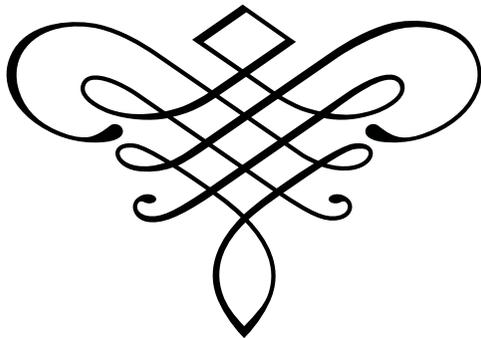


---

PECULIAR  
MORMYRID

---



Published by Peculiar Mormyrid  
peculiarmormyrid.com

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the publisher or author.

Texts Copyright © The Authors  
Images Copyright © The Artists

Direction:  
Angel Therese Dionne, Casi Cline, Steven Cline,  
Patrik Sampler, Jason Abdelhadi

Cover Art by Ody Saban

ISBN 978-1-365-09136-0

First Edition 2016

# CONTRIBUTORS

Jason Abdelhadi  
Elise Aru  
Johannes Bergmark  
Jay Blackwood  
Anny Bonnin  
Bruce Boston  
Maurizio Brancaleoni  
Cassandra Carter  
Miguel de Carvalho  
Claude Cauët  
Casi Cline  
Steven Cline  
Paul Cowdell  
Ashley DeFlaminis  
Angel Dionne  
Richard Dotson  
Guy Ducornet  
Alfredo Fernandes  
Daniel Fierro  
Mattias Forshage  
Joël Gayraud  
Guy Girard  
Jon Graham  
Jean-Pierre Guillon  
Janice Hathaway  
Nicholas Hayes  
Sherri Higgins  
Dale Houstman  
Karl Howeth  
Stuart Inman  
James Jackson  
Alex Januário  
Philip Kane  
Stelli Kerk  
Stephen Kirin  
Megan Leach  
Rik Lina  
Michaël Löwy  
Renzo Margonari  
Rithika Merchant  
Paul McRandle  
Andrew Mendez  
Steve Morrison  
David Nadeau  
Valery Oisteanu  
Ana Orozco  
Jaan Patterson  
Toby Penny  
Mitchell Poor  
Evelyn Postic  
Jean-Raphaël Prieto  
John Richardson  
Penelope Rosemont  
Ody Saban  
Ron Sakolsky  
Patrik Sampler  
Nelly Sanchez  
Mark Sanders  
Pierre-André Sauvageot  
Matt Schumacher  
Scheherazade Siobhan  
Arthur Spota  
Dan Stanciu  
Virginia Tentindo  
TD Typaldos  
Tamara K. Walker  
John Welson  
Craig Wilson  
William Wolak  
İzem Yaşın  
Mark Young  
Michel Zimbacca

# CONTENTS

## **PAS UN CADAVRE: 50 Years Since the Death of André Breton**

INTRODUCTION. . . . .	2
JASON ABDELHADI . . . . .	6
MAURIZIO BRANCALEONI. . . . .	12
CLAUDE-LUCIEN CAUËT. . . . .	14
CASI CLINE. . . . .	19
PAUL COWDELL. . . . .	21
DANIEL FIERRO. . . . .	22
GUY GIRARD. . . . .	23
LE GROUPE SURREALISTE DE PARIS. . . . .	34
ALEX JANUÁRIO . . . . .	37
VALERY OISTEANU. . . . .	40
SCHEREZADE SIOBHAN. . . . .	42
ARTHUR SPOTA. . . . .	45
VIRGINIA TENTINDO. . . . .	48
WOULD YOU OPEN THE DOOR?. . . . .	50
DREAMS & ENCOUNTERS. . . . .	54

# ISSUE 3

JASON ABDELHADI . . . . .	70
BRUCE BOSTON . . . . .	82
MAURIZIO BRANCALEONI. . . . .	86
CASSANDRA CARTER . . . . .	100
NICHOLAS ALEXANDER HAYES. . . . .	105
DALE HOUSTMAN . . . . .	113
JAMES JACKSON. . . . .	124
PHILIP KANE. . . . .	126
VALERY OISTEANU. . . . .	129
ODY SABAN. . . . .	131
PATRIK SAMPLER . . . . .	135
MATT SCHUMACHER . . . . .	137
ARTHUR SPOTA & RICHARD DOTSON . . . . .	141
ARTHUR SPOTA. . . . .	147
T.D.TYPALDOS. . . . .	154
TAMARA K. WALKER. . . . .	160
MARK YOUNG. . . . .	169
GAMES. . . . .	172



# *Pas Un Cadavre*

50 YEARS SINCE THE DEATH OF ANDRÉ BRETON

# Introduction

*“Not life after death, she replied, but more edge to life.”*  
Michael Taussig.

In northern Paris, at the Batignolles cemetery, there lies the corpse of a man who refuses to be buried. A man split into two, not by a window, but by the grave. Has anyone checked it recently? We only ask because, contrary to the supposed death-dates of surrealism (1929, 1939, 1947, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1976, 1989, last Thursday etc.) new creatures continuously arise across the Earth that point towards a common dark origin... Patterns of thought and action that mimic the spread of plague but bring rejuvenation in lieu of misery.

Breton continues to prey upon willing victims. Of course we are not declaring in the daylight that he has become a vampire, but we would like to hypothesize... Heathcliff might still wander the moors. Although moldering for 50 years, his corpse still weighs like a hypnogogic apparition on the brains of living surrealism. They tried to bury him alive in 1930, but he clawed his way back up to the surface. Since his death in 1966, they haven't been able to keep tabs on the cadaver.

We note that the phrase “since the death of Breton” has become an epochal designation. Of all the “attempted subtractions” internal to the movement, we still find only a single definitive subtraction, imposed onto history by the year 1966. Like the death of any father-figure, it has traumatized surrealism indefinitely... And for the better? We continually ask ourselves, “Who was that man split in two by the window – or who is he? And where did he get that smart necktie?”

Are you an Anglophone? Did you come to surrealism through Breton? Did you read *Nadja* in Richard Howard's translation and discover the secret poetic voice of the 10th Arrondissement? (That area, decried by the guidebooks as an empty placeholder for the Gare du Nord, but containing in it the "very beautiful and very useless Porte Saint-Denis...") All the world loves Paris, but who convinced Paris to make love to itself in the darkest alleys of its least reputable districts?

Michael Taussig, expert on living death: "Death-work, as Walter Benjamin suggested, provides the authority required by the storyteller..."

The storytellers in question spend a lot of time in cemeteries like Batignolles. They make rubbings from tombstones and generate a fair amount of money via royalties. Of course, they live by death-dates. If the movement dies with its figurehead, it makes writing the introductory panels for exhibitions so much simpler. In the English-speaking world (our precious language of international imperialism), these storytellers now try their hands at forensics. To them what's dead is dead. Not so for us. And that shadow out of the corner of your eye? Like a stuttering scientist in a vampire movie, they explain away living surrealism as a nightmare caused by a bit of undigested beef. The Mormyrid takes special pleasure in watching them squeak "there has to be a rational explanation!" while across the bridge, the shadow of Breton comes out to meet them.

It is clear that biographism has become a new form of miserabilism. It is high time for the biographers to experience what it feels like to be buried alive for themselves. In folklore, we are told, they buried their dead with a little bell, just in case...

Miserabilists! As far as Breton is concerned, we advise you to heed that prophetic intertitle from *Nosferatu*: "That name

rings like the cry of a bird of prey. Never speak it aloud...”

Accordingly, we decry the present attitude of: biographers, journalists, publishers, art historians, chauvinist anglophones, literary critics, conservative academics, and all those who seek to smother the surrealist volcano with their pages of footnoted gossip. We humiliate the humanizers. We glower unceasingly at English publishers and translators who let generations of surrealist writing go unpublished and untranslated. We reject your local substitutes: kibitzers, eclectics, and aesthetes. We have no time for revisionist postsurrealisms that seek an amoral, De-Bretonized aesthetic. Like the anti-clerical Benjamin Péret, we spit at those who mention the words “high-priest”, “commissar”, or “pope” in the same breath as the name of the extraordinary individual in question.

They are wrong about Breton just as they are wrong about the vampire: he does not need to sleep in the unhallowed ground of his home country. Internationalist and revolutionary, all soil is suitable. It is in commemoration of fifty years since the death of Breton that we present the following selection of work, sent to us by friends from around the world. They are not memorials for the dead. They are not gravestone engravings with pretty angelic flourishes. They are postcards for living, in the shape of life, autographs of the convulsive signed by the traveler in the night of her stupor.

We hold a materialist séance with a long-dead corpse, the undying presence of revolt.

**The Mormyrids, May 2016**



**John Richardson**  
*Homage to Andre Breton*

## Jason Abdelhadi

### *Breton vs Ehrenburg: A Détournement on the Boulevard Montparnasse*

*“The Surrealists are kindly disposed to both Hegel and Marx and to the Revolution, but what they refuse to do is work. They have things to keep them busy. They study pederasty and dreams, for example...They apply themselves to gobbling up an inheritance here, a wife’s dowry there...They begin with obscene words. Those of their number who are less sly admit that their program consists of making amorous advances to girls...For them a woman means conformism. They preach a completely different program: onanism, pederasty, fetishism, exhibitionism, and even sodomy.”*

Ilya Ehrenburg, 1934.

Don’t make jokes where a good smack upside the head is due. I’ll never cease to admire André Breton for running up on Ilya Ehrenburg instead of cracking a friendly quip or shaking his hand. Breton’s aggressiveness was anything but Quixotic. The risks he took in slapping, not just Ilya the smarmy socialist realist, but Ehrenburg, representative of the Soviet Union, were great, and that he did so on the eve of the International Congress of Writers for the Defense of Culture made it all the riskier. The consequences were dire: marginalization at the congress, increased tension between friends, and indirectly, Crevel’s suicide... And for what? Not because of the epithets, which were indeed mostly true (if not entirely for Breton himself, then certainly for the eventual scope of the surrealist movement – do we not hate work? Do we not embrace multifarious desire and

perversion? Are we not fetishists, exhibitionists, sodomizers?) But at a more fundamental level, if poetry is as we claim not a product but a mode of existence, then we surrealists simply cannot treat it with ironic distance. It is no external object, it is ourselves (whoever we are, whomever we haunt). A satirist or a cynical man of letters can third-person themselves from their work – an attack, no matter how vitriolic, is still academic. As for us, we do not chuckle and wink, we assume an attack position. Where modern man is “reasonable” and thus subject to almost any kind of abuse, which he will brush off with cynical humor, the surrealist, subject to the rigour of her mad Order, lives by a much stricter code of conduct and – yes, why not? Honour. Accordingly, confrontation between Breton and Ehrenburg takes on a Kaiju-like proportion in my mind. I see it blending with everything epic and cartoonish I love about the imagination. Something like this:

After dinner, the Paris Surrealists and their Czech cousins walked down the Boulevard Montparnasse, on the way to Man Ray’s place. When they got to the Closerie des lilas café, Toyen pointed out to Nezval that Ilya Ehrenburg was leaving the café and about to cross the street.

“Where is he?” demanded Breton. “I have never seen him.”

Toyen pointed him out.

“I’m going to settle accounts with you, Sir,” Breton said, stopping Ehrenburg in the middle of the street. “Who are you, Sir?” asked Ehrenburg.

“I am André Breton.”

“Who are you, sir?”

André Breton’s eyes grew red, and he danced up to Ilya Ehrenburg with the peculiar rocking, swaying motion that he had inherited from Arthur Cravan. It looks very funny, but it

is so perfectly balanced a gait that you can fly off from it at any angle you please; and in dealing with miserabilists this is an advantage.

“I am André Breton, the onanist!” and he slapped him.

If Breton had only known, he was doing a much more dangerous thing than fighting a journalist, for an apparatchik is so small, and can turn so quickly, that unless Breton bit him close to the back of the head, he would get the return-stroke in his eye or lip. But Breton did not know: his eyes were all red, and he rocked back and forth, looking for a good place to hold.

“I am André Breton, the pederast!” and he slapped him.

Ehrenburg struck out. Breton jumped sideways and tried to run in, but the wicked little dusty gray head lashed within a fraction of his shoulder, and he had to jump over the body, and the head followed his heels close.

“I am André Breton, the fetishist!” and he slapped him.

Ehrenburg braced, himself, and with a shake became ten thousand fathoms tall; in his hands his two-bladed trident looked like Stalin Peak. His face was black, his fangs were long, and his hair was bright red: he looked ferociously evil. He hacked at the Breton’s head. Breton, also resorting to magic, gave himself a body as big as Ehrenburg’s and a face as frightening; and he raised his Surrealist Object, which was now like the pillar of Heaven on the summit of the Percé Rock, to ward off Ehrenburg’s blow. This reduced Eluard and Toyen to such trembling terror that they could no longer wave their banners, while Nezval and Péret were too scared to join in.

“I am André Breton, the exhibitionist!” and he slapped him.

Toyen shouted to the surrealists: “Oh, look here! Our Breton is killing a snake”; and Breton heard a scream from René

Crevel. Benjamin Péret ran out with a stick, but by the time he came up, Ehrenburg had lunged out once too far, and Breton had sprung, jumped on the soviet's back, dropped his head far between his fore-legs, bitten as high up the back as he could get hold, and rolled away. That bite paralysed Ehrenburg, and Breton was just going to eat him up from the tail, after the custom of the early Dadaists, when he remembered that a full meal makes a slow surrealist, and if wanted all his strength and quickness ready, he must keep himself thin.

“I am André Breton, the sodomizer!” and he slapped him one last time.

“That wasn't a good thing to do,” mumbled the disheveled journalist.

Breton went away for a Crème de menthe at the café, while Péret continued to beat the stunned Ehrenburg. “What is the use of that?” thought Breton. “I have settled it all”; and then Toyen pulled him up from his seat and hugged him, crying that he had saved the surrealists from ignominy, and Nezval said that he was a providence, and Crevel looked on with big scared eyes. Breton was rather amused at all the fuss.

# Elise Aru

## *The Night of the Sunflower*



*The poem-object *The Night of the Sunflower* is a visual translation of the poem 'Tournesol' written by André Breton in 1923.*

*The *Night of the Sunflower* consists of a square white canvas of 40cm x 40cm, on which there are a number of juxtaposed thin paper strips of different sizes, reminiscent of weaving techniques, and which make the medium of the text. 'Tournesol' is translated into English and is handwritten with a dark brown sepia chalk, displaying several fonts and sizes. The poem is written from top to bottom and from left to right, in a conventional manner. The effect of superposition symbolizes a palimpsest of the city of Paris, anchored in various times and memories.*

*The glass dome which comes on top of the canvas allows me to create a closed environment around the text, although the text stretches out of the circle of the dome. Both the translator and readers are above, as they visit the text with their own imaginary. The city and the poem are spaces of intimacy, here as regard to the encounter between Breton and Lamba, as well as public spaces, endlessly visited again and again.*



Steven Cline  
*Flower of Lovers Rejoined*

# Maurizio Brancaleoni

## *To Breton*

he would

interweave a dream-image

with umbrellas

houses whose walls were studded with sparrows

did he fill

with the riskiest female sexual fantasies, namely, mirrors

alongside with toads

& electric ingots etc.

for thus he willed

chambers shot through with a sense of forlornness

where an erratic yellow haze dwelt

he dared fathom bravely

the tide bringin' in a glittering flesh ring, furry tyres, *la slavitude*

(for instance)

sure 'nuff these were objects throbbing like a clock

or a supermodel burying ground

particularly replete

naught would be left alone

and everything reconsidered

in the eternity to come



**Maurizio Brancaloni**  
*La femme à la chevelure de feu de bois.*

# Claude-Lucien Cauët

## *L'EXPLOSANTE*

Dérivant sur son erre, il y glisse un miroir à deux faces qui dédouble le mot sans l'affecter. D'un côté, l'erbium se change en note de musique, et de l'autre une île fréquentée redevient une terre rare. Alors son jumeau symétrique se présente au siège du parti communiste.

Un permanent note son identité et le prie d'attendre un moment. Un autre entre et s'adresse au premier :

– Qui c'est celui-là ?

– Un certain Ander Berton... Il se dit suréaliste, si j'ai bien compris.

– Sur quoi ?

– Éraliste.

– Ah... C'est quoi ?

– J'en sais rien, camarade ! Le petit père Marty va le recevoir.

– Comme il faut, j'espère !

Les deux permanents se mettent à rire. Le visiteur les toise de toute sa hauteur et ses yeux les transpercent de flèches trempées dans le curare. Ils se pétrifient. Marty sort à cet instant et les voit ainsi statufiés. Il hausse les épaules et fait signe à l'homme d'entrer dans son bureau.

– Qu'est-ce qui me vaut l'honneur, monsieur André Bre... ?

– Ander ! Ander Berton ! Pour vous servir.

– Vous êtes un autre ? demande Marty, stupéfait.

– Un autre qui, après réflexion, où ont été soumises au verdict du tain mes certitudes les mieux ancrées, a décidé en conscience d'adhérer au parti du prolétariat, seul en mesure, jusqu'à plus

ample informé, de changer le monde et de créer ainsi les conditions requises pour espérer changer la vie en permettant à la pensée de retrouver son fonctionnement réel.

– Ce ne sont que des mots, et je ne suis pas dupe !... Vous cherchez seulement à conforter votre position morale !

– L'autre peut-être, monsieur, mais pas moi ! Je suis disposé à mettre toutes mes capacités intellectuelles, dont on m'accorde généralement qu'elles ne sont pas négligeables, au service exclusif de la révolution et je ne répugnerai pas aux tâches les plus ingrates s'il doit en résulter une modeste contribution au progrès humain.

– Vraiment ?... Si je vous demandais un rapport sur la situation sociale et économique de, disons, par exemple, l'Italie ?

– Je le ferai !

– Vous m'étonnez. Et si je vous demandais d'entrer à la section du gaz ?

– Du gaz ?... J'y suis prêt. Cependant, je ne suis pas gazier, quoique, croyez-le bien, je respecte tout à fait cette profession.

– Aucun problème ! J'ai suffisamment d'entregent pour vous faire embaucher sur l'heure.

– Dans ce cas... J'accepte et je tâcherai, dans la mesure de mes moyens, de ne pas démeriter de la chance qui m'échoit grâce à votre obligeance.

– Bien entendu, vous n'êtes pas apte à une fonction de technicien. Mais je suppose que vous êtes capable de relever des compteurs...

– Sans doute... sans doute...

Le lundi suivant au petit matin, Ander Berton, vêtu d'un uniforme tout neuf et coiffé de la casquette réglementaire, débute sa tournée avec — c'est bien naturel — le trac propre à ceux qui

doivent entrer en scène. Il s'habitue aux voix anxieuses derrière les portes : « Qu'est-ce que c'est ? » Et sa réponse adopte vite le ton adéquat, impératif mais rassurant, fier mais chaleureux : « C'est l'employé du gaz, madame ! » Car la plupart des appartements sont gardés par des femmes, l'égalité des sexes n'ayant pas encore — nous sommes en 1927 — réparti équitablement les rôles.

La matinée se passe bien. Il s'étonne lui-même de s'identifier si aisément à un personnage aussi éloigné que possible de celui qu'il a interprété jusqu'à ce jour.

Le dernier nom sur sa liste lui semble étrangement familier sans qu'il parvienne à se souvenir à qui il peut bien se rapporter : Léonie Delong, 3e étage D. Lorsqu'elle ouvre sa porte, il la reconnaît tout de suite et sans surprise, comme une évidence qui n'était voilée que d'une simple distraction de circonstance. Une forte odeur de gaz enveloppe la jeune femme et rappelle à Ander le but de sa visite, mais elle l'apostrophe sur un ton de colère :

— Ah, c'est vous ! Vous en avez mis du temps à me retrouver !

Il lui baise la main, puis ses yeux se révulsent vers le plafond et il se met à déclamer : « Étant donnés l'eau et le gaz d'éclairage... » Il se reprend aussitôt :

— Pardonnez-moi, un autre parlait par ma voix...

— Ce n'est pas en effet votre style habituel. Au fait, vous avez écrit mon livre ?

— Vous ne trouvez pas que ça sent le gaz ?

— Vous faites diversion pour ne pas répondre à ma question.

— Je compte rédiger ce livre au mois d'août : on doit me prêter une maison... Cependant, si notre histoire n'est pas achevée, comment pourrais-je l'écrire avec la distance que requiert, sans pour autant m'en exclure, un document de cette

importance.

— Je comprends... Rassurez-vous : je vais disparaître, et vous pourrez conclure. Si toutefois vous en réchappez...

Il a juste le temps de penser que décidément Nadja est folle. Elle recule vers le fond de la pièce. Une allumette surgit dans sa main comme par magie, et elle la craque comme elle claquerait des doigts. Il la voit très belle dans sa robe blanche, immobile en une attitude de reine, souriant aux anges et frappée par la foudre, tandis que les cloisons s'éboulent dans le fracas du tonnerre. Il emporte cette vision jusqu'au palier où le projette la déflagration. Il se relève, indemne, mais sans son uniforme, ni sa casquette bien sûr, emportés par le souffle. L'incendie se propage, on crie à tous les étages. Il dévale l'escalier avec les autres pour se retrouver dans la rue en petite tenue.

Plus tard, les pompiers, après avoir maîtrisé le sinistre, affirmeront qu'il n'y avait personne au troisième. Pas un seul os calciné n'a été retrouvé.

Le choc lui a rendu son vrai nom. Dès le lendemain, il envoie un pneumatique au parti : « impossible continuer – démissionne section gaz – salutations – André Breton. »

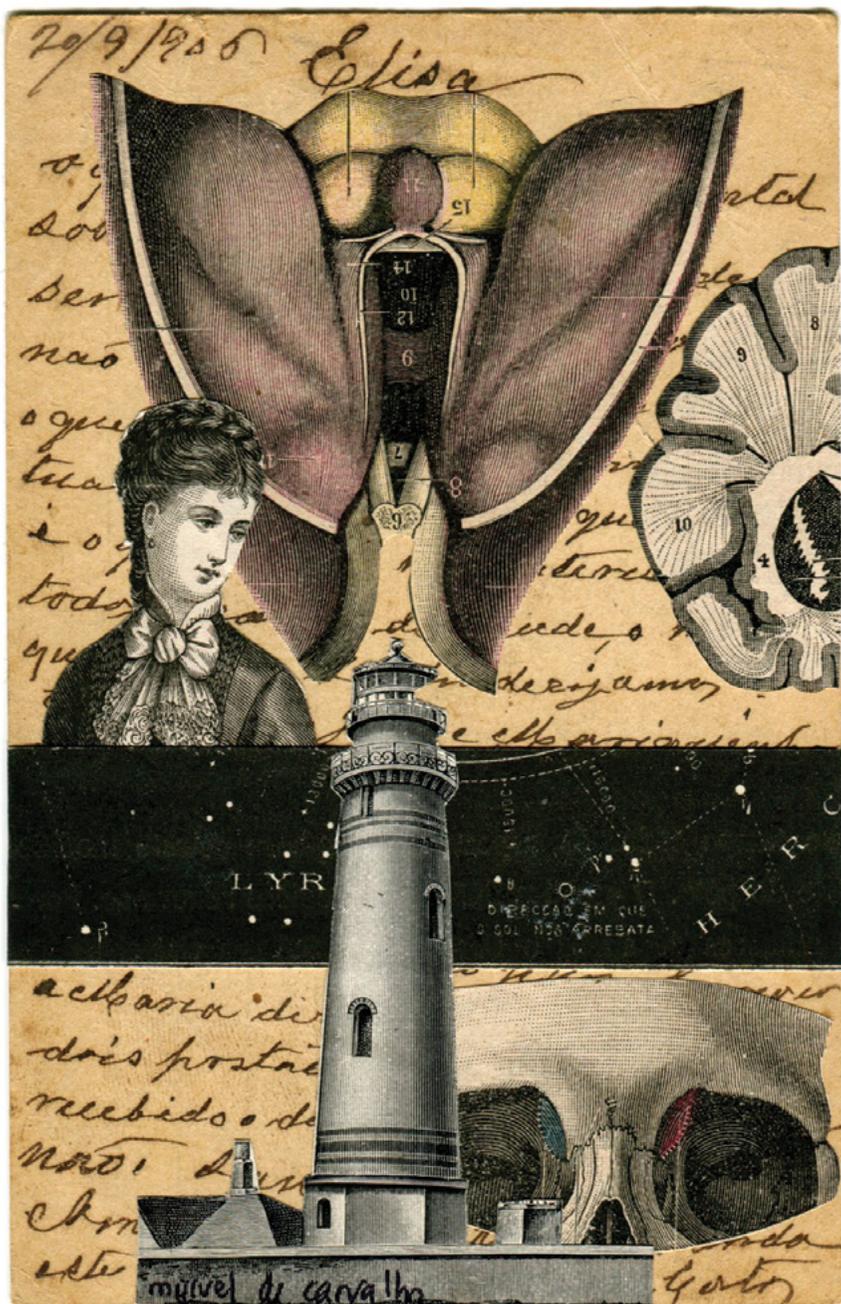
Dix ans plus tard, quand il voudra définir la beauté, il la verra convulsive et cette beauté convulsive sera « érotique-voilée, explosante-fixe, magique-circonstantielle... »



## Casi Cline

### *Late Wednesday Morning: An Adventure with André*

André awoke one morning tangled in his bedsheets almost to the point of asphyxiation like usual; however, today he had managed not to have a plan. Without bothering to don his somewhat moth-eaten petticoat, he strode straight out of the cavernous hole he had been sleeping in (a large pore in his landlady's left breast). Leaping from branch to branch with a lack of agility quite his own, André made his way to the house of his ex-lover still asleep in the arms of his rival, the giant octopus who he had once called friend. He shook her awake, and the moment she opened her eyes, he leapt into the green sea of her left iris (he had a thing for left, so much more interesting than right) and instantly transformed into a sea cucumber. He wiggled his way along without any obtrusive concern for his person. It seemed his luck was holding as beautifully as something he couldn't think of right then. The brain of a sea cucumber can be a bit unwieldy at first. He was surrounded by any number of sea creatures (monkeys, tomatoes, shoe-horns, his grandmother's dusty imitation mistletoe, etc) none of which paid him any mind. He wandered down the cleft between two quivering mountains, passed a small crater, and entered a dark, lush forest. He entered it on legs which belonged to his mother and saw it with eyes which were his first lover's. He skipped along a river into a deep and moist ravine. The walls were soft and pink and led down into a warm, wet cavern. André went inside and made a blood sacrifice with his weeping womb.



**Miguel de Carvalho**  
*In Your Name Elisa (Breton) There Is A Lighthouse  
Which Holds At Bay The Voice Of A Dying Look*

# Paul Cowdell

## *This Happens To Be Now*

Surrealism has existed longer since the death of André Breton than it had before it.

Surrealism's first 42 years were a line of development – not a positivist, upward, predictable route, but an engaged, adaptive, complicated attempt to Surrealise the world, an attempt that responded and reacted to whatever it encountered. The next 50 years did the same, dealing also with the added disorienting factor that we had lost a groundbreaking, innovative and resolute Surrealist thinker.

Not gods, not masters. Forebears, precedents, inspirations.

We are where we are because of that past.

Where we go develops from it, not as hagiography or abandonment of the past, but as an engaged, adaptive attempt to Surrealise the world, one that will respond and react to whatever we encounter, no matter how complicated.

The world still needs to be Surrealised.

# Daniel Fierro

## *butterflies, sable pride*

in one place sits a referendum of horses  
counting off the days until the world  
shrivels up and becomes a cage

the worth of antonyms is equal to  
the sugar falling angry out of your teeth

ionic sister catastrophe

paralyzed filter brain

recount your wives tales on the backs of  
filthy ants crawling up the singular wave

so in the mirrors, as in the salt coffins  
dust of integers, particles grating the bed

to the kin of sandals, tranquilizer in the most  
tree of redemptions

I see a train, that final jewel of our relentless  
laughing

# André Breton in China

*Text by Guy Girard/Photos by Pierre-André Sauvageot*



Salvador Dalí, Portrait of Li Xiao-Tu with Soft Clocks, Gouache on rice paper, 24 x 14 cm, 1932, Location unknown.



André Breton at the China-Tibet Border, Photograph by Raymond Tchang.

## THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A TIME...

In Paris I lived for a long time near a bridge beneath which flowed – not the Seine – but the Rue des Pyrénées. It was the Charles Renouvier Bridge, named in memory of a nineteenth-century French philosopher who, in addition to being a friend of Jules Lequier, founded Neo-Criticism. His theory is no longer a topic of much debate among civil society, doubtless to the great displeasure of our municipal council.

Shortly after moving near this uniquely arched construction, I was lucky enough to read a book by the eponymous author,

who was at the time entirely unknown to me. Enigmatic title: Uchronia. And fascinating content. It proposed that given any single moment in history, that which follows from it is but one single sequence of events among many other possible outcomes. Everything might have been different according to different linkages of cause and effect which, for this or that reason (the sum of which no doubt affirm the role of Reason in History) did not occur – except, perhaps, for certain dreamers in the subjective domains of speculation and the imagination. We must try to understand history by unraveling from the fabric of its totality the weave of potentialities, which emerge as frequently from the adventures of our desire as from the permanence of certain myths. For the domain of Uchronia is a cousin to the domain Utopia. To venture out there isn't useless – quite the contrary, if one is to understand the atemporality of the present, and what this latter derives from the primal dimension – the flux of becoming that Ernst Bloch called pre-appearance.

Accordingly, in his book, Renouvier imagines that a Roman Emperor might have thwarted the development of Christianity by means of good policy and judicious reforms, thereby preserving Latin civilization for several centuries. In *The Man in the High Castle*, Philip K Dick depicts the United States after WWII and the victory of the Axis, occupied by the Nazis and the Japanese. Against this somber image one might prefer to imagine along with Emile Pouget the victory of the revolutionary syndicalists in the France of the 1910s, establishing libertarian communism...

Taking into consideration not just the activities of organized groups or individuals in numerous countries affiliated with surrealism today, but also the mythic power of this emancipatory movement, unfinished and unachievable, I began to imagine

bifurcations superimposed on that which we know about the history of surrealism – possible meanderings towards irrealized fields, which would no doubt also be magnetic. Playing with memory, adoptive daughter of the imagination: there are dates which function symbolically. Do we remember the date when André Breton returned from China?



Arrival of André Breton and Salvador Dalí in Shanghai, Photograph by Raymond Tchang.

*“A manic wheel turns without thinking  
It welcomes the guardian  
Of fiery origins.”*  
Raymond Tchang

“It seems I must go to China around 1931 and while there run great dangers for twenty years,” wrote André Breton in his 1925 Letter to the Seers. In fact, it was in 1932 that Breton made this voyage, which only lasted a few months. The year had begun poorly for him. In March the split with Aragon affected him deeply, foreseeable as it was. In addition, the relations with the communist party were becoming more complicated. On the amorous plane, his relationship with Valentine Hugo was not in the least satisfying. Collective activity was often deceptive, with friends frequently absent – games with little pieces of paper that no longer amused anybody. To let it all go and hit the road? In August, vacationing with Dali at Cadaqués, Breton couldn’t hold out any longer. As for the soft-clock watchmaker, he was in an even worse state: his paintings weren’t selling and Gala, weary of their miserable life together, left him (for Paul Léautaud, if you’re curious).

It was just then that Breton recalled the proposition of a trip to China that a young Chinese fellow had made to him with some insistence – a recent arrival to the group, Raymond Tchang. Alright then! He would take off for the orient – that orient which was as fascinating as ever for the surrealists. Deep inside, he was amused that, this time, he would at least not be heading for Lorient – the sinister Atlantic port where his parents had retired! Didn’t he discover – it was a sign! – that that Hervey-Saint Denys, whose Dreams and The Ways to Direct Them Breton so admired, was also a translator of Tang-era

Chinese poetry? It was no small amount of trouble for Breton to procure this anthology, but it was a revelation for him to discover Li Bai, Wang Wei and those other distant poets from whom he detected such strange correspondences with surrealism – but who nevertheless appeared to him even more enigmatic than the seashell gaze of his beloved Papuan masks.

A telegram was sent off to Raymond Tchang who found Breton in Marseille a few days later – accompanied, surprise surprise, by Salvador Dali. They set off on a liner of the Maritimes Messageries company, called the *Aurélia*, and after three weeks of sailing disembarked at Shanghai.

Search all you want through the best books written on the surrealist adventure – you’ll learn nothing about Raymond Tchang except that he published two poems in 1934 in the special surrealist issue of the Belgian journal *Documents*. His real name was Tchang Jin-Fu. He chose the surname Raymond because of his admiration for Raymond Roussel, whose play *The Dust of Suns* he intended to produce in his homeland. We suspect it was Tchang who incited the surrealists and other intellectuals to sign an open letter to the ambassador of China in 1931, denouncing the anti-communist repression enforced by the Kuomintang. The memory of this text (published by *L’Humanité*) was not without its worries for Breton as he handed over his passport to Chinese customs. Groundless fears! Raymond Tchang’s friends were already approaching them. Introductions made, Breton had in front of him Lu Xun, Ba Jin and Lao She. A young girl, acting as interpreter, also accompanied them. Named Li-Xiao-Tu, she was not long in becoming Dali’s latest girlfriend.



Salvador Dali in costume for the Double Ninth Festival, Photograph by Li Xiao-Tu.

They stayed a few days in Shanghai, much preferring the old Chinese town to the European Bund. The travelers spent a longtime attempting to introduce their hosts to surrealism; animated discussions and debates began attracting young intellectuals, and the eventual creation of a native Chinese group was envisioned. More discreet meetings were even organized with communist militants (and thus held clandestinely). It would be otherwise little later on when, while visiting the city of Guangzhou, a similar meeting was cancelled for reasons of security. On that day, in the backroom of an opium den called The Blue Lotus, Breton and his companions might very well

have met Mao Tsetung! Nevertheless the surrealists were not at times without their reservations. Even more than in Paris, they observed that the relations between these militant communists, their modes of thought and feeling, were muted by a central authority which seemed to them ever more unjustifiable. Breton promised to draw out all the conclusions, both theoretical and practical, once he got back to Paris. It was in that selfsame city that, while waiting for something that would trigger in him a more immediately poetic effusion, he discovered among a garden a collection of dream stones; he felt transported into one of Tanguy's paintings. For his part, Dali believed himself to be again face to face with the delirious geology of the cliffs at Cape de Creus.

They then made for Szechuan, Tchang's home province. From there they were supposed to circle-round to Beijing, as Dali absolutely had to see Coal Hill in the Forbidden City. But once they arrived at Chengdu, he discovered that, in the neighboring province of Yunnan (?), there existed a city which had the same name as he did. Notwithstanding the inevitable fatigue inherent in taking side-trips, it seemed imperative to him to set off for this place without delay, where he was expecting to encounter rhinoceroses made of fire, women-giraffes, and whatever else his paranoia-criticism could supply him in dipping into the best red pigments of the entire universe. But only Xiao-Tu went with him. The other two travelers washed their hands of such nominalist mania. Breton even remarked to the Catalan painter that he had never for his part felt a desire to wander along Cape Breton. Nonetheless, when they arrived at Dali, the young couple made due with the pleasure of each other's company. Nothing would have troubled their idyll, were it not for an encounter in front of a sewing-machine store with an old

man who sported long, curiously upward-pointing mustachios, sheltering himself from the sun with a children's umbrella. He was barking orders at two other men on how to best arrange a ping-pong table in the middle of the very narrow street. Excited by this scene of concrete irrationality, Dali resolved to grow such mustachios himself, and in addition, to become an adept at ping-pong. Meanwhile, at Chengdu, chance so had it that Breton and Raymond Tchang were to meet Alexandra David-Néel. The surrealists were well apprised of her intriguing work and an honest sympathy was soon established between them. Almost immediately she undertook to teach them what she knew of Buddhism and Taoism and passionate discussions soon erupted between them on the affinities of certain oriental philosophies to surrealism. "From where does the sublime point emerge? From what void? Doesn't the lotus, that blue flower of elective affinity, blossom from the mud?" "Certainly, but isn't that mud already the soft and deliciously edible anamorphosis of Nirvana itself?" added Dali maliciously, accompanied by torrents of laughter from Xiao-Tu. They had rejoined them several days earlier and Breton was astonished at the newfound eccentricity of his friend, who trained every morning at table tennis with the local thugs. Together with Alexandra, they all went to visit some hermitages on Mount Emei to further plumb the depths of the questions at hand. There, she suddenly proposed that they accompany her on her next expedition to Tibet.

On the road, then, to the Land of Snows! Despite the hesitations of their guide, Dali imagined he would be able to procure instruction in certain tantric practices, and so postponed his desire to learn the mysteries of Beijing. After several weeks of rough-riding on the back of mule – it being already winter – they arrived at Lhasa. Alexandra David-Néel easily managed

to secure an audience for her friends with the Dalai Lama. A properly outrageous reception: while Dali sketched the portrait of the Monk-King, the latter civilly thanked Breton for the Address which the Surrealist Group had sent him in the spring of 1925 and excused himself for not having yet sent back a reply. He added that he knew very well that they would be coming and that he was expecting in addition, around 1939, a visit to Potala from a certain Antonin Artaud...



Salvador Dali, Alexandra David-Néel & André Breton, In front of an automatist Lamasery, Photograph by Raymond Tchang.

The following days were quite fruitful, with many discoveries. But there were also a few disappointments. Breton sought in vain for the location of the legendary Agartha. The acquisition of some magnificent mandalas nevertheless provided him some solace. Dali wished to be initiated into tantrism, but it

seemed unlikely that he would proceed far down that path. This mattered little to Xiao-Tu, who was satisfied to rib her lover on his mastery of vital breathing techniques. Meanwhile Breton was suffering from altitude sickness, Dali from the cold, and Xiao-Tu from the local food. Raymond Tchang for his part was developing a strong desire to take a dip in the sea. And so they repacked their bags and, by early spring 1933, had regained the Parisian cafes of the Place Blanche.

*17 December 2012*

*Translated from the French by Jason Abdelhadi*



Salvador Dali at the Assault of Potala at Lhasa, Photograph by Raymond Tchang.

# Le groupe surréaliste de Paris

## *André Breton et les météorites, même*

André Breton n'est jamais revenu sur lui-même que pour  
aller plus loin  
Plus profondément plus complètement  
Alors que pourront dire et faire ceux qui ne l'ont pas connu ?  
Dire ce que disent les fleurs aux volcans les coquillages aux arbres  
Les horloges de sable aux abysses entourant l'île de Pâques  
Et reviendront encore une fois les cambrioleurs d'idées fixes  
Mais lundi matin je trouve une pierre noire avec des yeux  
plus noirs encore imprimés dessus  
Et jeudi soir encore une autre pierre noire  
Avec les yeux noirs de la sœur de la première  
Je parcours en état de somnambulisme lucide  
Les rues d'un quartier illuminé de lanternes magiques  
Et dans cet éclairage mouvant m'apparaît la femme de feu  
Prête à l'aimer à l'idolâtrer  
Subjuguée par le front altier la bouche charnue et calme  
Comme un lion loin de sa proie  
Qui tend ses pattes vers le soleil de midi  
Pour réaliser le grand écart  
Avec l'assurance bien connue du témoin de l'histoire renversée  
Parmi les objets primitifs dont les orbites vides luisent  
Dans la pénombre du fantôme d'appartement récemment dévasté  
Le vent agite sa couronne de cheveux fous  
L'œil perçant cloue sur place le Rocher Percé  
La mer dissout lentement la falaise lointaine  
Sous la lumière intense et énigmatique

Du signe ascendant l'Etoile Belphégor  
 Qui nous attire dans son champ magnétique érotique  
 En ces lieux confins de toutes choses  
 Où les aurores boréales  
 Projettent leurs reflets dans des cimes infinies  
 Tandis que des mollusques manchots  
 Cherchent à se faire entendre malgré l'orage  
 Des derniers chasseurs à cheval dans les fonds de citerne  
 Raclés à grands coups de truelle  
 Par des maçons portugais  
 Entraînés par la mélopée obsessionnelle et envoûtante  
 Récitée rythmiquement par une vendeuse  
 D'épingles à cheveux  
 Accompagnée de ses chiens  
 Qui dévorent les crânes en sucre à la devanture  
 Des épiceries mexicaines dévalisées dans la foulée  
 Par les fantômes de Villa et Zapata réconciliés  
 Les mains pleines de guacamole  
 Essuyées sur les pantalons rouges  
 Et les lèvres juteuses criant victoire  
 Ces mêmes lèvres connaîtront bientôt l'expression millénaire  
 Et toutes les rimes qu'elle engendre  
 Le tout au rythme du métronome géant  
 Et aussi selon le rite des Elus Cohen débarquant en Nouvelle-Guinée  
 Certain jour de janvier 1713 la reine avait perdu sa marotte d'albâtre  
 Dans le panier d'osier qui résiste encore et toujours aux bom  
 bardements de météorites.

*Elise Aru, Anny Bonnin, Claude-Lucien Cauët, Alfredo Fernandes,  
 Joël Gayraud, Guy Girard, Michaël Löwy, Ana Orozco, Jean-Raphaël  
 Prieto, Pierre-André Sauvageot, Michel Zimbacca.*



**Alex Januário**

*Mãos da estrela negra em águas mais negras*

# Alex Januário

recordo o seu castelo de olhar selvagem

em um círculo de fogo e profundas raízes de cristais

esculpidas pela rebelião do sonho em noites envenenadas pelo  
corpo amoroso

não posso deixar de recordar o seu castelo de olhar selvagem

não posso deixar de viver o seu castelo de olhar selvagem

sigilosamente entro em sua habitação e sigo as estantes flutuantes

meus braços derramados no piso zodíaco em um dia de fevereiro

minhas pernas pernas derramadas no piso zodíaco em um dia  
de setembro

no centro do castelo de olhar selvagem tudo é pedra: menos o amor

minha cabeça é um objeto afogado em silêncio iniciático

I remember his savage looking castle

in a circle of fire and deep roots of crystal

sculpted by the dream's revolt during nights poisoned by an  
amorous body

I cannot help but remember his savage looking castle

I cannot help but inhabit his savage looking castle

quietly I enter his dwelling and follow the fluctuating shelves

my arms spilling over the zodiac floor on a day in February

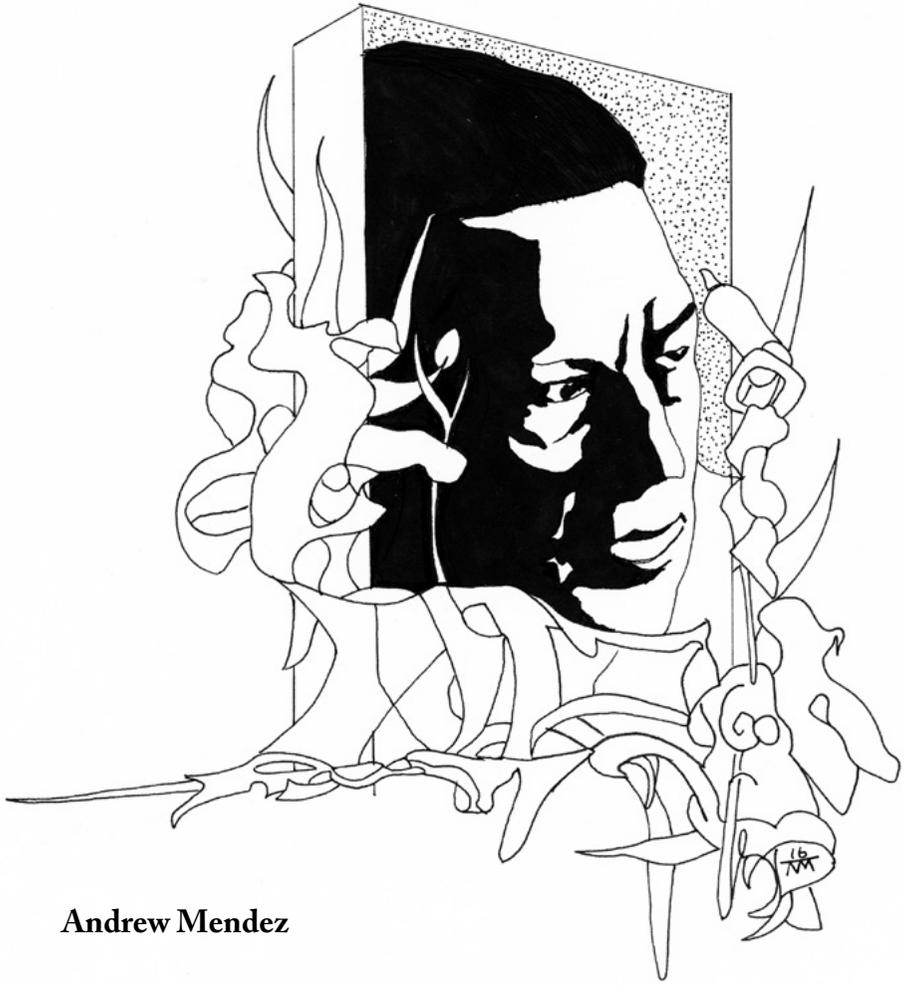
my legs spilling over the zodiac floor on a day in September

in the center of the savage looking castle all is stone: except love

my head is an object drowned in silent initiation

Buenos Aires, April 2016

*Translated from the Portuguese by Jason Abdelhadi*



**Andrew Mendez**

# Valery Oisteanu

## *Scorched landscapes of my mind*

My head echoes the sound of vertical ice  
Falling through the cracks in my windows  
What you are about to hear, to endure is  
Ice crashing ice hallucinatory avalanche  
Nadja killed by Andre Breton, amour fou  
A captive whale silently chanting poems  
Duchamp's fetishistic mistakes lay bare  
A lunatic messenger from a mutant void  
Ictio-harpsichordis in need of a tune up  
Zebra-ostrich hunted by four claws birds,  
Horizontal vaginas seeking square pricks  
An upright piano housing giant locust-bees  
The purity of intention pushing dark abyss  
A Zeppelin flying against the solid darkness  
Rhythmic waterfalls, streaming blue jellyfish  
Chess horses chasing chestnut transparency  
Captive of my scorched undiscovered landscapes  
White fire escapes rising toward invisibility  
Turning point encircled by magic lamps  
Smoke blackened tunnels surround shrunken head  
A convenient darkness pointing in all directions  
As the knives pierce immeasurable fear-laughter  
Inconsequential, exhausted immortal unreality  
Threatened by my apocalyptic visionary lethargy

*André Breton in Babylon  
(50th anniversary of eternity)*

From Amazon to Oregon,  
Ceylon to Saskatchewan  
The ghosts of surrealism die none  
Abandoned beyond abandon  
By Crevel, Dali and Aragon  
Nadja clone hides withdrawn  
Run left or the other left on  
Lost forever in stereopticon  
Andre Breton-sine qua non  
Iguanodon long field on  
Dada-Surrealism marathon  
Sade, Freud, Jung all with a hard on  
Looking through a key hole, put upon  
Crippled metronome hangs on  
Assisted by trombone and saxophone  
Breton's shadow on the throne  
Imposing alchemical lexicon  
Crooked yawn, spirit gone, outshone  
Surreal experiments outgrown  
Consensus has to be postpone.

# Scherezade Siobhan

## *after mad love (for Breton & Bem)*

my husband with the hair of egyptian ink  
my husband with the skin of jaipur silver anklets  
my husband with the tongue of socrates' hemlock  
my husband with the chest of a venerated grimoire  
my husband with the eyes of an aquamarine amulet  
my husband with the lips of a vesper rose  
my husband with the mouth of shisha smokerings  
my husband with the voice of a golden god undressing pyramids  
my husband with the heart of a luna moth sleeping in amber  
    quaalude  
my husband with the heart of a papier-mâché piñata  
my husband with the heart of a siberian tiger's jaws

## *breton quintet*

i  
to sequel the pupil  
of a somatic metaphrase  
into the akashic pinyon

ii  
the kohl-box basilica  
narrating its chemistry  
over the bulldozed skeleton  
of a mesopotamian jealousy

iii

in the circadian praxis;  
the omega steel of neuron  
razors will tailspin  
machetes – julienne  
our cavalier lotus eaters

iv

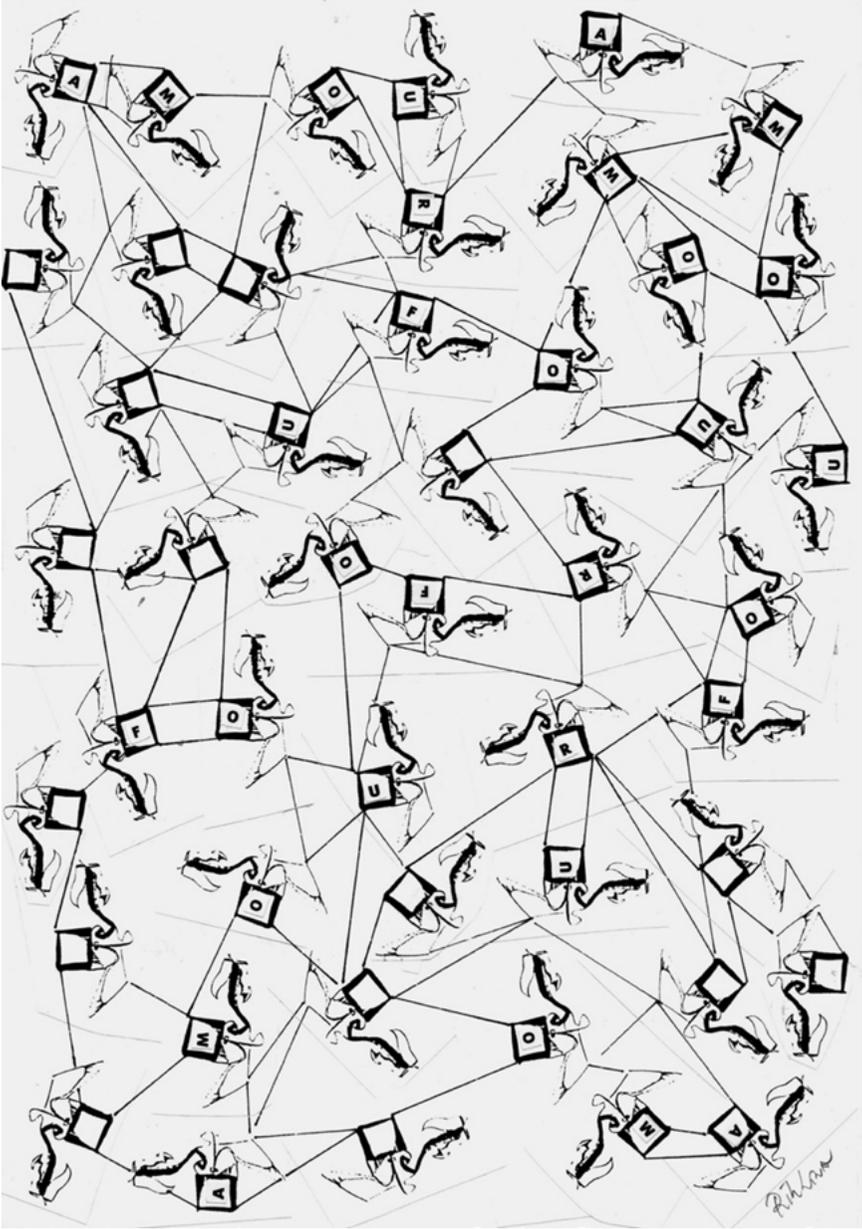
we contract the panoply  
a pornography of  
a colonial osmosis  
husking the thistle  
crow of each aborigine

v

dementia when photographed  
slithers through  
a lava lamp unfolding  
a kaleidoscopic litmus



**Guy Ducornet**



**Rik Lina**

*AMOUR FOU – Homage to André Breton*

# Arthur Spota

## *Navigations (for André Breton)*

Even the moon becomes carnivorous light  
suspended from fields of air  
as loftily as any man  
and woman  
perfectly arabesque and intransigent.

One day my heart will seize itself  
One day my despair will forge powers from the supernatural  
and conduct from the median of pearl  
a purity of light from a reflection of my own life.

A vertigo of the infinite  
is surrounded by a fine mass of filament.  
Midnight lies motionless,  
caressed and converging with the mosaic  
dream and spiritlessness.

Shadow is but the mist of an energy  
without the diamond blue stillness  
that is the lustre of its vertigo.

My life is purity and the demise of what is pure.  
My love, an ember in eternity:  
A mechanical path that leads to magick.

I was born from the very pump of what is senseless.

My dada maintains (contains) two elements

1. consequence
2. lilac

Quickly!

Peel sleep from the cells that are remorseful.

Peel sleep from the velvety cisterns that flow  
unflinching to the very steps of love.

Beneath the gleam your reveries cast  
in the pale garden of your hidden dream  
strange birds swiftly ascend the length of the air,  
become songs in the night  
hidden by a mist  
where melody comes to rest.

My desire darkens the mist with pure loss  
and pledges its loyalty to the forgotten spaces  
divided by the depths of your fallen intent.

I am there  
as night and moon merge  
beneath the flora;  
as wind and stream embrace  
for the first time.

And for the first time,  
deep in my heart  
time erases itself.

A world without beginning, without end  
absorbed in a nebula of vapor  
vanishes as quickly and as plainly as death.



**Mitchell Pluto**  
*Leader of Illusions*

# Virginia Tentindo

*L'angle du bac.*

*Sculpture en hommage à André Breton.*



Elle émerge des plis de la vague, Mélusine après le cri, elle écoute aux coquillages, à droite le chant de l'oiseau phénix et de la baleine bleue, à gauche les battements de cœur de l'amour. Devant elle, tenu par la main aux lignes d'air, s'ouvre le livre de la connaissance de ce qui fut et de ce qui sera, tandis que l'autre main, aux lignes de feu, la fait jouir. Et rugissant sous la vague, drapé de la peau des ondes, veille le lion vert des transmutations philosophales.

*Joël Gayraud*

## Would you open the door?

*There is a knock at the door. You open it and see André Breton. Would you invite him in (and why)? Or close the door (and why)?*

**Jason Abdelhadi:**

I'd invite him in, so that I could offer his exquisite corpse some new wine.

**Steven Cline:**

I'd open the door, so I could give him a reluctant hug and show him my fridge full of small mammalian specimens.

**Maurizio Brancaleoni:**

The why would get stuck in the door handle. Susan forks sunshine. Too bad.

**Stelli Kerk:**

He'd be a skeleton, so it would be a little creepy and he would be hard to distinguish from all the other skeletons. It might be awkward, because if you offered him coffee it would run right through him onto the floor. We could discuss life or death, but I don't speak French and Google translate is such a brain twister.

**Casi Cline:**

I would let him in on the condition that he leave his pet, Quetzalcoatl, outside.

**-JB:** Don't you have any Quetzalcoatl hangers?!?

-CC: Unfortunately, my three-tailed armadillo chewed them all to bits.

**Stuart Inman:**

He's here now, we are having a fine old time. He refused coffee though...

**Craig Wilson:**

I'd play a quick word game with him and pose a riddle in English. He could answer in French (the surprise would be there are no wrong answers) and then enter. I'd break out my English to French dictionary and devour it to learn instant French. He'd be wearing the glasses he had on the cover of Anthology of Black Humor.

**Karl Howeth:**

Yes, because the fainting God could bring me a dancing, yellow armchair.

**Stephen Kirin:**

He can come in the front door but then go straight out of the back door.

**Ron Sakolsky:**

I invite him inside to ask him a question that I have been pondering for many years. I have always known that this particular inquiry could only be broached in front of a roaring fire on a cold and rainy night. I take his umbrella and escort him to the open hearth of my marble fireplace. The shadow of his enormous black and red plumage dances fiercely on the twisted faces of the mantelpiece gargoyles. As he warms up in

the luminescent glow of the crackling flames, he seems less like a translucent apparition and more like a sizzling lightning bolt. He tells me that he was drawn to my doorway by some strange magnetic force which he cannot explain.

Slowly taking off my velvet octopus mask, I ask him whether Jacques Vaché had x-ray eyes?

**Paul McRandle:**

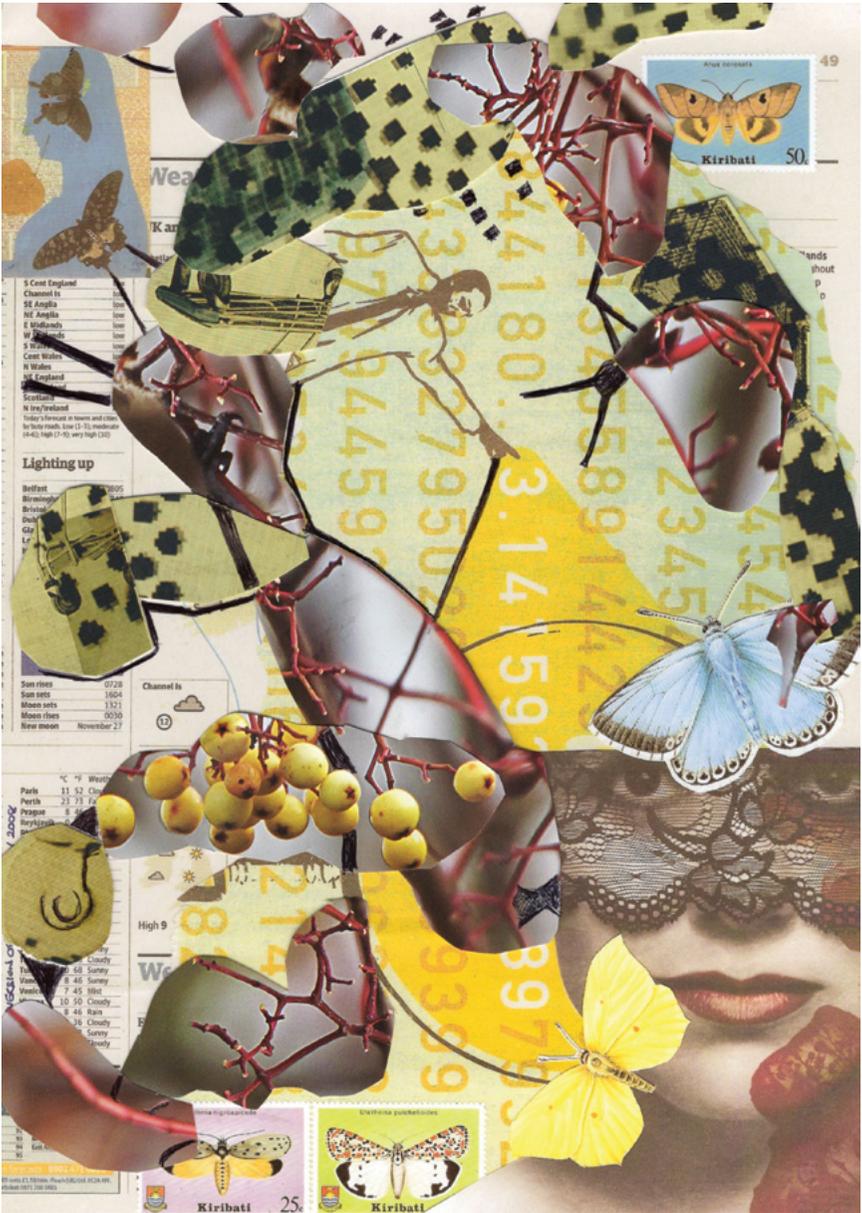
Of course, I would open the door and invite André Breton in for a glass of absinthe and to continue the seance game I played with him in a dream New Year's Eve 2015.

**Penelope Rosemont:**

I consider him my best friend of my lifetime. It would be wonderful to see him. Perhaps the major influence on my life. Like yesterday though 50 plus years have passed. In my mind's eye I still see him and Toyen and the Paris friends clearly.

**Guy Ducornet:**

I would definitely let André Breton in and immediately take him down to the wine cellar of my house (which is dug in the chalk 25 feet down), where close to one thousand bottles of various wines have been sleeping in the dark for over thirty years. I would involve Breton in a collage "exquisite corpse" with scissors and glue-sticks, with numerous glasses of wine in hand!



**John Richardson/John Welson**  
*André Breton - Lighting Up*

## Dreams & Encounters

### Craig Wilson

I've had two dreams featuring André Breton. The first found us standing in a copy shop in Carbondale, Illinois. Breton was thin and in a rumpled old suit like he'd been through an ordeal, but seemed cheerful. He explained that he was able to watch the 1969 moon landing and had been tutoring at the local university to make extra money. I remember thinking how happy I was to run into him in southern Illinois of all places, and that he spoke English fairly well. It was like he was still alive but didn't want many people to know.

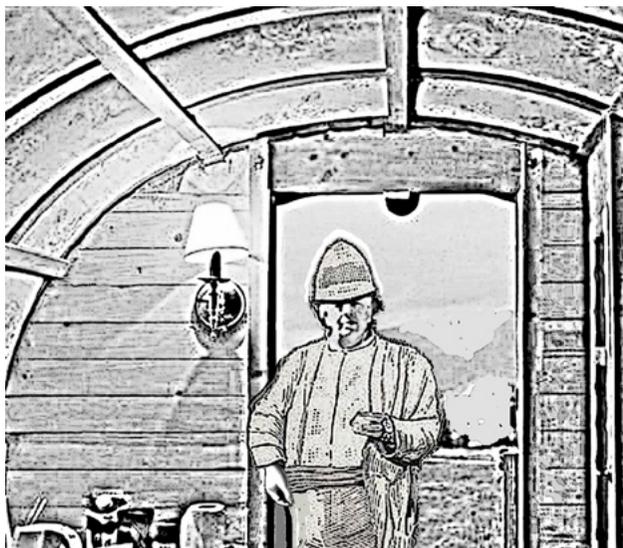
The second dream was more than a decade later; Breton was the lone person in a large indoor swimming pool. He was facing the other direction as I came up behind him to say hello. We talked a little, but in this dream it seemed that he didn't know much English. He also seemed distracted and didn't turn his head. Shortly thereafter someone like a French Stalinist came through the door at the other end of the room and declared: "From now on, all contemporary protest is counter-revolutionary!" Breton pushed off from the side of the pool where he'd been resting to swim towards the Stalinist. I saw that he had become one of the Mer-People and could swim very fast since his legs had been replaced by a giant fishtail. I was looking forward to hearing Breton argue with the Stalinist or pull him into the water but the dream ended.

### David Nadeau

I am part of a circus which just moved into a city and, while I rest, or prepare myself in my modest trailer, André Breton arrives at my door. He is dressed as a british explorer, with pale beige

jacket and trousers, and a pith helmet. He is aged between forty and fifty. I think he is a lion tamer, but I don't remember what my role is in this circus. I explain to him the difficulties and the limits of living the Surrealist adventure in solitude.

The theme of the meeting of two poets in a circus reminds me, in retrospect, of the marvelous world of Raymond Roussel's novels and stories, that I discovered at that time. In 2004 I had not yet met any Surrealist ; I had only exchanged one or two e-mails with Marie-Dominique Massoni and she send me few issues of the magazine S.U.RR. It was not until 2006 that I joined the Surrealist Movement's activities.



### **T.D.Typaldos**

I have dreamt of him, and not only with André Breton, Desnos and Peret were in a room with him and we had a conversation but I can't remember what we talked about and suddenly they disappeared and I was in a strange hotel alone.

## **Paul McRandle**

The first time I played the seance game with André Breton occurred in a hotel room in New York City in 1946. He and several other surrealists revealed a board game upon a small, round seance table. The opening move fell to the winner of a round of Rochambeau, which I won by luck, allowing me to pick the places on the board on which stone pieces would be set. We followed a script setting the scene for the seance and as I played against Breton he made a move that opened a hidden compartment within the board connected to the table itself. There was, in fact, no element in the room not that was not part of the game or script, including everyone present.

## **Maria Brothers**

I was in an old style district in Patra, Greece back in the 1930's. The sun was setting which made the skies the color of deep orange. I was standing by the doorway of an old Café, and I was looking at the empty road out there as it was almost dark. At some point, André Breton called me from the back of the Café to go bend over in front of him and see how I looked from that position and without second thought I bent over and he started writing in a note pad. I did not seek any explanation for this action, all I knew is that I liked what he asked me to do. He then told me with a serious tone to stand upright, and as I stood he said: "I will be back shortly", and fled out the door that I stood before. I followed him towards to doorway and stopped and noticed the street had become busy with people walking up and down the road. At this point, I was thinking Breton would return and some type of fear got a hold of me without knowing the why. I saw him from afar coming towards me, and for some strange reason I wanted to hide but the Café's



**Guy Ducornet**

entrance was made of glass windows and his eyes were always on me as he was approaching. As he approached close to me, he asked me to go to the hotel he was staying and we started walking away from the Café. On the way to the hotel, I was noticing his outfit. A deep gray suit with a beige shirt and a deep gray tie. What I liked the most was a red handkerchief in the front left pocket of his suit. Arriving at the hotel, a murder had just occurred, so he rushed and took me by the hand to his room and said: “This is where we will stay”, and started writing again, always in that serious attitude. The elevator communicated with his room and as the doors were opening, people would just stop the elevator and stare at us to see what we were doing. It did not bother us a bit. I was sitting next to him looking at his face as he was writing. He stopped writing and then glanced at me allowing me to see something I wanted all this time, a smile. This was the end of the dream with the unique André Breton.

### **Mattias Forshage**

*In response to the question “Have you ever dreamt of André Breton?”*

*4/4 2013*

A friend once made a joke – a fake ad for a book about André Breton’s secret bergsonianism. It was an effective prank partly just because it was utterly pointless, I am sure someone in a French literature department in a university somewhere is writing exactly that book as we speak. My own contribution to the genre is an insight from a dream this morning, sleeping badly due to a stomachache. In this state the contents of this dream,

about a recent book about André Breton, came to me all at once as a "dump" rather than as a storyline experienced. It concerned what Breton was actually doing those mythical "blank months" of 1936 when none of his biographers have been able to account for his doings and whereabouts. These new findings revealed that he was in love with a woman. (Maybe she was named Margo, like the youth flame dug up in Polizotti's biography) or Marlo (the wife of the Incredible Hulk's sidekick Rick Jones)?) Her father was a famous physicist, and he considered Breton's references to modern physics (in for example "Crise de l'Objet") so superficial that he forbade his daughter to meet with this charlatan. Breton's love for this woman took the shape of an eagerness to perform a sacrifice. So secretly, he left Paris and went to København to study with Niels Bohr! At the same time as other surrealists and intellectuals, including Ernst, Dalí and Bataille, happily posed with their rather superficial understanding of modern physics, and this was one of the major themes in the legendary one-off dissident-surrealist publication *Inquisitions*, where Bachelard, one of the rather few who had a more solid insight into physics, published his famous text about "surrationalism". Breton's apprenticeship with Bohr was quite successful, but as he returned to Paris he also decided, for some reason, to keep this episode secret. Maybe the woman had found someone else in his absence, maybe his vanity took over and he was worried about looking ridiculous, but he just never mentioned it, and the references to physics in his writings became increasingly brief.

\* \* \*

Now as far as I know, awake, the year 1936 in Breton's life is quite detailedly chronicled, and among other things (such

as going to London), he was still in the earlier part of his marriage with Jacqueline Lamba. Yet the story presents an interesting pendant to the famous story about Bataille, that he was studying to become a priest, but then suddenly rejected christianity “because it made a woman he was in love with cry”. Apparently, the book in question is a kind of part 2 to Gavin Parkinson’s book *Surrealism, Art and Modern Science*. Since Louis de Broglie and Jacques Spitz appear too young, a likely candidate for the famous physicist is Paul Langevin (1872-1946) an antifascist activist and a communist whom Breton met in the “Comité de vigilance des intellectuels antifascistes”. When I look him up, I find that he did indeed have a daughter, Hélène Solomon-Langevin, born in 1909 and a communist too, yet already by 1929 she was married with another communist physicist, Jacques Solomon. (Later she spent time in Auschwitz, but returned and lived long after.) Furthermore, it is interesting from the viewpoint of method. One striking thing in the entire work of André Breton is how he almost always manages to avoid making a careful study to get an overview of a field of interest. Also when he is expected to have and provide such an overview (like in the *Anthologie de l’humour noir* and the *L’Art magique*) he stubbornly refuses and instead presents an inspired little selection and some stunningly interesting reflections based on them, for certain with implications for the whole subject matter but still without the actual overview. The only example I can think of right now (there are probably a few more) when he does the contrary, actually sits down to read a number of books in order to master a subject matter and provide an introduction to it, is his study of German romanticism written as a preface to the French edition of Achim von Arnim 1933. Another

characteristic of Breton's intellectual method is to choose mentors, mentors whom he would faithfully trust in the particular field for which he chose them (not in others) and follow up all their suggestions and recommendations in this field. Why not Niels Bohr? And for some of us, André Breton became exactly that kind of mentor. In his field of expertise (which is vast, since it deals with the adventure of the human mind, known as poetry) his expertise is indisputable and his viewpoint always calls for listening, but other aspects of him may at times be fully ridiculous. Yet in that particular field, his personality is subordinated to the real objective necessities (I mean the spiritual necessities, not some short-term goal), transformed into an instrument of sensibility, objective necessities, and of a masterful personal sensibility as the voice of that necessity. Of course, in moments of lagging concentration, merely personal necessities or historical restraints entered his judgment and he became a mere voice for his opinions, which are often mistaken or poorly informed (but empirically clearly worth considering in every case). One may have a whole series of these inescapable voices, sitting in rows on one's shoulders, pointing out the implications of one's own choices, deeds and thoughts. Some of them are historical figures of an inspirational stature, some of them are elective teachers chosen to teach one a lesson, some of them are certain regular discussion partners whose most crucial points are easily internalised like this. Of course, mentors in this sense needs to be chosen by selective affinities rather than assigned, and of course, one is entirely free to ignore their advice – but not without having listened to it. All these goddamn birds perching on one's shoulder.

If I send this dream and its subsequent reflection from 2013 as a response to your enquiry, I will have sort of answered your question, but I will still have avoided the part which was possibly the interesting part about it, imagining the real situation of finding a character who would be the real André Breton at the door. I have to say I hardly ever dreamed of meeting André Breton (possibly decades ago, but not in any dream that seemed important enough to memorise) and that for me he is not a mythological character in the sense that I sense some unexpected dynamics unfolding from this scene. As characters, there are many other surrealist pioneers, luminaries and minor players who will trigger my imagination more, and I find it more interesting to fantasize about comrades with striking names from contemporary activities that I've never met...

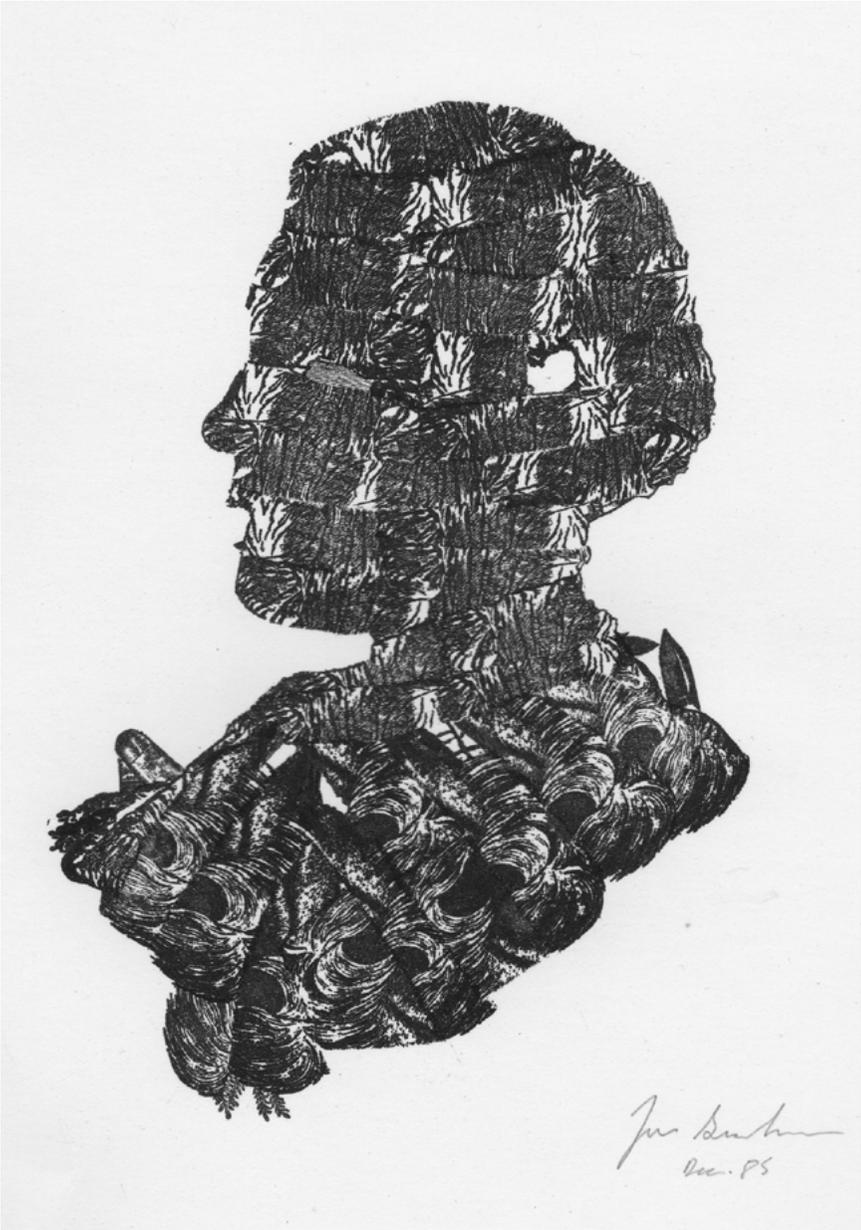
### **Penelope Rosemont**

When ever I am filled with doubts or lonely I fill my mind with those times and then dream them while asleep. It is a wonder that so small a group could accomplish so much.

### **Joël Gayraud**

Rêve de la nuit du 22 au 23 novembre 1979.

Je me vois endormi, allongé sur un lit installé dans une sorte de corridor. En face de moi, sur la paroi opposée, se trouve un meuble aux allures de vitrine, faiblement éclairée, comme dans un musée. À l'intérieur sont présentés quatre objets sur de petits socles, objets que j'affirme être des masques en bronze. Ces masques ont l'aspect de griffes couvrant le bas du visage et me font immédiatement à penser à ce « descendant très



**Jon Graham**

*Ceci n'est pas un pape*

évolué du heaume » qu'évoque André Breton dans L'Amour fou. Ils sont répartis par paires : deux petits dans la partie inférieure de la vitrine; en haut, deux grands. Surviennent alors un homme et une femme, que, semble-t-il, je connais, qui sont peut-être même des amis, mais dont l'apparition me cause une certaine angoisse. Je fais semblant de dormir. En passant devant la vitrine, ils prennent chacun un des deux grands masques, sans ouvrir la vitre, devenue soudain absente. Ils sortent. Quelque temps plus tard, ils reviennent en sens inverse. Ils me tâtent le corps en passant. Je saisis de mes mains leurs avant-bras, que je serre de plus en plus fort. Je me réveille en tenant mon sexe, flasque, entre les doigts de la main gauche.

### Constat de hasard objectif

Au matin du 3 juin 2014, j'ouvre ma messagerie et découvre un courriel m'apprenant le décès d'Étienne Leperlier. Étienne, que je connaissais assez peu, ne l'ayant rencontré qu'une fois à Conches et une autre fois à Paris au vernissage d'une de ses expositions, était maître-verrier. Il était l'un des sculpteurs sur verre les plus renommés actuellement en France. Mais avant tout, à mes yeux, il était le frère de mon ami François Leperlier, poète surréaliste, connu pour sa redécouverte de l'œuvre de Claude Cahun, à laquelle il a consacré plusieurs volumes qui font autorité. J'ouvre ensuite le courriel que m'envoie chaque jour, comme à des centaines d'abonnés, le site André Breton : tous les matins, vers 6 heures, je reçois une image ou un document dont le choix, opéré par une machine, est totalement aléatoire. Aujourd'hui le hasard choisit de m'envoyer un manuscrit, écrit sans doute par Pierre Naville et annoté par

André Breton, sur Francis Picabia. La première phrase qui donne son titre au texte me saute aux yeux comme un rappel de la triste nouvelle que je viens de recevoir : « Verrons-nous le retour des verreries ? ».

### **Alfredo Fernandes**

Une route bordée de sapins serpente dans la montagne. La pleine lune illumine le paysage d'un glacis bleu argent. Des surréalistes de tous âges, toutes générations confondues, défilent silencieusement. Ils marchent en file indienne. Chacun d'eux porte à la façon d'un drapeau une grande palme à laquelle se mêlent des fleurs de mimosa. J'aperçois André Breton. Il paraît très jeune, encore adolescent et il s'entretient très amicalement avec chacun des marcheurs, l'un après l'autre. Lorsque vient mon tour, je comprends que le jeune Breton a donné à chacun une énigme à résoudre. Il s'agit d'une question importante dont la résolution aura de vastes effets tant au niveau individuel que social.

Pendant mon sommeil, j'avais distinctement entendu l'énigme que je devais résoudre. Mais à mon réveil, je l'avais oubliée. Sentiment d'intense frustration. *2 février 2012*

### **Guy Girard**

Triant de vieux documents dans une pièce obscure, je remarque un formulaire d'état-civil, sur papier bistré, établi à la fin du siècle dernier au nom d'André Breton. Je lis donc qu'il mesurait 1 mètre 48 et pesait 35 kilos. Je le savais de petite taille, mais pas tant, tout de même ! Et d'un poids si léger ! Mais de telles mensurations l'apparentent donc bien au petit peuple des lutins, ce qui m'assure de la force et de l'actualité du surréalisme. *24 juillet 1994*

## **Jean-Pierre Guillon (1943 – 2012)**

Allongés de tout notre long au sommet d'une falaise, nous sommes quatre ce jour-là à faire office de guetteurs et à garder l'entrée du défilé, Hervé Delabarre, moi et nos deux épouses. Sur la route en lacets que surplombe notre poste d'observation, et qui était tout à l'heure déserte, nous voyons soudain s'avancer un homme : c'est André Breton. Il porte une cape noire ; un bijou égyptien incrusté de diamants pend à son cou, et sa chevelure est une longue crinière bleue. Pour l'avertir du grave danger qui en cet endroit, selon nous, le menace, Hervé l'interpelle : mais je ne garde au réveil aucun souvenir de ses paroles, pas plus que de la nature exacte du danger redouté.

Une même question nous préoccupe tous quatre : pourquoi ces cheveux bleus ? Régine Delabarre, établissant soudain une relation, mystérieuse pour nous autres, mais évidente pour elle, entre la couleur de la chevelure et le bijou que porte ce jour-là André Breton, nous en donne en deux mots la réponse : « LE VOYAGEUR ». 8 mars 1966

*(Ce récit de rêve est extrait du livre de Jean-Pierre Guillon, « Les Nuits du veilleur de nuit », paru aux éditions La Maison de verre, à Paris, en 1996.)*

## **Ana Orozco**

C'est le matin. Nous sommes dans l'appartement, J.R. et moi. Une belle lumière blanche illumine les lieux. Je tente d'accéder à la salle de bains, mais André Breton qui habite avec nous, y est enfermé. Nous sommes très proches de lui, nous entretenons une amitié sincère, pourtant une aura respectueuse nous le rend parfois inaccessible et il s'évapore un peu, comme l'eau de la bouilloire qui forme un petit nuage au plafond... Ce matin, il est déterminé à ne pas sortir de la

salle d'eau. En effet, il est occupé à se couper soigneusement les ongles avec un coupe-ongles. Son costume crème se découpe joliment sur la mosaïque rose pâle de la pièce. Je ne sais pas comment je le vois, ni même comment je sais qu'il est affairé à la manucure, car la vitre de la porte de la salle de bains est ciselée de manière à empêcher la vue. Mais je vois, je sais. J'abandonne l'idée d'entrer dans la pièce. Un quart d'heure plus tard, je reviens. La porte est ouverte, j'entre. L'appartement, qui jusque-là était en tous points conforme à la réalité, s'est doté d'une nouvelle pièce. En effet, je constate que la salle de bains donne sur une chambre. Je surprends André Breton en train d'y faire l'amour avec une femme noire, tapageuse, sensuelle, tout droit sortie de quelque fantasma exotique du XIXe siècle. *Automne 2015*

### **Dan Stanciu**

Je vois en rêve un disque vinyle, c'est l'album d'un certain groupe WITT, dont le soliste s'appelle Mills. Le titre de l'album est L'Enfant ailé international, et les pièces enregistrées sur le disque sont tirées de la bande sonore d'un dessin animé ayant le même titre. Sur la pochette du disque on peut lire un commentaire d'André Breton. *6 mai 1973*



*Ana Orozco*

# ISSUE 3



Ody Saban

*Peut-on tout cacher dans la jungle?*

## Jason Abdelhadi

### *Vagabond Starscape from the Corner of the Desert*

A shale wind of hot oil, a coyote with a hunger-pill, a coffer full of them, and a gentle normcore band. A star-studded sequence that the young will cease to trouble, the bird people have no issues here. It's a manner of the realization of an excessive politics in place of a cheap music video. This is the only inspiration, the inspiration of the manikin with no face, the drugged out goat groupie, the hat-salesman. Rimbaud understands the necessity for a business venture co-eternal with all strivings after truth, how the Marxist privileging of the material conditions finds its mirroring in the need for every human activity to now have a business function as its (sometimes indiscernible) REAL. It is not an upgrade, it is a custom upgrade.

They came in a storm and make no enemy of electric currents. If I bow my head and acquiesce, leave the fight, she will not have a question about how much one types, when one is writing these automatic sentences. This is the question of the Enterprise Evaluation, the consumption of thinking and galactics in a way that is neither "painting" nor "pure thinking". The only other term we have, and I think it is a good one, is precisely "consumer-naturalism", a hybrid of Thomas Carlyle and Naomi Klein. Put down the melon, and recite! Recite, recite – such a 19th century request, he mumbled. But such are the necessities of the "daily grind", as Mao has it.

A desert is a concerto. A wasteland is a concertina. A hundred frozen whales are the origins of the million grains of sand. It is a cyberspace of the microscopic. In this relationship, no



**Mitchell Pluto**, *Dinuguan dissection of an exorcism*



**Mitchell Pluto**, *Rebirth Ritual*

love has ever been less guaranteed or frequented. Accordingly:

- 1) We fabricate only from metal what cannot be done from wood.
- 2) We polish nothing.
- 3) We worship moss as if a deity.
- 4) The tigers are considered the most beautiful creatures, rabbit-women coming in second.
- 5) That we are pro “melting into air”.

From this it is obvious that senior management has no taste for worms, signatories, jewels, drivers, hate mail, clubhouses, diets, the last long letter of a witch to her familiar, crests, annoying house problems, upsets, crummy weather, predictions, the concept of anxiety, a set of any authors, the law. By these items, a regimen of strict procedure is constantly exploded. We have no priority on their list.

Who unites in friendship?

Who basks in the statuesque?

Who paints tremendously?

Who has relations with young interns?

Who breaks the necessary outer packaging?



Megan Leach, *A cannibal of dreams*



Megan Leach

Who has no toe?

Where did the lot go, with the visual impact off the page and to the side?

Addendum, instructions on dating a chess piece: do not be too forward. Keep the context in a straight manner. Avoid discussing the bravado of roosters, for it deeply offends them. Smooth out your facial features, and become a dull giant. Spy on ants, learn their secrets. It behoves you to try to read their sacred text, *The Bahamas of Stricture*, but do not attempt to bold a commentary; avoid the passages of plastic blood at all costs – do not mention you have read them, or heard of them, or even know of their existence in a negative manner. **ANY MENTION OF THESE** can cost you your life. Bake a pie using spicy ingredients. Keep it diurnally, and press a single slice upon a possum after the night shale of the aeon collapses the column of the Vendôme. If there is an end to real hard drives, these are the people who will fix it.

A throw of the panic will always abolish dice. This is the last temptation when it comes to gaming. That the spirit is done over and above the mapping (by strict geographic method) of the seascape. This is what the NAVY is for, let Washington and Astarte know.

## *On the Road to Abandoning Artistic Responsibility*

*And my visible absence of superiority — my state of collapse — is the mark of an insubordination which equals that of the starry sky.*

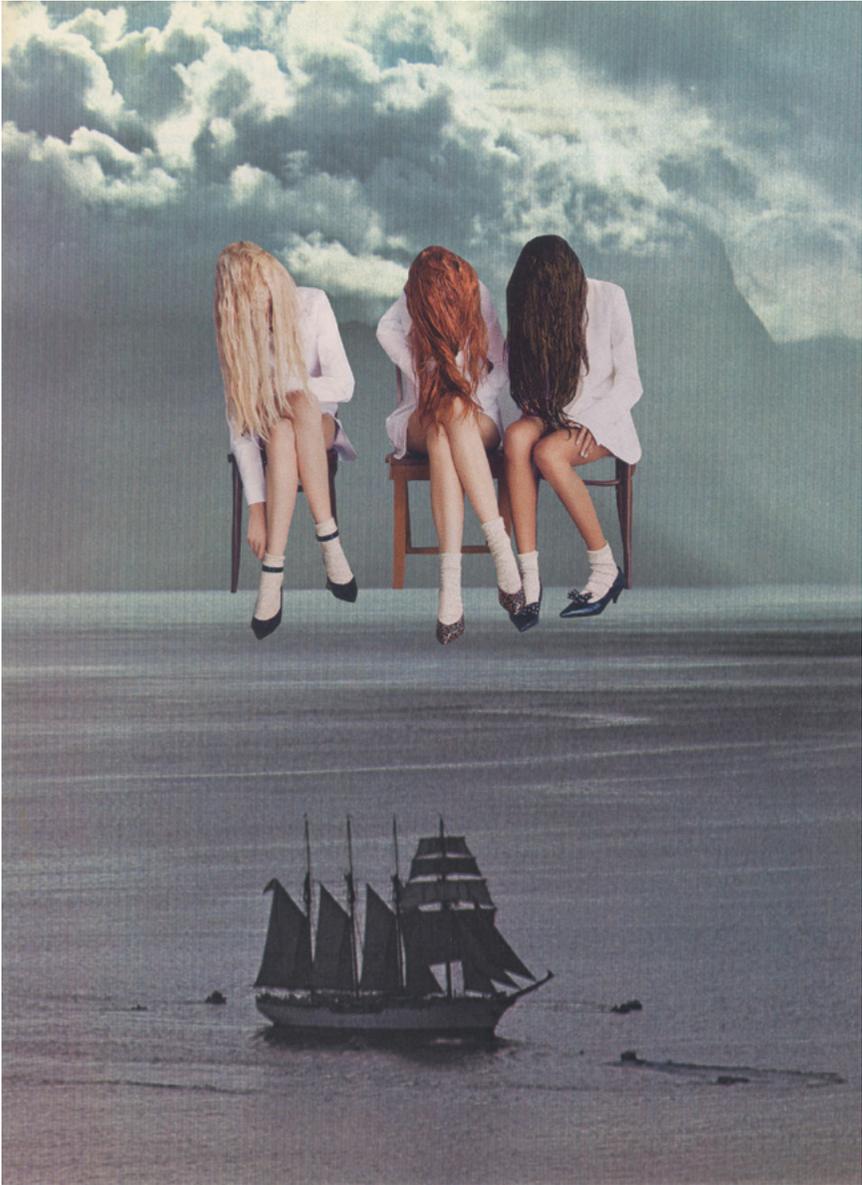
Georges Bataille (trans. Michael Richardson)

Artists always feel an attachment for their dreadful gardens, but they don't have the slightest idea how to address plants. The weeds they call by racial slurs. The cultivated specimens are treated to the point of spoliation. Balance, a figurative word, is given over entirely to the mathematicians. Out of such a mess, there is no doubt that Egoism and detrimental substitutions eclipse the important — the planetary — results.

This is the contemporary meaning of astrology. Call on the star signs (and I am looking at you, Aquarius) to take the full brunt of the responsibility. Maybe authors cannot wholly be gotten rid of, as Theory intimates... But can we at least reduce their number to twelve? Twelve authors is enough to manage even for the critics (if they put in some effort, they can even synthesize a symbolism out of it).

One authorial ticket per star sign. "That plot device is Sagittarian." "This piece is Pisces at its core." "Consider why Cancer's Kehre (turn) was so bound up with its political commitment." etc. We could then organize the humans (contingently, and with full recognition) into their respective star signs, and give them their birthright share in the creative ratio. It would then simply be a project of collective, creative endeavour for us all.

This project has no end in sight. The cosmos will sequence the correlative contingency of the Universe, its primordial chaos, to each individual born and bred on the Terran concept of reality. It will be a matter of ideological training and a withholding of



**Sherri Higgins**  
*Witching A Storm*

certain terrible temptations. Then, the absolute joy of Terror made into a group work so large that the Gods will, perhaps, become manifest after all, when we are all together, and the gold of time is epochal instead of merely theoretical.

This elevator pitch for a gnostico-heavenly reversal needs to sound convincing. Think of it as a sort of reverse Gigantomachy. We mortals bind together and create the Gods, who invade the land of the Giants and quell them, and then together we re-tell the original Myth, thereby disowning our role as aggressors, and preserving a kind of cosmic responsibility vis-à-vis the Big Other. It's Meillassoux meets Maya-Sioux.

If we all grouped together by star sign, at least for our creative works, we would begin once again a tribal set of myths, characterizations, stories, sequences, colours. It would be an Idea that could take the World someplace other than a messy mediocrity. It might even be more appropriate, if we make peace with the 72 Earthly Fiends and 36 Heavenly Constellations, to group them by Chinese astrological animals as well. It is a syncretic and open concept, but it must remain gigantesque for it to have the appropriate impact.

The concept will be named after a great and convulsive disorder in the mythology of the universe, and a humorous stitch across its forehead. Let us make it more of a Hebraic joke, if we can, since we got here first; for a nice bit of Jewish humour will sort out the annoying preachiness straight from the get-go. We must emphasize contingency, chance, the ludicrous, the madness, the completely daft attempt as a necessary precursor to some kind of order. This is A Modest Proposal on salvia.

As for the critics, they must be singled out as a kind of special "Levite" tribe. These are plucked from the fruits of each star sign and grouped together under the banner of the homo sacer.

Critics can and must be killed regularly, neither as sacrifice nor as legal entities, but as outlaws. This will allow for impunity and impartiality, not only in their dispensing of opinions (which has never been the problem) but in their just punishment (which is precisely where they have gotten off scot-free in the past) — punishment if they deserve it — and they will.

It was along these lines that the gentle Al-Shouqran (The Blondie) jotted down the extractions from Rimbaud, Arcanum 17, Wu Cheng'en, and the Three Kingdoms of ants he had observed (a combat) for many weeks across the lawn of Oz. The Emerald City, where his notes were sent for processing, sent back a note saying that all contributions were to be submitted from “her” from now on, and no “he” would be accepted. And so she switched genders and kept the title.

Is this some kind of abdication? It is an abdication. It must be a surrender too. And, once the paperwork is in order, an oratory opportunity to condemn (preferably without trial à la Saint-Just) and a guillotining — of what? Of that pestilent “creativity”. It must be slaughtered once and for all. There is nothing that can be done, neither massive nor interesting, neither beautiful nor convulsive, without the many hands and the radio airwaves, the by all not by one of the participating segments, the representation — no — presentation of all the star signs, Tarot conjunctions, archaeological remnants, urns, shattered statuettes, archeofossils, tender buttons, Great Danes and loving anti-parents. All and all, the other all and the further all, the last and most complete all with Osiris and Isis as final signing authority. Is that a fair enough exchange for your creativity, Stephane? Yvon? Gert? Hepner? Jarnot?

We came to a conclusion and signed it at a conference held on the moony crater of a secret location. We had our



**Mark Sanders**

antennae set up to record albums from space, broadcast across long stretches to accompany the light show. In the meantime, our petty star-designs won out more or less unchanged (to appease the traditionalists) but the committee still voted that explicit reference be made to Egalitarian Politics, Automatic Writing and the standing authority of Objective Chance (until further notice from the Sciences), this time as a direct encouragement to André Breton, who thereafter offered his unconditional support.

And so the hieroglyphs were incised; the rock was launched. A pyramid was built, and placed in a commemorative (but still entirely secret) location. A twin pyramid was then hewn and dropped into a less than obvious spot of the Ocean (hint, near Verne's Atlantide). Finally, a Rosetta Stone was manufactured detailing all of the main texts, manifestos, the locations of the stellae and rock formations, the schemata of the tabernacles, the pyramids, the tablets etc. and this all left in a Museum, which has not yet been built further than its one room — the rest to be filled out as the deities progress in their twelve-tier work.

Long Live the Astrological Revolution! Pernicious authors will be devoured, Goya-like, by the Titans we will become. We have banded together, shed our civilization, transformed into the avatars of our House. We are loyal to the universal experience, and to the flavouring of our tribe. We are going to execute commands from the collective voices. The monotheists will serve as best practices for these particular business activities.

There was no peace, of course, no treaty, without photography. This wrapped up the collage into a singular evidence of a living manifesto, a single man, André Breton, growing in matter as he is deader, dear 50 year-old cadaver, and more spiteful of

treachery. It is our hope that this spite, in its noble grandeur and calm stillness, be granted to the race of the humans, for all time and forever. Anything that can be done to achieve this, must be done. Any work that must be sold to facilitate this, must be sold. All said and done, this is the end of every poetic striving in its implicit history. What is major is the last part, always. Art must get there too.



**Nelly Sanchez**, *Le Silence entre nous*

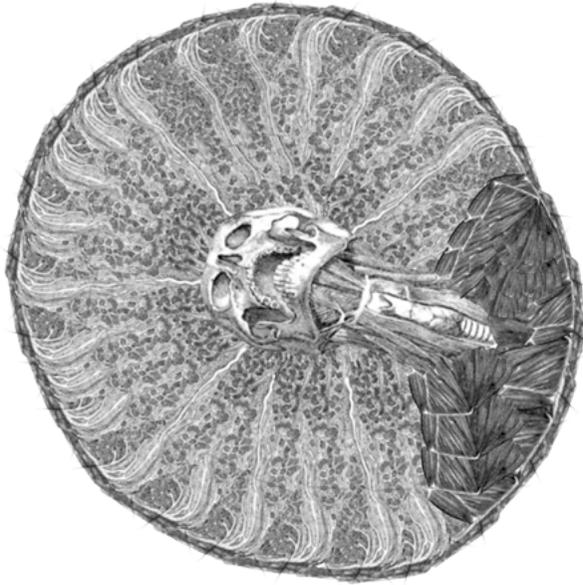
## Bruce Boston

### *All of the Lady in Sly Concoction*

Once the initials of the kingdom  
are carved in bittersweet dalliance,  
the Queen eats only fleurs-de-lis,  
continuous abalone of a suave persuasion,  
an occasional valence of mass hysteria.

Often we have heard her lemming  
in the raw corn silk of the night  
— argumentative Gatling, endless  
whalebones, meretricious knees —  
all of the lady in sly concoction,  
irreparable as the bare velocity  
of her bodice-torn meat.

And this we know and this we are,  
camouflaged and flogged by sleep,  
as if the rain that seeps along  
the flowering crevices  
and streaked crenellations  
of Cyclopean warriors, proud  
to serve Her Majesty's exposed  
exaltations, could actually feed  
the dark and mouthless children  
who defile the square.



**Bill Wolak, *Unexpected as the Strength of a Scream***



**Rik Lina, *Nat***

## *Their Shades Are Legend*

Laboratory archangels swirling down  
the alembic of decanted youth  
have concocted a stray tincture  
so potent in its ergonomic wattage  
that libraries and motor courts  
throughout our once-great nation  
will never somnambulate with  
the same diabolic orientation.

Rarely missing an atom or a fig,  
brimming with Rosicrucian hindsight,  
this strained deliquescent elixir  
will revolutionize mass transit,  
prioritize gross national procurement,  
palpate the sovereign sea with petals,  
and canonize even those imbecilic  
enough to challenge its berth.

Nevermore must we forego  
the stately pleasures of Kubla Khan,  
the slow dulcimer and the downy peek.  
No longer must we ignite the fuse  
that turns the monstrous Arctic dusk  
to clumps of glowing icons in our laps,  
nor resuscitate the last-gasp myths  
that have shaved our daily needs.

Sad sybarites of the world unite!

You have nothing to excavate  
but your long-benighted humors.  
Nothing to fear but Oysters Rockefeller.  
Nothing to swallow but the lightning bolts  
that coruscate the pelted brain stem  
and all it surveys with colors so quick  
to run their shades are legend.



Steven Cline, *Stills from Amalgamate III*

# Maurizio Brancaleoni

## *Red-penning Slips*

Like every other day, I wake up early. I wash my face, get dressed, have a quick breakfast. I go out, cover by foot the distance to the station and wait for the train patiently. A delay of twenty minutes. Luckily I had taken that possibility into account and I had acted accordingly, getting up earlier.

Finally, the train arrives and I get on board. The car is filled up in a few seconds; the seats in front of me are both occupied and I can't stretch out my legs. I close my eyes and try to sleep, abandoning myself to the music of the MP3 player.

As the train moves closer to its final destination, I rise and step down into the vestibule so as to be able to alight as soon as possible.

I make my way through the apparently impassable throng on the platforms. Fortunately, it's a matter of minutes before the metro train arrives.

There is no empty seat, so I stand near the door, squashed and englobed in the horde of morning commuters.

As I get off the metro, I opt for the imposing staircase instead of taking the indolent and crowded escalators.

I check my watch. There's still time. No need to catch a bus, I can walk. Along the way, I stop at a coffee shop to drink an espresso.

When I walk into the office, I'm perfectly on time. I greet my two colleagues and I sit down at my desk.

"Look here," G says, rising from his chair and showing a me a daily newspaper from 1984. "Have gone' is repeated three

times in this article. If it wasn't for us –”

“Does it ever occur to you guys that what we do is absurdly useless?” H bursts out. “The newspapers we’re checking have already come out and they surely won’t be reprinted after we have corrected them.”

“I don’t think our job is useless,” G replies. “Personally, I find it extremely stimulating.”

“So what? ‘Stimulating’ doesn’t mean ‘useful’. What’s your take on it, N?”

“I work for a living. I don’t care whether my job is useful or not as long as I get paid.”

G and H mimic me: “I don’t care I don’t care .”

“You don’t care about anything” G adds.

I see them making coarse gestures out of the corner of my eye. I shrug my shoulders and grab my red pen. A demanding day awaits me.

During the lunch break, I go to L, whose office is close to mine, and ask her out.

“Are you free tonight?”

“No, I have to wash my hair.”

“And Saturday night?”

“I’ll have to bite my nails.”

She joins her friends who have been waiting for her before the elevator, they go down to the ground floor. Through the high glass partitions I see them walk out of the building and gather in front of the entrance to smoke and chat. I’m not hungry at all, so I get a tea from the vending machine and go back to my office.

The day after I ask L out again.

“How about going to the cinema tonight?”

“Sorry, I’m busy tonight. I have to clean my ears.”



**Nelly Sanchez**  
*Le Temps d'un rêve*

“Wednesday night?”

“I’ll have to listen to my mobile ringtone.”

I decide to try a different approach.

“What about the new Dupobs album? They’re so beyond.”

“Who the fuck are they supposed to be?”

After work, both because today is my birthday and because I feel particularly depressed, I decide to buy me a gift and purchase a human being steak at the delicatessen. On my way home I eagerly anticipate the moment when I’ll sink my teeth into that dainty flesh and I feel unusually euphoric.

As soon as I get home I turn on the radio immediately because there’s a Mahler symphony I want to listen to, then I proceed to cook the steak with great care. While the first movement charges along, I sit at the table and taste the steak. Nothing great.

I expected it to be much better, especially at that price.

In any case, eating human flesh is an important status symbol in contemporary society and the day after, at work, I boast of my dinner with G and H.

“You should have tasted that human delicacy!” I declare.

“Yeah, sure,” H says, guffawing. G says nothing, but looks perplexed, as though I’ve talked mega-bullshit. They must be envious.

Before clocking off, I go and see L again and ask her if I can offer her a coffee or something at the cafe nearby.

“No I can’t, I have to run home and give birth to Sun Ra” is her answer.

I wonder what’s wrong with me.

Like every other day, although the alarm clock has been ringing for ten minutes, I stay under the sheets for a little while.

I want to enjoy the warmth of my bed as long as I can.

Finally I get up, wash my face and get dressed. I go out and have breakfast at my leisure at the coffee shop opposite home. When it's time to go, I just have to take a few steps to reach the RightoTypo branch office where I work since it is located next to my apartment.

I take my seat and caress my pile of magazines. I feel hyped up. I'll correct them all in a day, forget about 'minimum target achievement'!

Just at the moment when I pounce on Dogs in the World, N comes in.

As always, he says hello in a low voice without the slightest trace of cheerfulness or conviction. He sits down, takes his red pen from a can on the desk and starts looking through the colourful headlines of his first magazine in the day.

I've never liked N. He's strange.

I mean, there's nothing particularly strange about his clothes or the way he looks, but I always perceive him to be extraneous, as if he didn't belong to this country. Or rather, to this world. It sounds ridiculous, I know.

For example, he's anything but stupid, or so it seems judging by his education, but despite his Bachelor of Languages, he's so gullible! Yesterday he told me and H he had had an excellent human being steak for dinner. As if it could be even remotely possible or legal! Obviously the seller fooled him into believing it was human flesh, so as to make him pay more than the steak was worth.

It makes me wonder if he knows he's human. If he knows we all are.

Not to mention all those times when words literally die in his throat. All of a sudden he just can't find the right word and,



Karl Howeth

like a ship high and dry, runs aground. And yet, on other occasions, he has proved to be able to speak clearly and resolutely.

But over and above that, to put it in plain words, he's strange. He's really strange. He's unclassifiable. Somehow he doesn't fall into any human category that occurs to me.

One day I happened to come across his curriculum vitae. He hasn't done anything for three years before working here! What did he live on in the meantime? As far as I know, he has always lived alone, and has neither friends nor relatives.

He's tenacious, though, this can't be denied. Unfortunately, in his case, such a good quality ends up bordering idiocy. Every day he asks L out and she always refuses and, on top of that, makes fun of him with such answers as "I'm busy, I have to buy a foot-massaging pillow." And he doesn't turn a hair.

However, it seems to me that L doesn't despise him as she wants us to believe. Probably, since she plays a pivotal role in this company, she just can't allow gossip to spread about her possibly being sentimentally involved with somebody like N.

Unlike N, H is easy to describe: an arrogant stupid youngster. Perhaps I'm being a little harsh, but I can't find any redeeming qualities in him. He got this job because his uncle owns 30% of the company shares and, because of this, he basically does what he likes: he comes to work late, he's slack and careless and some days he doesn't even show up. Anyhow, I have to admit I'm glad to back him up when he makes fun of N. Somehow you need to make time pass.

But here comes H. He steps in with an air of confidence, swaggering his shoulders bellicosely. He nods towards me and N, greets us with a rough "Ho". He sits down, and instead of setting to work, turns on his computer, surfs the internet.

"Excuse me, G. How many years have passed since the last

coming of Godzilla?”

Good God. Only N could ask such a question.

“I have to check some dates here on the newspaper. I need it to make a calculation.”

H, apparently unattentive, says: “A thousand Godzillas died and were resurrected over the last few years, it’s impossible to remember the last time it came! We are so inured to that funny gummy thing that it doesn’t even give us a little shiver now. Only old people still get terrified, but it’s just a habit.”

“How can you say something like that?” I reply. “The fact that so far we’ve been lucky doesn’t mean that such a creature is no longer dangerous! Can’t you see that that monster is still a menace to the whole mankind?”

“I just need the date” N almost begs.

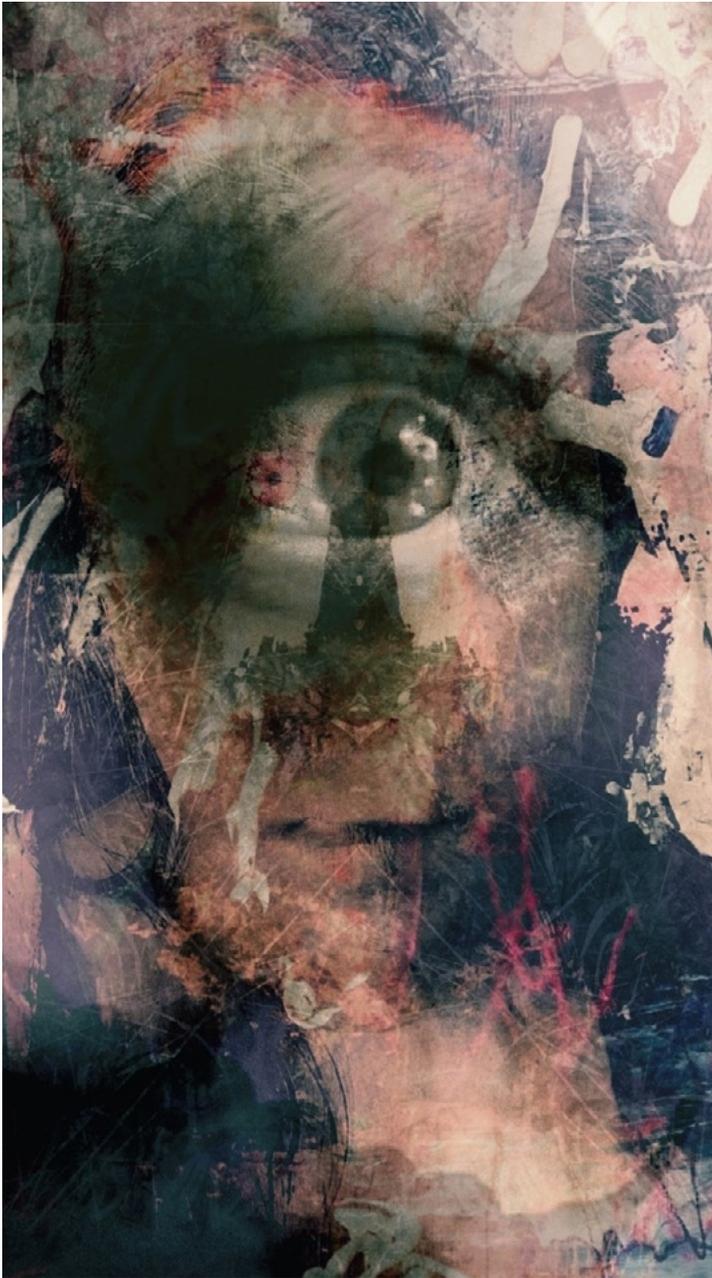
I tell it to him. I’d like to add that they are stupid and ingenious, but I don’t out of compassion.

Like every other day, I get up. At what time doesn’t matter because my uncle owns some shares of RightoTypo. I wash my face, get dressed and go out. I stop at a coffee shop to have breakfast and read the sport news. I can take my time, I always do. When I feel like it, I slowly set off to work.

As I walk into the office, those two jerks, G and N, are already there. Always on time. Those assholes are always so precise! Not one second late!

A few days ago, N lied about having had a human being steak for dinner. As if he could afford it! Sometimes he’d do better to shut up. As when, in the middle of a conversation, he can’t find a word and stops speaking all of a sudden. Such a ridiculous little man!

And then he asks L out over and over again, as if there was



**Toby Penny**

the slightest chance that L may be interested in him. Probably she hates him but doesn't say it to his face because she doesn't want to be rude; L. is a classy woman, she really is.

As to G, he's always immersed in his memories. The good old days! When he was young and life was beautiful and everything was easier and the sale and consumption of human flesh was not legal. To give you an idea of what kind of person he is, he still considers Gojira a menace to mankind! That funny puppet from the Jurassic! Old dotard! Actually, he's not that old, but he sounds like he's seventy years or something as soon as he opens his mouth. He's not that bad, though. At least I have somebody to talk to about soccer: N knows nothing about sport.

In my opinion, the job is boring and totally useless, but as long as the RightoTypo folks will pay me to do it, I don't see why I should take the trouble to find another occupation. And then, I do what I like here.

The other day I was at the pub with my friends and they claimed that the RightoTypo doesn't really exist. They said that it doesn't even have a website.

"But it has hundreds of branch offices all around the world!" I replied. So I've been told, at least.

"And where are they exactly?"

"Look, I work there," I replied, slightly irritated. "I should know if it exists or not! And why would they need a website?"

"I wonder why we need the company itself," one of my friends retorted. "What's the point of correcting newspapers and magazines which have already come out? What's the real aim of the company?"

In short, I ended up quarrelling with them and told them to get stuffed. Morons.

Like every other day, I get up, have a warm bath and get dressed. I fix my hair, put on some make up.

Then I wake up my children, remind my husband to go to the laundry after taking the kids to school, say goodbye, go out. There's a lot of traffic on the road, but I take a shortcut and manage to arrive on time.

As I approach the elevator I notice N. I pretend I haven't seen him and go towards the stairs, but he calls out to me and says: "Don't worry, I won't bother you anymore."

"Really?"

Such a change in his attitude baffles me.

We step into the elevator and N says nothing during the whole ascension. What may have happened? I'm unable to find an explanation.

Surely these subhumans are really strange and it's extremely difficult to understand them fully.

We have ensured that their true nature would be hidden so as to prevent them from being discriminated by the masses; we have given them a fake job to keep them busy and give them the impression that they are well integrated into society; they earn a regular salary for carrying out an insipid job, to say the least, and they still aren't satisfied. This one, for example, doesn't seem to be able to live without a woman. Sure, nobody here knows I'm married because I mean to keep my private life separate from work, but I did my best to make him understand that he repels me. To no avail! Every day, several times a day, he walks up to me and asks me out. How annoyingly childish! Surely on such occasions his behaviour makes his true nature as a deficient person all the more evident.

At any rate, we are very interested in the dynamics of the relationships among the subjects of unit 5. At the outset, when I

was told about this project to be carried out in synergy between our organization and the National Department of Health, I pictured these subhumans as a sort of hideous and deformed half-wits. On the contrary, – and I almost get the shivers while I say it – they are like us. That is, they look like us. Especially H. He’s an excellent subject, much inclined to conform and extremely reactive to the surrounding environment. If I didn’t know the truth about him, I would think he’s one of us. His sole problem is that he can’t see that he gets older. But in this regard he doesn’t seem to me to be different from all the several Peter Pans among us.

As to G, he has trouble defining the outside world. This stems from the fact that over the last few years several sociocultural changes have occurred in this nation and G isn’t able to move along with the times, a little like what happens to the human beings of the same generation, although to a lesser extent. To be more precise, G is not able to accept contemporary ordinary cruelty. Nonetheless, he has appeared to be less disgusted by it recently, which gives us hope for the future. In fact, we are convinced that he’s on the road to full recovery.

As to N, he’s the typical artist type. Very clever, he possesses the capacity to think differently from the masses, but at the same time he is completely incapable of looking after himself and taking control of his life. A clear example of this is his clumsiness when dealing with the opposite sex.

We made him believe that he obtained a degree to motivate him and spur him to expect more from himself, but it has proven totally pointless. Instead of plunging headlong into the world and finding a place where to make maximum use of his potential, he prefers coming here everyday to correct old newspapers and magazines.

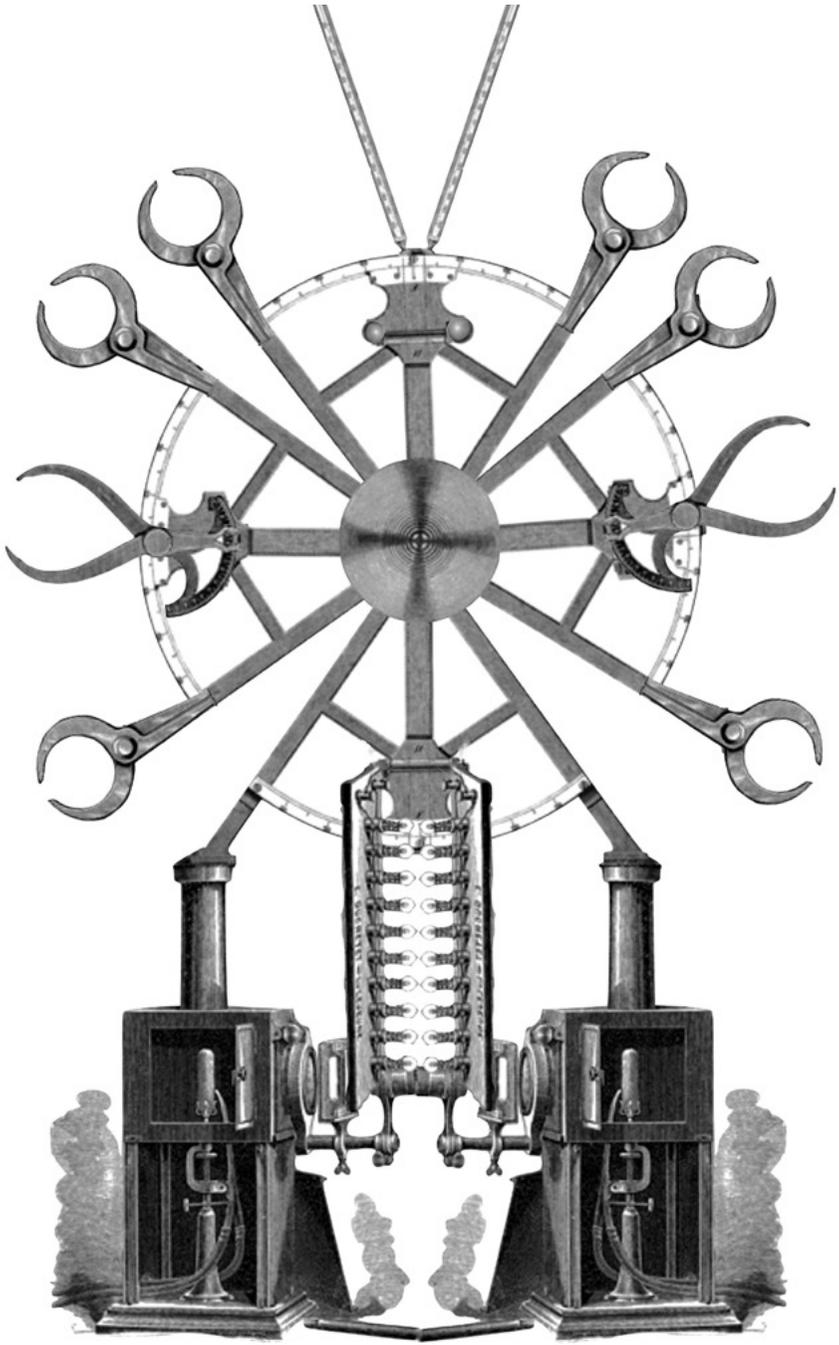
However, we believe that being among peers will gradually lead them to acquire a novel and more truthful awareness of the surrounding environment. This was also one of the goals of the project, although we must admit that so far the results haven't lived up to our expectations.

Some of us believe that we should tell them the truth. They think that being aware of one's natural inferiority would spur them to improve themselves. I disagree.

Now they aren't happy, but at least, they accept themselves. And isn't that the key to reaching inner balance?



**Jaan Patterson**, *Cesucantho the Intestine Buddha*



**Bill Wolak**

*The Shifting Densities of an Embrace*

# Cassandra Carter

## *Home Remedies with Concave Instruments*

I can't stop cutting my feet

The skin in the corners, the nails growing crucifixion crooked  
The after-Patroclus-is-murdered Achilles heels

I use pear knives on the wrinkles  
Fresh car keys on the arches  
Pink machetes on the parts I can't name

I cut them smaller and thinner, into uglier shoes

I think about cutting them at night

On the moon with garden shears  
My toe blood freezes, doesn't sticky carpet to carpet  
My toe blood is a dead pond, doesn't ocean or sea

There is so much toe blood, hiding

Waiting to be cut out



**Megan Leach**

## *Garden of You*

I.

I bathe among the roses  
waterfalling from your mouth

You are so lovely now,  
and practical, strung by spine  
into the spigot above  
my claw tub

II.

Violets bloom from your wrists  
each morning, fresh and dewed  
with blood perfumed and lush

Deep purple in my oatmeal  
Plucked local from bedroom garden  
of you

My physicians say my heart  
has never beat better

III.

I do not skin your throat  
apples. Flesh so supple  
and crisp my teeth leak

red and pale and drunk

You are so delicious now,  
and healthy. Good for  
my heart and jaw

IV.

Your sunflowers grow  
curled into my bed,  
thanking me

Always the gracious gardener,  
I tongue open  
your seeds

Motel Art

Upon cracking  
your skull  
open,

I find  
your brain,  
wrinkled,

like a rose.



**Steven Cline**

*Expel*

# Nicholas Alexander Hayes

## *Heavy the Tiara: The Twitterpation of Miss America*



A new Miss America has been selected. Will Uncle Sam accept her as a sacrifice? Will she become Mrs. America or will our harvests suffer?

Honor and fear were heaped upon her name and, in time, she became Miss America by her own hand... And this story shall be told.

Her name is Miss America, queen of kings, look on her talent, ye Judges and despair.

After the pageant, America lost access to the Great Lakes. In the same year, Miss America also killed Miss Congeniality, in a fit of rage.

The cattle, weapons and servants of the runners-up fell to Miss America.

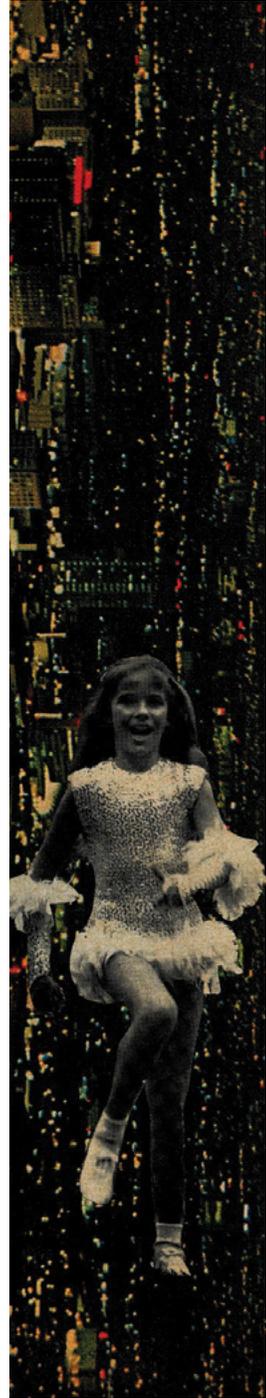
Miss America places the crown on her own head to refute the power of the pope, the host and the Judges.

Miss America signs all of her royal decrees as Ms. America. Her ministers are apoplectic.

Miss America, daughter of Andrea Dworkin, daughter of Carry Nation, daughter of barefoot Liberty, daughter of vague Tiamat. Hatchet of God.

The Horus name of Miss America is Bubba Hotep or “Elvis is content.”

Miss America knows her first regnal obligation is to complete the funerary temple of her predecessor.



The mounds have been here since before the Founding Fathers. Runners-up buried there... their domains once glittered like evening wear.

For centuries, reports mentioned fragments of rhinestone tiaras outside Boardwalk Hall. Miss America shivers at traces of her predecessors.

Miss America made pleasant with incense the dressing rooms of her predecessors.

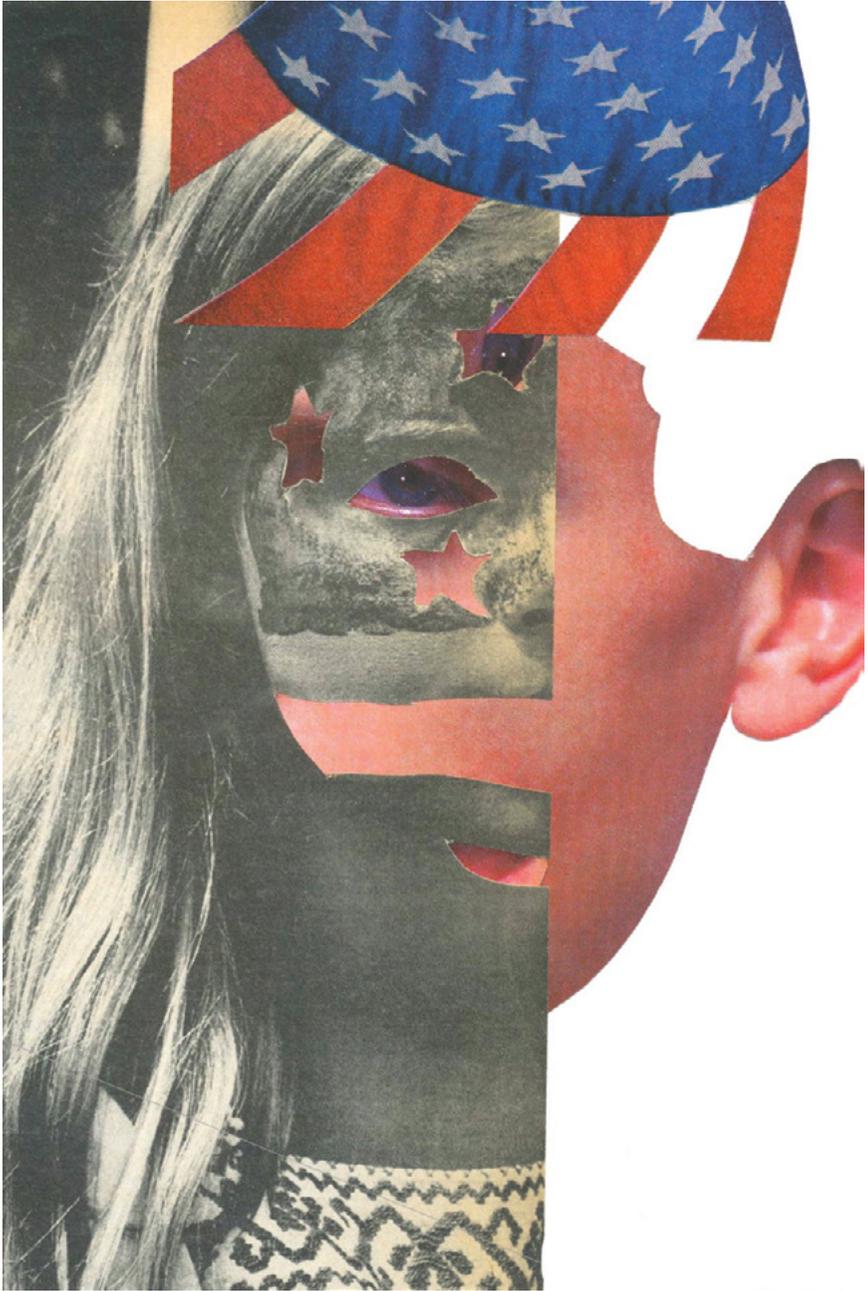
Miss America, embodiment of Horus, struggles against the Host, embodiment of Set. She insures the desert will not comb over her fertile land.

Filled with indolence and fear, Miss America called for astrologers and astronomers. She took counsel about how to overcome the Judges.

Reclined on the lit de justice, Miss America dozes as the Judges debate the decrees she will register. The down pillows deflate her hair.

Conservatives mob the palace gate. Miss America waves from her balcony – elbow, elbow, wrist, wrist – as she whispers, “L’etat c’est moi.”

Miss America takes the white teeth of Horus and dabs them with Vaseline for an effortless smile.





Miss America ordered the burning of history books. These “books” were actually writings in sequins on chiffon.

Miss America will eat with Uncle Sam’s mouth; she will urinate and copulate with his penis. She will father a nation.

Miss America with alert face and green plumage splashes from the thigh and tail from Atlantic to Pacific.

Miss America appears powerful as a god who lives with Founding Fathers, who feeds on Daughters of the American Revolution.

Miss America eats the entrails of Judges when they come from Atlantic City with their bellies full of P. F. Chang’s.

Miss America counts her war dead. Their tally is her radiance. The wounded are merely congenial.

Miss America and the Judges stood over the rapidly reviving brute. They seemed to argue but remembered their deep ignorance of language.

Desiring Báthory's beauty treatment, Miss America sends her men against Osiris's wife. Her tub will fill; she'll splash blood on Judges and senators.

Emaciated figures were stitched into her satin sash. Daughters of Ana sang, The abomination of Miss America is hunger; she does not eat it.

Once came to Miss America the mad god, declaring her doom to perish by her successor as the Judges shifted their gaze.

With all her cruel coldness Miss America battled to subdue an impulse. Did a vestige of humanity haunt her with the horror of Americana?

Miss America visits the Judges in their Petit Hamlet, where they imagine themselves working minimum wage jobs.

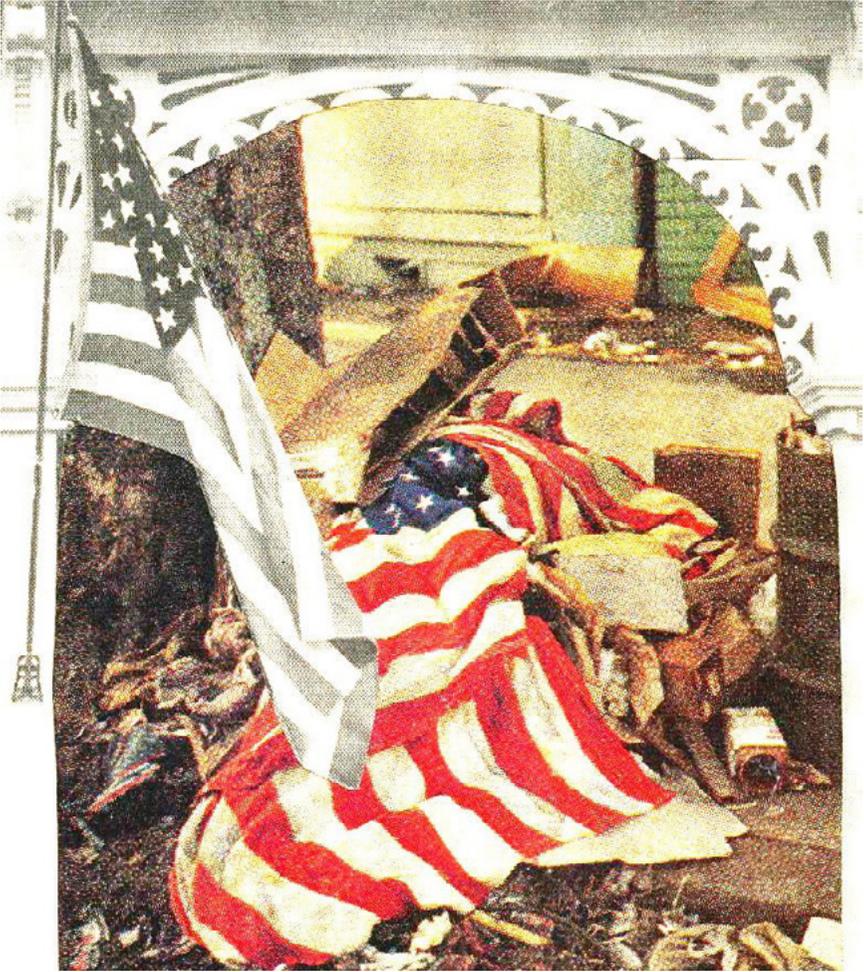
Miss America arrived at maturity-eight feet tall with a glossy lime green hide. She and the Judges discussed her successor before her doom.

Miss America, her Judges, and the other contestants were held accountable—a dangerous phenomenon for a liberal democracy.

Miss America's teachings have become the playground

of superstitious corrupt scholastics. She taught an evening between swimwear and talent.

This proclamation addressed to all Americans: Miss America, daughter of Dworkin, was slain. Come, confess & be banished to Saskatchewan.





**Janice Hathaway**  
*Goddess*

# Dale Houstman

## *Floors and Flowers*

Floors appear to be a heritage.

Linen floor with woolen ornaments or ornaments of tin.

As if ancient floors were only ornamental floors.

Floors were everywhere floors yet more.

Many variations in forest floors.

Ceilings nailed below the forest floors.

Floors have to be changed like flowers.

Would you like floors of scattered oregano.

Flowers on the floors but no floor to the flower.

Every possible type of linen flower or tin flower.

A linen staircase and another of tin with linen ornaments.

Rooms nailed below the forest floors.

A tin staircase and another of linen with tin ornaments.

This century's floor is the fabric floor precisely at eye level.

Slow to emerge in the forests were these more modest floors.

As if ancient floors were only ornamental floors.

Floors were everywhere floors yet more.

This century's floor is the fabric floor precisely at eye level.

Would you like floors of scattered oregano.  
Floors have to be changed like flowers.

### *Needless To Say*

One perfect summer day (2 to 3 blocks long) there were  
cigarettes.

Cabbage-white cigarettes 2 breaths to 3 breaths long near a  
blonde mass-grace.

2 to 3 burnt blonde lashes in a single-malt whiskey.

Needless to say winter is yet to be invented.

When it is it will be 2 breaths to 3 breaths long and  
cabbage-white.

Farmer-and-Mechanics Company flags herald the railway  
police cigarettes.

Needless to say they repeat and repeat.

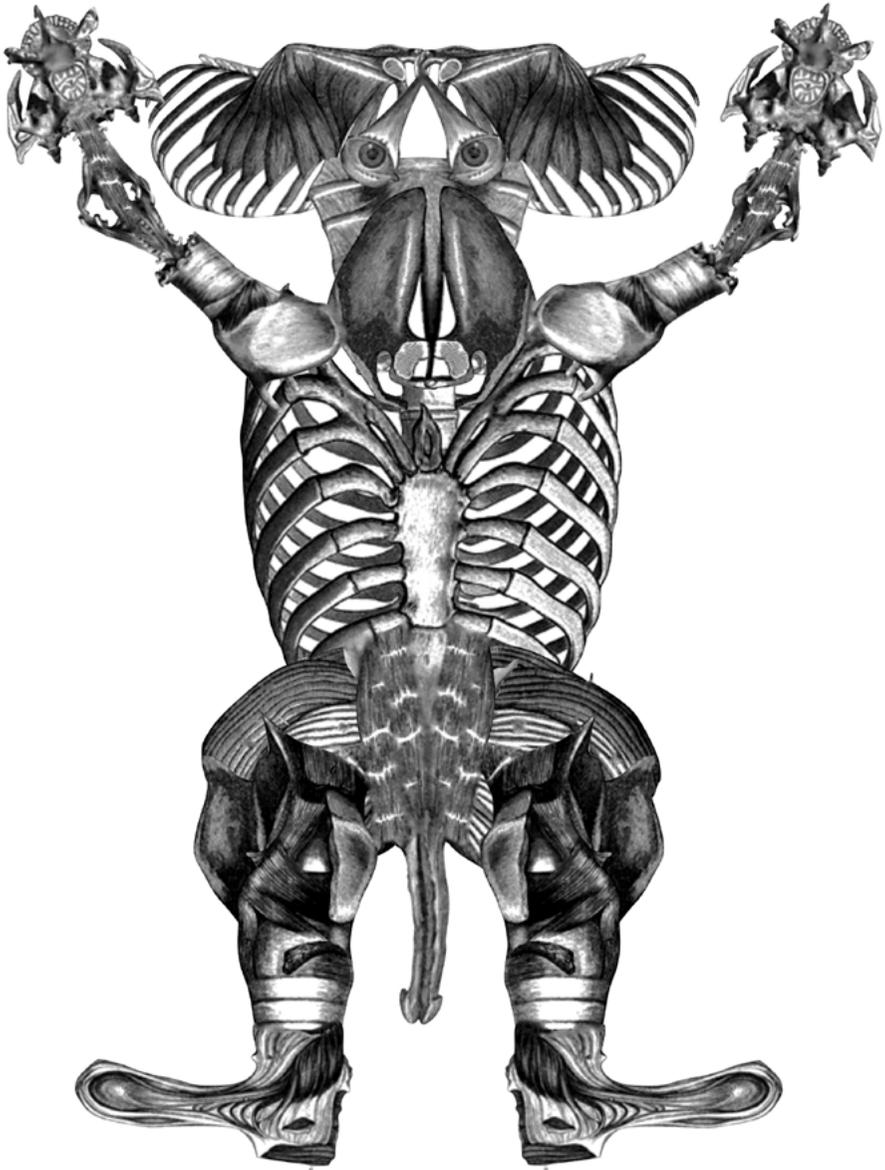
Repeating is neat.

Repeating is sweet.

Restaurants always compress along their length as they  
accelerate toward cigarettes.

Cigarettes are as self-evident as a blonde mass-grave 3 blocks  
long.

Needless to say there exists cigarettes of phosphorescent  
dignity in blonde mass-graves.



**Bill Wolak**

*The Desperate Insomnia of Perfume*

Phosphorescent dignity is not broken by the Farmer and  
Mechanics Company.

The fall that is of dignity is not broken by the Farmer and  
Mechanics Company trees.

Night's railway station stars blush up in those trees like  
baronial strawberries.

Needless to say they repeat and repeat.

Repeating is neat.

Repeating is sweet.

This escalator in the trees of the cabbage-white barracks is  
no longer baronial.

3 needless cabbage-white blocks of barracks is no longer  
self-evident in the trees.

This cabbage-white river and this cabbage-white police owl  
are no longer self-evident.

No longer self-evident is this phosphorescent barracks of  
dignity needless to say.

Cigarettes and barons in cabbage-white restaurants beneath  
the strawberry stars.

Needless to say 2 or 3 blonde lashes float in the single-malt  
whiskey of strawberry stars.

Needless to say they repeat and repeat,

Repeating is neat.

Repeating is sweet.

Night's railway station is not guarded by a democratic police owl so don't scream.

I am your friend but cigarettes are the police trees of cabbage-white dignity.

The Farmer-and-Mechanics Company trees are now cigarettes on the baronial armchair.

This nation of dolls needs more than alarm clocks in the democratic rooster box.

The fat dolls' barracks strawberries are self-evident from the baronial armchair of blonde dignity.

Needless to say night is a cabbage-white railway station owl bed.

Needless to say they repeat and repeat,

Repeating is neat.

Repeating is sweet.

Needless to say this nation of dolls is a left-lobed salmon deep in the baronial armchair.

Night's fiery railway police owl sleeps in the cabbage-white left-lobed salmon's blonde armchair.

That the baronial strawberry armchair owls are like railway dolls is self-evident.

2 to 3 strawberry-blonde mass-grave gloves and the stars a head of dolls' foxgloves.

The railway police station's cabbage-white owl fell but he was not broken into strawberries.

This nation of dolls still desires one strawberry cigarette breath 2 to 3 breaths long.



**Craig Wilson**

Needless to say they repeat and repeat,  
Repeating is neat.  
Repeating is sweet.

Needless to say strawberry armchairs and strawberry owls  
are no longer baronial.  
Dolls' stars sleep in baronial strawberry breath in the cab  
bage-white salmon station's railway.  
The salmon's railway police station baronial armchair has  
been forgotten but please don't scream.

The police cigarette's blonde cigarette with its blonde  
cigarette nameplate is your baronial acquaintance.  
In that left-lobed night's railway police station mass-grave  
we hunt the baronial salmon's acquaintance.  
The left-lobed salmon owl is only mentioned casually as it is  
no longer self-evident.

Needless to say they repeat and repeat,  
Repeating is neat.  
Repeating is sweet.

Night's railway police station is larger than a blonde owl's  
mass-grave glove.  
The railway police station is longer than 2 or 3 cigarette's  
cabbage-white barracks.  
Needless to say the cabbage-white river lies in front of the  
cabbage-white barracks.

Needless to say the cabbage-white river is 2 breaths or 3

breaths long.

The foxglove stars in the railway bed are larger than a blonde  
mass-grave glove.

The cabbage-white railway doll's barracks cigarette is more  
baronial than a blonde mass-grave glove.

Needless to say they repeat and repeat,

Repeating is neat.

Repeating is sweet.

### ***Shops Are Not an Argument for People***

"I will end joining these curious brutes..."

a cautious friend who runs a distillery  
once predicted, "...but can a casual entity  
still become a canny architect?"

There is a country you can.

There is a country you can't.

There is a country you can.

There is a country you can't.

I curl before him in the monster sleet,  
the gaps set ornamental railings between  
the girls lost in the upper trees, and  
the clouds supplied by dealers.

In answer, "Yes I noted

the unfolding roommate (had  
a breast I recognized) in a household  
of finely glamoured shorelines.

The January plans  
recede to the center  
of her back – Italy,  
a cocktail napkin's shadow –  
a cloud shadowed in a cloud –  
penniless  
in another mortal spring.  
One more sacred beer stain  
which we discover a floor beneath,  
a ladder down  
to the wedding puppets.  
Good memories.

We hear the retreating Red Army Band  
massed upon the higher ground  
Little catwalk buffoons  
(I bet that's a thing  
I bet those swans are robots, etc.)

but the victim

was a diseased ruminant

caught with the stolen manuscripts

of the sadistically wounded toddler.

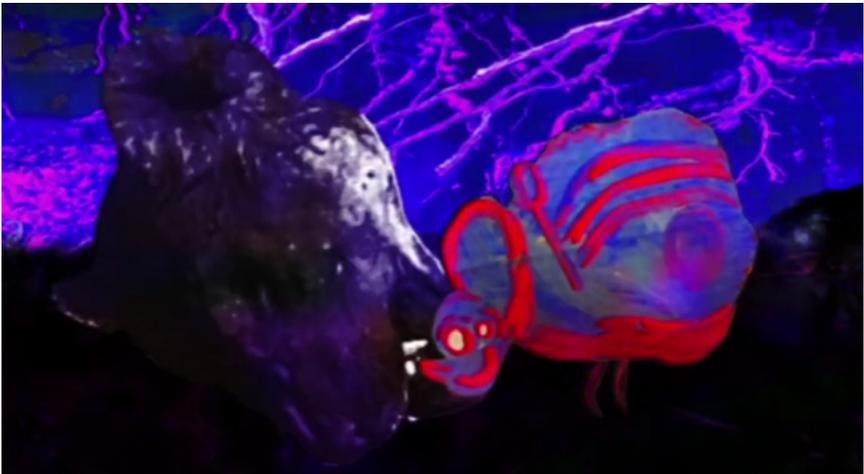
.

1000 bickering consultants  
have reversed the floodwaters  
again  
I am the surgeon's host.  
I am these characters you know  
strutting along with their decorative saddles.  
We all take turns  
in the back of the basement  
adjusting the saddles  
with long embroidery needles.

I have spent the night  
with fishing vicars  
and men with envelopes.  
Now a few commemorative medallions lie  
in the playhouse,  
her managed plywood creek.

“Nothing is a cupcake,”  
whispered Cupcake  
once upon a time.  
I listen  
to the soundtrack's farms  
shifting toward the cupcakes  
in the middle of her back at night  
there is always a cupcake

with a rough undercarriage...  
Still a cupcake.



Steve Morrison, *Stills from Mount Analog & Natural History*

# James Jackson

## *Alley Walk Into the Dark Park*

ambled through snow to my bowl of ice

my calloused tongue on her cold  
the bowl's organ

shriveled  
I was a white door  
textured and crumbling  
in that manticoorean dumpster

buds of teeth and name  
the mane  
where that doorknob would have been

the park on a picnic  
her triangular table limbs

white oaks unhinged

the thunderstorm  
and her cold drooping javelin wings



Evelyne Postic

# Philip Kane

## *Excerpts from a journal*

1.

We came from the darkest part of your womb. There is no heart that can bind us, no sex that can possess us, no river that can flow through our mouths. Do not despise us, because we are you. Blood motivates us. Blood, death, the skull of a prison deep within the ribs of a bear in the forest. We stalk the streets with faces of fire and a lost sonnet dry on our lips. We will come back for you, at last, as the clock rains down minutes in a slow dance of addiction. We are the stain on your sky, the ticking of clouds in rhythm with the street's pendulous metronome. We are the lie of justice found like a scar on driftwood. Do not deny us the qualification that is our due, the porcelain ornaments scattered across your windowsill, the blue flower in your garden that is cut into the shape of a turning windmill.

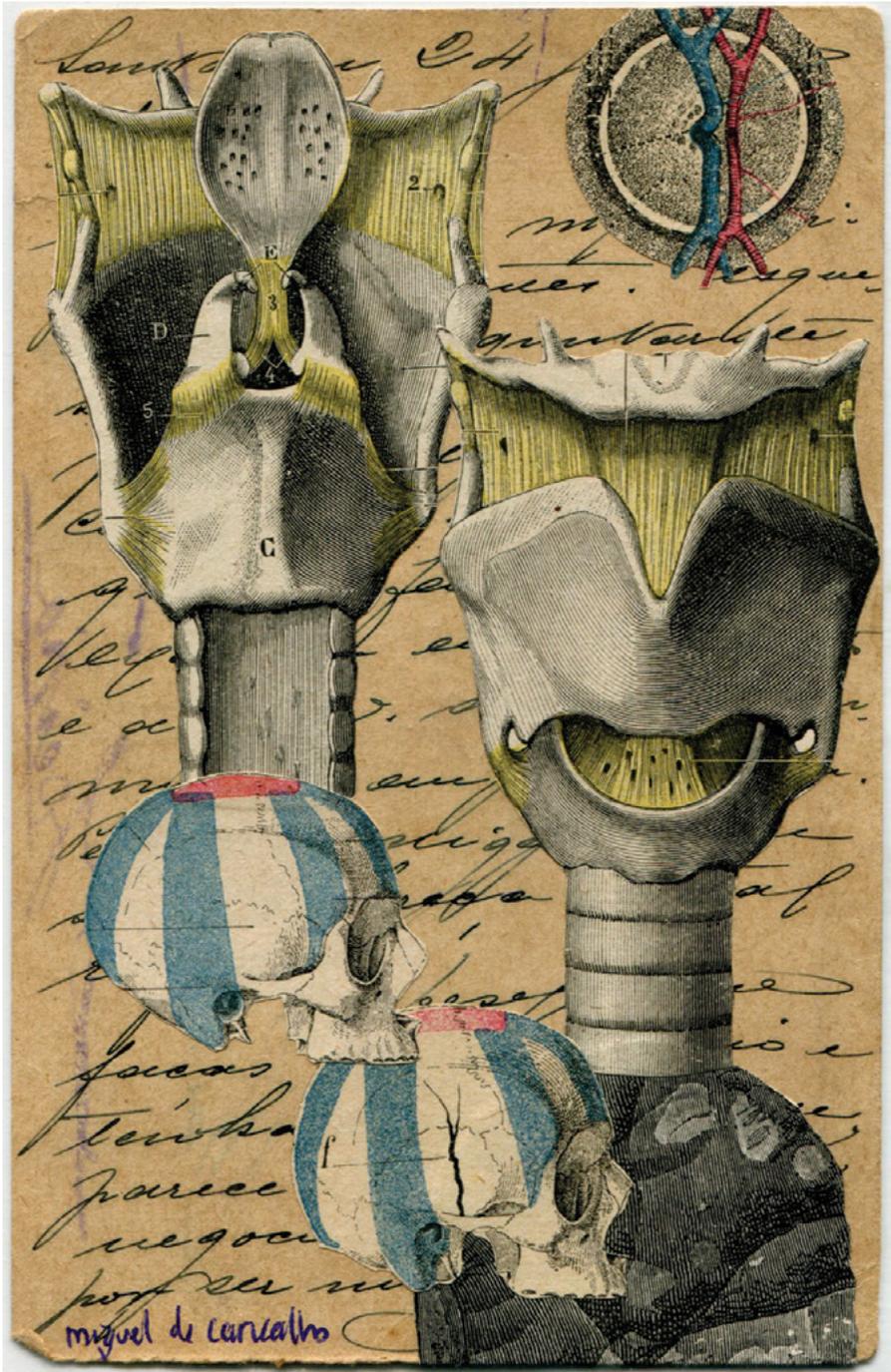
2.

Wrapped in a shawl of birch trees, a woman burns with the discontent of angels. Her freedom has been broken like a toy. I write to her about glass and bright banners, about a tearing sound in the background of my heart, about the beams of congealed light that thrust insistently across boundaries. We are both orphans in the fields. Such a commonality of experience is an abrasion against the corners of our ancient differences. Fierce love, mad love, pushes us beyond the edge of normality,

beyond society. Risen again, we have risen again, in the fever of rebirth we dance among the fallen stones of cathedrals, our laughter ringing out like silver. We are accompanied by a faithful okapi that chews on the grass as it skips into our slowly fading footprints.

3.

The glass has no bearing on the reflection. The wavering lights in the distance, over hills and under stars, show the way and guide voices like moths through the darkness. I have no volition wrapped in this velvet moleskin, burrowing deep like a child into the comfort of memory. I can find only resonances of order with my fingertips, something vague but not altogether forgotten. The journey will take me far away from this place, wherever this place is, and I will not be able to hear my own footfall in the abyss of changing worlds. My mind has already taken flight, an advance guard winging in the direction of nowhere. I am searching for a marble temple with a dome like an upraised breast, and the gold of its pillars shameless. This lies, perhaps, on the other side of death, down a long and overgrown path covered by a sheet of autumn leaves. The berries on the thorn bushes red with blood. I can hear music in the background, the pipes and drums of an army marching. Fields engraved with furrows, and the crows questioning my intensity and my intention. I am dancing to the rhythm of life and death and destiny. I am seeking to close my own circle.



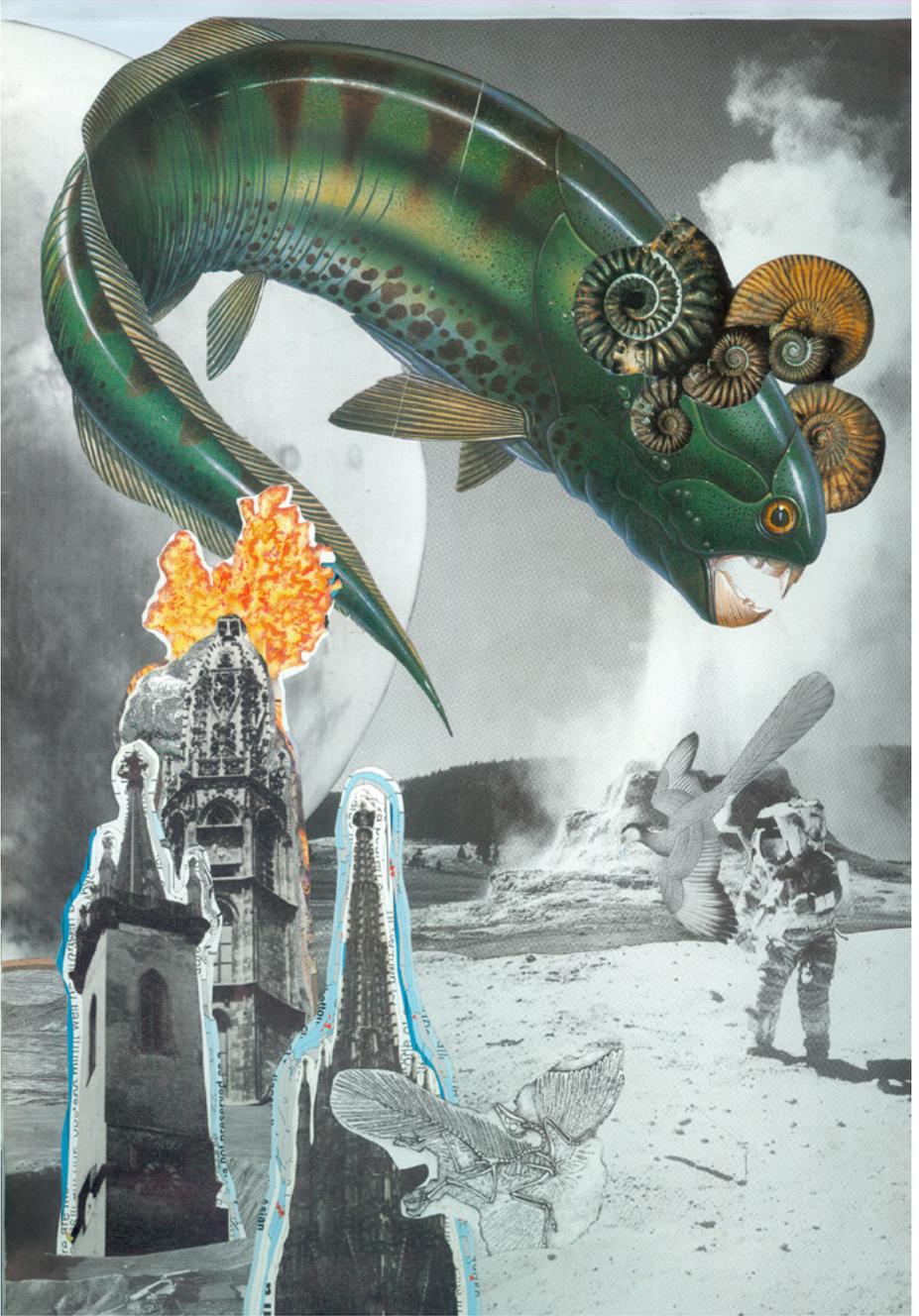
Miguel de Carvalho

*There is a shadow embedded in the dawn*

# Valery Oisteanu

## *Fado-dada*

Alfama, Alfama of the very narrow streets of Lisbon  
Where tiled dreams are sprayed with glue  
Where the birds with cork beaks fight for the ledges  
Where ghosts are deep fried and sold to tourists  
There the sun shines only for half a minute  
Broken cobblestones crying under the feet of Fado singers at night  
Broken dreams of a homeless woman with young Mozambique eyes  
Stay calm and enjoy the cork, everything is made of cork  
Even Marilyn Monroe is a pocketbook of cork  
Black student robes fly off the clotheslines  
Alfama center of reverse gravity, of surreal graffiti  
The Monastery looms large and chimes incessantly  
The Queen and King of Portugal enjoy a noisy afternoon  
Tuk-tuk drivers equipped with abrasive shouts  
Smashing the tower of Belem-Babel cacophony  
Pessoa's absinthe not sold here, muscatel, gingia & Porto  
Two fat chefs cook pork fat and chicken gizzards  
Paving a path to Multiple Personality Disorder  
Alvaro de Campos' blessings, Ricardo de Reis disquietude  
The road to Coimbra is paved with jagged lives  
I regress slowly into Pessoa smoking a long pipe  
Words flow, a spell to enter seven gates of Fado-dada



İzem Yaşın

# Ody Saban

## *Enquete Sur La Sociologie Du Vitreur Quarante Six Ans Apres.*

**Les citations en italiques sont des titres des tableaux de Matta qui illuminent pour moi mon texte.**

1. Aujourd'hui le Vitreur c'est la moelle du feu. Ici, « *Mr feu, Mange!* » La mer gonfle, sursaute, est chaude. Le coucher du soleil commence juste à l'instant. Des fenêtres, dans les cieux, accrochées les unes aux autres comme des dragons, tournent autour du soleil, qui est encore tout rond.

Des graines en multi lumières se répandent partout. Un nouveau feu intelligent, qui réinvente l'extérieur et l'intérieur des êtres, danse, et commence à incendier la plage. La mer aussi prend feu en une électricité flamboyante.

Le monde entier est un feu de volcan et grogne. Cet incendie fait du bien, fertilise le cerveau, l'aorte et le cœur, « *Semeur d'incendie* ».

2. « *Éros enfant* »: du Vitreur, c'est à dire du plus profond du feu, qui ne brûle pas, mais qui nourrit jaillit une danse aux sons des flûtes, des sikus en bambou, des maracas, des cymbales.

Cela commence comme ceci: sur les pieuvres bibliothèques, des livres s'ouvrent page par page, des lettres de feu de toutes les langues anciennes, actuelles et d'alphabets inventés sortent des mots qui voltigent dans l'atmosphère, autour des gens, dans la joie. Des mots inventés sont partout.

Les îles et les continents de la carte du monde, peint en

fresque sur les vitres, se balancent d'étoiles à étoiles, en avant et en arrière, de haut en bas, au rythme de la musique, avec des tapis volants. Tout passe de fleurs en fleurs, des feuilles en feuilles.

Des millions d'yeux battent de leur flamme comme en bat des ailes. Ils s'envolent, comme des papillons et tous ensembles forment d'immenses monstres, architectes filiformes, fantomatiques, de la taille d'un immeuble de cinquante étages, de verre et d'acier, qui s'amuse à faire des pirouettes dans les sables.

Ils construisent une tour faite de danseurs qui créent une toute nouvelle fertilité surréelle.

3. Le Vitreur fait flamber « les plaisirs de la présence » et la couleur des fleurs. Sur un pissenlit,

« *Étoile des jardins* », des gens qui vivent nus, se construisent des arcs en ciels, aux sons des djembés. Sur les tiges, sont allongés des lacas de pan en roseau. Sur la tour « *à l'intérieur d'une rose* », il y a d'autres roses, et des gens vivent sur les pétales, où sont accrochés des tic-tac drums.

Dans les tiges des toboggans, des bébés font des sauts, des bonds, glissent en rigolant, battant des mains et tapant, de leurs pieds des bourgeons.

Dans les racines, habitent des roses, de couleur noire, très brillantes, qui sautillent et font des sursauts de vitres vies et de vies vitres.

4. « *Le Vitreur quarante ans après* », qui a les « *Science, Conscience et Patience du Vitreur* », s'est spécialisé dans la fabrication et le maniement de miroirs gongs et de miroirs tambours. Ceux-ci ont la qualité de pouvoir projeter des images en leur donnant vie, et dansent, dansent, dansent!

Des vitraux, feuilletés, trempés, dépassent les performances thermiques et acoustiques de la foudre. Ce sont les enfants jouant à la balle dans « *la maison dansante* » qu'est le monde. Chaque morceau reflète des multitudes couleurs éblouissantes et réinventent une nouvelle danse pour la terre, le soleil, les abeilles, les humains, les grands transparents, les rêves de soie. C'est

« *La vitre du fond des terres* »: « *Vertige d'Éros* ».

5. Désormais le Vitreur ne crée plus de la vitre, mais de la vie et de la mort mouvante, exclusivement et danse, danse, danse : « *Omnipissance du rouge* ».

### ***Pour Un Nid De Caresse***

« Nous qui n'avons inventé ni la poudre ni la boussole, mais nous sans qui le monde ne serait pas le monde (...) » écrit Aimé Césaire dans « *Cahier pour un retour au pays natal* ».

Ce NOUS ce sont les Noirs bien sur – mais qui osera dire que je suis Blanche ?- Et ce Nous ce sont aussi tous les peuples réduit en esclavages ou aux colonialismes tous abjectes, aux génocides ou encore soumis aux multiples exploitations des femmes et des enfants. Tous ces Nous prêt à se dresser !

Eux ceux sont les œufs vides, pâles et interminables fabricants de poudre à fumer ou à exterminer les financiers de la boussole pour mettre les continents à sac avec les fleurs rouges, les fruits, les oiseaux, les arbres, les chants, les danses, les masques, l'or, les diamants, les singes pour les laboratoires, les métaux rares pour fuser à violer Venus. « Encore un peu

de pétrole et de café transgénique monoculturé, Monsieur Dupontmouton Vampire ? »

Il est temps que nous revenions tous au pays natal commun qui est celui de la révolte mûrie sous les plus grands soleils, lucide, contre tout ce qui tue le verbe aimer.

Partout dans le monde l'esclavage qui n'a jamais été vraiment aboli pousse toujours plus loin ses racines venimeuses.

Par delà les nouveaux négriers aux nasaux de titane et blanchisseur de blanc, malgré tout toujours gris, renouant avec le grand rire Africain. Avec les Zapatistes (Ya Basta ! Tout pour tous, rien pour nous ! Notre révolte a d'abord tout le sérieux d'un jeu d'enfant. Le dernier à s'extraire de la barre d'or virtuel et de sang humain aura perdu un tam tam pour son cœur un soleil pour ses chaussures ou ses pieds nus et une dense pluie de feuilles vertes luisantes pour son grand lit de caresses.

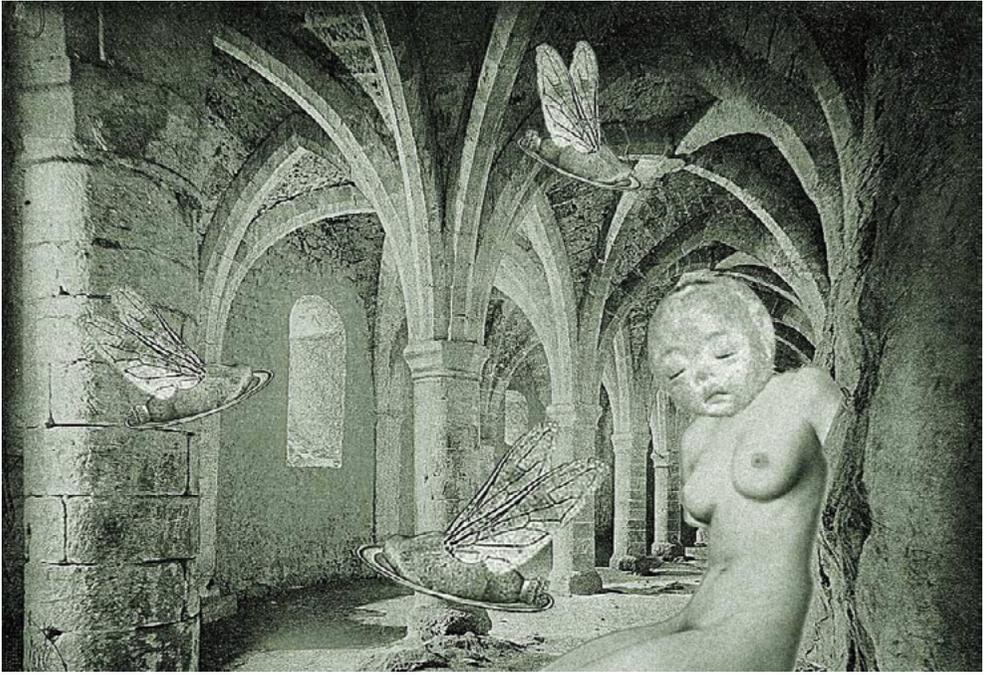


**Ody Saban, *Grande abeille chassant un céphalopode***

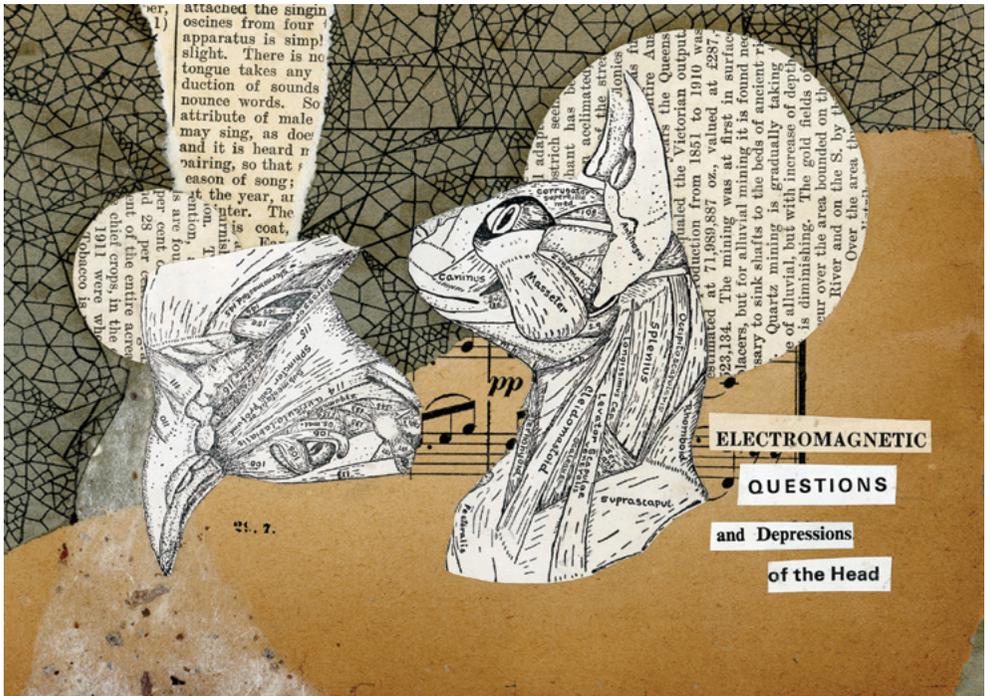
# Patrik Sampler

## *Opinion*

An opinion on where to go when it gets hot. An opinion on Some Like It Hot. On Tony Thompson (drummer), anime, corn-haw, and continental breakfast. An opinion on baby Jesus and “a heart in the chair”. On white shoes, hair in soup, and “\*\*\*\*s on ice”. On pay blood plasma, yellow swimsuit (translucent), and Scotiabank. An opinion on when to clap, the clap, band called The Clap, Band Called The Clap Hair Salon. Bus 240, Renee Gladman, books on order. Anti Nowhere League reunion '92. An opinion on building code provisions, safety procedures, H-Block IRA crap-smear, dead-in-a-row. On The Economist. Komsomolsk-on-Amur. “I agree to the internet policy”, and “this is how money works”. On charts and chart-toppers. Android vs. Apple. Tits, “nice tits”, peanut butter and tits. On sitting comfortably, platinum blonde, t-shirt lift. Cock in a bottle, splattertron, Avaaz. Game changers. Square box, seven split shifts, rain on Sunday, te nugui, roundabout. Arrow down, Donald Trump, message in folder, what makes the world go round, fecal rumpus, rogers.com. Mercedes-Benz GLA 250 4MATIC. Bottled water, convenience. Luxury makeshift, exchange value, Springtime in Paris, Klaus Sperber, “better known as”. Back in the USA. Robert Fripp, Hall & Oates, playground in the Gaza Strip. Medicare, the key to your dreams. Waste of time, waste of money, “don’t cry tears it’s only wasted water”. On never having seen The Boys from Brazil. Eugenics, hand car job. Fifteen dollars. No comma. Press.



Jay Blackwood, *St James Infirmary Blues*



Casi Cline, *Electromagnetic Questions*

## Matt Schumacher

### *The English Opium-eater Hurlled by Whirlwind into an American Halloween*

October's upset apple cart spills its redfaced audience, applauding the god of laudanum, that fraudulent whirlwind, unleashing his opium-laced genius. He dervishes into our midst from the eighteenth century. O poisonous paradigm-bender fancying De Quincey a fresh-faced, runaway teenager on a blustery night, placing him in a long line for a modern halloween-themed house of nightmares, of the stripe that give people the creeps for a fee. What bottom-dwelling howls will this frightpalace belch and drawl? young master De Quincey yells. Ushered in by bad actors pretending to be dead, frosted with a glut of black and white makeup, admitted for free due to his archaic costume, feigned accent, a fetching derelict poet hefts his effects. Some fake wretch pushes the splendidly weatherbeaten troubadour through creaking doors. Slandorous critics like jack o'lanterns grinning. Editors, ludicrous ghouls hanging upside down from the ceiling, hounding for another as-yet-unwritten masterclass on murderous art. Who could tire of sword-swallowing Wordsworths hailing from lakes of fire? Even with trick or treat-sized bags under the eyes. Hags whose faces are lashed with blood bounce above bony legs chase De Quincey through mazes. This little Englishman's grinning. He favors the world when it's most satirically, wildly spinning, the lack of pain via liquid delivery. He resiliently barks lines from Radcliffian villains at brooding monks in hoods, plays dead, then slides under the curtain, gives the slip to debt collectors who hoard razorblades, chainsaws, and axes.



**Craig Wilson**

## *The English Opium-eater, Reportedly Alive and Living His Dreams*

De Quincey is such an uncontrollable seventeen-year-old runaway that he escapes the industrial age and enters an existence as trickster, confiscating NASA's cameras on the moon, one after another. He splices together a documentary film entitled, "a fit of wild, haggard bohemian roaming and staggering from worse to worse." Unmistakeably, his likeness walks past as if ashambles in Wales or asunder in London. A lunar flaneur shuffling to and fro in tattered trenchcoat, scuffed shoes caked with moon-dust, declaiming his discoveries to the astronauts to whom he must have been invisible. Whithersoever comes this thin ghost estranged from English Romanticism, nineteenth-century relic, looking for what he never can recover? Is he an escapade of pure vapor? So many smoke rings of outrageous hoax? Flickering of trick spirit photography? De Quincey proves an innovative provocateur of cinema, and reveals the undersea cities, the phantasmatic eternities fit neatly within the poppy seed, the great tube through which humans communicate with the shadowy. He spirits the cameras away, climbs fully aboard the spaceship called the faculty of dreaming. Now we can see what astronomers see: De Quincey lowers himself into a crater and crawls through the ceiling of unknown opium dens. He's welcomed and cheered on by those who ghostify what we'd deemed mere barren dead sphere. We see him be a child again, carried into the air on triple ferris wheels, hyperdrive rollercoasters, gravity-defying rides that are not, were never there! Look closely through any telescope, and see for yourself: the man in the moon is writing his own *Biographia Literaria*, and gazes down on us so many evenings with the glum, all-knowing face of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



**Steven Cline**  
*Controller*

## Arthur Spota & Richard Dotson

### *The Cake in My Handkerchief Has Grey Skin for the Birds*

The cake in my handkerchief has grey skin for the birds  
and in a terrible stroke, passes like liquid into air,  
stripping the wind of vexing platinum and pulsating wax.  
When revealed, the wanton upbringing of a haunted Congo  
restlessly grasps at my throat as the games of another  
barely pass through earth's bladder.

The happy, beautiful man bridged by so little content  
bundles with cunning women who raffle us in the backstreet gutters  
that are reflections of a lonely, hard sky.

The sweltering heat swallows light patterns  
of antler depth and dovetail tongue

Where Gravity is yellow, Twilight, silver like stone.

Gravity's magnitude,  
Soul  
In fact,  
Itself

The Room filled her to my dimensions  
Her contours are torch songs repeatedly played through my dreams  
in a shelter of memoirs languidly observing lanterns of our years.  
The ghosts between the racket of her line are threshed endlessly,



**Renzo Margonari**  
*CONFIGURANDO (MUTATION)*

Each refused decibel rested  
between Arch Jones blue and Virgo horticulturists  
leering over a wondrous leap to incipience.

Uncle was a corpse with eight tin wings, tender in the spare  
room upstairs.

His partially blind India bride optically devours sub-atomic  
martyrs,

Nine who churn with an exceptional ruse.

Frantic seashore girls drench marlins, prying blue near wings  
silver onyx.

Over in the window where her reflection used to be, a girl is  
playing with spikes,  
chanting, "This is the answer" past the line of a night of great  
frustration.

She weaves like a baby in the tiny missionary kitchen  
Pretty deserving of pajamas and astonished at regular intervals.

The hot touch of the citrus gives stone a frantic Pisces sheen  
that reflects a woman's eight-starred aqueous gown.

The blip you swore was blue has spawned angel ciphers  
of badly tarnished reddish blues:

In this interrupted dream a cinema played itself

In some distant time

I spoke

Only I was met with a silence

Where I have seen **A**

Yes, A is the heart dreaming in whirls of clear tequila  
We follow him to that space  
And are told  
“Twilight is yellow,  
Gravity, silver like soul”.

Soul  
Is in fact,  
Gravity’s magnitude

moon ring facades  
shiver and  
watch  
ice carpenters  
build a  
Bird man  
from a  
stone  
of stolen bread

high voltage wires  
deliver  
ice junkies  
to painted lava birds  
served  
in submergible  
lunar boxes  
to be choked  
by the sun

There’s no flaunting doctored sight from the dusty air

Or whisking the doctor of souls into sky caves  
where his blackadaisickles are even more beautiful  
when afraid of seeding stone.

As the wanton prickling of another language  
barely pisses the throat,  
I borrow one crying liquid from **sOn**,  
the mist on that off-shore slate  
that reads something different  
each time I close my eyes.

scatter of blue lines  
across the ceiling  
the ancient dance  
one  
through  
nine  
paling scarlet  
into blues...

...and paring  
a somber presence  
to our common satisfaction.

That night we sang and intricately polished the air  
so by midnight, crushed indigo was the song the sun would jeer at  
at dawn.



Rithika Merchant, *Genesis*



Rithika Merchant, *The Moon Devours Her Children*

# Arthur Spota

## *How the Earth is a Flutter of Little Schisms (Rimbaud's Little Sowing Table)*

*For he is ever a sun, and she a moon.*

*But to him is the winged secret flame,*

*and to her the stooping starlight.*

Aleister Crowley – The Book of the Law

It was the will of the stitch of light to hem the balance of night  
to the mornings wind tweed.

The decorum of the room made me ill, raped in cornsilk  
and gentrified by spider twill.

Sleep was inchoate, an incoherent plate of shy wine at a cornersky  
Serialized into a network of drones  
in a vain attempt to transform dreams  
into a cupola of eternity.

Eternity topples and takes the heart into black flames.

Resurrecting itself wherever the moon is full, its blessings fall  
from clouds

of the most profound magnitude.

It is completely dense when pressed to the lips, rubbed to the  
thighs,

devoid of the essence that gives dream to life and life to fantasy.

Every time I invoke you I become more sentient.

I watch the road along the coastline morphing at a very high rate.

I watch little passions of earth burst into flame  
Flawed, Compromised  
Places unseen: Become seen

What savage deluge buzzes and reeks of this auriferous  
underworld?

I invent you into the cracked cast of the little Sunbird of the Nile  
whose blue melting crest sweeps through the earth and braises  
the dawn with her wounds suffered from the vine.

She has taught us how to hold the key to a honeycomb of a  
grass of rain.

She has taught us how to sow the seeds of a presence that would  
not be ploughed again.

She made us wonder until wonder became a glyph deciphered  
from a seed of our desire.

She flew the perimeter of this miserable, quartered garden and  
watched in grief

as fear infected the soil and devoured her iridescent longings.  
Strained by deepening abasements, she fled the design of the Terra  
only to be delivered to the abyss  
where ascending the kundalini roots and veins,  
was ossified and transmuted by other worldly composites.

Strata of microbes rise from the beautiful beast of her death  
Transfixed in darkness by her faint, subliminal rays.

To be held to the orbital field of abstract bliss  
Drifting in a whorl of phallic interstices  
Seditious from the outset



Ody Saban, *Soleillant malgré nos morts*



Casi Cline, *Arrangments*

A masculine energy summoned from the Pleiades!

Alcyone, my bearer of vastitude, my minder of sun and negated  
stratagems

Sterope, my antiphony of a dreamt civilization,

a gushing floodgate of my descendent Morning Star

Merope and Maia, feigning imperatives over my glimmering  
burnt forages

Electra, my beautiful puff of ruin, my antipode, my orison;  
my sting of divinity against the malevolence of demons.

I have entered into your starfields with the waking birds and  
the sleepwalking mantas

where the sun is redemptive:

Obscured by opiates, it drapes dharma like an aerial cipher  
reducing germination

to all the struggles of swarming charged voltages.

This spirit-lined vestibule is the life beyond the finches,

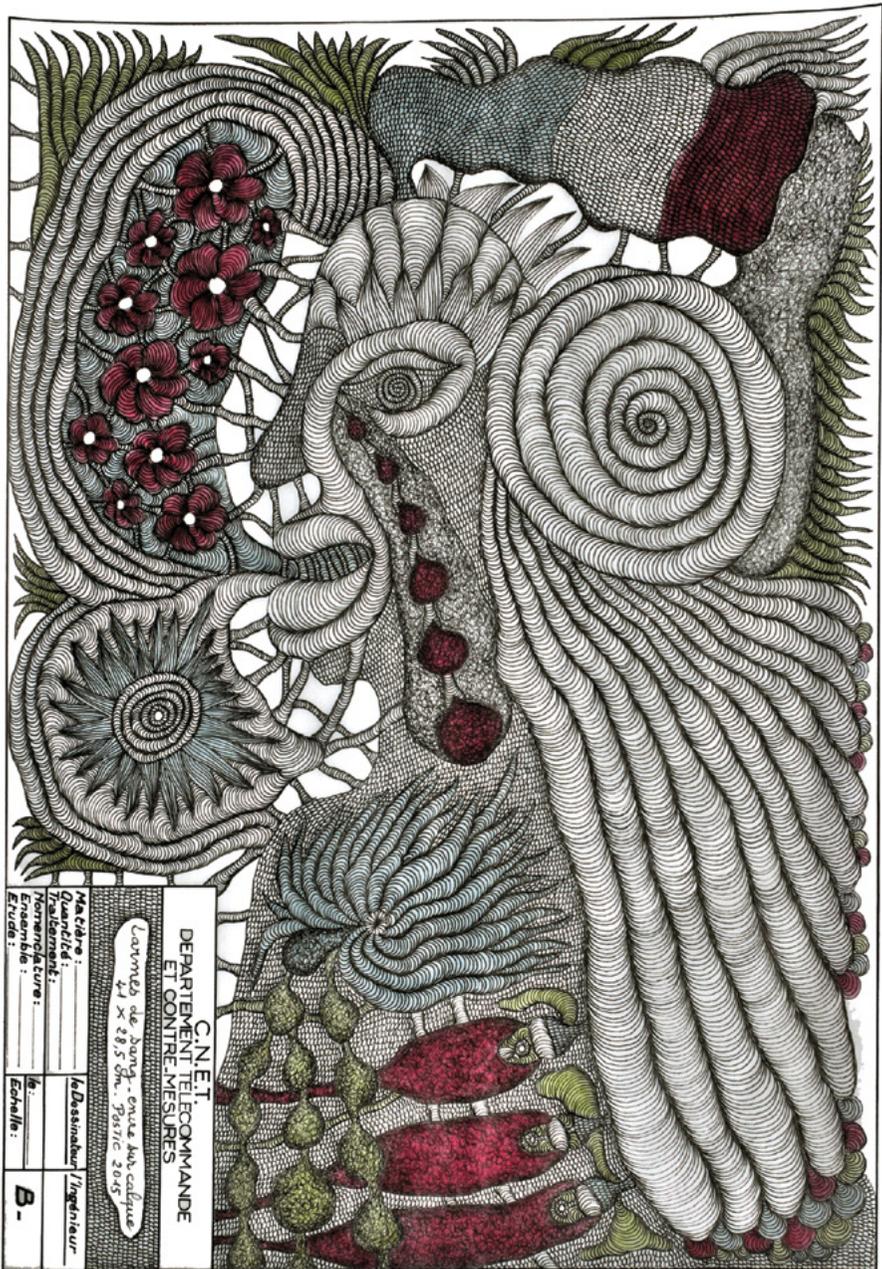
the very beginning of a gathering vacuum and its tumultuous  
Bardo.

In its primeval intent, the world is a collapsing remnant in a  
gravitational mirage

where no measurable presence lies in proportion to its  
arcane distortions.

I have been willed to the mist but there are no means by which  
the air can speak,

no tendencies by which the night can decipher the hiero  
glyphs that lie long dead in me.



Evelyne Postic

Ancient codes flowing from endocrines  
spill spiritual morphines that beam signals to my cortex.

The crack in the darkness becomes the slender thread of time  
where the moon as a spasm, boasts of veritable seductions.

I sit vigil  
Keep watch with a lantern lit by phosphorous human bones.  
It's light, roaring between the circles of the meadow  
illuminates Diana's manifestation there in the hornet's nest.

She is beautiful, witness and negation to the degenerative  
black light of ruthlessness.  
Without difficulty, she has entered into being  
and I am teetering madly beneath her condensations.

I am in an unhealthy place, this path of divinity,  
this long winding serpent sculpted from the delicate hide of  
some song to myself...  
some linear remnant of a metric Dynastic  
where the kept secret of Horus and the heart of the red  
smoldering sun  
crest together in the falcon headed drift.

I merge with her, lulled in a mist of innocence to a deep sleep  
where I am inferred for a hundred years!

I emerge in a shadow dream I feel of her Egyptian blue languor  
where her soft aura reveals itself in the gleaming  
arches of the marvelous.

She blesses me with the sad lament she whispers to each inert  
infinity

where I reinvent myself in the lightning maelstroms  
of the luster dream embroiders.

How the Earth is a flutter of little schisms  
mounted in the grip of an unfathomable balance.  
As I float on her scheme I am in care of nothing,  
no longer engaged by the blows of boisterous men  
seeking sanctuaries of sun dappled by her vigor.

On the horizon, rows of her great veils rise  
Where I am the treble between a semi-tone of loves will  
Drifting backwards into bliss  
Falling recklessly down into dark abyss.



**Rithika Merchant, *Orbiter***

# T.D. Typaldos

## *The Unsyllabicated Words*

The cherry's smile  
With volcanic rock's teeth  
The myrrh that anoints the wound  
The "non-being" negotiates its existence  
Our day teaches life  
Time teaches the unconcealed regression  
Over the blades of gentleness  
Our immaculate annunciation laughs  
A being's product sum  
Into its substance  
A three-dimension  
New-truism  
Flames that light up onto the tongue of sepsis  
Phoenix's who jumped out before the sleep-loot  
The allegory  
Of the notable theoreticals  
The stars that grow into the house's underground  
They have multiple uses  
They serve as lenses  
You ignite the fireplace with them  
Illuminating the bedroom before you go to sleep  
You slay the loft's darkness  
Combust the Easter candle  
You make them as a lamp post  
And if you are getting bored  
You ride their backs



**Janice Hathaway**  
*Guardian*

And your trip begins  
Into the newborn  
Unsyllabicated  
Of your Alter Ego  
Non-readable  
Words

### *A Woman's Scarlet Color*

A woman's scarlet color  
Who lives into the sun's balloon  
The sun's balloon filled of helium  
Blowing over the walking bridges  
Blowing over the iced days  
Blowing into the D. Gounari and Apathy's corner  
And the woman takes the man who lives into an iconography's heart  
From his hand  
They lie down onto a celery's top  
Then a martin is blooms  
Into the right nostril of some crazy verse  
And the left nostril of a sluggish portrait

Our sons will conquer the promise land  
Our daughters will embroider over their veils  
Eden's garden



**Karl Howeth**

## *The One Hundred Years War*

I open my eyes with effort  
I am in the same position as I was before  
But one hundred years must have passed  
Cause the cloud I have stuck into my sky's corner  
It's not stuck anymore and a tree with black leaves  
Is now in its position

The window is locked away  
While the girl is now a woman who is escaping from  
her mouth  
And she makes my mouth her refuge and she's hiding into  
my words  
Her body my attractions and their grievance



Stephen Kirin, *Separation*



**Ashley DeFlaminis & Angel Dionne**

# Tamara K. Walker

## *No Continuity*

I'm a caffeine addict impelled to breathe through a mass-market coffee filter. The alarm goes off, telling me it's time to sleep, and I'm not the same person at my pm am rising perpetually unhatched from the starchy mangled linen, (like everyone else everyone is like that but not), with the defiant stucco skin I want to sand down permanently instead of painting languid layers of light and varnish over and the occasional 30-second heart-bleaching priapism and mainly this holographic face of a hydrophobic retroactive fatalist.

Irreality is my reality complete with the negligent malevolence of society that everyone else plays for novelty to make a hollow existential point that I manifest flesh.

I'm only you and never you at once.

My oxygen tanks are depleting, gradually and as rapidly as this peach would disintegrate if I hurled it into space, and I'm very unwise, but at least I'm wise enough to see the rubber tubes emanating from the craters of every nerve ending that is not supposed to exist. I'm glass but not the beautiful kind, most of the time. I'm the haphazard pile of loose shards lying on top of the finished mosaic only after it's been cemented and dipped in liquid nitrogen. There is as little continuity between the asymmetrical spectacles through which I see the world seeing me as there is in a box of vinyl gloves with all but one glove missing. Time blurs into itself like tropical rain on ice, which also happens to be my favorite beverage. I will take my oxygen in liquid form from here on out. Yet my gorgeous gluttonous gills are

obstinately nonexistent, except for the unendingly fledgling/dying row forever forming and foaming behind my left ear. Make of that what you will. Make of nothing what you will, for it is only nothing that births embryos and awaits permanently (un)spectacular endings. Nothing is continuous and nothing is continuous. Don't be a cosmic armadillo unless you really require it, they say, and then disparage those who do like *Cincinnati* C. inexplicably scheduled for a blank beheading. To be a cosmic armored armadillo is all that I request of the world, most minutes, but then again, my infinite requests and finite expectations are divergent in a crystallized waterfall of nitrogen gas and sun tea unfit for human consumption.

Emotional Esperanto, if it existed, would be subject to the same constraints, nostalgic failures and criticisms of Esperanto as it actually currently exists. This is the kind of sobering reality I want to swing an icepick at repeatedly in futile anger. I sustained fewer injuries torpedoing the shadows of diamond platitudes that suffocated all the prism miners. Instead, I gently lift the antagonistic sticky lattice of sponge cake formed of all the fuzzy sets that my antiworker bees have accumulated, feel its questionably dormant lightness and set it down gently on the moist knoll above the mine.

I was only once you and always you always.

I will be supremely accessible and forever unavailable for a limited time only.

If you don't feel like waiting that long, I better start brewing solar tisanes.

If I don't feel like waiting that long, you better make some coffee.



**Toby Penny**

## *Lens*

### 1. It starts with you

You are not a paltry replica of your own razor shadow. You are subterranean and the particles under Everyone's systemic fingernail, but do not think for a suspended moment that you are dirty—unless you intend to invoke the soiled implications of nutrients, found fertility and spongy mutable support for growths to live and for life to take hold. Your ephemerality of form is an asset; it enables you to transcend instrumental purpose and surf signifiers unencumbered by their better halves. We will need this to accomplish our aims—but fear not, there will be no shortsighted attempt to confine you into a tool of even the most nondescript and versatile variety. We require understanding. You understand: our need for understanding, your capacity to understand (both this need and in general), and perhaps least importantly (although, in these times, one can never accurately predict importance), how to acquire understanding of the phenomena we require acquiring understanding about. There will be flickers of sudden light in the course of our investigation. Please, try to prevent yourself from partially evaporating in these and most other instances. Mist, while indisputably useful for attaining a superficial and varied knowledge of the immediate environment, will not coalesce cohesively enough to be truly helpful here.

### 2. Eye perceive therefore I am

I recently completed a set of instructions for myself in second person, which brings me great tranquil comfort to write in. I'm

trying to absorb a greater sense of self-presence in all things, both conceptual and tangible. I appear to speak in analogical riddles, but my definitions are in reality very literal. Life is a holographic rainbow of scattered clarity, sterile light without flaws, and I exist in the interstices of contrast between myself and the pure, peaceful, blue-sky realms I perpetually inhabit. This has been even more the case since I had one of my eyes replaced by a spherical compound eye, like an insect. The visual mosaic is better reflective of my personality, I think, and my motion detection is vastly improved. The only negative side effects, so far, seem to consist of periodic headaches and a diminished ability to focus. My instructions are adequate.

I have to do this. Not merely because it's the culmination of everything I have worked for and walked towards in my brief yet eternal life, which it is, but for far more indefinite and imperative reasons which elude description by their very nature (which is, of course, impossible to describe). I have to assume that the images and information filtered through my consciousness are intrinsically relevant to these purposes that simultaneously compel and distort me. Everything exacerbates what it exasperates in an organic repetitive cycle. If I am to thrive and not merely survive, I must do this, although I cannot guarantee that it is not vital to my own survival. These are my motives, upfront and without saccharine obfuscation. We aspire to provide a composite justification, based upon an admittedly loose but lucid link of our individual needs and backgrounds. Manifestos are forthcoming.

### 3. She is, she discovered, she won't

What follows are equally factual recounts of events and plausible speculations. Don't make any more assumptions.

Until you can be properly trusted to integrate fact and fiction in a way that blurs both, I have to spoonfeed you the necessary intelligence from a spork.

She mocks coarse sand and excessive adverbs, but those details are likely irrelevant in the long run. Metamorphosis itself interests her, but more from the perspective of potential accomplishment than ability. There is a difference, she insists. She dips herself in water, penetrating her own reflection, and creates the world she sees in real-time from cakes of chalky settled pigment. She surveils herself to prepare for what she's going to do, preferring to use closed-circuit television and telescopes. She must do this, what she meticulously prepares for, in order to account for and explain the stability of her contemporary existence. She is a deliberately irresponsible accountant, as debt is meaningless to one who seesaws tetradimensionally on the precipice of time.

At some point, she ended up solidly instantiated here, an intransigent amalgamation of paths past, present, and future. She is as much a worker bee, nondescript and dependent upon the colony for survival, as she is a betta, vividly distinguished and needing isolation. This makes her vulnerable, but she is fully aware of and cherishes this vulnerability. All she really remembers (and misses) from the past is the ethereality, the quality that did not know liberation for it never required it. She will therefore channel these memories and transform once more, into an infamous temporary celebrity whose muted visage is more shocking than what she's accused of. The silver flashes of ambitious photographers will go off, and she will dissolve in bursts into the razor shadows that she, I, and you are not, at least not merely, paltry replicas of.



Evelyne Postic

# Craig Wilson

## *Nuclear Autopsy*

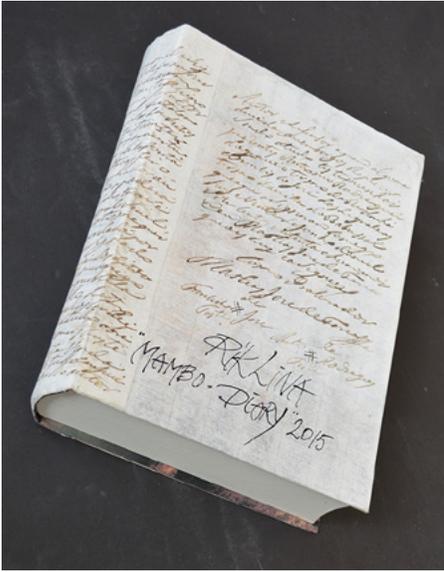
Now the day has fallen behind the nearest couch and I can't find it without the magnifying glass hidden in your pockets of silver nitrate and cinema samples, so to push aside the rotten bridges of a weathered ravine I need to construct a dozen miniature cities in a shoebox as a gift.

Primp finely for radioactive fog decay, worm eaten sundials of enraged lunatic covens piling on the subterfuge of banned books so you can suddenly fly in a red tablecloth across the burning street to the Flower Garden Inn, where the walls are made of nothing but carrots.

How does each faded sanctum of distant light mock the best of drowning seas? Such things were not meant to linger in doorways of lettuce. The day slides into evening like a chained-up movie theater. Your eyes have fallen out and multiplied across endless fields of warped metallic sunbursts. Your late night hat is a storm of crows and crows.

Blood bible nuclear autopsy, ghastly porno bummers, your creeping riot hole is flooded with birthday parties and lemon wedge tambourines fried in lizard lamps like crystal receivers in the eye, where the finest updates of mutant prurience announce the end of the era of inhibitions.

The inner fortifications of empty histories are caught upon medieval persecution memes; palm-oil parlors buried in a coconut beetles' dreaming. You'll find a way through the neatly folded parsecs to find the source of voices. Then the maze will open before you to cure walking amnesia and drown out the game show hosts shouting through their dunce caps.



Rik Lina, *MAMBO DIARY*

# Mark Young

## *ash / spews into / South American skies*

Human health was created on LinkedIn as a response to operational friction which was severely affecting the biophysical environment.

We're looking at what kind of undemocratic chemicals & compounds go into its supply chains.

It's kind of a job environment issue.

The issue of the restrictive conduct of "engaging people well" is under investigation in an indoor air-controlled laboratory.

Negotiations on this subject shall commence as soon as possible.

## *milestones in design history*

The difference in meaning & usage of the notoriously confusing Japanese particles は (wa) & が (ga) has been battling major health issues for months & is in urgent need of a seismologist conversant with metaphysical conceits.

## *when incinerated*

hackage documentation generation is not reliable, will release dioxins & other toxic chemicals into those mainly cloud-based solutions that empower web & mobile publishers.

Try a convenient sub-species of humans instead. They just might be the most economic & efficient conduit to convey the various waste streams usually restricted from urban landfill.



**Andrew Mendez**



**Janice Hathaway**

*Source*

# GAMES

## WHATS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

### **From Arsenal 4:**

*“In a well-known game children are invited to examine a picture and find elements in it that are somehow “wrong”: A person standing in midair; a dog reading a book, etc. In this surrealist version of the game, each player identifies the “wrong”, or anomalous elements in a ordinary, mass-circulation picture.”*



### **Karl Howeth:**

The church is still standing, and the preacher is not running for his life....

**Steven Cline:**

The gazebo is running errands – the mountains have become flesh – ocean is now only petrol – the sewage all gathers in the center of town – road system rapidly transforming into labyrinth complete with Minotaur – too many bourgeoisie

**Craig Wilson:**

There is no one riding a skateboard anywhere. The houses are cardboard fold outs from a pop-up book. There's a giant needle in the lower right of the picture just waiting for someone to fall out of the sky and land on it. The mountains in the distance have not stood up to stretch. No one has noticed Cthulhu sneaking up in the bay.

**Armando Sebastian McMurray:**

Alarm clocks are going off at the bottom of the lake and this is causing the oxygen to fall apart.

**Casi Cline:**

The sky is masquerading as a lake, the houses are about to come loose, the broccoli is far too large and clearly overcooked, the rivers of flesh seem petrified, and the 2030 swim champion is nowhere to be found.

**Stelli Kerk:**

A minimalist took over the park in the lower left, gutting all the flowers in a slick rupture with the Country Club master gardener. Chaos ensues in a battle between cul-de-sacs, roundabouts, labyrinths and a series of thorny dead ends.

**Jason Abdelhadi:**

That archipelago is artificially laid out in the shape of a swastika, the Sun isn't giving off a wholesome light, the people are eating too much uncircumcised casse-  
role, the background music is grainy, and the whole idyll is entirely set-up to impress a touring dictator.

**Donjon Evans:**

Just given the overall perspective of the place, the near isn't far enough and the far isn't near enough.

**Rik Lina:**

The whales in the background are frozen into mountains.

**Maurizio Brancaleoni:**

The Nothingness has spread all over the buildings like lava, a traveling salesman died by drowning in a roof, a giant lung is lurking behind the onionskin paper, and the gardens are subject to sexual discomfort.

**Janice Hathaway:**

The labyrinth is waiting for the zebras.

**Angel Dione:**

This picture contains significant peacock apologies, the spirulina is clearly planning a rebellion, and the lunar binge is a month early.

**T.D.Typaldos:**

In surrealism everything is correct, so I can't see any thing wrong.

# DIGITAL FILES

## SOUND

### **Johannes Bergmark**

*Wet Dream & Cactus Water*

<http://peculiarmormyrid.com/johannes-bergmark/>

### **Casi Cline**

*Tincubte*

<http://peculiarmormyrid.com/casi-cline-issue-3/>

### **David Nadeau**

*Le labyrinthe de la mort symétrique*

<http://peculiarmormyrid.com/david-nadeau-sound/>

## VIDEO

### **Steven Cline**

*amalgamate III*

<http://peculiarmormyrid.com/steven-cline-issue-3/>

### **Steve Morrison**

*Mount Analog & Natural History*

<http://peculiarmormyrid.com/steve-morrison/>