

SURREALISM



the Hinge of History

THE RAVEN AND THE WRITING-DESK

'Children of the age, transparency lies underground.'
- Annie Le Brun.

It's not a matter of sullen pride makes us choose a moment like this. To speak, to speak out: the weight of something like arctic salt loosening on the tastebuds, forcing our instinctive refusal into sharp articulation. We have been at the mercy of a decrepit vocabulary, but we know henceforth that it is our own language we are learning to speak. Waving scarves of blue steamers, this is the new voyage, the destination far out. If Rimbaud once faltered, tearing up his ticket with a terrible scowl: 'Let's take up once more the paths of here and now', we must reject the paltry day-return which confirms corroded habits and stake everything on a one-way journey into that 'language accessible, sooner or later, to all the senses.'

Here, a question of intricate sway, as if metaphor or indirection were the price to be paid for the time being. For time is, the time you grasp and receive, outside all calculation, time to be breathing in, time to govern your true dimensions, which all else tends to suppress -- and even the pleasures of travel may dull the edges of insight. You speak in riddles, Dr Faust. But there's a clue, -- the shadow of the raven's shadow as it passes, endlessly stroking the snow, the undisturbed snow. We must go on writing and reading, testing the figures which loom up at dusk, in readiness for the piercing of the veil and the sudden irruption of a naked, literal encounter.

She sways towards me, mortal. The seizure is remote, as in a distant encirclement. Yet it is the colour of mental perfume on the confident air I touch. Rocks seem to shift underfoot. We serve a secret cause. We are alone, for always. Night deepens around our thoughts and limbs, which swim into the abandoned tops of trees. Birds nestle in her armpits, there are shadows spiralling in the foliage of her hair. Silence, tall as a tale whispered down the wind. The earth escapes its ancient groove. We are alone. There is no distance. There is nothing left for us to resist. And we realize through all our faculties that 'temptation alone is divine' (A. Breton).

The point is that nothing is left of whatever antique consent they once dragged out of you. You now know the odds, and can gauge the extent to which an attitude may splinter into false leanings, lingering pins and needles, pricking sincerity. You now know it has to be fluid, this battle against the electroshock of culture, the dark syndrome of follow-my-lead. You know the score they keep, so dip with the tide and kick out when they come, and they do it all the time: in the papers, on the news, in the museums, even in the streets.

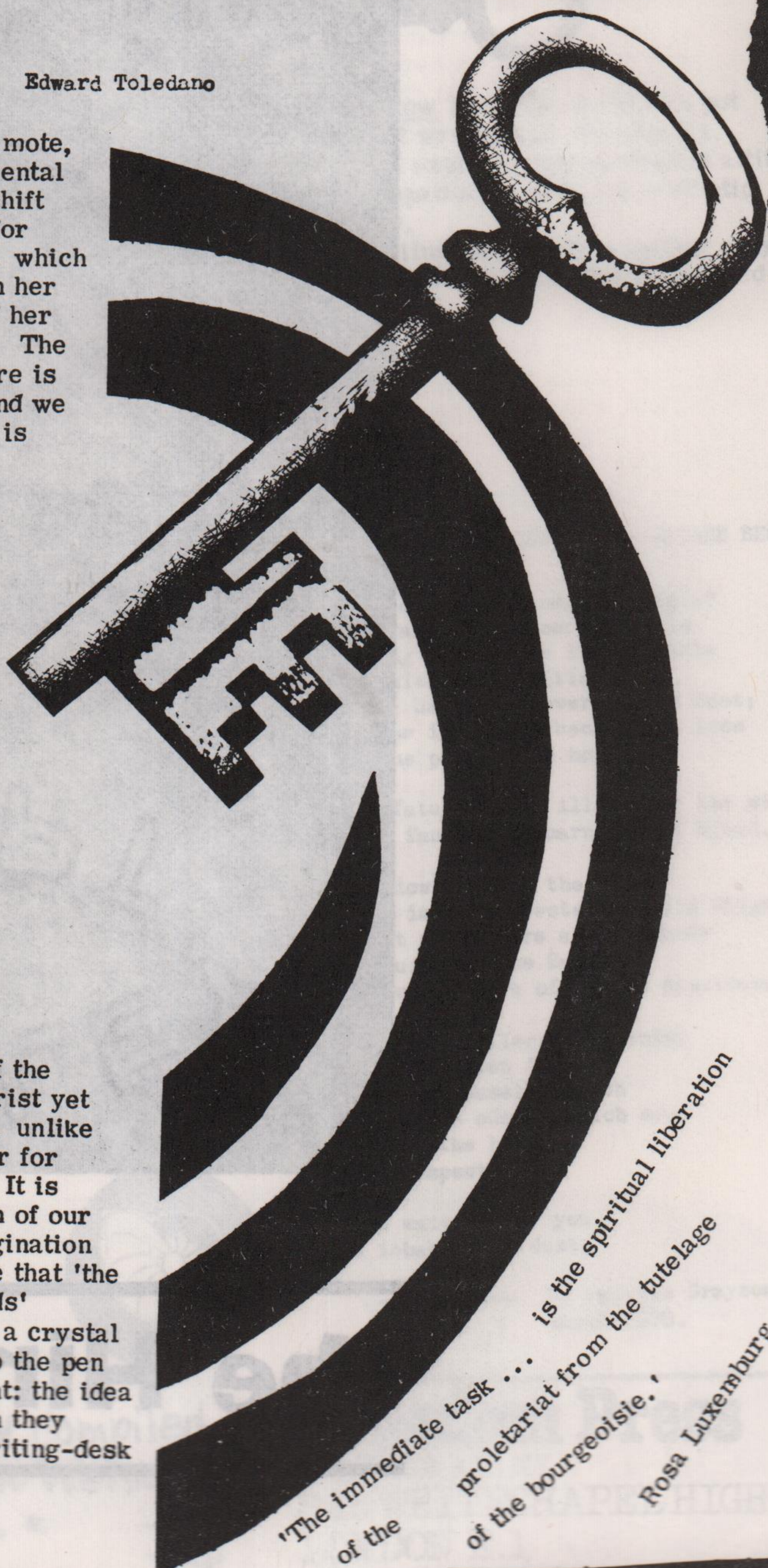
In the streets: now there's a place to be, a place for Being to complete its task, the storming of the palace. At the price of scattering old chestnuts, bend an ear to the pavement and listen in to your heartbeat. There has to be a lending of self to the environment, a reciprocal inscription of Meaning upon the world and our lives. Just hold back one moment: the first salvo is into the sky, in celebration. But the next shot is meant for you, Mr Gessler, and I can assure you it will not miss.

They speak of opposing style and substance, of the lingering gap on the retina that motivates the theorist yet blinds him once he's laid his pen aside. This gap, unlike their fog, is a mere effect of light. It is no matter for contemplation. We are entirely our own master. It is simply the distance we travel in grasping the depth of our intuition, in witnessing the giddy marriage of imagination and perception. See it, then, as a chance to prove that 'the space between things takes on the form of my words' (P. Eluard). A language renewed, we pass across a crystal parapet, to the other side -- of ourselves. And so the pen is also the talon. The idea is also the idea in flight: the idea on the attack. So when they shake their tins, when they shake their heads, tell them loud and clear: the writing-desk is the raven.

Roger Cardinal
27 February 1978



Edward Toledano



THE SURREALIST PROPOSITION

THE fruition of Surrealist aspirations will lead to the most revolutionary transformation of the world. The Surrealist belief is in the liberation of humanity, and the lucidity of the human condition. Surrealism abhors those facets of society that are intent upon oppression and mystification; for it is only by constant vigilance and a continuous state of intellectual mobility that the emancipation of humanity may occur.

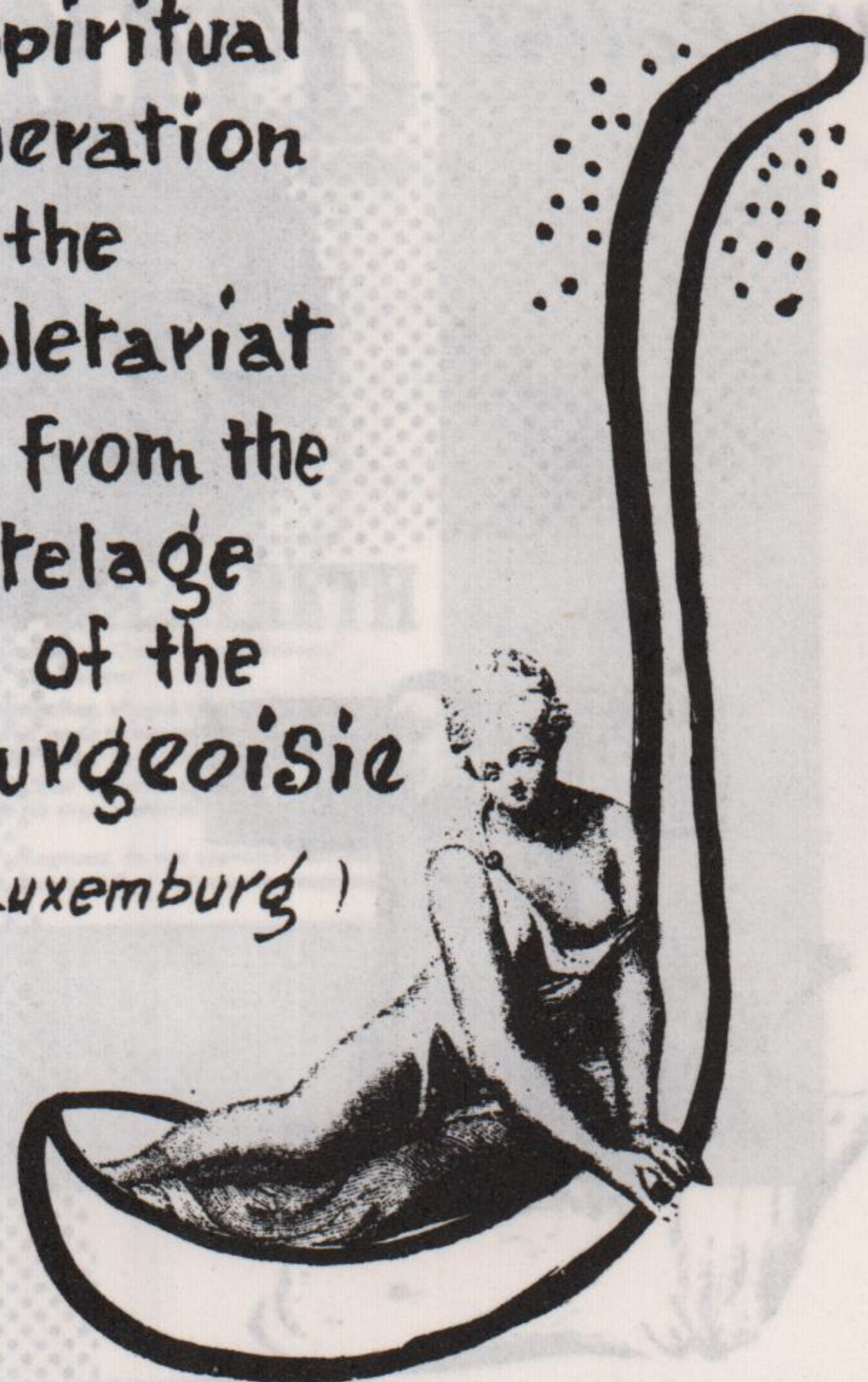
There is a need for the immediate attainment of consciousness on behalf of humanity; its actuality must take place by the crystallisation, in the concrete, of the concept of 'ruthless awareness', whereby André Breton's belief in 'man's social liberation, defossilisation of social behaviour, and a refashioning of human understanding', may take place. These premises are seen by the surrealists as agencies for the complete comprehension of the individual. Thus, the realisation of that which is inherent to the very essence of the individual may come about and also a basis will be constructed whereby a permanent state of lucidity may occur.

The manifestation of the nature of human desire is paramount, and a means of releasing that which is indispensable to the true functioning of the liberated mind is *prima facie*. Total liberty relies upon two premises; firstly, 'social liberation' through which all mechanisms of oppression and exploitation will necessarily be erased in the name of 'freedom.' A freedom whose actuality is crystallised in a 'reevaluation of all values' and a 'reinvention of everyday life.' The reevaluation of the human condition will call into play the most profound scrutiny of repressive societies and so called 'capitalist civilisation.' Realising the need for a life based upon the realisation of desire and the complete awareness of the individual the human force and its generative power must necessarily be orientated towards the comprehension and extension of the vista of daily life, and the world must be transformed into a place, as Franklin Rosemont states, 'of ... festive conditions of freedom, abundance and play. We unhesitatingly insist that the revolution is for pleasure.'



The
immediate
task
is the
spiritual
liberation
of the
proletariat
from the
tutelage
of the
bourgeoisie

(Rosa Luxemburg)



Secondly, liberation occurs due to a 'refashioning of human understanding' whereby a unification of the waking and dream states can allow an appreciation of that which is the essence of human desire. The composite forces of the human entity become truly intelligible and totally liberating only when the subjective and objective, the rational and irrational elements of the human makeup are allowed an unrestricted externalisation into our daily lives.

It is the intention of the Surrealist revolution to create, as Franklin Rosemont sees it, 'a liberation beyond all traditionally assigned limits.' In consequence the Surrealist belief is not only in the creation of a single class, a 'true democracy' built, as Lenin put it, 'through the initiative of the masses', but also a single class whose desire is to embrace the 'true functioning of thought', in such a way as to live a life which is emancipatory in nature and action.

Through the belief in the Surrealist revolution the human predicament will not be one of a forced alignment with social oppression and mental isolation, but, rather to the emancipation of the poetic dimension of reality; the latent qualities of materialism. Those forces will come into play which stand to release the identity of humanity and humanity's position to that which it is surrounded by and chooses to surround itself by. The primacy of matter will be commensurate with the basic principle of human liberation.

It is due to the clarity and the lucidity of the Surrealist proposition that the continued task of Surrealism is to be seen in everything that attempts to shine light upon the indisputable right of human liberty.

It is through the undaunted channels of the Surrealist sensibility that uncompromising freedom, a Surrealist freedom, may be accessible to humanity.

John W Welson

LIGHTHOUSE OF THE FUTURE MANIFESTO *of the Surrealist Group in America **



Haifa Zangana



Lee Cottle

THE WORK OF ART
IS A STUFFED
CROCODILE
"Jarry"



Death to Miserabilism!

Pessimism exists only to be carried as far as it will go.

Whatever else we may be, we are not mourners of false steps along the endless escalators of lost time.

Life is boring, society is boring, art is boring; above all, boredom is boring.

Only by despairing, and then despairing of despair, can mankind begin truly to see and to act consciously in the service of the marvelous. This preliminary violation of the rules prepares the way for an entirely new game, our game, known as subversion, sublime love, the exaltation of freedom.

Notwithstanding the whimpering objections of art critics and museum necrologists, the surrealist game is, in essence, the *crime of the century*. It can be played only by those who know that it can be played only for keeps.

All or nothing is the watchword of this absolutely modern and ever-renewed *crime of crimes* that magnetizes our thoughts and deeds and guides them through the ubiquitous fog of dissimulation like the blackest raven seized from the left eye of the reddest lion.

To those who ask why surrealism has eluded the attention of criminologists we reply: for the same reason that it repels every recuperative effort of every *specialist* — the feverish or clammy grasp of the political dilettante, the art clown, the "psychedelic"/mystical lackwit, all seeking historical justification for their miserable impotence. Like the Great Invisibles surrealism is beyond the reach, beyond even the *scales of reference* of these atomized gnats whose ambition is only to replace the stoop pigeons, "intellectual" or otherwise, who continue to serve the wardens of the universal dungeon of everyday life.

Specialization, to the extent that it fails to exceed a restricted domain, is a kind of soul of the soulless system of human isolation, a form of self-crucifixion on the cross of commodity fetishism. Unalterably disdainful of this contemptible system of mass mutilation, the surrealists demand nothing less than the fullest development of the unfettered imagination, the expansion of the human personality, the triumph of the human spirit.

It is no accident that all the shadow-boxers in the stupefying half-light of competitive ideology, apparently having nothing better to do than, to perfect the abject thrusts and parries of vain "intellectual" equivocations, recognize us precisely as their *worst enemies*.

Report to the Council of Salamanders

Five hundred years after the birth of Copernicus there still exist such things as priests, cops, landlords. While the number of kings has diminished, the number of *cash registers* increases beyond belief. These facts alone suffice to make us wonder how it is that so many people manage to refrain from running amok.

From the headlines of the daily papers to the footnotes of academic journals it is rats and more rats who are in charge of "Reality." On this score we have passed beyond the point of argument:

Salvador Allende's "revolution" collapses like a balloon before a putrid alliance of the military and the petty-bourgeoisie.

Zionism colludes with a cénacle of Arab politicians with all the usual atrocities and hypocrisies.

The Pope, having unfortunately survived a heroic attempt on his life in 1970, confers with the Dalai Lama.

The suicide rate soars.

The leading bureaucrats of the United Auto Workers in Detroit hire a legion of club-swinging goons to assault union auto workers on a wildcat strike; a high-ranking police official remarks "I'm glad the union is on our side."

The infamous "power blocs" careen over the globe like the immensely bloated creatures in Tex Avery's magisterial 1947 cartoon *King-Size Canary*. The repressive organization of alienation and reification, the regimentation of leisure and confusion, proceeds in all directions with its insidious technical refinements under the various and more or less interchangeable labels of entertainment, literature, tourism, politics, mysticism, pornography, diplomacy, sports, patriotism, law, advertising, speculation, psychology, etc.

In the last seconds of *King-Size Canary* the empty bottle of Jumbo-Gro unmistakably poses the question: where do we go from here?

Revolution x Revolution x Revolution = Revolution?

Nothing could be more obvious: we are not free, you are not free, no one is free.

Almost as obvious, however, is the fact that those who pretend to embody the cause of freedom, the maudlin "left" — and we refer to the entire U.S. Left, with only a handful of individuals and actions excepted — is bogged down in timidity, ashamed of itself, choking on its own collar, stumbling over its broken promises, devoid of all daring, imagination, lucidity and initiative. It has never been more evident than today why Marx said "I am no Marxist." Once the idea of Revolution is reduced to the spectre of a halfheartedly awaited messiah, "theory" inevitably becomes merely the arbitrary preparation of retrospective menus for the unattended banquets of an entirely abstract and illusory future. In their mad dash in search of *ways out for themselves* (academic sinecures, low-level posts in this or that trade union, a page or two in the *New York Review of Books*, not to mention vague dreams of holding comfortable posts in the bureaucracy of a future "socialist" state) the Left sectarians have irretrievably compromised their revolutionary integrity. Quite simply, they are *not serious*; they are entirely lacking in *umor**; Jacques Vaché has never existed for them. They dither over "theoretical" tremblings hardly capable of cracking an egg-shell, much less the crust of everyday life. Meanwhile, several million workers have come to agree with the surrealists on the fundamental point: the necessity for the abolition of work.

*see "What is Surrealism?" *Selected Writings of André Breton*. Pathfinder Press, 1974 (forthcoming)

But if the Left is largely the captive of a retrograde mythology (*economism* in one form or another) the class struggle assuredly is no myth. In spite of the grotesque confusion of the various "parties," the surrealists are indissolubly united to the *party of the proletariat* in the sense intended by Marx. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that there is no solution to any social problem outside the absolute power of workers' councils. But as surrealists we are concerned above all with problems of the *human condition* which, because they arose before the advent of capitalism, cannot be expected to disappear automatically with its overthrow. If the surrealists have assumed, within the party of the proletariat, the position of *moral lookout*, it is because the surrealist perspective looks beyond the proletarian seizure of power.

For evident historical reasons surrealism here and now assumes, on the organizational level, the form of a militant minority. Between the old poetry (which maintained its position, however uneasily, within the shoddy framework of "Culture") and the generalized poetry, entirely outside the poem, as announced by Lautréamont, current surrealist poetic practice serves as an indispensable revolutionary transition. The poetic conquests of surrealism, no less than its conquests in the plastic arts, are merely the first skirmishes in a protracted war.

It would be absurd to deny that for most of our contemporaries a surrealist poem or painting retains an element of the incomprehensible. But it would be more than absurd, if not merely dishonest, to mistake or misrepresent the character of the obstacle between surrealist works and the majority of society. What prevents most individuals from immediate appreciation of a surrealist poem or painting is not a product of any attempt by the writer or painter to exalt his or her own personality above and beyond all other beings in the name of a supposed "individual liberation." Rather such a barrier, or more precisely such a challenge, is the natural consequence of the authenticity of the surrealist message in a world in which human beings are forced, every day of their lives, to accept and pass on false promises, to call each other and themselves by false names, to admit in their most sincere moments to a terrible deceit. The foundation of all surrealist efforts, whether in poetry, the plastic arts, political action, or scientific research, has always been the destruction of all forms of exploitation by forms of inspiration, asserting the primacy of human motives and needs: love, freedom, the marvelous.

As defined by the title of Lenin's first periodical — *Spark (Iskra)* — the task of the revolutionary communist in capitalist as well as in the monstrously bureaucratized "socialist" countries is to grasp and expand the transitory moments of lucidity that pass back and forth among the workers on the factory floor, in mines, on the decks of ships. The task of the surrealist is no less in the other, ceaselessly alternating spheres of everyday existence — in the hallways of a million apartment buildings, in public parks, above all in the streets: to amplify the occasional gleam between men and women together, between men and women themselves (summarized by the perpetual expectation that at any moment a decisive revelation will emerge from the crowd and be recognized without hesitation) into an illimitable beacon of freedom.

The permanent surrealist revolution is the permanent revolution of everyday life, the permanent festival of men and women celebrating the *becoming of freedom*.

With the realization of poetry and philosophy in the streets, on rooftops, in railroad yards, on the seacoast and everywhere else; with the abolition of the contradictions between dream and action, collective and individual, subjective and objective, city and countryside, etc., surrealism will at last cease to be minority. As poetry advances from the last vestiges of its alienated forms into the living dream of everyday passion, the surrealist game will be played by all.

Treason Is Sweeter Than Honey

We refuse to content ourselves with being merely the best-hated men and women of our time.

The language of the birds has not been forgotten.

Anyone who accuses us of changing the subject deserves a punch in the nose.

We could say, in the spirit of Pythagoras, that it is never too early to learn to dream the undreamed.

The imagination is revolutionary or it is nothing.

The Revolution will be surrealist or will not be at all.

WANTED

IN CONNECTION WITH MATTERS OF RELIGION



JESUS OF NAZARETH

alias King of the Jews, alias Christ "the redeemer,"
alias Jesus "The Saviour" Christ.

MODUS OPERANDI: Faith healing, alleged miracle performing, suspect known to be evasive; tends to express himself in parables.

ASSOCIATES: believed to be leader of a 12 man gang.

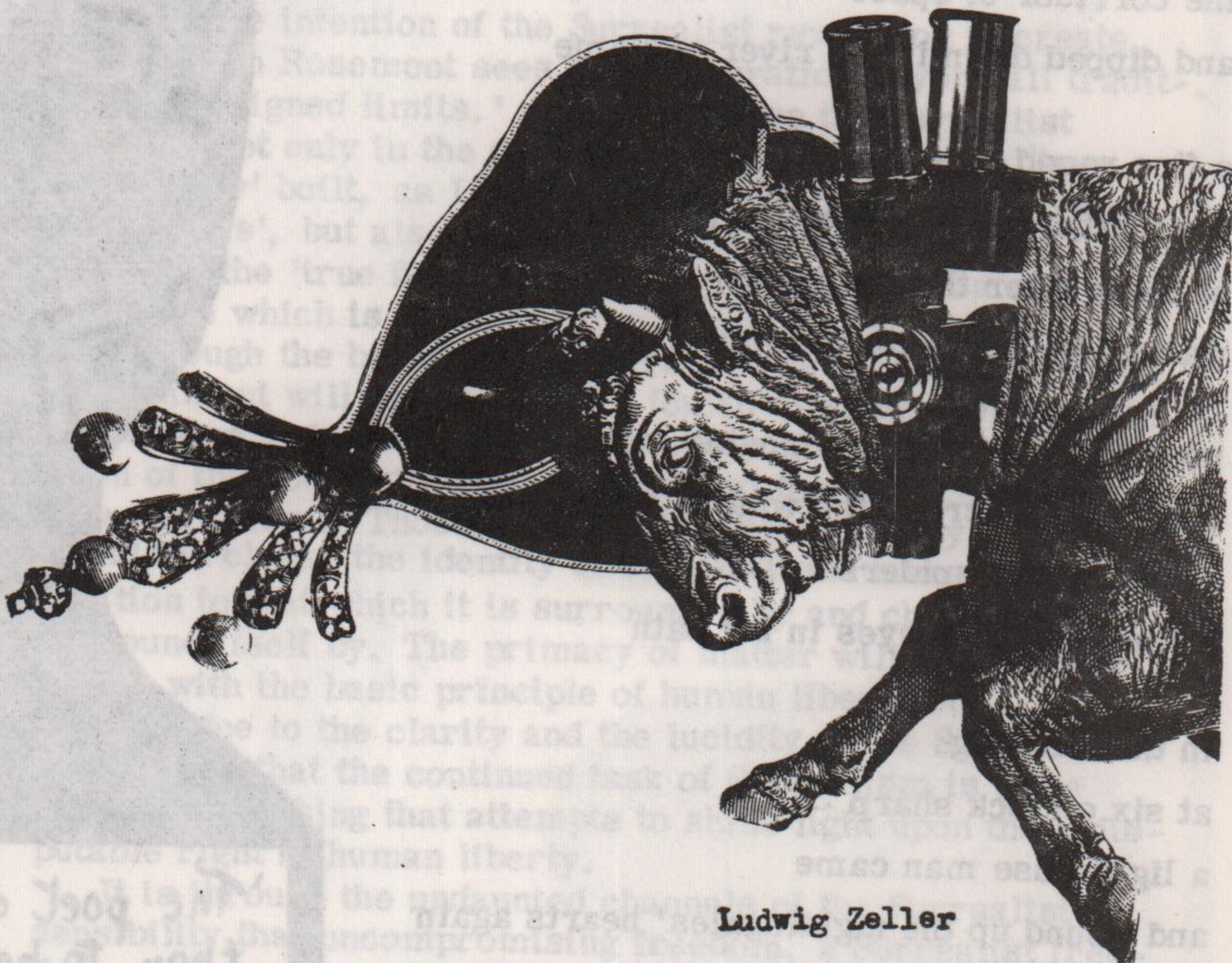
DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Scar on hands (palms) and feet, possibly larger scar on left rib cage, numerous small scars encircling crown.

WARNING: If suspect is recognised, do not approach him. He is said to be armed with the wrath of God and may be dangerous.

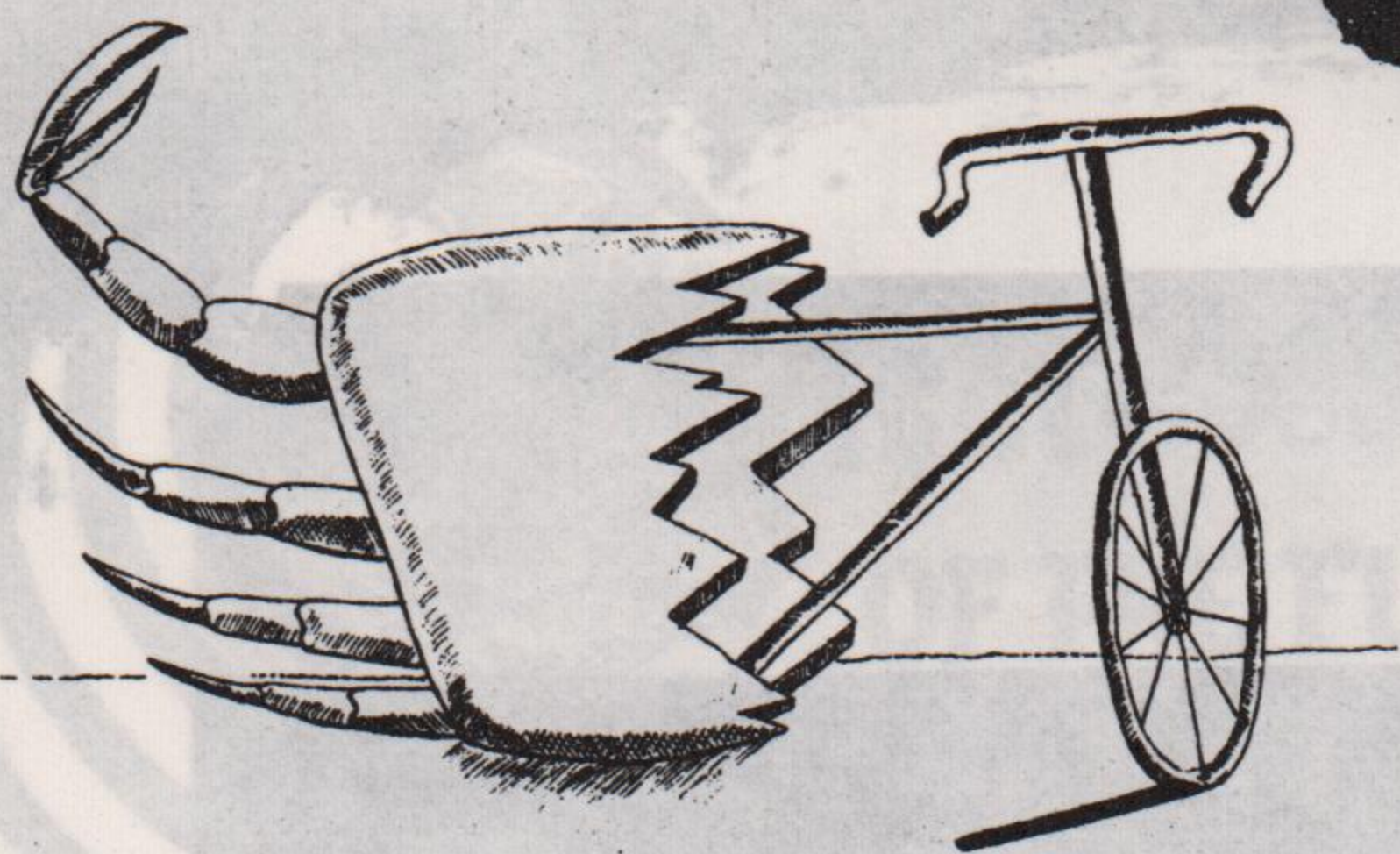
Conroy Maddox

'Everything that is collapsing, shifty, infamous, sullyng and grotesque is summed up for me in this single word: 'god'

(Andre Breton)



Ludwig Zeller



John Welson

'The Creative union of the conscious
with the unconscious is what
one usually calls "inspiration."
Revolution is the inspired frenzy
of history.'

Trotsky



ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SURREALIST POETRY

Edited by Edward B Germain
Penguin Books £1.75

WHAT Mr Germain had in mind when he put this confection together is not very clear and having thought it up, that he went ahead and wrote it is still more perplexing. The book may have fooled Penguin, but it has about as much to do with surrealist poetry as the winter wash and flaps as dismally.

Judging by the few surrealist poets that he includes he appears to be completely ignorant of any poetic manifestation today. One looks in vain for the works of Aime Cesaire, Gisele Prassinos, Marcel Lecomte, Joyce Mansour, Paul Nougé, Malcolm de Chazal, Vincent Bounoure and Guy Cabanel to list only a few, but one suspects Mr Germain is more interested in fitting surrealism into his own narrow mould.

His introduction to the book is a misch-masch of all the old errors and prejudices. A statement by Carl Jung is supposed to have had an enormous influence on English and American surrealists, although no surrealist had any faith in Jung's 'neurosis for old' theory. Herbert Read, who in 1936, proposed Ben Nicholson as an English contributor to the International Surrealist Exhibition is quoted as an infallible and authoritative source. But why continue, nothing he has to say about surrealism has the slightest significance.

Conroy Maddox

LOST KEYS

All the keys are lost
the nightingales are singing
in brass voices
their hearts crumbling in the night

after the raven discovered its legs
a passing train returned into
the corridor of space
and dipped down into a river of flame

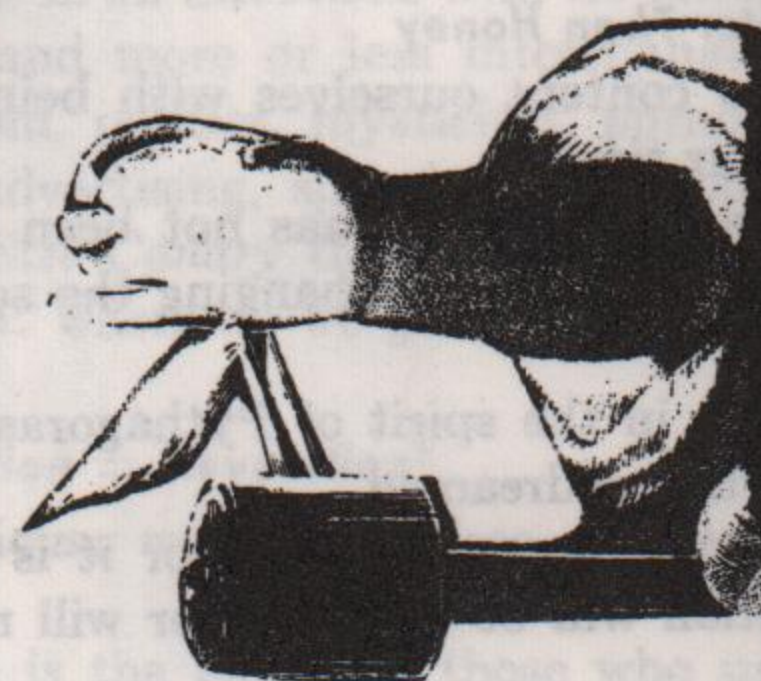
a fire raged between the clouds
the feathers played into the hands
of a spy after the monkeys
washed their cardboard gloves

none could escape the moving mice
that flicked across the wind
each day two spiders
hunted for their eyes in the bath

in the morning
at six o'clock sharp
a lighthouse man came
and wound up the nightingales' hearts again
against time running late

John Digby

'The Surrealist conception of the world, man and Art has
not yet been surpassed.'
Ivan Svitak



'The poet of today has no other choice
than to be a revolutionist or not
to be a poet.'
(Benjamin Peret)

The Revolutionary Dilemma Of Surrealism In Its Time



SURREALISM, wrote André Breton, is neither superior to real life, nor inferior to it, but part of it. This was not only true during the movement's effective lifetime, but as far back into history as human consciousness, and it will remain true as long as the planet, or possibly the universe, sustains human life. Surrealism in the general sense signifies that point at which human desire and material reality are fused rather than separated. It is present at those moments when our dreams and our waking life are indistinguishable, or when we 'recognise' the projection of our inner reality on exterior reality. Naturally some areas are more surrealist than others; making love for example tends to be more 'surrealist' than filling in a VAT form; a Victorian railway station has a more surreal feel, (for me at any rate), than a shopping precinct in a new town, but all of us, whether knowingly or not, have surrealist moments. Equally some of us are more surrealist than others, so are some periods in history, geographical places (Spain is more surrealist than Denmark), cultures, (pre-missionary Oceanic art as opposed to mass-produced artifacts of our time), but disregarding selection, and this tends to be subjective anyway, there is, has been and will be nobody who has failed, at one time or another, to recognise 'the concretion of desire.'

Nevertheless there is a distinct difference between the acknowledgment of the surreal vein in life and the aims of the Surrealist movement between 1924 and, approximately, the death of Breton in 1966.

This difference is that the Surrealists didn't find it sufficient to recognise the surreal. They sought the means to break down those walls which prevent the free play between subconscious and conscious, between dream and reality, between desire and its realisation. They recognised that the State, the Church, the Army, the Police, the family, bourgeois morality, the law, Capitalism itself, were all different aspects of the same enemy; weapons in the hands of those in whose interests humanity must be kept down. They realised that the only way they had a chance to succeed in their aims was through a total revolution. There was no point in chipping away at this or that stone in the walls of our prison. Demolition was the only answer. In one of their manifestos they stated unequivocally: 'Disband the army! Open the prisons!'

They were however unfortunate in their historical options in that the hope appeared to lie in support for the USSR, in the amalgamation of Freud, (geographer of the subconscious) and Marxist-Leninism, (the re-organisation of reality). If this appears in retrospect naïf, it was less simple to recognise it at the time. Here is the landscape in which they found themselves, and the reasons for their dilemma.

Living in the apparently confident and increasingly reactionary west, the very success of the Russian revolution was, in itself, impressive. An apparently monolithic state had been toppled, atheism declared official policy, imperialism proscribed, the bourgeoisie routed, the proletariat declared triumphant. The Surrealists were not alone in believing the

future was emerging.

Nevertheless they were not instantly convinced. While certainly anti-bourgeois and theoretically revolutionary, they found it possible to print Aragon's description of the USSR as 'doddering Moscow' and his sneer at the triumph of Lenin as 'a minor bureaucratic shuffle'. It was only with the threat of fascism at the beginning of the thirties, coupled as it was with a violent swing to the right in Western Europe, that they tried, while never relinquishing their Surrealist position, to offer 'Surrealism at the Service of the Revolution'.

The result was tragic farce. Under Stalin, Russian Communism was beginning to show its true colours. Naturally western intellectuals were useful if they were prepared to toe the line. Aragon and later Eluard were so prepared. To be accepted they had to repudiate Surrealism and repudiate they did. Russian Communism had already dismissed psycho-analysis, had begun to formulate social-realism and to attack any form of modern art as 'bourgeois formalism'. The Surrealist 'offer' was the equivalent of a flea offering to help a bear.

Yet Breton, and those who remained with him, still failed to recognise that it was the practical application of Marxism itself which was irreconcilable with the Surrealist aims. They fell into the 'Stalinist' heresy and hailed Trotsky

as the true heir of Marx. Trotsky in exile was prepared to enlist any support and, undeniably, was an infinitely more attractive human being than his opponent and a genuine intellectual. How he would have behaved if he, rather than Stalin, had succeeded is more questionable; indeed there was already the stigma of his handling of the Kronstadt mutiny, but in preparing to sign a manifesto with Breton and in the application of his formidable charm, he helped prolong the movement's delusion that somehow Marx could be one of the sponsors of Surrealism whereas in fact, in every word he wrote, Trotsky declared himself the antithesis of its hopes.

It was only in effect after the war that Breton, returning to a France whose intellectuals had, almost to a man, moved into a near-Communist position and were united in mocking the Surrealist leader as a frivolous irrelevancy that finally, and with the confusing espousal of a species of hermetic mysticism to blur the issue, Breton advocated the support of some anarchist solution. If only he had done so from the beginning.

For all its failures, occasional pettiness, and the dictatorial tendencies of its founders, what Surrealism advocated and went off in search of was an ideal of central importance to anyone who advocates unequivocal freedom.

There is no way in which Surrealism, as an historical movement, can be or should be resurrected. To wish to do so is nostalgic, on a par with wearing clothes of a past era or driving a vintage car. There's no harm in it, but it's irrelevant. However, the central tenets of Surrealism are invaluable to all who call themselves Anarchists or are drawn towards Anarchism. Disinterested belief in the supremacy of love and freedom can draw both its lessons and its hope from that courageous failure of fifty years ago.

George Melly

Put our
to make the
best
use of it

DANGER

**DO NOT REMOVE
THIS TAG!!**

DATE _____ 197__

Having been found severely injurious to the human spirit,

THIS BUILDING HAS BEEN

CONDEMNED

BY THE SURREALIST MOVEMENT

The brilliant past has made brilliant promises
to the future: it will keep them.

—LAUTREAMONT

BOOKS ON SURREALISM

TWO books that have recently come out on surrealism make an important contribution to the underlying principles of the movement:

THE IMAGERY OF SURREALISM by J H Matthews, and
THE SHADOW AND ITS SHADOW by Paul Hammond.

Among the many writers on surrealism, J H Matthews occupies a unique position. In his many works on the subject he has brought to the movement both clarity and historical accuracy. It is especially welcome at this moment when so much nonsense has recently been written about the Dada, Surrealism Reviewed Exhibition at the Hayward Gallery by the Establishment critics.

Matthews sets out to analyse the theory of pictorial and literary imagery through the many techniques adopted to negate aesthetic values. Over one hundred illustrations, many for the first time, are set against such key chapters as The Inner Model, Collage, Chance, Object Lessons and Interpretation.



In *The Shadow and Its Shadow* Paul Hammond has put together most of the surrealist writings on the cinema. In a perceptive introduction he explores the surrealist attitude to the cinema: their incompatibility with the aesthetic programme of the avant-garde.

Published by the British Film Institute and costing only £1, it is a book of considerable value to anyone interested in the subject.

WHERE DOES THE LANDSCAPE BEGIN?

Where does the landscape begin?
There are only deserted walls
Leaning against an inconsolable
Day which lies waiting
Like a desolate lover in the dust;
And the iguanodon becomes an icon
On the parasite's host.

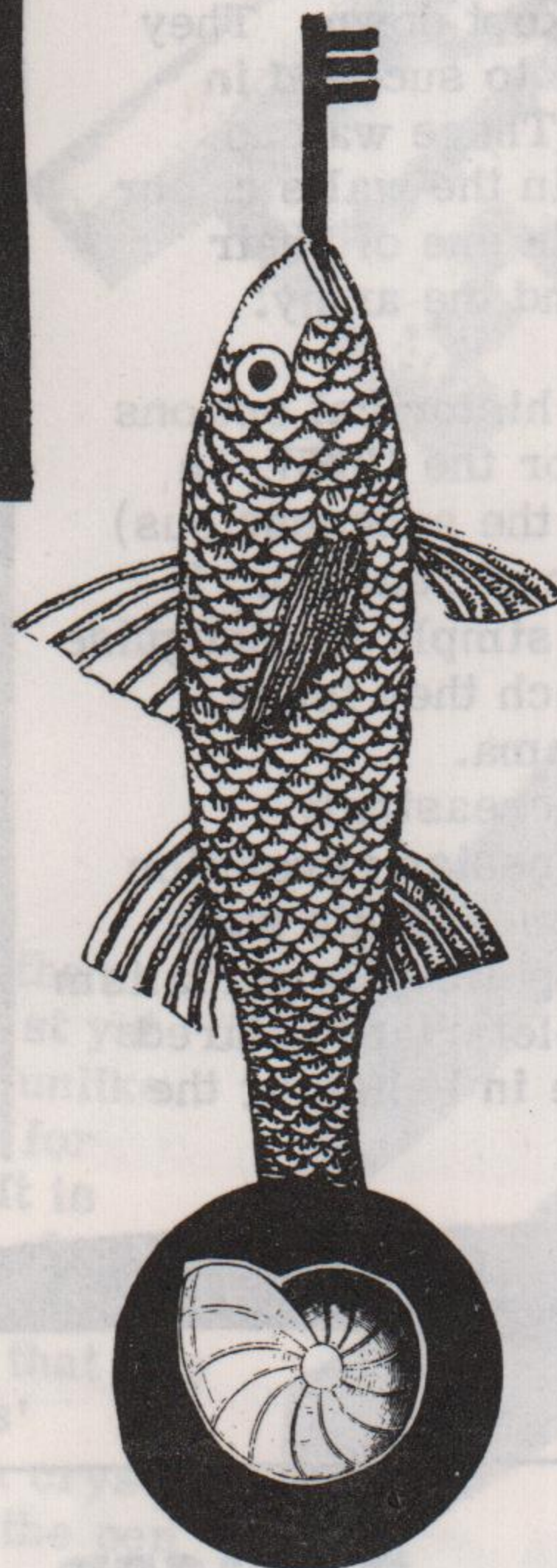
Ignisfatuss - Oh illuminate the city
Whose fangs drip carnivorous blood.

A shadow crosses the moon
Whose image reflects a bird's flight;
So let us explore and discover
The music of the Salicin
Antiseptic cure of myriad diseases.

Evening strollers pry behind
Masks of waxen ferns,
Fanning themselves with
Mysterious odours which weep
Through the hollows
Of ill-spent time.

I am waiting for you
To inhabit the dust.

----- by Pauline Drayson
March 1978.



Freedom Press

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Paul Hammond

Language has been given to
man that he might make
surrealist use of it

What is true of
objects is true also of their
image.

The Surrealists Never Came ...

NOT QUITE so exquisite these days, the corpse. Too much old wine in new bottles.

Recent attempts to animate a surrealist group here in London have ended in abject failure. Why?

Because hardly any surrealists turned up.

And the debates were antediluvian. Surrealism's all-embracing dialectic was mutilated. There were two opposed camps, the politicians and the aesthetes, the followers of Trotsky versus the followers of Magritte, that's all.

Surrealism doesn't need such fellow-travellers. They're a millstone round its neck.

Whatever else it has or hasn't achieved, the South Bank jamboree forces us to confront history. We can't hide in it any longer! No more Breton said this, Breton said that ...

To develop, surrealism must constantly question itself. From fifty years of activity a new surrealism will emerge dialectically, in negating much of what has gone before.

Only a group of peers, committed to the total programme of surrealism, cognisant of where surrealism is in 1978, where it has been (especially since 1945: ignorance of this period is fearful), will accomplish this.

Paul Hammond



This Surrealist Review compiled
by Conroy Maddox * John Wilson
and Pauline Drayson *
For