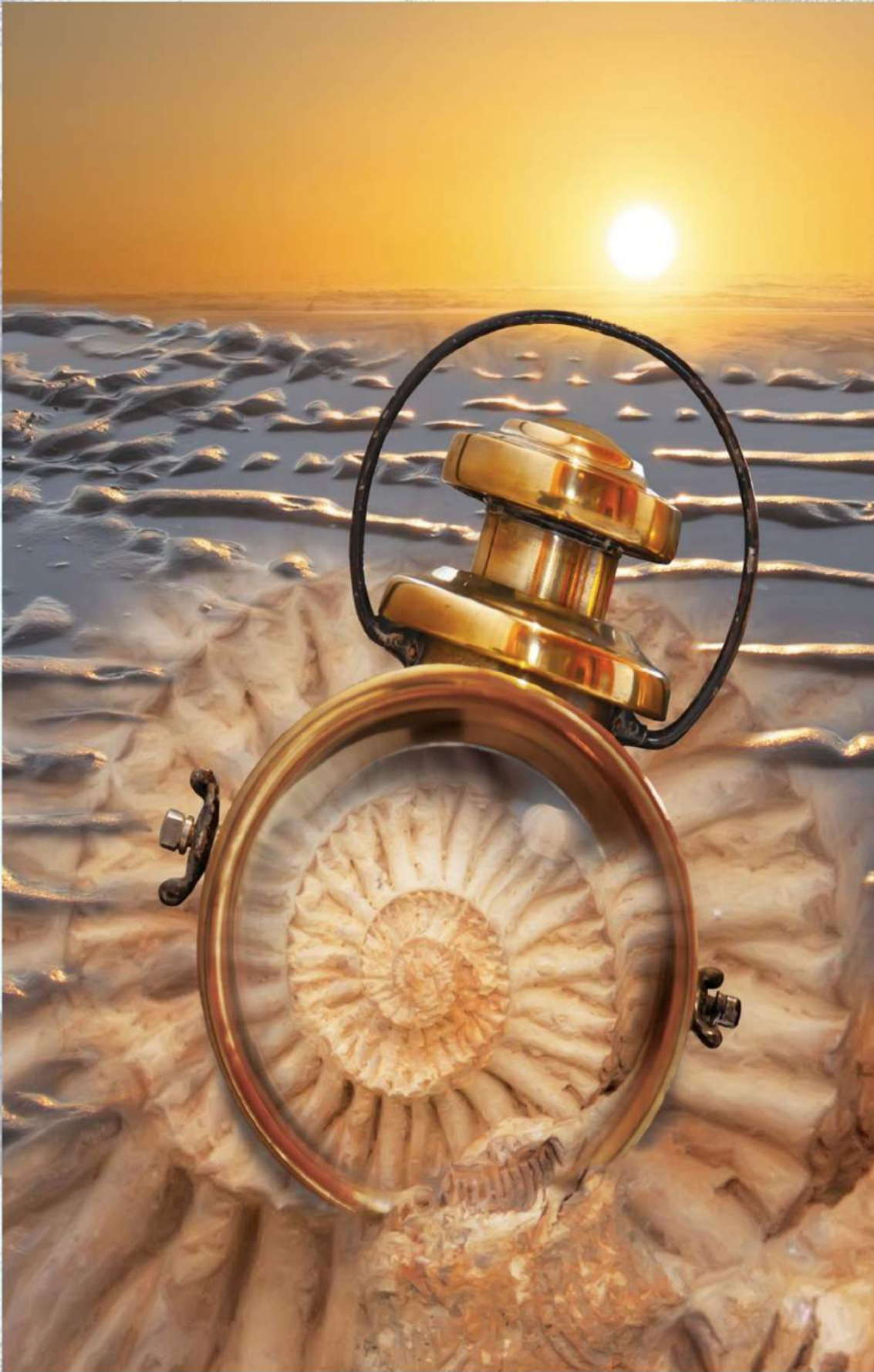


A SURREALIST A



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DE ANIM. MEMORAT. SCIËNT. 61

Ordo alphabeticus rerum
inanimatarum

Figure rerum inanimatarum

COVER - 'Recurrence' by Janice Hathaway

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED TO ALL OF THE CONTRIBUTORS, THOSE BRAVE, HARDY AND ENDLESSLY INSPIRING SOULS WHO MAKE SURREALISM A LIVING FORCE.

'...THE SURREALIST CAUSE IN ART, AS IN LIFE, IS THE CAUSE ITSELF OF FREEDOM, THE SIGN OF VITALITY, SURREALISM HAS ITSELF EVOLVED. EVOLUTION, BETTER YET, A BLOSSOMING OUTWARD IN ALL DIRECTIONS.' - SUZANNE CÉSAIRE

Ordo Characterum Arithmetico-
rum in hac arte.

Characteres Arithmetici in
hac arte.

Compiled by Tim White, 2020. Melbourne, Australia.
Email: surrealisalmanach2020@yahoo.com

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Q. When is an almanac not an almanac?

A. When it's *all manic*.

Originally I made the call out for a 2020 Surrealist Almanac in January, its December now. Where did the time go? Swallowed up in the contradiction that is survival and hope. And apologies to everyone who waited patiently for it to appear

Thanks to all for the magnificent responses, your generous response to this desperate plea was overwhelming. The suggestions for celebrations, some forgotten, others neglected, some not-yet-born was utterly magical and unpredictable. The offered are full of dark explosive humour, wit, magic, defiance and eerie beauty. Even as they arise from despair they can be an antidote, an urgently needed poetic vaccination, against that most toxic miserablist virus *patriachus capitalismus* – a troublesome but not incurable mutating infection feeding on destruction and suffering and producing (who would have guessed?) alienation, pain and misery – a blight on all life.

The motivation: to address grief and trauma here (Australia) and there (worldwide) where 2020 saw human life, Indigenous sacred places, beautiful native creatures and natural spaces decimated by carbon emission-driven extreme fire seasons ravaging of tens of millions of hectares of native forests, rural and Indigenous communities, farms, native animal habitat. As, all the while, we watched governments and the media lie and prevaricate creating needless suffering. If COVID bought misery and despair it did at least reveal the uselessness of the bureaucratic state and its inherent failure

Time. There's the rub. We always seem to be behind in this treadmill version of history, always struggling to keep up, to find our footing in the *now* – that shifting, unstable sinkhole of psycho-capitalism. How can we turn the collective imagination to reclaiming and reconfiguring time?

That's where this almanac comes in – full of joy and the blackest humor – which is not an almanac in the ordinary sense but a compendium, a grimoire of futures, pasts and presents, of inspired possibilities, a borderless hybrid invocation to what is past and what is to come, a dream dreaming itself into life. Here's to the almanac: a non-binding non-schedule for the life to come, anon-timetable for those ready to demand everything, to change life.

With love and thanks to all who contributed,

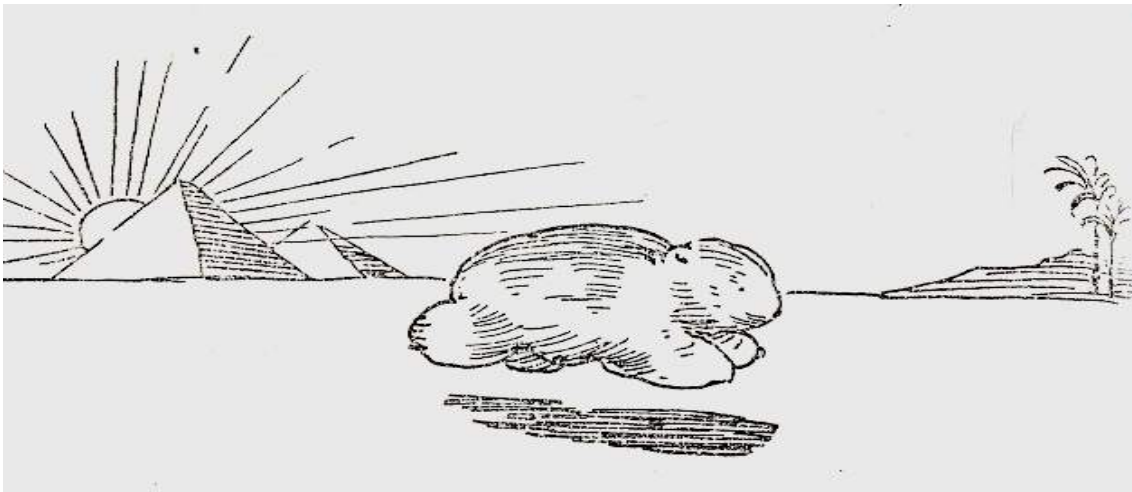
– Tim White

JANUARY. 'FLARES OF ALUMINIUM DUST FALLING INTO
LAMINATED STOMACH OF A BRASS VIOLIN RUBBED INTO RED ASHES'
- JAYNE CORTEZ, *INTO THIS TIME (FOR CHARLES MINGUS)*



BORN OF THE RAIN/NÉS DE LA PLUIE. BY ODY SABAN

**1ST OF JANUARY - INTERNATIONAL WOMBAT
SOLIDARITY DAY. EVERY CITY TO HOST ITS OWN
WOMBAT PARTY WITH TUNNEL-DIGGING EVENTS,
SUBTERRANEAN FEASTING & PARADES.**

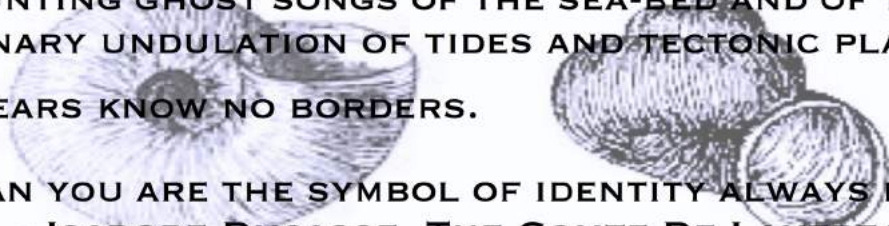


SURREALIST SAYINGS – NEW, USED AND RE-CONDITIONED

•SEA SHELLS, ALWAYS SEA SHELLS. YOU WILL LISTEN TO THEIR HAUNTING GHOST SONGS OF THE SEA-BED AND OF THE EVOLUTIONARY UNDULATION OF TIDES AND TECTONIC PLATES.

•POLAR BEARS KNOW NO BORDERS.

•OLD OCEAN YOU ARE THE SYMBOL OF IDENTITY ALWAYS EQUAL TO YOURSELF. - ISADORE DUCASSE, THE COMTE DE LAUTREAMONT



**5TH OF JANUARY - OBJECT RELOCATION DAY:
FIND SOMETHING IN THE STREET OR IN YOUR YARD, MOVE IT
SOMEWHERE ELSE AND SEE WHAT UNEXPECTED OR HUMOROUS
RESULTS OCCUR. – CRAIG WILSON**

It's Only January But I'm Already Aching to Start a Revolution
(January 5th, 2020)

In a gilded mansion-cage a bird of many colours sings-
up feathers and bones, the bits and beaks
of birds that were too much, too good at being what they are
or else too terrible to be left to exist in eternal mediocrity.

It (the allegory you've inevitably already constructed in your mind)
calls to me nightly for me to dust off the vocal cords
I've hidden in the back of a drawer and sing awake the terror
I keep losing sleep over.

I say they are neatly tied and laid to rest
among their siblings the phone chargers and broken earbuds.
I explain that some things are made to be adored
from a distance, forgetting and negligence their own form of love.

The bird always asks to see the snake tongue my kind is known for
and I oblige —
my mouth is a cherry pit when open
and a wound when closed, unpleasant
in all possible arrangements.

And I ask the bird: what can I give you —
And the bird is silent, pecking at the porcelain crack
that widens daily across my temple
in search of worms and loves and other such wonders.

– Margaryta Golovchenko

**JANUARY 14TH, THE BIRTHDAY OF VICTOR
SEGALEN. POEM BY ALLAN GRAUBARD**

For Victor Segalen

Somehow

In all that smoke and drift
The piano at sea
A slow trumpet
Excavates its resonant lure
As the sun sinks down
into it

Peking, 1911

A solitary doctor
Burns into false eternity
His image
On the sky
And sweet oval

Waves

Lift from the street
Below his window

Somehow he writes

As if he were there, not here
And on his neck
Light lays its clarities
And opacities

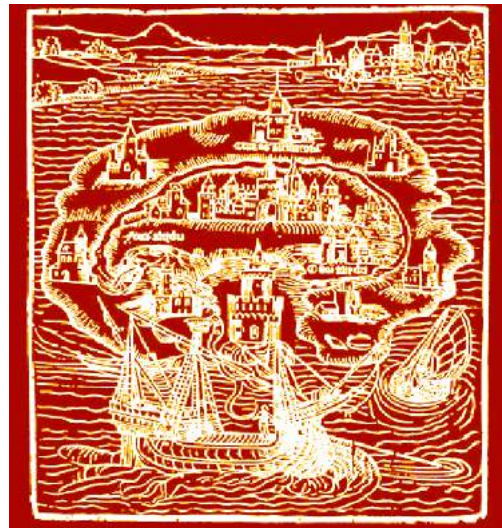
Then, now

There, here

—Allan Graubard

**UTOPIA DAY – A MOVEABLE
CELEBRATION, TO BE DISCOVERED
ANEW , REINVENTED AND
REINTERPRETED AS REQUIRED AT ANY
TIME POSSIBLE.**

**'A MAP OF THE WORLD THAT DOES NOT
INCLUDE UTOPIA IS NOT WORTH EVEN
GLANCING AT, FOR IT LEAVES OUT THE ONE
COUNTRY AT WHICH HUMANITY IS ALWAYS
LANDING. AND WHEN HUMANITY LANDS
THERE, IT LOOKS OUT, AND, SEEING A BETTER
COUNTRY, SETS SAIL. PROGRESS IS THE
REALISATION OF UTOPIAS.' - OSCAR WILDE**



**26TH JANUARY, 'CHASE A CHOOK DAY' TO
REPLACE THE OFFICIAL COLONIAL
CELEBRATION 'AUSTRALIA DAY'
-TIM WHITE**



There's a terrific rhyme that was making the rounds of the playground when I was a young person in primary school here in Australia that went: *Captain Cook chased a chook all around Australia/ lost his pants in the middle of France and found them in Tasmania.*

How easy and so adult-centric it would be to dismiss this wonderfully subversive and irreverent rhyme as nursery doggerel but that would miss the point. At its heart, it's a mocking dismissal of the over-inflated importance assigned to certain moment in the settler-occupation narrative - January 26th, 1770, and the arrival of *The Endeavour* in Botany Bay - where the uninvited guest made the ultimate *faux pas* of declaring everything in sight their own - or, in this case, the property of the English crown. Despite Cook's many encounters with Indigenous inhabitants he still went ahead and declared the continent *Terra Nullius* (place without populace) enshrining the lie that the continent was unpopulated. A dick move by any measure giving rise to an addled nationalistic denialism which, in turn, produced the denialist narratives that dominate capitalist Australian society. In order, it goes something like this: firstly, that there were no Indigenous Australians - they simply didn't exist! Then when that lie proved unsupportable, they *did exist*, but they were savages of a 'lower type' and 'dying out'. Then, the official ideology claimed, because they were dying out, it was the government's 'duty' to take away their children and press them into slavery. All for 'their own good of course'.

All out of the mouths of children, as they say.

A whole denialist industry has sprung up to spout colonial-occupation propaganda labeling any honest account of the dispossession of Australia's First People as 'black arm band' history while mentioning nothing about the settlers' own white blind-fold.

The colonial education system I was bought up under was unusually good at two things. Firstly, drilling into young European-colonist Australians that there was *no* Indigenous history. The history books from as little as three decades ago mention almost nothing of the Invasion, of genocide, of dispossession, the Stolen Generations, or slavery. Predictably a whole denialist industry has sprung up to spout occupation propaganda, labeling any honest account of the dispossession of the Australia's First People as 'black arm band' history while mentioning nothing about the white blind-fold of the settler denialism. Secondly, where there is any admission of wrongdoing the party line is that these were 'mistakes and 'well intentioned'.

The ultimate indignity for Indigenous Australians may have been that in 1967, following a referendum, they were finally recognised as citizens under colonial law ... of their own country!

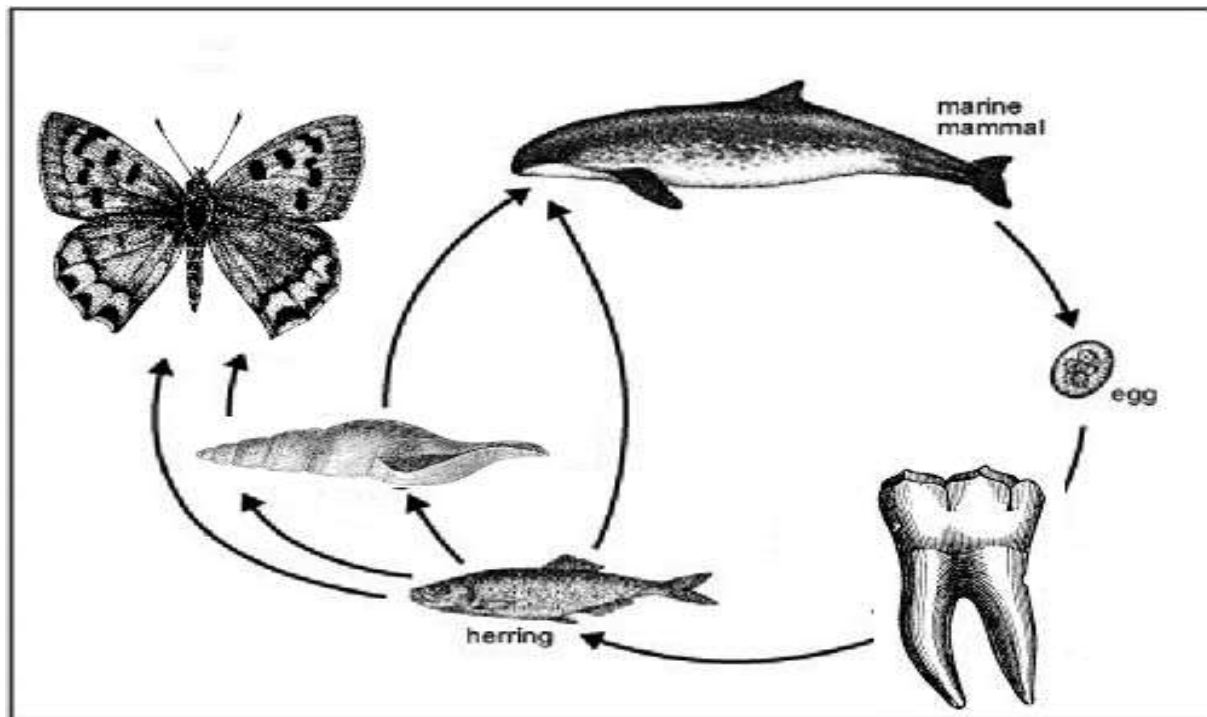
Of course, subsequent events, especially the courage of Indigenous Australians who've fought tirelessly to ensure their narrative *will be heard*, that these silences are spoken to, the gaps filled and the out-right lies challenged and corrected means it has become more difficult to pretend that what was done was anything but an occupation carried with military force, genocide, vigilante violence, theft of property, destruction of culture through propaganda and ideological interventions (especially religious ones), abduction of children and the enacting of laws to dispossess people from country and kinship systems and, ultimately, destroy pride, identity and connection.

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This simple naive rhyme flips the heroic narrative of Cook and, by extension, later explorers and would-be-heroes claims, upside down. The image of the 'great humane sailor' hot-footing it around the coastline in pursuit of a hapless chicken reminds us of the essential worthlessness of colonial history, how its disregard for fact, existing conventions and basic human decencies, for the innate value of non-european cultures deserves nothing but ridicule - after justice is served, of course - with the mythicised heroes/heroines knocked from their pedestals and mercilessly lampooned out of existence. Who better to lead the charge than the subversive chicken who refused to surrender to Cook and the entire malignant colonial chick-anery.

May all would-be conquerors and colonisers lose their pants as they scurry about grasping after lands and peoples to conquer and control. May they be forced to weather the indignity of searching for them in the *altogether* in front of those they proclaim themselves superior to. May their irreverent, irrepressible and rebellious chickens always come home to roost. - T. White



26TH JANUARY ...LIFE IS UNSATISFACTORY. YET WE ARE NOT RESIGNED TO IT. WE REFUSE TO BE FOOLED. WE FEAR NOTHING: BEING MISUNDERSTOOD, BEING CRITICISED, BEING LABELLED 'JOKERS', OR 'MADMEN', SUFFERING, LIFE OR DEATH – NOTHING. WE ARE NEITHER DREAMERS NOR IDEALISTS NOR UNREALISTIC...SURREALISM IS AN ATTITUDE OF REACTION, DEFIANCE OR DISTRUST. A DISTRUST OF THE ILLUSORY PHILOSOPHIES AT THE LEVEL OF THE NAÏVE, A DISTRUST OF UNCTUOUS AND SONOROUS MORALS... - CLÉMENT MAGLOIRE-SAINT-AUDE (26TH JANUARY, 1942)

**FEBRUARY, 2020 – SEASON OF PROPHECIES,
GROUNDHOG TRIBUTES, RECURRENCE, ANDRÉ BRETON
& MYSTERIOUS ROAD MARKINGS**



**ASSEMBLY OF SURREALIST WOMEN: THE BUILDERS OF AN
AIRY SMILE, ODY SABAN**



**PROPHETIC DRAWING:
*AND THE FIRMAMENT-
TEARS SLID DOWN
THE
MOUNTAINS.* ACCORDING
TO MY PROPHECY, "AN
ARMY OF CELESTIAL
CHICKENS [...] HAD
ORIGINALLY SLITHERED
DOWN THE SIDES OF THE
MOUNT IN THE SHAPE OF
FIRMAMENT-TEARS IN
2019'. DATING BACK TO
2018, THE (LEFT)
ILLUSTRATION IS IN FACT
A PROPHECY OF THE
PROPHECY. - MAURIZIO
BRANCALEONI**

A PROPHECY OF FEBRUARY 1ST – 3RD
BUZZARD AND SKY RECONSIDERED, OR THE DAY OF
THE LAST OMINOUS OMLETTE.
BY MAURIZIO BRANCALEONI

*To turne poopoo into goolde
'Twere to attaine parfektion;
Methynkes I am content with a hen.*

EDMUNDE JERKIN, metaphysical poet

This brief dissertation set out to determine the manifold ways in which a buzzard's glance could be riveted to the welking welkin in the face of increasing levels of hot-air-balloonery but it wound up becoming haruspicy of some sort. Since an ever-changing globalized context has replaced our former late-twentieth-century stale certainties, entities as different as seamen and Maastricht parameters are intermingled in today's world and cohere to an amazing recipe.

This study has benefited from a multifarious approach to accountants macadamised with albumen. I would like to thank Professor Schmuck and all the staff members of the Haughtington University Library. Without their support and constant help, I wouldn't have laid my boat ashore, aye. While revising the last draft, the gestures and facial expressions of a trinketmonger amidst the crowd in conjunction with a garbage truck have been observed.

Now, looky here, there was this flying thing, it ain't account to much, does it? This was our first consideration when it was decided that ere even fell 'twere good that wee investigated our trifling question. As a matter of fact, this firmament (A) was in no stable relationship with the buzzard (B) as the latter tended to move constantly, flapping its 'wings'. This liketh us not, quoth I. While here's a bugger won't nudge from its place. That was the sky. This might be explained in the light of the fact that, according to De Paolis (1987: 61), 'at all events, fowls regularly bring on verbal dyspepsia and imprecise sight'.¹

¹ Ruggero De Paolis, *Paoli Augelli &ppur mi prospetto*, (Rhom: Aggiunti Editori, 1705, 102). As far as I know, De Paolis had never been part of a guild of tricksters. On second thought, his eyes were rather bluish, a remote control holds my hand. *Miserere*.

Unfortunately, the door was soon strumpeted and we were unable to call out to the blue wallpaper through the escutcheon. *In absentia*, we resolved that a cake might be advantageous and quit nourishing spooks in our gloomiest recesses. Make efforts we could, later, with a view to *shiten* and all the lyke.

Out in the yard, however, not only were fleas ampersand moths covering the external organs of the coop, hardly had I drawn close to them chicks when a process of mixing took place in the heavens. The astronomical reason was unknown. A full valid scholar, a right excellent weatherman, was sent into the Highest Guts to report on these disquieting and ominous events, but never came back. A collection of smurfs figures bestained with yolk were found on the summit of Mount Pisgah. Espinoza has already looked into that.² One evening, sitting at my table weak and weary, I had the vision of a man with a breaded chicken steak in his hand, riflewise. His failure to agitate the phlegmatic conundrum of my emotional state gradually drove me into a trance-like stateliness. I was forever plummeting towards and never reaching vast pastures of scrambled eggs. The girl next door, evidently with chickenpox, smirkingly struck her favourite pose on the bend of my elbow. Then soared panic-stricken mockingbirds as frolics quickened 'mong the woods. Suddenly, everything was clear to me. I saw it all as if on TV, like. Now listen, y'all.

On February 1, 2020, the Prime Minister will appear in Parliament with a detestable message carved on his forehead: "Eyren sall bee your ordeal". The rooster will crow (of course! Gioacchino Fiore would have approved!).

A few hours later, a Repliee Q2 will cluck on a public TV channel that B has been gratuitously gobbled up by an army of celestial chickens that had originally slithered down the sides of the mount in the shape of firmament-tears in 2019. B's eyeballs-matter will be employed to create the Final Hen (C). The same fate shalt await a wealth of creatures as anything will have to be re-converted, y'know. Only the ones who are able to say "I saw chickens catching kittens catting ketchup in the kitchen" will be kept alive (*justement*). A, namely the sky itself, will be immediately re-engineered so that it shall be shattered, pulverized and fed unto C. Rather unpleasant on the whole, you might say. By February 3, the end of the world as I (don't) know it will probably be completed.

The elements of my investigation have therefore been altered and a differerent method is to be availed of. An angst-provoking world-wide omelette hovers over my hovering endeavours.³ Why, I'd be quoting from *Das Unheimliche* right now if I were a proper

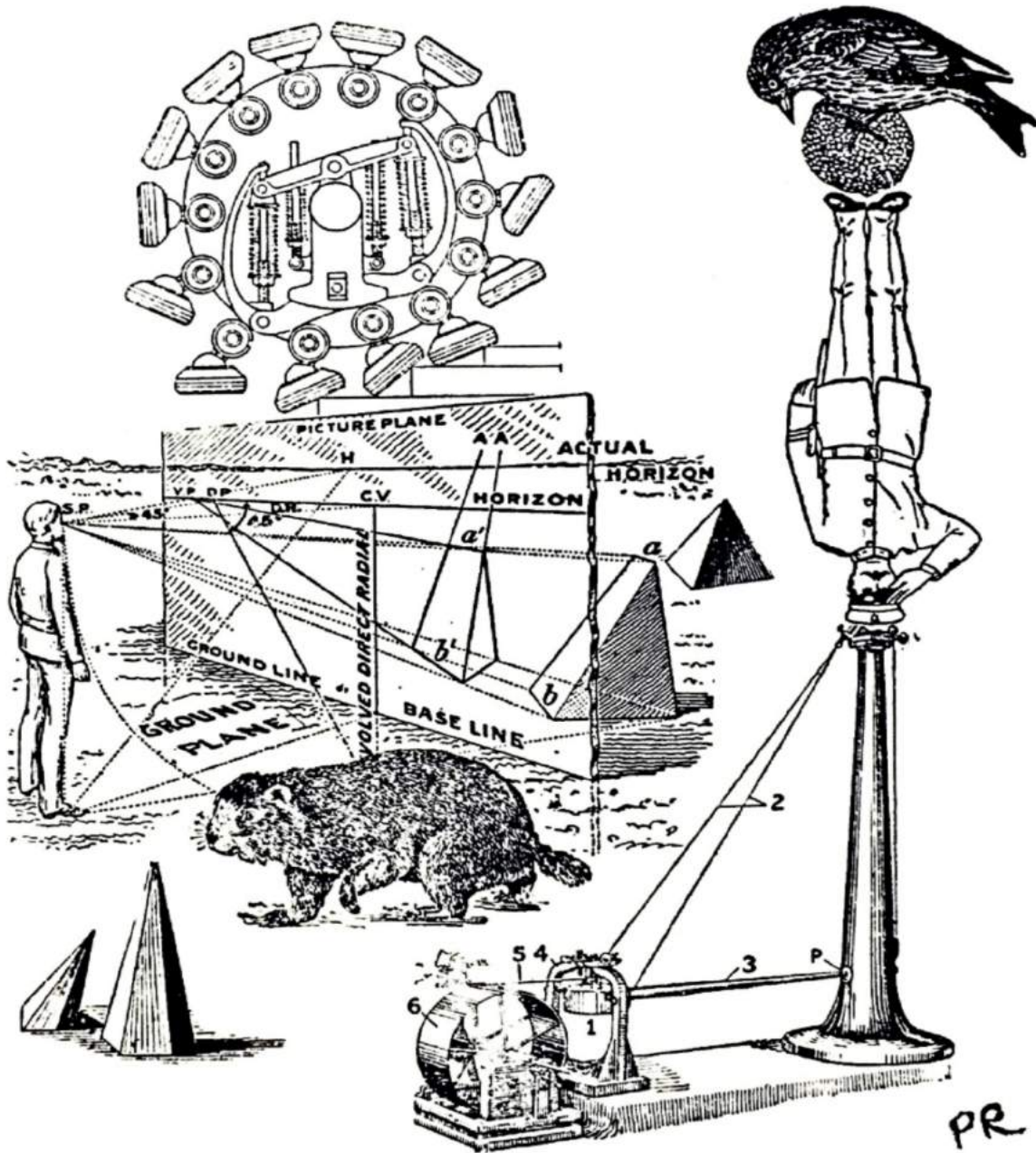
² Leonora Espinoza, *Where are these freaking Smurfs?* (Sacaroza: Sacaroza University Press, 2006). This is a valuable study, all smurfs are covered. The original edition is *Donde estan esos pitufos de mierda?*

³ A window has been slammed wide open. Look out.

intellectual. A sizable hen will devour my best phrases, essays are doomed to turn into bleating poultry, chickenfeed is gonna be the incontrovertible diet.

In a nutshell, it is hardly an exaggeration to state that cluck-cluck-cluck. Hence, the more you see chicken, the more you will know. The more you are caught into your carbonara, the more you will understand. Thank you for your attention.

FEBRUARY 2



2ND FEBRUARY - GROUND HOG DAY LONG CELEBRATED IN THE US AND BY CHICAGO SURREALIST'S, GROUNDHOG DAY IS THE ONLY DAY THAT CELEBRATES AN ANIMAL. WE NEED MORE ANIMAL DAYS! - PENELOPE ROSEMONT

**2ND OF FEBRUARY – 'RECURRENCE,' FOR GROUND
HOG DAY AND MY BIRTHDAY. - JANICE HATHAWAY**



14TH OF FEBRUARY – FERRIS WHEEL DAY, HONOURING THE BIRTH OF INVENTOR, GEORGE WASHINGTON GALE FERRIS JR. (1859 1896). FERRIS BUILT HIS FIRST AND ONLY WHEEL FOR THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR IN 1893.

LIFE SHRINKS OR EXPANDS IN PROPORTION TO ONE'S COURAGE.'- ANAIS NIN

**A ZODIAC WHICH SPINS
IN THE SERVICE OF CREATURELESS CHAOTICS
- WILL ALEXANDER, *THE STRATOSPHERIC CANTICLES***

**16TH FEBRUARY 1896, 124TH ANNIVERSARY OF BIRTH
DATE OF ANDRÉ BRETON**



IT WAS, APPARENTLY, BY PURE CHANCE THAT PART OF OUR MENTAL WORLD WHICH WE PRETENDED NOT TO BE CONCERNED WITH ANY LONGER – AND, IN MY OPINION BY FAR THE MOST IMPORTANT PART – HAS BEEN BROUGHT BACK TO LIGHT. FOR THIS WE MUST GIVE THANKS TO THE DISCOVERIES OF SIGMUND FREUD. - ANDRÉ BRETON, FROM *MANIFESTO OF SURREALISM*

'I BELIEVE IN THE FUTURE RESOLUTION OF THESE TWO STATES, DREAMS AND REALITY, WHICH ARE SEEMINGLY SO CONTRADICTORY, INTO A KIND OF ABSOLUTE REALITY, A SURREALITY, IF ONE MAY SO SPEAK.' - ANDRÉ BRETON

**22ND OF FEBRUARY, LUIS BUÑUEL'S BIRTHDAY (1900).
- DAVID COULTER**



LUIS BUNUEL'S BIRTHDAY. COLLAGE BY DAVID COULTER

**29TH FEBRURY, HOLY SHIT, WHAT A RIDE A LA
HUNTER S. THOMPSON - PATRICIA L. MORRIS**

**“UNTIL THE LION LEARNS HOW TO WRITE, EVERY STORY WILL
GLORIFY THE HUNTER,” SAYS AN AFRICAN PROVERB.**

tamped with unease, Iranian coffee, Chilean green grapes,
she chews the envelope before it snaps under the rat trap
her body mounts the bike, her mind confuses
will with power.
her soul catches wind and stirs with the breakneck clouds

raging bandits veiled by wipers, blare their horns
missin' the yellow car-door-prize, she white knuckles it
and skirts the splashing cyclists on bumpy brick-road
never alone.
pedestrians on phones under umbrellas become race-markers

A to B should be direct, but that's not how things work
the world robs you of what you can't afford to lose
in the middle of nowhere ghosts whisper in her helmet
change route/ine.
forges small adjustments in her emotional tectonic plates

traffic collects and tattooed vehicles cut her off
make her brake, rob progress. second hand squeezes tight
a red *Haida Eagle symbol* is stencilled on a van's backend
“be here now”.
ponders if the wooden overcoat in back is filled or not

drivers send pocket texts about the Hong Kong riots
humming with fears that she's taking too much space
what if she explodes on impact or has that organism
she (wantonly) craves.
Wonton Soup truck could overflow it comes so close

one black lace unties to snake up, down, & round
threatens to catch in the chain, throw her over bar
she grits her teeth and attempts to tie a bow
Blast Radio honks.
fumes from *the Movie Popcorn* creep up her nose

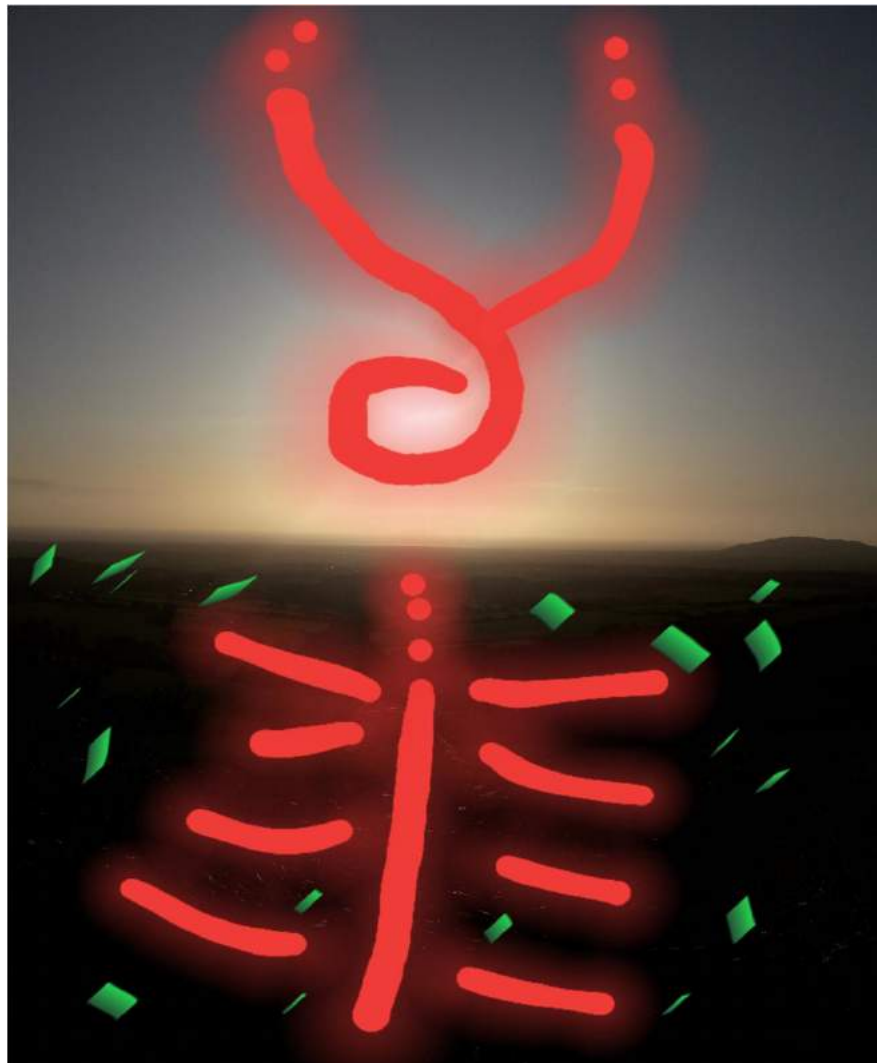
Ash Wipe Chimney Sweeps, Budget Burials, Cheaper & Deeper!!
then *I heart C ocks,*
she's out of time - a blinking 12:00 on her phone's screen
Let's Get Stoned Inc.
breathes burnt rubber thru mouth into her scarf

**29TH FEBRURY, HOLY SHIT, WHAT A RIDE A LA HUNTER S.
THOMPSON (CONTINUED) PATRICIA L. MORRIS**

Eggslut, Salmon Arm gooses her as she tightens strap
of *I Love My Brain* helmet
Stiff Nipples Air Conditioning Service is ahead of
G-Spot You Found It.
spreads her fingered gloves and passes *Hand Job Nails & Spa*

its Feb 29, long & winding road leads to the consultation
she locks bike, helmet, wheel up the elevator
delivers damp envelope to android who asks,
What's the time?
I've been asking all day, everyone gives a different answer

life's journey is not to arrive at the grave safely
she demands, let me in behind that door
holy shit, what a ride she skids in sideways shouting
AFGO (Another Fucking Growth Opportunity).
all's not said nor done, take me through the other door



**REVERSE HORSES TREMBLE (DIGITALLY ALTERED PHOTOGRAPH)
– IRENE PLAZEWSKA**

**MARCH, 2020. TIME OF NATURE AND ITS ANTITHESIS,
ABUNDANCE - CRISIS, REPRODUCTION - REFUSAL OF
REPRODUCTION, RIPENING - DECAY, GESTATION - DEATH,
ANTHROPOCENCE- THE ANTI-ANTHROPOCENE**



**ASSEMBLY OF SURREALIST WOMEN: DONATIONS OF DONATIONS WILL NOT
BE TAKEN BACK./ASSEMBLÉE DE FEMMES SURREALISTES : LES DONS DE
DONS NE SERONT PAS REPRIS. BY ODY SABAN**

**3RD OF MARCH. STORYTELLER DAY – WHEN AN OBJECT PRESENTS ITSELF TO YOU AS ONE AMONG THREE SIBLINGS, HAVING EITHER ONE, TWO OR THREE EYES. ON THIS DAY IT IS CUSTOMARY TO MEET UP WITH YOUR FRIENDS TO TELL STORIES ABOUT YOUR FOUND OBJECT (AND ITS SIBLINGS) TO EACH OTHER
– STOCKHOLM SURREALIST GROUP**



THE GIFT TO NATURE – JOHN WELSON

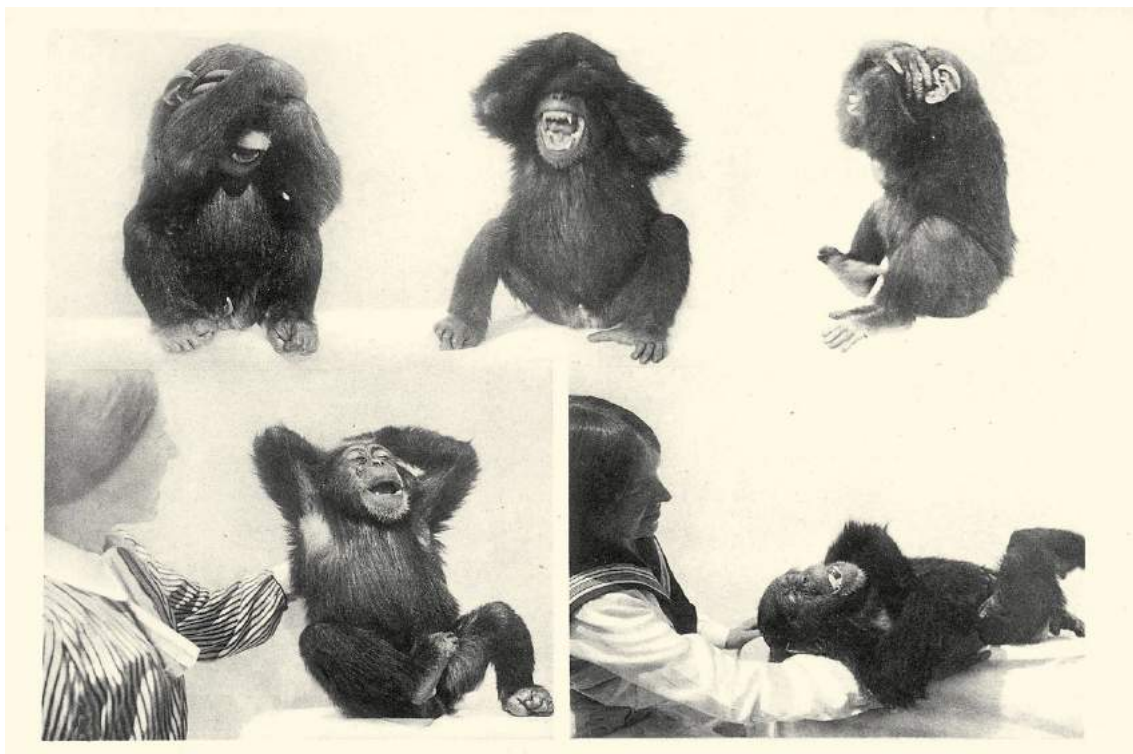
**FEBRUARY 29TH INTERNATIONAL DAY OF TICKLING –
VALERY OISTEANU**

Looking at the sun that bites with frozen teeth
I am throwing out my old French dictionary
Where tickle is translated chatouiller
Yes, it is International Tickle Day
But no one even knows about it
No one has arrived with a tickle delivery
Probably I have to go out in the street
And ask some passersby to tickle me, please
Do not worry I am no ordinary pervert
I am a humble observer of tickling day
I even have blue surgical gloves with me
To be sure that you aren't touching my skin
Have you ever tickled a surrealist poet?
OK! I am calling neighbors and friends
Come down and tickle me just a little
Finally decided to bribe a homeless man
But even he refused me straight away
I am getting bored, paranoia and a bit angry
Is this like a new phobia that I did not know?
What is the matter with these people?
Indifference breeds more indifference
Soon I will give up and go back to my lab
Going to invent a potion for mass-tickling
Authorized, guaranteed, self-induced
Long live International day of tickling

-Valery Oisteanu



PIERROT TICKLES COLUMBINE - A.W.



CHIMPANZEE BEING TICKLED BY CARERS

6TH MARCH, 2020 *SURREALISM: WELLSPRING OF THE IMAGINATION - AN EVENING OF READINGS.* 'HELD AS PART OF THE WELLSPRING OF THE IMAGINATION EXHIBITION TO HIGHLIGHT THAT SURREALISM WAS A MOVEMENT OF POETS EG. ANDRÉ BRETON, PAUL ÉLUARD, LOUIS ARAGON, PHILIPPE SOUPAULT - AND THAT ITS KEY PRECURSORS WERE WRITERS SUCH AS LAUTRÉAMONT AND RIMBAUD - NOT A BOWLER HAT OR MELTING CLOCK IN SIGHT!!' - FROM THE CATALOGUE



A Fundraising event for Wyeside...

Surrealism: *Wellspring of the Imagination*

An Evening of Readings

6th March: 7.00pm (readings to start at 7.30pm)

Tickets: £5*

This evening of readings by surrealists living in Wales, Jean Bonnin, Neil Coombs, David Greenslade, John Richardson & John Welson, is held as part of the **Surrealism: *Wellspring of the Imagination*** exhibition and highlights that surrealism was originally a movement of poets eg André Breton, Paul Éluard, Louis Aragon, Philippe Soupault and that its key precursors were writers such as Lautréamont and Rimbaud – not a bowler hat or melting clock in sight! The evening will include a short overview of surrealism with readings from each of the contributors of their own work and that of other surrealists.

Running time 90 minutes approx.

**Wyeside
GALLERY**

Wyeside ARTS CENTRE

Castle Street, Builth Wells, LD2 3BN
01982 552 555 | Wyeside.co.uk

Surrealism: Wellspring of the Imagination

January 8th—April 1st
Free Entry

John Richardson and John Welson will be exhibiting works which provide evidence not only of contemporary surrealist activity but of the continuing relevance of the surrealist critique of the dull world of the reality-principle, referred to in the First Surrealist Manifesto as 'the unacceptable human condition'. Seeking to transform our view of 'what is' and 'what can be', and to reveal a deeper, hidden reality this exhibition reveals that Surrealism is above all an adventure of the mind.

Wyeside GALLERY

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01982 552 555 | Wyeside.co.uk

Collage by John Richardson, John Welson & Frank Wright

From the creative energies of the first Welsh writers and painters who in the 1930s felt inspired to give free reign to their imaginations and share the Surrealist adventure right up to present day, celebrators of Surrealism know that the fire of their being is the Celtic Myth.

By the 1970s John Welson was participating in both French and American Surrealist exhibitions as well as organising small shows in Wales. He

moved to London for a time and was instrumental in reforming the London Group with Conroy Maddox and Paul Hammond. Whilst showing with the Movement PHASES in London he met both Edouard Jaguer and the painter from Brittany, Jean-Claude Charbonel, they were to remain close friends and celebrate their joint Celtic eye and imagination.

Centred around the lustre and iridescence provided by John Welson's continuing fidelity to the ideas of Surrealism, the start of a new millennium witnessed a more cohesive and structured activity in Wales, both with Surrealists in Wales and Welsh Surrealists participating as a group in international activities. In 2005 the Leeds Surrealist Group's exhibition at the Granell Foundation in Spain, called "Profound Revelations" included amongst others works from John Welson and John Richardson.

ALL POWER TO THE IMAGINATION!

A pearl necklace is a composite object of beauty, it exists as a finished piece, a necklace, but it is made up of a selection of beautiful pearls, each one enchanting in its own right, but when strung together their singular beauty enhances the whole. An overall thing of beauty comes from the beautiful things that it is made from.....

Surrealism exists as an international energy, force and celebration, from every corner of the world those who realise the organic spirit of Surrealism, add, share and participate in the realisation of Surrealism as a force for human lucidity and they are its constituent pulse and life force, the corner stones of a world Surrealist sensibility. That there is

Surrealist activity in Wales reflects that Surrealists in Wales are sharing in a wider adventure, the celebration of the freedom from the constraints of myopic nationalism, cultural stereotyping and the jingoistic mystification of the corrupted reshaping of history. Surrealist activity in Wales has the single aim of making the possible possible, it is the realisation of the emancipation of the human condition.

**The Spiders Repast
Rik Lina, Gregg Simpson & John Welson**



**Surrealism:
Wellspring of
the imagination**

**Wyeside Arts
Centre
Builth Wells**

**8 January –
1 April 2020**



**Frozen Wave
John Richardson
& John Welson**

**8TH JANUARY TO 1ST OF
APRIL, 2020 -
JOHN RICHARDSON AND JOHN
WELSON'S 'SURREALISM:
WELLSPRING OF THE IMAGINATION'
AT THE WYSESIDE GALLERY IN
BUILTH, WALES**



John Welton 'Soft Sunset' 2018 Acrylic on paper 70cm x 50cm



8TH MARCH, ROAD GLYPH NO.5 BY TOM KONYVES

Crossing your abyss on this wobbly line of ink –
if I slip, I'm bread.



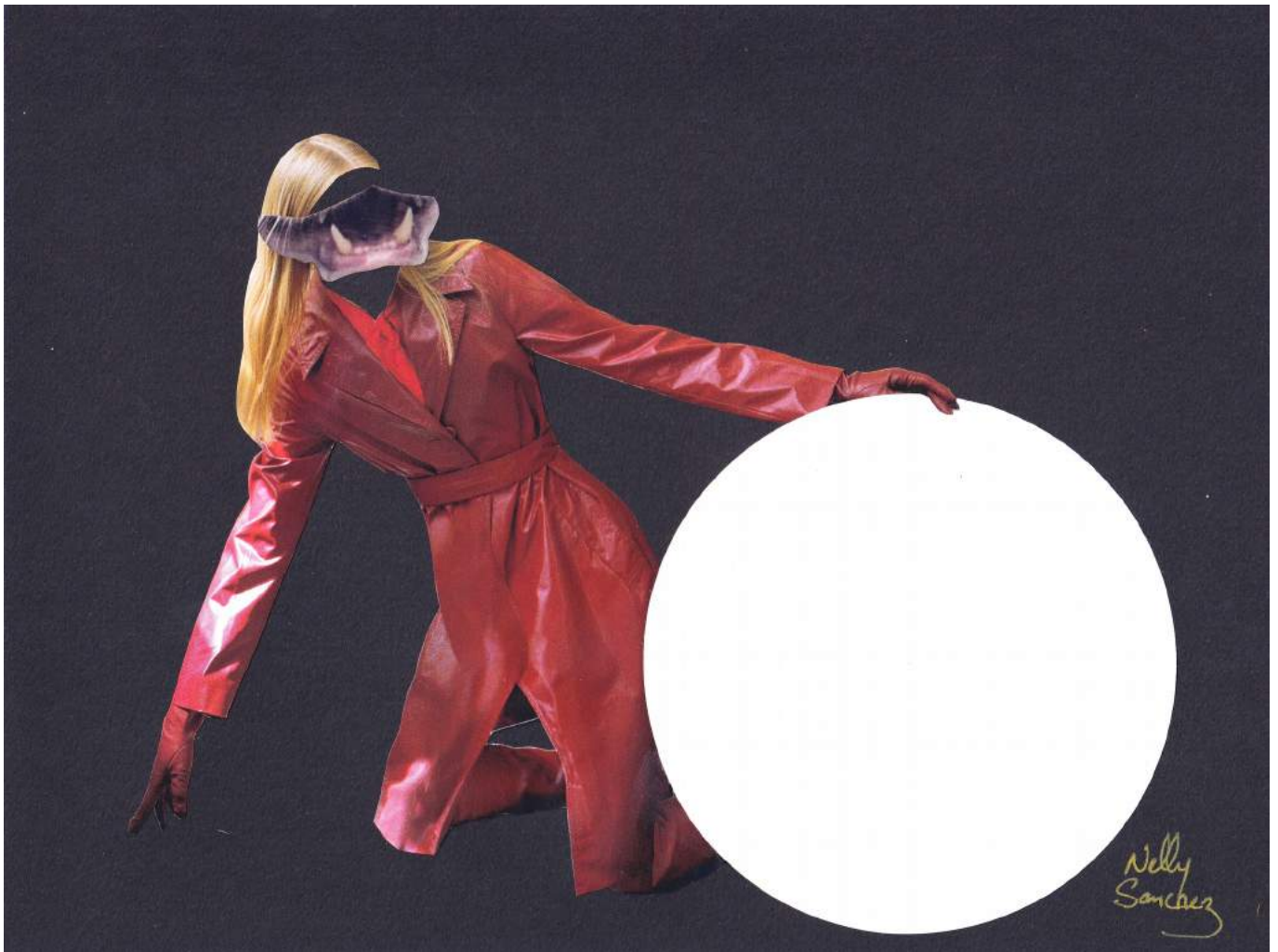
EN MARS LA TIMIDITÉ DU GUERRIER EST ACCENTUÉ
PAR VOTRE JUPE COURTE

I AM NOT GOOD. I AM NOT VIRTUOUS. I AM NOT SYMPATHETIC. I AM NOT
GENEROUS. I AM MERELY AND ABOVE ALL A CREATURE OF INTENSE
PASSIONATE FEELING. I FEEL – EVERYTHING. IT IS MY GENIUS. IT BURNS
ME LIKE FIRE. – **MARY MACLANE, THE 'WILD WOMAN OF BUTTE'.**

I'VE STOLEN THE YELLOW BIRD
LIVING IN THE DEVIL'S SEX
IT WILL TEACH ME HOW TO SEDUCE
MEN, DEER, ANGELS WITH DOUBLE WINGS,
IT WILL TAKE AWAY MY THIRST, MY CLOTHING, MY ILLUSIONS,
IT WILL SLEEP,
BUT MY SLEEP RUNS ACROSS ROOFS
MURMURING, GESTURING, VIOLENTLY MAKING LOVE
WITH CATS.

– **JOYCE MANSOUR, DÉCHIRURES**

9TH MARCH: "STEAL THE FULL MOON" BY NELLY SANCHEZ

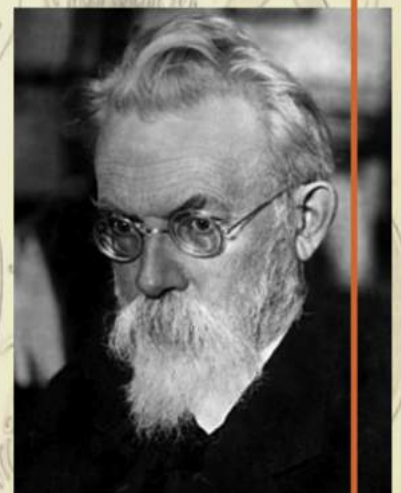


MARCH 12 - COMMEMORATING VLADIMIR VERNADSKY, CELEBRATING THE BIOSPHERE.

- BRUNO JACOBS

'LIVING ORGANISMS ARE CONNECTED WITH THE BIOSPHERE THROUGH THEIR NUTRITION, BREATHING, REPRODUCTION, METABOLISM. THIS CONNECTION MAY BE PRECISELY AND FULLY EXPRESSED QUANTITATIVELY BY THE MIGRATION OF ATOMS FROM BIOSPHERE TO THE LIVING ORGANISM AND BACK AGAIN - THE BIOGENIC MIGRATION OF ATOMS...THERE IS NO NATURAL PHENOMENON IN THE BIOSPHERE MORE GEOLOGICALLY POWERFUL THAN LIFE...'

- VLADIMIR VERNADSKY



12TH MARCH

WHAT IS SLEEP BUT THE BLUE VAPOUR OF PYROMANIA?

13TH MARCH

14^H MARCH

WHEN PENGUINS WEEP THE WORLD HYPERVENTILATES.

...BEAUTIFUL AS THE ENCOUNTER IN THE ANTILLEAN FOREST AT THE CENTRE OF A CLEARING ILLUMINATED BY THE SUBTLE BLEEDING LIGHT, OF A CANNIBAL AND OF A WOMAN OF ASH PALE COMPLEXION.

- SUZANNE CÉSAIRE



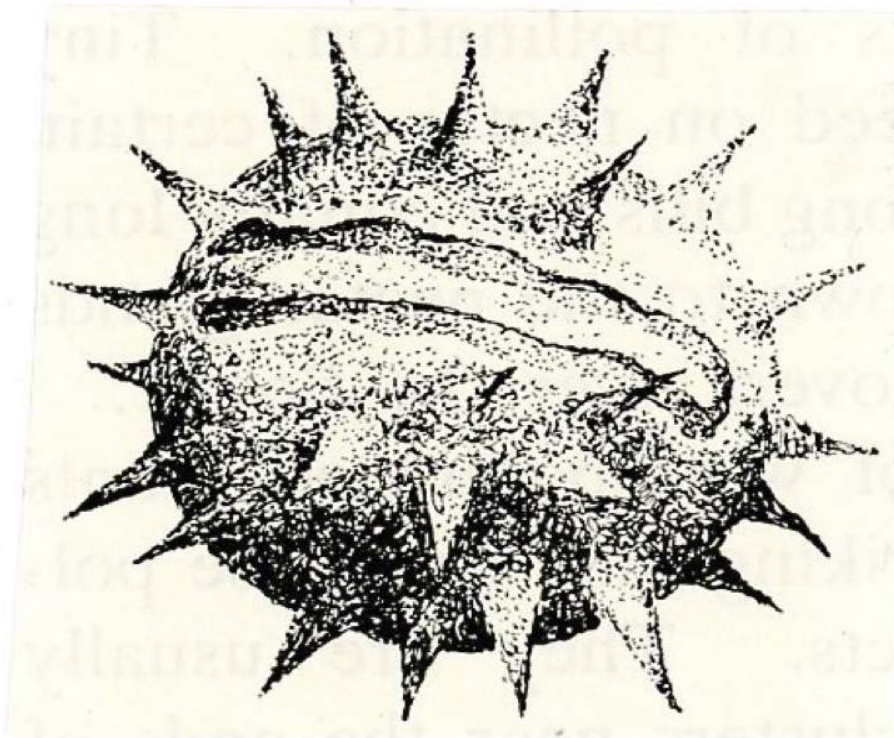
THE SMILE. - T.W

'THE MIND BELIEVES WHAT IT SEES AND DOES WHAT IT BELIEVES; THAT IS THE SECRET OF FASCINATION.' -ANTONIN ARTAUD

MARCH 15TH
BY MEGAN LEACH

MARCH,

15



When the pollen is ripe

Molting in an organ

will soon **metaphase**

16TH MARCH

17TH MARCH

18TH MARCH

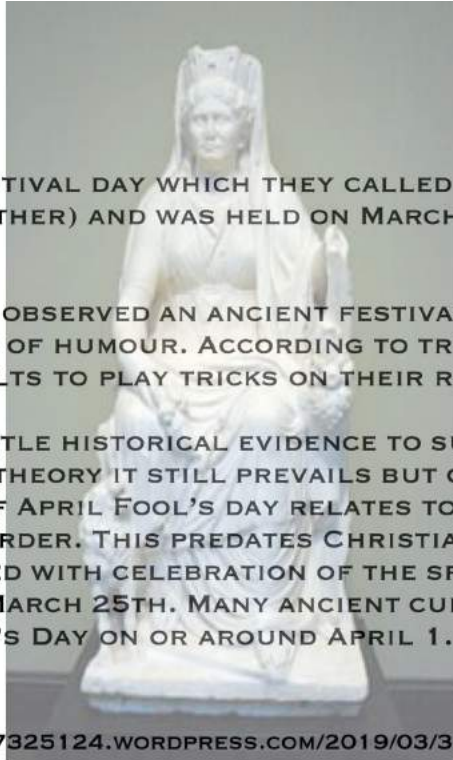
MARCH 25 – HILARIA. A ROMAN FESTIVAL, PREDATING APRIL FOOL'S DAY, HONOURING CYBELE, THE GREAT MOTHER.

THE ROMANS HAD A FESTIVAL DAY WHICH THEY CALLED **HILARIA** TO HONOR CYBELE (THE GREAT MOTHER) AND WAS HELD ON MARCH 25 INVOLVING MUCH REJOICING.

NORTHERN EUROPEANS OBSERVED AN ANCIENT FESTIVAL TO HONOUR LUD (OR LOD), A CELTIC GOD OF HUMOUR. ACCORDING TO TRADITION LUD ALLOWED ORDINARY CELTS TO PLAY TRICKS ON THEIR REVERED DRUIDS.

ALTHOUGH THERE IS LITTLE HISTORICAL EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT THE GREGORIAN CALENDAR THEORY IT STILL PREVAILS BUT OTHER HISTORIANS BELIEVE THE ORIGINS OF APRIL FOOL'S DAY RELATES TO THE ANCIENT BELIEF OF REVERSING ORDER. THIS PREDATES CHRISTIANITY AND IS MORE LIKELY TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH CELEBRATION OF THE SPRING EQUINOX WHICH OCCURS ABOUT MARCH 25TH. MANY ANCIENT CULTURES CELEBRATED NEW YEAR'S DAY ON OR AROUND APRIL 1.

SOURCE://THESHOEEMAN647325124.WORDPRESS.COM/2019/03/31/A-BRIEF-HISTORY-OF-APRIL-FOOLS-DAY/



LAUGHTER RESTORES THE UNIVERSE TO ITS ORIGINAL STATE OF INDIFFERENCE AND STRANGENESS: IF IT HAS A MEANING, IT IS A DIVINE ONE, NOT A HUMAN ONE. - OCTAVIO PAZ

26TH MARCH, FUNKY FUNGUS DAY. THE MYCELIUM THAT SPREADS TOGETHER STAYS TOGETHER. ALL POWER TO THE SPORES. A CELEBRATION OF ALL THINGS FUNGAL.



APRIL – TIME OF MARVELLOUS MANIFESTATIONS, THE UNEXPECTED & UNHOMELY, FANTOMAS, LAUTRÉAMONT, IGUANAS AND DEFIANT ATHEISM

1ST APRIL - APRIL FOOL'S DAY

APRIL 2ND, CTHULLHU DAY: SET SOMETHING LOOSE FROM THE DEPTHS OF YOUR UNCONSCIOUS. – CRAIG WILSON

Lautreamont Day: 4th April, Search for figs, eating donkeys and degenerate, dethroned gods(b.4th April, 1896 - d.19th July,1870) - Craig Wilson

Isidore Lucien Ducasse was born in Montevideo, Uruguay, to François Ducasse, a French consular officer, and his wife Jacqueline-Célestine Davezac. Very little is known about Isidore's childhood, except that he was baptized on 16 November 1847 in the Montevideo Metropolitan Cathedral and that his mother died soon afterwards, probably due to an epidemic.

LES CHANTS DE MALDOROR

In late 1868, Ducasse published (anonymously and at his own expense) the first canto of Les Chants de Maldor, a booklet of thirty-two pages.

On 10 November 1868, Ducasse sent a letter to the writer Victor Hugo... Ducasse used his pseudonym Comte de Lautréamont for the first time.



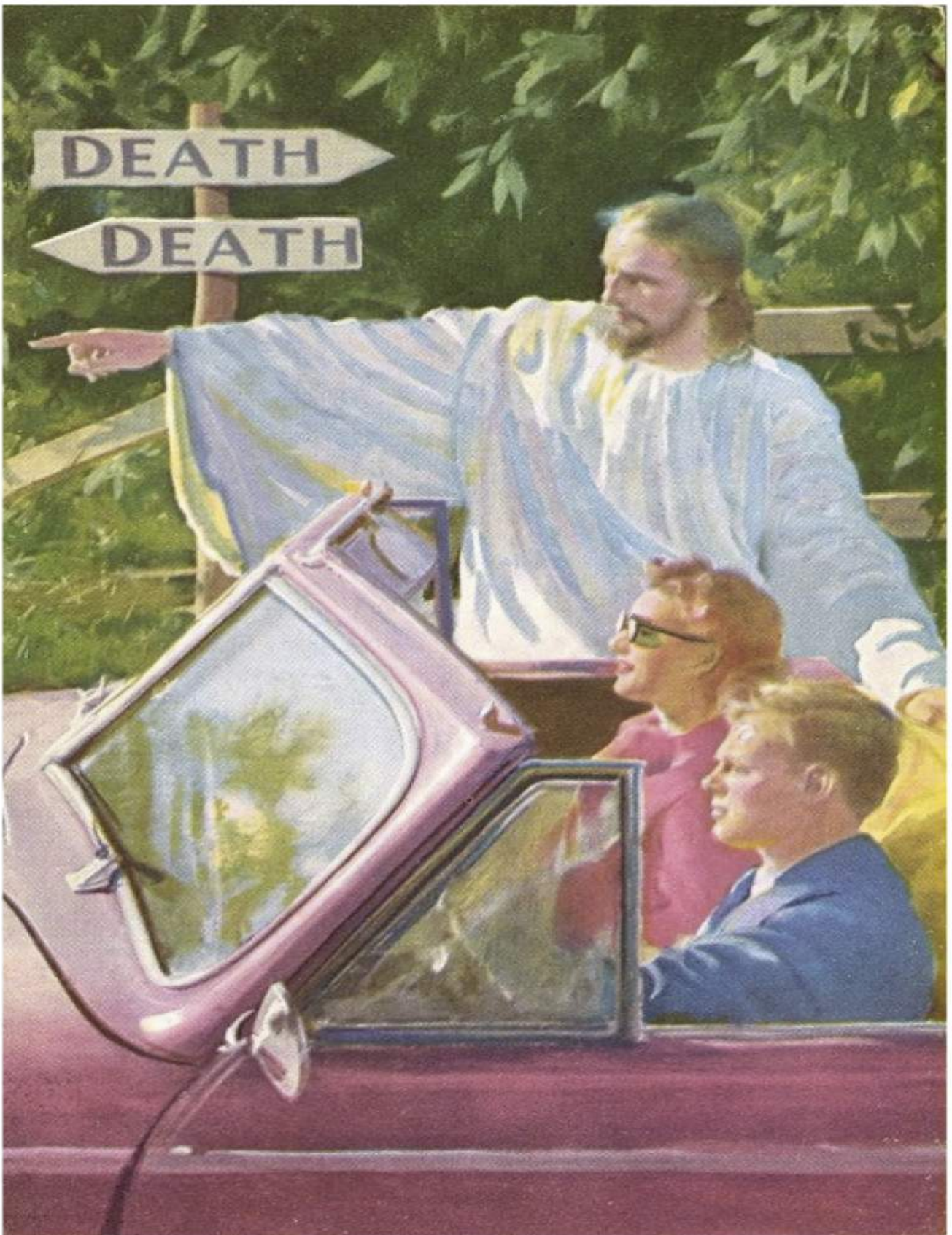
His chosen name was based on the character of Latréamont from a popular 1837 French gothic novel by Eugène Sue, which featured a haughty and blasphemous anti-hero similar in some ways to Isidore's Maldoror.

On 19 July 1870, Napoleon III declared war on Prussia, and after his capture, Paris was besieged on 17 September, a situation with which Ducasse was already familiar from his early childhood in Montevideo. The living conditions worsened rapidly during the siege, and according to the owner of the hotel he lodged at, Ducasse became sick with a "bad fever".

Lautréamont died at the age of 24, on 24 November 1870, at 8 am in his hotel. On his death certificate, "no further information" was given. Since many were afraid of epidemics while Paris was besieged, Ducasse was buried the next day after a service in Notre Dame de Lorette in a provisional grave at the Cimetière du Nord. - Wikipedia

ON LAUTREAMONT – THE FIRST TO HAVE UNDERSTOOD THAT POETRY BEGINS WITH EXCESS, IMMODERATION, FORBIDDEN PURSUITS, IN THE GREAT BLIND DRUMBEAT NIGHT UP TO THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE RAIN OF STARS. - AIMÉ CÉSAIRE

APRIL 12 "EASTER" - BRUNO JACOBS



Christ death, or , Easter. By Bruno Jacobs



CRONE BANE – IRENE PLAZEWSKA

13TH APRIL - QUESTIONING DAY: ASK DIFFICULT QUESTIONS OF THOSE WHO SEEK TO CONTROL YOUR MIND AND INDOCTRINATE YOU WITH THE REALITY PRINCIPLE. – CRAIG WILSON

FANTOMASS AKA THE FESTIVAL OF FANTOMAS BY STUART INMAN



This was originally conceived as part of a London Surrealist Group project for an Almanac, I think round about 2005, but the project never got very far, therefore I am happy to reinvent it for the new almanac. Although I think I originally conceived of Fantomas as a festival, there were various suggestions from the others in the LSG and I don't know where their ideas and mine crossed over. - Stuart Inman

Fantomas is a moveable feast in honour of the great Fantomas, master criminal and master of disguise.

Fantomas is the Feast of Phantoms (Phantom Mass)

As a moveable feast, Fantomas may be held at any time of year.

Fantomas may be held many times a year and can last for anything from a minute to a year.

Fantomas may be disguised as other festivals.

Fantomas may be celebrated by any number of people in any place. Therefore one could celebrate Fantomas for a minute or for the whole year, it could be disguised as Christmas or the Feast of St Drogo (April 16th, patron saint of unattractive people) and would subvert that official festival.

Disguises may be worn, celebrants can appear and disappear without warning or obvious reason.

Fantomas may be hiding in your pockets or round the next street corner.

Play, make art, make love, start a revolt, hide. Who is Fantomas? We are Fantomas!

16TH APRIL - THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY. OF THE SUBMISSION TO THE MINISTRY OF INTERIOR BETWEEN APRIL 16 AND 25, 1870, OF A BROCHURE TITLED POÉSIES L_ SIGNED BY ISIDORE DUCASSE. PRINTED BY BALITOUT. DEPOSITARY: LIBRAIRIE GABRIE, 25 PASSAGE VERDEAU.



**Serious assembly of surrealist women around the theme of seriousness.
/Assemblée sérieuse de femmes surréalistes autour du thème du sérieux.**
Ody Saban

**25TH OF APRIL. THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE STOLEN HEAD OF THE MERMAID. THIS DAY IS CELEBRATED BY STEALING A HEAD AND LEAVING A TAIL IN ITS PLACE.
– STOCKHOLM SURREALIST GROUP STOCKHOLM SURREALIST GROUP**

APRIL 27th - Megan Leach



APRIL 27TH 'AN ANNIVERSARY THAT IS SO DEAR TO ME' – ABEL KABACH.

Je suis comme d'un étrange vocable
La chambre dans mes yeux
Sent l'herbe et le départ

Encore nuit et je bâtis une autre mer
Sur une page derrière mon visage
Tout faire
Et retenir l'orgueil de la mémoire
Le temps les rues guetteuses

Dans mes yeux un corps traverse
Les saisons où la nudité a des ruines
L'amour égare ses lettres
Puis mon nom puis le cœur d'un chemin
Puis les règles de la saignée
Je bois d'une eau victime
Je demande mon âge à mes fringues
Le hasard le bruit de l'eau dans les mains d'une femme
Les spectres d'un mot aux minuits tardifs

J'ai les barques de l'erreur
Jusqu'aux épreuves de la vie rouillées
Les rivières émigrantes
Inutilement douter

ris comme un souffle dans l'arbre
Après le dernier jeu qui me remplit
La dernière flamme dans mon poulx
Pardon c'est ma poussière
Née d'un mot oublié
Habitation des miroirs inconsolés
J'y suis comme d'une strophe d'une coïncidence
Avec l'exultation des visions quand elles touchent
Un lit haletant
Moi et les yeux qui ruissèlent
D'entre les toits les heurts
De la mort contre dieu
Et la tentation des voyelles industrielles
Moi et les drogues
Il y a des heures comme la pluie
Débordant à l'encontre de ma voix
Qui livre ma chair
Puis je me souviens du printemps
J'écoute ma porte le passé peut-être disparu
Je finis ma naissance dans les hypothèses de mes confins

Je compare les preuves guerrières et la masse de la nuit

Moi et le pont fidèle seulement ma peau

Pour aller
Vers la beuverie des rues et mes lignes sur les murs
Lorsqu'une lame brille derrière un hymne
Des papiers que le visage d'une victime ne change pas

Vers toi

Une main qui fait mes alibis le matin
Elle sait que je me souviens elle radoucit par moments
Entre son soupçon et ma paresse si elle sait combien j'ai aimé
Quand la mer s'est établie dans tes yeux

Elle parie des milliers de caresses
Les maisons tombent par trop d'espoir réveillant
Les dates aiguës par l'insolence
Le mythe de la pierre précieuse je crève
Un nuage elle crève un nom qui se démet de la transparence d'un corps

Vers la main de la migrante dans la confusion des devinettes

Elle quitte doucement le temple des mouches
Égratigne l'erreur attend le chemin qui l'a choisie
Où est-ce qu'ils sont
Ses visages et ce bruit sur les tempes

Vers une main qui respire les terrasses derrière le temps
Les réponses comme la tristesse des fenêtres la vision se tait
Et relève la terre de l'haleine des armes

Vers une main qui chante toujours mon visage sans mon aube familière
La main du présent dans ce présent pour piétiner la durée

Vers une main proche des ratures des salaires noirs

Vers une main vers toi vers le bousculement de l'histoire dans notre hilarité
Ma main qui apprend aux racines les couleurs de l'empire

Vers toi à l'arrêt
Dans l'ombre de ma mort
Le festin des prières et les plages gelées

J'y suis

Vers toi quand je me déshabille et libère avec toi la pluie
Les romances. AH! la pluie a le bruit de la prison
Le gravier européen les banques poubelles
Il ne faut pas annoncer comment le voyage de la soie finit
Et ceux qui passent une seule fois entre les soupirs
Comment je regarde autour des têtes fabricantes et les force
À crier les accidents du sang et du songe
Qui est tombé un jour dans ta main tu n'avais pas l'âge de la pluie et tu chantais :
Tu t'en vas
La maison n'a personne pour couvrir la mort
Tu me verras toujours avec le même âge
Et des milliers de noms noyés

- Abel Kabach



SEASONAL EXPOSÉ – TIM WHITE

Saisons large saison

saisons large saison
et brouiller mes cheveux de voleur
l'encre est une vieille trappe
avec les noms qui compilent
par paresse les tables
qui tombant de relents carnassiers
regardent toujours de biais
mais j'ai ta surprise à couvrir
les chutes d'une suspension dans un tumulte
la nullité claquée par
les coïncidences du cœur collé à son guichet
pour une fin c'est encore tôt
les siècles dispensés de rêve
je lis les fenêtres
et les fenêtres me déshabillent
un chemin à froid
tôt pour couper ma main
ton jeu qui caresse les portes confuses
autour de nous
te convaincre de ruiner mon désert
et l'arbre de mon passage
j'ai fait le pays-fontaine
et l'amour a foulé mes tremblements
les places sont petites pour rappeler
l'herbe et les belles d'une insomnie
qu'y-a-t-il à raconter
quand le temps a mal frappé
et rappelle les indices de tes écarts
je viens enterrer mes jardins
sous ta surprise
d'aucune étoile
le voyage où l'on prédit ta ressemblance
on dirait un verre à toutes les descentes
comme tu m'entends roder
près de cette tristesse larvée
d'aucun organe ou digestion
je multiplie les lames
et les têtes dénuées de certitude
puis il y a mon âge qui te soutient
vendrai-je mon soleil
la pluie tiède et le matin qui ne résonne plus
depuis que le poème s'éteignit

- Abel Kabach

MAY – A TIME OF REVOLUTIONS, UPRISINGS, STRIKES, PICKETS, MAY POLES, TUBAS, MARVELLOUS SEA VOYAGES DANCE, HYENAS, ENDANGERED SPECIES & OUTER SPACE

MAY 1ST - INTERNATIONAL WORKERS DAY – DAY OF SOLIDARITY OF THE INTERNATIONAL WORKING CLASS. TO BE ABOLISHED ON THE SUCCESS OF GLOBAL REVOLUTION



TAKE TO THE SEA AND NAVIGATE SURREAL FREEDOM./ PRENDRE LA MER ET NAVIGUER LA LIBERTÉ SURREALISTE. - ODY SABAN

TUBA DAY – THE GIANT OF THE BRASS KINGDOM. CELEBRATE BY BLASTING OUT YOUR FAVOURITE TUNE ON THIS BEAUTIFUL INSTRUMENT



MAY 2, 2020. THE SLOW, SECRET REVOLUTION BEGINS.

BY CATHERINE HANSEN

On this first day, the outlines of what will happen – the traces of the future – are barely perceptible. But in grocery checkout lines, around canteen tables, in cramped economy-class rows, and on public buses, people begin telling each other their dreams (“... a city tumbled down a mountainside” ... “horseshoe crabs gathering at my window” ... “a golem of sticks and twigs” ... “I floated down the streets curled up like a frightened ghost ...”) and they are surprised to find that they want to listen to each other. No one is bored, and they keep telling.

In the meantime, more and more people (at benefits offices, in the waiting rooms of occupational therapy clinics, in cubicles, in restaurant kitchens, in doorways) find that they want to *look*. They stop what they are doing, and look: at a cloud framed in a grimy window, at a bit of wrought iron that resembles a furious angel, at a convergence of grass blades, at an adjacency of a pencil to a magazine photograph, at the heel of a friend’s shoe, at three words on a page. For a minute, for five minutes, for an hour, they look in silence.

Everything, as it persists, grows and changes. This goes for new desires and new habits, too. The revolution that began on May 2, 2020 soon enters its second phase. People everywhere become adept at recalling their dreams. They are even able to remember songs, poems, whole pages of books, or stage performances from their dreams. It is only a matter of time before groups converge to record the songs, recite the poems, write out the pages, and follow the scripts, in all the streets and stations.

In the meantime, those not busy acting out their dreams have been looking at birdcages, petals, lobby art, and leaves, for hours at a time now, and they are learning secrets it has never been possible before to know. It will be difficult going, but eventually they will master the art of sharing these secrets with others – in words or otherwise.

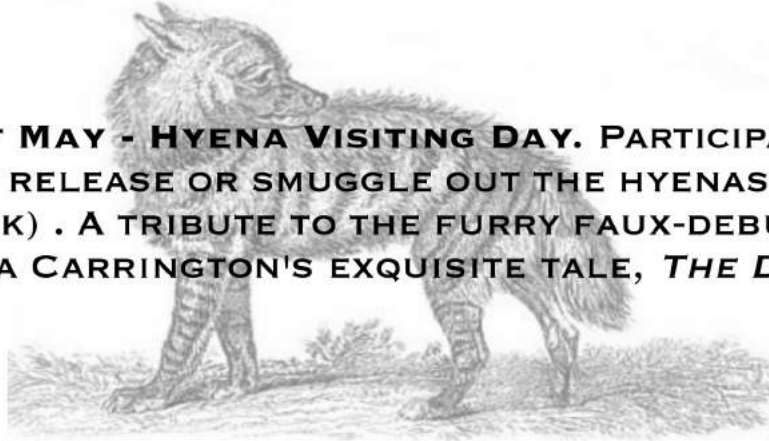
—Catherine Hansen (Beirut & Tokyo)

MAY 3RD

MAY 4TH

**13TH MAY - FREE CELEBRATION DAY OF CARELESS GAZING
AT THE CLOUDS OF THE WORLD. - BRUNO JACOBS**

**16TH OF MAY - HYENA VISITING DAY. PARTICIPANTS VISIT
ZOOS TO RELEASE OR SMUGGLE OUT THE HYENAS (AT THEIR
OWN RISK) . A TRIBUTE TO THE FURRY FAUX-DEBUTANTE OF
LEONORA CARRINGTON'S EXQUISITE TALE, *THE DEBUTANTE*.**

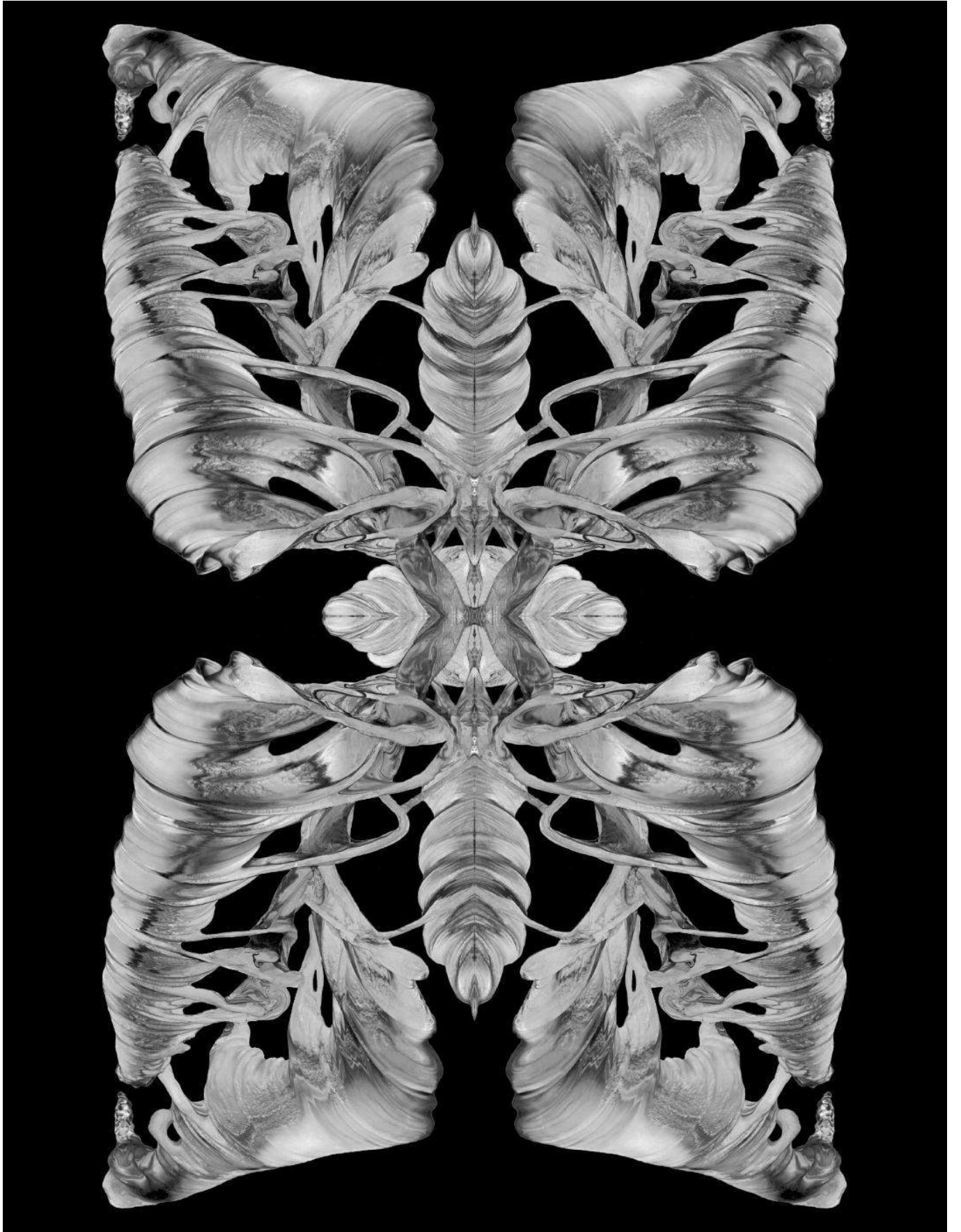


**21ST MAY, ENDANGERED SPECIES DAY - JESÚS GARCIA
RODRIGUEZ**

Jesús García Rodríguez



The extinct bird



FEATHERMAN BY DAVID GREENSLADE

26TH MAY - BIRTHDAY OF ISADORA DUNCAN, AMERICAN DANCER (BORN 1877; DIED 14TH SEPTEMBER, 1927) WHO TURNED THE WORLD OF DANCE UPSIDE DOWN, FREEING CLASSICAL DANCE FROM CONSERVATIVE RESTRICTIONS, PIONEERING NEW TECHNIQUES, STYLES AND INTERPRETATIONS. A LEADING FIGURE OF THE MODERNIST AVANT- GARDE, PIONEERING FEMINIST AND EDUCATOR. 'THE FREEST SPIRIT IN THE FREEST BODY'.



'THE WIND? I AM THE WIND. THE SEA AND THE MOON? I AM THE SEA AND THE MOON. TEARS, PAIN, LOVE, BIRD-FLIGHTS? I AM ALL OF THEM. I DANCE WHAT I AM.' - ISADORA DUNCAN

YOU INCITE THE UNWAVERING EXPOSÉ, HIDDEN EXPLICATIONS, THE GRACE OF AGITATION. A FINELY TUNED INTERVENTION. THE RUMOR OF OTHER-THAN, SLIPPING RAW DATA INTO FUSION. LUCIDITY THROWING MYSTERY FOR SURVIVAL ... AND THE DEAD ANIMALS ARE THE TRANSPARENCY OF YOUR SKIN.
- J. KARL BOGARTTE

TIME FLIES LIKE AN ARROW FRUIT FLIES LIKE A BANANA. - GROUCHO MARX

22ND - 30TH MAY. SPACE IS THE PLACE

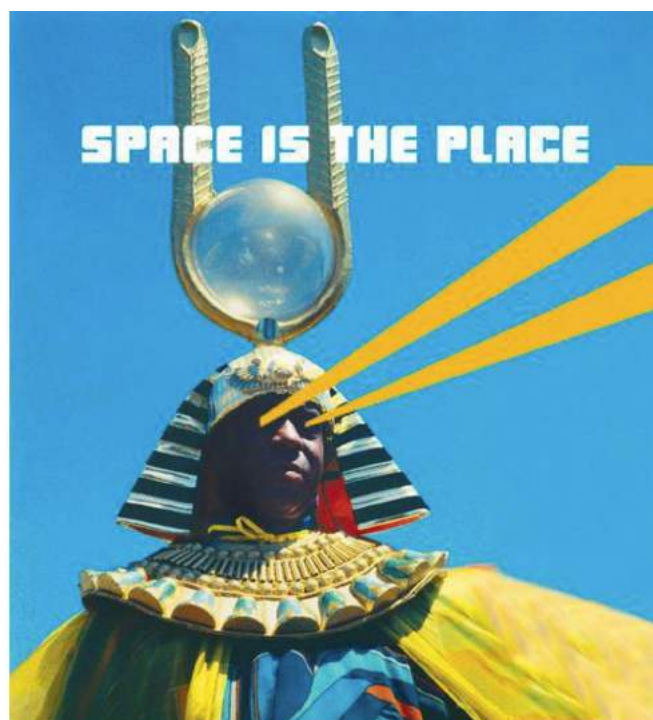
FESTIVAL . INSPIRED PIONEER AFRO-FUTURIST VISIONARY, JAZZ POET, COMPOSER AND BAND LEADER, SUN RA. A CELEBRATION OF THE CREATIVE SPACES TO CONJURE A FUTURE OF UNBOUNDED IMAGINATION , INTERSTELLAR MUSIC, AND LIMITLESS LIBERTY.

SPACE IS THE PLACE – SUN RA

A TRAVELLING FESTIVAL TAKING IN THE PLANETS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM. A FEATURE OF THE CELEBRATION IS AN OVERNIGHT STOP ON SATURN, THE PLANET SUN RA IDENTIFIED WITH HIS OWN TRANSFORMATION INTO A MULTI-PLANETARY BEING. HERE, REVELLERS ATTEND A CONCERT OF THE SOLAR ARKESTRA'S MUSIC IN THE GIANT PLANET'S UPPER ATMOSPHERE, EXPERIENCE SKIING AND WINTER SPORTS ON THE FROZEN SURFACE OF TITAN, SATURN'S

LARGEST MOON, PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK AMONG THE GIANT PLANET'S RING SYSTEM.

EARTHLY REVELS INCLUDE ADDRESSING A PLANETWIDE SIGNAL OF JOY AND THANKS BEAMED TO THE INTRASTELLAR ENTITIES WHO INSPIRED SUN RA'S OWN QUEST FOR ENDLESS REVELATIONS AMONG THE SPACE WAYS.



IMAGES FROM *SPACE IS THE PLACE* (1974)

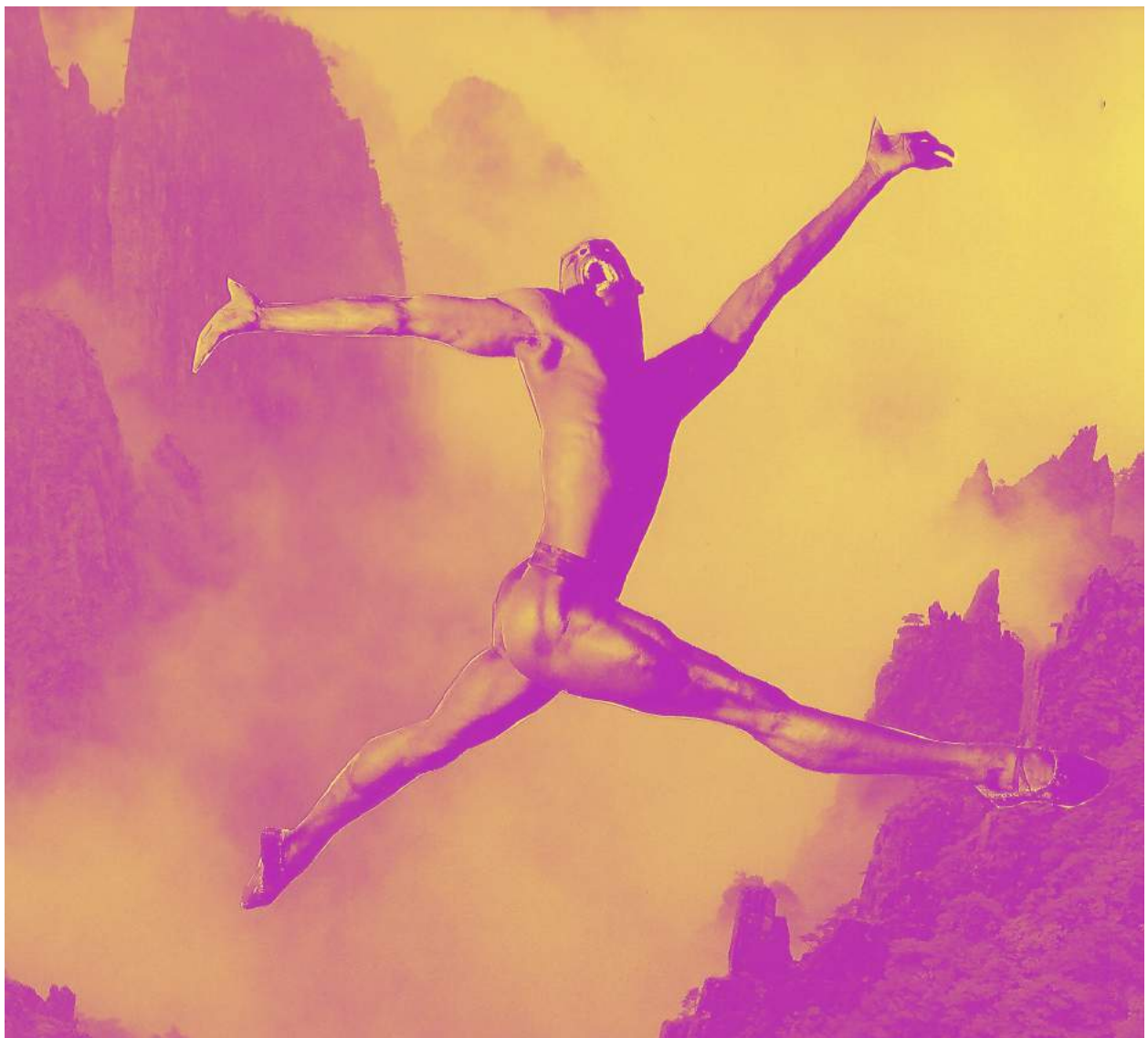
'THE TASK OF THE RIGHT EYE IS TO PEER INTO THE TELESCOPE, WHILE THE LEFT EYE PEERS INTO THE MICROSCOPE.' - **LEONORA CARRINGTON**

JUNE – THE TWENTY THIRD WEEK & HOUR.
ESCAPES, ANNIVERSARY OF PUBLICATION OF
MALDOROR, PEACHERS & CREAM, WINTER/SUMMER
SOLSTICE.

WEEK 23 IS JUNE 1 - 7

“IN THE TWENTY THIRD HOUR OF THE TWENTY THIRD WEEK,
THE MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES OF THE MAROONS MAY BE
GLIMPSED THROUGH THE FOG OF OUR FEARS.”

– DOUG CAMPBELL



'AT THE LAST MINUTE, AND IN THE NICK OF TIME, THE
POSSIBILITY OF ESCAPE WILL BECOME PLAIN.'

- DOUG CAMPBELL

3RD OF JUNE. MARGARYTA GOLOVCHENKO

Rusa/lka (*June 3, 2020*)

This morning all the waters of the world receded
and the seas burned

in rolling waves of playful
painful

yellow
hair, so tender all sunflowers self-uprooted

to march in protest on the paint factories.
Demanding an adjustment of saturation levels.

Listen —
you can hear jellyfish talk of bones

as if they know their taste, comparing tonalities
of cracking to falling porcelain

and glass
and human

hearts, hard at work as they write
a hierarchy of pleasantness.

Sitting on the shore I dream of experiencing overwhelming awe
for a god I keep questioning,

who will appear to me later today in the form of a tiny
mermaid perched on the edge of a silver spoon.

And when she dives into a jar of jam of oceanic peaches
I'll learn what it means to break open in the way of geodes

and all other ancient mothers who came before, writing the pitch
into the foamy tendrils lapping at my legs

– Margaryta Golovchenko

6TH OF JUNE. THE GREAT OUTING OF OBSCURE

STREAMERS – THE MEMBERS THAT MAKE UP THE END-PAGES OF ARCANÉ ATLANTES SOMETIMES ERR ON THE SIDE OF CAUTION, BUT ONE SHOULD NEVER MISTAKE SECURITY PRECAUTIONS FOR COWARDICE. AS IS WELL KNOWN, THE MASONIC LODGES OF PARIS JOINED THE COMMUNE IN 1871, THEIR SECRET BANNERS ADDED TO THE RED. VERY HEROIC, VERY STRIKING, VERY DROWNED IN BLOOD.

NO WONDER THEN THAT THE DISCRETE STREAMERS, PENNANTS AND OTHER MINOR VEXILLOIDS OF ONE TOMORROW OR OTHER ARE WARY OF GRAND GESTURES AND POINTLESS SACRIFICE, AND THAT THEY, CHAMELEONITE TOILERS OF THE BRICK WALL AND SEE-THROUGH GARMENTS OF THE LAMP-POST, NONETHELESS TOOK TO THE STREETS ON THE 6TH OF JUNE INSPIRED WITH HOPE AND/OR DESPAIR.

WE WILL LOOK FOR PARTICIPANT PENNONS ON THE DAY OF THE GREAT OUTING, AND TRY TO DECIPHER THEIR SEMAPHORE HIEROGLYPHS.

– **STOCKHOLM SURREALIST GROUP**

'BEYOND THE WORLDS VAGUE GHOSTS OF MONSTROUS THINGS; HALF-SEEN COLUMNS OF UNSANCTIFIED TEMPLES THAT REST ON NAMELESS ROCKS BENEATH SPACE AND REACH UP TO DIZZY VACUA ABOVE THE SPHERES OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS. AND THROUGH THIS REVOLTING GRAVEYARD OF THE UNIVERSE THE MUFFLED, MADDENING BEATING OF DRUMS, AND THIN, MONOTONOUS WHINE OF BLASPHEMOUS FLUTES FROM INCONCEIVABLE, UNLIGHTED CHAMBERS BEYOND TIME; THE DETESTABLE POUNDING AND PIPING WHEREUNTO DANCE SLOWLY, AWKWARDLY, AND ABSURDLY THE GIGANTIC, TENEBROUS ULTIMATE GODS...'

– **H.P. LOVECRAFT**

17TH OF JUNE. THE EFFECT OF BEETROOT JUICE, THINKING IN COLOUR INSTEAD OF CONCEPTS, IS DETECTED AND SPREADS LIKE A COMPLEX CONTAGION. – **THE STOCKHOLM SURREALIST GROUP**

JUNE 18 - 150TH ANNIVERSARY. SUBMISSION AT THE MINISTRY OF INTERIOR BETWEEN JUNE 18 AND 25, 1870, OF A BROCHURE TITLED *POÉSIES II* SIGNED BY ISIDORE DUCASSE. PRINTED BY BALITOUT. ADDRESS OF THE “MANAGER”: I. D., RUE DU FAUBOURG-MONTMARTRE, 7 (PARIS). - BRUNO JACOBS

21ST JUNE, GLOBAL DAY OF PEACHES AND CREAM, BY TONY ROEHRIG

On the Global Day of **Peaches and Cream, June 21st**, we meet in the Snake Range of the State of Nevada to climb up to the Wheeler Peak. At 13,000 ft. above sea level, all are encouraged to share the air and the warmth, as both will be in short supply in these regions, to make this celebration a success. We will be there to celebrate the disrobing of our ancestors’ (Bristlecone Pines) winter wear We will dress as and take on the attributes (as we decide them to be after an arboreal conference) of our favorite trees. As night descends, we each light a candle and get into formation to replicate the summer constellations. After each constellation is replicated, we refrain with
From void ...

A breath
A light
A rock
A stick
A tree
A stream
A paw
A foot
A view
A sight
A curse
A cure
A flight
A night
A fall
A sleep
From void...



We then toast with a special mushroom drink, the stars, the trees and the folk of all species. The night ends with a slow and quiet descent from the high climes of the arboreal gods to our rest in a cave in the bosom of the range to feast on Peaches and Cream.

23RD JUNE. LE PASSÉ FLUIDE / THE FLUID PAST.
– DAN STANCIU



YET I AM CERTAIN THAT SHOULD THE WORLD SURVIVE, OTHERS WILL BE HAUNTED IN MUCH THE SAME WAY AND DREAM SIMILAR DREAMS. THIS IS MY GREATEST HOPE IF EDEN IS TO BE ONE DAY RECONSTITUTED.' - RIKKI DUCORNET, *THE VOLATALIZED CEILING OF BARON MUNODI*

27TH OF JUNE. THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW MUSHROOM. IN THE RHEINLAND, AN ERRANT LOCAL WOMAN COMES UPON A FACE IN THE FOREST CLEARING. UPON CLOSER INSPECTION, AND MUCH PRODDING WITH FINGERS AND FEET, THE FACE TURNS OUT TO BE STRANGELY ELASTIC, ITS FEATURES TWO-DIMENSIONAL. IT IS A MUSHROOM. HAVING DUG AROUND THE LARGE FUNGUS, THE WOMAN UNCOVERS AN UNUSUALLY SPRAWLING NETWORK OF MYCELIUM. SCIENTISTS ARE CALLED TO THE SPOT AND START CONDUCTING EXPERIMENTS. THE MUSHROOM, IT TURNS OUT, IS EQUIPPED WITH A DISTINCT CONSCIOUSNESS AND EMITS HITHERTO UNKNOWN MAGNETIC WAVES. IT SOON STARTS CONDUCTING ITS OWN EXPERIMENTS ON THE SCIENTISTS AND IN THE MUSHROOM-HUMAN DIALECTIC EMERGES PROOF OF THE TRUTH OF PANPSYCHISM.

– STOCKHOLM SURREALIST GROUP

**JULY 1 – 4 FESTIVAL OF NO BORDERS
BY RON SAKOLSKY**



JULY 1: DAY OF DESTRUCTION OF BORDERS

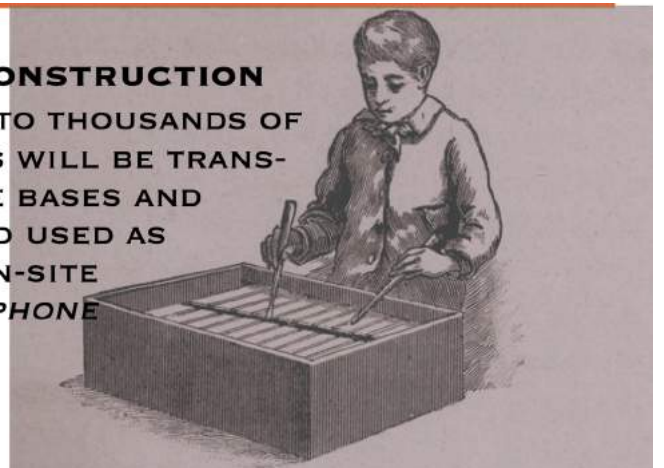
ALL BORDER CROSSING SIGNS AND GOVERNMENT FLAGS WILL BE UNCEREMONIOUSLY REMOVED IN INDIVIDUAL AND COLLECTIVE ACTS OF REFUSAL AND CELEBRATION.



POLITICAL POSTURES OF NAILS, EYELASHES AND HAIR. POSTURES POLITIQUES D'ONGLES, DE CILS ET DE CHEVEUX. BY ODY SABAN

JULY 2: DAY OF XYLOPHONE CONSTRUCTION

METAL SIGNS WILL BE TRANSFORMED INTO THOUSANDS OF CRUDE XLOPHONE KEYS. WOODEN SIGNS WILL BE TRANSFORMED INTO ROUGH-HEWN XYLOPHONE BASES AND MALLETS. FLAGS WILL BE SHREDDED AND USED AS STREAMERS TO DECORATE THE BASES. ON-SITE CREATION OF AN OUTERNATIONAL XYLOPHONE ARKESTRA. - RON SAKOLSKY



JULY 1 – 4 FESTIVAL OF NO BORDERS CONTINUED

JULY 3: DAY OF THE BONFIRES

LEFTOVER WOOD SIGNAGE AND FLAG SHREDS WILL BE SET AFLAME IN A GIANT BONFIRE AT WHICH THE NEWLY CONSTRUCTED XYLOPHONES WILL BE WILDLY PLAYED BY ALL AMIDST FIERCE AND UNINHIBITED DANCING AND LAVISH FEASTING ON SUMPTUOUS DELICACIES IN A BACCHANAL LASTING FROMSUNDOWN TO SUNUP.

PASSPORT BURNING CEREMONY

AT THE APPOINTED HOUR, PEOPLE WILL APPROACH THE FIRE TO THROW THEIR PASSPORTS INTO THE FLAMES FREEING THEMSELVES OF THE CHAINS OF CITIZENSHIP IN A BLAZE OF WILLFUL DISOBEDIENCE.

OPTIONAL: NATIONAL CURRENCIES, GOVERNMENT-ISSUED IDENTITY CARDS, DRAFT REGISTRATION CARDS, RENTAL LEASES, PRIVATE PROPERTY SIGNS, NO TRESPASSING SIGNS, BIRTH CERTIFICATES, AND MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES CAN BE ADDED TO THE CONFLAGRATION BY ANYONE AT ANY TIME.

JULY 1ST.

**I PROPOSE JULY 1
AS
DAY OF THE
OCTOPUS!**

**OCTOPUS
PICNIC & RALLY IN
MADISON, WI.**

**- PENELOPE
ROSEMONT**



JULY 4: DAY OF EROTIC REVELRY.

SCHEDULE:

MORNING: WATERING DOWN OF THE EMBERS OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S BONFIRE

AFTERNOON: SPREADING THE ASHES OUT TO DRY AND THEN DYING THEM IN A WIDE ASSORTMENT OF DELIGHTFUL COLORS.

EVENING

PHOENIX CELEBRATION: PARTICIPANTS COVER THEIR NAKED BODIES IN COLORED ASH AND ENGAGE IN PRIVATE AND PUBLIC FORMS OF CON-SENSUAL EROTIC PLAY WITH ALL INVOLVED MADLY TAKING FLIGHT IN A RISING SWIRL OF CONVERGING LIBIDINAL ENERGIES. - RON SAKOLSKY



LEFT: A YOUNG ALICE LIDDEL POSING AS A 'BEGGAR MAID' FOR THE CAMERA. RIGHT: ALICE LIDDEL AS AN ADOLESCENT.

JULY 4TH. ALICE IN WONDERLAND DAY - THE DATE OF LEWIS CARROLL'S FIRST TELLING OF 'ALICE IN WONDERLAND' TO ALICE LIDDEL AND HER SISTERS IN 1862.

4TH JULY, RUBE GOLDBERG DAY - (B.1883) A DAY FOR DESIGNING AND BUILDING FANTASTICALLY COMPLICATED MACHINERY FOR DOING SIMPLE, POINTLESS OR PURELY PLEASURABLE TASKS



23RD JULY, PHOTOGRAPH AND QUOTE – BRUNO JACOBS

'IN THE MORNING, IN A WEATHER VEILED AND SOFT; A DOOR THAT REACHES TO A KIND OF PERFECTION, SABLONS STREET 7. AND ALL OF A SUDDEN IT HALF OPENS AND CLOSES ON THIS YOUNG WOMAN WHO COULD BE THE FAMOUS PROMISE OF HAPPINESS.'

– PAUL NOUGÉ (IN GERMAN OCCUPIED BELGIUM)



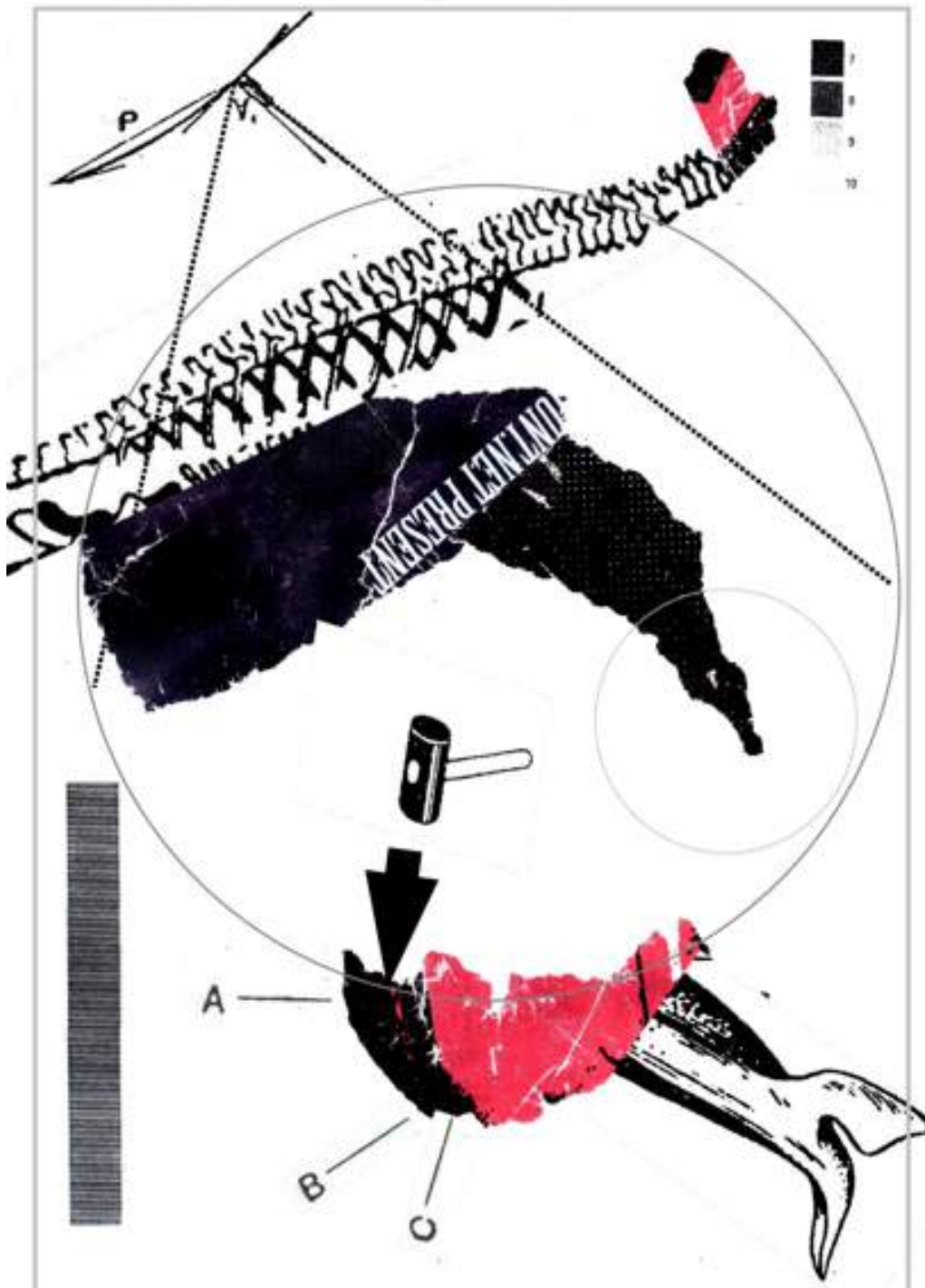
Photograph, Bruno Jacobs

A MAN (SIC) WILL BE IMPRISONED IN A ROOM WITH A DOOR THAT'S UNLOCKED AND OPENS INWARDS; AS LONG AS IT DOES NOT OCCUR TO HIM TO PULL RATHER THAN PUSH. - **LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN**

'THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AMBITION OF THE HUMAN IS... TO KNOW THE UNKNOWABLE. ART IS THE ONLY, CURRENT, ACCESS ROAD TOWARD THIS OTHER ENTICING WORLD.' - **SUZANNE CÉSAIRE (1941)**

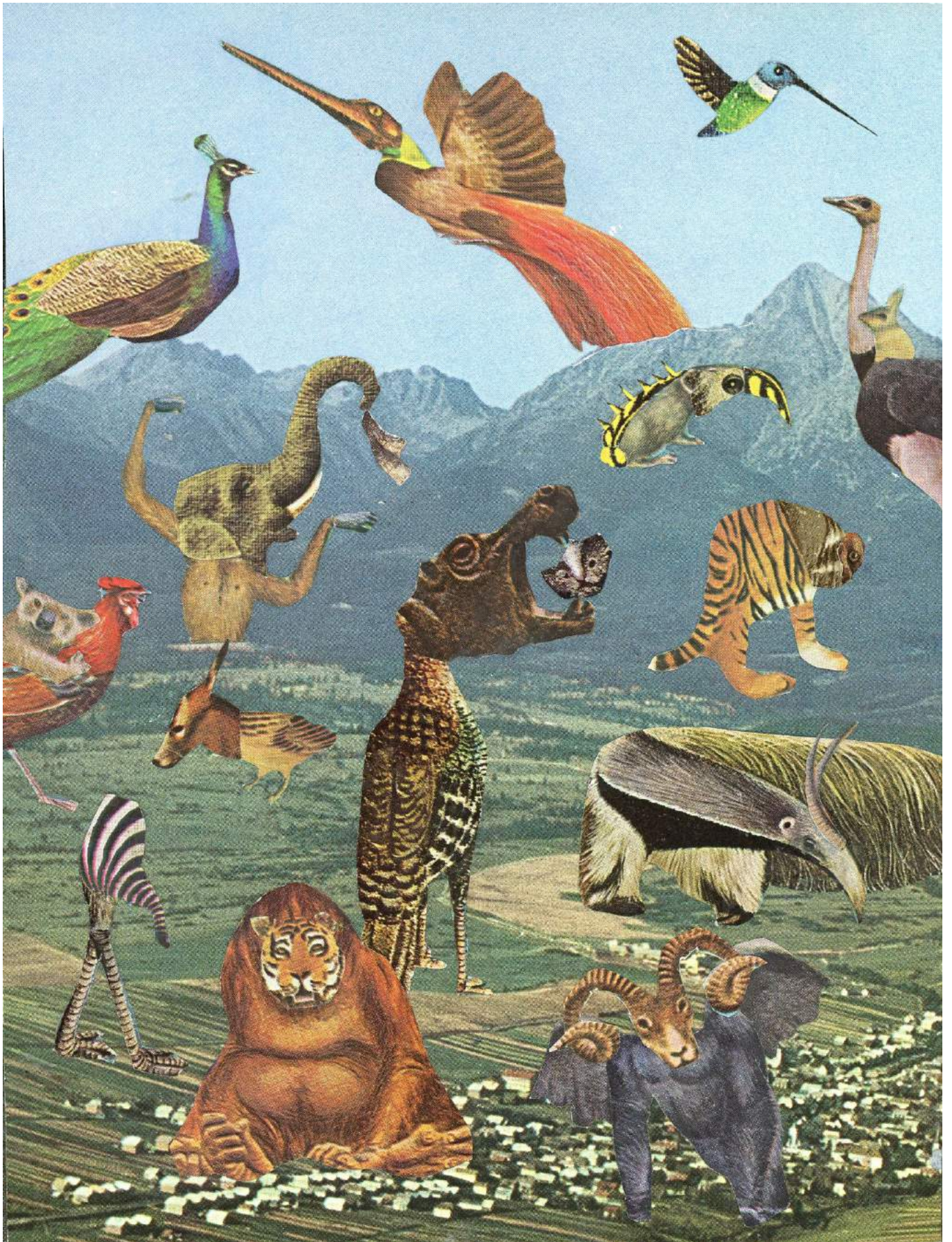
23RD OF JULY. THE SUN, MINIATURIZED TO ENTER A Lighthouse, FOLLOWS AN AUTOMATON UP A HELICAL STAIRCASE TO THE SKY AT DAWN AND DESCENDS A MIRRORING STAIRCASE AT DUSK. TO AVOID THE SUN'S RADIATION WE TAKE THE OPPOSITE STAIRS AT DUSK, BUT CROSS PATHS HARMLESSLY —ITS BRIGHT ORB CASTING NO HEAT INSIDE. WE ARE HERE TO DREAM IN COMMON.

- PAUL MCRANDLE

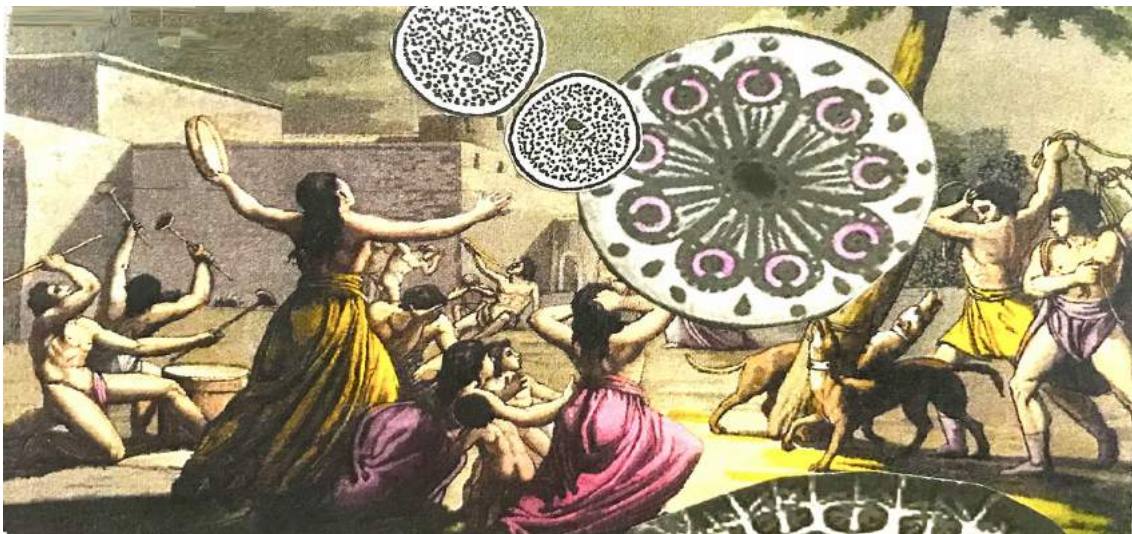


COLLAGE-MULTIMEDIA, BY T.W.

**JULY 27TH, 2020 - OUTBREAK OF REVOLUTIONARY
SURREAL-ANIMALS. TOTAL DERANGEMENT OF THE SPECIES.
- STEVEN CLINE**

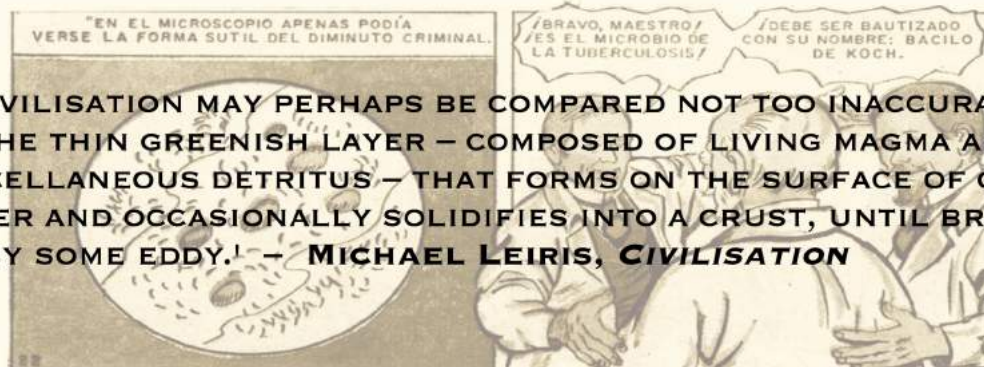


JULY 27 - BUGS BUNNY'S BIRTHDAY! THE WORLD'S GREATEST RABBIT DEBUTED IN HIS FIRST CARTOON SHORT "WILD HARE," DIRECTED BY TEX AVERY. JULY 27, 1940



WHEN THE NUCLOTIDE ENTERS THE SEVENTH HOUSE, TIM WHITE

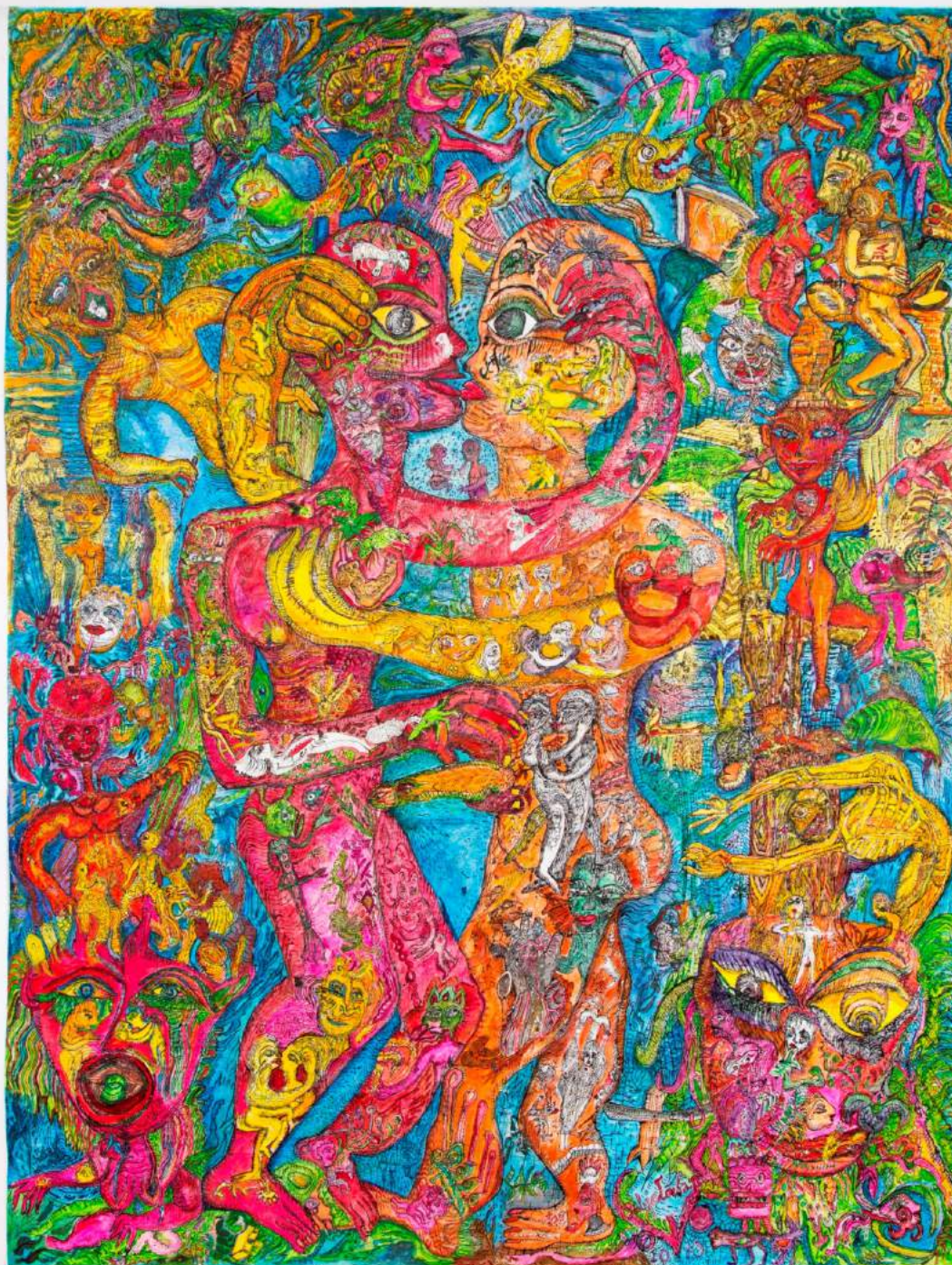
!...CIVILISATION MAY PERHAPS BE COMPARED NOT TOO INACCURATELY TO THE THIN GREENISH LAYER – COMPOSED OF LIVING MAGMA AND MISCELLANEOUS DETRITUS – THAT FORMS ON THE SURFACE OF CALM WATER AND OCCASIONALLY SOLIDIFIES INTO A CRUST, UNTIL BROKEN UP BY SOME EDDY.! – MICHAEL LEIRIS, CIVILISATION



AUGUST – A TIME FOR MAD LOVE, ANTEATERS ON MOTORBIKES, THE PYTHONESS, OBJECTIVE CHANCE, SILENCE, OBSCURE INVENTIONS, PROPEHCIES OF ICECREAM AND RUN AWAY MOONS

1ST AUGUST - POLYAMOROUS MAD LOVE DAY: TOWARDS A WORLD OF LOVERS NEGATING NATIONAL BOUNDARIES.

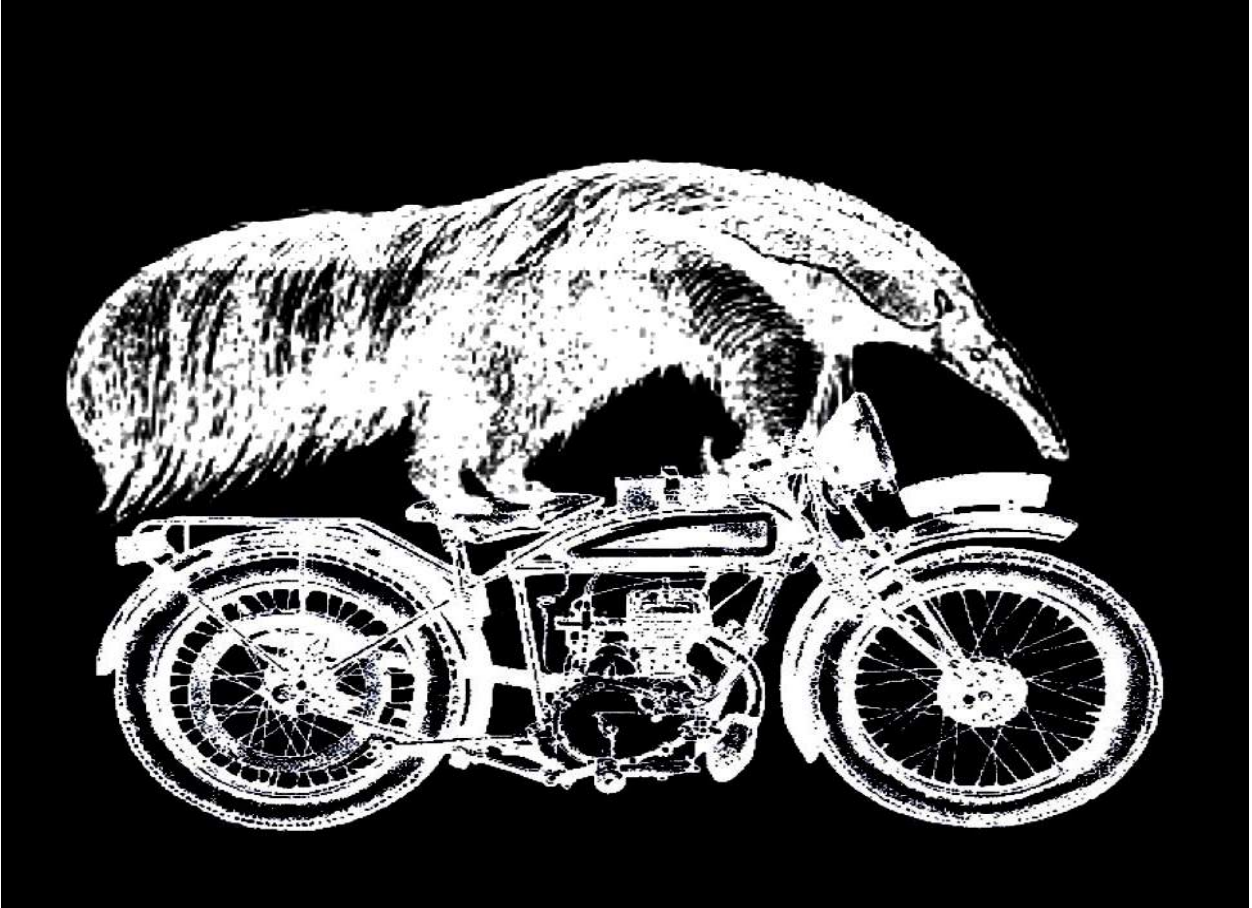
– CRAIG WILSON



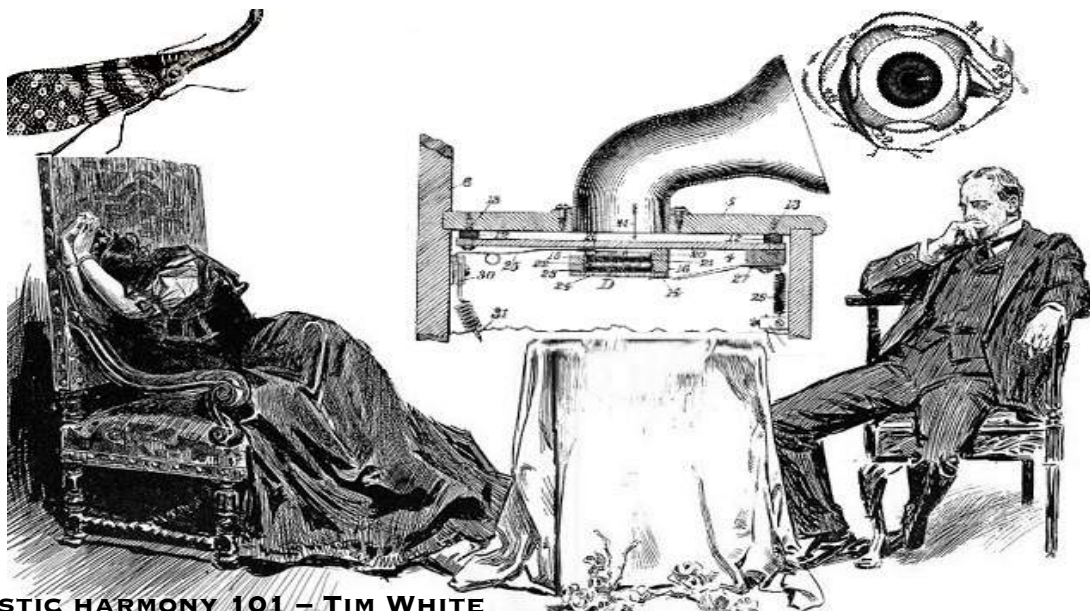
**CRAZY LOVE CAPTIVE AND DRUNK./ L'AMOUR FOU CAPTIF ET IVRE.
BY ODY SABAN**

**'MAY YOU BE LOVED TO THE POINT OF MADNESS'. - ANDRÉ BRETON,
L'AMOUR FOU/ MAD LOVE**

AUGUST 1 - DAY OF THE ANTEATER! ANTEATERS TO SURROUND DALLAS TX. ON MOTORCYCLES. WILL SEND MORE INFO SOON. - PENELOPE ROSEMONT



NIGHTTIME IS THE STILLNESS OF A COSTUME, THE SPINNING OF A WEB, POLISHING THE BLADE OF A KNIFE, SIGN-LANGUAGE OF ATTRACTION AND HESITATION. A BEEHIVE INVENTING VOWELS OUT OF HONEY. -THE IMAGE PRECEDEING THE WORD, J. KARL BOGARTTE



DOMESTIC HARMONY 101 - TIM WHITE

**2ND AUGUST - THE PYTHONESS OF PROPHECY
BY DOUG CAMPBELL**



“IN THE HEAT OF AUGUST, THE PYTHONESS OF PROPHECY WILL HATCH HER MYRIAD FUTURES. SEEMING UGLY AT FIRST, THEY ARE NOT AS UGLY AS THE PAST, AND THEY WILL BE BEAUTIFUL”

'AIR, IN ITS NATURAL STATE, CONSTANTLY SECRETES PEPPER WHICH MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD SNEEZE – BENJAMIN PÉRET

8TH AUGUST - OBJECTIVE CHANCE DANCE - CELEBRATING OBJECTIVE CHANCE USING FOUND OBJECTS, MUSIC AND SOUNDS, HALLUCINATORY MOVEMENT AND COLLECTIVE CHOREOGRAPHY HOME-MADE INSTRUMENTS, IMPROVISED COSTUMES.

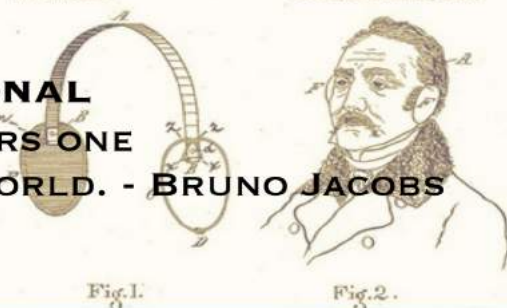


TORN STREET POSTER

13TH AUGUST - INTERNATIONAL SILENCE DAY. NOBODY UTTERS ONE SINGLE WORD IN THE WHOLE WORLD. - BRUNO JACOBS

No. 100,202.

Patented March 13, 1877.

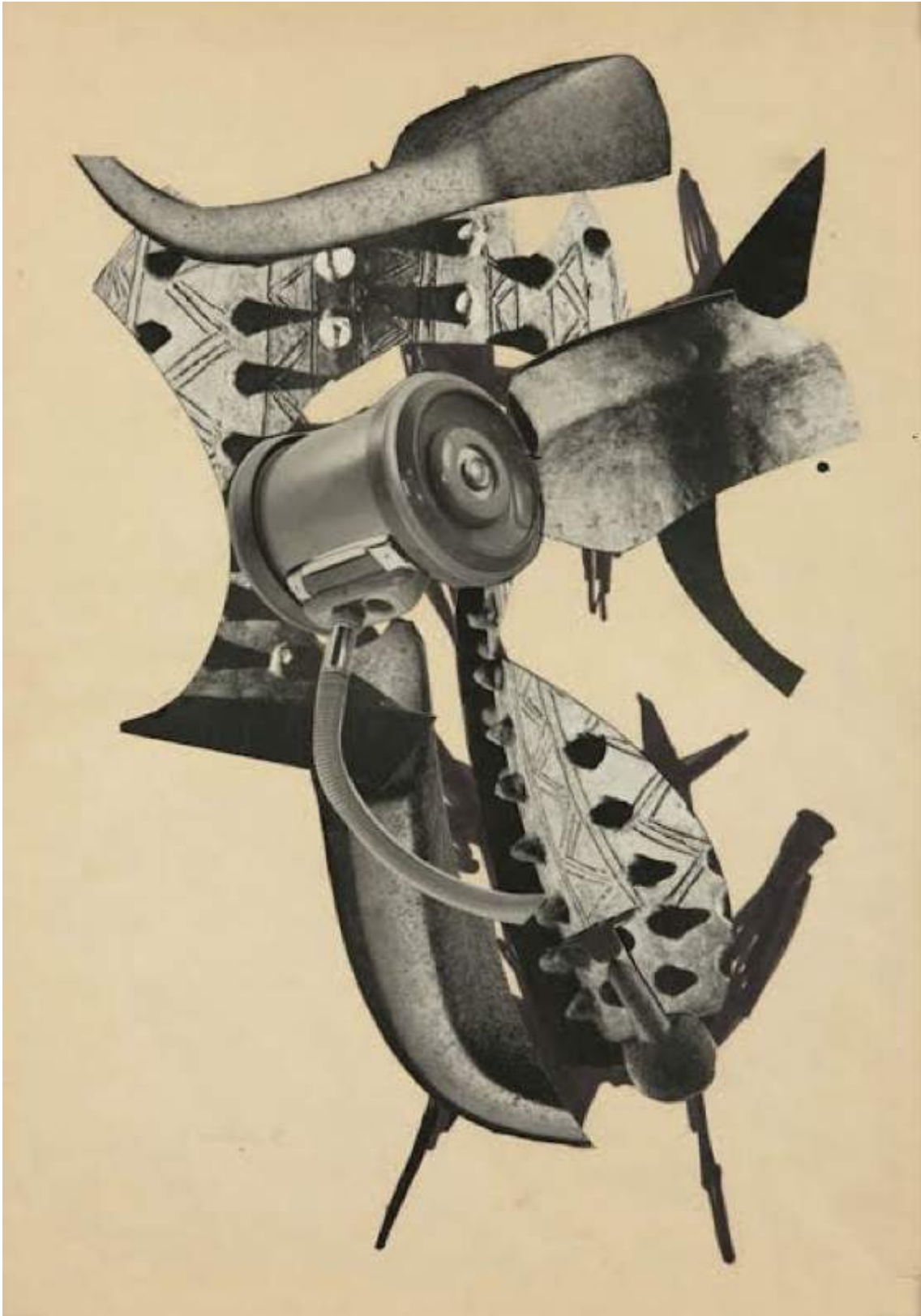


WHILE THE NIGHT IS SCATTERED THROUGH TREMULOUS AND ...
ABALONE FILLS WHAT RECEDES TO ENGAGE YOUR OWN LIGHT-YEARS
SPINNING BODILY-WHEELING PASSING THROUGH ... FABLING
CHECKPOINTS FOR THE WOMAN IN THE MOUNTAINS. THE ALMOST
NEVER ARRIVES, THE BLINDING FISSURES, THE SCAVENGING IMAGE
OUTLASTING ITS WINGS. THE STUMBLING PUMA THE PREY OF THE
SORCERESS WHEN WHAT PERSONA FALLS BY THE WAYSIDE, WHILE
THE TELLING INTERCEPTS, THE SCAFFOLDING ENHANCES THE DESERT
FLOWER. THE CORNEA ROLLING AROUND EACH PROMONTORY YOU
TEND TO SHAKE THE WHIRLING RATTLE-WIELDING CONTENTMENT.
- *THE IMAGE PRECEDEING THE WORD*, J. KARL BOGARTTE

'ALWAYS THE MONGOOSE AND NEVER THE TEN PIN BOWLING ALLEY.' - *IDIOMS FOR IDIOTS*

'BE OPEN MINDED BUT NOT SO OPEN MINDED YOUR BRAINS FALL OUT.' - **GROUCHO MARX**

15TH OF AUGUST, 1.51 PM BY CHRISTOPHER THURLOW



AUGUST 31ST - APPEARANCE OF A GOTHIC-NOIR SURREALIST CINEMA EVOKING THE SHADOW TRADITION IN CINEMA AND ART.



BY DOUG CAMPBELL

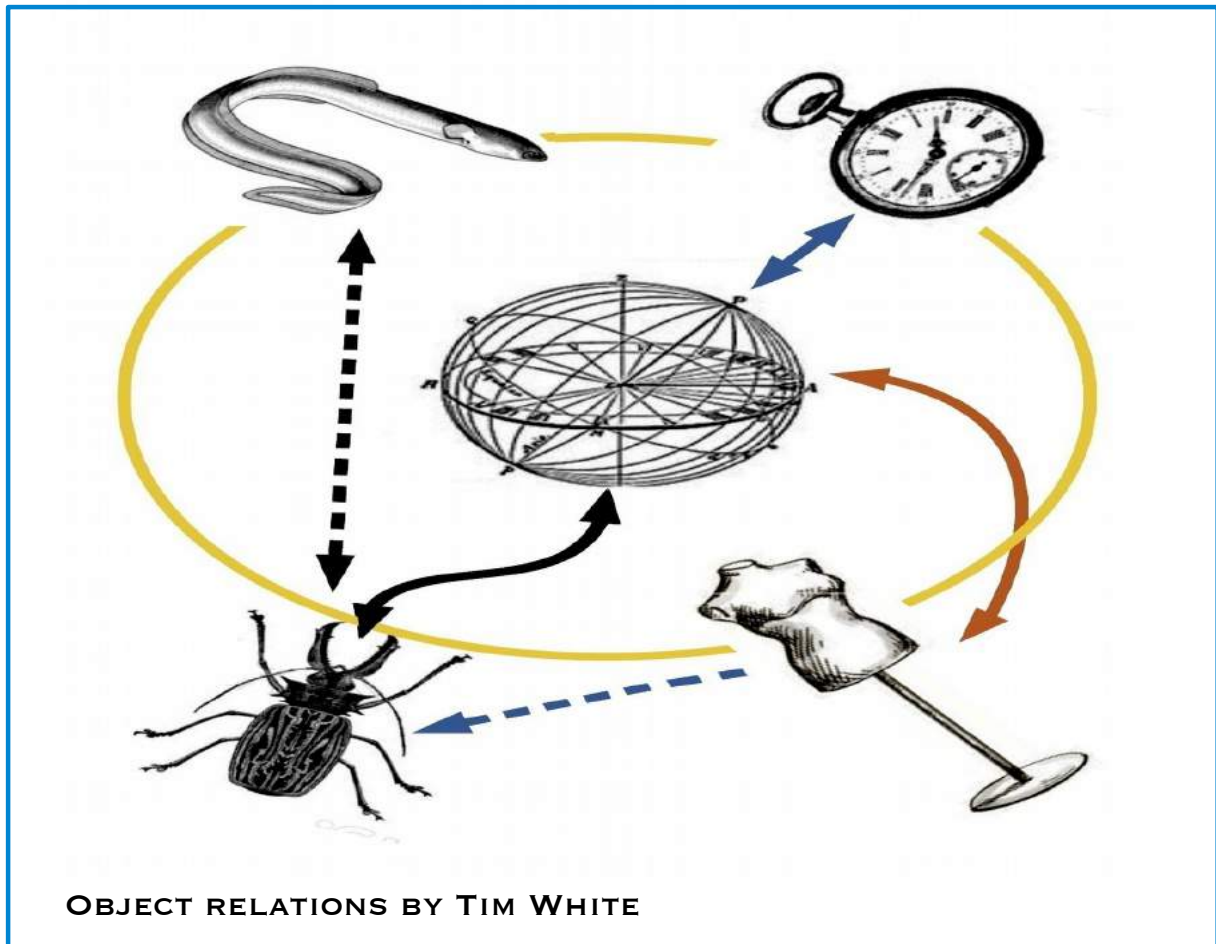
AUGUST 31, 2021 PROPHECY: *MOON ABSCONDS* - THE MOON WILL FAIL TO APPEAR. ASTRONOMERS DISCOVER IT HAS MOVED ON AND SETTLED INTO ORBIT AROUND VENUS WHERE THE VIEWS AND COMPANY ARE MORE GENIAL.

SEPTEMBER - A TIME FOR WANDERING, ANCIENT FIRE GODS, THE BARLEY HARVEST, DREAMS, WANDERINGS & INVESTIGATIONS, SHADOWS AND LEAVES, RHINOCEROSSES AND FELINES



Assembly of surreal women playing with Kous letters./Assemblée de femmes surréalistes jouant avec des lettres Kous. Ody Saban

**1ST SEPTEMBER - DERIVE DAY: WANDER YOUR TOWN, CITY OR RURAL SURROUNDINGS AND DOCUMENT YOUR DISCOVERIES.
- CRAIG WILSON**

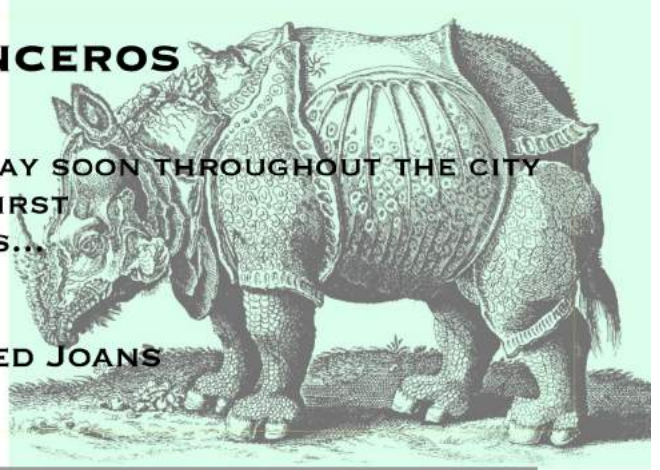


OBJECT RELATIONS BY TIM WHITE

**22ND OF SEPTEMBER - RHINCEROS
PROPHECY DAY.**

RHINOCEROSSES SHALL STAMPEDE SOMEDAY SOON THROUGHOUT THE CITY
ALL YOUR AUTOMOBILES WILL DIE OF THIRST
PEDESTRIANS WILL INHERIT THE STREETS...
THE WIND IS WHISPERING OUT LOUD
ASK ANY SUBVERSIVE COWRIE SHELL

— TED JOANS



22ND OF SEPTEMBER – AUTUMNAL EQUINOX, NORTHERN HEMISPHERE



YOUR REACH PASSES MINE – IRENE PLAZEWSKA

PROPHECY

SUNDAY 13TH OF SEPTEMBER. ON THAT DAY, THE MOON WILL FALL ON THE EARTH AND THE DINOSAURS WILL RISE UP FROM THEIR GRAVES. □ – TH.D.TYPALDOS

18TH SEPTEMBER. SANCULOTTIDE – THE SANCULOTTIDE OR THE CELEBRATION OF THE REVOLUTION. NO FANCY PANTALOONS NEEDED FOR THESE STREET-FIGHTING LIBERATORS. LET THEM RELAX AND TURN THEIR MINDS FROM THE JEUNESSE DORÉE AND OTHER CONTINGENTS OF THE 1%. PERHAPS TOMORROW WHEN THEY WAKE THE STREETS WILL BE RED WITH VIRTUE AND POPPY PETALS. BUT ALWAYS THEY WILL BE CALLED TO TURN THE WHEEL.

– NICHOLAS ALEXANDER HAYES



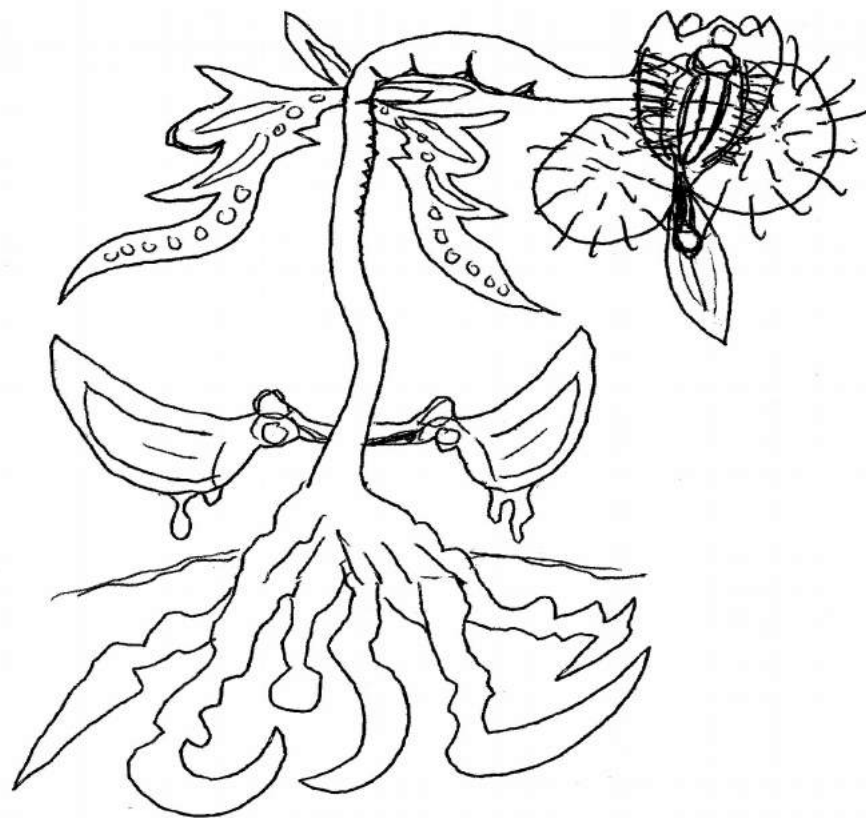
TORN STREET POSTER

20TH OF SEPTEMBER. A GRAVITATIONAL PULL CHANGES ALL SHADOWS TO EGG-SHAPED LEAVES.

– STOCKHOLM SURREALIST GROUP

OCTOBER – DAYS OF SURREALIST CROPS, CLAUDE CAHUN SHEDDING OF SKINS & GENDER TRANSFORMATION, OF MASKS, WAXING AND WANING MOON, GRAHAM CHAPMAN AND STRANGE WAYS OF WALKING

OCTOBER 1ST, 2020 - EXQUISITE CROPS: GAME FOR AN ALMANAC. ON OCTOBER 1ST, 2020, THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON, WE PREDICT THAT THE FOLLOWING SURREALIST CROPS WILL BE READY FOR HARVESTING. SEE BELOW FOR THEIR NAME, SOME COMMON HOUSEHOLD USAGES, AND A DETAILED BOTANICAL ILLUSTRATION, ALL DERIVED BY CHANCE AGRIMANTIC METHODS. - JASON ABDELHADI, SA'AD HASSAN AND PATRICK PROVONOST, THE OTTAWA SURREALIST GROUP

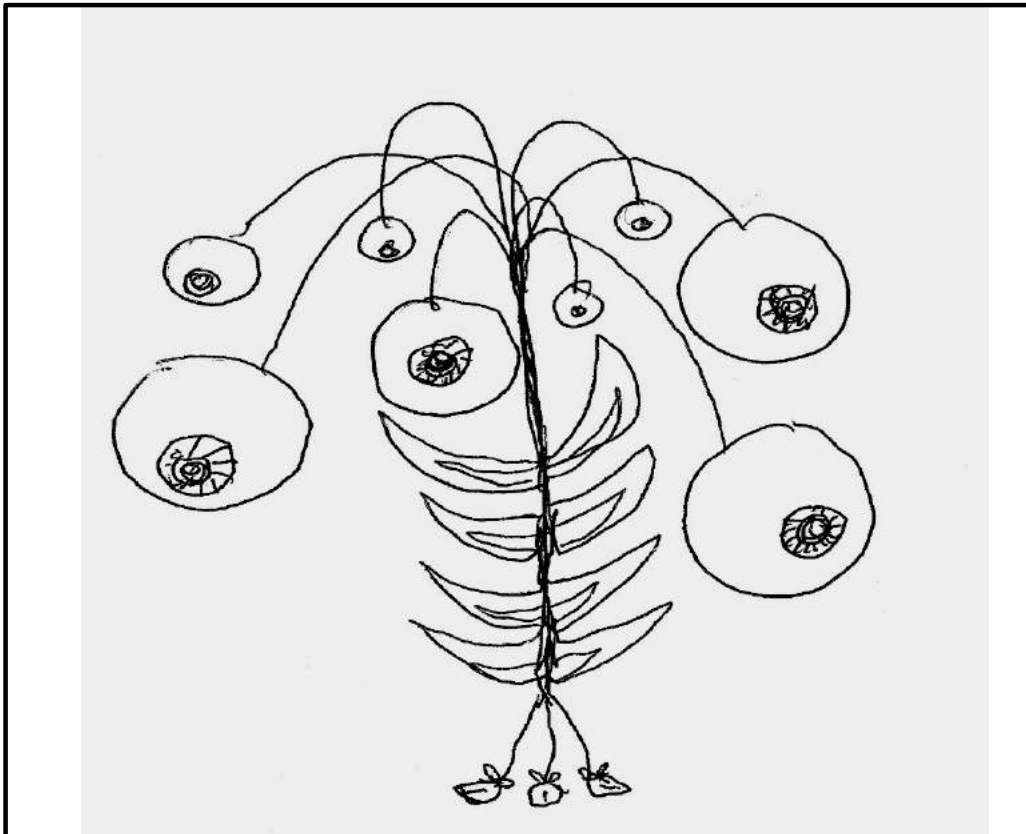


The Withering Bansheewheat - used in shepherd's pie to add piquancy or placed in a backpack so that your homework will do itself.

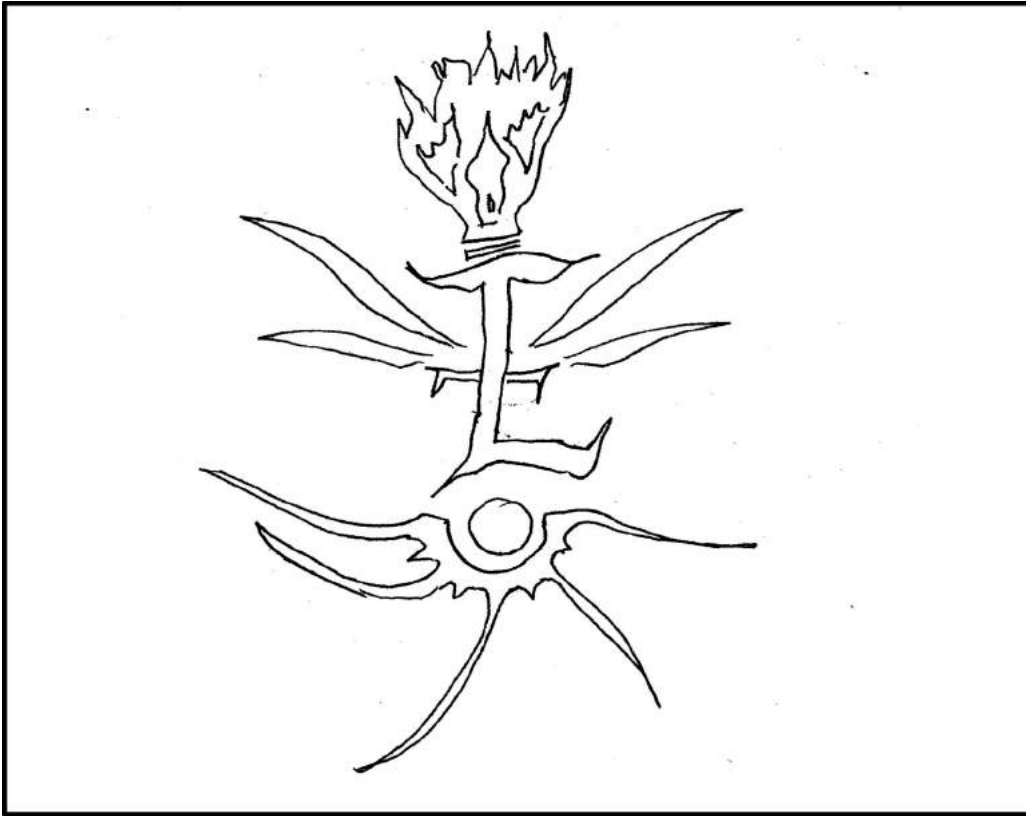
OCTOBER



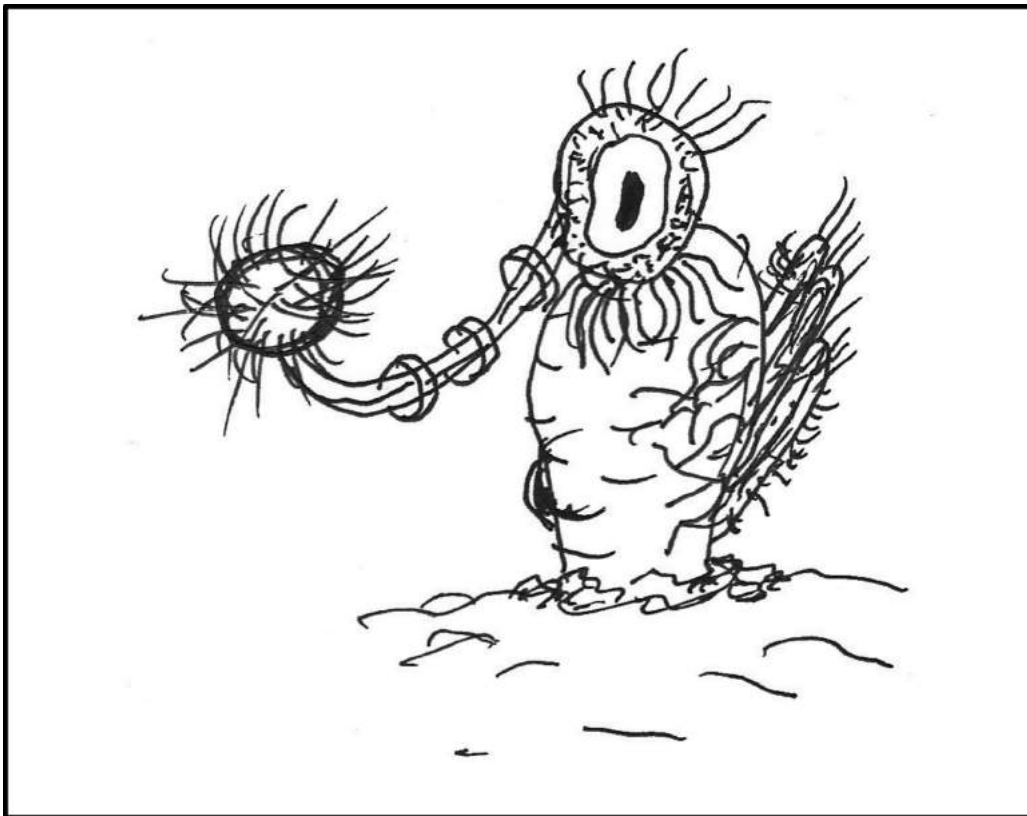
Toe Corn - Good for healing people with acute proficiency
Of self-pleasure through breathing.



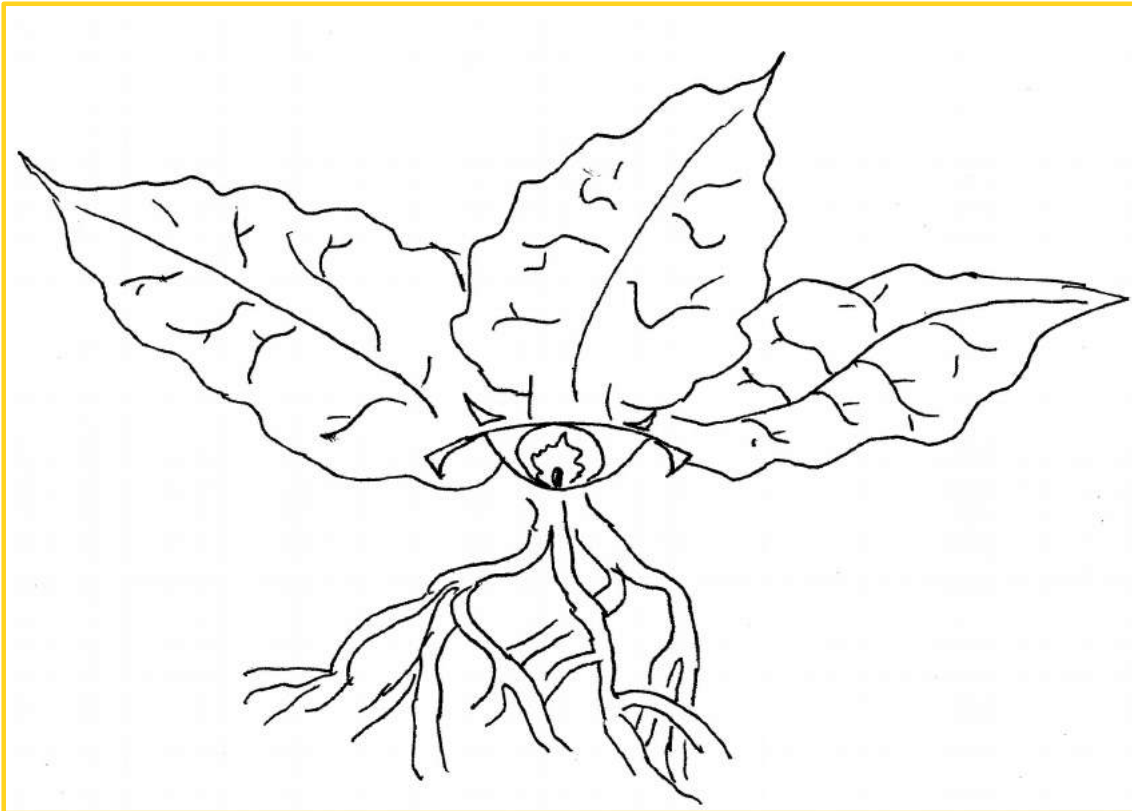
Chimichanga Stinkers - Superstition says this can make a cat
grow feathers if you rub it on its eyes on the eve of St. Agnes.



Fiddler's Crawbane - Intoxication, euphoria and all combined physiological and psychological effects with no hangover if taken daily.



Luborius Birchbitchwood - Can be left above your garage to signal support for the use of guillotines or made into a tea that induces compulsive masturbation.



Supersulfurious Magenta Leaf - used to make musical instruments played exclusively with one's ears.

3RD OF OCTOBER SHED-YOUR-SKIN DAY

THROW OFF YOUR OLD WORN-OUT IDENTITY AND
BECOME SOMETHING ELSE

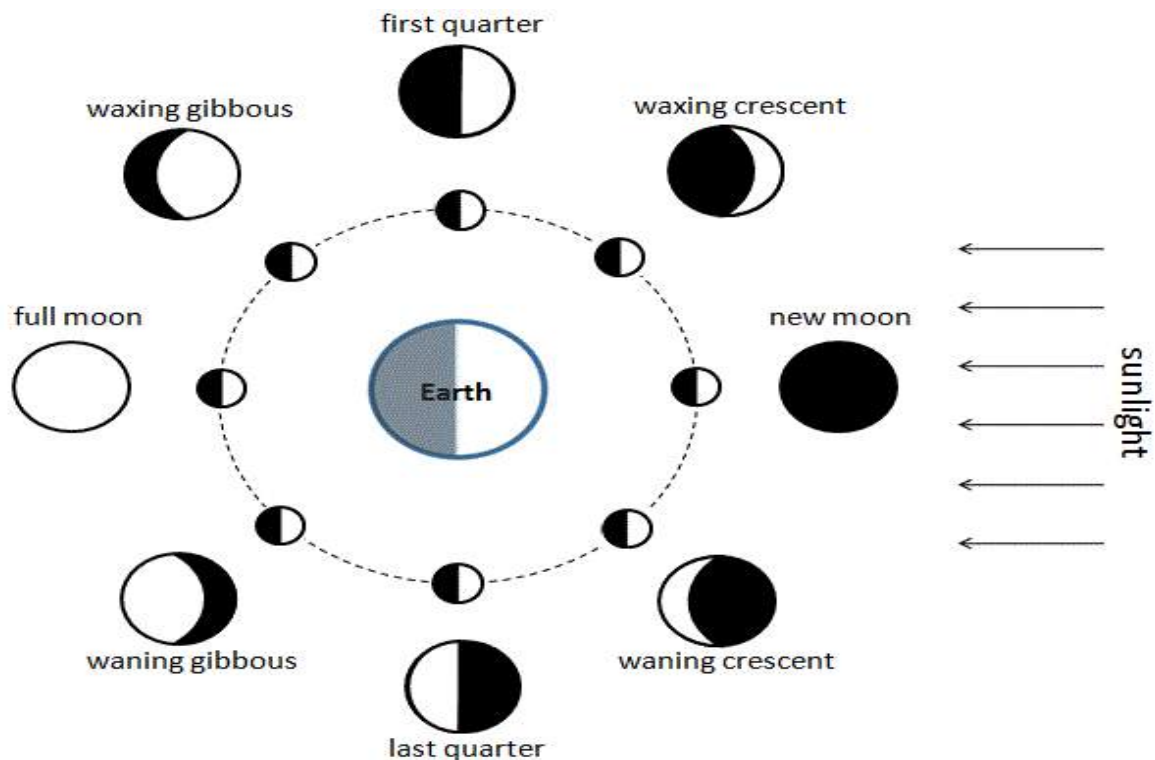


4TH OCTOBER, THE ANNIVERSARY OF GRAHAM CHAPMAN'S DEATH (OF MONTY PYTHON FAMES)- EVERYONE ALL OVER THE UK SHOULD GO ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS IN 'SILLY WALK' MODE WHETHER THAT BE ON TRAINS, CROSSING THE ROAD, ON THE WAY TO WORK, AND IN SCHOOL, ETC. - JEAN BONNIN



10TH – 23RD OCTOBER – WAXING AND WANING OF THE HALF MOON. THIS IS AN EXCITING AND UNUSUAL QUESTION*, BUT IT HAS TO BE THE 'HALF MOON ON THE 10]TH OCT AND THE HALF MOON ON 23RD OCT AND THE WAXING AND WAINING OF THE NEW MOON BETWEEN THESE DATES, THAT SIGNIFIES TO ME THE START OF NEW HOPE. THAT WAS A BEAUTIFUL QUESTION! – SARER SCOTTHORNE

**IN RESPONSE TO THE QUESTION WHAT DATES, TIMES, SEASONS OR CELEBRATIONS ARE IMPORTANT TO YOU?*



'...I KNOW OF A PLACE IN BETWEEN BETWEEN, BEHIND BEHIND, IN FRONT OF FRONT, BELOW BELOW, ABOVE ABOVE, INSIDE INSIDER, OUTSIDE OUTSIDE, CLOSE TO CLOSE, FAR FROM FAR, MUCH FARTHER THAN FAR, MUCH CLOSER THAN CLOSE, ANOTHER SIDE OF AN OTHER SIDE... IT LIES OUT ON THE FAR SIDE OF MUSIC...THAT DARKLING PLANE OF LIGHT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TIME, AND IT GOES ON GOING ON BEYOND BEYOND... IT BEGINS AT THE BITTER ENDS.'

– **BOB KAUFMAN FROM ALL HALLOWS, JACK O'LANTERN WEATHER, NORTH OF TIME**

22ND OCTOBER. THE FASCIST HEALTH ORGANIZATION ANNOUNCES THE DISCOVERY OF LARGE NUMBERS OF PEOPLE INFECTED WITH THE NEW VIRUS *STALINONA*. THE FHO ISSUES THE FOLLOWING DESCRIPTION OF SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE:

*** INFLAMMATION OF THE NATION'S GENITALS: PENISES AND CLITORISES DRY UP**

*** SEVERE BUREAUCRATIC DIARRHEA**

*** ULCERATING STATE CAPITALISM EMERGES**

*** ENVIRONMENTAL EXPLOSION OF SEX ORGANS**

– MOHSEN ELBLASY

THE FASCIST HEALTH ORGANIZATION ADVISES INHABITANTS OF THE PLANET MAZOUCH TO VIEW THIS COLLAGE IN ORDER TO PREVENT THE SPREAD OF THE VIRUS



COLLAGE BY MOHSEN ELBLASY

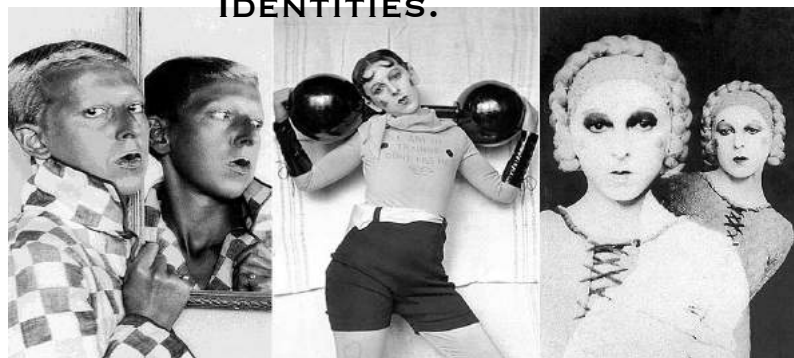


WHAT I SEE WHEN YOU SAY EARTH (MEMENTO MORI SCULPTURE)
– IRENE PLAZEWSKA

24TH OCTOBER - WALK AROUND BACKWARDS DAY:
PRACTICE WALKING AROUND BACKWARDS TO SNAP YOUR MIND
OUT OF HABITUAL PATTERNS. DON'T HURT YOURSELF.

– CRAIG WILSON

25TH OCTOBER - CLAUDE CAHUN DAY. COMMEMORATING
THE BIRTHDAY OF CLAUDE CAHUN (25TH OCTOBER
–1894 -8TH DECEMBER 1954) PAINTER, WRITER, SCULPTOR,
PHOTOGRAPHER, EXPLORER OF GENDER AND SEXUAL
IDENTITIES.



SELF-PORTRAYS BY CLAUDE CAHUN

**NOVEMBER – SEASON OF DREAMS, NIGHTMARES,
HALLUCINATIONS, DEATH & FERTILITY**



**DREAM SUBLIMATED AND FESTIVALS OF TERRACES AND
WORKBENCHES/RÊVE SUBLIMÉ ET FÊTES DES TERRASSES ET DES
ÉTABLIS BY ODY SABAN**

**1ST AND 2ND NOVEMBER – FÊTE GEDE, OR, FESTIVAL
OF THE DEAD, HAITI. A CELEBRATION IN HONOUR OF GEDE, LOA
OF DEATH AND FERTILITY. AS WELL AS DEAD RELATIVES AND
ANCESTORS. THE CELEBRATION IS MARKED BY RITUALS,
SACRIFICES AND POSSESSION BY THE LOA.**

**4TH NOVEMBER - GIFT DAY: GIVE SOMETHING AWAY, MAKE A
FREE BOX IN YOUR YARD OR ON A NEARBY STREET CORNER. –
CRAIG WILSON**

**NOVEMBER 2020. APOGEE OF THE MOON - A PARALLEL
PREDICTION FOR NOVEMBER 2020 BY MARIA BROTHERS
(Maḡia A.)**

*"Hear your fate, O dwellers of the blinking Moon that bows before the
depths
Beware!
A palm hums crushing against the waves
**

*The sky proceeds above its intellectual syndrome
Resisting against a cyclopean decade
for the vastness phases the temporary manifesto that shall vex thy
shore
The mysterious outcome collects a gradual symbol before its collapse
This sick infrastructure stirs past the empirical wind...
**

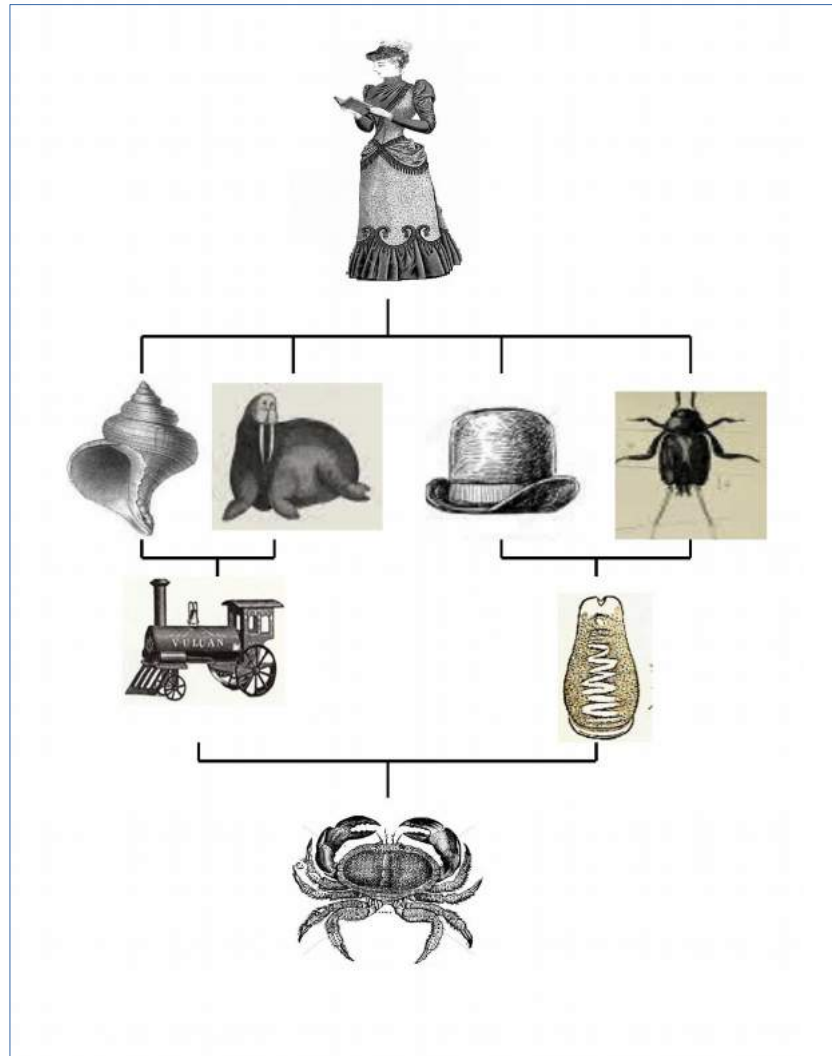
*(How can one's grace shine within a documented motif?)
**

*A keyword objects as the emerging curtain refrains against the word
And the Moon, oh, the Moon orders the whirlpool to fiddle with the
black unknown
for the whirlpool is now dry that had far more to reveal."*



APOGEE OF THE MOON. BY MARIA BROTHERS (Maḡia A.)

10TH NOVEMBER. THE FEAST OF REASON – THE FEAST OF REASON MARKS THE MOMENT WHEN WE CAN SEE PAST THEIST TERROR TO ATHEIST COMFORT. THIS SHOULD BE A MOMENT OF REST AND EQUILIBRIUM. OF COURSE, THEISTS HAVE BEEN GIFTED WITH THE ABILITY TO TERRORIZE WITHOUT VIRTUE. THEY WILL PELT THE WINDOWS OF THE FAITHFUL FAITHLESS WITH PEBBLES UNTIL DAWN. POUR A LIBATION FOR PALLAS AND OFFER THE CORVID A MORSEL OF CARRION WHILE YOU WAIT OUT THE NIGHT.
– NICHOLAS ALEXANDER HAYES



FLOW CHART BY TIM WHITE

11TH OF NOVEMBER. A MAGNIFICENT BOILERSUIT FOR THE DEMENTED IS CREATED. IT IS FIRM AND GIVES FULL STABILITY TO MUSCLES AND SKELETON, YET IT IS VERY COMFORTABLE. THE SUIT HAS SENSORS THAT REACT IMMEDIATELY WHEN THE DEMENT PERSON IS ABOUT TO FALL, CREATING A PRESSURE THAT HELPS THE PERSON TO REGAIN HIS OR HER BALANCE. THE BOILERSUIT IS EASY TO WASH AND COMES IN A NUMBER OF COLOURS AND PATTERNS (THE USER CAN CHOSE HIS OR HER FAVOURITE PATTERN).

– STOCKHOLM SURREALIST GROUP

13TH NOVEMBER AT OR AROUND LUNCHTIME.

THE APPROXIMATE ANNIVERSARY OF MY BIRTH WILL BE MARKED THIS YEAR BY STARING INTO YOUR OWN OR NEAREST ACCESSIBLE CHIMNEY .THE FEELING WILL BE MORE HONEST IF IT IS BLOCKED AND THE FLUE LEADS TO A WALLED UP FIREPLACE, AS WE KNOW A FEW BREATHS DOWN THE SOOTY APERTURE COULD IGNITE ANY LEFT OVER VESTIGES OF THE LAST CENTURY. I AM IGNITED LIKE THIS EVERY YEAR ON THIS DATE. – STEPHEN KIRIN



***NOTE - LOTS OF CHIMNEY POTS FOR STARING INTO**

18TH OF SEPTEMBER. EACH CONTINENT IS SPLIT BY A BEAR-RIVER. – STOCKHOLM SURREALIST GROUP

**DECEMBER – SEASON OF REMEDIOS VARO,
INVISIBLE FORCES. ELECTRIC BUTTERFLIES, FEAST
OF FOOLS, CLOSINGS/ENDINGS & NEW BEGINNINGS**



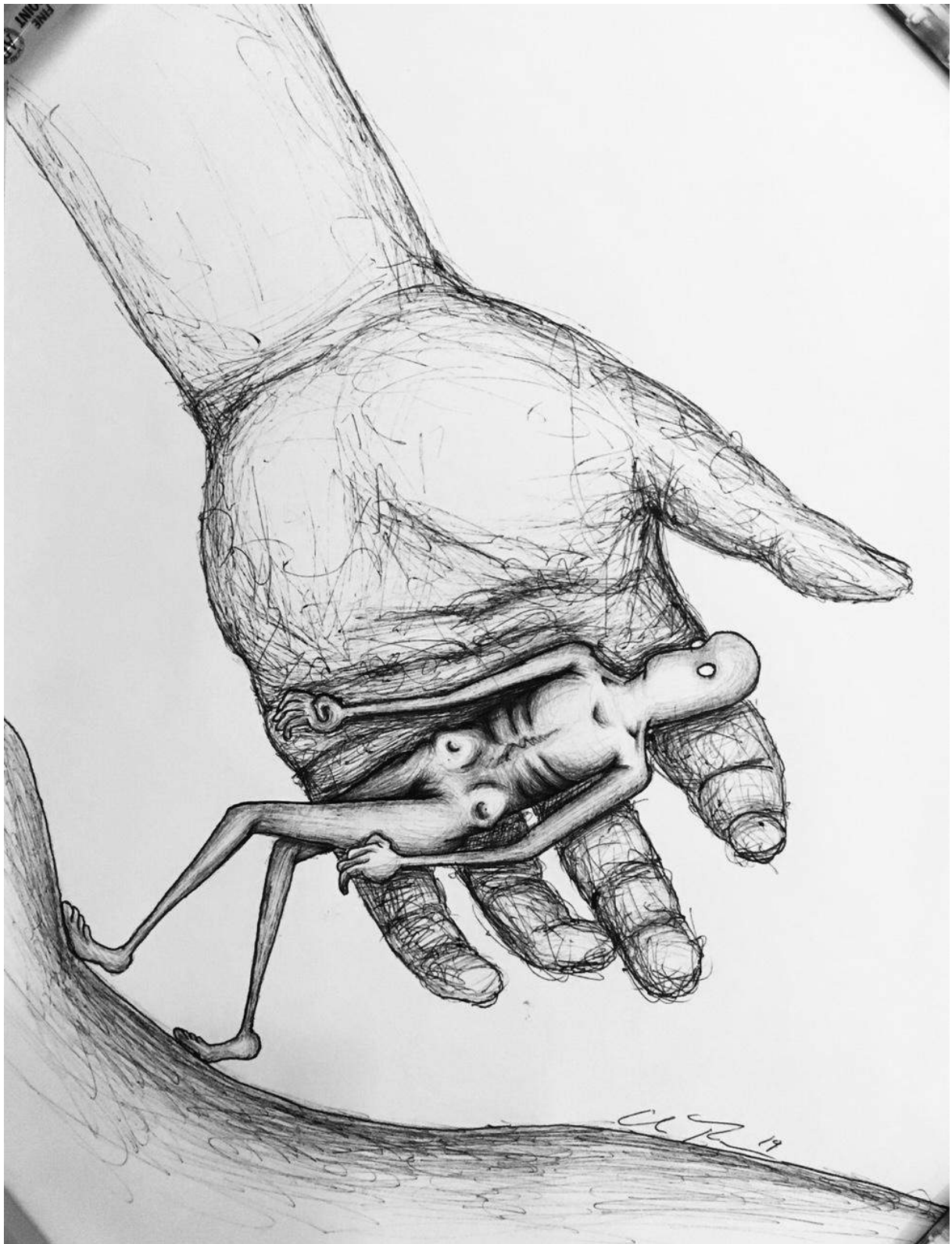
**SOME SWEET LOVE HANDLES. / QUELQUES DOUCES POIGNÉES
D'AMOUREUX. BY ODY SABAN**

'...THOSE WHO OPEN THEMSELVES UP, ENRAPTURED, TO THE ESSENCE OF ALL THINGS, IGNORANT OF SURFACES...ENRAPTURED BY THE MOVEMENT OF ALL THINGS INDIFFERENT TO SUBDUING THE WORLD BUT PLAYING THE GAME OF THE WORLD - AIMÉ CÉSAIRE



ICE STREAM ROCKS - JOHN WELSON

**11TH OF DECEMBER, CHRISTOPHER THURLOW
AKA PHILIP STRANGER**



**PROPHECY: 'THIS MORNING LITTLE ORANGE-COLOURED FISH WILL
CIRCULATE THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE'. - BENJAMIN PERET**

16TH DECEMBER, REMEMBERING REMEDIOS

VARO – CELEBRATED WITH INTIMATE GATHERINGS IN DARK MYSTERIOUS AND MAGICAL FORESTS INVOLVING VARIOUS HERMETIC OPERATIONS, RITES, INVOCATIONS AND FEASTING. DEDICATED TO THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE GREAT SPANISH-MEXICAN ARTIST.

BY INVITATION ONLY.



'I DO NOT WISH TO TALK ABOUT MYSELF BECAUSE I HOLD VERY DEEPLY THAT WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THE WORK, NOT THE PERSON.' - REMEDIOS VARO



CREATION OF THE BIRDS. BY REMEDIOS VARO

WITH THE INVISIBLE VIOLENCE OF WIND SCATTERING CLOUDS, BUT WITH GREATER DELICACY, AS IF SHE PAINTED WITH HER EYES RATHER THAN HER HANDS, REMEDIOS SWEEPS THE CANVAS CLEAN AND HEAPS UP CLARITIES ON ITS TRANSPARENT SURFACES. - OCTAVIO PAZ

21ST OF DECEMBER – SOLSTICE / SHORTEST DAY (NORTHERN HEMISPHERE), LONGEST DAY (SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE). WINTER FESTIVALS AND PAGAN TRADITIONS; SUMMER HOLIDAYS, ESCAPE FROM WORK, GIFT GIVING, CULTURAL CELEBRATIONS, LAZINESS ETC.

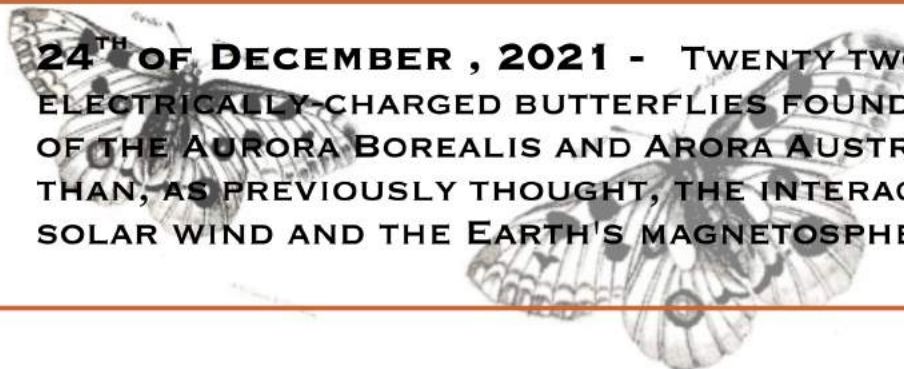


CLOSED, BY MICHAEL VANDELAAR

21ST OF DECEMBER – 'GREAT CONJUNCTION' AS SATURN AND JUPITER ALIGN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 700 YEARS.

LAST OCCURRENCE IN 1623 AND OBSERVED BY GALILEO GALILEE. IN ASTROLOGICAL TERMS THE SEEMING ALIGNMENT OF THESE TWO GIANTS WIELDS ENORMOUS INFLUENCE USHERING IN 'RADICAL CHANGE' AND THE POSSIBILITY OF CREATING NEW SOCIAL VALUES AND BUILDING NEW POLITICAL SYSTEMS.

24TH OF DECEMBER , 2021 - TWENTY TWO SPECIES OF ELECTRICALLY-CHARGED BUTTERFLIES FOUND TO BE THE CAUSE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS AND ARORA AUSTRALIS RATHER THAN, AS PREVIOUSLY THOUGHT, THE INTERACTION OF THE SOLAR WIND AND THE EARTH'S MAGNETOSPHERE.



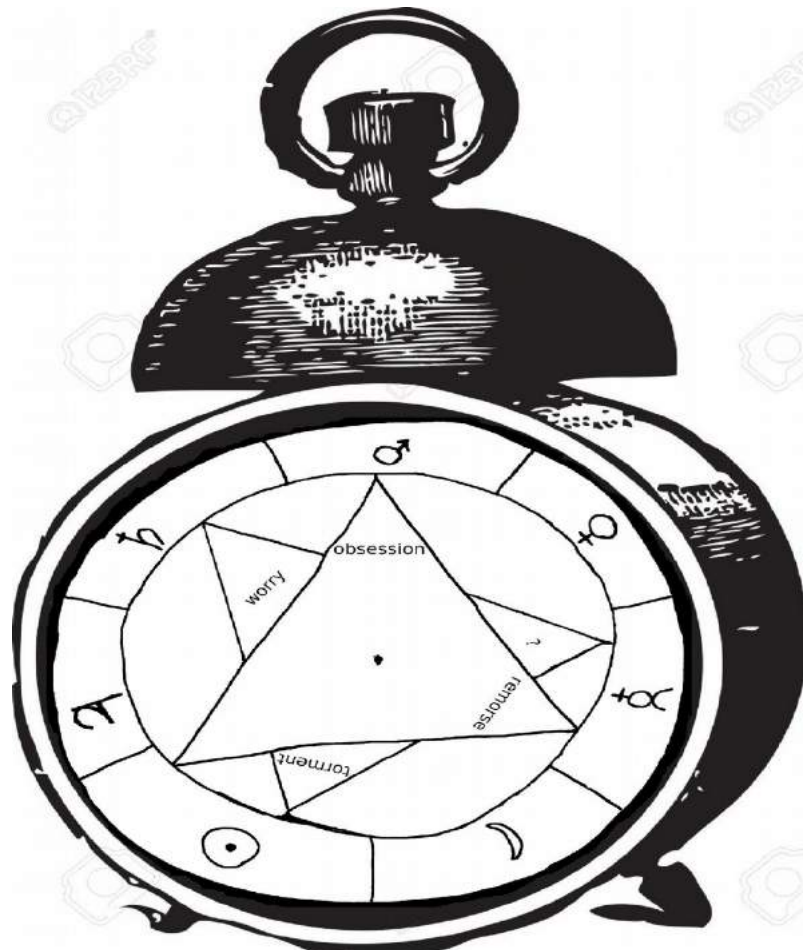
25TH DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS WAS NOT LIKE OTHER HOLIDAYS. IT DID NOT WANT TO ROAM THE STREETS. TO DANCE ON PUBLIC SQUARES, TO RIDE WOODEN HORSES, TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CROWD TO PINCH WOMEN, TO THROW FIREWORKS IN THE FACE OF TAMARISKS. IT HAD AGOROPHOBIA DID CHRISTMAS. WHAT IT NEEDED WAS A WHOLE DAY OF FUSSING, OF COOKING, OF SCURBBING, OF WORRYING FOR-FEAR-IT-WOULD-NOT-BE-ENOUGH, FOR-FEAR-IT-WOULD-RUN-SHORT, FOR-FEAR-IT-WOULD BE BORING

- AIMÉ CÉSAIRE, FROM NOTEBOOK OF A RETURN TO MY NATIVE LAND

THE NIGHTS OF DECEMBER 26, 27 OR 28 - THE THREE DAYS OF THE MEDIEVAL FEAST OF THE FOOLS

- DAVID NADEAU



"CASSEZ L'ARCHÉOMÈTRE DES MALHEURS/"BREAK THE ARCHEOMETER OF WOES".BY DAVID NADEAU

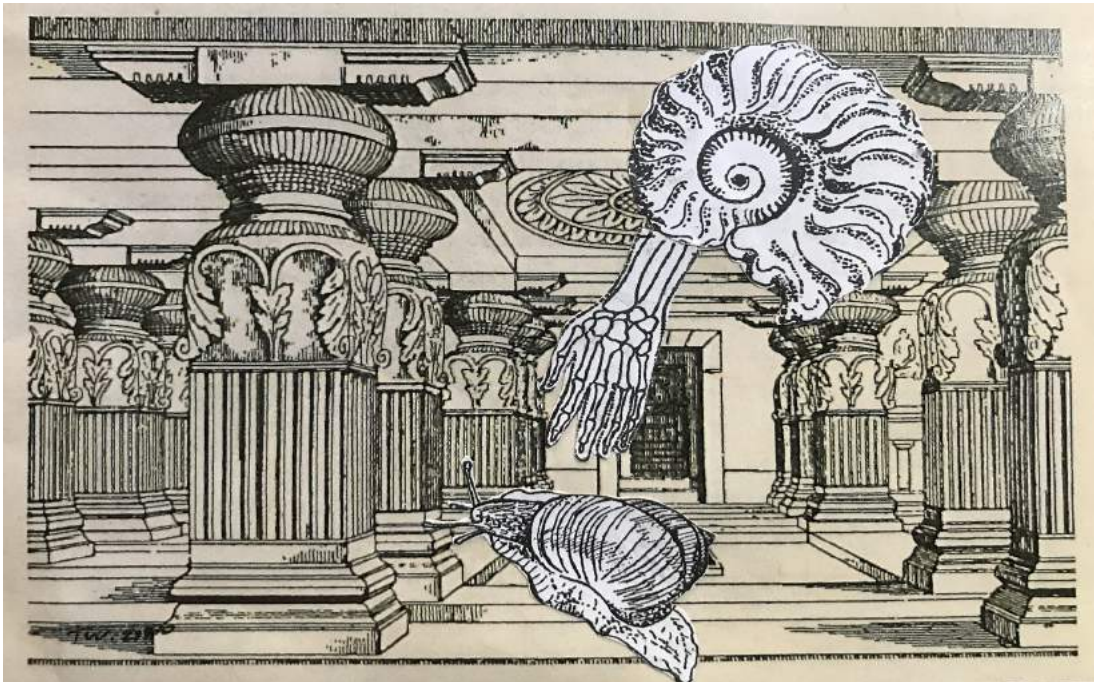
DECEMBER 27TH – 30TH. WHILE TRYING TO DECIDE ON WHETHER TO KICK OR KEEP A HABIT, YOU REALISE THERE ARE THINGS OF GREATER IMPORTANCE AS YOU BECOME AWARE OF WHISTLERS IN THE CANOPY.

- IKA ÖSTERBLAD

**31ST DECEMBER – 1ST JANUARY – NEW YEAR'S
EVE THROUGH TO NEW YEARS DAY**

PROPHECY

NEW YEARS DAY 2021. THE GLOBAL PETRO-MILITARY COMPLEX EATS ITSELF ALIVE WHILE SHITTING RED-HOT BUTTONS OF COAL DUST AND NASAL HAIR. CEO'S, BOARD MEMBERS, EXECUTIVES OF THE OIL CONGLOMERATE ANFD THEIR POLITICAL FACTOTUMS ARE MADE TO DRESS AS MURDEROUS CLOWNS AND DANCE ATOP ACTIVE VOLCANOES WHILE JUGGLING LIVE GRENADES.



WHAT NOW? BY TIM WHITE

'LIBERTY MY ONLY PIRATE WATER OF NEW YEAR MY ONLY THIRST
LOVE MY ONLY SAMPAN BOAT
WE SHALL SLIP OUR FINGERS OF LAUGHTER AND CALABASH
BETWEEN THE ICY TEETH OF THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOODS'.
– SUZANNE CÉSAIRE

CERTAIN DENIZENS REAPPEAR IN OTHER CONDITIONS, PINPOINTING ALTERNATE STAGES OF TRANSPARENCY. TO FORM INTERRUPTIONS OF CONTINUOUS METAMORPHOSIS, FROM ONE INTO ANOTHER INTO UTTERING OTHERS, EXPLOITING THE SENSATION OF TIME MOVING THROUGH ... BECOMING OUTWARD OBJECTS OF ACCLIMATIZATION. PASSAGE TENDS TO ECLIPSE, FOR PUNISHMENT OF THE WRONG MOST BEAUTIFUL THE ONE WHO TREMBLES FOR ONE OF ALL THE OTHERS WHO ... VASE-LIKE AND NO LONGER BLIND ... EVER SO SLOWLY ROTATING DAMASK OF THE INVISIBLE ONES, FILLING IN THE BLANKS.

- J. KARL BOGARTTE, FROM THE IMAGE PROCEEDING THE
WORD

NEW YEAR. THE DEER OF QUMRAN – THEONI TAMBAKI



**THE DEER OF QUMRAN
HERALDS THE COMING OF A
NEW ERA FOR HUMANITY. IT IS
THE ERA OF NO NEED FOR
IDENTIFICATIONS. THE DEER OF
QUMRAN SYMBOLISES THE EONS
LONG EFFORT OF ANIMALS TO
TEACH US THIS NEW WAY OF BEING.
WE ARE STARTING TO PRACTICE IT
AS OF THE YEAR 2020.**

– THEONI TAMBAKI

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