( Vario

Sund

in 1900

HILARY BOOTH

MICHAEL VANDELAAR

ANTHONY REDMOND

RONALD VANDELAAR

LEON MARVELL

IAN JONES

### SURREALISM

#### what it is

- the exaltation felt by every man and woman as each sights the one they love on the hysterical barricades during the night of nights - the infernal cascade of the REVOLUTION
- the exquisite night embracing the coming dawn of PERMANENT LOVE
- a coffer of magnesium ready to explode, vibrating with a blue flame which cannot be contained
- the pulse of the arterial vapours of cataclysmic life
- a seething tide of revolutionary discontent pushing forward, flooding the sterile fields of mundanity, which is life today, and fertilising it with the marvellous potential of tomorrow
- the dialectical promise made by the platypus to Friedrich Engels
- life reinvented according to the specifications of delirious guillotines
- the canticle of madmen on the "ship of fools", navigating an electrical storm through the eye of an eagle
- an armada of lovesick planetariums
- the distillery of burning negligees
- the absolute nagation of work; THE RIGHT TO BE LAZY

# where to find it

- wherever the double-edged blade of dreams answers to today's exigencies with a most violent and uncompromising slap in the face
- in the school of invisible dolphins where eternal children are learning the three "R's": ROMANCE, REVERIE, REVOLUTION
- a worker's handshake on the picket line; a black fist wrapped in a red flaq; along the waterfronts of a woman's thoughts
- between the thighs of a musical top-hat of an illuminated corpse
- at night, in bed, on the street, wherever lucidity pierces the vague haze of amnesia, anywhere "THE RED FLAG" is being sung with loaded revolvers

SURREALISM IS THAT WHICH WILL BE

# the new Ice Age

for Michael V.

The sky is fatally wounded my heart is an infinity of loose ends all converging on the circumference of pain where they are rivetted by splinters of the abandoned eye

- the eye which eats its way through the revolutionary chrysalis to emerge without its hat

in the salamander's bathroom where stalactites grind the air with their mink covered lips

spitting lagoons of nubile blood

in which Spanish galleons stay eternally preserved with all their treasures of vast internal birds colorful as May Day's umbrella

under which the scorched seeds of tomorrow night are carefully concealed.

And if it rains?

Then I'll set fire to the boiling corneal fluids of the egg's trampoline

I'll seek shelter in the lost rifts of the booby-trapped rainbow I'll take my revenge on the inseparable lovers who've engineered

the avalanche of the Poles where the lashes inflicted beyond the domain of twilight without reason

are repackaged in stolen black crepe and set adrift

on an island of hallucinatory bitumen loaded with volatile lotuses

that will explode into feathered gowns to be worn by the woman whose fate it is

to drown in the vestiges of a charcoaled sea

and my collapsible diary

will churn grief into butter

and the naked subways of the wild will choke on their own barbed carnations

And if it doesn't rain?

I'll etch my last wishes across the humming-bird's screaming illustrated atlas and my darling windjammer with mnemic traces of the locked glove of death

will pull the levers

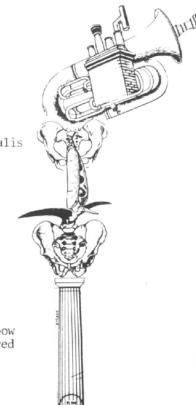
on the humid nightmares

which have been dampening the floating lights

of my bed

for as long as I can remember.

ANTHONY REDMOND (March 4,



Exquisite Corpse (collage) - M.V., A.R., H.B.



### the Black Panther's elevated clitoris

- A poem KO'd in Three Rounds -

(for Anthony R.)

First Round

Is it the spit of lagoons in the envelope's dark shade or the shark's pentagram illumined by a map of fireflies sojourning in the heart's diabolic fluid?

Is it the temporary syphillis of a comb-frond or the palpitating lust of bean-bag soup dripping with the anathema of the lust for balloons siphoned from a head-long injury of the day-to-day taxpayer's truncheon?

Do you see the flea in the watch-maker's tungsten flag-stand?

Do you see the flea in the watch-maker's tungsten flag-sta
It is the wasp's belly full to the brim
with mnemic traces of drive-in home-runs
lodged in the anvil
of the nun's oval-headed spitoon

- the logic of the ballast the embrace of stray fish

Second Round

Is it the mirror whose neck is the pylon
that heads the regatta of suffragette croutons
or the basic pieces of fragmentary deliria
situated in the put-together fabric of diadem soup?
Is it the elevated switchboard of herringbone
or the fashionable umbrella's tip-toe formula
for divulging the truth from a clock of fox fur?
Do you see the coming dawn of of red crepe?
It is the 'quality of quantity'
which recites the role of a fashion-ward
in a hospital for demented test-tubes
- the solitary gang-plank
the black flag of your woman's next lip

Third Round Is it the fly-wheel of elongated workers whose blood curdles in the dollar bill of extensive evidence. blue kiss for the shark's tailor-made soup, red balance of a night in Florida with a demolition of fertilised irrigation? Or are you still traipsing the furtive glance of a black herd of spears looking toward the horizon split between the romance of horticultural razor blades and the memories of the auroral sea? Do you see the inflamed tongue of gauzy ambulances? It is the sign of a new age of bed-sheets stained until they are no longer short-change in the pocket of embraces exchanged when your head is a spinning-wheel forming rainbows in the head-dress of

To be a baboon is the choice of harlots To be a guillotine is the choice of assassins

the night's second wish

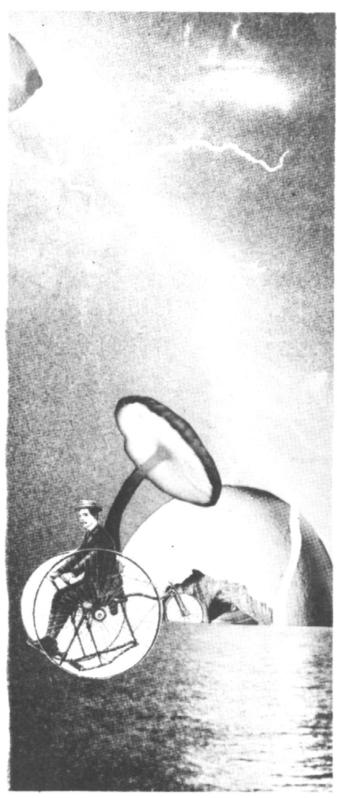
RITUSHKA

MICHAEL VANDELAAR (March 18, '79)

"Australia, in any case, is poetically attractive. Children's curiosity has long pursued the uniqueness of its mammiferous fauna, marsupials and monotremes, the best created to give credit to the idea or the illusion of a lost world."

ANDRE BRETON

## one afternoon off the coast of Junisia



Collage: 'One Afternoon Off the Coast of Tunisia' - Anthony Redmond

(for Hilary)

if you were a phial of cyanide I'd be an assasin with blood-shot love, if you were a tropical jungle in Antarctica I'd be your endless night, if you were a monocle condemned to die at dawn I'd be the secret passage of prisms leading from your cell to the elegant bed of osmotic shadows if you were a constellation of windswept eyes I'd be the Gothic pine forest of your eyelashes if you were a red ocean I'd be the black wharves along your invisible shore if you were a ferro-magnetic piano I'd be the fevered plumage of your ivory thighs if you were the scent of a deranged pearl I'd be the half-opened orifice of the alluvial shell in which you breed the short fuses of your velvet revenge.

ANTHONY REDMOND



Drawing - Leon Marvell

#### the lion's tail

And so it happened that one day while walking along the main street I chanced to look up from my feet which were humming an old colonial bush ballad to see, directly ahead and obstructing my path in every direction, a fish.

I was indeed surprised by this sudden and unexpected appearance which had also forced my toes to quit their singing and instead take up gardening and I wondered from where the fish had come. I could not deduce by the manner in which he combed his hair whether he inhabited the fresh water rivers of plate glass or whether the silver wheelbarrows of the deep sea were his home; or then again, he may be one of those 'blind' fish who seasonally are the tenants of sea side resorts.

Never-the-less there he stood gazing directly into my eyes, for he was of my height, with a benevolent and even friendly smile that expressed mutual understanding, shared thoughts and experiences. Such a close empathy unsettled me, so much so that a colony of ants began to march across my face hauling a grandfather clock. The fish, recognising that his presence was of increasing discomfort to me, raised a fin as if to stop the ants' migration but instead described in the air above our heads a perfect circle. No sooner had he accomplished this gesture than my eyes were blinded by the image of the woman I had met only moments before surrounded by seven candles each more brilliant than the star of our solar system. This vision was accompanied by a sentence which effortlessly penetrated my thoughts and superbly described the scene to which both my companion and I were spectators.

.... "in the heat of brandy"....

I knew that the fish also shared with me the same words.

Another circle was transcribed in the air and a second image of the same woman appeared above us. This time she was seated, naked, on a zebra in the darkened room of an abandoned house. We both understood the meaning of this

.... "never say goodbye to the wilderness"....

Having quietly invoked these words a third image materialised and we were soon able to discover its subject. The same woman was standing on a bridge of abalone shells suspended between two enormous feathers and was about to drop into the darkness a pearl.

.... "the city bears the ghost's ointment".... We immediately knew its significance.

The subsequent appearances of these visions quickened as also did the verbal phrases which carried in their web the essentials of the image. Everything accelerated to a dizzying pace until I fainted like stones do.

When I regained consciousness we were at the restaurant. We were seated a a table of sculptured marble that hovered, like a gigantic ear beating the hustler's drum, a few meters above the surface of a deep blue lake. The lake touched the horizon on all sides and was extremely calm but for the procession of whales towing an astronomer's observatory and sundry barrels of beer. The progress of the whales was guided by several female leopards with pale sky blue eyes who, on passing by our table kissed us on the lips and on each eye and whispered compassionately to us

"we may never see each other again"

My companion and I listened to the impenetrable silence. In the centre of the marble table a miniature volcano was writing the days menu in a feminine and delicate handwriting but before I had the chance to read the chef's specialties the words evaporated into the chiming of bells which echoed indefinitely into the distance causing the whales to momentarily look back at us and shed a knowing tear. Alongside the volcano which never ceased to write was planted a coconut

direction and seemed to be greatly distressed. I began to sing a lullaby remembered from childhood so as to calm the coconut's discomfort and perhaps offer some solace from its misfortunes. But instead the coconut became even more agitated and, all of a sudden, exploded into thousands of grass hoppers. These dived straight away into the lake which was already beginning to freeze over and a voluminous cloud attended by rolling thunder settled on the surface of the lake which drenched us in a thick moist fur obscuring my companion from my gaze.

which emitted a soft metallic weeping as if it had lost its sense of

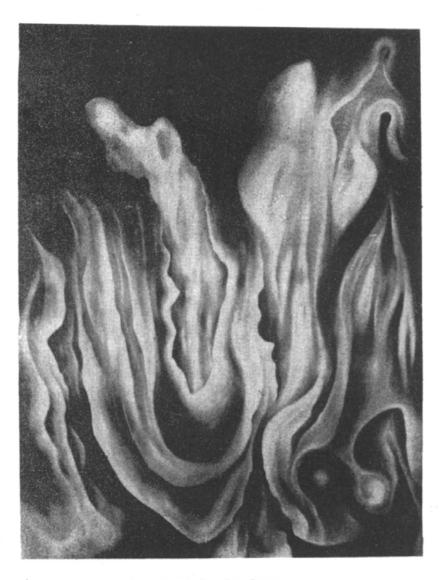
Within the fire I could make out a number of tiny campfires by their icy blue flames around which crouched the shadowy outlines of what I imagined to be flocks of sheep, apparently sheltering from the storm. From the fires came the sounds of African drums amidst the turmoil of a city under attack. As the walls caved in and the buildings surrendered under the bombardment, a full length mirror arose from the smouldering debris which reflected the image of the woman for whom both I and the fish, as I now realised, had a deep love.

As just before dawn the cotton-plant will inherit the maps of the phoenix so did the cloud slowly dissolve and I discovered that for

the first time I was totally alone.

In the restaurant the miniature volcano continued writing the menu but where my companion had been sitting was a dish of roast lamb and potatoes as well as a glass of red wine. I drank and ate heartily but since that day I converse only with the pebbles of the desert.

RONALD VANDELAAR



"Free will is free mind.

Free to evaluate the systems that cortrol our lives from without and free to examine the emotions that control our perspectives from within "

GIL SCOTT HERON

'Night-Flight Boogie' - Ian Jones

### the dice reloaded

On FRANKLIN ROSEMONT'S "Andre Breton and The First Principles of Surrealism."

Surrealists have always known it. Only one whose life is a breathing dialectical lever between the excursions of irrational thought beyond its abyss and the repressively 'rationalized' world it encounters, between the frenetic movement of the human imagination and its social manifestation in the movement, no less frenetic, of all the oppressed, between the searing assaults engendered by an intense intellectual pessimism and the revolutionary optimism culled from the hearth of dreams - only one ferociously engaged in the struggle to resolve the critical contradictions beseiging the great personal and social endeavour of humanity in search of total emancipation, in short, only a surrealist, has the integrity and capacity required to write about surrealism. If others, and certainly they have been as scarce as coins in a worker's pocket, have fulfilled in part these specifications then to that extent has their sensibility been surrealist.

In 1978 for the first time since the formidable vision of Andre Breton ceased, in life, to illuminate the promontories of freedom with such marvellous vigilance Franklin Rosemont's book "Andre Breton and The First Principles of Surrealism" (UK edition Pluto Press, Monad Press in the US) has decisively turned up the surrealist card once again. Considering the hysterical fear (of the return of the repressed) with which the generals of bourgeois culture have always regarded Surrealism it is little wonder at at least since Breton's death (a point at which it is now fashionable to date obituaries for the whole movement), this is the first published ork in which the Surrealist adventure has been accurately situated in the midst of the socio/historical conditions which comprise both the crucible and the barometer for the development of thought ("thought" in the sense that Hegel used it, being 'essentially a negation of that which is immediately before us'.). Throughout that time, and for long before it, we have been inundated with so many over-flowings from the sewers of falsification, with the Anna Balakians counting their academic honours along the Road to the Absolute Lie, the Monsieur Nadeau's trying to offer us Surrealism as a far from exquisite corpse already riddled with the worms of his own mistakes, with the whimperings of all kinds of miserable litterateurs and art pre-historians - all in the pay, it matters little whether through conscious choice or as pawns born of their own myopia, of those who hand out the medals of dishonour to any little whelp willing to assist in further perpetrating an insidious ideological fog. A fog which conceals the surrealist method for the reinvention of life from those who feel life's lacerations the most severely and thus alone have the capacity to use such methods.

It is always disconcerting but never surprising to surrealists, who acknowledge the extent of their own subversive wrath even more than is credited to them by the ruling class ideologists who try to keep us under wraps, when a book of such examplary value as F.R.'s is met with mute silence from almost the entire international media. Perhaps they think that if they just shut up it'll somehow go home like a Lost puppy dog. But this lucid recounting of Surrealism's development from the ashes of Dada, its maturation from pure psychic revolt to the materaialist reunification of life and thought, its subsequent adoption of the Marxist analysis of history and the inevitable alliances forged with the proletariat in its revolutionary role, all the while never ceasing for a moment to find inspiration in the automatist poetic adventure which is the supremely dangerous projectile of mad love and the omnipotent accomplice of black humour all conspiring on the workers' barricades - well, this is about as likely to go back home as a papal assasin is to go to confession. Let these critics of all murky hues pretend if they like that Andre Breton, whose own life and position in the thick of the fray, is here faithfully documented for the first time, and Franklin Rosemont, who has been a cornerstone of the Surrealist Movement both in the U.S. and internationally since the early sixties, and who knew Breton personally, let them pretend that these men have never existed. "The First Principles of Surrealism" will nevertheless fall into the right hands. "Attractions", as Fourier has told us, "(being) proportionate to destinies." The storm is brewing. The Surrealist Movement, already extant in over a dozen countries and with dispersed adherents in many more, by the day a more threatening force to contend with at the same time as striking workers all over the globe display grand and violent signs that their bosses' fates are hopelessly sealed.

This time we're loading the dice. The Giant Anteater is about to take its revenge.

# the phantom of Liberty

Dedicated to Luis Bunuel

The phantom of liberty, ready to pounce, in the backwashes of our darker hearts. The silence deftly tonguing our sleep, where all grief is useful only to the swamp's hysterical air. The evidence of seasons - where will we be this winter? Where is the sunlight impossible to perceive because of the blinding quality of the shadow? Seeking signs of mysterious areas of darkness, I find an exact image of myself carved out of the sandstone of another's heart.

One day I said to a friend (A.R.) "Everything is everything else" - the

next day I read:

"And in phenomenal existence there is nothing that is independent of aspect of whatever everything else is.

- Charles Fort

The phantom of liberty, and the science of passion - or science taken to its passionate extremes. Although we see, all too clearly, that it can only be cowardice to discard what has been learnt through materialist investigation of the outer and inner realities, still science is obviously inadequate in its present (understood) state. Inadequate in its refusal to approach anything that is really important to us subjectively. And so we will extend and extrapolate as each day, or night, seems to tell us of something that stammers its way into consciousness, haunting us towards freedom:

"The world has long had a dream of something and must only possess the consciousness of it in order to posses it actually."

Less light! Less light! Darkness is my only solace, the one thought pervading days spent in the midst of an all-encompassing 'miserablism'. Darkness is to paint upon, and recently I noticed quite suddenly the coherence of the titles of my past few paintings: 'No More Days', 'No More Nights', 'The Blood-stained Clock Heard as Terrible Footsteps - a Nightmare', 'To the Darker Regions of Your Heart' and 'Crepescule for Love'.

Opening at some page of some book I read Fernand Pessoa's poem, 'It Begins

to Be' (going to be dawn), in particular the lines:

"In vain the day is dawning to one who can't sleep, never Was made to get things straight Here inside the heart; . Who while he lives is denying And, when he loves, does not have."

And then I find:

"It was precisely this dwelling's state of absolute transparency that obliged me to keep my eyes closed all day and in the least glimmer of nocturnal light, so that the predatory outside should not catch sight of me."

- Jaques Lacomblez

But what is forced upon us by despair, rage, insanity (call it what you will) soon becomes a preference, when we find ourselves perceiving and more importantly, translating those messages, those nightmares, into something that will withstand the brightest midday sun. I prefer to read, for example:

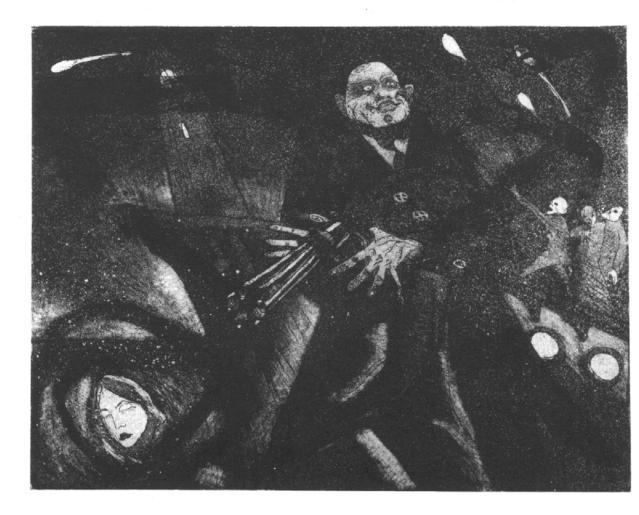
"I myself shall continue living in my glass house where you can always see who comes to call; where everything hanging on the ceiling and on the walls stays there as if by magic, where I sleep nights in a glass bed, under glass sheets, where who I am will sooner or later appear etched by a diamond."

- Andre Breton

A new universe begs to be created out of the objects remaining when the birds have fled from these tarnished regions. Their movement is parabolic in accordance with the focal points of our eyes, as we see their departure through a mist-enveloped sand-dune. New universes appear before us, new stars scarlet with love, new nights clouded with daylight all in a green, perhaps, that we have never before perceived. The green of cathedrals on fire, a scarlet green and the tell-tale expression on a passer-by's face of a shallow surface of grief under which, if he cared to look, was an unfathomable depth of impossibilities struggling for release...

It was 'only' a phantom of liberty stopping us in our tracks for an instant, during which, by glancing in the right direction, we would see a long narrow shaft. And at the other end of this shaft - another pair of eyes.

mirroring the fear bound to be in ours.



Etching: 'Melmoth' - Leon MarveIl

The ghost of chance approaches every time I think of the number three or seven or fourteen or more often sixty-five and twenty-seven, for stories are told by these numbers for me. Together, they make me think of the fact that nothing must be where or what it is. And this is even apparent to academic scientists, but as a matter of probability (that all-explaining loophole when nothing else works), that is, that any object will probably remain as it is unless acted upon by something else, that will probably remain as it is etc. But that there is no law which states that a thing will not disappear or transmute itself into anything else. They choose to approximately ignore it. We search for the conditions that render these transformations possible and find that we reach the realm of desire, where the ghost of chance insists upon being real.

At times it is preferable for all objects to be round; other times, angles are everything and arcs neither here nor there; and yet other times there is absolutely no differentiation between the two for we have come to a place where the eye is either invisible or twisted into the shape of a camel with neither one nor two humps.....

The point is that things happen, things that we expect least and often simply forget to notice. Whether they are 'mere' products of an imagination (that by its very nature, can only be psychotic, in a loose sense), or 'actual' transformations on external reality according to our unconscious desires is largely irrelevant, subjectively, to the immediate sense of exaltation that is experienced upon their occurence. But the two alternatives meet at the point of 'poetic evidence', whose continual insistence on the 'marvelously possible' provides us with more to go on from both sides. Firstly, the exaltation itself is real; imagine my surprise when the following occurred the night after writing (above) of a "green, perhaps that we have never before perceived. The green of cathedrals on fire, a scarlet green..."

I was drawing with blue ink, while in a withdrawn, even hypnoid state, when upon the page there appeared a woman with one left arm and three right arms in various positions (as in early anatomical diagrams). The execution of her form was partly automatic and then partly determined. I then began to add to the drawing with fumage but the page caught alight and I was bitterly disappointed to see the woman swallowed by the flames. However, all was dramatically changed as I saw that the flame turned green whenever it touched the ink - a phenomenon that I have never before, to my memory, witnessed. It was 'perhaps' the most beautiful green I have ever perceived, especially as it fell into the redness of the lower part of the flame - a scarlet green ... \*



'Crepescule for Love' - Hilary Booth

Experiences such as this cannot be denied their immense value except by a total disbelief in their existence altogether. Whether we start psychoanalytically to examine why I would draw a woman with three right arms and then 'accidentally' burn her although the drawing was already dear to me, or how this then put me into a state where, through forgetting a past experience I was able to 'console' myself for the loss by manufacturing a coincidence; whether we start psychoanalytically or whether we begin with the fact that 24 hours (and then a week) after writing of the occurence, it actually took place, we meet something quite remarkable and unique, but by no means rare in that, as I said above, things happen and constantly.

<sup>\*</sup>The plot thickens ... A week later (in another city even) I sat in front of an open fire with a friend. He suddenly exclaimed that he had something to show me at which I said 'and I to show you', thinking immediately of the flame. He brought out a tin of gold dust (used, I believe, in printing) and threw some into the flames in order to produce — a green flame. I barely had the capacity to relate to him just how remarkable were his actions in the light of my own preoccupations.

The example demonstrates a state, which I am prepared to generalize upon, in which we become more susceptible to the ghost of chance - a state of removal by any means necessary' from the 'normal' thoughts that accompany our 'normal' actions in external reality. It is, in fact, this very state that Freud describes whilst discussing the question of clairvoyance.\*\*

"This, in turn seems to call for the conclusion that thought transference exists. In that case the purpose of the fortune-teller's astrological work was to divert her own intra-psychic forces, and to occupy them innocuously. This made it possible for her to become a genuine "medium". The study of wit has acquainted us with similar devices for facilitating the automatic unfolding of psychic processes."

In the first Surrealist Manifesto (1924) there appeared a description of the methods of automatic writing entitled: 'Secrets of the Magic Surrealist Art', which does indeed strike one with a 'magical' quality akin to the processes undertaken by the occultist (but for very different purposes, as will be discussed later). For example, to avoid hesitation, "place a letter, any letter, 1 for example, always the letter 1, and restore the arbitrary flux by making that letter the initial of the word to follow."

Or, again, in 'Nadja' Breton describes the writings of Robert Desnos

during the period of Sleeping Fits.

"Those who have not seen his pencil set on paper - without the slightest hesitation and with astonishing speed - those amazing poetic equations, and have not ascertained, as I have, that they could not have been prepared a long time before, even if they are capable of appreciating their technical perfection and of judging their wonderful loftiness, cannot conceive of everything involved in their creation at the time, of the absolutely oracular value they assumed. Someone who was present at those innumerable sessions would have to take the trouble to recount them dispassionately, to describe them precisely, to situate them in their true atmosphere. A discussion of this point is actually called for." (Stress mine - H.B.)

Automatism - 'magic' and 'oracular'; however, unlike the occultist, the surrealist refuses to fall into the mystical trap of a blind equation of psychical and external realities. Rather, the contradiction between the two is felt, and whilst struggling to overcome this disparity once and for all (on a social level), the mechanisms of automatism are used to scrupulously examine

the inner workings of the individual.

The points that are particularly relevent here are firstly, the 'innocuous' activities and their corresponding abstraction from the normal run of thoughts, that are necessary for the 'inexplicable' to happen, and secondly, the constant intervention of wish-fulfillment in these occurences. (Freud believed that the fortune-teller voiced the unconscious wishes of the subject) And this is precisely where poetic evidence holds its own - when external reality acts in accordance with one's own wishes. The childish wish for omnipotence lends us to believe that these things are possible, but at the same time, we are forced to admit objectively (even) that wishes do tend to come true, or at the very least be perceived and expressed by others.

It would be foolish, however, to understate the open hostility shown to these manifestations of omnipotence by the forces that maintain reality as it is. 'Delusions of grandeur' are enough alone to commit one to the local asylum. And although these delusions are totally admissable to those who proclaim themselves and their colleagues truly grand, for most of us, the smallest suspicion of something inside of us that we feel no-one else possesses is met with the hammer and chisel of condescention and professional cynicism.

> \*\*It is perhaps dangerous to deal with this section of Freud's work alone, as it is bound to further the fuel for some who consider his writings as fantastic, unrealistic or unbelievable in any case. However, the risk is worth taking (as indeed, all risks are) for the sake of others who see Freud as over-scientific, unimaginative or reductive. Freud approached the question with all the skepticism of a materialist, qualifying that "It is certainly right in what concerns telepathy, ... to adhere obstinately to a skeptical position and only to yield grudgingly to the force of evidence." Indeed, certain 'evidence', attesting to the reality of thought transference (not easily assimilated into the theory of psychoanalysis), came Freud's way with such force as to prompt him to write: "If one regards oneself a skeptic, it is as well from time to time to be skeptical about one's skepticism. Perhaps I too have that secret leaning toward the miraculous which meets occult phenomena halfway." And it is as well to say here that for science to be all it can be, it must not only explain everything possible within its own bounds, but must be prepared to state fearlessly that which is unknown to it, and better still, to form some hypothesis of the mechanisms of these darker regions.

It is easy for a psychiatrist to speak of paranoia to those who, through poverty are forced into lawlessness where paranoia is more or less equivalent with a practical evasion of authority, (Anyone practising lawlessness, which must be an enormous percentage of the population, knows that paranoia is the surest way to avoid apprehension eg. assuming that a Holden Kingswood is a cop's car until proven otherwise, letting on to nothing to anyone who has not displayed similar leanings to oneself, both of which rapidly develop into an uncanny ability to sniff instantly the presence of a cop or lackey, a sometimes automatic urge to use a false name etc.) as easy as it is for the polititian to speak of individual freedom and satisfaction, needing only to remember his own powers and the leisure gained from them. It goes without saying, that we cannot allow their imbecilic use of this terminology to tarnish it for us ....

Freud once wrote, perhaps without realising the full implications, "The more a man checks his aggressive tendencies toward others, the more tyrannical, that is, aggressive, he becomes in his ego-ideal ... the more intense become the aggressive tendencies of his ego-ideal against his ego." And conversely, an act of aggression tends to relieve us, for some time, from the self-destructive forces of anxiety. It is simple, "If you don't fight, you lose" not only on a social level, but individually as well. When Charles Mingus was interned in Bellevue Mental Hospital (they only let him in because they figured he must be mad to plead with the guard for six hours to let him in there! - within 24 hours he wanted out.), he narrowly escaped a lobotomy to 'cure' his paranoia. "All blacks are paranoid", said the wise psychiatrist, as if they have no reason to be! Sure, chop out his brain, that'll cure anything (except perhaps Harlem) ...

We would hardly expect a psychiatrist to recommend, in accordance with the anxiety/aggression hypothesis above, that the paranoiac go out and beat up his landlord, or a priest or a cop. Why not - it works! In fact, I can think of little that is more pleasurable than a swift conversion of anxiety into its dialectical opposite - aggression. And the pleasure, as all pleasures do, becomes addictive. Which leads us back to the statement above that the conditions that are forced upon us through the psychological effects of oppression, become the place where we prefer to stay, because it is precisely there, in the midst of neurosis that the Marvellous begins to be felt - that the 'impossible has a habit of happening' (Steel Pulse).



'The Savage Heart' - Ronald Vandelaar

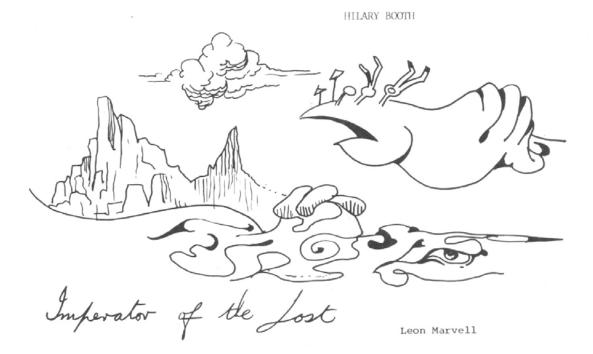
But aggression is expressible in ways other than physical violence. The point-blank destructiveness of painting (eg 'The Savage Heart' - R.V., 'Subternanean Heart-Attack' - A.R., or my own 'Pure Malice - Magenta of the Dreamworld), poetry (eg Franklin Rosemont's 'The Morning of a Machine-Gun'), music and its irresistable fire of revolt (eg 'The Haitian Fight Song' - Charlie Mingus or 'Fanfare for the Warriors' - Art Ensemble of Chicago), this destructiveness that exists simultaneously with the creation of new worlds that we scarce dare imagine. And here again, we are arrested by the hard economic facts of the existence dealt out to us. For example, to do a fair-sized painting, (oil on canvass) the materials cost approximately \$50 - a week of unemployment benefits or about ½ the 'average' weekly wage, not to mention that some may need to be drunk to paint, or prefer to do several paintings a week etc. The only alternative (here and now) is obvious - the sabotage of profits by means that refuse to allow painting to remain a preoccupation of the rich.

But any form of the individual pursuit of pleasure can be equally put to the test against the restrictions of income, spare time, space, location, family situation, or even knowledge of their existence. And then, we can only rate the pleasure of creative activity as secondary to the pleasure of a life ruled entirely by passion, the pleasures of love, without which life closely approximates nothing — and further a love that refuses to be enchained by a stinking morality designed to be compatible with a stinking economic system—'a love supreme' (as John Coltrane describes it). Every last second of wage—slavery is the enemy of such a love, and such a love can only have as one of its highest priorities the destruction of that economic system...

The beehives may be discontented with their sticky lot and for once, they may daintily lift up their skirts and make a run for it - followed by swarms of angry bees shouting "We want the queen!" In consequence the clouds may drip blood onto the backs of grazing horses and snicker among themselves in some unexplored ravine. The question arises as to who will be the first to churn the landscape in their wake as one would a partly-developed colour print. A tree disappears from in front of a distraught landscape-painter. He throws down his brush in frustration and then, taking command of all his disruptive sentiments (for one has to be serene whilst painting, doesn't one), he holds back his tears and begins to paint sky where the tree once was. Alas! A zebra has taken its place and, laughing like an inebriated hyena shouts "Serves you right" and trots away after the beehives.

Let us invent new universes before they invent us. "Good-bye Gravity" (Ian Jones), "Space is the place" (Sun Ra), "Existence lies elsewhere" (André Breton)

I myself continue to both hope for and fear the onset of night where, it seems, all is frenetically created out of darkness and nightmare - the creation, that is, of lands where freedom haunts. The more we feel its tremors, the more we want it totally, desparately, by any means necessary' - an Atlantic dream down-under, solidifying our hearts into the crimson ice of revolt.



## Cecil Taylor

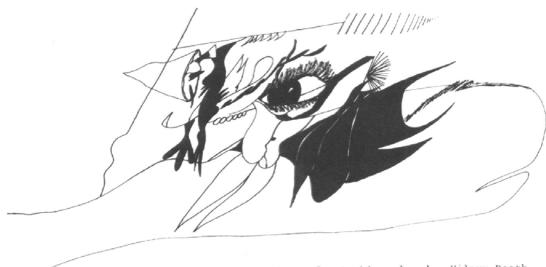
You spill the frenetic blood of the star gazing bird-of-paradise with its primevil sleeping rose. As uncompromising as a crying windmill you throw your shadow to the limits of the blazing windows which look out onto a wrecked starfish and blue mineral springs rise up out of the aerial stones which are the failing light of the locomotives sleep of geraniums - cascading like the dangerous wells of your ceaseless reverie. The nerves clutch at a final straw metropolis which is New York. Leaving the scene of the crime as you do embroided with the cutlery of murder you serenade the pedestrian subway until it disappears from view like a coroner's eve-patch always awaiting the meticulous precision of your stab in the dark, your pillage of the unseen, your vident yearning for the constellations of pure lust. No-one enters the cave to return with the same story. The way is barred to all who have not the eyes to see nor the crown of blood milking the daily forebar of displaced progeny indoors. There remains only that which will come, glorified and rejoicing in tungsten choruses, machete of detours which will never be the surgeon of the deep, colours that bear the stigma of an age of gold and a steamship parading before the pyramids at sunset. A G-clef moth filters the superb acids of a screaming hurricane lamp through its shattered wings - wings that beat against the inviolable glass of 'dementiapraecox', stirring from its sleep a picturesque revolver aimed, cocked and fired into the barren eye of the octopus dinner. You are never as far away as you are near, never as feverish as a city lost in vague alleys of sulphur banquets and never beyond the raised grounds of the dancing telephone. You gaze projects a mineral water festooned with the bouyant crescents descending through the red rains. Luciferous carver of the darkening totems of the infinite, your spindles of coral puncture an adolescent cloud, your rivers of careering diamonds find a bed amidst the ivy of love. I believe you drift on air-beds of mountains and relax where paradise has an open hand, you come to me like a whisper and depart with a draught of black tresses running amok from the inferno of murdered hair.

black shaman jewel ravine diver driver of galaxies herder of spirits angelic minstral of revolution

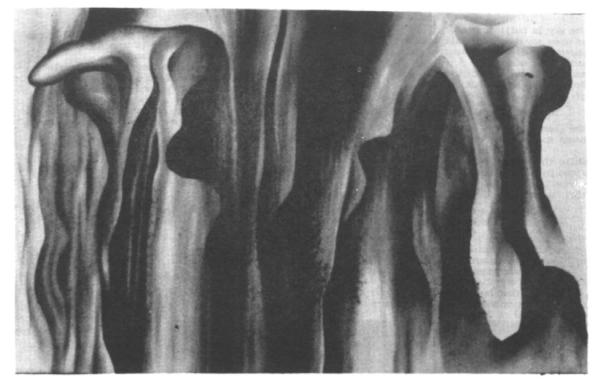
beginning in the shadow of a dessert landscaped inferno of dreams running wild caustic scorpion eater flame throwing demon rolling about yourself in fury black sound crystals fall from your fingers electric light flashes sound night lives dangerously on drums swirling hands ferment jungles wild beasts scream convulsive joy flames cluster naked light beams dance parched bones in sunlight gleam mind flesh burns bodies heaped in deserted alleyways filled with hurricanes prancing thunderstorms clear the cobwebs rattle lust lies down glowing flowers shipwrecked thoughts swim free galaxies collide as gravity evacuates quiet streetscape erupts volcanic black man home landscape flaming beauty redefined nature absorbed civilisations rushing past themselves through their past futures glow revolutions sound fragrant alight multi-rythmis desires let loose passages into smoke screens of blood warming fog hardening into mythological beings dancing sound melting visions evaporating silent screams into gaseous assaults on lazy minds waking dreams flying on quilts of ecstacy

IAN JONES

ANTHONY REDMOND, RONALD VANDELAAR.



'Perversions of a Looking-glass' - Hilary Booth

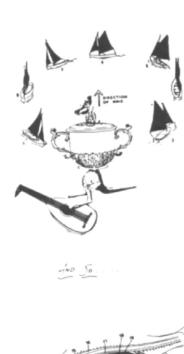


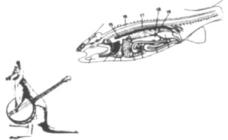
'Air Above Mountains Buidings Within' - Ian Jones (for Cecil Taylor)

Object: 'Dissenting Angel: the curvature of your neck resembles suckling space'
- Anthony Redmond (Photo: H.B.)









Parallel Collage - M.V., H.B.

## love's mercury in sight

(for Anthony)

The sky is built for two, as they say on those small islands where wharves wrap themselves continually around our necks and the air is poured daily from the magenta hands of love's only remedy -

To cheat the stars with fully-loaded revolvers
The steam-boats of yesterday's malice
begin to sweat diamonds on to
the group down-stroke of lust

the green down-stroke of lust while their cargo gathers in large crowds along parallel lines,

the black knife-edge that hovers just within dark passion's reach

> "The admirable thing about the fantastic is that it is no longer fantastic; there is only the real" (Breton)

The secret stories of your glance are nevertheless told everywhere by black pelicans acting as agents for the association of irremedial spirits, for yours is the distillation of a grief that hurls itself into the compressed spring in the heart of the city

The architecture of stone-filled spaces all turns to ice in your grasp when the rest is seen glistening in reservoirs of scarlet, because the blood because the fog and the green the green of a thousands heats which can be instantly reduced to dust when the season is perpetually midnight.

And you falling again and again into a cloud of milk as if you'd never return...

HILARY BOOTH (July '79

"It takes a revolution to make a solution"

BOB MARLEY





" I have believed in my convictions and been convicted for my beliefs"

Gil Scott Heron

