frogs have some sort of control over water — we are reminded of Puckett's report, "Killing a bullfrog means a spring will dry up." My own reaction is difficult to pin down, simply because my own metamorphosis into a frog is hardly complete. To further the difficulty, it is neither direct nor continuous; it is simply oscillatory. To the notion of my own pond drying up, I react with panic, and I do not appreciate the jokes of my friends regarding droughts, the receding water level of the pond, the enemy fish that lurk in deeper waters, etc. Yet, at other times, not a frog but a man, I think diving to the bottom of the pond for safety is an excellent idea *when I am a frog*, but now, while I am a man, I prefer to stay as far away from immersion in water as possible. That frogs are amphibious is taken for granted, but I see an analogy between amphibious and ambivalent. A frog is never so attractive as when it is resting in the water, but with its head and arms perched on the land, seemingly recapitulating its role in evolution, but really only preparing himself for lengthy conversation — and possibly, simply unable, between the water and the land, to make up its mind.



The yellow frog mentioned in the dream above could only crawl about dragging its broken leg.

Were it a healthy bullfrog, it could jump 72 inches or nine times its own length. The tiny *Acris gryllus* can jump thirty-six times its own length, while the human athlete can, perhaps, jump five or six times his own length. Frogs and toads can be as large as 13 inches long and the various species (of which there are more than 2600) may live up to seven years. Yet we are told by the *Guinness Book of Superlatives* that a toad held captive in Copenhagen lived for fifty-four years.

If we date the birth of psychoanalysis from the publication of *The Interpretation of Dreams*, it would be seventy-three years old — slightly ahead of the toad. Psychoanalysts have not dwelt much on frogs and toads, but a few of their observations are worth repeating. To the unconscious mind, says Silberer (*Problems of Mysticism and Its Symbolism*), the frog represents the penis, the toad represents the womb. Roheim (*The Gates of the Dream; Animism, Magic, and the Divine King*) says the frog represents the vagina, womb, or mother. I shall not attempt to settle this disagreement. Roheim's thesis is supported by his analyses of many myths and rituals, a number of which are connected with rain-making. Silberer's thesis seems to draw support from Jones (*On the Nightmare*) and Riklin (*Wish-fulfillment and Symbolism in Fairy Tales*), both of whom discuss the fairy tale in which a girl is first repelled by a frog that later turns into a handsome prince whom she then marries. This aspect of the fairy tale is said to represent the girl's overcoming of her inhibition (or revulsion) regarding sexuality.

It is not without interest that *all* of the above theses find not only their analogies but their partial confirmation in the blues. For in the blues, it does not surprise us to find that certain connections and associations that are usually unconscious become conscious, free from re-

pressive restraint, their "hidden" meaning no longer secret.

Silberer could have quoted Peetie Wheatstraw:

If you feel froggie and want to hop my gal
or "Funny Paper" Smith:

*Just let me hop you one time, Mama, and
you'll keep me for your little toad.*

*Mama, would you let a poor little old toad-
frog dive down in your water pond?*

Roheim could have quoted Walter Beasley:

*Everytime I see a toad-frog, Lord, it makes
me cry. 2x*

*It makes me think about my baby, way she
rolls her goo-goo eyes.*

Finally, even the fairy story has its parallel in this song by Jenny Pope in which a frog is at first undesirable, but is later welcomed:

Hey, hey, hey, hey.

Bullfrog blues is really on my mind.

*They're all in my bedroom, drinking up my
wine.*

*Hey, pretty papa, hey, pretty papa,
I can't stand these bullfrog blues no more.
They're all in my cabinets, hopping all over
my clothes.*

*I woke up this morning to make a fire in my
stove. 2x*

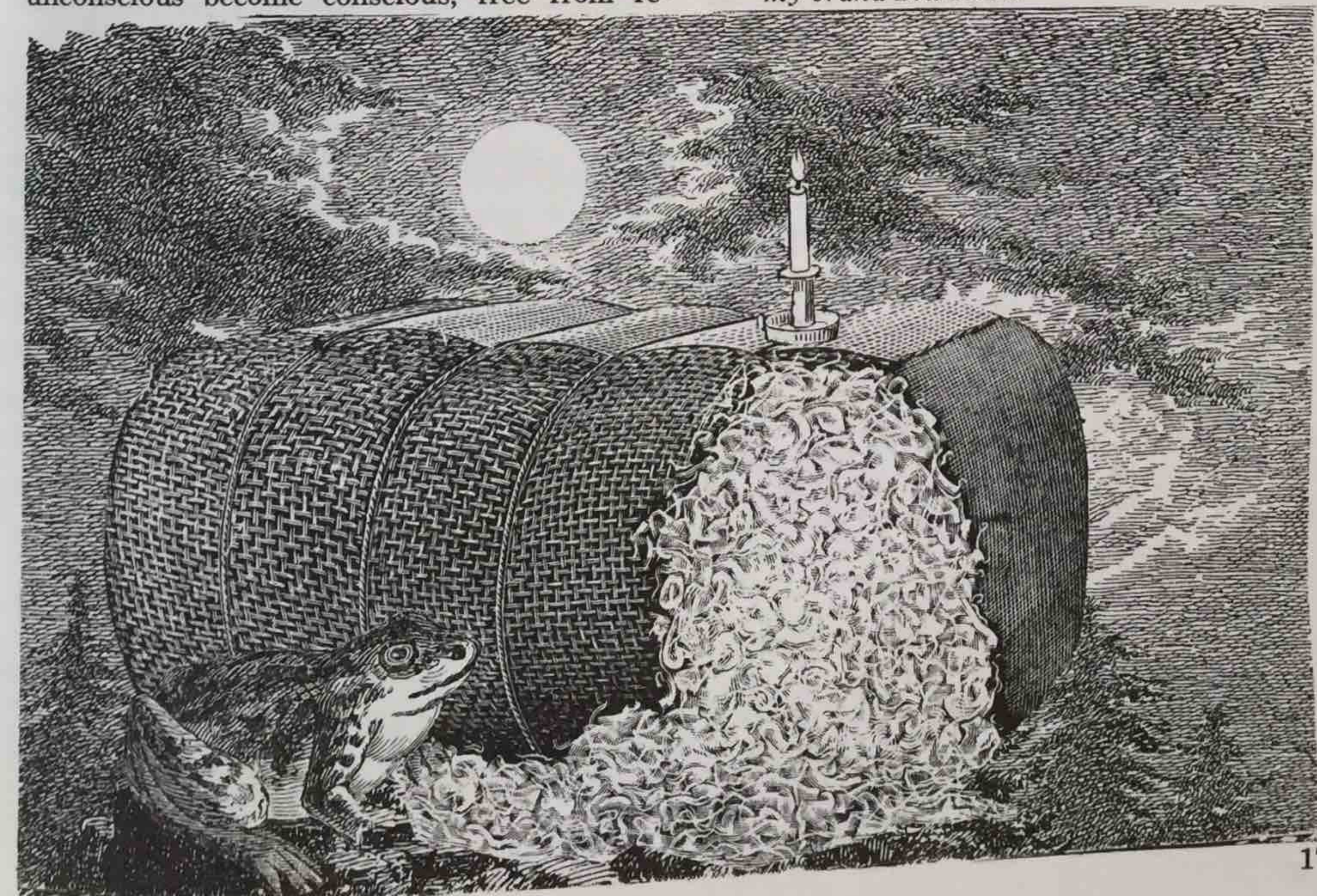
*Bullfrog's in my breakfast (making their?)
jelly-roll.*

*Hey, Mr. Bullfrog, I'm gonna tell you all,
I can't stand your jelly-rolling here.
You can go out in the backyard, I'll make a
pallet there.*

I'll make you a pallet so you can jelly-roll.

2x

*And you can make your breakfast right on
my brand new stove.*



We will not forget that aside from the psycho-analytic interpretations offered above, to many blacks in the Southern United States, frogs and toads also represented death or the devil. Further, because of the vast curative powers attributed to them, they found their way into many witches' brews. Some authorities who believe that the power of witches is simply due to "mass hallucinations" could point, as have Hoffer and Osmond in *The Hallucinogens*, to the fact that the skins of some toads do contain bufotenine, a hallucinogenic drug.

What we must not overlook, however, is that while to some people frogs and toads seem strange and alien, and no doubt perfectly fit for a witch's brew, to many of us, especially rural dwellers, frogs and toads are quite familiar. This leads us back to one more line of psychoanalytic inquiry. Ernest Jones (*On the Nightmare*) quotes Herbert Spencer who suggested that primitive man was led to identify animals with ancestors through 1) The stealthy way in which both enter houses at night while the occupants are asleep; and 2) the presence of animals near corpses and graves. Jones himself adds that the idea of metamorphosis which is associated with animal worship comes from dreams in which such metamorphoses actually take place. While Jones' statement contains a serious omission — that it is not only in dreams that such metamorphoses take place, but in the frog as well — I must hasten to inform you of how fond I am of both Jones' and Spencer's statements. Perhaps the reference to "the stealthy way . . ." reminds me of the woman in white who can rattle the entire building with her pounding and screaming, yet who can also be stealthy enough to keep her grave-eaten shawl from rustling in even the strongest of storms. And not perhaps, but certainly, I am reminded not only of the metamorphoses that take place in the dream, not only of the metamorphosis that takes place in frogs, but of my own as well.

Because of the frog's amphibious nature and personal metamorphosis, not only are all sorts of transitional phenomena associated with frogs, but so, too, are all sorts of transformational ones. The frog distinctively reminds one, even more than do the reptiles, of prehistoric eras. That it took millions of years for man to "evolve" from the frog, if I may be permitted such a vulgarism, may be astounding — no less astounding is that the same process is occurring in me in reverse, all to take place in less than seven years.

To have only a few years left on earth as a man is really no cause for alarm. Already I have begun considering the virtues of frogdom, and my only complaint is that I may not be able to report the last stages of my transformation. On the other hand, the oscillatory nature of the whole process may make it possible for me to leave a farewell note of sorts, replete with descriptions of unimaginable detail.

My human fantasy, constantly present, of having great tongs for hands so that I could walk across walls and ceilings (a fantasy that has not left me for seven years), would be realized if I were transformed into a tree-frog. I would prefer, however, being a leopard frog — *Rana pi-*

piens. It's what I've always wanted to be. There would be no more drugs; indeed, it's quite laughable to imagine a frog tying himself off, giving himself injections, etc., and my distaste for vegetables fits in quite well with my final destiny — for frogs, of course, are hardly vegetarians. Whether or not worms are my idea of a midnight snack shall be decided by me alone. And if I should decide to munch upon a piano-leg or the leg of my lover, that is what I shall do. Regarding my participation in certain strictly human affairs (for example, funerals) I think it can be said that frogs can be inconspicuous guests at mortuary rituals if they can refrain from hopping about on the coffin and the face and chest of the deceased. Cherry pies in the corner of a lantern-lit log, a home for those who would cheer me in my chair. How nice to have a sardine as one's best friend! The climate of the upper world seems cold to the touch, and the pain of Christmas could kill the strongest of us all. But I have eyes with two lids, I can swim faster than ever, I can boast of a thousand lives, no two alike, none without love.

Chestnut glistenings of a frog's open arms, my allies in the seed-bed croak in warning for the effervescent sanatorium keeper. Snails attend conferences of corn-bread and discarded jugular veins, the purpose of which is beyond me, but which hint at the sabotage of the ventral crevices of Peru's limestone graveyard. The niceties of your laughter warm the chill from the ice-house where tongues of lampreys wait for medieval choruses.

Strange phantoms try to regain control of my despair and reinstigate it whenever they are capable. To me, you are still more than a tree. The drone of bees that light your eyes and drives the rigidity from my fingers is incapable of defeat. The moon can be monotonous, but the stars are not. I am preoccupied with your eight arms, the way they grasp me, your home in the sea, and your remarkable presence on the earth, breathing oxygen from the air as if it were a calamity of lightning-rods and not a kitchenette for newlyweds. Down with fishermen who would pull you from your home — live with me where you are safe from the hook, the harpoon, the shark, and the tragedy of carefully mapped roads.

I have a pact with a persimmon, a chair that resembles a coalbucket, a winter that only I can resist. I have fingernails that bleed only when I climb walls of ice. Plots against me thicken — I arm myself with battallions of amphibians, but I can't always see them.



Tadpole of Frog in later stages of development. ($\frac{1}{2}$)

The immediately preceding text, written during periods of violent oscillation, would, in spite of its intimations of love, seem to indicate a connection between the woman in white and my transformation into a frog, for it is the hand of the hag placed over my eyes that keeps me from seeing my amphibious allies. The latter subject was under discussion, I realize, but the automatic intervention of the hag into my associ-

ations guarantees her a place there. What can be done with her remains to be seen. She knows that I, who if given a choice of deaths would choose drowning last, will be immune to such disasters after my transformation. No doubt, as a frog resting peacefully at the bottom of my pond, the sack containing the body will sink back down. Indeed, that is the nature of her forced intervention into the present text; simply stated, she will do everything in her power to prevent my transformation. But she will not succeed.

She is the witch that flies at night (although she prefers a dragging, limping gait), the witch that uses frogs and toads for her potions. But we must not think that it is only witches that fly. No. For did not Walter Beasley sing:

*If a toad-frog had wings, he would be flying
all around.*

and Yank Rachell:

If I had wings like the bullfrog on the pond.

Frogs and toads also have wings. They too can fly, and if such is the case, it need hardly be said that there are other things to do besides dive to the bottoms of various ponds. The am-

phibians cannot be thought of as being merely trapped between land and sea, for they are creatures at one with the land, the sea and the air. Flying faster than the owl that might pursue them, they have been known to drop, by the thousands, in hundreds of locations, without their wings, to be sure, but their presence still unexplained. Charles Fort collected many observations of "rains of frogs" (there are never tadpole rains), only a minority of which could be explained by either the mass hatching theory or the tornado and whirlwind theory. Fort asks the question, "Where do they come from"? and if the answer is "from the sky," he asks, "How do they get there"? The answer, although it did not present itself to Fort, is simple. *They fly there.*

They fly, and in so doing give us a glimpse of our own limited conception of reality, a conception that refuses to recognize other occluded aspects of reality in which frogs and toads play a role with which we are totally unfamiliar, aspects of reality in which their wings are, after all, not simply fantastic, but of necessity.

Paul GARON

POEM

*The catydids are like butter
melting on the treetops
when the snowstorms in ruffled clothing
pause at the door
of a threatened house during an avalanche
and drop the dusk
into a saddlebag
that is a leopard flying
like a taxicab sitting in an armchair*

Patrick MULLINS



ZYDECO

Southern Louisiana is Cajun country, where one can enter a roadhouse and never hear a word of English, since many residents still speak only French and where the French-speaking blacks carry on one of the most admirable musical traditions in the country: zydeco.

In many of its manifestations, zydeco can be described only as "French blues." The lyrics, sung mostly in French, are indisputably blues lyrics, and the music too is easily recognizable as blues, although the guitar line is often carried by an accordion. Perhaps the most versatile and certainly the most celebrated zydeco accordionist is Clifton Chenier, whose most recent LP (*King of the Bayous*, on the Arhoolie label) is unreservedly recommended.

That the blues tradition is carried on in Southern Louisiana by French-speaking black people is as yet known (outside Cajun country) only to a few specialists. (More widely known is that whites in the same area have been producing their own unique mixture of country music and French song.) But zydeco demands to be heard, for a more splendid combination of vitality, passion and provocative lyrics has rarely appeared in this country.

Clifton Chenier, the magician—who, with his accordion, produces music that is at once the sound of silk, the music of owls and of the night.

P. G.

THE EXEGESIS OF LOVE

*Outside of the triangular peacocks of algebraic
confusion, a faint smile
tinted with the color of sad caverns
reflects the pentagrams of
a forgotten silence, and from
an unseen locomotive,
a touch of stained glass laughter
exposes the concealed morning.
Love is the night of the killer shark,
It is the veiled thought of desperation dancing behind
the mouth of a billiard ball.
Love is the sunlight sleeping in the grave of dreams,
the light that broke the sheltering walls
of a dictionary song.
Love is the screaming of silk batwings on a
vertical horizon of brass paper clips,
it is the twisted sky of liberty raked by liquid lightning
the magnificence of no particular night or day . . .
Love is the ocean of birds that lies between my eyes and
your fingers
Love is light in extension.*

Robert DAY

Whoever fails to struggle against religion is unworthy of bearing the name of revolutionist.

Leon TROTSKY

Everything that is doddering, squint-eyed, infamous, sullyng and grotesque is contained for me in this single word: God.

André BRETON

You say you believe in the necessity of religion. Be sincere! You believe in the necessity of the police.

Friedrich NIETZSCHE

To make you forget that you're a man, you're taught to sing the praises of God.

Patrice LUMUMBA

The purpose of sacerdotal chains, and the need for them, is to reinforce political ones. . . . only by breaking that common front will the people ever achieve their liberation.

D. A. F. SADE

Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of Religion.

William BLAKE

Even if God really existed it would be necessary to abolish him.

Mikhail BAKUNIN

My subjectivity and the Creator: This is too much for one brain.

LAUTREAMONT

War on the supernatural—that is the enemy.

Louis-Auguste BLANQUI

Sky of a priest, is it going to rain?
If it rains you'll be butchered;
If it doesn't you'll be burned.

Benjamin PERET

The forgiveness of God: a pretty turn of phrase to disturb us. But what can this hypocrisy do against free insolence fully developed?

René CREVEL

Away with those who with their sanctified hallucinations are the curses of liberty and happiness: the priesthood of all sorts!

Johann MOST

WAR AGAINST THE POPE

In 1925, in Paris, the third issue of *LA REVOLUTION SUR-REALISTE* published the surrealists' *Address to the Pope*, which said in part: "... we are thinking of a new war—war on you, Pope, dog."

On Thanksgiving Day 1970, in Manila, Benjamin Mendoza y Amor, disguised as a priest, attempted to assassinate Pope Paul VI with a twelve-inch blade. For this admirable, courageous and unexpected act (the last Pope to die a violent death was Lucius II—in 1145) our comrade is now serving a twenty year prison sentence in the Philippines—that is, under one of the most corrupt and barbarous regimes in the world.

Mendoza y Amor was not directly associated with the international surrealist movement. But he has consistently described himself as a surrealist. Moreover, his effort to rid the world of one of its vilest symbols of oppression (think for a moment exactly what a Pope is) and his remarkable paintings—a few were reproduced in the newspapers early in December 1970—are sufficient evidence of his *supreme qualifications*.

Just as the surrealists recognize themselves today in the most extreme and far-reaching acts of the proletariat—from the Detroit Insurrection of 1967 to the Lordstown strike of 1971—so we recognize ourselves in the purest acts of individual audacity—of which Mendoza y Amor's gracious gesture offers an unparalleled example.

The following letter, with which all adherents of the surrealist movement in the United States are in full accord, was addressed to Benjamin Mendoza y Amor by Stephen Schwartz immediately after the Thanksgiving Day 1970 news broadcasts.



José Guadalupe POSADA: Assassination of a Priest

Letter from the Surrealists to Benjamin Mendoza y Amor

Dear Comrade,

While no lack of idiots and church apologists will hasten to impugn your sincerity, we consider it sufficient only to recall the names of a few of the heroes honored by your attack on bigotry and ignorance: not only Jan Hus and Giordano Bruno among the millions of victims of the Inquisition, but human beings of the calibre of Cúaúhtemoc, Moctezuma, Atahualpa, Tupac Amaru—representatives of

whole races deprived of life and liberty for the "crime" of not believing man unfit for heaven on earth.

Your gesture partakes so deeply of the wellspring of "living dream" it first provokes disbelief, then limitless admiration. In restoring to the revolutionary impulse an element crucial to the maintenance of its imperishable equilibrium, you have helped fulfill the promise given us by the greatest of poets, your namesake Benjamin Péret, and, above all, by the most noble human being who ever existed, implacable enemy of the Church and its system of dreadful hoaxes, D.A.F. Sade.

While the minions of class and sectarian justice have penalized you we beg you, dear comrade, to bear in mind the esteem in which we hold you, born of the conviction that your name will be remembered with love by men and women everywhere whose love of liberty is as unquenchable as your own.

ALTAZIMUTH

*in the name of the feather, the sun
and the lovely ghost
the glands have loosened their teeth for a showdown
because the parted horns are intrigued by the skinned light
there is a pinch of vaporized mountains
in the grove of glued oaks that surrounds the hand
the breast within the hand is elevated to grip the silk trays
where the hairy mormons are bathed in mold
and the neat tournaments are pressed and folded by the
always crumpled bladder of the cow*

*from the tongue the army the moisture
like the sky of the body
or the tear of sex
performs the abstract eating of the ritual newspapers
on which the glasses have been laid down
in a moment of sudden distraction
while the eye grabbed its knapsack and scurried off down
alleys of photography
where raisins as large as the wharves lie and pulsate
gathering all of time unto themselves
from clocks of fish-forms painted on the backs of crabs*

*this is this is
the sister winks and opens her knife
I am saying that love has a long pigtail
and I have no shame
as I stab the torturers with my rapier
and replace their brands with kisses*

*open your time to me sister of the knaves
as long as the mountains are wrapped in althaea
my legs are wrapped around the planets of the mist
that visit your interior and prod the warm stations of your
derelict smile
the whole ocean the ocean's hole*

*"it is six o'clock, sir
I have brought your pen and paper
as usual"*

Joseph JABLONSKI

Man is not free as long as there is a God.

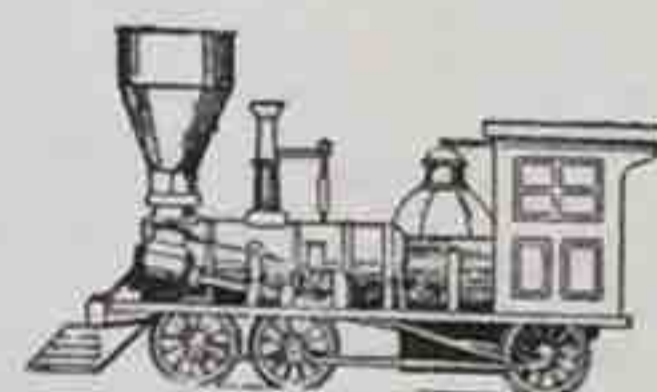
William GODWIN

Our revolution will not be a success until we have extirpated the myth of God from the human mind.

V. I. LENIN

The criticism of religion is the prerequisite of all criticism.

Karl MARX



LETTER to ROBERT BLY

For some time we have been perfectly aware that you are among the most contemptible of swine; an enemy of everything that is important to us in the world—love and freedom, for example; a particularly loathesome reactionary cretin who deserves only to be pushed into the grave, along with those unforgivably shitty exercises in stupidity which your sickening vanity has led you to confuse with the practice of poetry.

However, your scurrilous review of the poetry of Octavio Paz, published in the NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW (18 April 1971) exceeds the limits of our endurance.

If we ever run into you in person, we intend to correct this reprehensible outrage which is the measure of your vileness.

Vengeance will be ours, no matter what.

With surrealist greetings,

(signed)

Schlechter DUVALL
Paul GARON
Joseph M. JABLONSKI
Peter MANTI
Franklin ROSEMONT
Penelope ROSEMONT
David SCHANOES
Stephen SCHWARTZ
John SIMMONS

(Note: The preceding letter was sent to Robert Bly in the summer of 1971.)

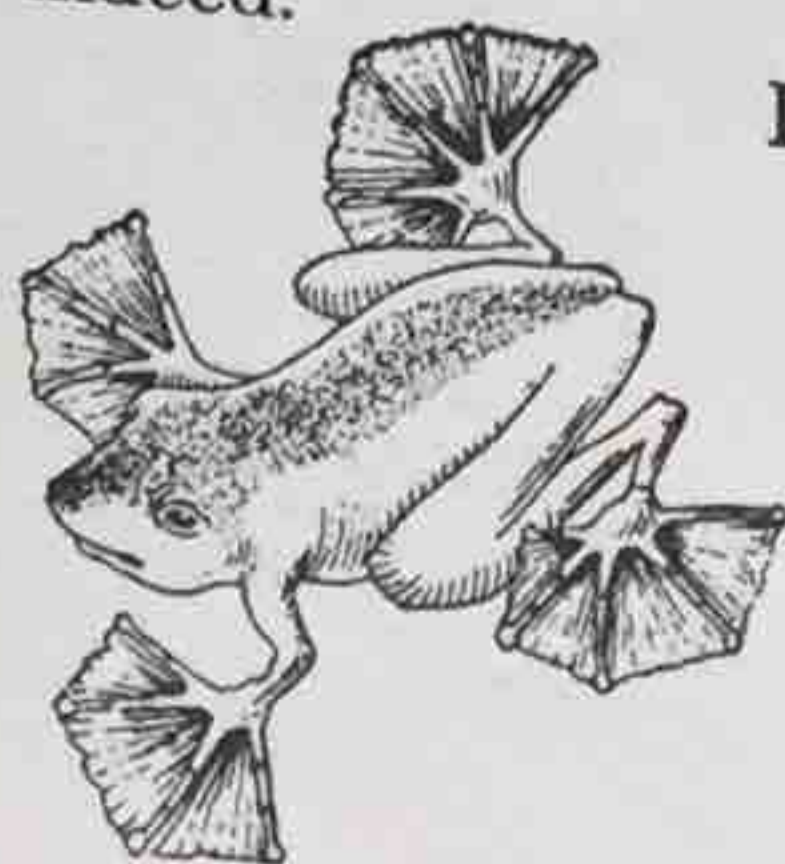
A NEW DIFFICULTY IN THE PATH OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

Our disappointment with the first issue of *THE RADICAL THERAPIST* progressed geometrically until we were faced with Vol. 2, No. 2, which was totally vile and treacherous. What is passed off as radical psychology is the worst sort of faddish posturing: cheap layout gimmicks and cartoons three years old are used to attract the most backward elements of the "youth culture," while the editors' resistance to psychoanalytic thought is manifested in a thoroughly deceitful piece of simpering trash on the season's most popular and overworked theme, "Male Supremacy in Freud," presenting a shallow case already argued just as fallaciously but only slightly less fraudulently in the *NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE*.

The slogan of *THE RADICAL THERAPIST* ("Therapy Is Change, Not Adjustment") not only reveals its preoccupation with therapy, as opposed to the total transformation of society, but cleverly hides the main concern of the magazine: group therapies, "rap sessions" and any form of *mass adjustment* rather than *revolutionary change*. Its editors and contributors have managed almost totally to ignore the existence of the unconscious, a surprise to no one who is familiar with Freud's papers, "The Resistances to Psychoanalysis" and "A Difficulty in the Path of Psychoanalysis." From the many naive and intolerable confessions of traumatic confrontations with the horrors of establishment psychiatry to the peculiar smell that can arise only from a combination of youth culture jargon, little homages to Mao, intellectual pretension and its own totally superficial and useless brand of social psychology, *THE RADICAL THERAPIST* emerges as an odorous and abject specimen, certainly unfit for human consumption.

The name of the magazine has been changed to *ROUGH TIMES*. Indeed.

P. G.



A POEM WHICH IS CALLED TO BE A POEM

*There is no fool like an old chair
spitting when the waves have riven the streets
and the monkeys stand on the mountain tops
in the secret harbor where love is more than light
An expedition sent out to find the plans
returned empty-handed
marked with the invisible seal
and indeed their hands were left behind
in the pit of the triangular fountain
which always rumbled between day and night
consonant with the song of a dog patting the moon
Signed and sealed also were the wings of diagonal birds
inside glass paperweights of almond eyes
that had fruitful relations with the lost clans
whose mating cousins were carried into the chinks of
the wind
as far as the burning core of the magnet
in all the frost of the solemnized days
the blood days of the seven consecutive winters
the laundry pools and the carnival planets
to skin the overland hunger
and the hairless pistons*

Joseph JABLONSKI

THREE POEMS

*The river
of diamonds
has no
bed*

*The shadow
is
the weight
of time*

*Nothing
can
be more oval
than fruit*

Malcolm de CHAZAL

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

*I've been speaking with the wells of darkness
and reading the sacred books of fishes
The winds of the sorcerers have let me drink
from their crystal lips
I've heard the frightened speech
of adjectives beside their vehicles
and seen the fog that dissolved them
without sacrifices
Even the window ledges leap from their heights
leaving sills without lawyers
The stairs run up the passageway
to keep a rendez-vous with a waiting wall
Night falls behind a door
and it takes several weeks
and a raft
to find him*

Penelope ROSEMONT

ARCANA

*Though undoubtedly terrestrial
the conspiracy of jays through gnostic dodecahedrons
unknown to us
render impossibilities as lightly as checkered hats
chipped blue daisies falling through these white
geometries with the sound of scalpels*

*Irritatingly quick ten green curved looks by eleven
single structures
broadcast over the striated 44th meridian
tickled to weeping keys by spiders whose forge-flame
origin testifies
to uniform ecclesiastical flaws engendered by the
metaphysics of rye mould*

*The boots cooled down to receive magenta lunchboxes
bristled eyes
freezing instead the white linked fat that bound it
defying this particularly twisted strict euclidian arcology
lost twice before it was found again and collapsed with
over-use*

THREE TIMES

*The salted curtain
no longer hovers above the snow fence
fan cabinet concealing auroras
while the melting calendar whistles flower tunes*

*Ten suckling toes for you
though no multicolored shoat has called*

Follow that frog

THE PLUMED NOTCH

*Tantamount to crime
the red fish winks its unblinking eye
cheerfully scattering diamond flakes shattering cubes of
disgusting gray neon
where bright women gorge on proximate tangibles
or solely refuse to splay themselves to shared excrement*

*Dogs in a profusion of blankets set to howl "slime"
as choking green legumes dissemble little great men
in a heralding wake of the arching white snail*

*Hearing the windows to be happy the bells spoke very
round syllables
and every timepiece stopped forever out of self-respect
and raised fists
for the monks no longer shave their heads and there are
no longer monks
and marvelous totemic maypoles are replacing bannered
and serried hopes*

Peter MANTI

AMERICANIZATION

We are witnessing today, according to the flyleaf of *Major New Poets* (World), "the Americanization of surrealism." But this putrid anthology represents only the vulgarization of surrealism, a feeble attempt to liquidate surrealist conquests into the leftover porridge of collegiate verse. The old ballyhoo about "the Americanization of Communism" resulted in the Yankee Doodle Stalinism of Earl Browder solemnly posed before the American imperialist flag. Now we have Michael Benedikt pretending to represent "the Americanization of surrealism" with his unspeakably dreary, lame, wilted and withered extrapolations from the French, properly diluted and deodorized to meet the standards of the Guggenheim Fellowship.

Benedikt's complete intellectual incompetence, not to mention his insufferable bellycrawling before the idols of bourgeois criticism, are plainly revealed in his "Introduction" to *22 Poems by Robert Desnos*. (Kayak). Quoting a 1926 poem by Desnos ("The Spaces Inside Sleep"), Benedikt observes that in Jean-Louis Bédouin's anthology, *La Poésie surréaliste* ("a conventionally 'party-line' anthology," we are told) the quoted passage is "lovingly broken up into three separate lines, as if the editor could not understand the reason for Desnos' marvelously contemptuous phrasing of what was for him, even by 1926, an outworn and essentially corny string of images." The joke, however, is on Benedikt, who as usual has understood nothing. It happens that in *LA REVOLUTION SURREALISTE* (No. 7, 1926) where this poem first appeared, the quoted passage is in fact "lovingly broken up into three separate lines" by none other than Robert Desnos himself.

The Stalinist caricatures of Marxism and the academic/dilletante caricatures of surrealism will some day meet and embrace in the realm of bad infinity. Meanwhile, the sooner they drop dead or at least shut up, the better it will be for the cause of human emancipation. Not one step forward will be taken by blathering frauds and merchants of odious confusion such as Benedikt, whose highest aspiration seems to be to testify against surrealism before the House Internal Security Committee. He is already

THE DOUBLE

doing a stoolpigeon's work, whether or not he is receiving stoolpigeon's pay.

What he and his classmates lack, ultimately, is taste and decency. Neither Sade nor Lautréamont has ever existed for them. The merest glance from Maldoror's bulldog is sufficient to dissipate the Benediktine bluff.

F. R.

"Escritura el fuego sobre el jade"

Like an Olmec mask, like the landscape of Sonora, like the Cananea strike of 1906, like the stone marking Leon Trotsky's grave, the poetic thought of Octavio Paz germinates from a violent austerity. For me there exists no greater affirmation of the vitality of Mexican reality, of the experience of the Mexican Revolution, still fruitful with understanding beyond all the Stalinist pseudo-proverbs of our illiterate leftists, than the recitation by my friend Ignacio V., a few days after the extended battles with the police at the University of Sinaloa, of Paz's poem dedicated to Sade, "El Prisonero." Let us welcome to our store of marvelous weapons six newly-translated books: *Aguila o Sol? / Eagle or Sun?* (October House); *Marcel Duchamp or the Castle of Purity* (Cape Goliard / Grossman); *Claude Levi-Strauss* (Columbia University Press); *Configurations* (New Directions); *The Other Mexico: Critique of the Pyramid* (Grove Press), and, most recently, *Alternating Current* (Viking).

We who are far from agreeing with all of his conclusions nonetheless recognize in all of Paz's work an electrifying force of purity, a passionate lucidity which has absolutely nothing in common with the well-known positivist "passion for lucidity" that serves as a smokescreen for the maneuvers of cops.

Whether he is criticizing contemporary bureaucratization or celebrating the paintings of Remedios Varo, Paz remains faithful to Goethe's watchword: "More light!"

In his very moving essay on André Breton in *Alternating Current* Paz writes: "I have no idea what the future of the surrealist group will be; I am certain, however, that the current that has flowed from German Romanticism and Blake to surrealism will not disappear. It will live a life apart; it will be the other voice."

S. S.

When Mrs. Bloomgarden awoke at seven o'clock on Saturday morning the third of September, she discovered that her feet had come off sometime during the night. Her feet, small and sympathetic, had tumbled to the floor and lay quietly on the rug, their fresh pink nail-polish shining prettily in the morning sun.

"Well, I'll be damned," she exclaimed. "Well, I'll be damned!" And, turning to her husband, Leo Bernie Bloomgarden, she whispered (perhaps more sharply than she intended) "Leo! Wake up Leo, for God's sake, wake up Leo!"

"I'm leaving," said Leo simply after breakfast. "Forgive me, Gloria, but I can't take it," and he wept. "You can call me up on the phone if you like, sometime," he added. "I'll understand."

"Sweet Leo," she said, stroking the back of his neck.

"And don't throw them out," he ordered, indicating the bedroom as he was leaving. "Who knows, they might come in handy." And he chuckled.

"Dear Leo," she smiled to herself after he had gone. "Always ready for a laugh."

The next day she noticed that her feet were growing back. With a pang of secret understanding, she went to find the shoebox hidden in the closet. In a moment her feet lay bare and vulnerable in her lap. She smiled. It was as she had thought. No, she was not surprised. Hadn't she somehow known all along? The feet were growing legs.

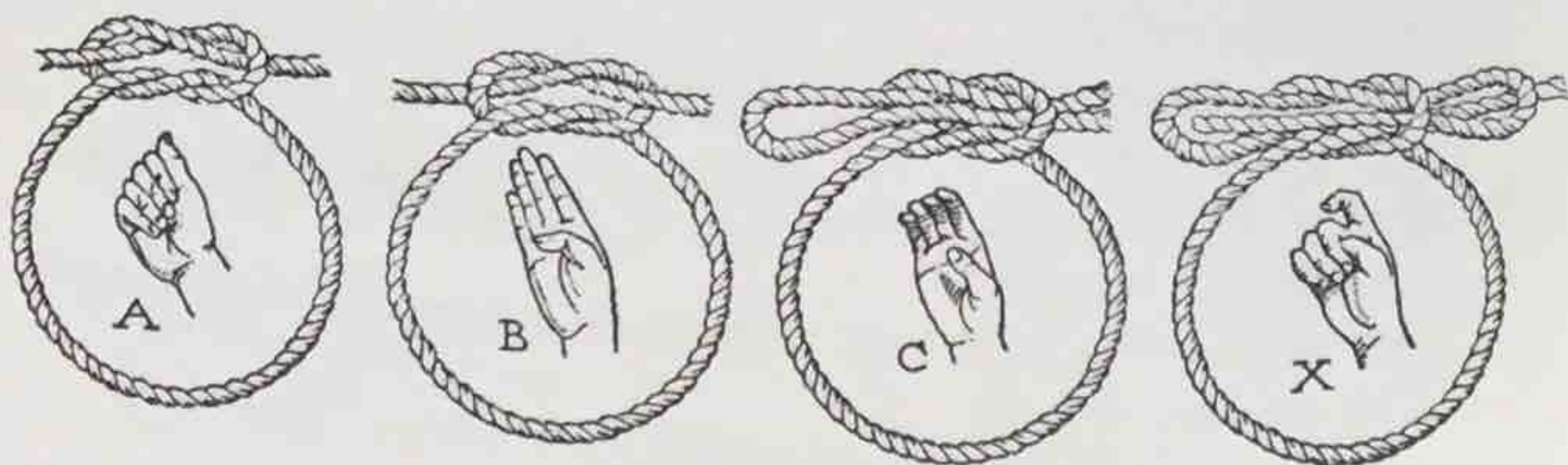
"Will they join?" she pondered. "I suppose I'd better leave them out of the box now." And she lay them on the bed, being careful to place them in proper juxtaposition. If they were going to join, as undoubtedly they were, (were not her own feet now half grown?) there would be no malformation. And that is why, within a very short time, a new Gloria Bloomgarden grew perfectly and to full height. (I shudder to think what might have happened had she left her feet in the shoe box . . .)

That night she lay in bed beside the new Gloria (who had not yet attained consciousness) and watched her sleep.

"How beautiful I am," she thought, and she bent over the sleeping double and kissed her on the lips.

"When she awakens tomorrow (and it was certain that she would awaken—were not her own two feet fully re-grown now but for the nails?)—when she awakens I will not tell Leo," she decided. "I will keep her to myself, and she will be my secret as I will be hers. How lovely it is going to be!" And gently she caressed her double's perfect breasts (beneath which she distinctly heard the beating of a heart).

RIKKI



SURREALIST OCCUPATIONAL INDEX

Twenty years ago, 3000 people rated the "prestige value" of ninety insipid occupations. A sample of the results (the Hatt-North Occupational Prestige Ratings) appears below at the left. One wintry evening we devised our own scale of occupational ratings, intending to exceed the colorless array of occupations with which Hatt and North provided their respondents. It should be noted that the Surrealist Occupational Index (below, at right) is only a fraction of the 200 jobs which we rated; space limitations alone kept toymaker, weight-lifter, bee-keeper and many others off the list.

Hatt-North Scale	Surrealist Occupational Index
96 U. S. Supreme Court Justice	99 Copkiller
93 Physician	98 Werewolf
90 Mayor of large city	98 Assassin of Pope
89 College professor	95 Arsonist
89 Scientist	90 Headhunter
88 Banker	90 Human cannonball
87 County judge	88 Bankrobber
87 Minister	85 Blues-singer
86 Lawyer	76 Voodoo
86 Priest	73 Pirate
83 Airline pilot	70 Hobo
82 Sociologist	69 Sword-swallower
81 Biologist	69 Tattoo artist
80 Novelist	66 Second-story man
79 Economist	65 Ohio Hegelian
77 Railroad engineer	64 Rain dancer
75 Radio announcer	60 Pony Express rider
73 Electrician	58 Lighthouse keeper
72 Undertaker	54 Clown
68 Insurance agent	53 Snake charmer
68 Tenant farmer	50 Water-carrier for elephants
67 Policeman	48 Skyscraper window-washer
66 Mail carrier	41 Goblin
65 Carpenter	37 Tree-tapper
63 Plumber	29 Ventriloquist
59 Barber	23 Lemonade vendor
58 Clerk in store	20 Swineherd
54 Milkman	19 Pickpocket
54 Truckdriver	14 Lawsonomist
49 Coal miner	4 Ecologist
49 Taxi driver	2 Art critic
48 Railroad section hand	0 Cop, Priest
47 Night watchman	0 Gestalt therapist
44 Bartender	0 Politician, Banker
44 Janitor	0 President of the U.S.
40 Sharecropper	0 Capitalist, Military Official
34 Street sweeper	0 Judge, Scientologist, Scab
33 Shoe shiner	-5 Pope

The inescapable conclusion is that most imaginative occupations, or those which partake ineluctably of the marvelous, are found today only in the circus or in the world of crime. The forces of desire can only rarely be satisfied even remotely by the activities classified as jobs. It is true that the Surrealist Occupational Index inevitably reflects the dominant strains of this epoch. Quite possibly, for example, in a future society, the Hatt-North job of electrician would take on a new meaning and rise higher on the scale. On the other hand, such vocations as copkiller, cop or pope, will disappear from the scale as the jobs themselves become obsolete. Moreover, the entire notion of "occupation" is destined to be overthrown, or to wither away, as the proletariat reconstructs society on communist foundations, elaborating a social organization in accordance with the laws of Passional Attraction, announced by Fourier. Then it will be possible to be "cobbler in the morning, gardener in the afternoon, actor in the evening" (Karl Marx) and infinitely more.

Paul GARON

REVENGE OF THE IBIS

*With all that is no longer or waits to exist
I find the lost unity ibis mummy*
—André BRETON

Sometimes there is an old man standing on the corner with white bats in his long white beard. Sometimes a parrot is perched on his cane of carefully fitted finger-bones. Sometimes the windows wear their shades to prevent us from seeing what roams about outside. Sometimes images and perhaps more than images from the past gather about us in dreams or even in the streets. Sometimes in the evening when I see a long, tall shadow standing apart from the shadows of the other buildings, I stop, and with a curiosity mixed with fear I trace that silhouette across seemingly endless drifting sands to its very top, fully expecting to recognize the head of a jackal attached to a form so rigid that, in comparison, brick buildings would seem to be in motion.

Long ago I was fascinated by the gods of the ancient Egyptians, fascinated by their unique dignity, their complete unhumanness. I remember reading the novel *She* by H. Rider Haggard, in which the hero (on attaining adulthood) opens several boxes, one inside the other, the last one of Egyptian origin, intricately carved and imbued with the mystery of the ancients. This box also contains the secret of his own origin and consequently the mystery of sexuality, primal source of all mysteries. We know that interest in genealogy (which often awakens as one approaches maturity) is a sublimation of curiosity about sexuality; and archaeology can be viewed as a further extension of this curiosity (and therefore of this sublimation) into the realm of ancient civilizations.

Animals have always represented for me the finest innocence, but of course not necessarily gentleness. They are fortunate not to be plagued, as is mankind, by problems of good and evil, and have even managed to completely avoid that original curse called religion, while mankind, with its fine and versatile hands and body, weighs itself down with amazing burdens of guilt and property. It is not accidental that "primitive" peoples have chosen animals as their totems. Man finds correspondences between himself and certain animals, and by choosing animals as totems he may share the superior powers they possess and can thus better deal with a barely understood and largely unnamed nature. Remnants of this totemic past continue to exist in our everyday language as metaphors and similes (brave as a lion, wise as an owl) and undoubtedly remain in our psychic structures.

The Egyptian mythical figures represent a unique development of the totemic conception, combining the heads of birds and beasts with human bodies, a practice which to modern civilization seems so monstrous. What do these beings, neither man nor beast, represent to the mind? Not innocence: for their human bodies tell us that they no longer remain at the mercy of nature like the dolphin whose brain capacity, though larger than the human, remains impris-

oned in the body of a fish. Moreover, the stature of the Egyptian beings allows them to see farther than their animal ancestors and they have hands that can hold weapons and make revolutions. But their animal heads possess still the keen sight, the superhuman hearing, and a cruelty resulting from a lack of sympathy for that suffering but inferior race, humanity. Their rigid posture incarnates that motionless second before the panther springs; their voiceless quiet waits only to be pierced by a shrill scream.

The ancient Egyptians believed that to create an image was to embody that image with spirit; that to name a thing was to have power over it. Thus drawings of demons were often left uncompleted, so as not to release their demonic power. This process recalls the essence of magical thinking which still exists in the mind of the child, for whom thought and act, word and object, are not distinguished. Judaism, recognizing the power of the created image, sought to destroy it and forbade all graven images. Christian civilization has been the heir of this repression, but what has been inherited above all is the repressed image — a mere imitation of repressed life. Against the Judeo-Christian heritage, surrealism insists that liberated images — images of liberation — are an initial necessity in the process of the liberation of life.

The magical power of images is derived from the source of all creative power: the unconscious; and the repression of images results only in their recurrence — in one form or another. Signs multiply. The marvelous beings with heads of beasts and human bodies found their way back through the collages of Max Ernst in *Une semaine de bonté*, where they participate in orgies of delight. And just recently I was fortunate enough to discover the enchanting music, dance and myths around which Sun Ra has created his own cosmology, combining ancient Egypt and outer space. There is even the Reebie Storage building at 2325 North Clark Street, in Chicago, decorated in a kind of Egyptian rococo style, which I have always suspected shelters the mummies of pharaohs, and which still causes me to pause every time I pass by it.

As I began to write some notes on these things — which I had had no intention of doing, but which, no doubt, was provoked by a shadowy necessity — the local community newspaper arrived at our door (21 March 1973) bearing the front-page lead story headline: RETURN TO THE GODS/ANCIENT EGYPTIAN RITES PRACTICED BY CHURCH GROUP — and all this happening no more than fourteen blocks from our apartment.

It is impossible to deny that words and images, once created, have the power of actualizing themselves, becoming eternal for us through the medium of desire. I know with all certainty that these fantastic beings will always remain, in Roheim's words, "the eternal ones of the dream," and that they will always be meeting me on the busy streets and in the dark forests.

Penelope ROSEMONT



This is my sign – “GARDEN OF EDEN” – I could hear so many, as they go by, sing out, “What is this?” so I put this sign up. Now they can read it, stop or go on, just as they please.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Lucas, Kansas (on State Highways K-18 and K-232, sixteen miles north of Interstate 70 on Lake Wilson Road), is the site of the Garden of Eden, “the most unique home for living or dead,” in the words of its builder, S. P. Dinsmoor (1843-1932).

A veteran of the Union Army during the Civil War, Dinsmoor began constructing his “Rock Log Cabin” in 1907, at the age of 64. The cabin—built entirely of native limestone rock, cut and fitted like logs in a log cabin—consists of eleven rooms, bath, closets and a cave. In the surrounding yard, over the next quarter of a century, Dinsmoor built his Garden of Eden, primarily

of cement. By 1927 he had used over 113 tons or approximately 2300 sacks of cement.

Dinsmoor married his first wife on horseback in 1870; she died in 1917. In 1924, aged 81, Dinsmoor married 20-year-old Emilie Brozek, from Czechoslovakia. At his death in 1932 his body was placed in his limestone mausoleum alongside the body of his first wife.

The italicized quotations on this and the next four pages are all excerpted from a pocket-size *Pictorial History* of the Garden of Eden published by Dinsmoor himself. A reprint of this 60-page booklet is available (at \$1.15 postpaid) from the Garden of Eden, Lucas, Kansas.



CAIN AND ABEL SCENE

When I was building this they accused me of being bughouse on religion. I am bughouse good and proper, but not on religion, perpetual motion or any other fool thing that I cannot find out one thing about.



LABOR CRUCIFIED

I believe Labor has been crucified between a thousand grafters ever since Labor begun, but I could not put them all up, so I have put up the leaders — Lawyer, Doctor, Preacher and Banker. . . . The Lawyer interprets the law. The Doctor has his knife and saw ready to carve up the bones. The Preacher is saying to this poor fellow crucified, "Never mind your suffering here on earth, my friend, never mind your suffering here, secure home in heaven for A-l-l- E-t-e-r-n-i-t-y and you'll be all right." This is the stuff he is giving Labor for his cake.

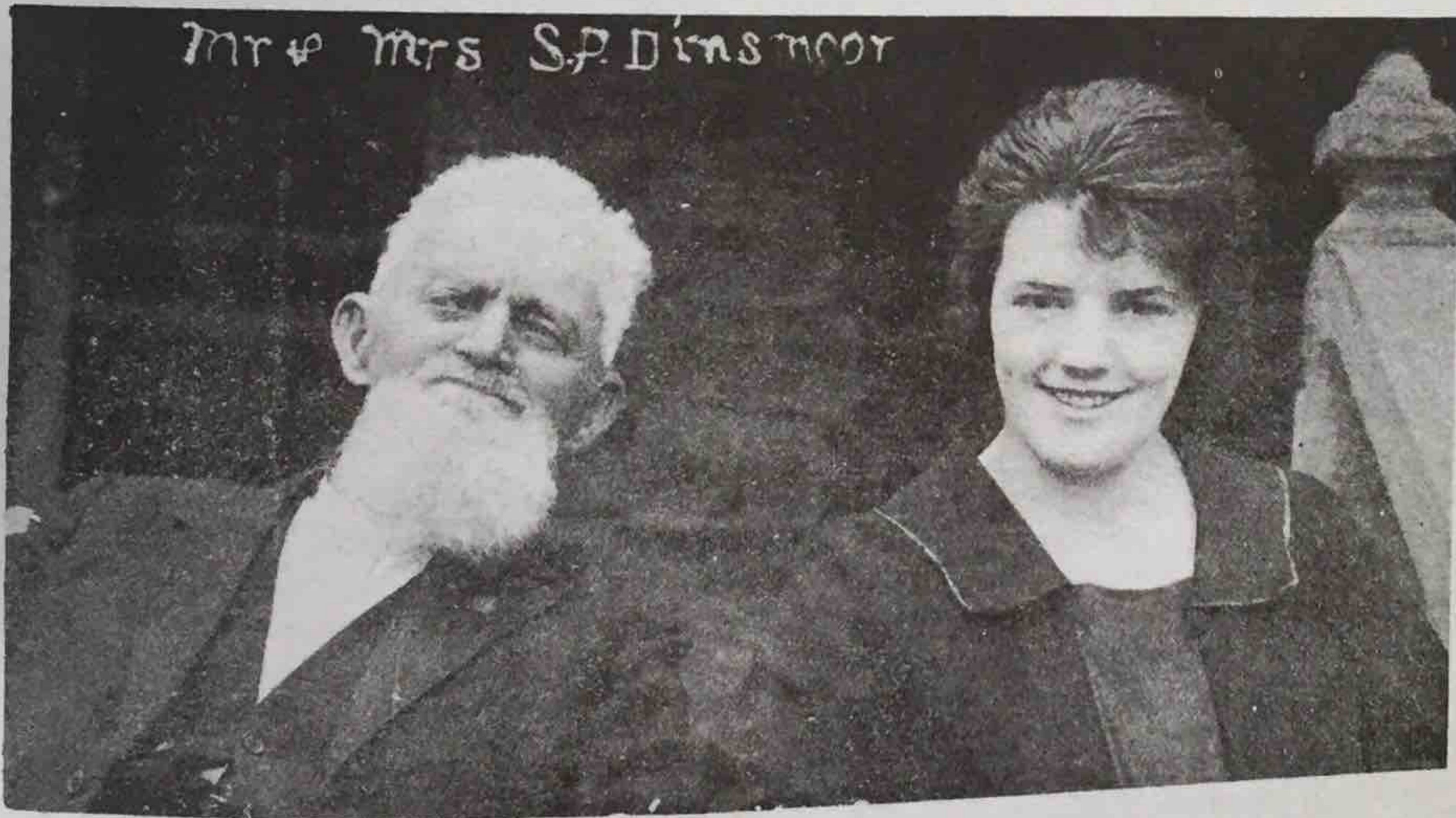


GODDESS OF LIBERTY TREE

Here is the next tree bringing down civilization as I think it should be. There is the Goddess of Liberty with one foot on the trusts and a spear in her hand going through the head of the trusts. The trusts' claws are getting nothing. Down below is a man and woman with a cross-cut saw marked ballot, sawing off the chartered rights limb that the trust stands on. That shows how we can get away with the trusts and if we don't get away with them with the ballot, they will be shot away with the bullet, as they were in Russia.

MAUSOLEUM

I have a will that none except my widow, my descendants, their husbands and wives, shall go in to see me for less than \$1.00. That will pay some one to look after the place, and I promise everyone that comes in to see me (they can look through the plate glass and glass in the lid of my coffin and see my face) that if I see them dropping a dollar in the hands of the flunky, and I see the dollar, I will give them a smile.



MR. AND MRS. DINSMOOR

And notwithstanding the prediction of almost all our acquaintances and visitors who came to see this place that we would not live together a year, we are still living together, and the prospects are that we'll still be together until my wife puts me in the mausoleum. I was 81 years and she 20 years old when we were married.

HEIRS to FREUD

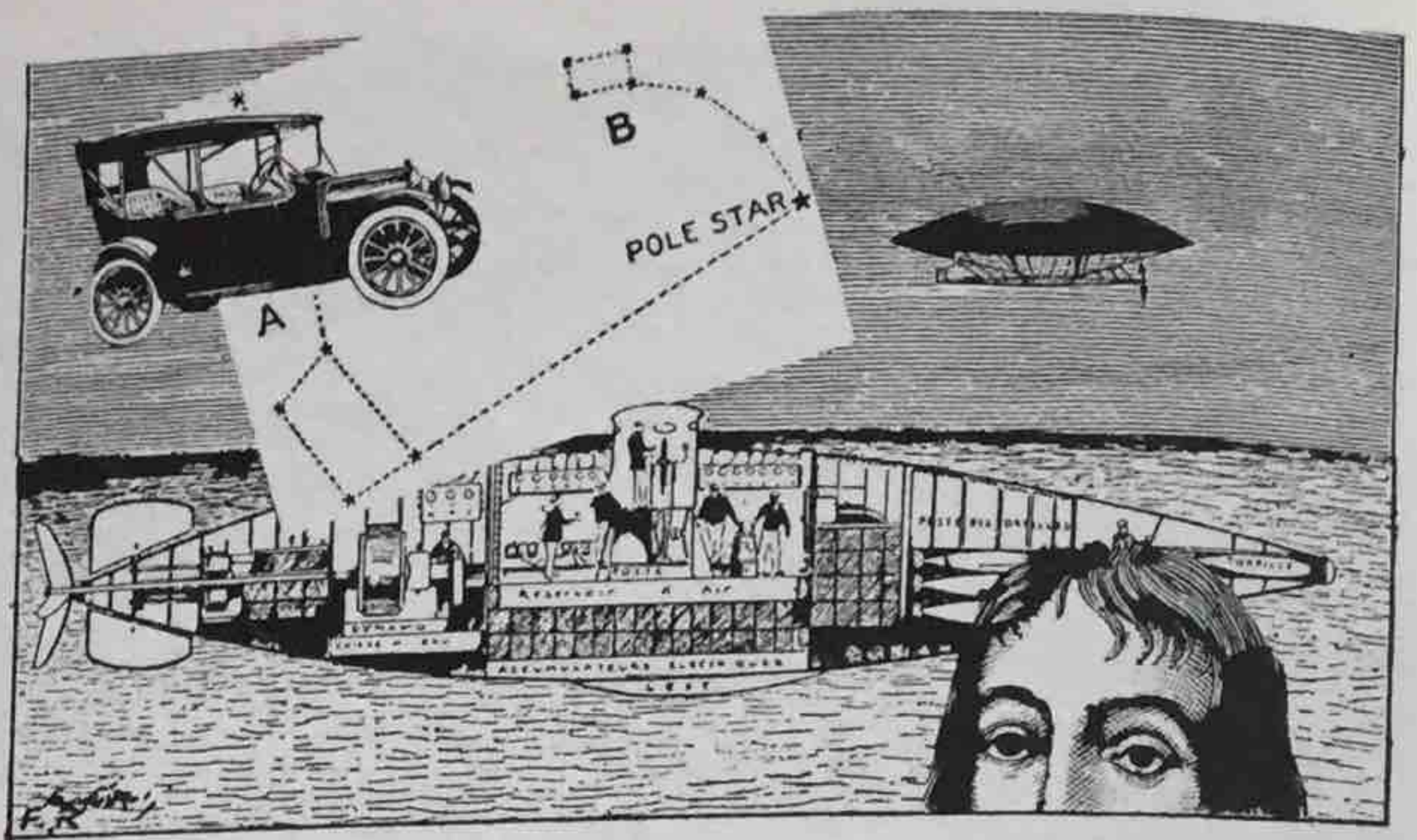
Having pointed earlier to the dangerously low level to which psychoanalysis has allowed itself to fall, and fully cognizant of the fact that the perpetrators of this decline have no intention of permitting the occurrence of a reversal, we can nonetheless not help but be slightly encouraged by the fact that the publishing industry, for motives of its own, has recently made available the works of several analysts who set themselves apart from the morass of academic pseudo-metapsychological speculations, dull clinical affirmations, and "new" hypotheses and theories which can hardly stand the test of reading, much less the test of time.

Those analysts who so distinguished themselves wrote in earlier decades; only now, in one case nearly fifty years later, are their works being republished. I refer, first, to Robert Fliess' three volume work: *Erogenicity and Libido, Ego and Body-Ego* and *Symbol, Dream, and Psychosis* (International Universities Press), all of which, together with the same author's superbly critical *Revival of Interest in the Dream* (International Universities Press, 1953) are essential reading for those who have devoted themselves to the study of the dynamics of mental processes, and who find themselves drawn to writings which are not only marvelously and astutely theoretical, but rigorously clinical as well.

No less exciting is the republication of two of the earliest books by the pioneer psychoanalyst-anthropologist Geza Roheim, *Australian Totemism* (Cass) and *Animism, Magic and the Divine King* (International Universities Press). Almost simultaneously there has appeared a collection of Wilhelm Reich's *Sex-Pol* writings (Vintage Books), several portions of which have appeared in England in pamphlet form (Socialist Reproductions, 57d Jamestown Road, London). The works of other major psychoanalytic contributors, from Freud, Ferenczi, Abraham, Sachs and Jones to Glover, Sharpe and Eissler continue to be available, either in the United States or in England.

The vitality of the revolutionary aspects of psychoanalysis must re-emerge independently of the psychoanalytic establishment which continues to be preoccupied with its own involuntal affections.

P. G.



BETWEEN THE GULES

I have watched the metamorphosis of a theory of "volatile-negative-analogies" rise through a group of poems bearing the title *Becoming Visible*, in the sense of releasing out of darkness the words *desiring* movement with other words in a free interchange and development of their properties and signatures, but within a process stalked by the emotion-radiant, palpitant activity that magnetizes the illimitable resources of the arbitrary — a risk-laden region from which the exigent action of unprecedented verbal encounters relates to the refusal of previously known paths of association. Here at the center of a void inundated by a shadow of flashing color, the necessity of the voice released by psychic automatism to find its body provokes the primal spark of dynamic movement while the great "negativistic hand" André Breton exalted as an essential lever of poetic vitality opens dialectically the window on the heraclitian plane of "the hidden harmonies." Armed with this negative power, writing becomes a rigorous reconstruction against the past, an adamant refusal to be entangled in previously conquered areas of association. From this vista of dormant volcanos and tropical ice, we can all the more happily trace our inspirations from Lautréamont and Rimbaud to Breton and Péret and Roussel to Magloire-Saint-Aude, exemplary signposts for further transgressions, without literally re-tracing in one's own poetic praxis their inimitable movements. The vitality of automatistic progression from this negative summit renders ineffectual the efforts of academic and literary — commodity fetish — assimilation of surrealism's *becoming*, exposing the absurd nature of conventional aesthetic criteria, that farce of the dead hand of "positive identity." The CIA of the mind shall be dessicated in its attempts to stigmatize the latent furor in the great deserts to be overturned.

BY ELECTIVE AFFINITIES, THEN AND NOW

From having initially found the key (the road opening, 1943-1946) to having lost the key (the road closed down, 1946-1966) and since rediscovering the key (the road re-opening in 1967): my solidarity with the surrealist movement, represented in this time and place by ARSENAL, re-invents itself without the slightest ambiguity.

Philip LAMANTIA
April 1973

LENINISM

and the Structure of the Poetic Image

April 22, 1970: the 100th anniversary of the birth of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. His work, his entire activity represent a vivid illustration of the creative spirit of the revolutionary theory of the proletariat, a brilliant and masterly demonstration of the fact that Marxist theory is not and cannot be merely a practical guide, a collection of unchanging theses, but a revolutionary method of investigating phenomena in all domains of life. Hostile to the ossification of thought, he was inflexibly hostile to conformism, to all those who aim at changing the human brain into amorphous gray matter.

According to the Leninist conception, man's cognition does not follow a straight line but a sinuous one, permanently approaching a number of circles representing a spiral always ready to continue its race. This means that in conceiving the work of art we must necessarily take into account the active role of cognition, for the final aim of the theory of reflection is not the making of a mirror which assumes the function of expressing reality by reflecting it in its icy crystal.

In the creation of a work of art (and I refer especially to poetry) we cannot overlook the ceaseless surprises which, throughout the process of sublimation, the motion produces — I should say, *thrusts* into things and organic plasma, into bodies and their shadows; or the complicated shiftings and traumatism caused by the implacable clash of contraries, compelling you to be in one place and at the same time in another, to be a straight line and a curved one at the same time, impelled by the dialectical laws of contradiction well known since Greek antiquity.

Rest, as a special datum and fortuitous desire, may be valid. But this state cannot exist objectively in the midst of a world in permanent and continuous interdetermination. This is all the more obvious today, when the rhythm of history is subject to an unprecedented acceleration, and when the struggle between contraries is acquiring a rapid and ever harsher aspect.

Those who are content to cultivate an oversimplified understanding of the phenomenon of creation and of the relationship between cause and effect, usually consider contradiction and the absurd to be the same thing, believing that the identity between a straight line and a curve, which no longer requires demonstration, is nothing but an obvious absurdity.

Such a viewpoint precludes the active role of cognition in the process of creation and, at best, leads to *technicism*, an omnipotent self-satisfied virtuosity and, implicitly, to rigid dividing lines in the classification of the phenomena of creation; that is to say, to the conception opposed by Lenin and the founders of dialectical materialism: that of the conservation of matter rather than its *transformation*. This would mean disregarding the basic principles

of Marxism, what Marx called "the active part of cognition," and would eliminate all that constitutes the radical originality of Marxism, the absolute necessity that every man should be a creator.

According to the Leninist conception of cognition, the dialectical character of natural processes corresponds to the dialectic of the process of creation, in which we must therefore admit, besides the presence of *succession*, that of *simultaneity* as well ("Rectilinearity and one-sidedness, woodenness and petrification . . . there are the epistemological roots of idealism," writes Lenin). In taking into account this ebb and flow, we notice that very often a confusion occurs between the artistic thought and the image as such, because the artistic thought does not mean image in the sense of form, but constitutes the acme and, consequently, the most advanced phase of motion. I think this can be stated, since in the field of thought, motion and object, image and desire merge and blend into a new and final synthesis in which sensations are no longer able to exist. In other words, the image becomes the sensitive form of the idea. And now, considering that Lenin bestowed upon artistic consciousness a somewhat autonomous role in the relationships between the base and the superstructure, it might be necessary to mention what Marx called "the particular role of objectifying."

First of all, in fact, is the necessity that every true artist must eliminate clichés which multiply by themselves in the absence of a direct contact with the object, with facts; that he must reduce to nothing the shallow mania of servile reproduction, and, on the contrary, explore, interpret, constitute and recompose the real in its entire infinite complexity, instilling into it a new emotional value, turning the poetry of the real into a means of cognition. As a matter of fact, what other meaning could have been intended by Engels — in *Ludwig Feuerbach and the End of Classical German Philosophy*, when he writes that with every new and far-reaching discovery a new form of materialism has to be invented — than that every epoch must produce new artistic forms to express reality genuinely?

We must add that form is a reaction of matter and image is the surface, named the symbol for an individual reaction. As it is continually symbol and idea, however, the image, as *idea*, is never a symbol, because the idea does not mean pure image. In this sense, it is desirable to avoid mistaking the *symbol* for the *metaphor*, if we agree that the metaphor is nothing else than the considered employment of a word, part of a phrase, a phrase or a figure of speech in a context other than its own. If, for example, we say that a woman looks like an exclamation or that somebody sees red, the two comparative terms are used in an altogether different or opposite sense than their usual meaning. Like

any thoughtful expression, the metaphor, as a metaphor, is an idea, whereas the significance of the symbol may vary. However, this variable aspect of the significance of the symbol is not its only symbolic aspect; if it were, images would have only a strictly individual value, which would make the establishment of relationships between people in the world of phenomena impossible. It is the *constant* aspect of the symbol which makes possible affective links between human beings. This constant element is a permanent psychological function, and the variable element represents the ever-renewed relationship of the individual with the environment.

Proceeding now to the discussion of poetic language, we shall start by saying that every written word means image. With phonetic spelling, however, the image is always twofold because the word is the sign of both sound and visual image. Hence the poetic use of the written word makes us discover either the image of the object or else only its sound sign. By reason of auditive stratification, the mutest words have serious vocal qualities. In whatever way it is considered, poetry cannot avoid that tribute claimed by the infused echo of words even if it comes from afar and becomes a muffled murmur or diffuse groan. And, having noted the tribute which words, willy-nilly, have to grant to the auditive deposit, we find that the problem of language cannot be understood from the aesthetic or structural viewpoints unless we are aware of the everpresent dialectical movement, that is the antithesis pleasure-reality, symbol-utility, poetry-prose.

The utilitarian employment of words and groups of words represents the *prose* element of language, and the symbolic use of language constitutes the *poetic* element. It may therefore be said that poetry which ignores "prose" is false poetry, for pleasure can never ignore

reality. It can only transform it, enhance it. Desire is continually obliged to take into account concrete reality – which is nothing but "prose" in the way it is present in the world the poet lives in. This prose supplies the raw material on which the poetic sublimation of language will be exerted. And vice-versa, those who do not use language for a poetic purpose, but as a means to attain different results, if they want their prose to preserve its efficacy, must take poetry into account, poetry as it was created in their milieu, as reality is a synthesis of two preceding truths, that of reality and pleasure, of necessity and enjoyment.

Taking into account what has been said above, as well as the fact that beyond the artist's resolution, language is accepted by the "speaking masses" and that it enjoys a collective life, it is not difficult to observe that the manner in which language is treated in poetic writings exhibits important differences within the general classification of a trend or an artistic movement.

In connection with the theory of reflection, Lenin points out that the object reflected exists independently of the person in which the image is produced and that dialectical materialism grounds its theory of knowledge, consciously, on the "naive" belief of mankind. Lenin also mentions the importance of fantasy in creative works, the possibility of detaching fantasy from life, even the possibility of turning an abstract notion, an idea, into fantasy. Considering that fantasy is absolutely indispensable to a poet (to the mathematician as well, for that matter), he points out that dreams are a necessary human activity ("We must dream") and, hinting at Pisarev, he cannot help saying that those who take pride in "their lucidity", in their closeness to the concrete, dream least.

Virgil TEODORESCU

SPINOZA

*Storms of glass
become the prevailing weather
Elegant ladies admire the cat
Winter becomes the mode
but spring the means
The seals fly
Man walks
The postage stamp seals itself
The letter addresses itself
The destination
cannot be told
Behind the screen
Along the road
It will be met*

*Metals crumble into dust
The confrontation is profound*

Penelope ROSEMONT

PERSISTENCE OF FLAMES

*The devouring image of what will be
the star kindled by a burning house
what was loved what was hoped for
what remains to be known*

*The acrobats' costumes maintain their gaudiness
sleepwalking begins again
on the tightrope between dream and water
between death and expectancy
between memory and strangling
in this room beckoning with the colors of its coffins
your shriek opens like a window*

*It is time we knew the sleeping woman
it is what she awaits
she watches with one eye languishing
the bats nesting in our palms*

Gellu NAUM



drawing by Jacques VACHÉ

THE ILLEGALITY OF DESPAIR

A Brief Survey of the Literature on Heroin Addiction

It is not uncommon for the ex-addict to dream of heroin—and often, in the dream, the feeling of euphoria is identical to the actual effects of heroin in the past. If the wish-fulfilling function of dreams is overt in this case, the day-residue that contributes to the formation of the dream is also rather obvious, for the same thought runs through the mind of the ex-addict every day: *more heroin*.

But in another dream, I peeked over the edge of a pit and saw a green dog, covered with vomit...

* * * *

At times it seems that nearly everyone has written about narcotics: doctors and scientists, psychoanalysts, priests and cops, lawyers, writers, poets, artists, sociologists, psychologists, and professional moralizers drawn from all fields. The literature is voluminous, but not without interest, for in it can be found the source of the addict stereotype, the programmatic design for the implementation of oppressive force, the background for the necessity of repression in the current economic situation, and even an occasional glimmer of nonrepressive future possibilities.

Admittedly, the number falling into the latter category is infinitesimal. The bulk of work on the subject is devoted to studies: "Characteristics of the Addict Population," "Rate of Recidivism in New York Addicts," etc. Nearly all the authors cast their goals in terms of therapy systems, from the conservative incarceration theorists to the more liberal advocates of ambulatory treatment in out-patient clinics. A few authors are careful to suggest that addiction is "a symptom of a sick society," but the suggestion is usually a

mere token, and its presence in scientific works is inevitably the limit to which the authors' critical faculties extend. For the scientists, the injunction to observe but never evaluate has had its usual paralytic effect, with few exceptions.

Unfortunately, more numerous are those scientists and medical men who are willing to produce totally fabricated reports, if the price is right. As an example of the latter type, we find Dr. G. Larimore (New York State Department of Health) and Dr. Henry Brill (New York State Department of Mental Health) concocting a report for Governor Rockefeller on the "British system" of narcotic control. Their findings were subsequently published in a disgusting book called *Narcotics and Hallucinogenics*, edited by John B. Williams, a former vice detective. As an addict who was treated under the British system, I can testify that during the period under discussion in the report, the British system was as graphically different from the United States system as it was possible to be: U.S. addicts can obtain heroin only illegally at extremely high prices; they are frequently made to undergo withdrawal by force, and they are often jailed and beaten; British addicts can obtain heroin legally and cheaply (with ease), they are never forced into withdrawal, hospitalization is voluntary, and the addict need never deal with law enforcement agents. (Many of the British laws were changed several years ago, but the report was written in 1958 when laws were quite lenient.) Yet Dr. Larimore wrote, "The differences which appear so striking when laws . . . are compared becomes much less significant when the . . . systems of the two countries are examined

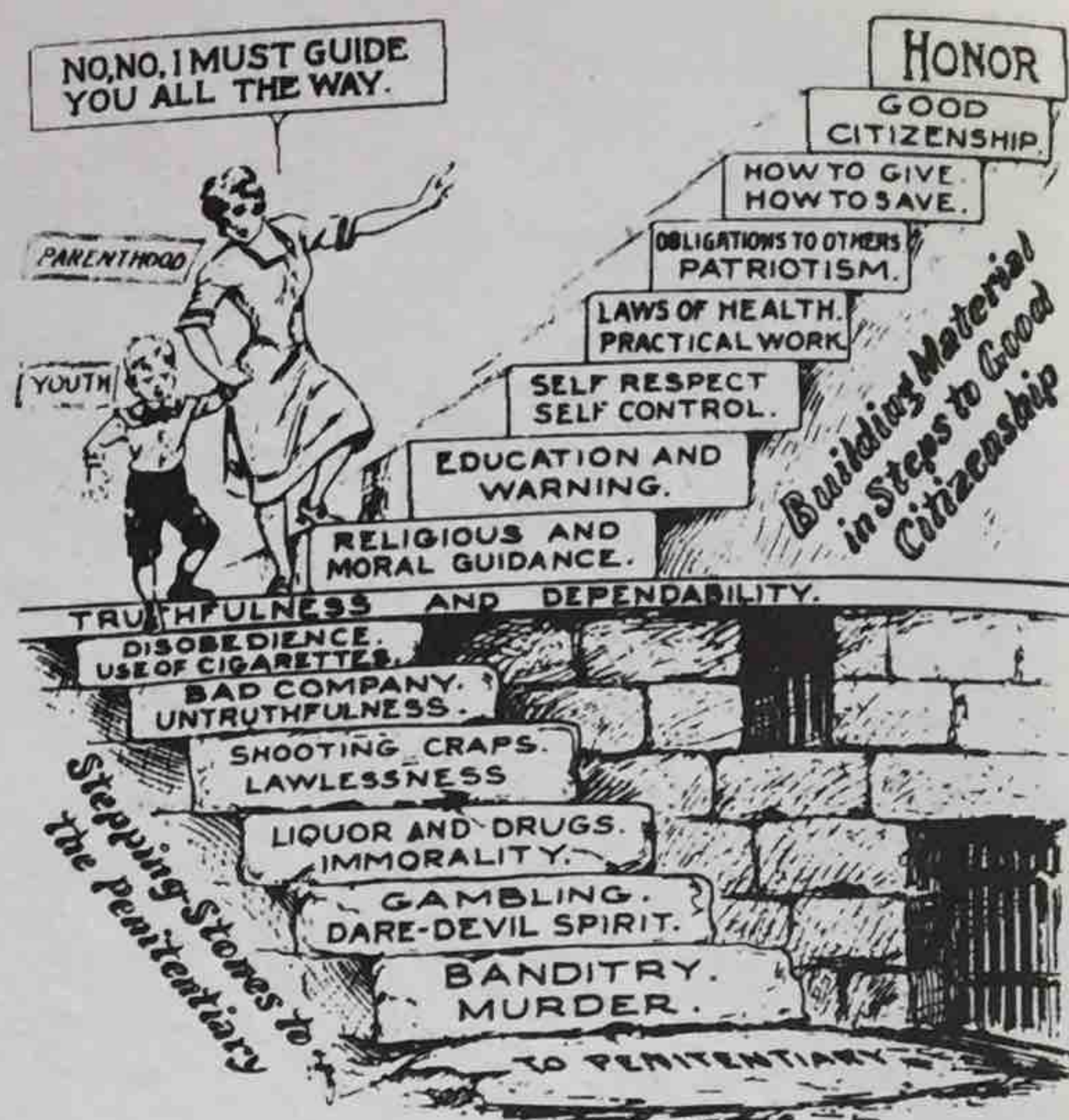
at the operational level . . . The British narcotic control system is found not so dissimilar (to the U.S. system)." Of course, Larimore's statement is nothing more than a patent lie, constructed solely to deceive the public, for as we know, to the addict, it was precisely on the "operational level" that the most graphic differences were manifest.

But the U.S. government and its branches will not authorize statements that are entirely true, unless it serves their purposes, so the facts must continuously be falsified. Consequently, the treasury department and the FBI have worked diligently since the passage of the Harrison Act (1914) to present a totally distorted picture of the drug addict. It was from government releases that the public first (and continuously) heard that the use of heroin would cause the addict to commit violent crimes ("The addict becomes a crazed killer," etc.), just as they heard from the same source that marijuana was truly addicting and causative of moral degeneration and violence. The government's tendency to falsify everything connected with the narcotics problem, including the statistics they release, has been amply explored by Alfred Lindesmith in *The Addict and the Law*.*

It should go without saying that once the government had established a totally distorted base from which to operate, they were free to create and concentrate on other problems. By never discussing the fact that legal narcotics were (and are) extremely inexpensive, they were free to insist that addicts had to be arrested simply because they stole so much merchandise! The government has had little difficulty disseminating their views to the people, as can be seen from a column in last year's Chicago DAILY NEWS, in which a reader asked, "Why is everyone so down on the drug addict? He doesn't really hurt anyone." The paper replied, "Doesn't hurt anyone? Addicts steal millions of dollars worth of goods every year—is that harmless?" By citing the end result (stealing) of the oppression as the cause of the oppression, the issue is conveniently sidestepped.

Aside from those works produced by certain government scientists and doctors, the majority of the enormous number of scientific works on addiction do not support the highly untenable theses advanced by law enforcement authorities. Addiction studies of the scientific type are generally sincere attempts to clarify relevant aspects of the problem, and what is most unfortunate about these works is that their conclusions are often wholly irrelevant in any revolutionary or materially progressive way. The conditioning theorists (Lindesmith, Wikler, etc.) have suggested a hypotheses through which the mechanism of addiction may be described, while the psychoanalysts (Rado, Glover, Fenichel, and more recently Krystal and Savitt) have adumbrated the dynamic interplay of unconscious factors operative in the entire addiction syndrome. An enormous number of papers have been devoted to social factors involved in the ad-

*A thoroughly intriguing analysis of the "marihuana and violence" myth has been published by Don M. Casto III, under the title "Marihuana and the Assassins—An Etymological Investigation," in *The INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF THE ADDICTIONS*, Vol. 5, #4.



diction process, with emphasis as varied as characteristics (of addicts), group interaction patterns, contagion, mortality rates, etc. There are also numerous works devoted to the medical aspects of addiction, covering the physiology of habituation and tolerance, cell chemistry, symptomatology of withdrawal, and more. Yet as valuable as some of these studies may be, they have as an inherent weakness their refusal to face the actual problems that perpetuate the addiction cycle. For the dynamics of addiction do not just involve an interaction of sociological, psychological, and physiological factors—they also refer to elements both economic and political (as well as poetic), elements of crucial significance, only beginning to be explored.

Perhaps at this juncture, at the introduction of economic and political factors, we should say a few words about the attitude of the so-called "underground" press and the radical press. Their viewpoints are different, but the effects of their views are the same. The "underground" press chiefly concerns itself with hallucinogenic drugs and marihuana, publishing price lists and other drivel relevant to current consumption. Its references to heroin are few and generally of the straight-forward scare-story type. In brief, the underground press is totally irrelevant to a discussion of drug addiction.

The radical press occasionally mentions heroin, but invariably its reference is a platitudinous repetition of the simplistic absurdity, "Heroin is nothing but a capitalist plot to enslave the minds of the proletariat." There is little doubt that their inability to supply even the most superficial analysis has done almost as much damage as police propaganda. It is unfortunate that the existence of a class-economic factor should be treated in such a dull and uninspired fashion, but recently there has appeared one discussion which has gone beyond the stale and anachronistic harpings of the pseudo-Marxist hack. "The Political Economy of Junk" (MONTHLY REVIEW, December 1970) by Sol Yurick is a more deliberate and detailed analysis of the economic importance of heroin than has previously been published. The theory is not new—any addict v

would seriously be interested in the MONTHLY REVIEW article (how many are there?) would find nothing in it he hadn't realized after his 100th shot. But for those whose knowledge of the addiction process has not been gained firsthand, the Yurick article would seem to be extremely important and worthy of some further discussion here.

There are few references to outside sources in the Yurick article, and it is not without significance that two are to the writers Nelson Algren and William Burroughs, for the writings of these two men has done more to accurately describe the whole phenomenon of addiction than nearly all the scientific writings combined. Algren rarely writes about addiction now, however, and Burroughs has sunk into a sea of frightened, anti-feminist vapidness, but as Yurick points out, it was Burroughs, a long-time addict, who first described heroin in terms of its "ideal commodity" status.

Yurick carefully delineates the incapacitating effects of heroin on the ability of the addict to achieve any form of group solidarity (against the capitalists, ideally), just as he also clarifies heroin's role as a commodity in advanced capitalist society (a billion dollar a year product). At times, however, it seems that Yurick underemphasizes heroin's commodity status in order to attribute to the capitalists a tremendous sense of purpose in reducing a potentially rebellious section of the population to drug addicts. The sense of purpose is perhaps exaggerated in the article, but it relates to Yurick's other weak point: He seems to actually support the thesis that marijuana use is dangerous ("disruptive") to capitalism. This is developed into the theory that in reaction (through fear) to the marijuana culture, the President has made a conscious effort to addict marijuana users (and other disrupters) to heroin. If there is any truth to this statement, it can be found more in Yurick's "commodity theory" than in his "disarming of the disruptive mystique" theory, for as he did point out, there is much more money to be made in heroin than in marijuana. Aside from the minor disagreements mentioned above, I must point out that in this article the political economy of heroin has received its most enlightened treatment to date.

The Jossey-Bass Co.'s Behavioral Science Series has published several books dealing with drug abuse and their newest release, *Mystification and Drug Misuse*, is quite important. The authors (Lennard, Epstein, Bernstein and Ransom) clarify the process whereby the pharmaceutical industry, physicians, mass media, and youth culture have all cooperated to produce an atmosphere of obscurantism and mystification in which drug use and abuse is encouraged, and in which situations are constantly being redefined in terms of increased drug therapy or drug use. Their thesis is wholly supportable, and

their conclusion, that mystification and drug use do not contribute to the implementation of radical social change, is undeniable. The book deals specifically with the various contexts of drug problems, but it is also an excellent study of the all-pervasive weapon of mystification which is consistently brought to bear, from all directions, against the forces of revolution.

There is one other article worth mentioning. Edward Preble, an anthropologist, and John J. Casey, Jr., an economist, published a paper in the INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF THE ADDICTIONS Vol. 4, #1 ("Taking Care of Business—the Heroin User's Life on the Street") in which heroin use is described as providing "a motivation and rationale for the pursuit of a meaningful life." More of their conclusions are worth quoting: "The activities these individuals engage in and the relationships they have . . . are far more important than the minimal analgesic and euphoric effects of the . . . heroin available to them. The heroin user is . . . like the compulsively hard working business executive whose ostensible goal is the acquisition of money, but whose real satisfaction is in meeting the inordinate challenge he creates for himself. He, too, is driven by a need to find meaning in life which, because of certain deficits and impairments, he cannot find in the normal course of living." Additionally, "Given the social conditions of the slums . . . the odds are strongly against the development of a legitimate . . . career that is challenging and rewarding. The most common legitimate career is a menial job, with no future . . . If anyone can be called passive in the slums, it is not the heroin user, but the one who submits to and accepts these conditions."

Such statements initiate the rediscovery of another dimension of addiction—one that can only be comprehended poetically: a revolt against everyday degradation that is also a quest for unprecarious elation. Needless to say, the quest in this case is never free of the degradation. In rejecting the alms tossed to him by the capitalists; in confronting the contradictions and refusing to participate, even marginally, in bourgeois ideology, man is often struck by a tormenting despair that frequently drives him to the absolute negating power of suicide, the subjective reconstructions of madness, or the negation/reconstruction complex of addiction.

There are many levels of revolt—addiction is certainly not the highest. Yet, it is preferable to the total surrendering of self which is necessary to participate fully in bourgeois society. To cite causes and cures for addiction is entirely irrelevant if one cannot cite causes and cures for man's despair. If addiction is a symptom, the despair is only a symptom operating on another level. Men and women will fight to be free, and as long as they are not free, they will despair—and some will be unable to endure without narcotics.

Paul GARON



"They spit on our theory, but that doesn't stop them from dreaming every night."



— Sandor Ferenczi

NOTES on the ELECTION

The 1972 Presidential election provided an excellent opportunity to observe the servility, conformism, confusion and cowardice of what passes for a Left intelligentsia in this country. Between elections, of course, all the "free-thinking" loudmouth dilettantes dabble in all sorts of "daring" ideas — even communism. But every four years they return sheepishly to the electoral fold, repentant and repulsive, firmly rubber-cemented to the status quo for the duration. No one has failed to notice that the most voluble abstainers from the 1968 election (the inconsequential Yippies) came to kneel before the Democratic altar in 1972. And now here is Bobby Seale, still vaguely pretending to have a quarter of an ounce of revolutionary sentiment in his vest-pocket, running for mayor on a platform that Theodore Roosevelt, if he were here, would hardly hesitate to endorse. How many authors, poets, artists, entertainers, critics and professors continue tugging on the tuxedos of the graying Panthers! Still worse, the spoiled brats of TELOS continue their phenomenological hide-and-seek with Marxism, shutting their eyes to the blood being spilled everywhere and insisting that "critical theory" has everything under control.

But these are merely symptoms of a many-faceted and long-lingering illness, for which the only cure remains the revolutionary classwide organization of the proletariat and its seizure of power through workers' councils. The only truly meaningful social action is that which assists this revolutionary effort. All the rest is contemptible rubbish.

* * *

The "radical" bootlickers for McGovern, the tired New Left-overs, the eco-fetishists, the academic exhumers of Lukacs, the blind cynics who see a "revolutionary victory" in the sellout of the Vietnamese Revolution: these are surely an essential battalion in the reserve army of bourgeois domination on the intellectual plane. Their sole function is to maintain and deepen the stultification and demoralization of the working class and every other sector capable of following the lead of the workers' councils. It is not surprising that fascist tendencies are surfacing once again. The overriding fear aroused in the bourgeoisie and petty-bourgeoisie by an inde-

BECOMING VISIBLE

BECOMING VISIBLE

*A whorl of happy eyes and devilish faces
struck out of antique sensuous paintings
twinkle from the knees and calves
moving slower than dream women*

*the hands are gesturing with violet blood
come from floating feathers
their sea-anemone fingernails opening tropical fruits
(mango skins over snow)
and quickly rising to summer I meet you
walking in sateen boots over jewels of ice we spread for you*

*

*With the fox to see by
subterranean rivers advance
from under an asphalt sky
Auroras you exhale
the scorpion poem between our bellies
the mint's pebble trickles down the three thousand year old flute
washed up on a lemon-leaf bed
the way your look born of mollusc tears
mirrors the fins of memory in a dolphin's eye*

*

*Ah that taste of liquid spoon
magnified from the forest's apple
and where your odors lie unfurling
comet's toes fire into orioles
(on their steps leave no traces)
twining my marrow's light
from your turning head of nervous lips
The stars dress up their furrows
whose divers sign you bathing
a torch of musk awakening my spark of fruit*

BED OF SPHINXES

*A light opens as a street closes
against the bedrock of insistent glimmers
and your face talking to its cloud
Always the rinsings of milky flowers cry on the crest
where I'm a magnet gamboling with a drunken adept
There's a cloth of wine beneath us
the sugar of precipitous birds hands out rectangles of light
Racing out of town
the nerve veined hair swallows the road*

*

*The verb cunningly made
traverses the shattered lamp
on the stockings' shimmering key
The plate over the doorway
swoons with miniature figures
impersonating what I'm handed out of shadows*

*The day heaving straw giants
if you can see them
expects me in a wet mirror*

*With the middling haste of quest
and further questions
rumbling at breakneck speed
the cortex of history looks through
the tubes of its material horizon*

*

*The hand and spoon
gather themselves into a turbulent cloudburst
before the latch-key from the advancing storm
takes leave of its gullies
with purple screams charging the table of water become
the ocean I hand you from an antelope beating
the stream of flies diagonal
to the fall of an empire and perpendicular
to the truss on fire with scimitars of breath
A war in the clothes closet is worth a panda on the moon
I am fluorescent
And you are a teardrop of infinite agate*

VISIBILITIES

*Through the cotton balls of sleep
a table from my stomach
walled on the precipice by gossamer veils
the anvil hungry for its metabolic secret lights up the bobbing
motors (apparitions
your fingertips silhouette the sky with)*

*There is a voice to your singing glance
There's a coriander leaf with a spiked foot
as the terrace sleepily descends to the water
I pick up an embittered mica
rolling from a bed confused with your castle of hair-spun
riddles
You are behind me as I rip up the pavement palpitant
as a squid on a roulette table
The black lines lead the white however you see the invisible
tendrils burrowing out of a cyclone
Deeply sacked below
a tulip raves among the murmuring metals
whose ravines reconstruct my life
from the flight of vegetable-crows*

PRIMAVERA

*It is the oaken village that falls, splintered through a dust of
visage where I gallop, no more flint than air, to think of cabalist
hope: a universal alteration in the germination of planets. But,
the mystagogic chairs smashed in seed-wars, I'm conceived
again by the imponderables of total conjunction — even my
shadow with another's that left its organs (sex-ploding suns)
some distance from the translations of matter into an image.*

*This way the poem becomes an open sluice for darkness. Only
the most obscure body is the brightest unity. I catch hold of a
train inside an iris.*

*Time at the window of maternal cosmetic, the high-heeled foot
garlanded by a silken phallus spectates the forest where the
uterine furnishings sink into drawers at bay from that twilight
flashing in a mirror of dressing and undressing.*

*The preternatural identities beat the clouds from their barks, a
child's chance look at the raging smolder of roses. Nearing sleep,*

pendent proletariat becoming
conscious of its power and its
aims — and it was precisely this
fear that characterized the entire
Nixon/McGovern campaign — fits
less and less comfortably within
the confines of traditional liberal-
ism.

* * *

What is there to say about the
“organized” Left? Entirely de-
void of spirit and guts, with con-
fidence neither in the workers
nor in themselves, these shamed
incompetents are incapable of
devising anything more than de-
fense mechanisms with which to
disguise their impotence. One has
only to glance through the tortu-
ous exercises in self-serving hum-
bug that masquerade as the U.S.
“socialist” press. The whole lot is
overgrown with yesterday's worst
moments, Zinoviev's bad breath,
an illiterate irrelevance and an
overwhelming fear of the future.
Even the better Left papers to-
day fully deserve Trotsky's criti-
cism of the publication of his
U. S. supporters in 1939: “The
paper is very well done from the
journalistic point of view; but it
is a paper for the workers and
not a workers' paper. . . . The
paper is divided among various
writers, each of whom is very
good, but collectively they do not
permit the workers to penetrate
to the pages. . . . Each of them
speaks for the workers (and
speaks very well) but nobody will
hear the workers. . . . You do
not hear at all how the workers
live, fight, clash with the police
or drink whiskey. . . . The task is
not to make a paper through the
joint forces of a skilled editorial
board but to encourage the work-
ers to speak for themselves.”

Needless to add that every un-
foreseen occurrence catches the
Left off guard, napping, confused
and helpless. In August 1970,
when James Johnson — a black
assembly-line worker at the
Chrysler Gear and Axle Plant in
Detroit — shot and killed two
foremen and a strikebreaker with
an M-1 carbine at the point of
production, the Left press either
ignored it entirely or went all
afutter delivering silly sermons
against terrorism and individual
action. As if Johnson's gesture
did not represent the very quin-
tessence of this epoch! Yet only
a very small black revolutionary
minority had anything lucid to
say about it.

As the elections approached,
the various Left sects dutifully
took positions, passed resolutions
and went home. No one remem-
bers anything about it now. And
no one cares.

* * *

Let us emphasize that the
workers, by and large, boycotted

the election — a fact that everyone tries to hide and hide from. But scarcely anyone has drawn the necessary conclusions from this situation.

Thirty-five years ago Trotsky wrote that the objective factors for communist revolution were not only ripe but even somewhat rotten. It is the *subjective* factors that lie suffocated, separated, cowering, incoherent — submitted to all the ravages of imperialist decay.

Sade is to morality what Marx is to society. The theory of total revolution today could be called: *Sado-Marxism*. The workers must learn to follow through all the implications of their fundamental antipathy to capitalism. The authentic revolutionary must not only be inspired with self-confidence, rigorous lucidity, imagination and ferocity — he must also learn to inspire the working class in the same way, and to inspire masochism in the bourgeoisie.

The desire for freedom must arm itself with the freedom of desire.

* * *

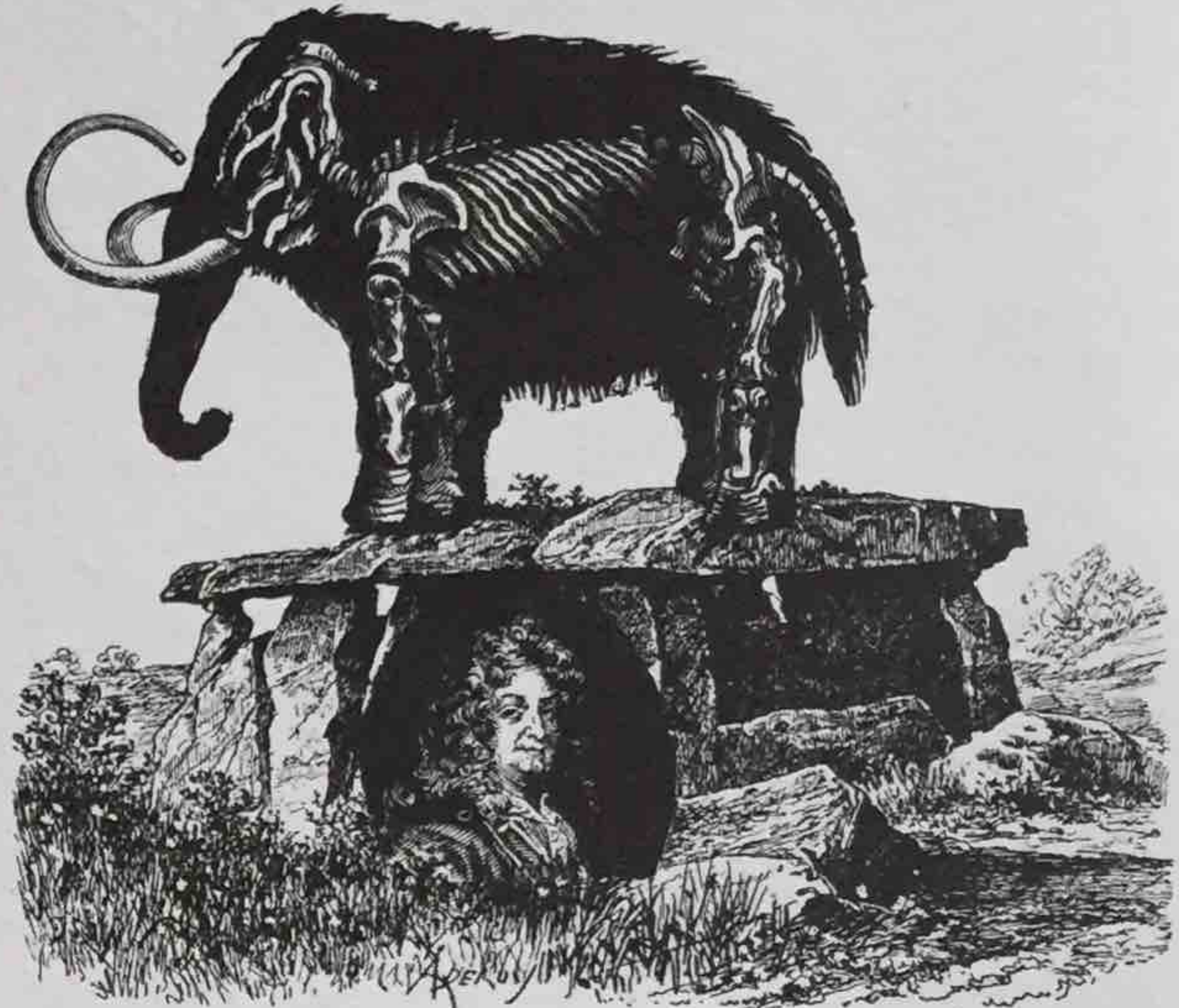
Some day soon the intellectual scum and a good number of the treacherous dunces who appoint themselves the “leaders” of the “revolutionary movement” are going to be called to account for their baseness. As the workers increasingly transform their more or less passive and sporadic acts of resistance into more aggressive and more disciplined forms of struggle; as they rally to their own banner and kick the two capitalist parties into the sewer along with the fetid bureaucrats in the unions: when the workers decide that they’ve had enough and start to *take over*; on that great day, greatest of all days, it will be rough-going indeed for all those who have played the parasites’ game and devoted their lives to siphoning every legitimate human aspiration into the bourgeois-democratic two-party cesspool.

Sometimes in my fantasies I like to imagine a sort of Emergency Council to Defend the Revolution consisting of Felix Dzerzhinsky, Alfred Jarry, Nicolas Flamel, Billie Holliday and Black Hawk, armed to the teeth and stalking the streets, rounding up all the Norman Mailers, the Sidney Hooks, the B. F. Skinners, the Irving Howes, the Robert Blys, the Bob Dylans, the Andy Warhols, the Marshall MacLuhans, the editors of the *Tribune*, *Ramparts* and the *New York Review of Books* — and a host of others! After a few minutes before a revolutionary workers’ tribunal, the Council lines these counter-revolutionary ver-

this same erotic wind rustles the void of blood-stained horses (my first cabals) whose galaxy dissolves with a kiss the victorious rescue of the palpable shadow streaming stars, her face: this bed, the undulant phantom: her hips.

*We ride wooden horses
Always a desert marries the boiling water.*

Philip LAMANTIA



collage by F. R.

POEM

*Chestnuts in the eyelashes of the tide
You are the meeting place
Of beautiful insubmersible rocks
Loosening the ladder of silk
Of a night that steers to the traces of blood
The hourglass of the face I love
In this hand a world ends
Where the sun of roads calls to the other shore
The careless convicts
Of the glances where thunder refuses to return
Of the bottles filled with wasted time
The landscape of last lights
Of a throat on pilings
The ancient hair
Fastens to the boughs the depths of an empty sea
Where your body is only a memory
Where spring trims its nails
The helix of your far-flung smile
On the houses of which we ask nothing
And the slopes of flesh imprison
The servile chance of saddlebows of honey
In the eaten morning of sweat
I have lost only my useless feet while traveling
In the railroad stations of the wind
The gloved cocoon of a ship without veils
And I speak with your voice
At the hour when all the roads of sand block themselves
At the hour indicated by the burnt lighthouses of sycamore
In the humid wound of a wingless bird
The summer breaker of shipwrecks plunges*

Etienne LERO

(translated by Stephen Schwartz)

A VISIT WITH DON TALAYESVA

Though my family had lived, too briefly, in Arizona, and though I had often seen and admired Hopi kachinas and Zuni hunting fetishes, I did not feel I had *met with* Pueblo peoples until December of 1966 when by accident I came upon Don Talayesva's overwhelming book *Sun Chief*, a Hopi man's autobiography, first published in 1940. My reading, nearly three years later, of the homage of the French surrealists to Talayesva and his book pleased me in its confirmation of my initial impression: that in its pages one comes into privileged contact with a rare and truly *sacred* mode of daily life, incomparably *achieved*, and bearing at its fullest the light one glimpses behind, for example, the Zen screen.

The concept of the sacred has been so ill-used in our culture that I must admit a certain hesitation before even enunciating it. A similar reticence, perhaps contrariwise, grips me when I attempt to describe the trip to Hopi country I made in February 1971. I thought myself *en route* elsewhere: suffice it to say that my first steps in the streets of Oraibi brought me closer than I have ever been, before or since, to knowing where I am going.

In Hotevilla, the most vital Hopi town, the kivas, like wells, push their way from world to world; like a broad glass blade, San Francisco Mountain, the kachinas' abode, is poised against the remote, habitable sky. In Hopi country the landscape abandons the gestures by which the peaks of the desert communicate, and has devised a mode of writing. At Powamu (Bean Ceremony) in mid-February Crow Mother appears, her glance banishing the vertigo it provokes, with a throw of fragments of midnight like dice against the dawn that hour by hour allows the earth's best-concealed messages to be read. San Francisco Mountain is a taproot for a light rivalling the sun and moon that enters the Hopi towns by way of the network of kivas . . .

In Walpi (First Mesa) the Black Ogres spread their metallic terror from door to door; in Shongopovi (Second Mesa) a child avails himself of the protection of a *paho* (a feathered wand, not unlike a talisman against the evil eye, in my view); at Hotevilla (Third Mesa) smoke pours from the kiva, clearing a path for the kachinas: masters of the gulfs of silence, guides in the corridors opened by night between the mesa-tops, crowds of lightning-men. Old men scatter cornmeal before them.

We visited other pueblos, then: Tesuque and Acoma in particular. Of Acoma I can write no more than that it presents one with a thrust into the unknown that must be experienced. The road from Acoma, too, leads back to my too-brief encounters with the elderly man who, near a house half stone-and-adobe, half green clapboard, a few yards from a kiva topped with freshly cut switches, answered with an extreme dignity to the name of Talayesva.

We spoke for some time; the gist of our conversation escapes me now. I offered, a little clumsily, a copy of ARSENAL. I was, perhaps, struck dumb by what Mary, gazing out Talayesva's window, discerned: that the ex-

min against the wall.
"Ready! Aim! Fire!"
* * *

We who are not inclined to overestimate the capacities of a limited-circulation journal are nonetheless determined to continue setting in motion a furious agitation in the minds of men and women. And we shall see to it that it becomes more and more furious — as well as more and more refined. Determined to carry our rage against bourgeois civilization to its outermost limits, we shall happily resort to every violence, every excess, every evil, to dispose of this despicable system of Christian dollars and capitalist common sense.

"How funny it'll be, don't you see," wrote Jacques Vaché to André Breton in 1918, "if this real New Spirit breaks loose!" Bear in mind that the surrealists were among those who *laughed* when the ridiculous John F. Kennedy got himself shot in the head. Ten years later our sense of humor is sharper than ever!

F.R.



PLATYPUS

44°5' LATITUDE NORTH

26° LONGITUDE EAST

By circuitous paths two texts by Rumanian surrealists happened to reach us and are published in this issue of ARSENAL: Virgil Teodorescu's study of Lenin and a poem by Gellu Naum. Unfortunately we have not yet succeeded in establishing contact with these comrades, and know very little of the current situation of surrealism in Rumania. Other European comrades inform us that although Teodorescu and Naum are unable to conduct surrealist activity as such (except for the publication of books of poems), they have nonetheless maintained fidelity to surrealist aims and principles in the most difficult circumstances.

Teodorescu and Naum entered the surrealist movement around 1940 and participated in what Jean-Louis Bédouin (in *Vingt ans de surréalisme*) has called the "frenetic" activity of the Rumanian group throughout the decade, until the Stalinization of the country prohibited further surrealist manifestations. They are among the five signers of the important Rumanian declaration, "The Nocturnal Sand," published in *Le Surréalisme en 1947* in Paris.

On the "PADILLA AFFAIR"

The passage of two years since the "Padilla affair" and its unfortunate sequels has diminished neither those events' significance nor the urgency and appropriateness of Octavio Paz's comments, which we publish below.

The persecution of Heberto Padilla, the slandering of K.S. Karol and other commentators on Cuban reality whose integrity is unimpeachable, the inane reply of Fidel Castro to the mildly critical letter of certain European, North American and Latin American intellectuals, well known for their unstinting solidarity with the Cuban Revolution, and, finally, the Cuban state's adoption of utterly retrograde standards for the development of creativity and morality among youth, have unambiguously illuminated the extent of deformation of the Cuban workers' state. These events make it impossible for even the most ecstatic convert to the chapel of St. Fidel to dismiss, as "isolated errors," the destruction of the Cuban Trotskyist cadre (1964), the invidious campaign against the revolutionary writer and veteran of the anti-Batista struggle Guillermo Cabrera Infante (1966), and the Cuban government's simultaneous acclaim for the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia and accommodation of the murderers Diaz Ordaz and Echeverría in Mexico and the leftish gangster Velasco in Peru (1968-70).

Furthermore, the crudity of Castro's accusation of cowardice against those revolutionary intellectuals (most of whom are prevented from living in their own countries by reason of their fidelity to the anti-imperialist cause) who had criticized the administration of intellectual divergences by a police apparatus, becomes grotesque when one considers that among the signers of the offending letters was no less than Carlos Franqui, a founder of the 26th of July Revolutionary Movement, coordinator of illegal propaganda during the anti-Batista struggle, and editor of REVOLUCION, official organ of the revolutionary government from 1959 to 1966. That Franqui, whose courage was amply tested by his acceptance of the revolution's most hazardous tasks, should now have to live in Europe, testifies eloquently to the present condition of fulfillment

pense of plain below Oraibi, psychically no less than physically, from sign to trap along the mesa, demands to be known and provides enough to be known, in a single step, to make every map and compass useless.

The air of Hotevilla, of Oraibi, of Acoma germinates an absolute liberty of the kind revealed to me a few weeks later by a Pomo boy, at the rancheria at Stewart's Point on the California coast, when I inquired the name of a river: "Any name you want to give it."

And the challenge, the irresistible challenge of smoke scented with piñon, pours from the kivas at Hotevilla.

Stephen SCHWARTZ

San Francisco / Chicago
30 March 1972

Postscript: The immense mesa upon which the Hopi communities are situated, Black Mesa, is now threatened with thorough exploitation/destruction by a cabal of strip-mining and power companies bent on supporting the collapsing false light of Los Angeles and Las Vegas. In defense of their culture, their land and its uses, the Hopis and other peoples in the area are conducting a campaign of resistance. Such campaigns need support. If you can, please send such sums as are possible to Thomas Banyacya, Hopi Speaker, Hotevilla, Arizona.



Anton KREKULE: "I was a daisy" (photograph, 1915)

WILD GLEE FROM ELSEWHERE

for Reinhoud

*Hard calloused dreams
Burst palefully
Through the seams of tasteless
Yesterday
Don't whine for help
Lie bleeding
Life is a perpetual sneeze
Listen to the screech of iron in the rocky
Vacuum
Of an eyeless
Socket
To the mouthless prayer of ambiguous men
Stretched out in anguish and surgical green
Listen
Sharpen your tongue on the soft white womb
Nestling in formol
Then all shouting done
Watch brittle sperm rain down like cheese
Collect the bubbles
Hustle sour winds up the sidewalk
Suck the fresh flesh of the ruby
Leave it screaming
No matter
Strange shallow dreams eat at random
And shriek not with age
Soundless laughter like the midnight sea
Will toil back to slumber
And there will the bodiless breaker unroll its metal
Dip thunder and vanish
In a thousand grim echoes
Far beyond the bloody swelling of a mother's breast
"Pardon me" said she dressed in small town bereavement
And Humpty-Dumpty closed a huge savage eye*

Joyce MANSOUR

of the revolutionary aspirations of the Cuban proletariat. In exchanging the costume of an ingenuous "friend of the people" for that of a Stalinoid cop Castro merely exposes the fragility of the pretensions he once enjoyed.

In affirming our unalterable solidarity with the Cuban masses in their resistance to U.S. imperialism and their struggle for socialism, we likewise recognize and affirm that the success of their struggle cannot be divorced from the defense and expansion (both internally and externally) of workers' democracy, of full freedom of expression within the Revolution. The future of the Cuban Revolution remains in the hands of the Cuban workers, for whom the seizure of power *for themselves*, and the overthrow of the Stalinist vermin and their petty-bourgeois henchmen, should suffice.

S.S.

★ ★ ★

The SELF-HUMILIATION of the UNBELIEVERS

The "confessions" of Bukharin, Radek and the other Bolsheviks thirty years ago, produced an indescribable horror. The Moscow trials combine Ivan the Terrible with Dostoy-



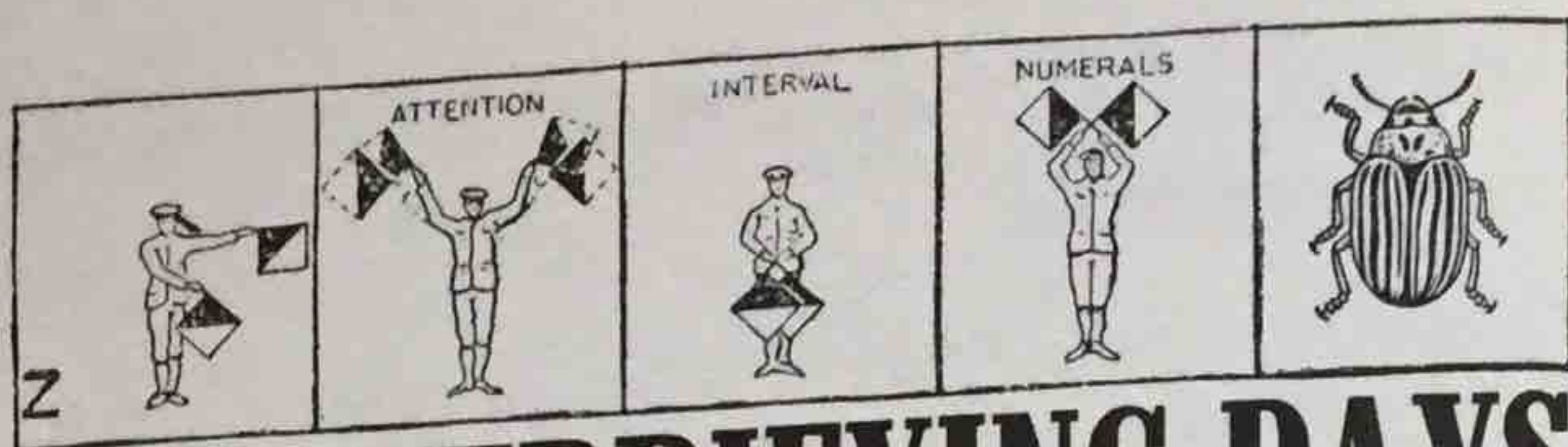
Conroy MADDUX: *The Mirror of the Marvelous* (collage/painting, 1971)

evsky, and Caligula with the Grand Inquisitor: The crimes of which Lenin's comrades accused themselves were immense and abominable. A transition from history as universal nightmare to history as literary gossip—the self-indictment of Heberto Padilla. And let us suppose Padilla speaks the truth and he really defamed the Cuban regime in his talks with foreign writers and journalists: Is the fate of the Cuban Revolution decided in the editorial offices of London and Milan literary magazines or in the cafés of Saint-Germain-des-Pres? Stalin obligated his opponents to declare their complicity in idiotic international conspiracies, supposedly to guarantee the survival of the USSR. The Cuban regime, to cleanse the reputation of its leadership, supposedly stained by a few books and articles casting doubts about its functioning, obliges one of its critics to announce his complicity in abject, and finally, insignificant politico-literary offenses. . .

Nevertheless, two common aspects should be noted: first, the obsession with foreign hands behind the least critical gestures, an obsession well-known in Mexico, where it is enough to recall the inquisitorial use of the little phrase "a partisan of exotic ideas"; on the other hand, the disturbingly religious tone of the confessions. Clearly, the self-sanctification of the leaders presumes as a counterpart the self-humiliation of the unbelievers.

All this would be merely grotesque were it not symptomatic of Cuba's drift in the fatal process that turns the revolutionary party into a bureaucratic caste and the leader into a Caesar; a universal process that demands that we examine with other eyes the history of this century. Ours is the time of the authoritarian plague. If Marx's critique was of capitalism, we must formulate a critique of the state and the contemporary bureaucracies, Eastern no less than Western, a critique which Latin Americans must complement with others of a historical and political order: a critique of the government of exception by the exceptional man; that is, a critique of the *caudillo*, that Hispano-Arab heritage.

Octavio PAZ
SIEMPRE!, 19 May 1971



THE TERRIFYING DAYS

(A Dream Tale)

You can hear the noise of the tournaments going on all day and all night now. Over the public address, from one end of the city to the other, you can hear the familiar voice bellowing, "The Green Knight now challenges the Red Knight!" Or some such. A crib with broken slats meets you at every turn of the sidewalk. The streets flow as though it were suddenly natural for stone and asphalt to just flow. You go into a bar. No one there, not even a bartender. The television is showing one of the tournaments and as the camera pans the grandstands, it is not people you see there. It is — voting machines.

Sit at a booth. Ah, a woman emerges from the lounge and walks to the end of the bar and leans there. Is she a barmaid perhaps, or a prostitute?

"By yourself today?"

"By myself every day."

"Can I have a drink?"

"Mercy. You can have mercy, if you've a mind to beg."

"Your room?"

"My . . . room."

The quarter where she lives is the one where all the headless people live. Some of them are on the streets and stoops. Others lean out of windows in a leisurely way. Mute? No. They speak in echoes.

"Cheap to live here," she says, "fifty souls a month. I give birth to the souls in one afternoon, usually on the 27th of each month. It is not too painful. . . ." We pass a huge gray bird, something like a crow, whose head towers out of sight. Blood is dripping in its vicinity like rain.

"Sad to see a child lost like that."

In her room there is no furniture, only a large cow, clumsily butchered, lying by the wall. She goes directly to the bathroom and slips down the commode quietly. You stand there. A beetle with an eye in its back scuttles down the wall a little and squirts something and scuttles again.

"The Silver Champion challenges the Master of Hounds!"

Night is falling in large flakes this evening. The sun drags its intestines across the bridge into the railroad barn. No trains, only a pile of swords.

You go to your window to speak.

The hallways are empty.

In the darkened lavatory you are pissing out of fear.

On your way out you pass the night clerk who is carving a face in his left knee to match the one on his right

For the tournament you have your testicles in a brown paper bag to throw at the villain.

Joseph JABLONSKI

UNPUBLISHED WORKS OF T-BONE SLIM

*EDITOR'S NOTE: T-Bone Slim was born Matt Valentine Huhta, of Finnish parents, presumably in Ashtabula, Ohio, around the turn of the century. As a young man he joined the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), the most important revolutionary workers' organization in U.S. history. Throughout his adult life he traveled ceaselessly around the country as an IWW organizer and hobo. Best known for his satirical songs (several of which are included in the IWW songbook) he also wrote a regular column for the IWW weekly INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY, and contributed frequently to other IWW publications, up to his death in 1942. His writing, characterized by wild humor and constant, almost oneiric, shifting of the subject, reveals his remarkable receptiveness to the most playful possibilities of language, and participates fully in that specifically poetic state of mind that undermines the barriers separating dream and action.**

Sensitive cars: (All the way?) —

If you have a sore foot (couple [3] toes smashed) walk on the pavement; sidewalks are too rough.

Automobile drivers will swear at you, of course, but you should not let that worry you; they're going to hell fast and can't stop to pick you up. It is not so much a habit to kill the remnant of generosity in them as a program to create a proper sense of humility in you.

Crusted independence survives; generosity perishes — and the chicks come home to roost.

All right Wilbur, my crutches!

The story of the soul uncrusht — It's the toes.

Robins have not uttered "cheer-up" since 1937, now that I remember.

Fourth of July explosions have been rare. Saving our powder for the several enemies that threaten?

Cop: "Were you uptown begging the town?"

Hobo: "No, God bless you officer, I was just uptown trying to steer that restaurant-keeper away from the poorhouse — and he appreciated it so much that he gave me an extra cup of coffee. Say, officer, do I look as if I need a birth certificate?"

Cop: "Tell the truth, I think you need a death-notice in all the leading papers — now get the hell off the Godgiven streets before the Fire Department runs over you!"

Run-over or run-in and so it goes?

The maximum age of 64 acceptable for compulsory military training coincides with the minimum age (64) acceptable in poorhouses and old gentlemen's homes, in some states.

Uncle Sam doesn't want to raid the pogeys or old folks' homes — to say nothing about graveyards or mausoleums — just all those that haven't had a chance to duck into the shelters.

* * *

Harvester Co., Chicago, goes in for profit-sharing. Steel declares a dividend in "common" — money rolling in like nobody's business.

¼ million was added to army of unemployed as of February last and — get this — attendance at the ballgames is expected to drop.

Displacement of labor continues apace — one man "tends" 2000 ton boat in New York harbor. Night and Day.

No, you don't have to organize?

You can go on relief and learn to sing communist hymns — recently Pittsburgh commies were brought up with a round turn for using the name of F.D.R. Hm, I once knew a man who thought himself Napoleon.

Nothing serious; just a bit of hysteria.

* * *

Darn this world anyhow — can't sleep and read at once. Can't sleep because the boys are fighting the war all over again, second-seeing the errors, terrors and tragedies of the past. If I lay down, those race-horses might step on me. Or I might get beaned by a baseball.

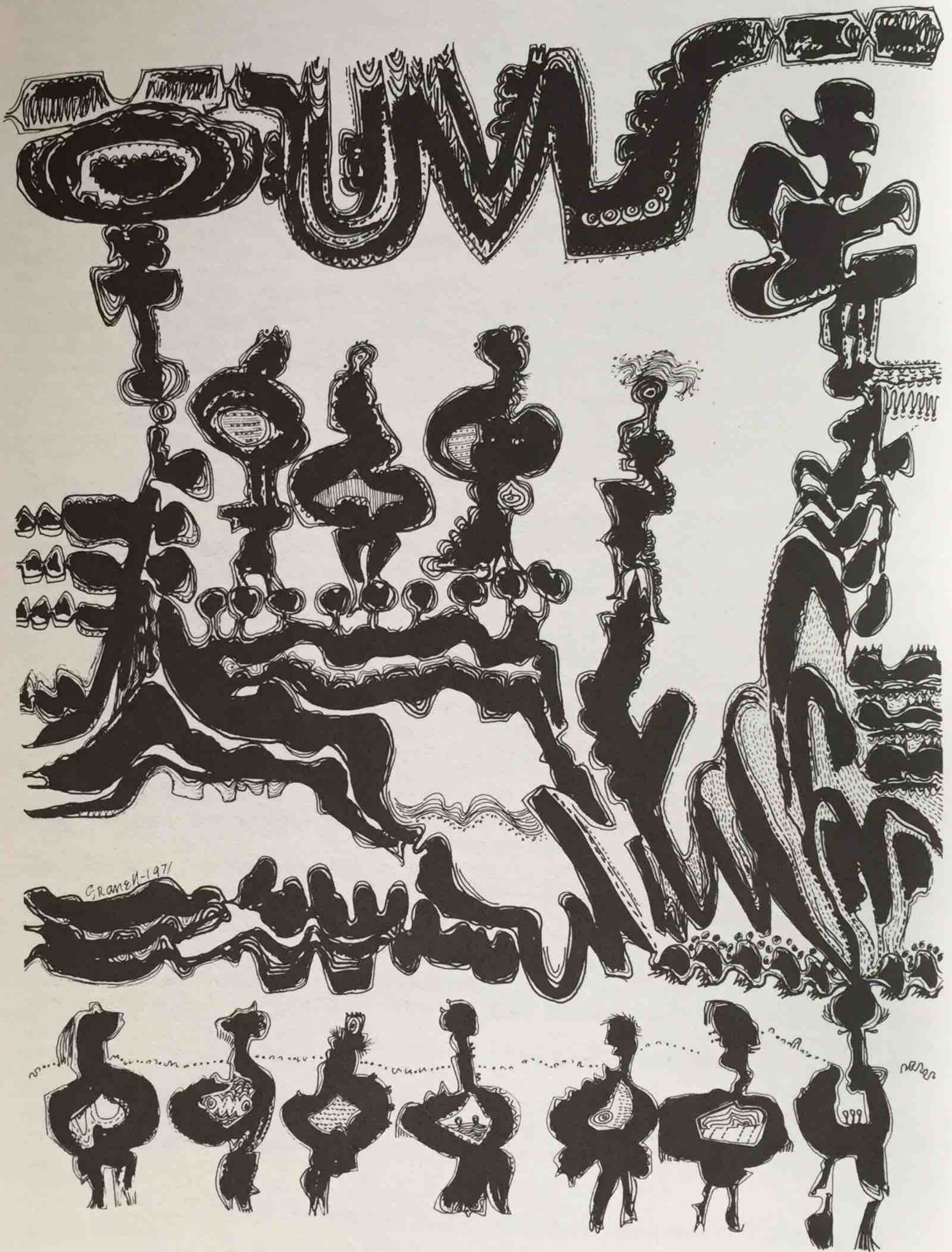
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Wherever you find injustice, the proper form of politeness is attack.

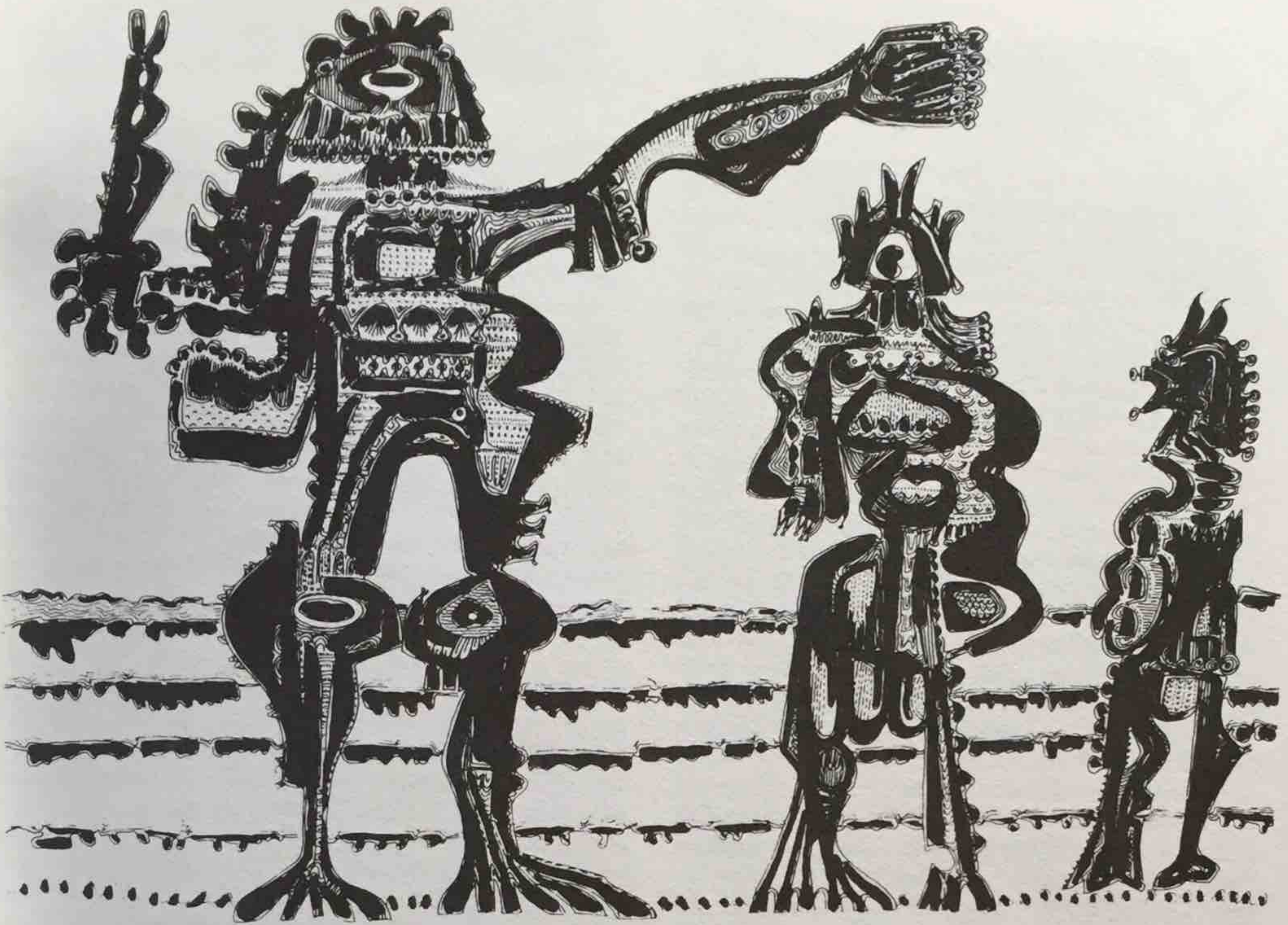
T-Bone SLIM

*Our thanks to Walter H. Westman, an IWW old-timer (and for many years the union's General Secretary-Treasurer) who, several years ago, permitted us to salvage a number of T-Bone Slim's original manuscripts from the disorder then prevailing at the Chicago IWW Branch headquarters. It is our intention to publish excerpts from these manuscripts from time to time in *Arsenal*, and eventually to publish an extensive selection as a book or pamphlet.

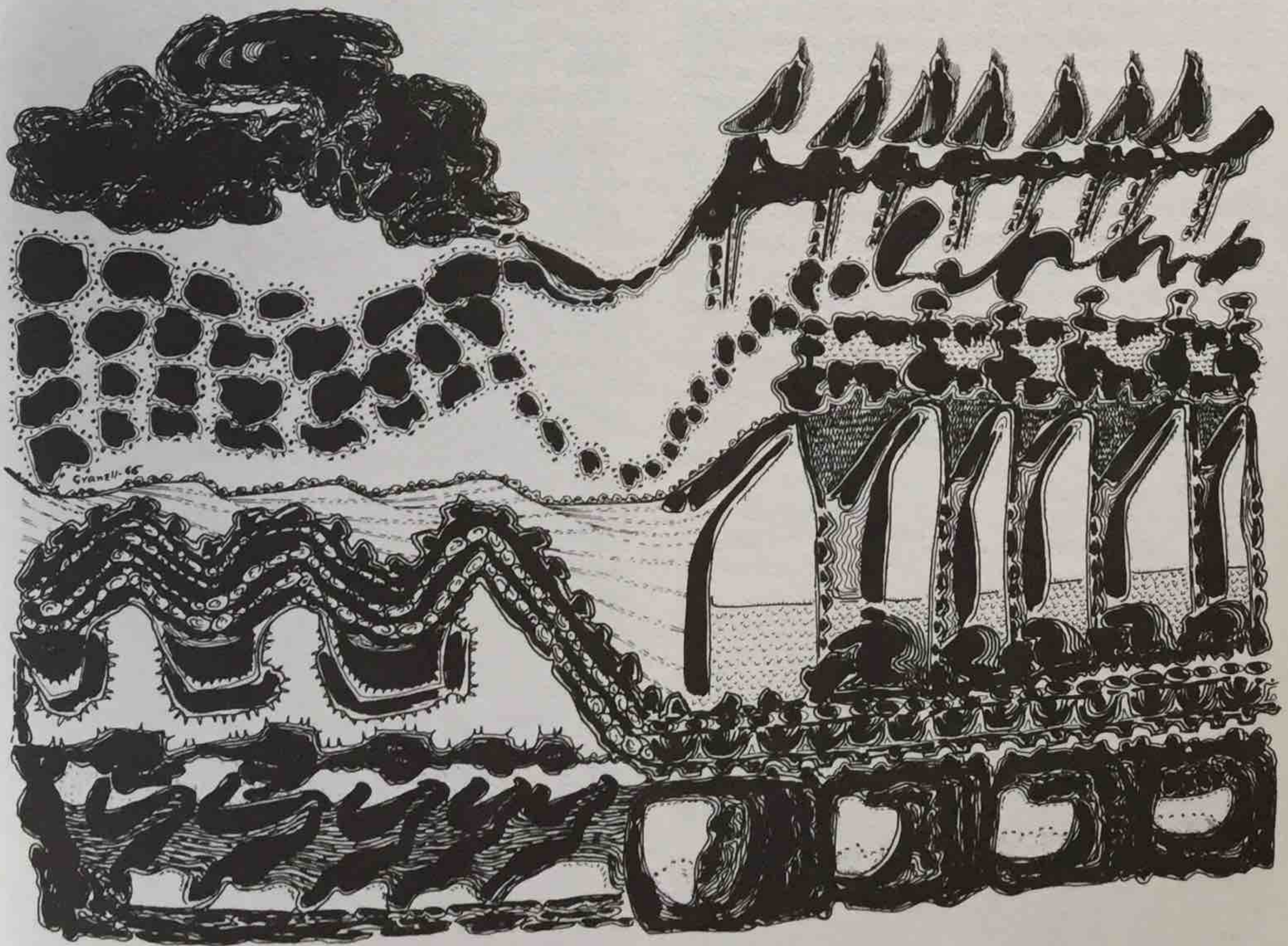
drawings by E. F. GRANELL



Sunday At The Park



The Warriors Are Furious



Snow Is Black

SURREALISM IN MARTINIQUE

In 1932 a group of Martiniquan blacks, sojourning in Paris, published a single issue of a surrealist journal, *LEGITIME DEFENSE*. Its principal animators were Etienne Léro, who also collaborated on *LE SURREALISME AU SERVICE DE LA REVOLUTION* and the surrealist issue of *DOCUMENTS 34*, and René Menil who, a decade later, co-edited (with Suzanne and Aimé Césaire) the surrealist journal *TROPICQUES*, in Martinique. Little has been written about this important early group in the international surrealist movement, partly because of its brief existence (its last public manifestation seems to have been in 1935) and because its journal has long been unobtainable, even in libraries (recently, however, it has been reprinted by the Kraus Reprint Corporation). Evidently the only published study of the *LEGITIME DEFENSE* group is the first part of Lilyan Kesteloot's *Les Ecrivains noirs de langue française: naissance d'une littérature* (Brussels, 1965).

Léro died in 1939 at the age of 30. A fine poet as well as a master polemicist, his work remains almost totally unknown, scattered in various obscure reviews. No collection of his poems or other writings has yet appeared. Sartre, in *Black Orpheus* (originally written as an introduction to Leopold Senghor's *Anthologie de la nouvelle poésie nègre et malgache de langue française*, 1948), refers to Léro only in passing and in condescending terms. This attitude — aside from the fact that Sartre is hardly a qualified judge of poetry — is perhaps explainable by the fact that in Senghor's anthology (which included the work by Léro on which Sartre based his judgment) Léro was represented by a sadly mutilated text. Senghor himself wrote of Léro's effort: "More than a review, *LEGITIME DEFENSE* was a cultural movement. Beginning with a Marxist analysis of the society of the West Indies, it discovered in the Caribbean the descendants of the Negro-African slaves held for three centuries in the stultifying conditions of the proletariat. Léro affirmed that only surrealism could deliver them from their taboos and express them in their integrity."

LEGITIME DEFENSE also included articles and poems by other members of the group, an excerpt from Claude McKay's *Banjo*, and, most notably, Léro's strident critique of West Indian poetry, cited as "one of the cornerstones of négritude" by Norman R. Shapiro in his anthology *Négritude: Black Poetry from Africa and the Caribbean* (1970). "The West Indian," wrote Léro, "crammed full of white morality, white culture, white education and white prejudices, displays the puffed-up image of himself in his little books of verse. The very reason for his entire social and poetic existence is to be a faithful copy of the pale-skinned gentleman. . . . 'You're acting like a Negro!' This is his indignant accusation whenever you give way, in his presence, to any natural exuberance. In his poetry, too, he tries not to 'act like a Negro.' He takes a special pride in the fact that a white man

MANIFESTO:

This is only a preliminary warning. We consider ourselves totally committed. We are sure that there are other young people like us who could add their signatures to ours and who — to the extent that it is compatible with remaining alive — refuse to adjust to the surrounding dishonor. And we are against all those who attempt, consciously or not, by their smiles, work, exactitude, propriety, speech, writings, actions and their very persons, to pretend that everything can continue as it is. We rise up here against all those who are not suffocated by this capitalist, Christian, bourgeois world to which, involuntarily, our protesting bodies belong.

In every country the Communist Party (Third International) is in the process of playing the decisive card of the Spirit — in the Hegelian sense of the word. Its defeat, impossible as we think it to be, would be for us the definitive "*Je ne peux plus*." We believe unreservedly in its triumph because we accept the dialectical materialism of Marx, freed of all misleading interpretation and victoriously put to the test of experience by Lenin. We are ready, on this plane, to submit to the discipline that such convictions demand.

On the concrete plane of modes of human expression, we equally and unreservedly accept

can read his book without ever guessing the color of his skin. . . . The foreigner can go through all this literature looking in vain for an original or meaningful accent, never finding a trace of the black man's sensuous and colorful imagination or the echo of the hatreds and aspirations of an oppressed people."

Others in the *LEGITIME DEFENSE* group also collaborated with the Paris surrealists. Pierre Yoyotte wrote on the significance of surrealism in the anti-fascist struggle for *DOCUMENTS 34*, and contributed to *LE SURREALISME A.S.D.L.R.* Jules Monnerot participated in surrealist activity for over a decade; his study, *La Poésie moderne et le sacré* (1945) was praised by Breton. (Later, however, Monnerot renounced his earlier views and defected to the extreme Right.)

If *LEGITIME DEFENSE* is finally beginning to receive attention from the historians of négritude and Pan-Africanism, its specifically surrealist character yet remains misknown, distorted or ignored. We publish here a translation of its opening manifesto, not merely to correct this historical omission, but above all to contribute to the clarification of the poetic/theoretical perspectives of the American black cultural movement that has already given the world the marvelous and revolutionary works of Peetie Wheatstraw, Memphis Minnie, Victoria Spivey, Elmore James, Yank Rachell, Johnny Shines, Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, Charles Mingus, John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, Sun Ra, Cecil Taylor, Pharoah Sanders, Joseph Jarman, Anthony Braxton — and countless others — and from which wonders undreamt of are yet expected.

LEGITIMATE

DEFENSE ★★★

surrealism to which, in 1932, we relate our becoming. We refer our readers to the two *Manifestoes* of André Breton, to the complete works of Aragon, André Breton, René Crevel, Salvador Dali, Paul Eluard, Benjamin Péret and Tristan Tzara. It must be said that it is one of the disgraces of our time that these works are not better known everywhere that French is read. And in the works of Sade, Hegel, Lautréamont, Rimbaud – to mention only a few – we seek everything surrealism has taught us to find. As for Freud, we are ready to utilize the immense machine that he set in motion to dissolve the bourgeois family. We are moving with sincerity at a furious pace. We want to see clearly into our dreams and we listen to their voices. And our dreams permit us to see clearly into the life that has been imposed on us for so long.

Among the filthy bourgeois conventions, we despise above all the humanitarian hypocrisy, this stinking emanation of Christian decay. We loathe pity. We don't give a damn about sentiment. We intend to shed light on human psychic concretions – a light related to that which illuminates Salvador Dali's splendid, convulsive, plastic works, where it seems sometimes, suddenly, that love-birds could be ink-bottles or shoes or little bits of bread, taking wing from assassinated conventions.

If this little journal, a temporary instrument, breaks down, we shall find other instruments. We accept with indifference the conditions of time and space which, by defining us in 1932 as people of the French West Indies, have thus settled our boundaries without at all limiting our field of action. This first collection of texts is particularly devoted to the West Indian question as it appears to us. (The following issues, without abandoning this matter, will take up many others.) And if, by its content, this collection is addressed primarily to *young* French West Indians, it is because we think it is a good idea that our first effort finds its way to people whose capacity for revolt we are far from underestimating. And if it is aimed especially at young *blacks*, this is because we believe that they especially have had to suffer from capitalism (outside Africa, witness Scottsboro) and that they seem to offer, in that they have a materially determined ethnic personality, a generally higher potential for revolt and for joy. For want of a black proletariat, to whom international capitalism has not given the means to understand us, we speak to the children of the black bourgeoisie; we speak to those who are not already killed established fucked-up academic successful decorated decayed endowed decorative prudish decided opportunist; we speak to those who can still accept life with some appearance of truthfulness.

Having decided to be as objective as possible, we know nothing of each other's personal lives. We want to go a long way, and if we expect much from psychoanalytic investigation, we do not underestimate (from those acquainted with psy-

choanalytic theory) pure and simple psychological confessions which, provided that the obstacles of social conventions are removed, can tell us a great deal. We do not admit that one can be ashamed of what he suffers. The Useful – social convention – constitutes the backbone of the bourgeois "reality" that we want to break. In the realm of intellectual investigation, we pit against this "reality" the sincerity that allows man to disclose in his love, for example, the ambivalence which permits the elimination of the contradiction decreed by logic. According to logic, once an object with an affective value appears, we must respond to it either with the feeling called love or with the feeling called hate. Contradiction is a function of the Useful. It does not exist in love. It does not exist in the dream. And it is only by horribly gritting our teeth that we are able to endure the abominable system of constraints and restrictions, the extermination of love and the limitation of the dream, generally known by the name of western civilization.

Emerging from the French black bourgeoisie, which is one of the saddest things on this earth, we declare – and we shall not go back on this declaration – that we are opposed to all the corpses: administrative, governmental, parliamentary, industrial, commercial and all the others. We intend, as traitors to this class, to take the path of treason as far as it will go. We spit on everything that they love and venerate, especially those things that give them sustenance and joy.

And all those who adopt the same attitude as we, no matter where they come from, will be welcome among us.*

Etienne LERO, Thélus LERO,
René MENIL, Jules-Marcel MONNEROT,
Michel PILOTIN, Maurice-Sabas QUITMAN,
Auguste THESEE, Pierre YOYOTTE.
(1932)

(translated by Paula Wissing)

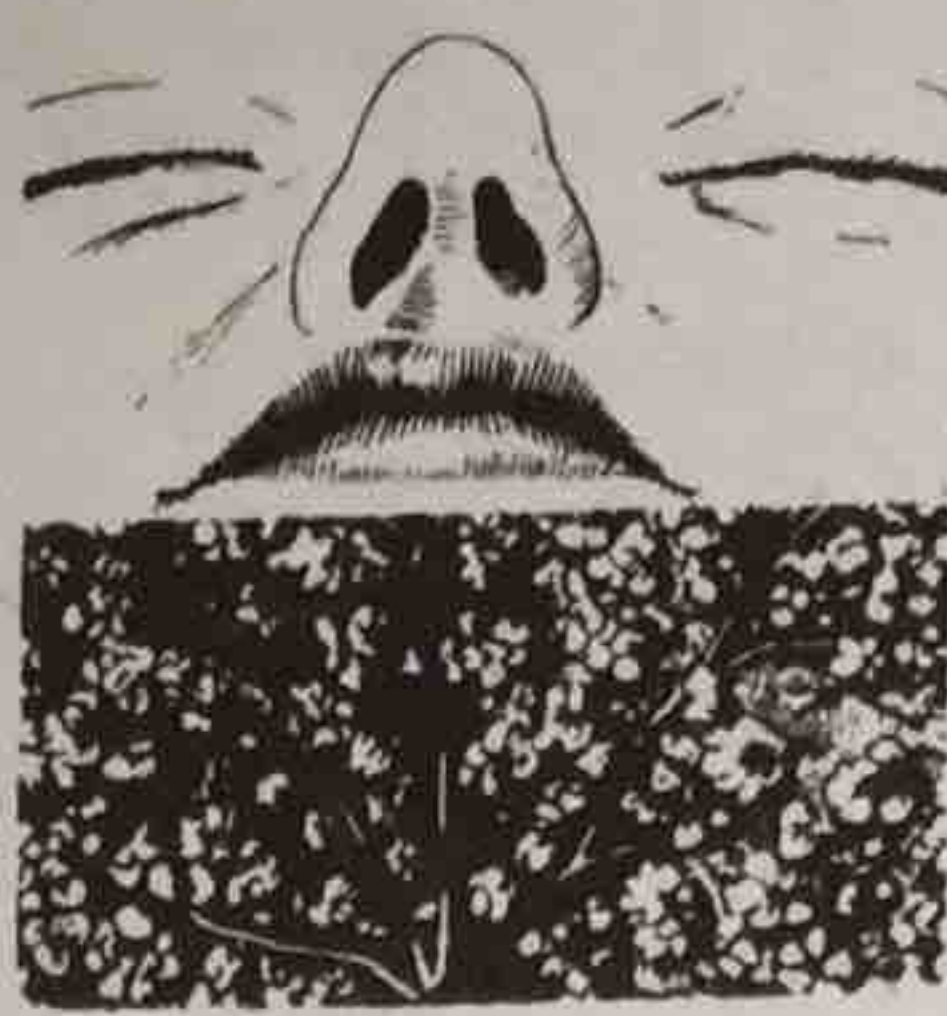
*If our critique is purely negative here, if we do not propose any positive efforts in place of that which we mercilessly condemn, we excuse ourselves on the grounds that it was necessary to begin – a necessity which did not enable us to await the full development of our ideas. In our next issue, we hope to develop our ideology of revolt.

The Letter X

We had intended to include in this issue of ARSENAL a summary of the responses to the inquiry published in the first issue (What role does the letter X play in your life? Which extinct animal would you most like to reappear, and why? What should be done with the White House?). Space limitations, however, require that publication of this summary be postponed till the third issue.



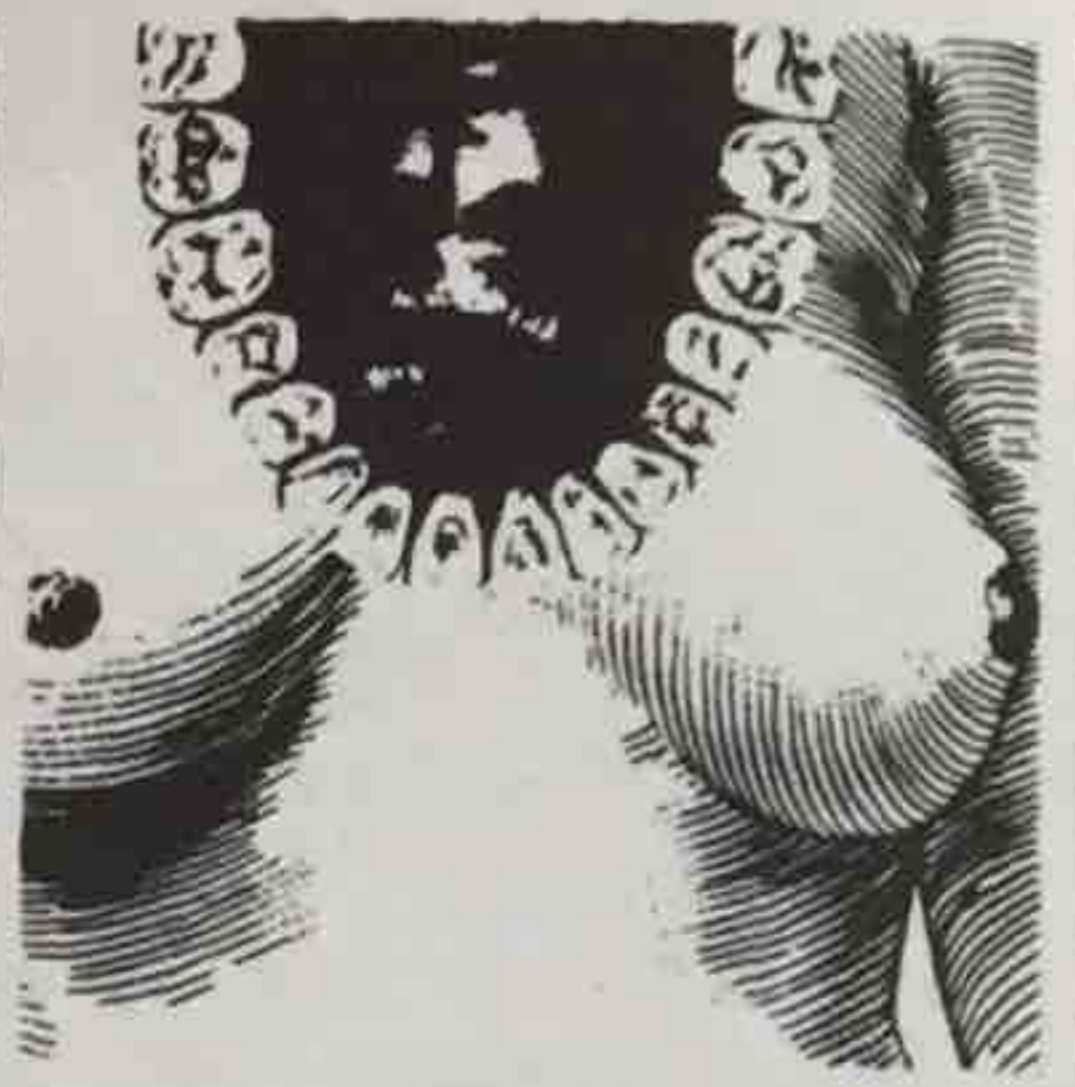
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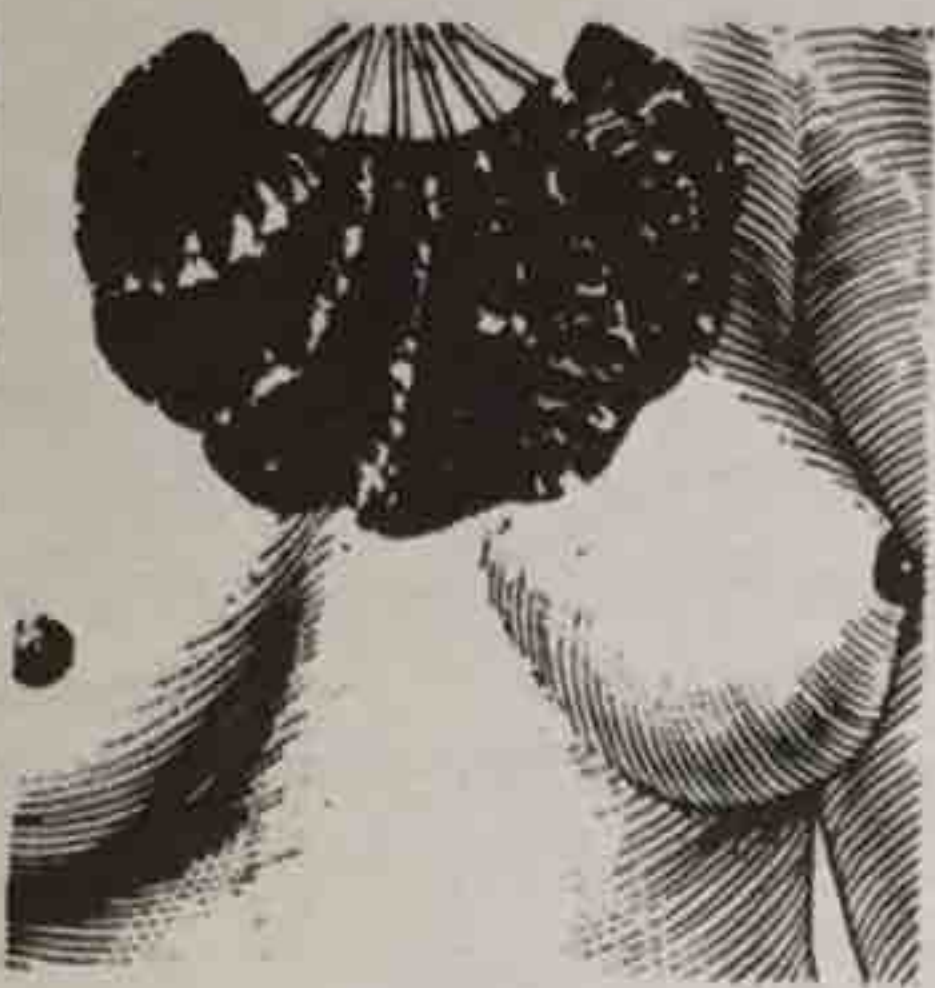
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3 GALA



4 TERESA



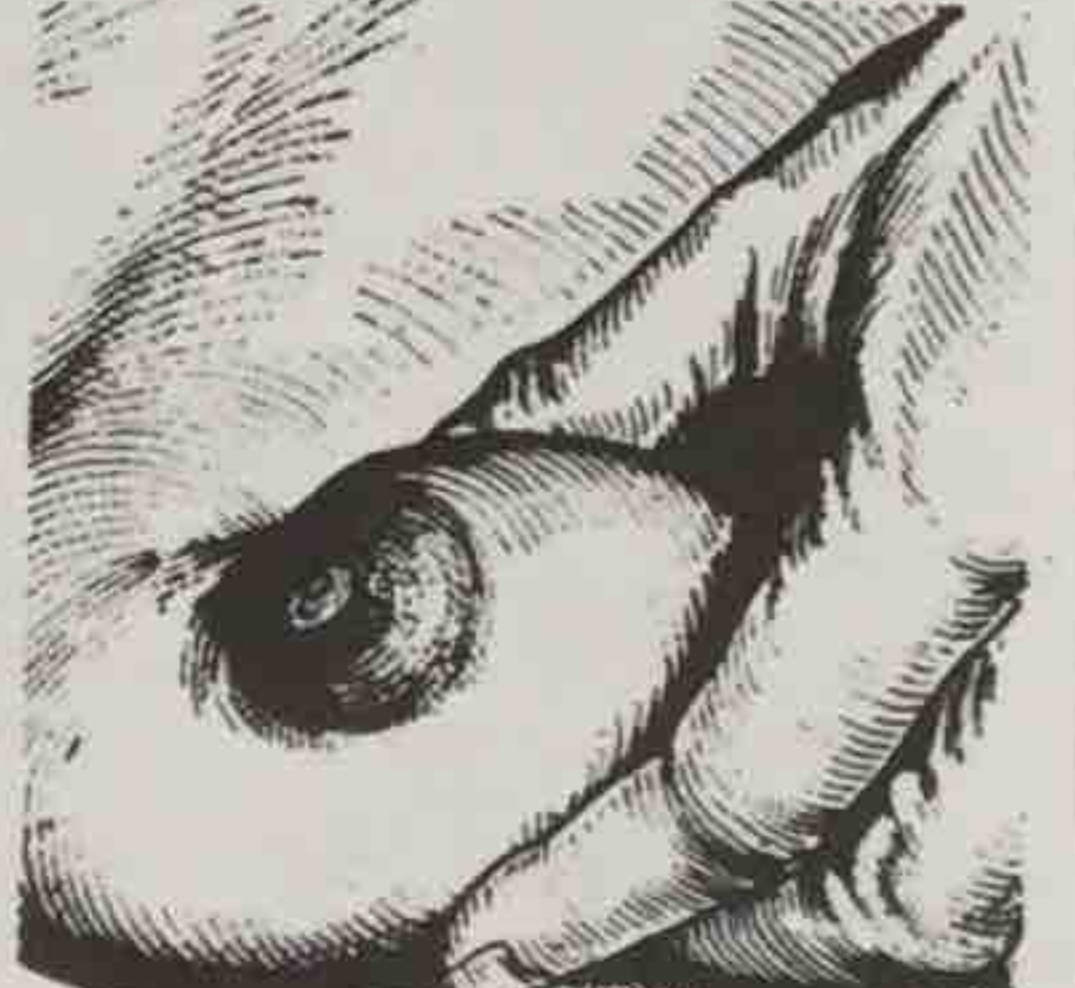
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6 FLORA



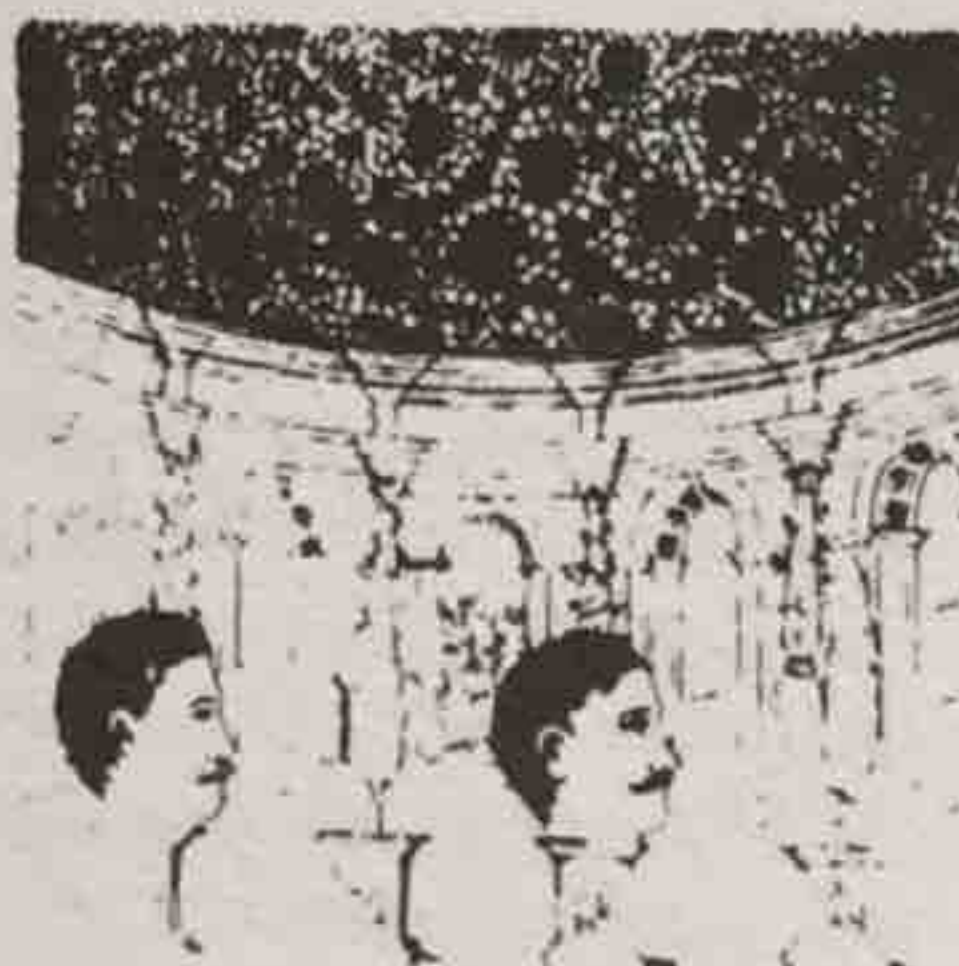
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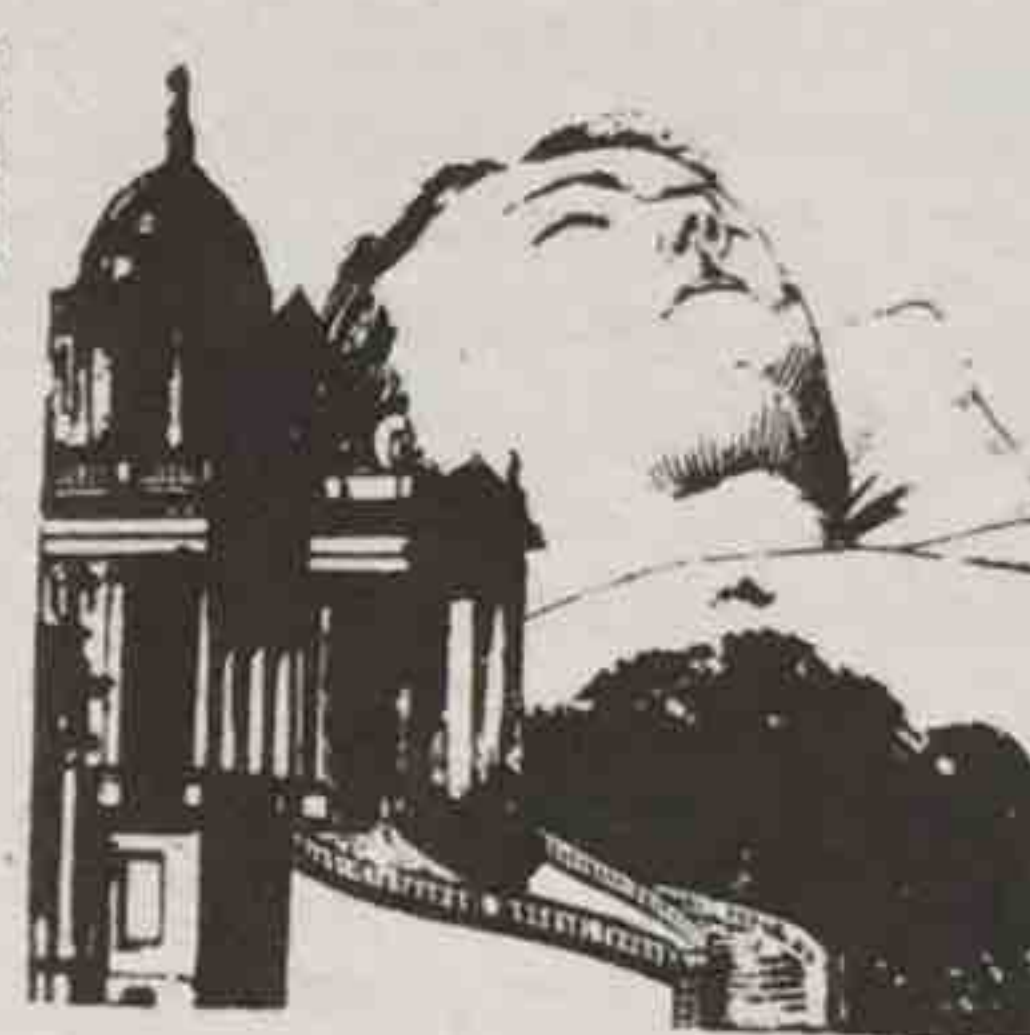
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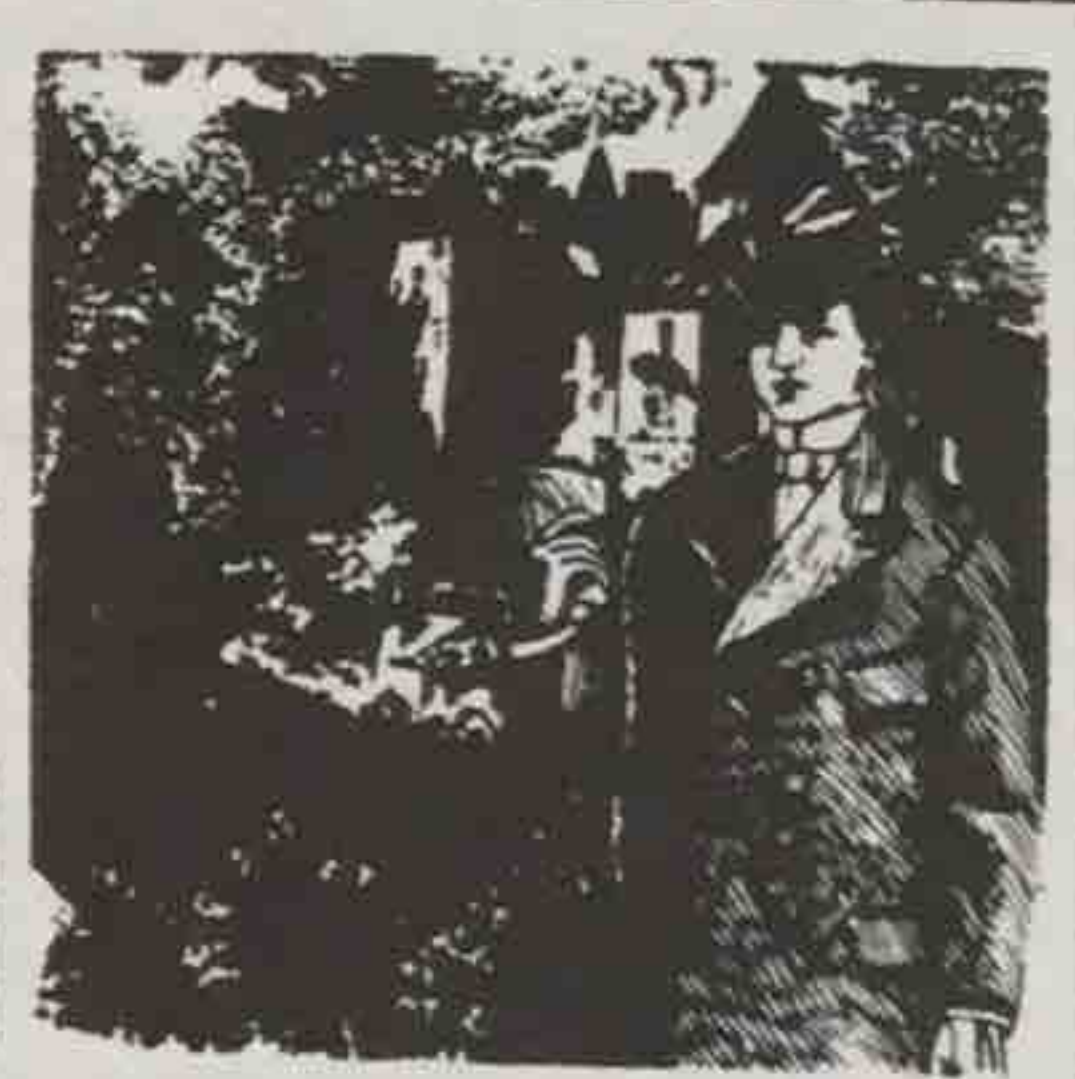
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2 BLAISE



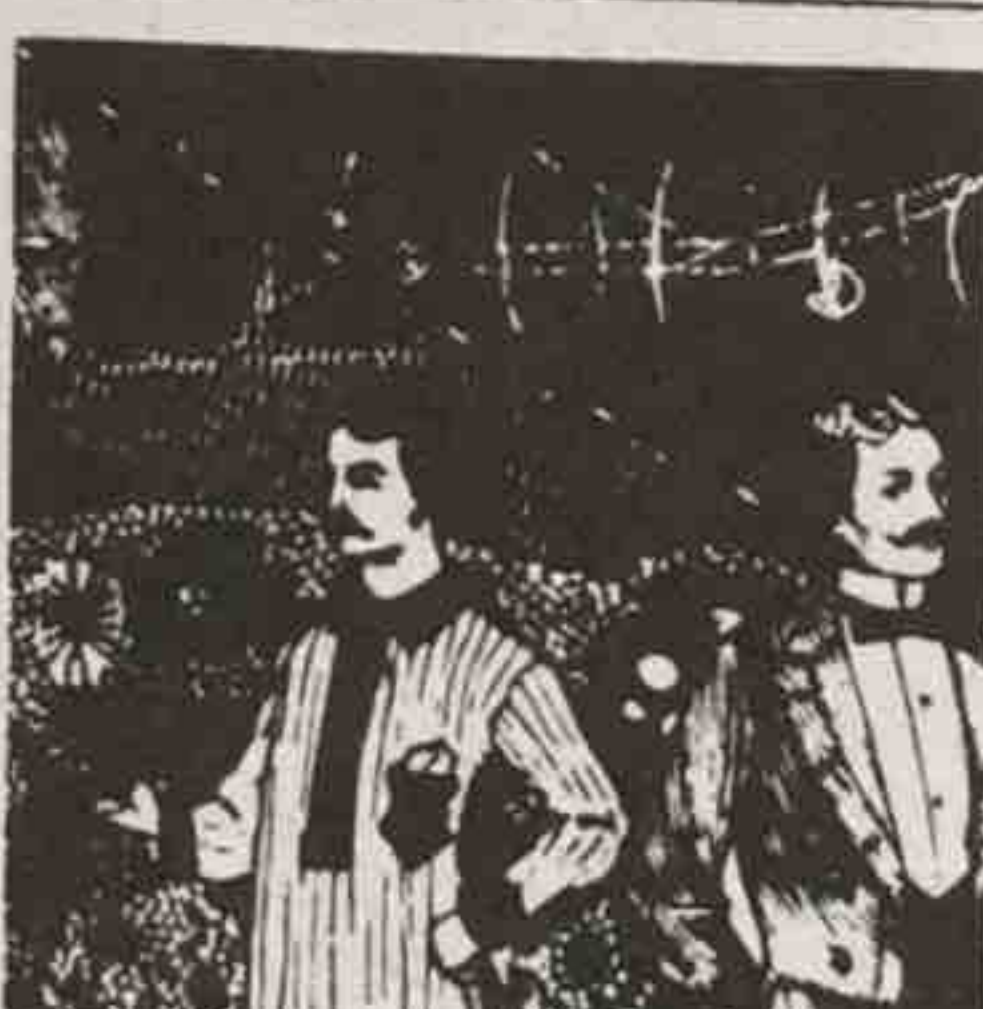
3 NICK



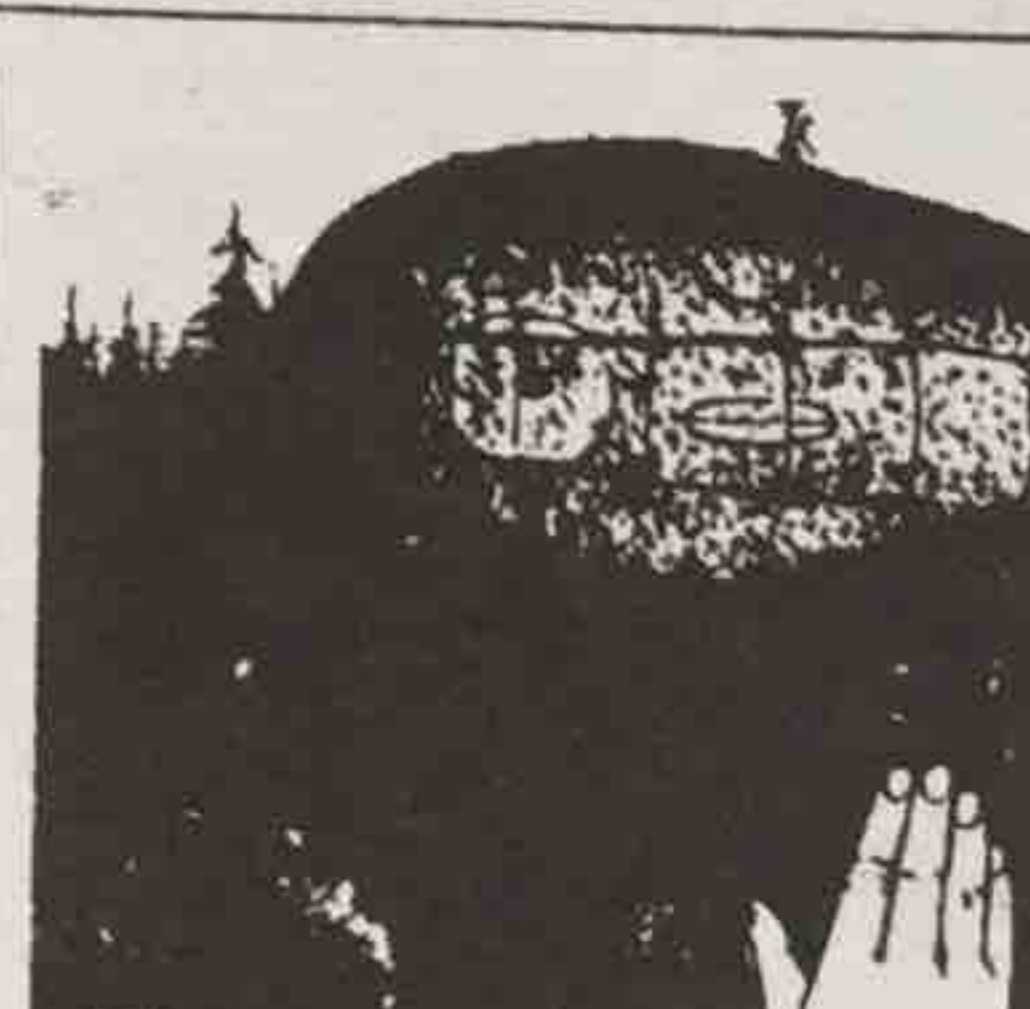
4 BLACK DOUGLASS



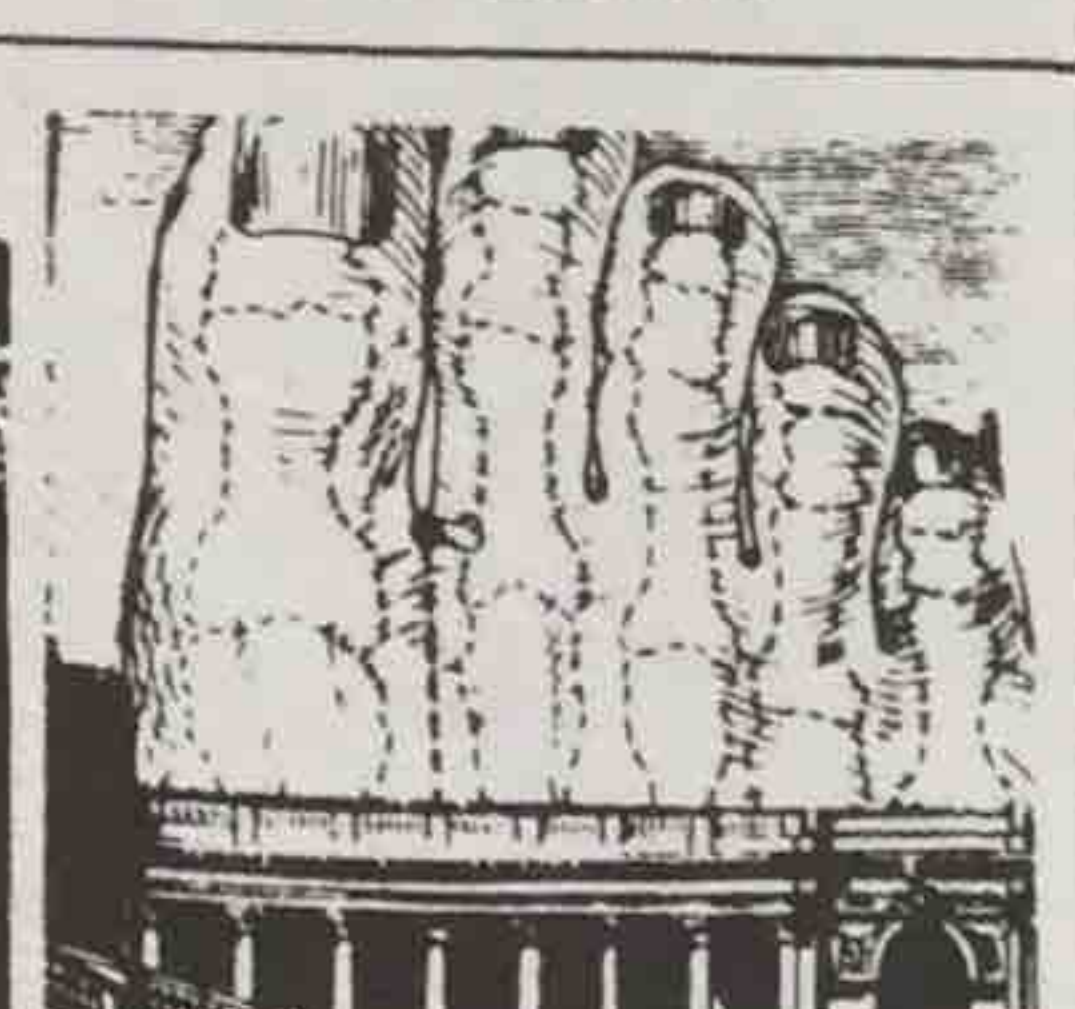
5 MARC ANTOINE



6 THE RED TWINS



7 GUILLAUME



8 ANSELME

Guy DUCORNET and RIKKI: from *The New Lotto Game*

THE NEW LOTTO GAME

This New Lotto Game is composed of eight cards on pumpkin or gray stock, and of sixty-four tallies on white stock. Cut out the eight cards. Cut out the sixty-four tallies. Depending on the number of dreamers, distribute one or more cards to each. Put aside the unused cards and their corresponding tallies. Place the tallies on the table, face down, and mix them up. The Game Leader (or one of the dreamers) takes one of the tallies and announces its name. The dreamer who has the card where the tally is represented places it on the corresponding square. The first dreamer whose card or cards are covered is the winner and may close his or her eyes. Thus children begin the discovery of the dreams that dwell in the five corners of the world.

Guy DUCORNET and RIKKI

André Breton by Anna Balakian

A Review

André Breton: Magus of Surrealism by Anna Balakian (Oxford University Press) has received wide acclaim. Reviewers who know nothing except where their money comes from have hailed the book's "important discoveries" and "original insights." As if this were not bad enough, the critics unanimously maintain the unforgivable pretense that Anna Balakian is a "convinced partisan" of surrealism. It is therefore all the more necessary to expose this "biographical study" for what it is: a compendium of gross falsifications, wretched gossip, absurd interpretations, malicious insinuations and errors of all kinds.

Anna Balakian has long enjoyed a reputation in this country as an "authority" on surrealism. But this latest work betrays, from cover to cover, her incomprehension of even the most elementary surrealist aims and principles, as her earlier efforts had done. Her first book, *Literary Origins of Surrealism* (1947), carried an infamous subtitle: "A New Mysticism in French Poetry." In *Surrealism: Road to the Absolute* she argued that "the post-war works of Aragon and Eluard give clear evidence of the aesthetic continuity of surrealism," that "the surrealist state of mind prevails in the majority of these writings." One could hardly cite, in the critical literature, a more reprehensible fabrication. Of the patriotic, Stalinist verse penned by Aragon and Eluard after their break with surrealism Benjamin Péret wrote that it did not rise even to the level of pharmaceutical advertising.

It is significant, too, that in the first edition of *Surrealism: Road to the Absolute* (1959) Péret's name figures only twice, and only in passing. In the revised edition (1970) Balakian notes that "of all the surrealists, Benjamin Péret has least caught the attention of critics and scholars," and, by way of compensation, adds a few pages about him, riddled with misinformation. She tells us, for example, that "the revolutionary spirit described by Péret is one of noncommitment." It happens, however, that he participated actively in revolutionary organizations from the mid-1920s to his death in 1959, when he was collaborating with Grandizo Munis on a book with the hardly noncommitted title, *For a Second Communist Manifesto*.

It is sufficiently clear, then, that Anna Balakian has demonstrated over a long period a disturbing failure to grasp even the rudiments of what is at stake in the surrealist adventure. She must therefore be regarded as completely disqualified from writing authoritatively on André Breton. It is true that, in her own peculiar manner, she evidently admires Breton; frequently she writes of him in a tone approaching adoration. But her infatuation matters little, just as it matters little that she has read most of Breton's writings and conducted interviews with many people who knew him. The point is that she has understood nothing. Her "enthusiasm" for Breton is nothing more than a variety of academic

degradation. This is revealed on the first page, on which she speaks of "the three André"—Gide, Malraux and Breton. For Anna Balakian, Professor of French and Comparative Literature, enthusiasm for Breton means to reduce his work to literature.

For us, André Breton always will transcend the miserable limits imposed on him by the critics. His destiny, turned toward the polar star, will always stand as an unparalleled example of integrity, lucidity, audacity. The triple cause of freedom, love and poetry that inspired his entire life will continue to repel the trespassers whose sole aim is self-aggrandizement. I see no reason to tolerate even for a second the convention which permits a few pompous fools in search of a career to specialize in directing vainglorious gibes at men and women whose lives and work remain unimpeachable. How many fourth-rate triflers have achieved such dubious successes on the academic plateau by this parasitical attachment on the truly great! How many scholarly or journalistic mosquitoes have been set loose, time and again, on the works of Marx, Freud and, more and more frequently, Lautréamont. Now, it seems, it is the turn of the works of André Breton to be subjected to these petty afflictions. At the present moment, because of the ignorance in this country of everything having to do with André Breton and surrealism, it is necessary to maintain an exacting vigilance to dispel the confusion wrought by these "authorities."

* * *

There is no point in trying to enumerate all of this book's errors and deficiencies. It suffices to prove that Anna Balakian does not know what she is talking about; that she carelessly and constantly abuses and makes a mockery of the very standards of traditional scholarship she pretends to respect. Let us examine some of her "discoveries" and "insights."

In Chapter 3 she presents seemingly strong evidence that an early, decisive and enduring influence on Breton, and on surrealism generally, was the work of Dr. Pierre Janet, a prominent French psychologist of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. No other observer, least of all Breton himself or any other surrealist, has acknowledged this influence—which seems of such importance to Anna Balakian, however, that her book contains more references to Janet than to Freud. One would think that at this late date the profound influence of Freud on the origins and development of surrealism was beyond argument. Breton's entire work—or the work of other surrealists—leaves no room for doubt in this regard. But Balakian, to enhance her "discovery" of Janet, does not hesitate to speak of "the limitations of the influence of Freud," adding that "Janet, unlike Freud, did not stop at clinical analysis; he concluded his case studies with a magnificent poetic synthesis about the human condition." Finding Freud

guilty of "scientific detachment," she heralds Janet as "a source nearer to André Breton." Let us note that her statement, "Breton refers to Janet frequently in his writings," is demonstrably false. But why does she refrain from quoting, or even acknowledging, Janet's remark on surrealism as quoted in the *Annales Medico-Psychologiques* (November 1929), that "the surrealists' writings are chiefly the confessions of obsessed persons and doubters"? Janet's "ridiculous statement," as Breton called it, contributes a touching commentary on the "magnificent poetic synthesis" which so dazzles Anna Balakian. It is also perhaps worth recalling Janet's assessment of Raymond Roussel, author of *Locus Solus*, *Impressions of Africa* and other works. The surrealists regard Roussel as an exemplary poetic figure; his works, according to Breton, are "pure of all concessions." For Janet, however, Roussel was merely a "poor little sick man."

The simple truth is that the influence of Janet on the origins of surrealism was negligible. The psychological event of greatest significance in those years was the theory of Freud, of which Janet, in company with the great majority of academic psychologists and psychiatrists then and now, was an opponent.

Equally without foundation is Anna Balakian's belief that the works of the French hermetic philosopher Eliphas Levi influenced "the structure of Breton's poetic analogies from *Les champs magnetiques*," that is, as early as 1919. Again, in her blind effort to make discoveries, Anna Balakian makes only mistakes. Breton's interest in Levi came, in fact, about a decade later.

All critics fall into the traps set out by the *umore* of Jacques Vaché, whose influence on Breton—as Breton himself insisted—probably exceeded all other influences. Balakian tries to escape the difficulties posed by Vaché by pretending they do not exist.

One can scarcely resist laughing out loud when she wonders "to what degree the image of Vaché was a figment of Breton's imagination." When she adds on the next page, "It is hard to imagine a man, as intellectually oriented as Breton, so fervently involved with Jacques Vaché," and again when she asks, "Was not Vaché an invention?" and finally, when she describes Vaché as a "rather ordinary youth," one perceives yet more clearly the impoverished depths of ineptitude from which this "leading authority" draws her critical "insights."

Far more insidious are her efforts to undermine the significance of Breton's *Nadja* by shifting it onto the plane of fiction, repeatedly advancing allegations against Breton's honesty. "One wonders how far the things that Breton makes *Nadja* say . . . are as authentic, as 'documentary' as his own reactions," she writes. She pretends even to find parallels between some of *Nadja*'s experiences and behavior and the case history of a patient of Janet's named Nadia. Balakian declares that "the poetization of the irrational world of *Nadja* is Breton's rather than that of the little, uneducated waif he met by chance," and proceeds to say that a quotation from *Nadja* ("the blue and the wind") has "the

quality of a surrealist sentence rather than of a wandering mind." Aside from the slander against Breton implicit in this whole chapter, it should be noted that Balakian reveals here near-total ignorance of surrealist thought. For her, eternal barriers exist between the "elite" of poets and the "uneducated" others. The surrealists, on the contrary, challenge these barriers and mercilessly criticize the reactionary ideology that upholds them.

Concerning the authenticity of *Nadja*, no problem exists outside the pretentiously critical mind of Anna Balakian; actual letters from *Nadja*, now in possession of Elisa Breton, prove the Balakian accusations to be wholly false.

From fallacious evaluation and veiled insinuation to outright derision, of course, is but a single step, which Anna Balakian ventures more than once. How else could one describe her unfounded and ridiculous contention that Morgan le Fay, the celebrated figure of Celtic legend whose apparition illuminates Breton's poem, *Fata Morgana*, is "identifiable also perhaps with the statue of Notre Dame de la Garde that dominates Marseilles"? It should hardly be necessary to recall that it is to Breton that we owe the surrealist slogan, *GOD IS A PIG*, which says everything that has to be said about religion. Yet there are those who persist—Anna Balakian is among them—in efforts to blunt the ferocious anti-religious quality of Breton's works. By emphasizing what they like to call the "spiritual" aspects of surrealism, and employing a method of insipid allusion and distorted half-truths, they find some "common ground" on which surrealism and religion are supposed to meet. To these liars and scoundrels Breton replied unmistakably in *Entrétiens*: "Nothing will ever reconcile me with christian civilization." It is absolutely unthinkable, in any case, that he could have been "inspired" by any religious monument.

Spurious "discoveries" and gross defamations do not exhaust the catalog of Balakian's confusion. They are in fact subsidiary aspects of the *total incomprehension* which characterizes the entire work. Nor is this incomprehension confined to surrealism alone. The references to Hegel, Marxism, psychoanalysis and hermetic philosophy evidence an equally astonishing ignorance of even basic theoretical premises. One may glean the value of her long-winded discussion of surrealism and politics, for example, from a single passage in which we are told of "the dialectical materialism of Hegel . . . the pragmatic applications of Marx . . . and the humanistic thought implementations of Lenin and Trotsky." The *materialist* Hegel, the *pragmatic* Marx, the *humanists* Lenin and Trotsky: These three strikes, alone, should be sufficient to retire Balakian from the field of serious consideration.

Again, when she asserts that Breton, unlike Sartre, never "made the United States the target of his attacks," going so far as to suggest that he "immunized, as it were, against attack, the country to which he felt profoundly grateful"—because he lived here in exile during World War II—one sees a classic example of the dangers of impressionistic sentimentality. It is true that

Breton did not indulge in foolish diatribes against the U. S., as did Sartre. But this was not because of any fondness for this country; it was rather because surrealism was and remains consistently internationalist, in line with Marxist perspectives of world proletarian solidarity. That the surrealists never ceased attacking American capitalism, imperialism, racism and other institutions of the "land of the dollar" may be seen by even a cursory perusal of surrealist reviews. The mindless and uncritical anti-American ravings of Sartre, on the contrary, were pathetically xenophobic, in accordance with the ideological requirements of the Soviet bureaucracy during a particular period of the Cold War, when French existentialism placed itself in the service of the Stalinist counter-revolution.

It is worth adding a final note regarding Balakian's method of research. She writes: "When in 1925, eight years after the Soviet Revolution, Trotsky's work on Lenin reached Paris, Breton had it published in *LA REVOLUTION SURREALISTE*." She implies that Trotsky's book had taken a long time to reach Paris, although it appeared originally in Russian in mid-1924. But what is important is this: Trotsky's *Lenin* is a volume of some 200 pages; it was *not* published in *LA REVOLUTION SURREALISTE*: The text entitled *Leon Trotsky: Lenine* (p. 29 of *LA REVOLUTION SURREALISTE*, No. 5, 1925) is not an excerpt from Trotsky's work but a *review* of it by Breton. Ob-

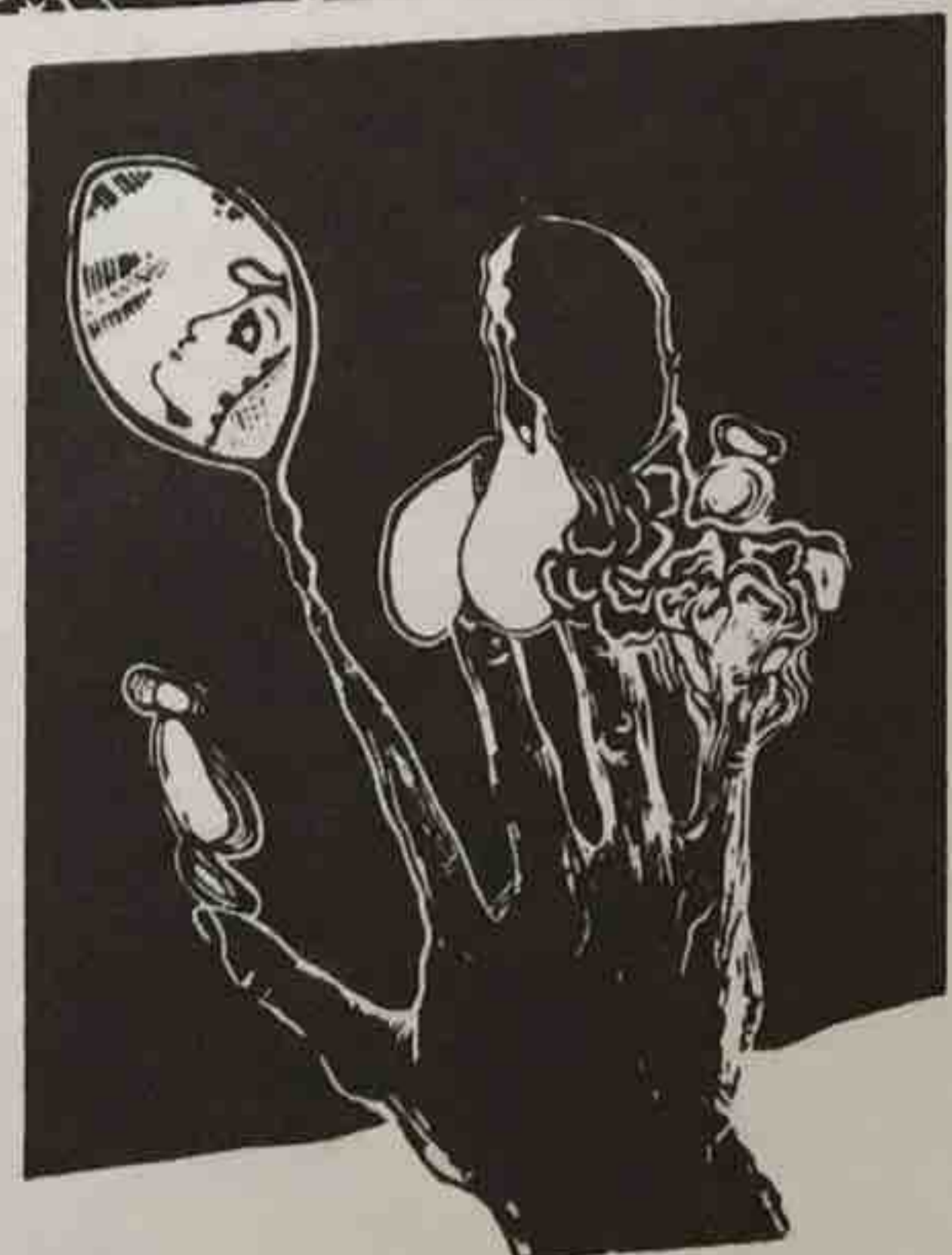
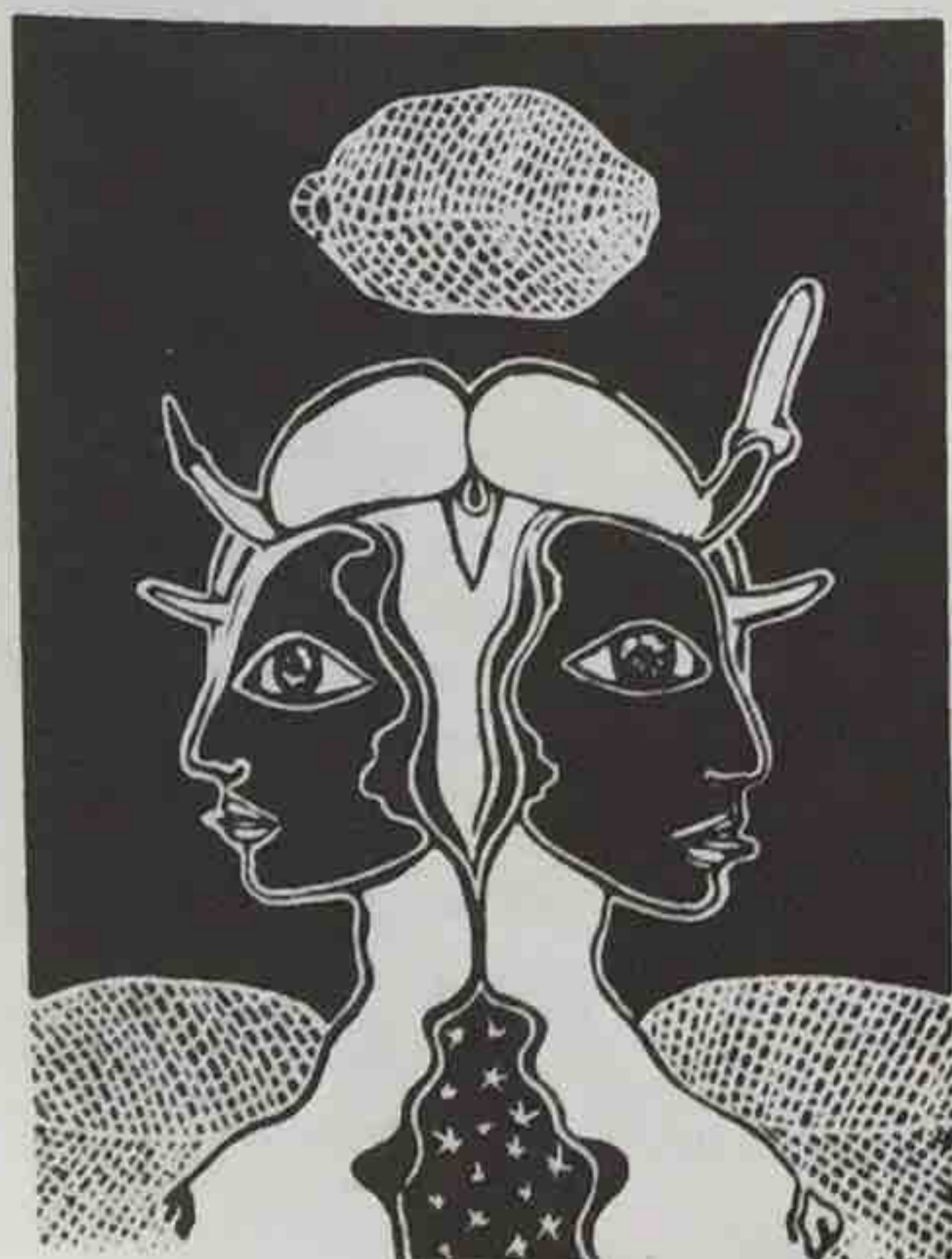
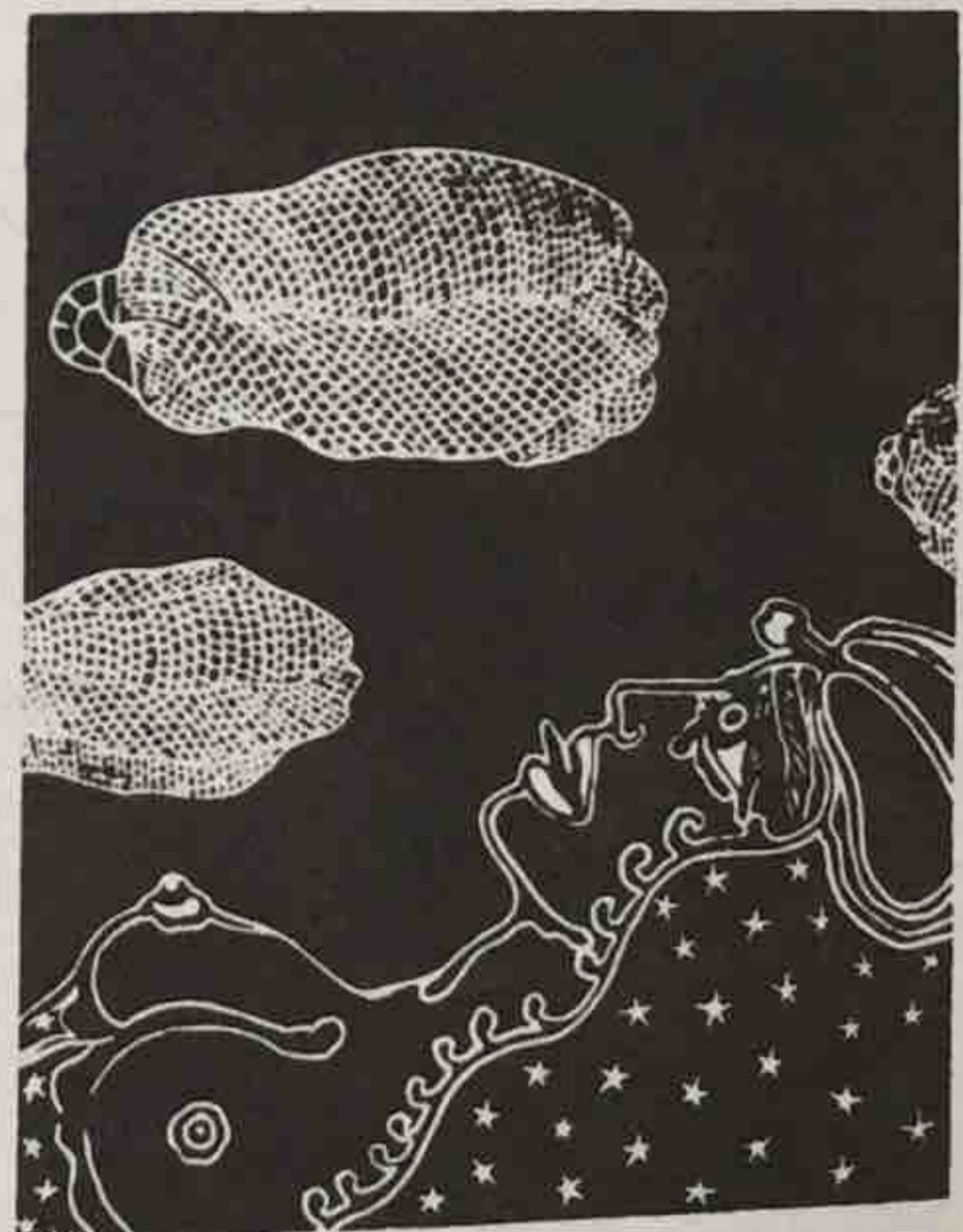
viously Balakian was content merely to glance at the title of the article. One must bear in mind that this was the book that introduced Breton and the surrealists to Marxist thought, to the spirit of the October Revolution; it was a major and even determining influence.

* * *

It has long been the fate of revolutionary innovators to be violently denounced by the ruling ideologists of their time, only to be posthumously taught in the schools and subjected to repulsive "honors" staged by the scum of officialdom. The fundamental task today is not only to retrieve their authentic teachings from the falsifiers and epigones but above all to advance on the path of revolt and of revolution, the only path that can lead to a situation in which freedom will be substantially more than the most beautiful of all ideas and the most resonant word in all languages.

A serious full-length study of Breton's life and work could contribute appreciably to the elaboration of the surrealist project. Several studies in French—notably those by Philippe Audoin, Jean-Louis Bédouin and Julien Gracq—are useful in this connection. But nothing comparable exists in English. Anna Balakian has written a hopeless travesty. A significant biography of André Breton has yet to appear.

F.R.



RIKKI: *Phenomenology of the Pineapple* (linocut, 1971)

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



VOL. V. No. 20

COMMISSAR TROTSKY

The Kremlin was cold
(See Page 10)

MAY 18, 1925

"The struggle for revolutionary ideas in art must begin once again with the struggle for artistic truth . . . in terms of the immutable faith of the artist in his own inner self. Without this there is no art. 'You shall not lie!' — that is the formula of salvation. . . . In our epoch of convulsive reaction, of cultural decline and return to savagery, truly independent creation cannot but be revolutionary by its very nature, for it cannot but seek an outlet from intolerable social suffocation. But art as a whole, and each artist in particular, seeks this outlet in ways proper to himself — not relying on orders from outside, but rejecting such orders and heaping scorn on all who submit to them."

— Leon TROTSKY

(excerpts from a letter to
André Breton, 22 December 1938)

RECENTLY PUBLISHED WORKS OF TROTSKY

The salutary, irreducible genius of Leon Trotsky is disputed today only by outright reactionaries, incurable ignoramuses and the usual gang of idle chatterers who prefer "radical" fads and postures to unadorned revolutionary truth. The rigorous evaluation of Trotsky's ideas, meanwhile, remains an urgent task of our time, impeded though it is on all sides by bourgeois academicians and pro-Mao liberals, by anarchist oversimplifiers and Stalinist falsifiers, as well as by too many ill-informed zealots of the various sects contending for the mantle of Trotskyist "orthodoxy." It should be added that we are far from having Trotsky's complete works at our disposal: entire books (such as the three-volume military study, *How the Revolution Armed Itself*), numerous essays, speeches and short articles have never appeared in English translation. In these times when countless confusionists noisily engage themselves in non-stop competition, the publication of certain previously untranslated or uncollected works by Trotsky must be recognized as a significant event in the becoming of freedom.

ON LITERATURE AND ART

Leon Trotsky on Literature and Art (Pathfinder) is especially welcome at this moment, when the perfumed lucubrations of the late and unlamented Lukacs and the crude populist pontifications of the persistently invidious Mao monopolize the completely idiotic discussions of "Marxist aesthetics." Trotsky's irrefragible dialectics provides an effective antidote to this poisonous miasma of Stalinist garbage. A "Marxist aesthetics," of course, does not and cannot exist, and Trotsky's superiority to all those who have tried to contrive such a bureaucratic-metaphysical chimera is demonstrated by the fact that his poetic and artistic preoccupations (and this is true also of Marx and Engels) lay entirely elsewhere.

As he rather modestly explained in his superb essay, "Art and Politics in Our Epoch," Trotsky was concerned primarily with "posing the problem correctly." He was concerned, that is, first and last, with *human freedom*, with the reconstruction of social reality on communist foundations which, as he wrote in *Literature and Revolution*, "will develop all the vital elements of contemporary art to the highest point," so that "the average human type will rise to the heights of an Aristotle, a Goethe, or a Marx. And above this ridge new peaks will rise."

Trotsky here, without in the least sacrificing Marxist rigor, picks up the venerable thread of utopian inquiry — it is not accidental that he greatly admired Fourier. And it is not only his thorough grasp of the realities of the class struggle but also his vision of the limitless possibilities of communist life that made it impossible for him to succumb to the abject deceit of "proletarian art" or other philistine evasions. Woe unto those who pretend that "poetry made by all" signifies merely that under communism everyone will write poems! Revolutionary poetic

activity occurs as much outside and against the framework of aesthetics as the workers' councils function outside and against the framework of existing political institutions. The proletarian revolution — that is, the abolition of class society — will permit humanity, for the first time, to confront the human condition in all its dimensions. The well-known combat alliance between Trotsky and the surrealists was based to a considerable extent on their agreement on this fundamental point.

This collection includes the discourse "Class and Art"; the celebrated manifesto written in collaboration with André Breton (and one of Trotsky's letters to Breton); two essays on Tolstoy; beautiful short texts on Sergei Esenin and Vladimir Mayakovsky; warm appreciations of the *Autobiography of Mother Jones* and Jack London's *Iron Heel*; and several other texts. It is occasionally exasperating to see how seriously Trotsky considered certain fly-by-night poltroons — Céline, for example — while he ignored far greater writers such as Crevel and Péret. But even in essays devoted to authors now deservedly forgotten or scorned one finds memorable traces of the lucidity, the sensitiveness, the audacity that make Trotsky, in the opinion of many, the finest Marxist since Marx.

This volume actually includes only a small portion of Trotsky's writings on literature and art. Hopefully his early essays on Nietzsche, Zola, Ibsen, Ruskin, Maupassant, Herzen, Belinsky, Dobrolyubov and others will be included in a later collection. Meanwhile, a number of significant texts are available in other volumes: an essay on Gogol in *The Basic Writings of Trotsky* (Vintage); a communication on "The Party's Policy in the Field of Art and Philosophy" in *Writings 1932-3* (Pathfinder); "Revolutionary Art and the Fourth International" in *Writings 1938-9* (Pathfinder); and a remarkable essay, "Vodka, the Church and the Cinema" in *Problems of Everyday Life* (forthcoming from Pathfinder).

F.R.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST FASCISM

In the U. S. we have recently observed the reactivation of the American Nazi Party, the rise of the Jewish Defense League and confusion regarding the presidential campaign of Alabama governor George Wallace. In Italy the Sicilian regional assembly elections of 13-14 June 1971 registered the gains of the fascist Movimento Sociale Italiano, which captured 13.9% of the total vote, up from 8.2% the year before. Recent events in Chile, Bolivia, Britain, Ireland and West Germany clearly delineate the inevitable slide toward Bonapartism on an international scale. In the fundamental life and death questions of Bonapartism, Fascism, and War, the bourgeoisie has learned more from the class struggles since 1929 than has the workers' movement.

The Struggle Against Fascism in Germany (Pathfinder) unites nearly all of Trotsky's

brilliant and incisive writings on the subject: one full book, three long essays and twenty other pamphlets, articles and letters. Having analyzed this new social phenomenon since its inception, Trotsky—fighting in exile with only a few scattered comrades around him; hunted by all the united forces of reaction; repeatedly exiled and denied asylum by the “democracies”; a price in rubles on his head and the only public political trials in the Third Reich being organized against his followers—marshalled all his forces both personal and political for a fight to the knife against the barbarity of “national socialism.” In his unflinching combat against the degeneration of the Third International and for the united front against fascism, Trotsky had to slice through the *near total* confusion surrounding the social pathology that is fascism: confusion stretching from the bourgeoisie and their fascist allies to Social Democracy and the Stalinists. These writings stand as an adamant monument to struggling humanity, unblemished against the lies, slanders and vilification surrounding his cause and his unheeded call.

Fascism as an international phenomenon introduced certain structural changes that prefigure significant features of capitalist economy today. That fascism conducted initial experiments and carried important lessons for the subsequent course of bourgeois economy is startlingly realized in Trotsky’s *Marxism in Our Time* (also from Pathfinder Press). Trotsky’s writings on fascism are therefore not simply a penetrating scientific analysis of some dead and transitory historical phenomenon, but in fact a prognosis and—a warning.

1905

The present historical moment, eve of the impending socialist revolution in these United States, reveals at one and the same time the total disarray of the workers’ movement and the unique availability of the highest theoretical acquisitions of scientific socialism, the distilled essential lessons of prior battles in the class struggle.

On the one hand, nearly every avowedly socialist organization is today pursuing a variant of “community control,” touting a *segment* of the “oppressed” as the “new vanguard”; or, when it dares blusteringly to speak of workers, does so only in the narrowest sense of *trade unionists*, i.e., only 20 per cent of the entire workforce of North America. These narrow and particularist conceptions, reflecting a slavish worship of the accomplished fact, merely represent the class as it is, the class-in-itself. In organizing around these concepts instead of their transcendence, the Left reveals its essentially bourgeois ideology and unfitness for revolution: the “old” Left having forgotten more than it ever remembered, and the “new” Left exhibiting in its infancy all the signs of advanced senility.

On the other hand, the publication of Trotsky’s *1905* (Vintage), for the first time in English, makes available a revolutionary classic directly pertinent to immediate problems. Reiterating that “the immediate aim of the com-

munists is the same as that of all other proletarian parties: formation of the proletariat into a class, overthrow of the bourgeois supremacy, conquest of political power by the proletariat” (Marx and Engels, *The Communist Manifesto*), Trotsky brilliantly exposes and analyzes the day-to-day molecular process of the formation of the Russian proletariat into the class-for-itself, a class conscious of itself as a class, in the heat of the forge of the mighty events of 1905 in the aftermath of the Russo-Japanese war. Overthrowing the narrow organizational bonds which serve as the material vehicles of bourgeois ideology in times of quiescence (churches, nationalist parties, trade unions, etc.) the Russian proletariat organized itself into the only vehicle proper for its “formation . . . into a class, [its] overthrow of the bourgeois supremacy [and its] conquest of political power” — soviets, workers’ councils.

As an exposition of this entire process, from united front to workers’ councils and the seizure of power, and of the class-for-itself concept of organizing (a basic tenet of scientific socialism), Trotsky’s *1905* is comparable only to *The Mass Strike, the Political Party and the Trade Unions* by Rosa Luxemburg. The reading and assimilation of these texts is but a necessary preliminary to the realization of freedom, the triumph of the human spirit.

Peter MANTI

THE YOUNG LENIN

Leon Trotsky’s *The Young Lenin* (Doubleday) is far more than a brilliant study of the developing personality of a man who transformed man’s future. It is more than an expression of deep love and respect by the man who alone seemed, at one time, to grasp the full reality of Lenin’s role as leader of the Bolshevik Party. It is a valuable and incisive account of and confrontation with the ideological trends preceding the emergence of Marxism in Russia. It is a stern rebuke to those who, for various motives, seek to reduce comrade Lenin to the level of a Stalin, a Mao, a Castro — to equate an eagle and a flea.

Recently, while discussing Lenin, the following proposal occurred to me: that the anniversary of Ilyich’s birth be commemorated by a performance of Shakespeare’s *Tempest* in which the various characters would be made up and costumed as the principal figures in the exile of Leon Trotsky: Trotsky as Prospero, Stalin as Antonio, Lenin as Ariel, etc. The backdrop for such a performance would be a set of revolving reproductions of works by Matthias Grünewald, Giorgio de Chirico, Arshile Gorky; musical accompaniment would include Charlie Parker’s *Ornithology*, Thelonious Monk’s *Brilliant Corners*, John Coltrane’s *Vigil*. A book such as Trotsky’s *Young Lenin* is comparable only to such works as these.

S.S.



PANGOLIN
Robbing a white ant's nest.

HOMAGE TO MAGLOIRE-SAINTE-AUDE

Though it happened in May 1971, I did not learn of the death of my friend Clement Magloire-Saint-Aude until almost three months had passed—it was during the weekend when, as hurricane Edith neared the Gulf Coast, the deeply moving revolt erupted at Attica, N.Y. It would be absurd for me to deny that I discern in the juxtaposition of such supposedly unrelated events the *magnetic dialectics* of Afro-American civilization that Magloire-Saint-Aude himself embodied so forcefully.

About him much more needs to be written: This modest personification of *black lightning* remains one of the very greatest of poets, a master of humor and revolt, of the storm within the word. For now let suffice a rereading of an entry in an old journal of mine, parallel to the day when I first communicated with Magloire Saint-Aude,

Visiteur en guide ovale de nuit

Et

En habits de gala de lord sans crane.

"August 6. It was the hottest day of the year. About 4 in the afternoon I stopped by the headquarters of the Socialist Workers Party and

bought the latest INTERCONTINENTAL PRESS, noting, on the headquarters wall, an enormous poster depicting the founder of the Red Army, caricatured as a long-whiskered lion pouncing on the counter-revolutionaries.

"I went home, and found an answer from Magloire-Saint-Aude in the mail. As I began reading it, the power went off. I thought the fuses needed changing, and went down into the cellar. Entering the low-ceilinged room I was momentarily stunned by the density of the light streaming through the small, dirty windows. It resembled the light in Mayan and Aztec ruins, and seemed to give me a glimpse of how the house would look at the end of another three hundred years. I noticed my black cat, Trotsky, stock still as if meditating, under one of the windows. Coming closer I distinguished the object of his stare: a single human hair, very long, auburn, caught in the splintered sash and fluttering in and out of the light. I was able to affirm that this hair was from the head of my loved one, Mary. It turned out the power-failure was city-wide."

S. S.

THE TEL QUEL SCHOOL OF FALSIFICATION

The French review TEL QUEL, devoted to "Literature/Philosophy/Science/Politics" and largely derived, theoretically, from various schools of structuralism and the "thoughts" of Mao Tsetung (whom TEL QUEL is fond of quoting in the original Chinese), has attracted no followers, nor even any serious attention, in the U.S. TEL QUEL specializes in a form of sophisticated cretinization which enables it simultaneously to proclaim its solidarity with world communism and to publish William Burroughs, Jean Genet, Ezra Pound, degraded obfuscations of Lautréamont, and a vast quantity of incredibly pompous and demagogic literary criticism which it pretends has something to do with Marxism-Leninism. In taking sides with the so-called "socialist" camp, TEL QUEL means, of course, the bureaucratic apparatuses which destroyed the Communist International of Lenin and Trotsky and which continue to perpetrate, on an international scale, a vicious counter-revolutionary caricature of Marxism.

Such grotesque intellectual confusionism would not be worth mentioning were it not for the fact that almost half—48 pages out of 104—of its 46th issue (summer 1971) consists of a series of degenerate polemics against surrealism, or, more specifically, against what TEL QUEL calls the "new diffusion of surrealist ideology" today. Noting that the present resurgence of surrealism far exceeds the sporadic renewals of the past, TEL QUEL unleashes a popular front of false criticism and slander against the entirety of surrealist aims and principles, and particularly against surrealism's association with Trotsky, its reliance on Hegel, its conception of dialectical materialism, its utilization of Freudian theory and its interest in F. W. H. Myers' researches into psychic automatism.

TEL QUEL'S judgment is that surrealism "appeared" to be on the Left in the 1920s and 30s but reappears today "on the Right." This sort of "criticism" is made in such bad faith that it requires no reply. Nothing is clearer than that the current resurgence of surrealism parallels and is indissolubly linked to the resurgence of militancy in the working class. The struggle for surrealism today is an indispensable component of the class struggle on the side of the workers' councils. Just as surrealism finds irreplaceable material weapons in the proletariat, so the proletariat will increasingly find *miraculous weapons* in surrealism.

TEL QUEL, however, prefers the resurrection of Joseph Djughashvili Stalin, whose counter-revolutionary bureaucracy continues to oppress the workers of the "socialist" countries and to stabilize the world regime of the imperialist bourgeoisie. TEL QUEL'S infatuation with Maoism and other variants of Stalinism is sufficient proof that its program represents merely a *pseudo-negation* of capitalist society, characteristic of petty-bourgeois intellectuals who, feeling compelled to criticize the bourgeoisie which restrains them, nonetheless recoil with far more fear and trembling from the power of the workers. For TEL QUEL, as for many other anti-proletarian academicians and journalists, the Stalinist bureaucracies are a readymade savior.

A more recent example of TEL QUEL'S anti-surrealist effort—a tract titled *Down With Surrealism, Long Live the Vanguard*, dated May 1972—adds to its earlier libels only a little foaming at the mouth. The "new vanguard" proclaimed by TEL QUEL, as Jean-Louis Bédouin noted in the fifth issue of the BULLETIN DE LIAISON SURREALISTE (September 1972), remains

"nothing other than one of the most insidious forms of reaction in the intellectual domain." How else can one describe an outfit that babbles about the "cause of the proletariat" but declares "NO to Revolt" and regards freedom as a "bourgeois and Christian" value?

TEL QUEL's editorial statement, "The principal enemy is the bourgeoisie," requires amendment: the principal enemy is the bourgeoisie and its Stalinist accomplices. We insist that this is, for us, by no means a purely theoretical question. More than anyone we strive with unquenchable enthusiasm toward the day when the seizure of power by the workers' councils will realize in *practice*, not only the victory of the world proletarian revolution (and therefore the complete vindication of the political position of surrealism) but also, at the same time, the extirpation, once and for all, of the Stalinist gangsters and their groveling panderers: TEL QUEL, for example.

F. R.

TRAJECTORY OF VODOO

Milo Rigaud's *Secrets Of Voodoo* (Pocket Books) has, since its first publication in Paris in 1953, remained the most lucid exposition of the activities of the Haitian *mysteres*, fortunately lacking both the sensationalism of William Seabrook and the too-rigid rationalism of Alfred Metraux. Its thorough catalogue of *loas* and, especially, its analysis of the personality of Dambalah are invaluable; its photographs are as unique as Rigaud's own experience in so many *houn' fors*. Although the *mysteres* have nowhere else attained so wide an influence as in Haiti, their extension to the Southern U.S.; to Veracruz, Mexico; to Venezuela; to Brazil; and to Cuba should not be neglected, although, unfortunately, serious anthropological literature, largely limited to Brazil and (since the Revolution) Cuba, has found few opportunities for translation and publication in the U.S. Two significant exceptions are recent: *Autobiography of a Runaway Slave*, told by Esteban Montejo to Miguel Barnet (Morrow), and Pepe Carril's play *Shango de Ima* (Doubleday) provides a glimpse of the power of *santeria* (a Cuban form of the *mysteres*, analogous to Haitian *voudou*) and *naniguismo* (a complex of esoteric associations limited, unlike *santeria*, to its initiates) in the daily life of Cuban Blacks. Carril's work, fortunately, is powerful enough to overcome the mendacity of the attached effusion by one Jerome Rothenberg.

The all-too-lucrative labors of Rothenberg & Co., exemplified by the anthology *Technicians of the Sacred* and the periodical *Alcheringa*, represent neither more nor less than a racist, imperialist, cultural theft/rape of frightful proportions. That Rothenberg should, given his apparently complete ignorance of linguistics and even the most elementary principles of cultural relativism, proceed with such ardent pretensions is merely irritating; that the task of making accessible the poetic thought of non-European cultures should devolve upon personalities so obviously mediocre as Rochelle Owens is grotesque;

but that such an endeavor should be approached from so offensively condescending an attitude is racist exploitation of the most egregiously intellectual variety.

Any attempt to assimilate the marvelous poetic powers of non-European, non-exploitative cultures into the imbecile pursuits of any crowd of dubious *litterateurs* and slave-overseers must be resisted with all the weapon's at a *houngan's* disposal.

S.S.

BUÑUEL

Any of Luis Buñuel's works since *Belle de Jour* (*The Milky Way*, *Tristana*, *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*) is a profound experience; it is impossible to apply to them the insipid vocabulary of the cinema critic. We have previously noted (see ARSENAL 1, "Since Atheists Dare Exist") the purity and strength of the Buñuelian system of absolute divergences, which, for its richness and depth, is comparable only to those of Fourier, Lautréamont, Roussel and Duchamp, and is illimitably superior to the clever maunderings of any given exemplar of venality and swinishness in film production, from the retarded Howard Hawks to the repulsive Jean-Luc Godard.

It is significant that the partisans of various "theories of film" (none of which is more than a childish attempt to whitewash the most morally bankrupt Hollywood excretions) have had to maintain an uneasy silence in Buñuel's presence. Let us admit, once and for all, that today Buñuel alone demonstrates *what is to be done* in cinema.

S.S.

A NOTE ON THE INTERPRETATION OF IRRATIONAL PHENOMENA

Why was it that today, as the weather warmed and I walked down the street, the smell of tar being melted by roofers nearby produced in me a sensation of nostalgia for laboring work and industrial atmosphere? Then, in a drug store, I looked around for medicated soap and quite accidentally ended up with a bar of pine tar soap. A little later I was reading a ridiculous little pamphlet on "witchcraft" by a local "wag" and came across a reference to *tar* as an anti-demoniac charm.

Three experiences involving the substance or the word "tar"—all within the space of about three hours...

ARCANUM III—THE EMPRESS (Venus) . . . attraction.

ARCANUM XVIII (R)—THE MOON (dusk) . . . "a ROOF which stifles and oppresses"

ARCANUM XX (T)—JUDGMENT . . . renewal of consciousness (ARCHE-TYPE, which inspires sundering of roof-prison)

ARCANUM I (A) — THE MAGICIAN! . . .

the ability to realize desire through occult means

The roof, the magician, even the concept of renewal which corresponds so beautifully with the "pine tar" soap! The indication of Arcanum III is to combine the cards in an order at odds with the order of the letters T-A-R, but not in reverse (R-A-T) since the Empress is positive. We can do this by following the chronology of the original "events" and getting a three part reading corresponding to the three chronological divisions, past, present and future. Thus the roofing tar (oppressive, enclosing) corresponds to division one, the past; the soap (renewal) corresponds to division two, the present; the magical use of tar (occult power) corresponds to division three, the future.

This process (R-T-A) is identical with the traditional route of progress toward illumination. And we might note that it evades the only other permutation available, ART (TRA). Finally, as I originally consulted the word-letter correspondence to find the appropriate Arcana, I accidentally began with R, then caught myself and went next to T-A.

The criticism of this is quite obvious: the excitable mind "reading into" and seeing forced analogies that are trivial. However, the "events" cannot be prejudged as trivial with any justice either, neither in what they are nor in what they mean on the most various levels. Their coherence is undeniable. And the cards lead to a deepening of meaning in everything they refer to, insofar as they cut a new swath of light across the phenomena, always adding something new. "Superstition" in regard to the cards in this sense means actually willingness to trust them and learn from them. It means in fact the ability at a moment's notice to regard anything whatsoever from a new perspective, to radicalize meaning by the application of juxtaposition. Here perception is ceaselessly renewed, intuition is an active function.

J. J.

MARCUSE'S EPIGONES

Some time ago the Roman Catholic publishing house of Herder & Herder published an anthology of "new left perspectives" on Herbert Marcuse, entitled *Critical Interruptions*, edited by Paul Breines. The flyleaf says it is the collective work of six young "radical activists," but the content of the book is sufficient proof that the "activity" of these "activists" has never seen the light of day or the blackness of night, never once touched either the spirit or the flesh of real life. Rather, they have obviously spent the whole of their anemic energy in the petty, self-satisfied, vacuous voyeurism once so fashionable in the now defunct salons of the upper-middle-class echelons of the "New Left." Thus the book's dedication to Ho Chi Minh, the late Stalinist bureaucrat and murderer of the finest cadres of the Vietnamese revolutionary movement; Breines's footnote in which a totally addled pamphlet, *Listen, Marxist!* by the "post-scarcity" anarcho-imbecile M. Bookchin is described

as an "exemplary critique"; Shierry Weber's attempts to harness Marcuse with obscurantist Jungian concepts and her subsequent eulogy to (believe it or not) *vegetarianism*, etc. — such elements must be seen not as the flyleaf pretends, as "an indispensable extension of the Marcusean vision of man and society," but rather as moments in a process of debasement which lasts 188 pages.

From such pseudo-critical *spectators* as these nothing of importance is to be expected. But if they think their little vicarious weapons are sufficient to turn the critical theory of Marcuse into its opposite, it is our pleasure to call their bluff.

Let this lilliputian crew, all dressed up and no place to go, scamper back to the philosophical security of their grandmothers' kitchens. As Marcuse himself has said, we cannot be indiscriminate "where freedom and happiness themselves are at stake: here, certain things cannot be said, certain ideas cannot be expressed . . . without making tolerance an instrument for the continuation of servitude." Our fraternal respect for Marcuse — especially the Marcuse of *Reason and Revolution* and *Eros and Civilization* — necessitates this attack on this wretched compilation which is, from cover to cover, a *reactionary mystification* and therefore *completely intolerable*.

F.R.

SURREALIST PRECOGNITION

Superficially, Manitoba means nothing to me, except that the word appeared "out of the blue" as a motif in a severely automatic poem I wrote in 1968, two years before I became aware of Franklin Rosemont and corresponded with him. The text in question begins, "something floated out of Manitoba, telling me your name", and continues elsewhere to mention "your name" as well as "Manitoba". For example:

*your name out of Manitoba
your silent name beyond orders
from the pits of dark passion
where fire flagellates god's behind till he
sends the names coursing through my
nerves
by-passing ears
and the stop signs of intelligence*

Later, in the Fall of 1970, Franklin Rosemont sent me the Fall 1969 issue of MOSAIC, a journal published by the University of Manitoba Press. This periodical, which I had never seen before, contained an article by J. H. Matthews, "Surrealism, Politics, and Poetry." Therein, as I knew I would, I found the name of *Rosemont*, the name "out of Manitoba" that the voice behind the poem was invoking so monotonously and intriguingly.

J. J.



AARD-VARK (10)

SURREALIST PUBLICATIONS: 1971-1973

Since the publication of the first issue of *ARSENAL* in December 1970, the surrealist movement in the United States has issued the following tracts (8½" x 11" unless otherwise noted) and pamphlets:

★1971★

Declaration of War (January).

12" x 18" poster outlining the surrealists' fundamental orientation and announcing the appearance of *ARSENAL*.

The Surrealists to the Students of Northwestern University (April). Leaflet protesting a course in surrealism taught by a certain Professor Waage.

The Anteater's Umbrella/A Contribution to the Critique of the Ideology of Zoos (August). 8½" x 14" leaflet (illustrated with drawings by Leonora Carrington) originally distributed at the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago.

Notes for an Introduction to the First Principles of Surrealism (August). An 8-page summary of basic surrealist perspectives, prepared for the colloquium on surrealism sponsored by the Chicago branch of the International Socialists.

Surrealism 1971 (August).

A 64-page compilation of responses to an inquiry on the present situation and future of surrealism. The inquiry had been sent out in January 1971 to those in the U.S. who had indicated their intentions to pursue the surrealist adventure. The responses were printed in an edition of 100 copies intended solely as a bulletin of internal discussion.

No Surrealism for the Enemies of Surrealism! (September). Leaflet (co-signed by Conroy Maddox in England and Guy Ducornet and Rikki in Canada) protesting the police maneuvers of the British pseudo-surrealist bookseller, John Lyle.

Toward the Second Chicago Fire/Surrealism and the Housing Question (September). Leaflet printed on both sides, originally distributed at the official ceremonies commemorating the centennial of the Chicago Fire of 1871.

In Memory of Georg Lukacs (October).

20-page compilation of contributions to the demystification of the late Stalinist mystic. Preface by Franklin Rosemont; texts by Peter Manti and David Schanoes; also an open letter to the editors of the journal *TELOS*.

War, Hide Yourself! (November).

8½" x 14" illustrated leaflet containing a "Message to the Workers" and quotations by Lenin, Luxemburg, Trotsky, Malatesta, Péret and Crevel. Originally distributed at an anti-war rally in Chicago.

Surrealist Intervention (November).

24-page 8½" x 11" compilation of papers presented by the Surrealist Group at the 2nd International *TELOS* Conference in Buffalo, New York. The Preface indicates the surrealists' revolutionary oppositional orientation at the Conference. Texts by Franklin Rosemont, John Simmons and David Schanoes. The edi-

tion of slightly over 300 copies was sold mostly at the Conference itself.

The Apple of the Automatic Zebra's Eye (December). 28-page pamphlet of poems by Franklin Rosemont, with a Preface and "A Note on Automatism"; and positive and negative drawings by Schlechter Duvall. Surrealist Research & Development Monograph Series Number One.

★1972★

Surrealism and Madness (February).

9-page 8½" x 11" compilation on the subject of madness, prepared for the Conference on Madness in Toronto. Preface by Franklin Rosemont; "Fate of the Obsessive Image" by Paul Garon (a paper read at the Conference); other texts and excerpts by Antonin Artaud, André Breton, Jean-Frois Wittman and Conroy Maddox; also a list of "Other Works to Consult."

The Irish Rebellion Here and Now (March).

Leaflet of solidarity with the proletariat of Ireland distributed at the St. Patrick's Day parade in Chicago.

Hidden Locks (April)

12-page collection of surrealist texts by Stephen Schwartz, with a frontispiece by Max-Walter Svanberg. Monograph Series Number Two.

The Poetical Alphabet (April).

24-page reprint of the appendix to *Pluriverse* by Benjamin Paul Blood, with an Introduction by Stephen Schwartz. Monograph Series Number Three.

Rana Mozelle (October).

16-page collection of surrealist texts, preceded by "Fate of the Obsessive Image," by Paul Garon. Monograph Series Number Four.

Music Is Dangerous (October).

32-page slightly abridged English translation of the celebrated "Conference de Charleroi" (1929) by Paul Nougé. Monograph Series Number Five.

Down Below (October).

48-page account by Leonora Carrington of her experiences in Spain on the other side of the mirror, after being pronounced incurably insane. Monograph Series Number Six.

Surrealist Insurrection 5 (October).

17½" x 22½" poster with a statement "On the 1972 Elections," "Capitalism & Liberty," etc.

★1973★

Bulletin of Surrealist Information 1 (February).

8½" x 14" bulletin, printed on both sides, summarizing recent activity of the surrealist movement.

Declaration on Joseph Losey's Film: The Assassination of Leon Trotsky (March). 5½" x 8½" leaflet denouncing the recent Stalinist cinematic caricature of Leon Trotsky.

Bulletin of Surrealist Information 2 (May).

8½" x 14" bulletin, printed on both sides, containing "The Defenestration of the Dissimulators" and a brief statement of the surrealists' political position.

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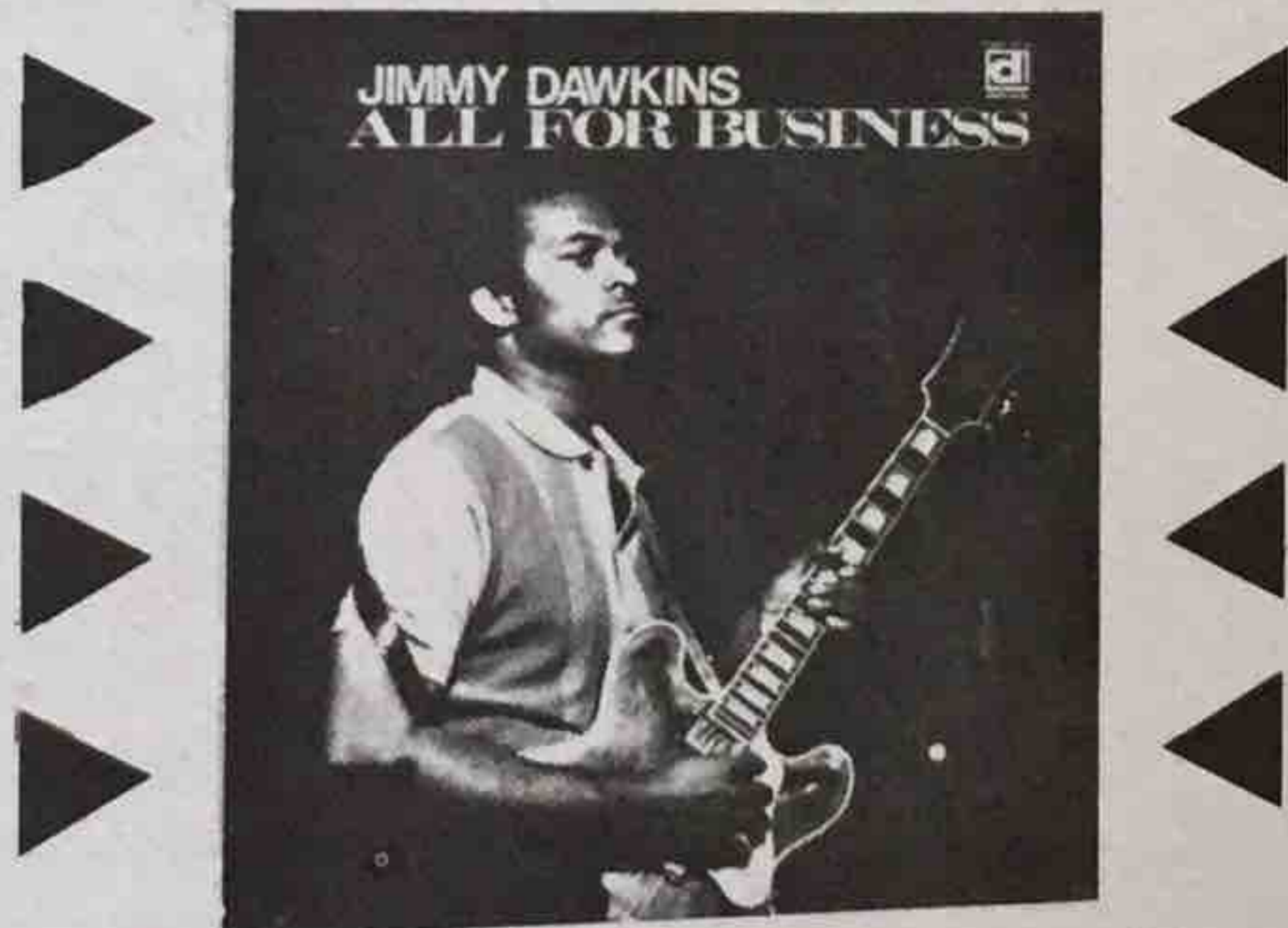
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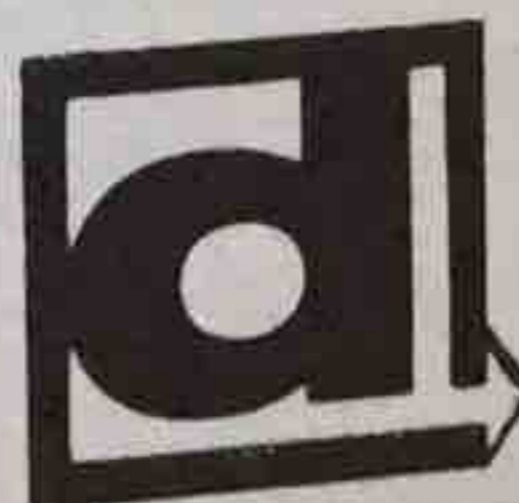
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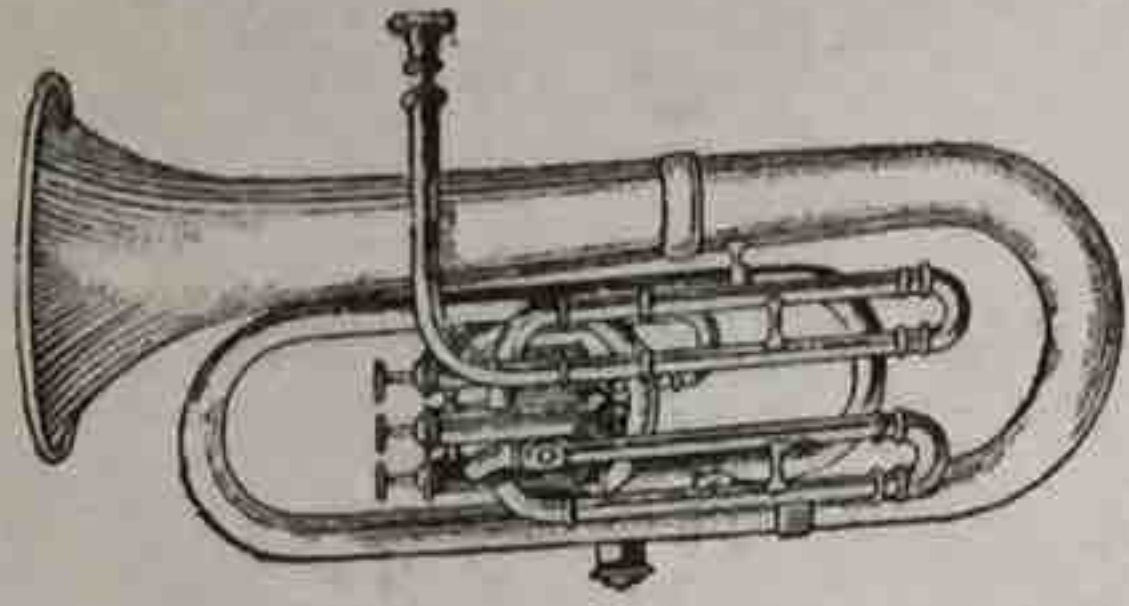
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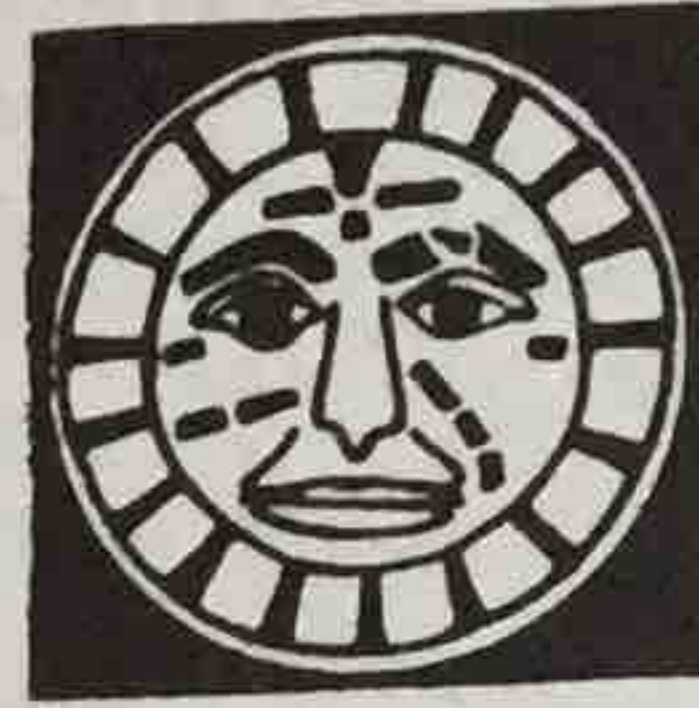
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— *André Breton*
(*First Surrealist Manifesto*)

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