INCIDENTALLY PHILIP LAMANTIA:

A STUDY OF THE POETICS OF SURREALISM

by

Stephen C. Bett

B.A., University of Toronto, 1974

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF

THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF

MASTER OF ARTS

in the Department

of
English

SIMON FRASER UNIVERSITY

October 1976

APPROVAL

Name: Stephen C. Bett

Degree: Master of Arts (English)

Title of Thesis: Incidentally Philip Lamantia:
A Study of the Poetics of Surrealism.

Examining Committee:

Chairperson: Michael Steig

Robin Blaser
Senior Supervisor

George Bowering

Ralph Maud

Peter Quartermain
External Examiner
Associate Professor
University of British Columbia

Date Approved: Oct. 7, 1976

PARTIAL COPYRIGHT LICENSE

I hereby grant to Simon Fraser University the right to lend my thesis or dissertation (the title of which is shown below) to users of the Simon Fraser University Library, and to make partial or single copies only for such users or in response to a request from the library of any other university, or other educational institution, on its own behalf or for one of its users. I further agree that permission for multiple copying of this thesis for scholarly purposes may be granted by me or the Dean of Graduate Studies. It is understood that copying or publication of this thesis for financial gain shall not be allowed without my written permission.

Title of Thesis/Dissertation:

INCIDENTALLY PHILIP LAMANTIA:
A Study of the Poetics of Surrealism

Author: _____
(signature)

Stephen Bett
(name)

Dec. 8, 1976
(date)

ABSTRACT

This thesis attempts to locate and unravel the poetics of Surrealism. The chief concern is for the "image," the dynamic center of the poetry, and most especially for its dialectical and aesthetic properties. Such properties are celebrated by the surrealist in a desire to restore to his text the hidden qualities associated with the unconscious mind. Philip Lamantia is an appropriate poet to be studied here for two important reasons: as an American often grouped with the frontier-like San Francisco Renaissance, he brings to the blank page a regard for language as something in which the poet violently lives, and as a third generation surrealist, he experiments with earlier techniques in order to wrest the image from the logical constructs in which it is ordinarily grounded.

The methodology crucial to examining such a subject must inevitably arise from the subject itself. Doctrinaire surrealist theory, found especially in the writings of André Breton, directs our attention to the problematics of contemporary thought and poetic procedure, states the principles (both those to be held and those to be debunked), and indicates a fresh direction to be pursued by Surrealism. The overall position taken, and the actual terms used--as Breton and others apply them in the theoretical manifestoes--are here interpreted for their poetic value, and with analytical reference to those poets and philosophers cited and championed. The poetry of Lamantia can be meaningfully examined as the continuation of the poetic experience which surrealist theory and its radical claim to unlock the human mind have introduced into contemporary American poetic concerns.

In an initial study, touching on the corpus of Lamantia's work and relating it to a school of thought heretofore largely unstudied in English criticism,

one is hesitant about offering dogmatic conclusions. The poetry itself purports, above all, to be a lived experience, a dangerous and exciting claim which paradoxically tends to deny the world as it is normally perceived. However, it is hoped that the experience is shown to lie in the rigorous use to which Lamantia, as an announced surrealist, has put the image: the systematic break up of conventional modes of expression, brought to realization through the practise of "automatic writing"; the ensuing violence of the image drawn forward in the text; and the final revelation of its autonomy erupting out of what Lamantia, like other surrealists, sees as a freed language.

"The Bureau of Surrealist Enquiries has been open since 11 October 1924 at 15 rue de Grenelle, Paris, from 4:30 to 6:30 every day except Sunday."

Louis Aragon

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I am grateful to Robin Blaser for his careful and sensitive supervision of this thesis. The work has also benefitted from the comments of George Bowering, Jerry Zaslove, and my wife Pam McDonald.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. INTRODUCTION

"Let us not mince words...only the marvelous is beautiful."

André Breton

No-one has yet committed to paper a study of surrealist poetry as it finds itself on this side of the Atlantic one or two generations after its European inception; and in attempting to do so one immediately faces the problems of historical--not to mention literary--context. Strictly speaking, the inauguration of the school known by the name "Surrealism" takes place in Paris around the nucleus of poets André Breton, Philippe Soupault and Louis Aragon: the "Littérature" group of the early nineteen twenties. Nonetheless, it is with equal certainty that the implulse for such a beginning can be located somewhat earlier, in the anti-art experiements of Dada conducted in Zurich during the first war. But even this innocent sort of biographical pendantry tends to become misleading when we read the early tracts and provisos signed by such familiar names as Arp, Breton, Picabia and Tzara, all of whom made the transition rather easily from Dada to Surrealism: here we indeed find a philosophical and artistic attitude which dates back to French Symbolism and in addition draws forward into the modern world the disquieting misanthropies of de Sade and Lautréamont, as well as the hermeticism of Thomas Vaughan,[1] the Renaissance and medieval alchemists, and even the pre-socratic contrarities of Heraclitus. But one must begin somewhere, and by so doing make certain assumptions about where and how to enter a discussion regarding an art movement or 'experience' whose sensibility is as diffusely threaded as that of the century into which it has been, in the strictest sense, "psychologically" born. The purpose of an introductory chapter, then, must necessarily be to deal in generalities sufficient to outline the framework of Surrealism as it was gathered together in the Europe of the twenties in order to suggest possible reasons as to its continued validity for Americans practising it during and after the second war and, more specifically still, to place its chief recent exponent--Philip Lamantia--where he very much belongs within

such a sensibility. The fundamental vocabulary of Surrealism, in other words, must be recalled with some care for its actual history while at the same time showing such terms as indicative of a living poetry which has by no means become repetitive or static; terms which, conversely, have come to inform much recent avant-garde poetry, particularly that associated with postmodern schools in New York and San Francisco. It should be noted first, therefore, that a certain twentieth century consciousness pervades all surrealist texts: one which, according to the surrealists themselves, calls upon the poet to re-open a discourse with the world, a discourse that had been lost to all but alchemists and misfits in a morass of formal methodologies and closed rhetoric--a re-opened discourse which speaks as often from the bowel as from the brain. Indeed, one is tempted to talk of a "movement" in precisely this sense. For increasingly as we emerge in the eclecticism of the present century and read again the Symbolists and American Romantics who heard it coming in the nineteenth, we too hear in our madness a "tradition"--one very much unlike Eliot's, but a tradition nonetheless. It is international in scope, moving from Whitman to Williams, from Nerval to Jarry, and in America is straddled singularly enough by Lamantia whose precursors can likewise be heard from both sides of the Atlantic. And this brings us abruptly to a second note, equally important here. Lamantia's rumoured 'break' with Surrealism in 1946, at the age of nineteen, can really be described as a break in name only and not in poetics. His association with the Beat movement and with the famous Six Gallery reading which launched the San Francisco Renaissance in 1955 carries forward the early momentum to a scene in which the active voice of the poetry itself remains essentially unchanged. Like the italicized 'break' his subsequent 'return' to Surrealism in 1966 is made all the more adamant and uncompromising as he himself suggests when he

speaks of

> ...my ultimate "return" to surreality since 1966 when I again began the arduous and exciting attempt at purely automatic writing as defined by Breton in his Manifestos of Surrealism of 1924 and 1929.... I believe surrealist automatism to be the basic discovery and activity that bridges the gap between the unconscious and the conscious levels of being, between the poetic marvelous and the seemingly ordinary. Therefore automatism is the only path of discovery for the poetic revelation of man in his totality. Indeed I have come to the realization that pure surrealist poetry in our century is the only fundamentally new and original development since the beginnings of recorded literature.[2]

If in a handful of words one may summarize the two fundamental surrealist statements--the manifestoes offered by Breton in 1924 and 1929--those words would inevitably work themselves into such phrases as a 'revolution of language', a 'spilling of the hitherto untapped unconscious mind', a 'systematic attack on the so-called citadel of reason': these phrases ring true as not only the objectives but also the methodological bases of Surrealism. And yet immediately, as history shows, there is a certain nearness or proximity here as well to the mainstream of European and American Modernism. To be sure, the important and influential magazine transition, edited by the American poet Eugene Jolas during the interbellum years, filled its pages on the one hand with first generation French surrealists and on the other with installments of Joyce's Finnegans Wake, Gertrude Stein, and the American Imagists. We see here an epoch of avant-garde writing, and yet one which can be carved into the more or less distinctive positions of Modernism and (running alongside and often counter to it) of Surrealism; the former manifesting itself as an outgrowth of English and American Romanticism and the latter as a further radicalization of the once exuberant, if sometimes inchoate, dream-poetry of French Symbolism. Where the American Imagists, for example, would see themselves for the most part practising an objective language which could uncover certain truths about the condition of man in the modern world, the second or third generation surrealists in America--most

notably Charles Henri Ford and Parker Tyler, who in the early nineteen forties took on the younger Lamantia as associate editor of their surrealist magazine View--saw the unconscious mind, or the dream-producing mind, as indeed the only way out of the vicious tautology they deduced "reason" to be; that is, as a way down to the underlying primordial condition of man, a condition permeating all human history, including the present. This curious distinction, then, which the surrealists will have us make between themselves and Modernism, while it is one including methods as much as ends, can perhaps be seen best of all in hindsight. For Philip Lamantia at least--as both an American surrealist and a postmodernist--we read that it becomes the vital matter of making and maintaining a personal stance. In 1974, after roughly thirty years of surrealist activity, he is dogmatically able to state that poetry must speak from the subjective heart of language, reinventing or remaking the relationship between man and the world rather than simply crafting an image of it from pre-existing cultural settings or formulas:

> Rejecting "craftsmanship", the surrealist viewpoint, respecting sovereignty of mind, the primacy of human desires and oneiric exaltation, considers and finds true poetry to be an instrument of knowledge, of discovery, of unveiling, and of human freedom. Authentic poetry is certainly the highest principle of language, but one which has generally been lost and which surrealism aims to restore, illuminating André Breton's saying: "Language has been given to man so that he may make surrealist use of it," together with Benjamin Péret's genial affirmation, → "poetry is the source and crown of all thought." Surrealism's fifty years of poetic evidence demonstrate the initial steps taken towards this supreme disalienation of humanity with its language, an emancipatory leap in opposition to the civilized debasement and fragmentation of language by reason, that is, language conditioned to serve as aesthetic object, submission-to-reality, national chauvinism, entertainment, neo-formal energy-fields, stylization, mirror-trickery, everyday speech, pseudo-revolutionary mystification, personal confession, conscious self-expression and other idiocies--all of which, I insist, can be summed up in the self-condemned monstrosity that was Ezra Pound, his worthless emulators and what generally passes for poetry and good writing in this country.[3]

Lamantia's argument here is basically two-pronged: that poetry in the modern century must be 'an instrument of knowledge and of human freedom' and that in

order to be so, its language can no longer serve objectively as an 'aesthetic object' or the cover-all of culture, it can no longer submit to the existing reality of the conscious, rational mind. This is indeed the central message of Surrealism as its poets come to define it: a fundamental diatribe with the cultural order which makes man's life in the world a pattern or ritual of days, and which equally makes of his language, in turn, a syntactical structure to be observed at all costs--even at the cost, most importantly, of human "desire." One is forced to face the revolutionary sense of Lamantia's statements, moreover, if one recognizes revolution in the arts as an ongoing process and a living social commitment on behalf of the artist. Given this, it is an interesting fact that during the war thirty years earlier--when Lamantia was first involving himself as a teenager with View magazine--the chief historian of the surrealist movement in Europe, Maurice Nadeau, was in the following words carefully appraising the movement as it existed to that date:

> The fact still remains that, thanks to Dada, surrealism in its early days rejected the literary, poetic, or plastic solution. Dada had dealt art so powerful a blow that it was not to recover for several years. The surrealists' ambition was not to build a new aesthetic upon its ruins. It has been noted that art ultimately found a place within surrealism. This was not entirely the fault of the surrealists. The movement was envisaged by its founders not as a new artistic school, but as a means of knowledge, a discovery of continents which had not yet been systematically explored: the unconscious, the marvellous, the dream, madness, hallucinatory states--in short, if we add the fantastic and the marvellous as they occurred throughout the world, the other side of the logical decor. The final goal remained the reconciliation of two hitherto warring realms: man and the world.[4]

Perhaps more than any other second or third generation surrealist--and more than any other American poet--Lamantia can be seen to return to the fundamental vision of the movement Nadeau outlines here: namely, "the other side of the logical decor." He treats his poetry not so much as an objective text but as a means to knowledge (an inevitable subjectivity) wherein the

method of uniquely personal, or "automatic" expression is accepted by him as the surest route to what Surrealism defines as the "marvelous," the reconciliation of man and world in the present tense.

Throughout the history of the movement, the true doctrinaire surrealists, following in the steps of Breton, have remained almost punctilious in observing that such a reconciliation can only be achieved by uniting once and for all the conscious and unconscious minds. From the outset this has been the simple, straightforward tenet of all surrealist tracts. And it is finally, the manifestoes proclaim, a primary act containing the seeds of a magical or "gnostic" truth. To properly unite the microcosm that is man, where we include in "man" the complex of all his individual desires, with the macrocosm which is his immediate world clothed in the uniform of reason and limiting human action to a linear procession of logical steps--to unite these two divergent forces requires the poet, in effect, to use his language to re-open such a "reason" to the infinite and free possibilities of the innermost dream. Says Surrealism, furthermore, it is the unassailable right and moral duty of the poet to do so. In his rhetorical statement of 1932 in Les Vases Communicants, Breton had summed this up quite emphatically:

> The poet of the future will surmount the depressing notion of the irreparable divorce of action and dream.... He will maintain at any price in each other's presence the two terms of the human relation, by whose destruction the most precious conquests would instantaneously become null and void: the objective awareness of realities, and their internal development in what, by virtue of a sentiment individual on one hand, universal on the other, is magical about it until proved otherwise.[5]

Since the conscious mind, taken separately, can readily be seen to establish an artificial relation with the world[6]--one which creates meaning simply out of ritual, habit or objectivity--Surrealism proposes to appeal directly to the unchartered half of reality, the unconscious mind. Here it is hoped the dilemmas of reason and freedom, of the social man and the

subterranean man may be resolved. Certainly we need not look far in Lamantia's poetic to find this elemental sense of the subjective dream as a "dark room" lying alongside the "castle" of objective reality. In one stanza from the early poem "I Am Coming' (1943-45), the poet gives the manifesto of his Surrealism. The poetics is defined by the movement of images toward a realization of the unconscious landscape, a landscape contained in a room:

> I am following her to the wavering moon
> to a bridge by the long waterfront
> to valleys of beautiful arson
> to flowers dead in a mirror of love
> to men eating wild minutes from a clock
> to hands playing in celestial pockets
> and to that dark room beside a castle
> of youthful voices singing to the moon.[7]

Here we note a literary-artistic and a personal frame of reference moving contrapuntally in the lines as Lamantia at once pays homage to his precursors--the "flowers" of Baudelaire and the "wild minutes" of Dali--and allows the movement of his lines to follow one from another with a kind of litanic, sexual energy. (In the present poem, having noted its title and the beatific eroticism of the sixth line, one might even call such an energy onanistic, the poet truly 'engaging' himself through the careful identification of his subjects.)[8] By following his muse to the "wavering moon" the poet attempts a figurative consummation with the dark landscape of the subterranean.

One could say that in searching out the hidden Real, the force or desire linking man with the universe, it becomes incumbent upon the poet to complete himself with his muse, to make himself "youthful" in the face of the world: a union between the "fact" of himself, so to speak, and the dream which extends that fact, together making a resolved consciousness--a voice singing the 'logos' of consciousness in harmony with the celestial macrocosm. But

again we must ask, what is the nature of this "unconscious" as a poetic force; what is it that issues forth as the poet moves toward an actualization of the subterranean? What are the strange subjects, too (the bridge, valleys, flowers, men, and so on), appearing before him as he nears his rendezvous with the muse? Is the issue not an expression of the movement itself? And is movement not always the particular of desire? In such a manner, Surrealism seems to center all its principles around the notion that consciousness is born from the union of conscious experience and 'poetic' experience; defining the union as one between the rational mind which places order in the universe by linguistically labelling even its miraculous forms and the human desire which insists on undercutting that order. The movement of the text, if one can speak of it this way, is thus from being-in-the-world to psyche: starting from such a being only to find its climax in psyche. Undoubtedly this is a far remove from the more static classicism--against which Surrealism rebels--where mind is continually divorced from the body and the body from mind. Moreover, Surrealism always begins with the negation and moves to the legitimization of the poetics conceived out of the wedlock of mind and body.[9] The metaphor of this poetics, then, must be the movement of desire itself: a thing which inevitably escapes definition simply because it is not contained by stasis. It moves increasingly through itself, like mist through a garden, carrying the poetics nearly beyond grasp. For when the human hand moves out to grasp such a mist that hand is left hanging onto the ragged edge of the dream. Surely this is the undeniable sense of desire expressed by Lamantia in the fragment below--given here in the surreal lexicon as being predicated by the unconscious dream:

> Swept from the clouds
> We are among gardens under the sea.
> . . . . . .

There is no rule here
No seasons and no misery
There are only our desires
Revealed in the mist.[10]

This is truly the unruled arena underlying the rational mind, or rather underlying the mindfulness of consciously ascribed order (one notes the double-entendre of "rule" in the poem). The subterranean world exists here as a varporous chart which, when superimposed on the heavily traced map of conscious experience--or experience dictated by a cultural need for the linguistic signposts of order--moves towards fulfillment as the illumination of darkness. To illuminate consciousness--the sum reality of the conscious and unconscious worlds--Surrealism is suggesting that man must first rid himself of the onerous logic of empirical experience (defined for him by the social setting) before he can enter the more individualized logic of the dream; that the poet must necessarily address himself to the second of these two separate logistical systems if he is to express in a real and meaningful way the state of his human consciousness. To exploit the logic of conscious experience contrived, as it were, out of the reasonableness of social expediency by forcing that expediency on 'desire' is merely to engage the poetics in a divisive action, and hence to spoil any realization of the dream. Or as Charles Henri Ford most effectively and deliberately states in his catchy, rhythmic counterpoint: "This is what I write/on a page torn from the scalp of night:/when you split the world in two,/one half lives, the other dies for you."[11]

This 'dark room' of Lamantia's, we are saying--as in Lorca's "duende" (dark sounds)[12]--is the arena the poet wishes to enter led by the vaporous strains of desire. But we should be equally quick to add that such accents or tones are never given as the dark, forboding sirens of ghouls and goblins.

Quite the contrary, they express the unsonscious sounds of a finely tuned 'matter': in short, the sounds of pure thought preceding rational discourse; sounds, even, containing a kind of pre-logic of their own in diametrical opposition to the upper world of experience conditioned by the social necessity of a restrictive language. So the poet moves from one world of "cover-all" matter to another, indeed to this dream-like world of imbedded matter. And yet, of course, if the echo of this deeper world is to be heard at all the unconscious must be entered without disturbing it. This is to say the poet must overcome his natural urge to charge into the waters of the unconscious, even though he may feel helpless to do otherwise; he must curb this tendency to carry with him that part of his experience which is conditioned by the rational world, for such a load will simply cause him to thrash about as he gasps for air and the still waters of the pure dream will remain lost forever. Somehow the poet must manage his aquatic venture so as to make its terms his own. He must strip off the logic of air, so to speak, while he fathoms the water--after which he will be able to superimpose the two blueprints thereby illuminating his consciousness in its totality.[13]

It therefore becomes the ultimate task the surrealist takes upon himself to make a neat inversion of the two states which constitute his reality. He does this simply by, first of all, recognizing that the world of concrete forms continuously alludes to some kind of double identity or double sense. ("The ground is a double place/ a double lining/like a reversible hat/When we sink our nail into the top of this hat/it is immediately transformed into a funnel/inside our head."[14]) In other words he realizes that each concrete form existing in the world presents an imposing twofold quality: its rational or logical sense is almost literally folded in with its dreamlike sense, its otherness. One quality "speaks" to man consciously, the

other unconsciously. The surrealist, then, in taking the imposition of such a recondite world as a virtual statement of fact, simply intends to emphasize what has not been previously emphasized, to weight the scale in favour of the latter values--not so much to destroy the former, perhaps, as to irrevocably demonstrate the congruency of the two. For the sake of nothing short of human life in the modern world, art must show the conscious mind to be in a very real way contoured and moulded by its supposed antithetical cousin: the unconscious, its estranged double. It is thus that this double emerges in the explosion of Surrealism to balance the scale in its poetry. "The world of dream and memory is the real world" Jean Arp ironically but forcefully contends, "It is the blood relative of art...."[15]

But an analogy pertaining to a specific, concrete form might be more usefully placed here to illustrate what is meant by the inversion of a double, and moreover to show how the inversion can come to have a meaning in language. Logically, for example, we would not think that a right-hand glove could be made to fit the left hand.[16] Still, just as easily we can propose the following 'surrealistic' solution. A right-hand glove can be placed on the left hand in one of two ways: by putting it on back-to-front or inside-out. The point, quite simply, is that while the reality of the glove remains precisely the same--the 'matter' of which it is composed being unaltered--our sense of this reality is explored and its doubleness fathomed by the inversion; an imbedded matter has come to the fore. The otherness of the inverted glove, the surrealist might therefore say, although it can only be talked about as an "otherness" or as the reverse side of the glove, can thus be applealed to: the "other side of the logical decor." In other words, although logic forces us to say--as the logician Wittgenstein has said--that "What we cannot speak about we must pass over in silence,"[17] the secondary sense

lurking behind the form leaves us an image in the mind even while the initial form, the linguistic signpost "glove," is logically lost from the mind. Similarly, Breton will go so far as to suggest that the "grill"[18] of imaginative thought finally precludes such a silence, that it is constantly spiraling in on the labyrinth of mind, that, in effect, so long as there is mystery the poetic can be engaged in precisely 'that'. In essence it becomes for the surrealists a continuous re-working of Rimbaud's idea that "If what it brings back from 'there' has form, it gives form; if it is formless, it gives the formless."[19]

The central difficulty in all this lies of course with language itself. We have already noted Lamantia's comments for instance, about "craftsmanship," "stylization" and "everyday speech," all of which he seems to equate with a facile "submission-to-reality" and "mirror-trickery." What Lamantia obviously seems to be implying is that inasmuch as a surrealist wishes to strip away reason in order to discover the otherness of prelogical forms he must unreservedly contest all rational modes of expression, whether such expression might be carried out on the everyday pages of newsprint or in the poetical text. Here again we need to attempt an approximation of Surrealism's method for dealing with such a problematic. We begin by noting that because its logic appears to be conscious, language seems always to give with one hand while taking away with the other. This is how we face language, how we know it at a conscious level. We construct our forms out of two minds, so to speak, out of our rational sense and out of our dreams. And yet at best, when we come to talk of these forms we find their nature can only be spoken of on one plane, a linearly flat plane utterly lacking in perspective. The double sense we have created out of our consciousness suddenly becomes a flatness in our language, a curiosity wherein the dream is syntactically locked. We find we

can only speak of one glove when there are in fact two: the glove we preceive compositionally and its double, the formless glove we dream (like Margritte's fish standing beside the man). It is for this reason that while the conscious world is tied to the stasis of language it becomes the fundamental purpose of the surrealist poet to undo the so-called "logic of experience" which frustrates, even obliterates, the dream. To keep reality truly intact, therefore, one must be willing either to "pass over in silence" its hidden, larger part--or better, to take that part whole from the roots and allow it the mobility necessary for its full expression in language. The surrealist poet must confront the ambiguous flatness of his language so much so that he makes of it a transparency for the sublime. For example, the reader of the following line or two by the New York poet John Ashbery (who felt the touch of Surrealism in his early work) is asked to stumble through the image "tent," pausing or not pausing after it and thereby finding its form inverted in the reality of the lines:

> you come through but
> are incomparable the lovely tent
> mystery you don't want surrounded the real[20]

What we notice in Ashbery's lines is the "duplicity" revealed in the text. The reality of the image "tent" is dealt out as a doubleness reading inner and outer. That is, the "tent" as a form is given, by the ambiguity of its place in the passage, a double meaning: it either is the Real, the form locked in poetic time, or it is inverted in poetic space to become the mysterious place lying around the Real. As readers we feel this double sense of movement; the ambiguous placing of the image forces our response. When we pause after it we read the "tent" as the Real surrounded by formlessness. And when we do not pause we read the "tent" as a vapour covering the hidden Real. The Real, it can therefore be said, comes to be the inherent duplicity

reflected and made vital in the language.

In his essay on Jack Spicer ("The Practice of Outside"), Robin Blaser notes the principles at work as the poet's voice is opened to the Real; where the Real itself is necessarily of a double nature and where the poet gives up his thought to a linguistic expression lying inevitably outside his "manhood," outside the conscious or finite sense he has of himself and his thought. His very words must always be this 'other' (what Breton calls the "sublime point"), and hence establish and come to reflect the distance between a conscious mind which thinks and the language that speaks. This distance, which is in turn what we come to know as the Real, is seen as a "duplicity," the sublime area in which thought moves backwards and forwards from the closeness of mind to the openness of the word. Says Blaser, "It is within language that the world speaks to us with a voice that is now our own.... The dictation remains persistently of the world and as it is unknown, it moves into the language as the imageless moves into the image."[21] (Spicer: "This isn't shit it is poetry. Shit/Enters into it only as an image."[22]) In other words, it is by practising this 'outside', by respecting its otherness, that the poet's language becomes the true and actual Real. Because the real is a constant duplicity in itself, as our thought moves toward it, our language sits as its open reflection "always at the edge of a meaning"[23]: it "always enters the peculiar experience that the real is not what it seems and yet is there in the language."[24] Meaning, or the consciousness that is ascribed to meaning, is the double sense apprehended in language: belief and disbelief, reason and unreason, thought and unthought, the known and the unknown. ("Each thing...../Has become double," writes Spicer.[25]) The practice of language thus becomes a continuous "re-opening of discourse"[26] where the thought it expresses is moved increasingly outside to meet that expression. "The openness may well be a joy

or a terror,"[27] we are warned. But our attention, like Spicer's, is drawn to this openness, "to what he called the surrealism of the poet, the under-the-real which comes forward when the fixed-real dissolves."[28] It cannot be otherwise. To keep thought moving requires a continual re-opening of the language that reveals it and an assurance that discourse will not be closed up in the conscious mind. The truth of consciousness cannot be revealed at all without the otherness of language opening to it and showing its duplicity as reality itself.

Like all surrealists, Lamantia talks of opening the constructs of a language made flat or two dimensional by its cultural usage. In the poem "Put Down the Whole of Babylon," he suggests that the semantic value, the real force lying underneath language, has long been destroyed:

> for the goodwilled destroyers of words
> THESE
> must be PUT DOWN
> for they're inside us[29]

And if the semantic value of linguistic expression--which, alas, is tied like a glove to the conscious--if it is inevitably made static, the poet asks, how could it be otherwise than that the expression of unconscious or prelogical values will be lost also. In his poem addressed to Henry Miller, for instance, the poet voices his objection: "you talk from the depths of this drunken vocabulary/... [But] To raise a beard on your ear will take centuries."[30] The criticism seems to imply that the novelist attempts hearing a conscious wisdom in the 'unconscious' streets of Clichy when what he ought to be listening for is life itself. Very likely Lamantia is reacting to Miller's "Open Letter to Surrealists Everywhere," which for all its gnawing humour makes a rather diffuse and hence weak argument against the surrealists.[31] In the final analysis it seems Miller, as usual, takes upon himself the role of a pedestrian Midas bitten with the country airs of Pan rather than with Apollo's ivory lyre.

It is likewise in this spirit that Eugene Jolas had earlier brought his own manifesto of critical reform from Delphi to New York, proclaiming in the name of Surrealism "The Revolution of the Word" to combat "the industrialisation of expression, and the banalisation of words voided of their primitive meaning."[32] Precisely here Surrealism argues to make a "trial of language" (Aragon)[33], to make fold together, once and for all, the reality-defying distinction that is made by classicist and quasi-modernist alike between what man knows and what he does not know.

How then does Surrealism propose to unite the two worlds, given the divisive action perpetrated by language and its social forms? How does Surrealism propose to illuminate consciousness if the language which serves its smaller half is useless to describe the vast and unknown region lying beneath ordinary mindfulness? Breton, in the first manifesto of Surrealism, offers that the only way out of the quagmire lies in automatic expression; since the unconscious is the 'automatic' supplement to rational experience, the argument goes, it is only through rendering psychic experience automatically--that is without mind--that the unconscious can be revealed. Breton thus defines Surrealism as follows:

> Surrealism, noun, masc., Pure psychic automatism by which it is intended to express, either verbally or in writing, the true function of thought. Thought dictated in the absence of all control exerted by reason, and outside all aesthetic or moral preoccupations.[34]

The precept which underlies this central statement is that because "thought" is pre-verbal it must therefore be grounded in the unconscious. To reveal thought whole, then, without passing it through the stasis of rational language, thereby rendering it ambiguous, it must be expressed without the imposition of reason--automatically. Tristan Tzara summarizes this in his phrase "Thought is made in the mouth,"[35] the <u>a priori</u> condition of full

consciousness. To give thought in its pure state without subjecting it to reason, therefore, is to forego the static logic of conscious expression and to reveal whole the pre-logical 'desire' in which all thought is wrapped. Or, as Arp puts it: "it's only by mousing the mouth/that you manage to say ah..."[36] "Participate in a process rather than confront results."[37]

Automatism is of course a technique. It has the power to reveal the mind in its naked state; rather, not the mind itself but the pure energy which conveys it. Again Surrealism forces us back to the energy of desire or the movement of the dream. William Carlos Williams, for instance (himself touched to some extent in Paterson by the work of Soupault and others) perhaps more neatly than any other poet articulates the proposition for us here. In the following lines this seminal author of American postmodernism isolates space and time showing how it is always time, or rather the "howl"--the energy of time--that enters the narrative as the poet's most natural voice. It is as though he were unclothing the historicity of events by the process of narrating 'time', and by this narrative voice coming, eventually, to provide new meaning for space (note also this "howl" is where Ginsberg's energy is later to enter):

> There is no direction. Whither? I
> cannot say. I cannot say
> more than how. The how (the howl) only
> is at my disposal (proposal)...[38]

Still, a more direct, more surrealistic example from Arp may perhaps best show how thought might be conveyed automatically by the poet's making use of the movement or energy of the dream. Arp's phrase is this:

> the dream holds a star in its mouth just as the cat
> holds a mouse in its mouth[39]

The metaphor at work in such a passage--as we have said elsewhere of all Surrealism--is 'desire'; the desire to discover the sudden logic of the

unconscious, and moreover, to identify that logic as a vital part of overall consciousness. This is more than mere anthropomorphism: the poet is creating metaphor in order to reveal bare thought, thought that extends beyond "stars" and "mice" per se, thought that exists in the mouth of consciousness. There is no conscious logic in the language Arp uses here. It is finely tuned in its attempt to reveal unconscious matter as "duende," as in this additional fragment of his, running, "The clouds swoon and writhe in their beds blue as countries of flesh."[40] Reason is thrown over so as to reveal automatically the thought which precedes it and which is untrammeled by the inevitability of it.[41]

So Lamantia, too, following in the tradition and overthrowing the dictates of reason delivers his "Automatic World" (title of the poem below--circa 1943-45) as the route to "the raw-meat city" of uncompromised desire:

So come with me
down the boulevard
of crawling veins
Don't be afraid
blood is cheap!

A paradise song?
A dirty story?
A love sonnet?
Scream it out!
Then we'll have the human walls
tumbling down to meet our march
into the raw-meat city!

. . ..

Don't ask me what to do!
Keep on going
we'll end up somewhere fast
on the moon perhaps![42]

After the lesson of Breton's "Exquisite Corpse," the automatism of chance words becomes, in Lamantia's hands, a blend of the fertility of consciousness ("green"), the mysticism of chance ("white") and the psychic unconscious ("blue"):

> I'm thinking then
> a chain of words
> breaking at the fistfall of words
> I'm thinking green funnels of light
> sifting white water
> flown in blue
> that cut a breast of honey to free the air[43]

Automatism is the technique whereby 'self'--which is always conscious--may be cut off and set adrift, and whereby the psyche itself may be revealed in the juxtaposition (à la Isidore Ducasse, alias Lautréamont) of conscious action and rational experience abandoned:

> And this is the road to oblivion happiness
> Cutup on the unknown and another acre of poems
> . . . . . .
> Here come the flagons of Isidore Ducasse[44]

The net effect sought in this shake-up of language is a return to the primitive values of a pure thought which precludes the objective representation of forms; or to what Hugo Ball referred to as a "return to the deepest alchemy of the Word."[45] As Apollinaire wrote in his important essay on "The New Spirit And The Poets" (circa 1918),

> To explore truth, to search for it, as much in the ethnic domain, for example, as in that of the imagination--
> those are the principle characteristics of the new spirit.[46]

Following his own American Romantic tradition into the postmodern, Lamantia likewise looks to the primitive to squeeze alchemical values out of the most fundamental of existences,[47] the existence lying deeper than art ("I'm in agony looking or making up cannibal menus/...balinese tits, pickled"[48]). For in the primitive lies the magic, the psychic[49]; and the soul is caught by it in a new perspective (perhaps Lamantia has Max Ernst's "frottage" method in mind here):

> A soul drenched in the milk of marble
> goes through the floor of an evening
> that rides lost on a naked virgin
> It gains power over the dull man...[50]

Almost as though taking Breton's motto of the surreal alchemist ("I would appreciate your noting the remarkable analogy...between the Surrealist efforts and those of the alchemists: the philosopher's stone is nothing more or less than that which was to enable man's imagination to take a stunning revenge on all things..."[51]), Lamantia takes for the subject of his close identification the "Hermetic Bird." The alchemical magic that exists in these following lines undercuts time; having entered the substratum underlying logical, sequential events the poet becomes the birdsong:

> I stand
> with my feathers entangled in your navel
> with my wings opalescent in the night
> and shout words heard tomorrow
> in a little peasant cart
> of the seventeenth century[52]

The primitive, the alchemical, functions as the point of release to the unconscious chant, to the poetics of incantation ("Your lips touch alchemic gold torn from the femur bone of/poetry," Lamantia writes.[53]) And the chant--what Mary Ann Caws calls the "secular litanic" form[54]--stands at the basis of consciousness, written (the word made flesh; the plain-song of Surrealism) across the face of the unconscious:

> I become ready to offer myself to the smooth red snakes
> entwined in the heads of sorcerers
> . . . . . .
> despite my body flying away
> despite the lizards who crawl into the altars where
> the potents are being prepared
> despite the intrusion of doctors' maids
> and egyptologists
> despite the old Doric temple carried in by the art lovers
> despite the nest of mad beggars
> the chant is heard
> and the words of the chant are written in the oceanic gardens[55]

"The Mass is poetry in action," says Lamantia; this, the incantation of the poet who describes himself as "Bishop of Alchemia"[57] (is he Bishop to "Pope

André"?). Here the alchemical language of automatism becomes the religiosity of surrealist occulation:

> white gone into gold green gone into gold
> black gone into gold green gone into gold[58]

The end to which this occultation reaches, one is cautioned, is not the resurrection of prophets but the resurrection of the unconscious and the consummation of desire. Its aim, according to the credo set down by Breton, is to discover the resolution of dream and reality:

> I believe in the future resolution of these two states, dream and reality, which are seemingly so contradictory, into a kind of absolute reality, a surreality, if one may so speak. ...Let us not mince words: the marvelous is always beautiful, anything marvelous is beautiful, in fact only the marvelous is beautiful.[59]

Thus we have, too, the expression of the "marvelous" as the primitive union of man and his world brought forward out of myth and into the present Real. In fact, the "marvelous" is undoubtedly the most highly charged term in the surrealist vocabulary; its lexical value being always kinetic, never potential, it suggests the actual movement away from reason, away from stasis, away to the resulution of desire in the realized consciousness. Significantly, it is the sacred cow of Surrealism. One might even say that to disbelieve it, like Erysichthon who cut down Ceres' sacred oak, is to be overcome with a spiritual famine: the blasphemous Erysichthon, we remember from Ovid, became so hungry that in his ravenous greed "The old king's teeth tore at his wasted body/And in despair he ate himself to death."[60] Says Lamantia, then:

> It is a strange moment
> as we tear ourselves apart in the silence
> of this landscape
> of this world
> that seems to go beyond its own existence[61]

Moreover, the "marvelous" figures as the movement out of the classical mold, out of the metaphysical ennui; as Parker Tyler writes of the poet, "his

boredom [has] exploded into a poem."[62] And finally, it is of course the movement out of the language of mindfulness, with the resonance as well of Verlaine's conclusion to his "Art Poétique"--"and all the rest is literature."[63] As Arp puts it, the poet

> says simply
> and heartily:
> "The white has lost its tail
> the gentle has grown hard
> and won't leave its place
> and between the slow and the gray
> the commas weep periods."[64]

This poetics is of madness, of marvelous lunacy: the "derangement of the senses" Rimbaud talked about. (Indeed, "Resisting madness" as Norman O. Brown has cautioned, "can be the maddest way of being mad."[65]) It is perhaps the first poetics to take seriously, above all, the unconscious rumblings which call the poet to fathom the well of his own desire. For the surrealists surely take a stand here, not against madness but in its favour. (We remember too the story of Minyas' daughters who would continue the mundane chores of the household rather than celebrate the feast of Bacchus: they were appropriately turned into bats.) The critic Paul Green has forthrightly concluded, "Perhaps we are learning [from Surrealism] that the only way to transcend our madness is to experience it."[66] "I am touched by the marvelous" says Lamantia--driven mad by desire:

> I am touched by the marvelous
> as the mermaids' nimble fingers
> go through my hair
> that has come down forever from my head
> to cover my body
> the savage fruit of lunacy[67]

2. TWO DISTANT REALITIES

"...the fortuitous encounter upon a dessecting-table of a sewing-machine and an umbrella"

Comte de Lautréamont

To recapitulate, for a moment, we have suggested that the dream has become with Breton's first manifesto the true world of poetic experience. As Breton stated, "I have always been amazed at the way an ordinary observer lends so much more credence and attaches so much more importance to waking events than to those occurring in dreams."[1] Empirical reality is suspect: the dream, alone, is the arena "where nothing is invented" (Eluard).[2] Moreover, when we look back to the central distinction created by Lamantia out of his own Beat and surrealist worlds--the two influences which weigh upon him--we can see clearly the decision which is reached and the poetics which comes to be defined: the empirical world of the "naked lunch" or the "reality sandwich" of Burroughs and Ginsberg is curiously thrown over by Lamantia in favour of that 'unreal' world of the dream ('curiously', because the imagery which propels the decision remains itself Beat):

> Junk's unlimited and sold by Agents
> that I can make poems that I spin the day to
> Tim Buck Two that I lose tension and head
> floats forever a far inscape of lemon trees AND
> NO MORE REALITY SANDWICHES !!![3]

One surely catches, here, the echo of Robert Denos' statement: "Let us dream let us accept dreaming it is the poem of the new day."[4]

The modus operandi involved in these surreal dream visions, we have suggested, is given with the atuomatic break-up of language. Writing of his own poems, Arp has noted, "I tore apart sentences, words, syllables. I tried to break down the language into atoms, in order to approach the creative. At length I rejected art, because it distracts us from the depths and disturbs the pure dream."[5] Because the dream entertains an incorrigible logic of its own it is left for the surrealist--as he sees himself--to divorce himself from his rational, conscious will and attempt to mirror his experience through his own unconscious appraisal of it. He therefore attempts, without

ordinary mindfulness, to voice his consciousness as an equation: the conscious world is seen as a part of overall 'reality' only by the addition of its natural and inevitable flowing into the unconscious orb. The two worlds together are thus proposed as an expression of total consciousness. Or as Lamantia himself so marvelously puts it, with consciousness so full blown the unconscious can be seen to trickle across the suddenly elemental face of conscious lucidity: "Your whole body is a wing,/Daughter of half-seen worlds/.../You have become so monumental/.../Water is trickling down your lucid breasts."[6]

The encounter of the conscious and unconscious worlds, because their logics seem so inherently opposed, can only be revealed by chance. Or, to give this in other words, because the ground on which the encounter of these two "distant realities" (Reverdy's phrase) takes place is so remote to the rational mind which operates always 'above board'--indeed, because the occasion of their meeting is so inevitably sublimated, man can only force his view of it by placing himself at the disposal of his wildest, most automatic language where thought is truly given in his mouth. We thus come, now, to one of the most famous images which has withstood the passage of time to play a major role in surrealist thought and poetics: Lautréamont's "the fortuitous encounter upon a dissecting-table of a sewing-machine and an umbrella."[7] In order to unfold what is meant by such an incredible image, we shall begin where Breton himself begins in his first manifesto--with Freud. For as Breton makes it perfectly clear in 1924:

> We are still living under the reign of logic.... But in this day and age logical methods are applicable only to solving problems of secondary interest. The absolute rationalism that is still in vogue allows us to consider only facts relating directly to our experience.... Under the pretense of civilization and progress, we have managed to banish from the mind everything that may rightly or wrongly be termed superstition, or fancy; forbidden is any kind of search for truth which is not in

> conformance with accepted practices. It was, apparently, by pure chance that a 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.[8]

Freud's theory concerning the patterned or 'structured' association of images which speaks to man from his unconscious is so well known that there seems little point in restating it here. It is enough to say that every poet--surrealist or not--creates his work to a greater or lesser extent in the juxtaposition or association of words and images. With the surrealists, however--who take Freud always in poetic rather than literal doses--this method of random association became an obsession. (Freud, incidentally, calls this child's play in his "The Relation of the Poet to Day-dreaming.")[9] The image is automatically given, each word following from its antecedent, as the poet selflessly enters the labyrinth of his unconscious dream. In fact, an example from Arp nicely gives the visual and audio proportions of such an experiment:

> the sky names sky sky by trade and sky during its hours is
> large leap and blue
> the leapfrog laughs blue
> the monstrous frog grows in the monstrous sky
> it grows unceasingly
> it spies on the earth[10]

These images of Arp's, Freud and Breton alike would argue, stem from the poet's unconscious. By letting himself submit and 'mouth' his own random thoughts and impressions Arp has revealed, automatically, the shapes and colours of his unconscious state. By mixing the natural senses (sight, sound, etc.) so that the poet perceives the frog to sound "blue," and so on, Arp has indeed slurred the logic of 'the real' and rendered in a 'surreal' way the logic of the dream. In this present case, the two distant realities of sight and sound have become one surreality, and the more fundamental distance between man and his world has become marvelously, if only somewhat, reduced. Moreover, the poet has forced the natural images which are perceived by the 'natural' senses

into an unrelenting metamorphosis (indeed, even more unrelenting is his image, "the crayfish has the bestial voice of a raspberry"[11]). The qualities of such a metamorphosis are "so positive and so forceful," writes the critic Roger Shattuck, that the contradictions inherent in the two realities at the conscious level "fuse(s) into fresh values."[12]

Furthermore, these "fresh values" sought by Surrealism in the juxtaposition of disparate realities involve far more than did, by contrast, the Metaphysical notion--which Samuel Johnson later eschewed as 'heterogeneous ideas yoked by violence together'--simply because, unlike the Metaphysicals who worked a posteriori, Surrealism presents all its 'yoking' where it belongs, according to them, in thought (a priori). The point here--and it is a vitally important one--is that Surrealism, from Lautréamont to Lamantia, is attempting to destroy the whole notion of "idea" by directing the attention right back to thought itself, or rather to the 'image matter' which is thought in its purest state. In other words, "ideas" are deplored for being merely the groupings--or better, rationalizations--of the primordial modes of thought into a logical structure which necessarily tends to falsify the full import of such modes. In actual fact there 'is' a violence done to language by the automatic nature of the surrealist text; but strictly speaking, it is not a "forced" violence--rather it is one quite naturally caused by language or by what Jolas properly calls the "chemistry of words."[13] For such a violent series of juxtapositions really mirrors the original state of images developed by a language. The automatic yoking that is done to all words in the surrealist text therefore simply recalls to the page the original fullness of human thought. One might even say that images are in fact pre-yoked, existing in the unconscious; that before man opens his mouth to speak the unity of all images is his fundamental reality. The disparateness of such images--especially as between those whose distance from

one another is great, like the "umbrella" and the "sewing-machine"--only appears as a disparateness when they are placed together in a language whose function is assumed to be logical. What Surrealism proposes to do, then--and we do well to recall Nadeau's phrase--is speak from "the other side of the logical decor": that is, to take the reality of interflowing images and write it down, as it were, with a 'closed mouth'. It simply allows, via the practise of automatism, the inherent unity of all images together making up consciousness (or surreality) to flow onto the page unheedful of the 'idea separating', distorting, and rationalizing mindfulness of language.[14] In this way, then, the disparate realities of the 'shattered teacups' (as in the following fragment of Lamantia's) are replaced in their whole state as a 'statue':

> The teacups shattered upon the legs of ancient lovers
> become a statue in Rome before you[15]

This problem concerning the assumed disparateness of images brings us to a second point--one which follows inevitably, and with equal importance. The resultant marvelousness of an automatic treatment of images carries with it an implied critical comment about the whole context of art. In short, the surrealists are saying that the interpretive sense of a text is lost in these very juxtapositions. Not only can explication de texte no longer be justified or tolerated, but more to the point, it no longer even works. One critic, J. H. Matthews, sums it up this way: "Just as Dadaism placed itself outside art to invite reconsideration of the very basis of art, so surrealism--as its poetry shows--eludes critical commentary so far as this postulates criteria other than its own.... It demonstrates that we are in the presence of a firm conviction seeing no solution in any effort to explicate the imagery to which the surrealist poet's beliefs and technical preoccupations bring him."[16] With Lamantia, furthermore, one ought to note the additional fuel of the quarrel he shares with other American postmodernists against the New Critics whose formalist ideas on poetry

were gaining support about the time he was first experimenting with Surrealism in View. There is a certain ironic playfulness, even bitterness, over such critics and the ideas they have extrapolated from Eliot and Eliot's view of the Metaphysicals. In the following lines from Lamantia's poem, "There Are Many Pathways To The Garden" (which seems to take off directly from Marvell's well known poem), the same kind of earnestly ironic statement that can be inferred from Lautréamont's "dissecting table" may be seen here as well. The "fingers" which are wont to "melt a desert" (one thinks of "The Waste Land" and "The Dry Salvages") and which attempt to legitimize or "marry" themselves to the distant images of "lily" and "fig-foot" are likely none other than those of the explicator of texts himself, the academic critic or the academic poet:

> If you are bound for sun's empty plum
> there is no need to mock the wine tongue
> but if you are going to a rage of pennies
> over a stevedore's wax ocean
> then, remember: all long pajamas are frozen dust
> unless an axe cuts my flaming grotto.
> . . . . . .
> As your fingers melt a desert
> an attempt is made to marry the lily-and-fig-foot dragon
> mermaids wander and play with a living cross
> a child invents a sublime bucket of eyes
> and I set free the dawn of your desires.[17]

It becomes of the utmost importance to note, in the overview, that there exists in all surreal juxtapositions a movement between not just empirical realities but actual states of being: the conscious and unconscious. For by putting together disparate images to create his overall surreal image the surrealist is noting the great distance which lies between the conscious perception of things and the (possible) dream-state in which all these things--including the human consciousness--are actively and pre-eminantly engaged. In the ultimate sense, then, there is nothing linguistically "cute" intended by the association, in the following poem from Benjamin Péret, of 'suitcase, sock and endive' (a

reality salad!) which eventually results in 'onions being lent in order to earn armchairs'; what the poet is after, rather, is a complete re-ordering of the modes of experience and the entertainment of the notion that all forms have an elemental and unified place in the human consciousness:

> An old suitcase a sock and an endive
> have arranged for a rendezvous between two blades of grass
> sprouting on an altar draped in drooping bowels
> This has resulted in the founding of a bank specializing in
> mortgage loans
> which lends onions in order to earn armchairs
> And so this world goes on
> A little cupful of sand here
> a broken bedspring there...[18]

So what we are really saying, therefore, is that while much has been written about the surrealist's celebration of contradiction such a notion has about it the air of a misleading half-truth. The critics who suggest (and many of them do) that the poetics come to an abruptness in "fresh values," a "marvelous conjunction," a "shock" to established modes of thought and reason, or some such thing, are in fact foisting Dada's nihilism on the careful dialectics of Surrealism (see chapter three). For in the juxtaposition of images there is, as I hope to show, a process that goes far beyond such mundane ends and reaches for a form of the highest poetic absolutism where image and meaning become a marvelous 'radiance'. Merleau-Ponty is suggestive here when he asks: "What is irreplaceable in the work of art? What makes it far more a voice of the spirit...than a means to pleasure? The fact that it contains, better than ideas, 'matrices of ideas'--the fact that it provides us with symbols whose meaning we never stop developing... [a meaning that veers] toward a second-order value where it almost rejoins the mute radiance of painting."[19] (cf. Lamantia's "statue in Rome" a page or so ago).

Again, the experience of association is more than a matter of linguistic acrobatics, it is more than metaphysical conceit. For example, the following

'automatic' lines from Lamantia's "Inside The Journey" take simple figurative language and extend it to a kind of marvelous, unequivocal irrationality precisely at the point where we actually anticipate (as poor 'conscious readers' of language) the least offense, the mildest of metaphors to occur out of the innocent phrase "which is to say"[20]:

> ...escape was a door I kept shutting all around me AND on those who were carving me, symbolically they said, for the first course at the restaurant for the initiates of the lake of love--which is to say, sperm ran high that year, breaking over the brains of those who know how to conduct themselves properly in this world: which is to say, life goes on gathering wool for the mothers of all the daughters whose tongues spit live lobsters and whose insatiable desire for some seasalt paradise makes thunder break in my skull: which is to say, very simply and without metaphor, that my brain was oppressing me.[21]

Here we have an expression of the imaginative equation which stands at the center of Surrealism wherein each consciously disparate reality united with another equals an unconscious surreality. And fortunately for us, since one of its roots--or branches rather--is still attached to a poetic convention, it can be examined and talked about critically. Here is a clear case of the straightforward metaphor plundered by automatism; plundered so violently that it reflects the duplicity of the Real--that is, it reflects the double nature or double sense of pure language. The metaphor is wrenched almost out of recognition (certainly out of all proportion) becoming more of a funnel opening as a window on reality. At the least it is mystic.[22] At the most it is marvelously sublime: the transparency of language opening discourse to the eternal double, to the estranged double--the unconscious dream. In effect, the innocent conjunctions stray from that which is perhaps even insipid to that which borders on the ineffable.[23]

Of course it is stating the obvious to say that we are no longer concerned with seven types of ambiguity. By Lamantia's own admission, it is the

"brain"--the categorizer of experience into rationally digestable groupings--that must be automatically removed from the text. No more are we made to suffer closed metaphor reflecting the static language of the rationally minded poets. Rather, following the international scene of anti-formalists like the Uruguayan Lautréamont, the avant-garde poet can continue to open his language and "know now that poetry must lead somewhere" (Breton).[24] In point of fact, where it leads is to an unequivocal expression of the most primitive, most pure desire. For in the imaginative equation where consciousness is seen as the funneling of the rational into the dream there lies an energy so undaunted in its lustful sexuality that the double sense of the masculine and feminine, the positive and the negative, are forced together by an act of rape. In essence, what all surrealist poets share as a poetic (most notably Péret) is the ability to rape figurative language by forcing against it on all sides the totally disparate images which dramatically stand as a reflection of true and actual reality. On the "dissecting table" of Lautréamont it can in fact be seen that Surrealism has come to act out not a marriage of logical convenience but the rape of such a marriage. Lionel Abel explains here:

> ...[Metaphor] was never for Lautréamont...the bringing together of two elements into one qualitative context so that we rejoice to see that what was lost has been found.... We are not made happy in 'that' sense by the accidental encounter of the sewing-machine and the umbrella. They do 'not' belong together as do the red rose and my love. Yet Lautréamont, playing on some obscure need of our sensibility, is able to enlist our aid in foisting on one another these two alienated objects, which have thus become companions for eternity.... The image is always the imposition of some object or quality on another, it is never a marriage, always a rape....[25]

And to this Max Ernst's remarks may be added:

> A readymade reality, whose naive purpose seems to have been set for once and for all (an umbrella), suddenly found in the presence of another very distant and no less absurd reality (a sewing-machine), in a place where both must 'feel

> out of place' (on a dissecting table), will be robbed of its naive purpose and of its identity; its false absolute will be transormed, by means of a relative, into a new absolute, poetic and true: umbrella and sewing-machine will make love.[26]

The desire to reach past the stasis of rational discourse and open it to its dream draws its energy--like Duchamp's nude descending the staircase--from the very disparateness of conscious forms. Believing that "all the words contained in any text possess potentially the characteristics of female animal behavior capable of being released at will by creative man the interpreter" the second generation surrealist, Guy Cabanal, hence proposes that poetry becomes "an act of absolute love realized by rape and consummated by sodomization."[27]

* * *

We must now come back to Freud, and more specifically to what Surrealism has borrowed from him. I have suggested earlier that automatism is a technique, a means to an end, and that the end is the close discovery of the dream for the purpose of divining the uncharted half of consciousness. Chance happenings are simply the important means, the methodology by which that uncharted half may be revealed such that the conscious world can be placed beside the unconscious. Automatism thus becomes the method by which the equation of the two opposed logistical systems--the inner man and man-in-the-world--may be made. Likewise, Freud's technique of the free association (where images only appear to collide randomly and reinvest their differences vis-à-vis one another) is not a matter of indifference--to Freud,[28] or to Surrealism--but the means to an end. The mechanism of the automatic impulse which engages the distant realities so that they may come together at the conscious level in surreal language is seen, by Surrealism, as the fundamental impulse to by-pass

conscious language and unite the two worlds of known and unknown experience. Let us now look at Freud's theory of the "dream-work" to see how these two worlds are shaped and how they come to be linked by language--keeping in mind Freud's datedness, perhaps, but in the perspective of Breton's comments in the 1924 manifesto: "Freud very rightly brought his critical faculties to bear upon the dream. It is, in fact, inadmissible that this considerable portion of psychic activity...has still today been so grossly neglected."[29]

As Freud pointed out with his "dream-work" the conscious is but a "distorted substitute" of the unconscious. In taking the 'dream' as a particular of the unconscious experience, he writes:

> The dream as remembered is not the real thing at all, but 'a distorted substitute' which, by calling up other substitute-ideas, provides us with a means of approaching the thought proper, of bringing into consciousness the unconscious thoughts underlying the dream.[30]

Here the important distinction is that of the 'manifest dream' and the 'latent dream'--that is, where the visual extent of the perceived dream is informed by its obscure and latent meaning. Freud explains:

> ...the process by which the latent dream is transformed into the manifest dream is called THE DREAM-WORK...what has to be accomplished by the dream-work is the transformation of the latent thoughts, as expressed in words, into perceptual forms, most commonly into visual images.[31]

The mechanism which, in the general sense, moves back and forth from the manifest conscious and the (latent) unconscious which informs it is precisely what Breton sought to explore through automatic writing ("The Magnetic Fields" for example). The vital question, therefore, becomes that of discovering the missing step or link between, if we may borrow yet another set of terms, this time from transformational linguistics, the latently "deep" (or conceptual) and manifestly "surface" structures into which, respectively, all linguistic experience is

conceived and reasoned out (diagram footnoted).[32] Noam Chomsky, for example, explains the distinction in the following way:

> ...[a]system of propositions expressing the meaning of a sentence is produced in the mind as the sentence is realized as a physical signal, the two being related by certain formal operations that, in current terminology, we may call 'grammatical transformations'. Continuing with current terminology, we can thus distinguish the 'surface structure' of the sentence, the organization into categories and phrases that is directly associated with the physical signal, from the underlying 'deep structure', also a system of categories and phrases, but with a more abstract [i.e. conceptual] character....
>
> If this approach is correct in general, then a person who knows a specific language has control of a grammar that 'generates' (that is, characterizes) the infinite set of potential deep structures, maps them onto associated surface structures, and determines the semantic and phonetic interpretations of these abstract objects.[33]

Perhaps the philosopher Merleau-Ponty has articulated the question presently before us best of all when he writes,

> But what if language expresses as much by what is between words themselves? By that which it does not "say" as by what it "says"? And what if, hidden in empirical language, there is a second-order language in which signs once again lead the vague life of colors, and in which significations never free themselves completely from the intercourse of signs?[34]

Again we face the double nature, the double sense of language; the apparent lightness of its empirical expression and the darkness hidden within. The poets have noted this duplicity (especially in the America of Whitman and his ancestors where the love of language is real and approaches, always, the automatic). Emily Dickinson speaks of "A Route of Evanescence... A Rush of Cochineal"[35]; Marianne Moore writes,

> Yes light is speech. Free frank
> impartial sunlight, moonlight,
> starlight, lighthouse light,
> are language.[36]

--and of course Whitman, in "A Song of the Rolling Earth," sings out:

> I swear I begin to see little or nothing in audible words,
> All merges toward the presentation of the unspoken meanings of the earth[37]

This, then, is what automatic writing proposes to achieve: to supply in the act of writing the intermediary and formerly unrecognized step wherein the deep structure can be revealed in spite of its awkward and ambiguous manifestation in the surface structure.[38] "If the depths of our mind contains within it strange forces capable of augmenting those on the surface, or of waging a victorious battle against them," writes Breton in the first manifesto, "there is every reason to seize them...."[39]

* * *

We have already spoken (with reference to the rape of figurative language) of Surrealism's automatic fusion of conscious but disparate realities--that is of realities or images forcibly thrown together in the surface structure of language. But we need now to state how such a connection hints at or comes to mirror the unconscious dream, the deep structure embedded in the 'thought' of language. It is the connective force--the energy behind the "howl," so to speak--pushing these conscious images together that is of vital importance here. It is this connective force which causes the marvelous rape of conscious expression, which turns that insipidly benign metaphor into something far less conventional, far more radically open to discourse. Only here, between the words, does discourse become truly meaningful. Again we must agree with Merleau-Ponty when he says,

> As far as language is concerned, it is the lateral relation of one sign to another which makes each of them significant, so that meaning appears only at the intersection of and as it were in the interval between words.... Since the sign

> has meaning only in so far as it is profiled against other signs, its meaning is entirely involved in language.... Like a charade, language is understood only through the interaction of signs, each of which, taken separately, is equivocal or banal, and makes sense only by being combined with others.[40]

The forum of combination Merleau-Ponty speaks about is indeed what Herbert Read, in talking of Surrealism, describes as the "hallucinatory reality of the poem."[41] It is, furthermore, the area of true drama (even crisis) in the surrealist poetics.[42] We imagine a hyphen to exist between these disparate images coming together across the surface of language; a hyphen which acts out a kind of tacit signification of the crisis lying amidst and between the conscious word-signs. And this imaginary hyphen, moreover, is nothing short of the most marvelous fact of all surrealist poetry: it is in fact an arrow pointing to the embedded dream. But how can we politely and consciously speak of the hyphen since not only does it involve the impropriety of rape but it also leaves no visible trace? Because it is not representational, because it is not given a fixed position in time and space, because it is not itself a fixed signpost in the language--because of this inscrutability we can only refer to it as a functioning outside the closed logic of time and space. Yet it is--nonetheless--a functioning of "the other side of the logical decor."

Let us put it this way. Time and space are fixed notions in the surface structure of a language. But because any two images joined in Surrealism by an imaginary hyphen are necessarily disparate, or distant, their coming together produces an abstraction from time and space, or from the fixity of the surface structure. This is to say that before the joining the images represent two separate, fixed things in a language; after they are combined they become, in the combination, utterly devoid of a representational and referential value. For example, we might think of the images "blind" and

"chair" (I trust the reader will believe me when I say I choose these images completely at random--automatically): put together they become a "blind chair." A non-representational image has been produced. Furthermore, we can sense that an imaginary hyphen now lies between the two original words. More importantly still, the conscious logic which previously existed for both "blind" and "chair" has become unfixed in time and space--an abstraction, a 'distraction' from concrete reality: we simply cannot see a blind chair occupying any point in space at any time. And yet, at the same time, it must be admitted that the coming together of the two signs does occupy an abstract time and space, simply because we can conceive of, or 'dream up', such a combination. There is a new logic born here, albeit a much finer logic (one Lautréamont accords to the poet[43]). We can only conclude that it is the logic of the unconscious, or the deep structure. To further illustrate this point, we might recall the "wild minutes" of Lamantia's poem in the previous chapter, and our allusion to Dali. If we now think of such an image as a mental picture--as a depiction of a freely moving time and space, an openness, or a funnel--we can see that out of the closed sense of the surface structure a new reality has been shaped and molded. Likewise, we are forced to conclude that that reality is the double of the automatic mind which has produced it--it is the dream. In this way, then, Reverdy's aesthetic involving the juxtaposition of the two distant realities becomes the fundamental ethic underlying surrealist poetry in all its manifestations. In the words of Octavio Paz, "the poet does not copy reality, he produces it"[44] (just as Michel Butor, for example, produces or re-invents reality in his "Nouveau Roman"). Wherever ordinary, banal qualities which normally represent reality in the fixed sense are inverted by the crisis of an unfixed time and space--

call it the arrowhead of the imaginary hyphen--an underlying reality must dramatically and explosively emerge. The "imaginary," as Breton states, "is what tends to become the real."[45]

So in essence it is the imagination alone, signifying the abstraction from time and space, which rapes the seeming distance lying between realities perceived with the automatic mind--like the realities, "escape was a door," "sperm ran high that year," and "life goes on gathering wool" from Lamantia's "Inside The Journey" where we started this point. And equally, it is the same imagination automatically triggered which, in turn, points to the latent dream residing in the unconscious: the collective sense of 'escape-door', 'sperm' and 'life-wool'. For when the poet automatically or instinctually associates images one with the other he is, in fact, using his imagination (a priori) to look beyond the rational and into the dream where all reality is truly rooted, upheld and tied in a marriage. The point at which imagination itself begins is therefore removed from ordinary mindfulness and the subsequent temporal and spatial rationalizations which come after and impose themselves upon the experience of initial thought (the deep structure). Lamantia notes this too in "Inside The Journey" where he says:

> In another time, I was making blueprints for the Eternal, but the work was interrupted by some ogre who jumped out from behind a slab of magenta sky...
>
> . . . . . .
>
> - And that is not the most of it--for I took a look into the great vacuum of this world, in order that the journey in space of that life that puts poetry to shame...would terminate at the junction where I might be able to move while in a state of suspended animation, since if I did not move in the vacuum the vacuum would move within me. And this movement...would only lead to my ejection from this world.[46]

The only distance that truly exists, in other words, is the distance between latency and its manifestation--the conscious and the unconscious, the "vacuum" of the self and the "vacuum" of the world; and it is a distance bridged,

finally, by the poetic imagination interceding as the automatic placement of abstract time and space amidst and between the conjunction of disparate images.[47] The logic of such an intercession, it bears repeating, is a fine one; in view of its going beyond the mere representational and into the abstract. But it is nonetheless real and goes to the heart, or should we say to the mouth of thought. One would do well to note carefully here the words of Octavio Paz: "One of the cardinal functions of poetry is to show the other side, the wonders of everyday life: not poetic irreality but the prodigious reality of the world."[48]

Hopefully, we have now shown how the juxtapositions of images cut across the surface of language; and further, how automatism--as the vehicle for poetic abstraction--is able to point in the direction of the dream. But we have yet to explore the vitality of this notion of unfixed time and space, to see how and why it is rooted in the poet's unconscious. We have yet to explore the poet's instinctual awareness of it as a part of the language of the Real (that is, the collective Real of speaker and hearer in a language, of writer and reader). Roger Shattuck puts us on the right track where he says the "mode of juxtaposition offers new resources for paying attention to what has always been there"[49]; and Eluard too where he writes, " [in] his adolescence man is obsessed by the nostalgia of his childhood; in his maturity, by the nostalgia of his youth; in old age, by the bitterness of having lived. The poet's images grow out of something to be forgotten and something to be remembered."[50] To put it quite simply, this process of forgetting and remembering the 'prodigious reality' of the world, this process which afterall produces the poetry is one which Surrealism seems to draw from again and again. It is embodied in the fullest sense in Jung's well known expression, the "collective unconscious."

The collective unconscious can perhaps be described as the true area of imaginative thought lying like a cloud-belt immediately over the deep structure; an area which gives meaning and license to the notion of individual consciousness, or selfhood (the inner man as opposed to man-in-the-world), and which carries that selfhood from the deep structure up to the surface, where, unfortunately for man, it has become lost in the artifice of representational language. Hence the desire the poet seeks to understand by his voyage into the unconscious, into the bowels of the deep structure, is the 'desire for selfhood' (the marvelous union of the inner-dream with the outer world). And it is for this reason too that Breton, for one, is not stumbling when he offhandedly states,

> I have had occasion to use surreally words whose meaning I have forgotten. I was subsequently able to verify that the way in which I had used them corresponded perfectly with their definition. This would lead one to believe that we do not "learn," that all we ever do is "relearn".[51]

It can be said, then, that by appealing to this inherent sense of the "collective unconscious" the surrealist poet allows himself--by seeing his self automatically, in the unfixed images he produces--to become engaged in the universal thought; he allows himself--and again takes it as his unassailable right--the luxury of disengaging his conscious sense from the inevitable ambiguity which comes of the linguistic expression of that universal thought. For the surrealist poet attempts, finally, to fathom the desire of selfhood by reaching further than ever before, by reaching so deeply as to tap the collective experience which hugs it like a veil (or as Arp says, 'to disturb the pure dream'). By expanding the realities of the images he uses, and by uniting the distant forms which are mere impressions at the conscious level, the poet can therefore attempt to locate the superreal and uniform source of

all such images--indeed of all images he is capable of imagining. As Jung notes, "the artist does not follow an individual impulse, but rather a current of life which arises not directly from consciouness but from the collective unconscious of the modern psyche."[52] Insofar as he is following the collective current, we might add, the poet is led to the seat of his desire in selfhood; he understands himself, in this sense, as an Edenist--the world having became his poem.[53] And if he is able to put this 'collective life' into words and images by automatically appealing to thought the poet will have overcome the problem of mindfulness which has continually held back (because it will always insist on rationalizing) the fundamental truths of the dream, and therefore, finally, of consciousness itself, of man and world.

The "collective unconscious," then, is a kind of sediment which need be brought up, for it houses the eternal self--or rather, anchors it at a remove from ordinary mindfulness. (Lamantia puts the question: "How much sand floats in the teacup of your dreams..."[54]) It must be revealed, says the poet, by chance:

> I want to play fanatically over your daylight
> see the thunder-bridge return to the font
> and bring you to where the dream emanates
> through the paper-shackling reality
> full optics
> drenched with the juice of chance[55]

And it must be revealed too by alchemy (as the poet crosses the fixed boundaries of time and space to re-enter the world of thought):

> I'm writing this from lost Atlantis
> I wonder when I'll get back
> to the alchemical castle
> where I can rebegin my work
> left off in the Middle Ages [56]

These are the fundamental purposes to which the surrealist's techniques are put; these explorations of the collective unconscious being the raisons d'être,

the purpose behind their invention. The fresh values created by the encounter of distant realities are values which lead to a new formation of attitudes concerning consciousness. No longer is consciousness limited to conscious reason, wherein the alter ego policies the self, but it is the universal expression of selfhood--the self which moves in all things, which exists in all things and by which all things create its existence, its total consciousness. "What a history is folded, folded inward and inward again, in the single word I," said Whitman in his Primer.[57] Postmodernism has now, with poets like Lamantia, come to place that "I" in language as an image moving up from the sediment into the mouth of thought.[58] Again, it is Lorca's "duende" one ought to recall: the sound of desire, of the "I" disclosed out of the abstraction of history. Lamantia thus writes from his Mount Parnassus:

> The gull flew by wires and stones on what mythos built
> . . . . . .
> I think of you, Land of Weir
> my house of water on the hill
> my dreams in a naked crowd[59]

Dramatically, in this poetry "the 'I' always points to an 'us'...."[60]

* * *

But it seems we are really discussing an idea that predates the notion of the collective unconscious; and not only an idea but the very well-spring of all avant-garde poetry as it moves (as Paz, for one, contends) in a continuity of under-the-real language from Romanticism to the postmodern. It is the "poetry of correspondences" that we are really talking about: the correspondence of forms moving backward and forward throughout historical time. The "I" of the poem opens always to the collective truth; not as a fixed form but an unfixed one, continuously alive. Nowhere more than here does poetry

open a discourse--beyond that of philosophy--in the direction of the absolute. It is in this sense, surely, that Spicer can write in a letter to the dead Lorca that "Things do not connect; they correspond. That is what makes it possible for a poet to translate real objects, to bring them across language as easily as he can bring them across time.... That is how we dead men write to each other."[61] We call this the poetry of disclosure, that "Between two realities one can always find an aspect of similitude."[62] It is also the 'point sublime' of Breton, "the meeting place for all...linkings and relationships..."[63]; "the place at once abstract and precise, where all the contraries are identified, that is, a metaphoric 'double' of surrealist poetry in its most subtle, difficult, illogical state."[64] And it must be stressed here as well, of course, that the language of formalist poetry cannot hope to deliver the "I" of selfhood since it sees history in terms of a fixed time and space. Above all, in this metaphoric double situated in the prodigious reality of a continually disclosing history lies the desire of that eternal "I" of poetry disclosing its essential truth.

In the last century Baudelaire took note of this sense of desire. With his poem "Correspondences"--which is doctrinal to Symbolism--we can feel such a poetry of disclosure about to move forward into Surrealism. The first two stanzas of "Correspondences" are offered here as they are particularly germane:

> Nature is a temple where living pillars
> Let sometimes emerge confused words;
> Man crosses it through forests of symbols
> Which watch him with intimate eyes.
>
> Like prolonged echoes mingling far away
> in a unity tenebrous and profound,
> vast as the night and as the limpid day,
> perfumes, sounds, and colors correspond.[65]

Wallace Fowlie explains the import of such a correspondence in which the world housing man is seen as a fundamental unity--beyond the confines of time and space:

> The surrealist experiment is the most recent way (and the most ancient as well) of reconciling man with the universe.... The act of writing for the poet was always the act of discovering the unity of the world, and there the surrealists have fervently perpetuated the lesson of Baudelaire. For Baudelaire and the surrealists, the imagination is not simply that faculty of the poet which creates and combines images. It is the faculty which goes much more deeply, in the discovery of the ancient belief in the world's unity. It is the faculty able to call upon the subconscious forces which relate this belief.[66]

This brings us at last to Paz who is perhaps the first really to note the movement of the disclosing "I" from the Romantics to the present and who talks about living the poem (as an analogue of continuous time):

> This belief [that the poet creates a personal mythology out of the fragments of philosophies and religions] is the true religion of modern poetry, from Romanticism to Surrealism, and it appears in all poets, sometimes implicitly but more often explicitly. I am talking about 'analogy'. The belief in correspondences between all beings and worlds predates Christianity, crosses the Middle Ages, and, through Neoplatonism, illuminism, and occultism, reaches the nineteenth century. Since then, secretly or openly, it has never failed to nourish western poets, from Goethe to Balzac, from Baudelaire and Mallarmé to Yeats and Pessoa. Analogy outlived paganism and will probably outlive Christianity and contemporary scientism.... [It] was the principle before all principles, before the reason of philosophies and the revelation of religions.... If analogy turns the universe into a poem, a text made up of oppositions which become resolved in correspondences, it also makes the poem a universe. Thus, we can <u>read</u> the universe, we can <u>live</u> the poem.[67]

The tradition Paz speaks about (and which he calls "other") finds its present realization especially in a poet like Lamantia. In a poem like "The Ancients Have Returned Among Us," for example, we see the sense of this collective experience expressed by the Word of the poet disclosing not the fixity of the

past but a duplicity which opens to the present. Lamantia is being careful here to note that his language does not, cannot, close off that which is lost, that which is to be regained by an idealistic returning. On the contrary, he is noting the vitality of the language automatically at his disposal: a vitality which keeps the vision ever present, which returns the primordial to the voice of poetry--where it belongs--as a living reality. The only real return to be made is the return to the double sense of language where the 'shadow' is drawn forward from the text: a return, even, as Paz puts it, "...to the original source of language, to the moment when speaking is synonymous with creating."[68] It is the duplicity of language, finally, that reveals the universal, or the collective, as the "ordinary":

THE ANCIENTS HAVE RETURNED
AMONG US

in a way humming thru crystals of light--most unexpected
the ancients sizzle and dazzle
not as we imagined nor can put our machines to nor
make comprehensible by words or songs or metaphors
The ancients have truly returned to us
and have unfurled flags of sudden Cloud Rings
from rivers crossing the most ordinary streets
. . . . . .

I can hear the ancients from the mouth of
fog & dazzling wind sonatas beloved of hunchback adepts
& dismembered mummies whose Living Light
crackles from the diapason of This Constant Present Moment
. . . . . .

The ancients have returned
& unfurl repeatedly into your Ear the scroll
of living legends, the talk of multiplying flowers
foamed over books without words in libraries
built by fire to the laboratory that dissolves
constantly into an ocean of anti-matter
Truly the wisdom of the ancients is written everywhere you can
not see it and
secreted nowhere other than through the tachygraph
under the cascade of capillary mountains
forever registered before this instant gave birth
its opposite which is snaking beyond the distance
between you and I moonman & opal of the sun
. . . . . .

their music played from buzz & bleats
you can not hear except through periscopes
set down among vascular whales
mating from the crisis of rock & shale under
the disappearing atlantis of corn cultures &
reappearing before the wheat altars on
the plains of the western wind & western winter from
which the words & letters were handed down
the elevators of Tomorrow over the Deluge
the great night giant sends us today by blood-lined
cups...
. . . . . .
Cups the legends reveal & the ancients
are beginning to pass around as if they were ordinary
milk bottles for the children newly born from
top branches of the Tree with its roots
going back
to the starfields of Every Night.[69]

"Analogy" says Paz, "conceives of the world as rhythm: everything corresponds because everything fits together and rhymes.... Correspondence and analogy are but names for universal rhythm."[70] One feels this sense of rhythm throughout surrealist poetry--by the very correspondence of the lines, not to mention the analogies set up in their meanings: a celebration of

those who give themselves up to the essence of all
things
ignorant of surfaces but struck by the movement of
all things
. . . . . .
flesh of the flesh of the world pumping with the very
movement of the world (Aimé Cesaire)[71]

Here in the poetry of correspondences we feel and hear, out of a doubling language, the rhythm of primordial objects in tune with the luminous sounds of man's desire; the found-object, perhaps, discovered in the ordinary, in the present illuminated by the Word.

So, in the following lines Lamantia sees the wind as metaphorical agent moving through the universal consciousness, carrying with it the cloud-like memory of collective 'sense':

> Always the wind bears the breasts of the bottom stairway
> ....Let us enter the wind's mummy as if it were not less than
> Genius....Let this pass through the pharaonic knot prepared
> in the communal future where the winds shall unlatch all
> the leaves.[72]

Moreover, the wind becomes its own song--since it too is a part of this collective expression. (Breton writes: "The lucid wind carries to me the lost perfume of existence/At last freed from its limits..."[73]) Or to put it another way, in this poetics metaphor is loosed to the automatic and constantly conveys meaning, which is to say it "corresponds." "What/Is this song swallowed up/By dusk in the haunted wood," asks Aragon.[74] It is the universal lament, the song of the collective memory made ordinary and ever present (Leopold Bloom's "love's old sweet song" carried through and against the discordant voices of night-town). It is carried, noiselessly, in "the lips of the air" (Lamantia):

> No wonder the night is smeared with ectoplasm
> eagle's blood flows over the planets
> and we cast a spell for seven hawks to fly out of the moon
> that silence may prevail
> to so startle the noisy villagers
> for us to hear the songs that break
> from the lips of the air [75]

The song, as the ultimate found-object, draws the fettered self--the self fettered by language--back to its source in the collective unconscious which antecedes selfhood...automatically:

> We have come to a place where the nightingales sleep
> We are filling up the oceans and the plains
> with the old images of our phosphorescent bones (Lamantia)[76]

This universal lament speaks in its primitive tones, speaks <u>a priori</u> ("Prenatal plagiarism" Mina Loy calls it[77]). It is delivered straight from the psyche of the poet who has divorced himself from the artifice of mindfulness. Humanity is tied in correspondence with the universal self, revealed through the marvelous. And this truly is the sense of the marvelous revealed

and engaged; the sense of the marvelous--there all along--contained in memory, moving in consciousness from the seat of existence, moving the human sensibility by engaging its imagination:

> Aurora the cat of the morning
> has sent a message of aerial fire
> . . . . . .
> whose number is water & abyss of the bone
> whose age is always about to become and
> has always been no less than time
>
> We can play host to the marvelous
> and have it burn us to the salt of memory
> where an invisible stone contracts all thought
> to draw out the words
> that shall crackle your sleep
> to wake us up beyond the Pleiades[78]

Thus Lamantia comes, inevitably, to deliver the commandments of his Surrealism in collective terms, as an active and meaningful presence, a unified structure of thought in which man and world correspond; commandments which burn into the rock-face (is the "Mason's Word" here an unconscious play on the name of André Masson?):

> And the sea moved over the terrace into my marble stomach
> that I saw the cleft on the rock disclose the Mason's Word
> . . . . . .
> ...Ah, what am I saying that my lips might be burned by
> angels & sirens?[79]

Finally, it seems that although Surrealism is generally irreverent about any and all orthodoxy, its occultist nature seems to require that in the expression of pure thought the poet's alchemical imagination is pre-destined to create order out of chaos, to supply the chart whereby the pattern of the collective identity might be revealed intact, and below it the marvelous--the desire for selfhood consummated at last. Here lies, says Lamantia, the opium dream at the center of consciousness, beyond icon <u>per se</u> and yet no further than the 'desire' to decipher what the icon represents:

All the images of Jesus were slapped together like Israel
And all was cool in the opium fields[80]

3. THE DIALECTIC OF THE WINDOWPANE

"Shuttle-cock and battle-door

A little pink-love"

Mina Loy

Michael Benedikt has quite rightly suggested that "the subject matter [of Surrealism] is not so much the objects involved as the poet's treatment of them, which is as 'idées fixes,' in the sense of erotic obsessions. With no more facetiousness than the Surrealist himself would court, one might say that the lover's stare and the poet's style are related, the lover's acts and the act of poetry corresponding."[1] Indeed, all surreal objects are fixed ideas, in the sense that they sit in the mouth of consciousness. Moreover, because they are themselves the discernible 'matter' of which pure thought is composed (a priori) and because such objects are too wild, too automatically given to have ever figured in conscious experience they have a fundamentally primordial value. Thus the poet loves them. Thus he becomes in the name of his 'objects'--in the treatment of them (the word made flesh)--the lover moving through language to deliver these straight out of their latency and up into the free air of consciousness in order that this obsession for them may be realized. It follows, then, that the movement into and out of the dream is primarily an erotic one--and even more, that it is in a most fundamental way onanistic. Whatever image the surrealist finds there, it is all the same: as Lamantia says, it is "the worship that counts."[2] This alchemical poet is in truth involved in a worship that transforms objects into recognizable shapes, shapes by which the poet regains sight of the consciousness in which he and his thought-objects had been divorced. This is (as Tom Wolfe has popularized the phrase) "the shock of recognition" the poet feels. It is the marvelous shock of seeing in his objects the quintessential realization of his old desire for selfhood.

We have continually stressed the element of "desire" without which Surrealism would be static indeed (we shall yet come to the moment where Artaud and Breton split the hairs of Surrealism, nearly ravaging its desire).

The term goes far beyond 'longing' to find its acute value in the marvelous. Having said this much, however, the difficulty of closer definition becomes tantamount to expropriating the term in the name of clinical psychoanalysis. "Desire" has to do, for example, with Duchamp's nude descending the staircase--for, if not in so many words, all nudes descent into the depths of their selfhood, all nudes are led by a desire for the realization of consciousness. But how, or in what images, is this desire most effectively expressed? After much searching we are led back to the obvious, back to the sublimely occult-like sense of spirituality which characterizes all Surrealism. We are led, as Breton says, to "love in which the obsessive ideas of salvation and the damnation of the spirit blend and merge, for the supreme edification of man"; we are led to "turn toward those who are not afraid to conceive of love as the site of ideal occultation of all thought."[3] We are led, in a word, beyond sentiment to the image of"Nadja,"[4] to the continual temptation of 'soul' in the poetics where spirit and sexuality are made whole by the poet's copulation with pure thought. This is the meaning of Nadja, the image made flesh: to copulate with the occult dimensions of historical time, the heavenly and the profane; to copulate with Nadja, the soulful embodiment of human loss and ambiguity, to submerge oneself in wholeness with the tragedy and comic farce of the human condition and thereby to elevate the soul discovering birth in death and majesty in human debasement. What poet does not have his Nadja? By these terms, the surreal Lamantia has three, named Bianca, Jeanlu and Lul. As for Bianca, she is the personification of the soulful experience of selfhood, sublime and outraged, mystical (beyond objective time and space) and accessible only through poetry:

BIANCA
She is turning
with the charm of a bird
into two giant lips
and I am now falling into the goblet of suicide
. . . . . .

she is the first woman and first man
and I am lost in the search to have her
. . . . . .

I am looking beyond the hour and the day
to find you BIANCA[5]

This figure, this pure form, is an intrinsic part of the poet's psyche. More than ego, she functions as a transparency to the poet's selfhood: the sheet of glass lying between his conscious and unconscious worlds. She is the "little pink-love," as Mina Loy puts it, acting as shuttle-cock between the two worlds:

Shuttle-cock and battle-door
A little pink-love
And feathers are strewn [6]

The conscious and unconscious worlds are, as we have said, both by logic and experience far removed. ("This is the distance between me and what I see," says Lamantia.[7]) Here we have the root-source of man's pain: his distance from selfhood, from the desire to be whole. In the following poem of Lamantia's, then, we take "man" to read ' conscious' and his "double" to read the 'unconscious' or 'dream':

Man is in pain
ten bright balls bat the air
falling through the window
on which his double leans a net the air made
to catch the ten bright balls

Man is a room
where the malefic hand turns a knob
on the unseen unknown double's door

Man is in pain
with his navel hook caught on a stone quarry
where ten bright balls chose to land
AND where the malefic hand carves
on gelatinous air THE WINDOW
to slam shut on his shadow's tail

Ten bright balls bounce into the unseen
unknown double's net
Man is a false window
through which his double walks to the truth
that falls as ten bright balls
the malefic hand tossed into the air

Man is in pain
ten bright spikes nailed to the door![8]

However much aspects of this poem elude paraphrase, a stanza by stanza accounting of events would read as follows. Underneath man, and where he cannot see it, the unconscious double is conjuring balls in the air. Stanza two describes the reality of the "malefic hand" opening the door to the dream ('malefic' to man because he does not know it). In stanza three, man is tied by the umbilical cord to only half of reality, the conscious half; here the conjuror's balls have landed, having appeared out of thin air, as it were, and dropped in man's lap (much to his horror and surprise); reality (the malefic hand) then replaces the door which separated the conscious and unconscious worlds--and which presumably kept man happy in his illusion that his conscious world alone was all of reality--with a window (man can now view his double in the unconscious). Stanza four: the balls now drop back into the unconscious world whence they came and man is able to view the spectacle; he becomes his own window now, seeing into his unconscious. Stanza five: the vision has been too terrifying and man reinvests the door in place of the window, nailing it shut; he prefers to live in the illusion that he is master of his own house, thus crucifying himself. The "message" of the poem is clear: it is in man's own best interests to arouse himself to the fact that he inhabits two worlds. In order to find his salvation he must effectively merge them.

Such a merging, of course, can come only with the rejection of mindfulness, by stripping off the logic of the upper world ("the sky is pealing its

skin off!" says Lamantia[9]). The poet therefore begins, in effect, to look from the conscious world toward the dream--much as "a landscape looks through a window"[10] (are we not reminded of Magritte?[11]). His purpose is to capture effectively the transparent pose of one world opening to its double, where the "you" and "myself" are merged, as Lamantia says, by love:

> From a window I see the world
> As I would see love
> As I would see you
> As I would see myself
>
> This act of vision
> Is an act of love [12]

For, again, it is to 'Nadja' that the surrealist is drawn (to "the vaginal shopwindows"[13]). As the painter and poet, Arp, had put it:

> This world is simply the curtain concealing the true mise-en-scène of the eternal spectacle.[14]

Aware of the restrictive social logic that codifies human desire, the surrealist equally realizes he can only come to his Nadja by chance (Lamantia: "So much for poetic prosodic bullshit/images crawl under this slice of windowpane"[15]). The problem he encounters here, and which he must resolve, is the dialectical problem of this windowpane, this sheet of glass lying neatly between the outer and inner worlds of rational experience and superrational desire. Breton recalls a particular phrase that occurred to him in a dream in 1919: "In truth, this phrase astonished me; I have not, unfortunately, remembered it to this day, but it was something like: 'There is a man cut in two by the window'...."[16]

* * *

A discursive note seems as necessary as it is unavoidable here, since we have now come upon that which is the very dynamic of all surrealist thought

and activity; upon that which gives the juxtapositions discussed in the preceding chapter their essential meaning, their crisis, their fundamental elasticity and resolve. We have already encountered--in effect if not in name--what one critic has called the "basic double center" of Surrealism: "reality and dream, presence and absence, identity and distance, intimacy and loneliness, unity and multiplicity, continuity and discontinuity, language and silence, mobility and immobility, clarity and obscurity, and so on."[17] In this chapter then, and the one following, it becomes incumbent upon us to realize that the double center referred to here is that which employs a metamorphic relationship between a perceiver and the object perceived: such that one becomes less certain of the distance between the two, while at the same time one is less hesitant in calling that distance the true area of the dream itself. ("Do you occasionally wonder at the/ inscrutable nature of visual experiences, an undeniable and far from optometrical/ distance?"[18]) As the language opens to receive this foreshortening distance, moreover, we shall find surrealist poetry enter the absolutism we have been hinting at all along. But to do this we must turn our attention to what Herbert Read calls "this dreaded word dialectic "[19]: the "machine" of Hegel's which Breton, in no uncertain terms, drew into the chassis of Surrealism:

> The essential point is that a truly unique summa of knowledge was put to work in such a case [poetry], and it was submitted to the action of a machine which was then completely new since Hegel was the inventor of it, a machine whose power has proved to be unique: the dialectical machine. I say that even today it is Hegel whom we must question about how well-founded or ill-founded Surrealist activity in the arts is. He alone can say whether this activity was predetermined in time; he alone can teach us whether its future duration is likely to be measured in days or centuries. ["Surrealist Situation of the Object,"1935] [20]

The basic nature of Hegel's dialectic can be grasped easily enough. Simply, any proposition or doctrine cannot exist without its negation--for the knowledge of one implies an equal understanding of the other (eg. the Self and the Not Self, or Pure Being and Nothingness). Yet it follows immediately that to admit the co-existence of two such polemically uncomfortable doctrines in a state of temporary equilibrium--and we have already admitted it since we can conceive of each--emphatically demands some sort of resolution be exacted on a higher plane. Such a resolution, therefore, must take what is essential to each of the original propositions (one thinks of their conceptual life, their deep structures), creating a third doctrine: for example, Actual Being. What is operative here is that which Hegel appropriately enough calls the principle of opposition and interaction; the third doctrine combining the original thesis and its antithesis in a synthesis which, in turn, moves the dynamic of thought one step closer to the ideal or Absolute Mind--what Hegel calls "Geist." The three propositions are now known as a triad. However, we soon enough find that the synthesis completing the triad also has its negation; that is, it becomes the thesis of a second triad demanding its resolution, as well, on a still higher plane. Thus it is, Hegel argues, that thought moves in an expanding series of triads from the finite to the infinite, from the inchoate to the Absolute. And thus it is also, as we can see, that the ultimate unity of thought is dependent upon its remaining open to the perpetual change (opposition and interaction) which establishes its link to the Pure Mind (or "mouth" as Tzara defines it). But for our purposes, concerned as we are with the duplicity of poetic language, perhaps we are best put in the mood by one of Surrealism's "gnostic" heroes, who according to one critic "Breton claims...as a surrealist dialectician...."[21]: Heraclitus.

In one of his oracular aphorisms, Heraclitus states: "The teacher of most men is Hesiod. They think that he knew very many things, though he did not understand day and night. For they are one."[22]

Already we sense this dialectic in the poetry as it centers and pushes forward the crisis of its disparity. At least inasmuch as Hegel starts with Pure Being (or Identity) as his initial thesis and moves toward the eventuality of Pure Mind, we too, in restricting ourselves to poetry, can see the concrete word-image as a structural identity pulling against the antithetical blankness which surrounds and negates it; furthermore, we can sense the dialectical validity where one disparate image is juxtaposed with another producing in the blankness (the "imaginary hyphen") an unconscious synthesis of the formed and the unformed. Indeed, an Hegelian commentator helps us out here: "The dialectical process" says McTaggart, "...gains its validity and importance by means of a transcendent argument... If the lower [i e. more concrete or conscious] categories be admitted, and ultimately, if the lowest of all, the category of Being, be admitted, the rest follows [ie. that the Pure Being or identity of any image is contained in the Absolute Idea by virtue of the existence of Non Being--the hyphen--likewise equal to it]."[23] Furthermore, says McTaggart (and again we follow our analogy to poetry), because the absolute consciousness is a synthesis and not a denial of its lesser parts, we can see a transcendent movement necessarily emerge from the lesser (ie. more sensuously conscious) image:

> ...each lower category only exists as a moment of the Absolute Idea, and can therefore never by itself satisfy the demands of the mind. And, in like manner, the world of pure thought only exists as an abstraction from concrete reality, so that, granted pure thought, we are compelled by the necessity of the dialectic to grant the existence of some sensuous intuition also.[24]

There is, however, a cautionary note which must be observed here before we can proceed effectively. It derives both from actual historical considerations and from the curious and often blurred line which has separated philosophy and poetry throughout the ages. We must remember two things: that Surrealism's use of the dialectic is after all post-Marxian and, concomitantly, that surrealist poetry, both in its aims and its methods, is more of a re-opening of social experience than a philosophical idea. Breton's infatuation with Hegel's dialectic coincides with his, Breton's, stormy love affair with the Communist Party (circa 1928-38, from the second manifesto to the Mexican meeting with Trotsky and the irreconcilable opposition to "social realism" encompassing the "Aragon affair" and many surrealist excommunications--all of which cannot possibly be dealt with here). This means that the dialectic of Hegel's--which is after all a logical dynamic--is to be turned around 180 degrees (just as Marx and Engels turned Hegel upside-down) in order to become an experiential dynamic, that is in order to coincide with Surrealism's aims as they were firmly established in the first manifesto: Surrealism's distrust of logic and the "idea" and the placing of the automatic and the marvelous image in their favour has been abundantly noted. Thus we must caution that Hegel's Absolute Mind or "Geist"--the result of a highly systematic logical synthesis--becomes replaced as a goal by the "marvelous" itself functioning as the synthesis of man and world coming about via the experience of language, or rather via the experience of the reality of language as a duplicity. The estranged features of language are united ipso facto.

Our second point, then, concerning the distinction between poetry and philosophy thus follows. Whereas philosophy can be said to be the logical pursuit of the mind, poetry is the event or the experience of a doubling

language. But just as the duplicity of language can be seen to open the mind to embrace the dream alongside reason, poetry, in the overview, can be seen to open the philosophical idea to the marvelous. It is in this way that Surrealism can be shown to have found an impetus in Hegel; and in this way too that we can echo McTaggart by saying that each conscious image only exists as a moment of the marvelous, and can therefore never by itself satisfy the demands of language; and, in like manner, the world of pure thought only exists as an abstraction from the a-logical, so that, granted pure thought, we are compelled by the necessity of the dialectic to grant the existence of some suprasensuous intuition also. We must agree, it seems, that the dialectical machine which synthesizes the polarities of the mind is one that can be reproduced poetically in order to synthesize the polarities of language: the philosophical machine can be seen as the motivating force underlying the poetry. The dialectic of Hegel's which unites the thesis of Pure Being with its antithesis (Nothingness) to produce Actual Being as the initial step toward "Geist" or Absolute Mind is not at all dissimilar to the surrealist method of synthesizing the "glove" with the "formless glove" to produce the surreal image of the "marvelous," one which poetically reconciles man and his world.

The dialectic therefore presents nothing we have not said in the first two chapters. It merely helps us to articulate it in a more profound way. In order to arrive at full consciousness the poet must wed to his extant conscious experience his pre-existent unconscious desire; and further, that such a synthesis is forced by the imaginary hyphen (the second-order language Merleau-Ponty talks about) acting as the negation or antithesis to the finite disparateness of conscious experience. So the dialectic involved here is truly that of reconstructing true and actual reality from the initial identity, the Pure

Beingness, of finite images to their full unity in thought. In other words, the most mundane image existing as an expression on the surface of language has, in spite of a seeming insignificance in terms of its final resolve in consciousness, a place in that higher consciousness all along. We simply do not recognize this place explicitly. (Again, McTaggart: "The Absolute Idea is present to us in all reality, in all the phenomena of experience, and in our own selves. Everywhere it is the soul of all reality. But although it is always present to us, it is not always explicitly present. In the context of consciousness it is present implicitly."[25]) Thus the desire the poet feels to be in tune with the duplicity of the Real--to be in tune with language beyond its seeming disparateness at the conscious level--is the desire to reconcile all experience, both apparent and dreamed; this desire for selfhood emerging in the double-edge of poetic language being, in short, the result of an implicit dialectical synthesis. Another Hegelian critic, Kojève, explains here:

> ...Individuality is a synthesis of the Paticular and the Universal, the Universal being the negation or the antithesis of the Particular, which is the thetical given, identical to itself. In other words, Individuality is a Totality, and the being which is individual is, by this very fact, dialectical.[26]

But the thetical conscious and the unconscious which supports it and gives it identity have no real meaning when taken separately. Rather, together they make up the subjective man, the thesis--with the objective otherness of the antithetical "hyphen" taking up the slack or acting as a hinge to the dream. It is the unconscious, in other words, which allows the conscious to recognize otherness, for in the dream presides the fulcrum for equilibrium between subject and object, forcing the synthesis between the conscious and the disparateness of its expression in language. As Kojève notes:

> What exists in reality, as soon as there is a Reality of which one speaks--and since we in fact speak of reality,

> there can be for us only Reality of which one speaks--what exists in reality, I say, is the Subject that knows the Object, or, what is the same thing, the Object known by the Subject. This double Reality which is nonetheless one because it is equally real in each aspect, taken in its whole or as Totality, is called in Hegel "Spirit" (Geist) or (in the Logik) "absolute Idea."[27]

So the hyphen, we can see, plays a truly important part in the poetics: as the negative power it forces the conscious to "know" it--and to become whole with the unconscious by that knowledge. Furthermore, we must also add, such a transcendence leans toward the higher sense of otherness which is the double-sense, the fuller sense of objective language: "...by completing one another, the thesis and the antithesis get rid of their one-sided and limited or, better, (subjective) character, and as synthesis they reveal a more comprehensive and hence a more comprehensible aspect of the (objective) real."[28] Therefore, the "relation of the thesis and antithesis derives its whole meaning from the synthesis, which follows them, and in which the contradiction ceases to exist as such [being on a higher plane]."[29] The Absolute or the marvelous, then--which is infinite--can only be approximated by resolving the opposing tendencies of the finite. Thus by being "conscious" we admit the hyphenated poetic into our consciousness, and by consciously knowing that hyphen to exist in experience in fact we transcend the conscious and become closer to the marvelous. Indeed, as Hegel states it we can almost feel this hyphen slipping into the consciousness like a wedge, opening thought to the eternal double language: "We make ourselves finite by receiving an Other into our consciousness; but in the very fact of our knowing this Other we have transcended this limitation."[30]

We can now make a return to the poetry to see how Surrealism follows a dialectic and attempts to force a synthesis expressive of the infinite, the

marvelous. But first one final word: the process, it must be remembered, is always one of re-creation, of re-inventing the world; or rather of dialectically re-inventing what is already there, implicit in the collective memory. In this there is the openness to re-construct continually. We take our mark from the critic who writes,

> The surrealist resolution within the realm of poetry, while effective, is always to be recreated, as the polarities are always suffered or observed. The moment of repose is no more habitable than the point sublime : "It was never a question of my living at that point. From then on it would have ceased to be sublime, and I would have ceased to be a man," says Breton to his daughter at the end of L'amour fou. Surrealist poetry is never static: many of the poetic procedures are definite vehicles whereby the poet is enabled to act out the play of opposites and resolution.[31]

* * *

What, we are asking, is the dialectical issue involved in this "windowpane" acting as metaphor of the condition between the inner and outer, subjective man and man-in-the-world? Very simply, it is this: the sheet of glass, in its transparency, grants a synthesis of the opposed worlds which lie on either side. But the problem inherent in such a dialectic naturally becomes one of perception alone, of seeing the temporary synthesis of the first triad as the final one: the absolute synthesis of the conscious and unconscious worlds. It becomes a problem of (visual) definition, of seeing the windowpane in the right perspective; of trying to decide where the glass begins and where it ends, that is the actual thickness of the glass which lies between the conscious eye and the vision it attempts to fix and draw near. It becomes, in fact, a question of defining or deciding upon the acute proportion of things and thereby of seeing them in terms of the dream-like distance they interupt.[32] In other words the real obstacle the poet encounters

when he attempts to 'focus' his eye and see through the glass is really one of going beyond that part of his Pure Being which is his logical, rational, conscious experience. Easily enough the poet realizes that his identity-in-itself is an illusion, that without the necessary synthesis with the non-self his ego blocks or closes off a true perception of things; indeed that "subjective vision" as Mondrian has stated, "veil[s] the true reality."[33] He wants to reach that point, in short, where he can say (with Roger Vitrac) "I have lost my sight, the one that keeps objects at a distance."[34] He wants to draw the vision to him, to shorten the distance he dreams between the object and the eye--and he does this, simply, by abandoning himself to the dream, to the doubling language of the dream, or more specifically still to the 'logos' which discloses that dream.[35] We spent the last chapter on this point. It now remains to be demonstrated that such an abandonment to the 'word' involves a dialectical moving from the thetical "eye" (pronounced "I," after Zukofsky) to the otherness of the glass, its negation, in order that the vision fixed on its other side might be synthesized with that perceiving eye.[36] The 'word', then, we begin to say, acts as the objectification through which passes the subject knowing its negation. For to give himself up to it the poet will be able not only to confront that which negates him, but he will also be able, by it, to hold his consciousness in full, drawing the vision, as it were, into direct contact with the eye; the lens-like glass of the window having been at last resolved. ("It is wise to listen," says Heraclitus "not to me but to the Word, and to confess that all things are one."[37]) The Hegelian critic, Hyppolite, notes in accordance with us the enterprise the poet sets before him. "Everything transpires" says Hyppolite, "as though there were an immediate lived-experience that must be given expression, an expression which

would be a discovery both in the sense of a revelation and an invention. The most general form of expression, which alone deserves the description since all others refer to it in some way, is human language, which might be called the logos of lived-experience or the logos of Being, its universal revelation. To express Being would seem to be the proper enterprise of man."[38]

The surrealist is trying to see through to the other side of himself, to no less than the final otherness of the world. Yet what he invariably encounters--no matter how closely he strains himself to look, no matter how hard he rubs his eyes to see--what he invariably encounters is the glass itself: the separation, the temporary matter standing as obstacle between the particular self and the universality of the vision. Although he knows it is pointless to remain locked within the subjective eye which sees only itself looking out--in the 'act' of looking out--he finds himself equally at an impasse to draw toward him through the dream the objective world he cannot help but know is there, almost rubbing against the mind. Philip Whalen, for one, has expressed such an impasse poignantly--albeit from a Buddhist rather than a surrealist position--where he says that having overcome the subjective rationalizations of the ego it now becomes "Not I love or hate:/ [but] WHAT IS IT I'M SEEING?/ &/WHO's LOOKING?"[39] Without identity, in other words, there is no illusion of love or hate, there is simply confrontation with the not-self. Hence the poet faces the antithetical glass knowing it measures his desire but unable, at the same time, to have that desire passed effectively through to him. He faces the transparent silence of the window--a kind of blue substance, made "blue" by the desire it refracts and stubbornly discloses from the far side. And in the silence lies Nadja, the stilled embodiment of desire:

> Along those well-known, but rarely inhabited surrealist corridors winding into a labyrinth--SILENCE in guise of a Blue Woman, faster than light, spills through the cage I hold in my brain: maledictorious milk.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> With the aloneness of a thief escaping cinematically under the streets, I summon...petrified tears once the oil to set off machines of Desire. (Lamantia)[40]

Yet of course, the desire reflected in the glass emits no sound--only the poor "shadow" of an old sought after music:

> Somewhere beside child-like hands on a cross,
> two men meet
>
> . . . . . .
>
> to raise their arms to a glass heaven
>
> . . . . . .
>
> continually breathing a shadow of decayed pianos. (Lamantia)[41]

This refraction forced by the antithetical window is in truth the "panic blue" that Aragon talks of: "Who was it that unchained the banished fear/ Put sand on the roof, insomnia in their hearts/ And daubed the windowpanes with panic blue?"[42] The poet, as a voyeur, tries to bring forward his vision in order to objectively re-invent the world. And ironically--or perhaps not so ironically--it is this same voyeurism, the method of his bringing the world close-up (as through the artifice of a binocular), that stills the vision in the extended eye of the glass.[43] One notes easily that the problematic entertained here by the American Kenward Elmslie (poetic heir to Frank O'Hara who was touched by Surrealism in New York) seems only too agonizingly accurate:

> Surprised we haven't worn out our windowpanes,
> windowpanes, windowpanes, using our binoculars.[44]

One feels the windowpanes lying on all sides blurring and negating the eye. Looking for the resolution of his selfhood, the poet finds only what is antithetical to him. "I look at the window frame" writes Whalen, "[but] I learn/ this/ I've deceived myself".[45] Resolution is yet to come. So far the dialectic

has moved only from the initial thesis, as Hegel has it, to its antithesis. The glass, we are forced to discover--because it refracts the illusion of desire, even contains it as a mirage--has become confused with the synthesis it pretends to reflect; and the poet is forced to face such an illusion. Yet who could put this more cleanly and appropriately for us than Wittgenstein when he says: "One thinks that one is tracing the outline of the thing's nature over and over again, and one is merely tracing round the frame through which we look at it."[46] These words should be underlined a thousand times. The problem is made apparent with them: the methodology of the poetics itself has gotten in the way. The windowpane which the poet activates for his dialectical solution to the subjective and objective worlds has become his bane.

The poet is stopped dead in his tracks. How is he to recover from the nothingness that is forced upon him? How is he to circumvent the methodology which has, in effect, brought him to a nullification, rather than to a realization, of his full existence, his consciousness, his claim to selfhood? How as Eluard asks, is he to 'abolish the grimace of zero'?[47]

In order to resolve the enigma, the surrealist takes a tentative step. He moves his thought forward to enter the antithetical matter of the windowpane, to verify its proportions, its physical sense. In this way, then, man begins to encounter his otherness, or rather the ellipsis of himself. "The prism breathes with us," says Eluard[48] (and Breton: "Beautiful windows with their flaming hair in the black night/ Beautiful windows of warning cries and kisses"[49]). This, therefore, becomes the poet's penultimate frontier: to chart his dream he must chart the methodology he used in the first place to set himself out on the voyage. His desire has become fraught with the metaphor which stays his poetics and he is forced to reel back on his otherness again and again as this "panic blue."[50]

Nevertheless, this too needs some qualification: since even by entering the glass the poet is moving ever away from dissimulation. By so living the 'word' of his poetry he is in fact tracking the dialectic of the Real, for to be at once both an identity and its negation (ie. himself and the glass as they are lived in the 'logos') is to be "conscious" (Kojève's usage) of a transcendence; to be synthetical and approach absolute Being--that is to approach the surreal. (Hegel explains: "Dialectic...is this immanent going beyond, in which the one-sidedness and the limitation of the specific-determinations of the Understanding are represented as what they are, namely, as their [own] negation. Everything that is finite is an act of dialectical self-overcoming."..."Therefore" add Kojève, "it is the Real itself that is dialectical...because it implies in addition to Identity [Being] a second fundamental constituent-element, which Hegel calls Negativity ."[51]) It is precisely by this poetic, furthermore--this going forward in thought--that the poet has come face to face with the refraction or mirage of his desire; come upon his Nadja not yet given form but as vapor, the beginnings of tangibility. (Lamantia: "Bianca...? in true baroque dream/ ...walls of yr great cunt/ emblazoned in bile!/ I'm chocking to see you Bianca/ Bianca a vapor..."[52]) He has made the right step by entering the glass: the escape has been made, at least for the moment, from the fixity of time and space in the conscious world. Like the "life of the individual," the poetic too "belongs to the category of action and not of 'thing'. Through action the [poetic] negates what is fixed in [itself]...and transcends [itself]." (Hyppolite).[53] The 'word' negates the one-sidedness of its conscious expression by assuming its natural doubleness, by unfolding its natural duplicity--and it transcends the surface of language; "a negation of the negation and a return to totality," Hyppolite calls it.[54] Or once more, in the oracular "gnosticism" of Heraclitus: "They

understand not how that which is at variance with itself agrees with itself. There is attunement of opposite tensions, like that of the bow and of the harp."[55]

Here is the arena entered wherein the poetic energy is purely psychic, where the "reality sandwich" has turned away from the experiential and come in on the brain, in on pure thought ("Green things grow/ Salads/For the cerebral,"[56] says Mina Loy). The synthesis of the poet and the glass is in this way achieved: his identity and its negation are perceived as a oneness.[57] We have here an expression, at last, of the entry into the preverbal--or as Lamantia puts it, into "inaudia":

I am paid by light

light
is
house
of
MINT!

. . . . . .

- it's indescript! I've gone into inaudia![58]

Further, this "house of MINT" is where the analogy or the correspondence begins: in 'indescribable' thought. The 'word' tends to crystalize in the synthetic unity of abstract time, resolving the thetical and antithetical:

it is the beginning of time
crystals on the window pane [59]

Or to put it another way, the 'word' correlates and actualizes the unity of thought and in its full resonance transcends the notion of conscious time returning to it its infinite, multi-directional flow. In correspondence lies the resolution of opposition. As Paz says, "Analogy is the metaphor in which otherness dreams of itself as unity, and difference projects itself illusively as identity.... Analogy is poetry's way of confronting otherness."[60] Analogy takes thought back to the primordial moment--the beginning of the beginning, Paz calls it--where the thought that is poetry stands at a remove from and

ahead of sequential time. In this way, then, Paz explains "...Surrealism [is] ultra-Romantic, though it is almost redundant to say so..."[61]; for "the European avant-garde breaks with all traditions and thus continues the Romantic tradition...."[62] In a word, Surrealism deals with otherness by becoming 'other'.

* * *

Here in the midst of the glass, however, the poet runs against the next opposition to his thought: the synthesis of the first triad becomes the thesis of the next. The vision has become grounded in the sense of beingness of the resolved glass: the antithetical "otherness" of the window in the previous triad has synthesized to become an inscrutable, thetical "itness" in the present stage of thought. (As Lamantia says in a genuine ridicule, "What if it were/ My turn at blindman's buff and you were 'it'/ Running over a gigantic mirror..."[63]) Man is thus blinded with the realization of being.

Although generalizations tend to become merely contentious, especially when they are used to describe experiences which are fundamentally different, there may nonetheless be some value in comparing ideas which have, conversely, evolved in a pattern one from the other. Such is the case with Symbolism and Surrealism (there being no need here to go into the quarrels with which the latter school on occasion has besieged the former--quarrels which, in any event, often sound more like the precocious misunderstandings of a modern generation with its forebears). Dada and Surrealism can be seen to have evolved quite naturally from the Symbolist tradition: the lineage of the radical "other" in literary history. And yet out of this evolution, or perhaps even because of it, there is a point which might be made to help illustrate our discussion of Lamantia. Such a point concerns, in the most

general terms, the evolution from symbol to surreality (what Breton called an evolution from the mysterious to the marvelous). If one thinks of how certain poets have given sensual representation to certain images--images pertaining to colour make an obvious example--an increased tendency toward a dialectical style of resolution may be apprehended, above all, in Surrealism. (Mallarmé may be said to be dialectical whereas Baudelaire and others are not. My point here is that 'all' surrealists are dialectical in this sense--whether or not they are familiar with Hegelian logic; especially poets like Péret and Lamantia.) We start simply by noting that if certain Symbolists' mixing of the senses is purely sensate (for its own sake) it is still finely rational: one thinks of Rimbaud's "Drunken Boat," for example, or that other travelogue which mixes its metaphors of the American Mid-West and California--Laforgue's "Albums." Such a Symbolist will in this way invariably see green as green. ("Green waters seeped through all my seams," says Rimbaud.[64]) On the other hand, however, Dada, with its wilder and ultimately more irrational, plastic mixing sees green as red: here one thinks of Picabia's collage poems or Tzara's cut-up poems. But it is finally left to a surrealist like Lamantia to transcend all vestiges of the conscious and aspire to the superrational: seeing the 'greeness' of green, its fertility or its essence. Thus the Dadaist (Schwitters) says,

> Blue is the colour of your yellow hair.
> Red is the cooing of your green bird.[65]

--whereas Lamantia, in his poem "The Owl," puts it wisely, surreally:

> His color is <u>green</u> green[66]

The thetical green is balanced by the antithetical green. In other words, the dream--the distance lying between perceiver and the object perceived has fused (by its signification "<u>green</u> green") into a synthesis of the conscious and

unconscious minds. The two have become for the first time the thetical subject approaching its wholeness in the marvelous. There is a Zen saying which is quite appropriate here:

> Before a man studies Zen, to him mountains are mountains and waters are waters; after he gets an insight into the truth of Zen through the instruction of a good master, mountains to him are not mountains and waters are not waters; but after this when he really attains to the abode of rest, mountains are once more mountains and waters are waters.[67]

What has actually happened is that the surrealist's poetic has reached a kind of satori: an absolute synthesis of the voice and the word. (Lamantia: "We have GONE THRU!"[68]) The poet and his 'word' have become a unity with the vaporous image of Nadja:

> my compass points to the fifth direction in space your typewriter eyes
> . . . . . .
> The beautiful Lul a vapor
> her breasts vapor
> her fingers vapor (Lamantia)[69]

As in the Zen "koan," the riddle has been assimilated in vapor and the glass broken by love:

> If you will come you will come
> I can not see you for your hands tremble
> If this is the time I shall hold it
> The stars have gone over the mountain
> Meridians later your smile broke glass (Lamantia)[70]

Again, what has happened dialectically is that the "itness" of the glass (the synthesis of the first triad having moved to the thesis of the next) has faced the 'word'--the text of the poet; and in their opposition one truly hears the mystical tearing and shattering that signifies the "marvelous" apprehended. Hyppolite, commenting on Hegel, shows the phenomenon for us: "Opposition is qualitative and since there is nothing outside of the Absolute, <u>opposition is itself absolute</u>, and it is only because it is absolute that it can transcend

itself...." (Hegel). Thus Hyppolite concludes:

> If the Absolute is to be truly productive [infinite], it must be conceived as a negative power, an internal activity which posits division and opposition within itself in order to negate it. We have here the mystical image of an Absolute which divides and tears itself apart in order to be absolute ... [a] mystical notion...transformed through a dialectical philosophy which is validated by the intensity of the intellectual thrust that it brings into being.[71]

In a sense then we can even say that love is the negative force here: its otherness represented by the vaporous Nadja revealed by the word. Indeed we note this phenomenon throughout Surrealism, as for example Duchamp moved by an ironic love to actually paint the 'Logos' on glass ("The bride stripped bare by her bachelors, even").

Surely by appealing to the superrational essence of its objects Surrealism is in this way able to deny the conscious world of self and rational experience. But let us go quickly to an example from Lamantia to show how this is so. The first stanza of his poem "Infernal Landscape" is given as follows:

> A window that never ends
> where infant eyes are unhooked
> from the paper clown
> who stands on a shattered mirror
> picking rocks from his heart

In this landscape where the conscious looks toward the dream innocence (the innocence of the soul) is finally loosed from the claim of empirical or evidential ("paper") tragic-wisdom ("clown"). The mirror is shattered in the collage of the 'word', becoming air; the innocent soul can now look beyond its own image and into the otherness of the dream. The poem continues:

> In the absence of light
> pulled through mist
> my eyes are imprisoned...[72]

Air ("mist"), like the windowpane, separates the eye from what it views.

Therefore in darkness 'being' becomes infused with subjectivity--the eye can see nothing; here self and other mingle freely and merge. The senses have been denied the very objectivity which had forced the separation of the two worlds--they (the senses) are seen at last as the culprit which forced the panic blue of man's separation from his unconscious realization in the dream. (Heraclitus: "Eyes and ears are bad witnesses for men, since their souls lack understanding."[73])

By entering the poetic via the "itness" of the glass which turns to a synthetic vapor the poet has at last found a place to leave off his conscious self. He steeps himself in the superrational whereby things are seen in essence, finally without form (form being an illusion perceived by the conscious self). Says one critic, "man is [here] viewed in dialectical essence, alone able to attain the polar point zero where beyond time and gravity antinomies dissolve."[74] "A great crisis is born," writes Aragon, "an intense uneasiness which gradually becomes more precise. The beautiful, the good, the just, the true, the real...many other abstract words go bankrupt at the same moment. Their opposites, once preferred, soon merge with them. One single substance of the mind finally reduced in the universal melting pot....I shall be unable to neglect anything, for I am the passage from the shadow to the light, I am at the same time the west and the dawn. I am a limit, a mark. Let everything mix with the wind, here are all the words in my mouth."[75] Indeed, the 'word' is in the mouth and the poet becomes in his poetics the passage from shadow to light, from vapor to absolute thought. In the following poem of Robert Desnos, then, we are not extrapolating from the text when we read the love object as the poet's desire for his own selfhood--rather we are doing the poem justice:

> I have dreamed of you so much, walked so much, spoken
> and lain with your phantom that perhaps nothing more is left me
> than to be a phantom among phantoms and a hundred times more shadow
> than the shadow which walks and will joyfully walk
> on the sundial of your life.[76]

The poet has become truly lost in the windowpane. He has left his self there, has resolved himself with his 'word' and continues himself now as pure thought. This, therefore, is what is meant by the superrational: the essence of things, beyond the nuance of colour and form. Indeed as Bill Knott (alias Saint Geraud, a kind of postmodern Lautréamont) concludes:

> To look at things in a new slant is fine
> But it's more fun
> To jump into the slant and disappear forever[77]

The discovery of the superrational is the legacy of automatism, the escape from mindfulness. Moreover, it is by his treatment of the object that the surrealist moves, dialectically, through the windowpane and into the dream. "When all else fails," says Breton, "[the mind]...calls upon chance, a divinity even more obscure than the others to whom it ascribes all its aberrations. Who can say to me that the angle by which that idea which affects it is offered, that what it likes in the eye of that woman [who has become impressed upon the mind] is not precisely what links it to its dream...."[78] It is, in Breton's words, the "angle" of thought moving into the image which changes the course of the poetic toward the absolute dream: the angle of the "hyphen" lying between words, like the hands of a clock rotating through the positions of selfhood to reach six o'clock, as it were, the hour of twilight showing on the clock-face--the hour hand moving down from the minute hand into the dream: the vertical angle of the hyphen as oxymoron linking the conscious and unconscious worlds of man in an ultimate correspondence. Hence 'chance'--or rather the angle of chance--becomes itself the absolute within the poetic, a dialectical synthesis of forms and the fundamental junction where

essences are revealed in their superrational, multi-directional sense.[79]

The surrealist's 'freedom of imagination', his freedom to engage thought in the mouth, allows the moment of pain in the glass to metamorphose into the supreme moment of psychic engagement: here the glass which had separated the conscious world from the dream comes alive, the moment between worlds electrifies. (Lamantia: "DIANA INVERTREX YOU'LL BE FRIED IN COLORED/ GLASS!"[80]) Furthermore, this superrational electricity in the poetics can be seen to come full circle proving the legitimacy of the vision and the fundamental truth of the initial movement into the dream. For the conscious image ('Diana Invertrex') in fact exists all along where its finite identity is subsumed by the marvelous Absolute; where consciousness under this electric scrutiny, in which the image comes alive by feeding on the current of its self and its profound otherness, is left to discover "that the transcendent is nothing else than the original unity, or primary immediacy" (Hyppolite).[81] In other words, just as we say the dialectic comes to know itself, comes full circle and "validates [its own] point of departure,"[82] so too the poetic comes to place itself (and to pace itself) by its own 'charge', by the primacy of its images disclosing "the knowledge of immediacy itself...."[83] The image becomes, here in this light, the supreme reality of the poetry: automatism opening the world of forms made chaotic in the surface of language to the superrational order emanating from unconscious thought. By the juxtaposition of conscious images chaos is hence made to reflect upon itself as the primary 'logos' of intransigent Being fueled by its conceptual life in the deep structure. (Hyppolite: "The logos of Being is Being reflecting upon itself."[84]) For finally, the synthesis of the dialectically opposed forms--the two worlds--is forced by the (a-logical) imagination at the moment of nakedness where the conscious logic of the poet's self (which has created the

illusion of self) is given up in favour of the supreme and superrational logic of the poem's essence alone: the treatment (worship) of its objects. The synthesis is exacted where the image of desire ("Jeanlu" in Lamantia's poem) is realized as a consciousness, as a wedding of the physical and dream worlds ("sperm" and "seer" respectively):

> By the window cut in half Jeanlu
> . . . . . .
> The earth is emptying Jeanlu
> soon spansules of eternity
> explode you Jeanlu
> Jeanlu who is
> seer/sperm.[85]

The final metaphor quoted here is not a synthesis created out of language (there is no cohesion of syntactical, semantic or phonological elements in the surface structure). Rather the poet has delivered himself out of the surface structure by the automatism of his language; the poem is thus liberated and springs direct from the deep structure. It is what the poem not the poet says, finally, that counts--for the reality of the unconscious lies in the inner-logic of the dream expressed surreally in the verse. Does the poem not then work as the "algebra of need" (Burroughs' phrase)?[86] The superrational essence of things is revealed:

> The poem says JUNK IS KING/ movieflashback to antique loveroom
> ossified sex organ room in the poem's mouth saying
> at whorehouse in tropics Ananka high priestess of a secret cult
> at Miramol thru jungles of copper bells...[87]

Thus the images become what they will, or rather 'are' what they will in the revealing of their logic. (Says Lamantia, "stone changes mirrors into boats canals into weathers..."[88]) By entering the poetic the absurd or nonsensical has a kind of abject realism about it (like Mayakovsky's "Drink Van Huten's Cocoa!"[89])--simply because it represents the circular dialectic of full consciousness. Hence the poet works unconsciously as alchemist marvelling at the super-natural metamorphoses of forms. It becomes his function to stay out

of the forum of poetry (in the sense that Ernst argues the "author" out of the frottage): for it is only in such a way that he can escape the consciously imposed limitations of time and gravity in the experiential world he wishes to leave. So we have, then, the superrational expression--the poet delivering the essence of things straight from his mouth--and where the inner-logic of the poem--the poetics--becomes the only real measure of the journey into the dream. As Bill Knott so marvelously puts it:

> A starry sweatband of cheese
> Whose hands are tallest scorchmark ever to dance scented with
> (lifeguards
> Smashing the bloodfilled who's who
> Like a snowflake
> Of blue antelope
> Which is carving all the other snowflakes
> Whose tentacle is backed into a corner
> Like a whirlpool facing a pineneedle
> Howling at the asbestos autopsy
> Playing a flute of balconies-on-a-string
> Off which the bitter lampshades that resisted our birth
> (successfully
> Toss purple capsules of carousel[90]

Likewise, this is indeed the invocation to surreality, delivered here from the very psyche of a very surreal Lamantia:

> If you are bound for the sun's empty plum
> there is no need to mock the wine tongue
> but if you are going to a rage of pennies
> over a stevedore's wax ocean
> then, remember: all long pajamas are frozen dust[91]
> unless an axe cuts my flaming grotto.

4. THE VIOLENCE OF THE AUTONOMOUS IMAGE

"In the name of your own logic we say to you:
Life stinks, Gentlemen."

Antonin Artaud (Letter To The Chancellors
Of the European Universities)

"A supper of iron and mercury
is spread out on a table of green water
and the knives, forks and spoons devour it!"

Philip Lamantia

Having addressed ourselves to the dialectical movement lying at the center of the poetry--the crisis of consciousness, we have called it--we must now come to talk about the aesthetic attitude from which both the theory and practice of Surrealism is made. The topic is at the same time straightforward and difficult: straightforward in the sense that the surrealists propose to hold oppositions in a marvelous balance, and difficult in the sense that while doing so their works reveal both a nihilism and an empirical positivism, almost in the same breath. One is certainly made aware that it is the poetry's systematic avoidance of "ideas" as such which challenges the critic's analytical entry into the text (not to mention the near impossibility of his making an unscathed exit from it). However, notwithstanding the fact that exegesis may here seem comparable to the task of Sisyphus, our job, I believe, can be managed if we keep in mind that the surrealist imagination is very much the product of the modern world. In this at least we are provided with a solid context. The subject of this closing chapter, then, the autonomy and violence of the "image" brought forward in language, must be viewed in light of Surrealism's emergence, in 1919, from a social reality which included a mechanized world war coupled with the artistic reality of the Dada movement which in a stoical way attempted to conclude that war, to put the finishing touches on it. The sense of nihilism remains with Breton's first manifesto; yet it is tempered by the feeling that Dada's brand of expression had reached its limit, that even in a destructive world art is still necessary and, more important, still possible. The disclaiming artistic voice can be seen not as a denial but as a further evolution--or reopening--of the social one. Perhaps the clearest example one could cite showing the aesthetic sensibility remaining through even the most destructive statements is the case of Man Ray and his work titled "Object To Be Destroyed" (1923): Man Ray was evidently insulted enough to make

a replica of the object after two visitors to a 1957 exhibition literally fired shots into it.[1] No matter how nihilistic the themes of surrealist art, in other words, the imagistic reality remains significant and evocative; the place assigned to art being, to paraphrase Hans Richter, a hole in the (cultural) void.[2] But we need, perhaps, take a closer look at some of the issues or conditions which sustained the legacy of "anti-art" offered to Surrealism by Dada before we can go on to discuss the surrealists' proposal of forcing a return to art, before we can go on to examine their method for, ultimately, enlisting a fresh treatment of the poetic "image" itself.

It must be noted that, like others, Wallace Fowlie is after all recalling simple historical fact when he suggests that the social upheaval of the early modern period is to a large degree responsible for the sensibility underlying Surrealism. "The direct experience with war" he states, "accounts... for the sense of futility and the philosophy of nihilism apparent in much of the surrealist art and literature.... It is significant that the genesis of surrealism, between 1916 and 1922, developed under the influence of the war and that the literary works most admired by the surrealists, the writings of Lautréamont and Rimbaud, came into being at the time of the other war, that of 1870, in a comparable spirit of defeatism, in a comparable urgency to destroy traditional values."[3] It is a violent age which produces a violent poetry, a poetry whose language reflects the experience--even becomes the experience--of reality. Whereas in Zurich Dada had attempted, contemptuously, to ignore the reality of Europe embroiled in what they believed to be an absurd, essentially non-ideological war, Surrealism, in the aftermath of the war, quite assuredly proposed once and for all to polarize art on a social level. Was the purpose of art, they argued, to console and reinforce the institutional values of its bourgeois patrons and overseers (being invariably one and the

same) or was it, as Dada had been instrumental in showing, to obliterate such values, replacing them with primordial ones? These are broad issues of course. But for their part the surrealists believed it necessary to re-address a much abused and disillusioned public to the liberating possibilities of unconscious expression. The logic of producing mass war as a way to solve the problems of modern culture (and as a way also to assert the culture's own identity) is thus seen, by this new generation of artists, in direct relation to the futility of carrying out human discourse as a system of little more than formal generalizations. The result is a rhetorical superfluity--the poetic bankruptcy of a figurative and conformist culture attempting to communicate with itself through a figurative and conforming language. Only by making a "revolution of the word," the surrealists insisted, can the hidden Real be disclosed. Only by violently wresting subjective experience out of a dynamic language can poetry truly address itself to and speak of reality. This is the evolving context of Surrealism as Tzara and others left Dada to join Breton's circle in 1919. It is a context of war and the increasing pessimism of the age. Yet it is the occasion as well for a new art and a new sense of the "image" in poetry which emerges out of the destruction. As Antonin Artaud, for one, argues, it is a matter of going "outside of thought"[4] where thought is defined as a process of the logical mind:

> Poet of the black, a virgin's bosom
> still haunts you,
> bitter poet, life's ended for you,
> the entire town's afire
> the sky's being drained away by the rain
> and your pen goes gnawing away at the heart of life.
>
> Forest, forest, eyes swarm on
> over the proliferating pinecones;
> hairs of the storm, poets
> ride off on horses, on dogs.

Eyes rage, tongues twist,
the sky flows into nostrils
like a nourishing blue milk;
I dribble down now from your mouths
women, harsh and vinegar-hearted. (1925)[5]

I invite to the black feasts of love
Where the sour wine of noises spurts
The wanderer who chases across the night
And the adolescent without any memory

And anyone who finds his phrases
In the labyrinths of his dream... (1923)[6]

It is with some significance, here, that we are quickly able to note how history repeats itself twenty-five years later. In the midst of another war we can see the American Lamantia draw on the same marvelous energy of anarchistic love, making that love a contemporary forum for his own "Thoreauvian" civil disobedience. In the poem optimistically, if ironically, titled "A Civil World" (1943-45) the duplicity of Lamantia's language brings forward the apocalyptic shadow out of a static and absurd cultural malaise:

In a moment their faces will be visible.
You shall see the women who walk in a night of offensive sunlight that cuts through their cardboard thighs.
As the street is cleaned by the presidents of the nation, I can see the bowlegged men moving over to copulate with the maniacs.
. . . . . .
Quietly the mothers are killing their sons; quietly the fathers are raping their daughters.
But the women.
The eye wanders to a garden in the middle of the street.
There are poets dipping their diamond-like heads in the luminous fountain. There are grandmothers playing with the delicate toys of the chimera. There are perfumes being spilt on the garbage. There is a drunken nun flying out of a brothel.
The women are all colors.
Their breasts open like flowers, their flesh spreads over the park like a blanket. Their hair is soaked in the blood of their lovers, those who are the mirrors of this night.[7]

As with Artaud before him (the irascible "Address To The Pope" and the letters to "The Chancellors Of The European Universities" and "The Buddhist Schools"),

Lamantia offers a course of disobedience, a course fraught with the aesthetics of violence, purification and exorcism. The "logical decor" of post-first-war Europe and the "American Dream" of post-second-war America are seen by these two surrealists of different generations as the real anathema of societies which produced mass war, the ultimate discord, as their way of communicating with themselves. The thematic issues of the poetry are startlingly similar. For example, it is the image of the "machine"--the expedient conveyor of a closed modern discourse--that is seen as emblematic of twentieth century values, that is seen to have become an extension or even a 'replacement' of man in the world. In a very calculated way the surrealist therefore levels his first act of scorn against the machine, against that which epitomizes the "phoney,"[8] conformist sense of his world. Artaud calls out to the Buddhists, saying "Like you, we reject progress: come and tear down our houses .... Devise for us new houses."[9] Likewise, more than three decades later in Narcotica, where he includes a translation of Artaud's "Letter To The Legislator Of The Law On Narcotics," calling the French surrealist "the greatest poet...[to] be read by everyone who wants to BRING DOWN THE CROC OF SHIT HOLDING UP WAR FAMINE AND THE MURDERERS OF THE SOUL!," Lamantia comes to denounce popular culture presided over by the bourgeoisie:

> Meanwhile yr much flaunted machine age drags with it incredible ANGUISH, INSANITY, STUPIDITY performed on a MASS SCALE. The plague is on and fear stalks yr hearts, you bastards, bastards precisely because you are rabblemen, public selfish security hounds, because you have no saints among you, because you are the pissants of all time--grey, black, dull, dud suited little men and women!...you, turds, fuckedup middleclass liberals and notsoliberal intellectuals DROP DEAD WITH YR ASS HOLE MAMMON MOLOCH MONEY MOTIVATED LAWS!!! It is I WHO AM THE LAW!...[10]

> We are truly fed up
> with mental machine of peace & war
> nuclear monoxide brains, cancerous computers
> . . . . . .

> We've had enough dynamos & derricks
> thud-thud-thudding valves & pulleys
> of the Devil Mankin's invention...[11]

Since the postmodern poet finds himself jolted and increasingly removed from Walden, the disclosure of his aesthetic sensibility, he proclaims, must become aggrandized in a counter-flaunted violence.

"Look, look at the machine revolving," says Alfred Jarry in his "Song of the Disembraining," "Look, look at the brain flying,/ Look, look at the Rentiers trembling!"[12] Modern man's existence is seen by the twentieth century avant-garde to have become a kind of illusory and ritualistic copulation with his conscious expression, epitomized by the machine. "The menacing machine turns on and off," says Lamantia, "and the woman and the man menacing together/ out of mutual crucifixions/ disgorge/ towers for the dead."[13] This is the human condition Surrealism comes to (after Dada); a meaningless presence mirrored and supported by the static, mechanical language out of which man has modeled his rational, conscious life. As Breton claims, "the logical mechanism of the sentence alone reveals itself to be increasingly powerless to provoke the emotive shock in man which really makes his life meaningful."[14] Thus we now come to face the full impact of Lamantia's poem "Inside the Journey" discussed--with regard to the rape of metaphor--two chapters ago. Here the poet speaks of a human reality dragged down by the linguistic machine representing the "great vacuum of <u>this</u> world":

> and as I opened to IT I saw its
> Body that is a vast machinery, in perpetual motion, for the sole consumption of a certain kind of etherealized excrement transmuted out of the bestial layers of the human condition become entirely the cretinized image of God with whom, be it added, this machine copulates perpetually[15]

One senses that the 'word' has been covered over, hidden away by modern culture.

Aragon has written that "the marvelous is opposed to the mechanical,"

and more, that it is "always the materialization of a moral symbol in violent opposition to the morality of the world from which it arises."[16] What then, we must ask, is the precise morality of the world that Surrealism violently wishes to disobey, and to create in its stead the materialization of superreal desire? Jung perhaps draws the picture most clearly when he suggests that the modern sensibility is continually reacting to the morality of none other than the Victorian era, "an age of repression, of a convulsive attempt to keep anaemic ideals artificially alive in a framework of bourgeois respectability by constant moralizings."[17] This morality can be said to be one which covers or hides the "word" in a social discourse: a tautological manner of speaking wherein the culture answers itself, justifies itself, by appealing to its own logic. Such a logic, the surrealist would concur with Jung, makes of art an embellished repository for that culture's "illusions, its hypocrisy, its half-truths, its faked, overwrought emotions, its sickly morality, its...sapless religiosity, and its lamentable taste"[18]: in short, an art which denies the greater half of reality, the marvelous reality of the dream and desire. The machine-like reality which emerged in the previous age has come to bury the present one in the similitude of its own construct of mechanical imagery and oppressive jargon. This is the cultural sense graphically parodied, for example, by Buñuel and Dali's film "Un Chien Andalou" (1929) where the ant-infested hole in the crucified hand of humanity is held before the cold lens of the camera (and, by extension, parodied as recently as Fellini's "Roma" with its roller-skating priests in their ecclesiastical fashion show). It is in such a spirit that Lamantia seems to allude to Buñuel and his andalusian ants when he writes:

> The Antiquities come out thru the curtain of Fuck, they have reopened the holes of my arms
> I keep chewing the leg of civilizations, at the origin of incest morphine is equivalent to the apotheosis of cannibal motherhood[19]

As we have been saying, the central problem goes back to Freud's prognostication that man in the modern world is no longer master of his own house.[20] Michael Benedikt, for example, has undoubtedly put his finger on "Surrealism's most fundamental (not to mention grandiose) assumption" when he says "man is in a crisis. Man has lost touch with himself. He can no longer think of himself in terms of great sustaining generalities, which create his sense of reality."[21] There is an imbroglio of sorts involved here, in that man has absented himself from the images which express his hidden desire and which--because of their seeming distance from him--cannot be consciously attached to his waking life. The surrealist René Daumal most surely expresses this when he writes:

> But the great black anti-suns, well-springs of truth
> in the established surface of things, in the gray veil
> of the skin, come and go and breath one another
> in, and men name these absences.[22]

(This, incidentally, is the Daumal of whom Breton has written: "He who speaks in this manner having had the courage to say that he is no longer in control of himself, has no reason to prefer being away from us [the surrealists]."[23] It is precisely because the surrealist, in Daumal's words, wishes to "name these absences" that he cannot revert to the stunning nihilism of Dada ("stunning" in both senses of startling and stupifying). Rather, if the poet is to discover that which expresses the hidden desires of man he must profoundly appeal to the duplicity of the imaginative language he has at hand; he must grapple with the autonomy of forms and images ever lying just beneath the surface. This, simply, is what Surrealism proposes to do. Eugene Jolas provides us, here, with a summation of these issues:

> The tragic feeling of standing isolated in his cosmos is
> a fate the sensitive man of today cannot escape. In spite

> of the progress of machines, this ever present antimony between his wishes and his phenomenal world produces in him a negative attitude, a nihilism that is a paralysis. While the metaphysical preoccupation projects the longing for a transcendental solution of this dilemma, the man who has sensed violently the currents of his age frequently sees no such possibilities and postures grotesquely a kind of anarchy.... The poet's awareness of the condition leads him to an explosion of dynamic and aphoristic self-expression... [in order to] liberate the imagination which has been enchained by the dictatorship of the cliche, the newspaper, the Calvinistic surrogate of magic.[24]

* * *

In the last chapter we mentioned that images 'are' what they have a will to be, that is that they speak from a primordial source, containing within them an inscrutable sort of being or 'itness." This is not only true of the images that exist in surrealist poetry but it is the very basis of the theoretical position underlying the doctrinaire core of the movement. It is the most fundamental and most crucial step, both philosophically and poetically, taken by poet and manifesto-writer alike: the terms 'marvelous', 'primitive' and 'automatic' revolve around this notion that each image has an intrinsic autonomy about it--through what Roger Shattuck has called "an integrity of line."[25] We have said it is the poem's logic, and not the poet's, which counts. It is precisely here that the "phenomenal world" Jolas speaks about, whereby the essence of what is is contained in the subjective act of its apprehension (and which, incidentally, moved Dada to its celebration of urinals and mustachioed Mona Lisa's), and Freud's conclusion that conscious man is not the master of his own house become poeticized together--become an "aesthetic," a philosophic and poetic attitude.

But let us go back a step or so before we become too digressive in a morass of phenomenology-cum-psychology and ask what, after all, do we mean

when we imply that by revealing thought automatically the surrealist poet is engaging the primitive and marvelous mechanism which calls forth his desire? It is very simply this: thought can only be rendered whole by appealing spontaneously to the most elemental of desires, the desire for selfhood; and that to realize this desire sitting ever-ready in the mouth of man--idling on the very tip of his tongue--is to have in fact heard the purr of the marvelous. It is to have already given by the hearing, the justification for poetic existence within consciousness. Automatism therefore becomes crucial to this engagement, for without his conscious will, without mindfulness, the surrealist shows he can effect a metamorphosis of what he knows by rational experience drawing forward what he does not know. By opening his language and delivering thought from the mouth, he can, for instance, release action from event and event from action; that is to say he releases the verb from the noun and vice versa. He has broken syntax and released each article of speech to its most fundamental and unconscious truth: each line and word becomes an integrity. The verb "to look," for example, is as much a complete image as the noun, any noun, it is seeking to find. The act, we are saying, is as autonomous as the event it comes to complete and is as much an image as is the completion. No concept is excluded: each is capable of transformation, of metamorphosis back into its primordial and imagistic state. ("We have to first let legs, wings, hands grow and then let them fly sing form manifest themselves..." writes Arp.)[26] Moreover, this is how the aesthetic of what I am calling the "autonomous image" derives from the dialectic of Surrealism. The poet moves with the essence of things, through the windowpane and into the dream; effecting, automatically, the metamorphosis from the conscious world to the unconscious by taking actions and events as basic images and loosing them and himself to the dream. Indeed as Arp so graphically demonstrates:

> Anything his dead or alive, sweetened or salted, heavy or
> light servants bring him he hurls out the window: cigars,
> navies, apartments, railroads, regular coffees, sex appeals,
> houses, mushrooms, etc.[27]

This, then, is how the poet arrives at the marvelous. His spontaneous and simultaneous reaction to consciousness bespeaks the superrationality of his pre-logical thoughts, a superrationality whereby anything at all is possible because it is measured in the dream; whereby, for instance, as Mina Loy 'scrutinizes', even a dead moth can lay an egg:

> Through the subliminal deposits of evolutionary processes
> Have I not
> Somewhere
> Scrutinized
> A dead white feathered moth
> Laying eggs?[28]

The motive for taking Mina Loy to make a point about the superrational function of images is, of course, not coincidental to her association with the Imagist and Objectivist movements. Williams' "no ideas but in things" and Zukofsky, as the leading light of Objectivism with his call for a "return to the object," both play an important, vital part in our discussion here. The only real difference between Objectivism's and Surrealism's desire to return to the object--and it is certainly not one of aesthetic commitment--the only real difference concerns their logics and, eventually, their penetration. Both see the object as an autonomy, an otherness, separated from the "I" (the real difference here being that Surrealism attaches a dialectic, as we have seen, to resolve that dream-like distance between perception and representation). But Zukofsky explains his position well enough and it seems rather needless for our purposes to draw fine distinctions over this issue between him and Breton:

> An Objective: (Optics)--The lens bringing the rays from
> an object to a focus. That which is aimed at. (Use extended

> to poetry)--Desire for what is objectively perfect, inextricably the direction of historic and contemporary particulars.[29]

Here Zukofsky places historicity in the object itself--the rays emanating from the object as though it were a dynamo, an energy source. The tension is implied between the "I" behind the lens and the dynamo it sees. But the aesthetic is substantiated or justified, says Zukofsky, when we realize that Nature is the creator of objects and that she herself is timeless and insistent ("Emphasize detail 130 times over--or there will be no poetic object."[30]). Thus the "I" desires to hold perfection by seeing the object as timeless: which is to say the object exists in the 'poem' rather than in time. (In one of his own poems Zukofsky writes: "All the questions are answered with their own words".[31]) Hence we can see too that while the penetration or thrust of the dialectic allows Surrealism to activate the object to a greater degree, to set the dynamo in full operation such that the object becomes a viably autonomous "subject"[32] in every sense--still both Objectivist and surrealist alike are perhaps for the first time (and this is their true likeness) stripping the object of its referential value in order to see it for itself, its perfect autonomy. It is the itness of the "Red Wheelbarrow" Williams confronts us with and the itness of the apparitional faces Pound likewise draws us to with his "In a Station of the Metro" (one might even call the "Red Wheelbarrow" an early poetic manifestation of Magic Realism). The critic, Walter Sutton, indeed seems to sum this up cogently when he writes: "The effect of this distinctively modern theory [Objectivism] is to place a value on the poetic image as a unique reality rather than as a representation or symbol of a pre-existing reality."[33] In truth one is only stressing the obvious by pointing out the easy transition from such an aesthetic to the ready-mades and collages (and their poetic counterparts) produced under the name of Surrealism. Again, the moot force of such an

endeavor has a more calculated effect the further language is opened. Or to put it more strongly, more specifically: because the marvelous logic of surrealist poetry opens itself more to the "other" than does Objectivism or Imagism the object is given a greater autonomy, a far less representational reality. Nicolas Calas, the surrealist, has an interesting comment to make here. In a 1940 interview he states that,

> The reaction to the terribly abstract form the school of painting was leading to was unconsciously felt in the need of adding to the painting very concrete materials such as rope and paper--collages. In this way the reality that painters were denying was reappearing on all sides. But it is only with Surrealism that the concrete object is definitely reborn. Its form is brutal and aggressive.... Historically this was the only possible solution; it was necessary for an object to exist first, to be touched, seen...for its creator to understand himself as artist.... It is the images expressed in words that is the poetry...[34]

Again, it is the poet 'touching' the duplicity of language who recognizes in words a natural "autonomous life" (Nadeau); it is he who by referring to the automatic syntax of the dream will find the 'logos' of the object come across the silence and speak to him of its reality. We keep coming back to language. But it is undoubtedly the insistence of discourse itself that forces us to do so: the insistence of its doubleness. No longer, whether in Objectivism or Imagism and most especially in Surrealism, does the language of the poem merely signify the nuance of the objects contained in its text. Rather, it discloses them as inscrutable fact.[35] Words "are not pretexts for objects so much as objects are pretexts for words," says the poet in the spirit of such a modernism.[36] Here we have the elemental music of the spheres, the truth of correspondences:

> The sound of words as they fall away from our mouths
> Nothing
> Is less important
> And yet that chair
> this table
> named
> Assume identities

take their places
Almost as a kind of music. (Spicer)[37]

It is, of course, fundamentally important to understand that what is involved here lies well beyond anthropomorphism (such a term goes against the very grain of Surrealism). Most emphatically, the poet, here, is not giving his conscious experience to unconscious things:--on the contrary he is allowing things their own innate consequence. The distinction should be straightforward and obvious. The poet functions as an observer; he cannot do otherwise. He cannot will his daily experience and expect to lord it over his unconscious self since, while such an experience may be multifarious, it is always a half-truth and illusive of total consciousness. (Ashbery: "Each moment/ Of utterance is the true one; likewise none are true."[38]) Again, there is no linguistic cuteness here, no anthropomorphism which, in any event, could only come from the conscious mind. Therefore if a "nugget" gives off blood (as in Lamantia) it is not the poet's, but rather a blood much more primitive and consequential--"the blood of the air":

As a rose runs down an alley, a purple nugget, giving off some blood, is suspended in air. [39]

It really would seem that too much emphasis cannot be placed on this point. In fact one could even say that a whole tradition of thought lies at the back of what we are talking about: dating back at least to the phenomenologists who "want to 'return' to the object (Husserl's version of Williams' 'no ideas but in things' is 'Zu den Sachen selbst'),"[40] and more recently as their thought is pushed forward into the existentialism of writers like Sartre and de Beauvoir. At any rate, as far as surrealist poetry is concerned--and when thinking of the autonomous image, the way objects are violently made to 'speak'--we are again plunged into the poetry of the "other." When Rimbaud

was calling for a "systematic derangement of the senses" he was setting the precedent not only for a new aesthetic concerning the elevated position of the object in poetry but a precedent for all artists who wished to be truthful about man's real position in the world. For if the senses were ever said to define man's world in terms of time and space--that is, if by fixing the objects he sees in time and space so that man can take his cues from these objects, and by conundrum, support his exaggerated sense of himself--then a shake-up of the senses would rightly enough have the immediate effect of liberating the objects around him so that no longer do they define paranoid man but begin to take on a life of their own, a life no longer centered in the values of man who is himself no longer at the center of the universe. Hence we can say with some force that any real derangement of the senses opens the world of objects outward from the human psyche--toward otherness, toward the expression of new values; outward as the microcosm moves out to complete the macrocosm, and where man, too, centers and grounds neither the microcosm nor the macrocosm. In such a context Breton notes that the new "subject in poetry... [ceased to] be held to be merely indifferent...when Lautréamont flung down in Maldoror the unforgettable sentence: 'A man or a stone or a tree will begin the fourth song.'"[41] Here in fact we have, as Paz has inferred, a new "vision of the correspondence between the macrocosm and the microcosm... [along with the new] consciousness that the "I" is a fault, a mistake in the system of the universe."[42] For the correspondent, if one can put it that way, is himself the 'found-object': the "otherness" that has been found. Once more it necessarily follows, according to the surrealists, that personification is nothing more than a stupidity, it has no meaning in the modern world (Breton: "Certainly, it is no longer a question today of asking oneself whether the rock thinks or the flower suffers..."[43]). In putting the object fully on view the dissecting

table of Lautréamont serves finally a "gnostic," not a closed, scientific function[44]: it does not relate the object to empirical man but rather to man's increasing need to remake himself and his values in accordance with the discovery of his own innate otherness divorced from his established systems of belief. It releases man, in other words, from the false sense of security which in the end can only frustrate and turn against him; it releases him to discover his desire in the otherness he shares with the objects of his universe. Thus in surreal lexicon where images are appreciated for their direct emergence as essence, and too because man is not at the center of his universe, the images surrounding the self can only be given a priori, and without mindfulness, in an approximation of their own voice. It is in such a spirit, then that Tzara declares, "I give the same importance to a crocodile, as to an active mineral (sic), as to an herb."[45] Moreover, as Hyppolite notes, "In its immediate form self-consciousness is Desire and the object which it confronts is nothing else than the object of its desire. Consciousness in this case is identical with life, and the creature moved by desire does not consider the object of its desire as something essentially alien. As a living creature he experiences the character of 'being other' only as a moment within an encounter that [will yet be] ...resolved in satisfaction."[46] If one can say, after all, that "Surrealism proclaims the omnipotence of desire,"[47] it becomes absolutely imperative to add parenthetically that the post-Copernican artist can only find that desire within the autonomy of the alien objects around him--as a compensation for the autonomy he as a man has lost. The crisis of modern man's personality in this way causes a shift in the artist's cosmology such that the object gains not a prominence but a shuddering inevitability.[48] We need not look too far afield to find an artist who speaks for others in voicing his commitment to such an inevitability, who addresses his manifesto thus to the autonomy of the object

and proclaims its distance from the mere anthropomorphic:

> Instead of this universe of "signification" (psychological, social, functional), we must try...to construct a world both more solid and more immediate. Let it be first of all by their presence that objects and gestures establish themselves, and let this presence continue to prevail over whatever explanatory theory that may try to enclose them in a system of references [which is an idealization], whether emotional, sociological, Freudian or metaphysical.
>
> In this future universe of the [work of art], gestures and objects will be there before being something; and they will still be there afterwards, hard, unalterable, eternally present, mocking their own "meaning," that meaning which vainly tries to reduce them to the role of precarious tools .... No longer will objects be merely the vague reflection of the hero's vague soul, the image of his torments, the shadow of his desires.[49]

No longer will the object be the shadow of the poet's desire, says Surrealism likewise, it will be the very avatar of protean man's desire; for "the object assumes the...shape of desire and acts upon our contemplation"(Dali).[50] Octavio Paz was quoted in the last chapter as saying that Surrealism is in fact symptomatic of an ultra-Romanticism. We see the sense of this in the movement forward from Objectivism where Nature was recognized as the creator not merely of the object in reality but of the object in the poem. And while Romanticism may be the progenitor of Nature moving into the poem it is left to Surrealism, really, to "automate" its language and give this Nature as a product, or a projection rather, of the Real. The objects to which Surrealism returns are thus not personas merely, but actual existences. For it is the "density" of the object which after all draws the eye,[51] "the Sartrean nausea which exudes from things existing"[52] that sits in the electrical chair of the surrealist poem. And it is inevitable, too, since by opening discourse the surrealist evokes the heart of desire lying in the phenomenological: an image of the object in its primordial state, "at once absolute and fragile."[53] Thus it is that images, inasmuch as they exist in language, are autonomous. Further,

because man is not at the center of his world his separation from them confers their autonomy. We must now turn our attention to these images revealed violently as the objects of desire.

* * *

At the height of Surrealism in 1929 Luis Bunuel and Salvador Dali, as has been mentioned, collaborated on the film "Un Chien Andalou." In the space of a few frames, or in one image, this film offered a shattering summation of Surrealism--both of its statement and its technique. Panning an evening sky, the camera catches a thin cloud moving across the face of a full moon; in the following frames the shot is duplicated, this time taking as the camera's subject a girl's eye with a razor blade moving through it, slicing the eye in two. The image is undeniably violent, and yet it is also ultimately aesthetic for what it purports is a new way of seeing. The dream is no longer objectified, it is no longer "out there" before the eye--rather the objectification of reality has been shockingly destroyed and out of this destruction the sixth sense becomes engaged and moves irrevocably inward on the dream. In this final section, then, we shall try to show how statement and technique come together--as aesthetic--in the "violent image"; the epitome of the surreal juxtaposition of realities to which Lamantia has made an especially large contribution.

Let us begin by taking a cursory look at the 'razor blade' mentioned above, for surely this image itself has an important place in the poetics as the metaphorical agent divorcing and making distinct the mind's two opposed worlds of behaviour. In the following passage, for example, we might note that not only does Lamantia seem to allude to Bunuel's image but he also seems intent on hanging for a moment onto the violence the razor blade undeniably discloses:

Within closets filled with nebulae
the blood shot eyes
swim upward for the sun

This world of serpents and weeping women
is crushed in the violence
of a swamp large enough to contain
the enormous razorblade of the night...[54]

What we are faced with here is the sense of the razor blade looming up in the text as the object of the poet's desire. It is the "itness" of the razor violently coming forward in the language that becomes the apparent subject of the passage: the 'cutting reality' moving the poetic scene from one world to a deeper one, from the conscious to the unconscious.[55] Again, an allusion to Buñuel may figure in the next Lamantia fragment, but it is the razor-like glass itself which receives the full poetic attention. Like the "formless glove" we have mentioned before, the image of the glass can be said to have moved out of the shadows of a double language:

The children who are ten feet tall are wet.
Their faces are scorched, their eyes cut by glass.[56]

Surrealism wishes to reconcile all forms emanating from the conscious and unconscious minds (like the glove and the formless glove) in order to arrive at truth. There is perhaps nothing new in such a statement, and yet the technique with which the surrealist seeks to force the reconciliation involves an energy that must be freshly considered for it is psychic in a sublime way. It is even violently psychotic; an energy which delivers thought straight from the mouth before the disparity of notions can gain their foothold in rational mindfulness. What we are dealing with, it seems, is the behaviour of the surreal anarchist, complete with the aesthetic resonance emanating from such figures as de Sade and Lautréamont. The act of poetry, says Surrealism, must be psychically charged, even misanthropic (as in Sartre's story

"Erostratus" where the hero's desire is to assassinate humanity) if the "word" is to erupt from the mouth like a bullet. It is the political act, poeticized through the experience of a unique language. Breton implores that

> The simplest [and most marvelous] Surrealist act consists of dashing down into the street, pistol in hand, and firing blindly, as fast as you can pull the trigger, into the crowd. Anyone who, at least once in his life, has not dreamed of thus putting an end to the petty system of debasement and cretinization in effect has a well-defined place in that crowd, with his belly at barrel level.[57]

I think it was Kenneth Patchen who once identified himself with what he called the "unoccupied left": this seems an apt description too of the doctrinaire surrealists.[58] At least the ironic nature of such an irreverence as Surrealism's to all social forms would have this to be so. It is the hidden Real which comes forward in their language like a bullet. As Nicholas Calas suggested, "...when irony becomes really revolutionary...it becomes something much more cruel than what is understood when we use the term irony. Breton has called it 'l'humour noir,' black bile. It is laughter of the most disagreeable kind and with the most disturbing effects....We scream [not from the pulpit but] from the midst of the iconoclastic mob."[59] Here, truth becomes the materialization of statement and style functioning in terms of one another so as to spring the underlying realities of poetic experience violently from the wedge of language and to create the new and less limited experience of total consciousness out of it.[60] There lies here an escape from the "idea" in favour of the act, the event of the "word": an escape from all utopias of the mind.

Truly man is in turmoil; and the surrealist captures him there. Yet it is important, at the same time, to note that such a turmoil is nothing if not an apt mirror expression of the chaotic state of the universe. In fact

it is only because of this disorder that the poet can recognize his desire at all. For chaos shapes the hand of desire as the autonomous image perceived (no matter how dimly) within his conscious experience. In other words, were it not for the chaos and turmoil he finds himself in, the poet's sense of desire would remain entirely subliminated and beyond his recognition. The turmoil the surrealist perceives lying in the static language of cultural discourse--a language inevitably at loose ends with itself--is the turmoil of the conscious world. And yet there is a certain nobility, indeed a considerable nobility, in the knowledge of this, one which allows art to remain a possibility. It is because of this uncertain state that the poet is able to see in his underlying desire a marvelous union of the inner and outer worlds, of the microcosm and the macrocosm. Such a reconciliation is that between what Apollinaire--the poet who ironically enough rejoiced at his experience of the world's most destructive war--called the noble and the tragic. "Our history is noble and tragic,"[61] writes Apollinaire--a theme to be echoed by American postmodernists (like Ferlinghetti[62]) concerned with both the "logical decor" and the "American Dream." By combining such notions as the noble and the tragic, the poet is able to close the distance from his desire, able to enter the apocalyptic truth of his actual condition: the outer world is reflected in the inner world, its chaos of forms becomes shudderingly acute. Kenneth Rexroth, for example, traces the lives of the poet suicides and lunatics (not a few of whom, we note, are surrealists)--Crével, Rigaud, Artaud, Mayakofsky, Desnos, Saint Pol Roux, Max Jacob--and answers himself by saying,

> Was their end noble and tragic,
> Like the mask of a tyrant?
> Like Agamemnon's secret golden face?[63]

When the poet is singing for destruction he is really taking his place in the poetics of desire, challenging the marvelous to spring out of a debased human condition. Thus Aimé Césaire, speaking as a black surrealist from colonized Martinique, announces, "I must begin/.../ The only thing in the world that's worth beginning:/ The End of the World, no less."[64] This, in turn, is echoed by Charles Henri Ford: "Welcome the end of the world!/ Welcome the end of the world!"[65]; and celebrated by Lamantia:

> It is you who are coming--Beautiful Destruction!
> I sing you, Destruction, for your yelp live bodies of liver against this humanity of snake and dead dogs In the highest putresence you glow like neon BEAUTIFUL DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD![66]

The aesthetic which informs the 'beautiful destruction' is one which, like the experience of the Gorgons' head, runs the full gamut from abject terror to horrendous beauty. And like the infamous Medusa there is also the sense that the "neon" sign to which Lamantia draws our attention is one which can turn its viewer to stone. But the "neon" has a further function as well. It literally illuminates the sign, "BEAUTIFUL DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD," with an electrical force, violently fusing the two polar images in a marvelous synthesis. The electricity of the world is of course a modern metaphor (and a man-made notion); so it must be equally noted that man's own means of communication--the neon sign--is here being ironically poeticized by Lamantia's apocalyptic message. (One thinks, perhaps, of Marshall McLuhan's phrase, "image over-load.") Mary Ann Caws provides an interesting note about the dramatic place of the "electricity" metaphor in surrealist poetry. She writes:

> The surrealist image is necessarily shocking--it destroys the conventional laws of association and logic, so that the objects which compose it, instead of seeming to fit side by side naturally and normally, "shriek at finding themselves

> together." But the same electrical force that splits up the habitual relationships of the ordinary world has the power to fuse all that has previously been separate. Breton will frequently use the metaphor of electricity in his theoretical writings, with all its implications of intensity, shock, fusion, and a highly dramatic quality proper to surrealism. He thinks of poetry as a "conductor of mental electricity" and his criterion for the success of art is the achievement of a particular "fusion of the mind and the heart in a verbal or plastic mold which shows itself in some way to be electrically appropriate to it."[67]

Commenting on Surrealism--this fusion of mind and heart--Michel Leiris indomitably adds that "what attracted me from the first, and what I have never repudiated...is the manifestation of a will to find in poetry a total system."[68] Again, it is the same Gorgonish head--only one which is now extended and contemporized to include a complete "anarchy" of forms--that Surrealism celebrates as its aesthetic attitude: the nobility, the beauty, the comedy, the terror of the destructive act immortalized in the violence of the poetry. Certainly there is great beauty in the tragic just as there is often in great comedy; and to produce these diverse worlds together is fundamental to the surrealist sensibility. To be sure, these two instances are given their due in Lamantia:

1.) O the mirror-like dirt
of freshly spilt blood
trickling down the walls
the walls that reach the stars![69]

2.) Each bridegroom shall inherit a laugh of childhood
that will announce the coming of my felons
soft with murder...[70]

The soft, lazy motion one imagines of the snakes coiling over the head of Medusa carries with it an absurd humour which in an equally proportionate, terrifying way turns the viewer--and our imagination also--into a very real, very hard stone. One is reminded, not coincidentally perhaps, of Alfred

Jarry's 'Pataphysics, that circular monstrosity of contradiction which came to feed the surrealists' minds. Writing to Marinetti (in 1903)--although speaking perhaps more of himself--Jarry states, "It is true that in your works surprise aims less at laughter than at the beauty of the horrible."[71] Jarry's sense of the beauty contained in the horrible has about it an anarchy of the most absolute kind.

Lamantia's own passion for anarchy is well documented. As a member of the nucleus of San Francisco's Anarchist Circle formed immediately after World War II, which included such anarchist-pacifist poets as Rexroth, Everson and Duncan,[72] his poetic voice can be readily appreciated right from the early work of 1946:

I meet you in the solitude of violence[73]

In the poem "Celestial Estrangement," for instance, Lamantia recognizes the duplicity of the image where men are "wingless birds," where "toy dolls are nailed to the beds," where conscious reality emits "the odor of imperishable sweat/ putrescent human bellies stuffed with revolvers and nuns."[74] Like earlier surrealists, Lamantia takes from the double nature of images what he perceives to be worldly debasement and makes use of the violence contained therein: he brings forward the inherent, latent energy of the image itself and pushes it to the limits of truth, "revolvers and nuns" emerging together from the 'thought' of language. This is the alchemy of the word, the surrealist poet's wrenching the marvelous out of language: the inner and the outer together, the "nun" and the "revolver", pacifism and anarchy, the positive and the nihilistic. One must concur with Parker Tyler who writes that "the danger of daring is the active root of Lamantia's poetry. It is violence as victory--a victory over what is terribly true."[75] This anarchist-pacifist

voice remains throughout his work. Speaking presumably of the volume Ekstasis (1959), Philip Whalen says, "I imagine a motto, 'Ecstacy is my response,'...I suppose this is what Philip Lamantia's book is actually concerned with."[76]

This holding oppositions together over the fulcrum of a violent imagery is what the surrealists seem to mean when they refer to the electricity of experience. For Lamantia the process is one of purification, as some of his later work especially shows ("World without End," circa 1970):

> Bring the sarcophagus of the immortal wail. I unwrap the box of fears and nail the corridor of nude wonders below the street that smiles. Black fire slakes the fist of water below the winter loneliness into the spectral slum you made, my chicken lair of beauty's corpse.[77]

Here the poet is revitalizing the static, ritualized circuitry of a tired culture, forcing the construct into a new, automatic mold. The purification of ritual is made by desperately vilifying the bogus reality of the conscious mind:

> desperate surrealism
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Geneva of movies, who ate the dogbrick sandwich?
> I've cut a loaf of it
> and splattered eiou--chaos...(Lamantia)[78]

With the violent energy underlying the autonomous image standing as his true incantation the poet begins his dialectical fusion of reality, transforming the old disparate values into the new realization of consciousness where, indeed, the fire and the rose are held as one:

> Come my ritual wax and circles
> my rose spitting blood
> When the day is lit up by our magic candles
> and the hours yell their sadistic songs and suck hard
> into the night when the cats invade our skulls

then we will know the destructive ones have gone
out into the world to watch the cataclysm begin
as the final wave of fire pours out from their hearts (Lamantia)[79]

This is well beyond anthropocentrism when 'the rose spits blood', for the paranoiac and Daliesque 'hours' are metamorphosed into the autonomous image of 'cats invading the skulls', and the old, disparate and unrealized consciousness is put to the fire. But more importantly still, the purification has not evolved from the poet's rational experience, it has not been forced from the repetition of old rituals of discourse. Rather it springs directly out of language and moves directly with that energy as the actualization itself of the marvelous. The act is spontaneous. Moreover, that is its purity and its fire. Therefore says Lamantia, the surrealist is:

...getting down to
the super-real work of
transmuting the Earth <u>with love of it</u>
by the Fire prepared from the time of Onn![80]

By opening his language to reveal the "itness" of the images locked within, the surrealist can come to appreciate even the machine--no longer as an anthropomorphic replacement of man-in-the-world, but as an autonomous reality, a source of marvelous energy, a shuddering object ironically capable of disclosing desire. One thinks of Duchamp's "chocolate grinder" and the equally "humourous" machines of Picabia and Man Ray. Man is placed back in the world by art: because he, and he alone, is the supreme inventor--he even invents himself. One does not critically have to pry open the poem to gather the sense of this. The duplicity itself inherent in its text makes the disclosure marvelously, ecstatically:

the static poem is a new invention
MBOCO the asthmathic HwS2
10054 moumbimba
there's a machine
machine (Tzara)[81]

As Michael Benedikt notes, "to bring about change, it is not enough to alter convention; far more important is challenging the realities upheld by convention."[82] What, then, are the precise realities challenged by Surrealism? We have already given a cursory glance at the 'machine'; it may be interesting, now, to look at its fuller ramifications in the image of the modern city--for surely this reality, the city, represents much or all of what is upheld by convention, and in the poetry subsequently becomes the metaphoric crisis of consciousness.

The city, let it be noted first, functions in surreal poetry as the ironic glorification of the surface nature of language. That is to say, as a symbol it is the coalescence of all external phenomena in the rationally experienced world, it is the foremost place into which man extends his conscious will. Man here extends his understanding of himself, his values and prerogatives, becoming man-in-the-city and therefore denying the autonomy of all things he sees and feels. But here too, in the fervour of the city, lies the trapped or pent up violence of his conscious expression. The cityscape becomes his anachronism, his artifice, the mirror of his half-perceived self. Its 'reality' is held together by cement, that metaphorical syntax of the language: the blocks and sidewalks of uniformly static words which have become the primary element of the modern experience and sensibility.[83] This cement, then, is what binds conscious experience and gives a superficial logic to human reason, while underneath the pre-logical, surrealistic unconscious ebbs and flows to the disturbance of a marvelous sea (Ford in fact titles one of his poems "Undersea Disturbance On Times Square"[84]). It is with this knowledge of things that Salvador Dali declared:

> Perhaps no image has produced effects to which the word <u>ideal</u> can more properly be applied than the tremendous image

> which is the staggering ornamental architecture called the "Modern Style." No collective effort has produced a dream world so pure and so disturbing as the "Modern Style" buildings, these being, apart from architecture, the true realization in themselves of desires grown solid. Their most violent and cruel automatism pitifully betrays a hatred of reality and a need for seeking refuge in an ideal world, just as happens in infantile neurosis.[85]

As a surrealist, therefore, Lamantia too calls on the energy of a reopened discourse to deliver, automatically, the truth about the neurotically debased and yet powerful human reality:

> O people I hate the most! glass automobiles snake by to decay decay is living anthill
> where yr automobiles lift their skirts and stiff
> pricks of dead indians going in reverse
> automobile graveyards where I eat fenders, bodies I crunch mustards of engines I devour whole gallons of molding chrome I whip cheese from cannibal hoods[86]

And in this surreal and superrational poetics where the autonomous images of glass and automobiles, and automobiles and graveyards, are seen in juxtaposition, and where the noble and the tragic are superimposed, truth becomes an energy, a sublime and psychic perception. The brutal becomes graceful--oppositions are held together in definition of the marvelous. "I love the grace of this industrial street," Apollinaire proclaims.[87] The city is in the mouth, says the surrealist, it is the hub of conscious experience; and by being so perceived becomes synonomous with the dream, containing the ironic contradictions of the positive and negative poles. The surrealist calls the dream forward out of his language, then, in the following way:

> Tomorrow is a city
> more beautiful more red than the others
> . . . . . .
> The line of the horizon
> shines
> like a bar of steel
> like a thread that we must cut
> so as not to rest
> ever (Soupault)[88]

The poet thus reveals consciousness by his desire for truth superimposed on the reality of his concrete experience. "I am thirsty cities of France and of Europe and of the world," writes Apollinaire[89]: the dream has been entered through thought, through the mouth prior to language, and the poet's desire for selfhood has been fathomed in terms of the marvelous contra-experience. Here, then, by the metaphor of the city, the poet has truly taken thought in the mouth--the automatic energy of the noble and the tragic--and delivered it to the air as his illuminated consciousness. The city, the metaphoric crisis, has become the erotic object of the poet's desire. Indeed we turn this penultimate note to the Lamantia who writes:

> Immense blank void, melting structures, sperm steel, the last roasted cock, geometry of inert horizontal planes, phases of toxicomic monsters I open the door of the air![90]

* * *

The aesthetic of the autonomous image thus serves a fundamental purpose for the surrealist: showing him that in order to find anything but an unreal and disturbing separateness from things he must trace the superrational images around him down the ladder of his desire and into the dream. Here he will find all images are rooted to his selfhood and that together, collectively, they illuminate his ultimate consciousness. With this accounted for we are now finally able to hold a full understanding of the dialectic represented by the windowpane which forced the aesthetic of the autonomous image in the first place. It is this: the surrealist has had to celebrate the intrinsic itness of images in their conscious manifestation in language so as to force into play his movement toward desire. In other words, without initially entertaining his isolated view of the so-called realities or stimuli around him

and separate from him the poet's curiosity to follow these essences into the unconscious depths underlying his customary experience would not have been piqued. Therefore we must conclude that the dialectic which initially showed him the nakedness of the windowpane, as glass, is precisely the same dialectic which allows him the aesthetic necessary to propel the poetics toward a full engagement of the deep-seated self. The windowpane has in this way truly functioned as the shadow of his real existence as a full consciousness. Arp says: "The intelligent shadow lays its thinker's brow on its thinker's finger./ It's obvious it thought to itself that I'm not the shadow of a shadow/ but that I'm self-created."[91] One need only add that the self-created shadow celebrated here, like all realities, can, after all, have been created only in selfhood, in the poet's consciousness. No matter how hard it tries, of course, the conscious mind cannot explain why the possession of this shadow is ultimately desirable. This, says Surrealism, is where language always leaves us (and why art is always necessary). We have the means but not the matter itself. Hence it is left to automatism to overshoot the unsatisfied means or mechanics of language and aim straight for the dream where desire is bound up. The shadows are thus violently drawn forward. But a poem of Arp's may just as well show how the collective forms of the hidden Real can be revealed automatically by forcing a synthesis of the dialectics involved in the windowpane. The poem hardly needs any comment for the "muteness" of the "cosmic forms"--the collective forms energized by the automatic depiction of the bare desire expressed by the "stained-glass windows"--is abundantly apparent. One need only see that the entry into the unconscious is revealed by noting that the poem is itself observing an inner-logic, a superrational logic of its own, by making itself known as the full-blown form of all it addresses

imagistically; in other words the poem alone, one can readily feel, is intuitively the consciousness itself--the poet himself being merely an automatic observer of the fact:

> THE FORMS THAT I CREATED BETWEEN 1927 AND 1948 AND THAT I
> CALLED COSMIC FORMS
> WERE VAST FORMS
> . . . . . .
> THESE COSMIC FORMS SEEMED MUTE
> BECAUSE THEIR LANGUAGE GOES BEYOND THE WAVES PERCEPTIBLE TO
> MAN
> WHEN I VISITED THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES IN 1948
> THE FULLNESS THE AUGUST GRANDEUR AND THE PERFECTION OF THE
> STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS
> THAT NO ART WILL EVER MANAGE TO SURPASS
> LED ME TO REFLECT ON THE LIMITS OF OUR STRENGTH
> AND TO REDUCE THE REIGN OF OUR UNFOLDING.
> I THUS CHOSE FROM THEN ON
> MORE PRIMITIVE FORMS
> PARTIALLY RECTILINEAR FORMS
> THAT PERMITTED ME TO ATTRACT TO INTERCEPT TO INCLUDE MOVE-
> MENTS
> AND IDEAS APPROACHING
> THE HUMAN IMAGE.[92]

Finally, we close the chapter with Lamantia and a definitive passage describing how the poet, removed from rational mindfulness, is left open to reveal consciousness as it is--supperreal:

> It's useless to ask who's behind these eyes
> . . . . . .
> or name the creatures coming alive
> out of the exploding iris
> A supper of iron and mercury
> is spread out on a table of green water
> and the knives, forks and spoons devour it![93]

Here Descartes' phrase "I think, therefore I am" is inverted and shown as the fundamental consciousness: I am contained by desire, therefore I have "thought" and it is my desire. Conscious experience is irrevocably exposed as being useless to fathom desire, and in its place the images which connect in selfhood--the "supper of iron and mercury"--and which are called upon in

their essence, are seen, marvelously, as making up the poet's consciousness. Moreover, it is finally left to the implements of the surreal poetics--"the knives, forks and spoons"--to devour it. So the poet is inextricably linked with the universe which is his elemental food. One is, after all, what one eats and by the eating, so to speak, the poetics proves the meal. The phenomenon is perhaps captured by Breton when he says, "No one, when he expresses himself, does anything more than come to terms with the possibility of a very obscure reconciliation between what he knew he had to say with what, on the same subject, he didn't know he had to say and nonetheless said."[94]

APPENDIX

Text of an unanswered letter sent to Philip Lamantia, March 1976:

Under the supervision of Robin Blaser I am currently writing a Masters thesis on the surrealist impulse underlying your work (thesis title: INCIDENTALLY PHILIP LAMANTIA: A study of the poetics of Surrealism). Although I take warning from your poetry that such an endeavor might be construed as merely academic--and therefore to be met with hostility by you as a poet--I implore you to read on before making any judgments. Let me begin by saying simply that my project does not attempt to entrench Surrealism in the groves of academe. I am not explicating your poems (as a student of the sixties I deplore the New Criticism). My aim, rather, is to provide a critical response to the eclectic and surreal poetics which informs much of the postmodern era. The favour I am asking of you is that you might provide me with some details regarding influences and concerns; naturally I take the objectives emanating from these concerns upon myself. May I ask you, then the following questions?

- how seriously did/do you take Breton's first manifesto (specifically automatism, the marvelous, the placing of Freud); what importance, as a second or third generation surrealist, did/do you place on the manifesto?

- do Lautréamont's umbrella and sewing machine meet, for you, on a <u>dissecting</u> table (ie. does the image dialectically resolve the tension of "distant realities"--as Reverdy and Hegel seem to suggest); or do you put words together simply because their results appeal to your libido, whatever?

- does Zen influence you at all here (ie. do you believe polarities simply don't exist in the first place)?

- do you consider San Francisco or New York more important to the sense of place in your poetry; does your sensibility, for instance, prefer Whalen's work to Ashbery's, or vice versa (ie. does your attachment to surrealism point you in the direction of Kyoto or Paris)?

- would you describe Olson's "Projective Verse" (form dictated by content) as being important to you viz. surrealism?

- do you agree with Zukofsky in making a 'return to the object': and would you then call the object the source of your 'desire'?

- does the following phrase of Apollinaire's have significant meaning to you 30-60 years later?: "I love the grace of the industrial street"

- do you see Ford, Tyler and yourself as primarily American poets or surrealists (your lineage in Whitman and Williams or Rimbaud and Jarry)--or is such a distinction a cretinization?

- would you call your Americaness 'Beat' or 'San Francisco Renaissance', or is this too an idiocy?

I hope there is nothing in these questions to infuriate you--and I thank you for looking at them. Needless to say I am most interested in any comments you might care to offer, kindly or otherwise.

LIST OF REFERENCES

Chapter 1

[1] See Kenneth Rexroth, "The Spiritual Alchemy of Thomas Vaughan," in With Eye and Ear (New York: Herder and Herder, 1970), pp.1-10.

[2] The New American Poetry Circuit [U.S.A.], n.d., n.p., n.pag.

[3] Philip Lamantia, "The Crime of Poetry," in City Lights Anthology, ed. by Lawrence Ferlinghetti (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1974), p.250.

[4] Maurice Nadeau, The History of Surrealism, trans. by Richard Howard (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1973), p.86.

[5] Cited in Nadeau, p.332.

[6] As Pierre Reverdy writes:

> "I've had wind
> I've had sky
> At bottom everything we see is artificial"

Pierre Reverdy, Selected Poems, trans. by Kenneth Rexroth (New York: New Directions, 1972), p.45.

[7] Philip Lamantia, Touch of the Marvelous (Bolinas: Four Seasons Foundation, 1974), p.3.

[8] Alberto Giacometti, for instance, came to reject his surrealist period (1929-35) for being "nothing but masturbation," cited in Lucy R. Lippard, ed., Surrealists on Art (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1970), p.141.

[9] At the age of 18 Lamantia writes accusingly in his review of a New Directions anthology (Five Young American Poets): "Man, in the modern world, definitely splits himself in halves, living in reality and in the spirit, without realizing the relationship between these two realms." View, 5th Ser.,1 (March 1945), p.50.

[10] "Awakened From Sleep," in Touch, p.12.

[11] Charles Henri Ford, Flag of Ecstasy, ed. by Edward B. Germain (Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1972), p.52.

[12] I am referring to Lorca's essay "Theory and Function of the Duende" in Lorca, ed. & trans. by J.L. Gili (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Inc., 1967), pp.127-139.

[13] Having thus 'overturned his lake' Ford (in "The Overturned Lake") speaks of holding his blueprint of the unconscious against his conscious experience:

"I should like to pick you up, as if you were a woman of water,
hold you against the light and see your veins flow
with fishes; reveal the animal-flowers that rise
nightlike beneath your eyes."

Ford, Flag, p.57.

[14] Alain Jouffroy, cited in J.H. Matthews, Surrealist Poetry in France (Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press, 1969), p.160.

[15] Jean Arp, Arp on Arp , ed. by Marcel Jean & trans. by Joachim Neugroschel (New York: The Viking Press, 1972), p.216.

[16] The analogy here comes by way of Wittgenstein who has talked of the Kantian problem "about the right hand and the left hand, which cannot be made to coincide." Wittgenstein, however, suggests that--mathematically--the two forms are nonetheless congruent: "A right-hand glove could be put on the left hand, if it could be turned around in four-dimensional space." Ludwig Wittgenstein, Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus, trans. by D.F. Pears & B.F. McGuiness (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1974), pp.69-70.

[17] Ibid p.74.

[18] "Where is the grill that would show that if its external outline
Is no longer juxtaposable with its internal outline
The bid passes..."

Breton, "Fata Morgana," trans. by Clark Mills in James Laughlin, ed., New Directions 1941 (Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1941), p.660.

[19] Cited in Nadeau, p.79.

[20] John Ashbery, The Tennis Court Oath (Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1968), p.11.
Octavio Paz, incidentally, has quite rightly placed the New York school under the influence of Surrealism: "In English-speaking countries the influence of Surrealism was belated and superficial (until the appearance of Frank O'Hara and John Ashberry [sic], in the fifties)." Octavio Paz, Children of the Mire, trans. by Rachel Phillips (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1975), pp.143-4.

[21] Jack Spicer, The Collected Books of Jack Spicer, ed. by Robin Blaser (Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1975), p.279.

[22] Ibid., p.225.

[23] Ibid., p.313.

[24] Ibid., p.296.

[25] Ibid., p.46.

[26] Ibid., p.309.

[27] Ibid., p.309.

[28] Ibid., p.323.

[29] Philip Lamantia, in The Beats, ed. by Seymour Krim (Greenwich, Conn.: Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1960), p.132.

[30] Lamantia, "To You Henry Miller Of The Orchestra The Mirror The Revolver And Of the Stars Of Stars," in Touch, pp.41-2.

[31] Ironically enough Miller prefers Dada to Surrealism for the very reasons Lamantia accuses him (Miller) of being un-surrealistic: "The Surrealists are too conscious of what they are doing." Henry Miller, The Cosmological Eye (New York: New Directions, 1961), p.163.

[32] Eugene Jolas, ed., transition, 18 (Nov. 1929), p.175.

[33] See Louis Aragon's introduction to Paul Eluard, Uninterrupted Poetry: Selected Writings, trans. by Lloyd Alexander (New York: New Directions, 1975), p.xxvii.
Says Aragon elsewhere, "the word literature can only be used pejoratively..." cited in Lippard, Surrealists on Art, p.42.
And Breton: "Language has been given to man so that he may make Surrealist use of it." André Breton, Manifestoes of Surrealism, trans. by Richard Seaver & Helen R. Lane (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1972), p.32.

[34] Breton, cited in Patrick Waldberg, Surrealism (London: Thames & E. Hudson, Ltd., 1972), p.72.

[35] Tristan Tzara, cited in Manuel L. Grossman, Dada (New York: Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., 1971),p.120.
cf. the "ethnopoetics" of Jerome Rothenberg and David Antin's "talking poems."

[36] Arp on Arp, p.467.

[37] Such is the message of a 1964 poem by the German concretist, Claus Bremer. It is impossible to reproduce the typography here. But the following commentary of Bremer's should provide the reader with the visual mechanics of the poem:

> "In the first line, the text is written word over word. In the lines that follow [down the page], the last word is separated word for word and line for line, until the text is legible [mid-point on the page]. Then the process is reversed. This arrangement is intended to arouse curiosity, to reveal something, and then again to become obscure; to arouse the reader's curiosity, to reveal something to him, and then again confront him with himself....[In] a world in which one is led astray from himself, concrete poetry invites the reader back to himself."

cited in Emmett Williams, ed., Anthology of Concrete Poetry (New York: Something Else Press, 1967), unpaginated.
Incidentally, concrete poetry ought not to have a place in the avant-garde, let alone in Surrealism--because it must inevitably operate on formalist principles. It is a closed-form, whereas Surrealism's is open. People are mislead in thinking that while concrete poetry can have (properly) some kinetic value it is therefore necessarily "open." It isn't. Each concrete poem, by its very nature, subsumes itself as an aesthetic entity, a unity. It becomes that aesthetic cloud Rexroth speaks of, and Robbe-Grillet speaks of, floating in the air without a corpus--never exploding into a corpus. Because it can only explode into itself: that is why we call it "concrete," that is its closedness. Meanwhile, Surrealism ventures clear of the concrete. As Ashbery remarks, "hair banana/ does not evoke a concrete image/ the splendid..." (Tennis, p.79.)

[38] William Carlos Williams, Paterson (New York: New Directions, 1963), p.28.

[39] Arp, Arp on Arp, p.203.

[40] Ibid., p.97.

[41] The legacy of this automatism stems of course from Dada: its psychic and plastic expression can be found in the ready-mades of Duchamp and Man Ray or in the random paper collages of Hausmann, Baader, et al. Arp defines this "chance art" as "Realities, pure and independent, with no meaning or cerebral intention. We rejected all mimesis and description, giving free rein to the Elementary and Spontaneous....I declared that these works were arranged 'according to the law of chance,' as in the order of nature, chance being for me simply a part of an inexplicable reason, of an inaccessible order...." (Arp on

Arp, p.232); its nihilistic and literary expression can be found in the "Exquisite Corpse" game ("The exquisite/ corpse/ shall drink/ the bubbling/ wine" --cited in Lippard, p.87) which Breton developed under the influence of Jacques Vaché; and of course its legitimate literary expression lies, first and foremost, in Breton and Soupault's "The Magnetic Fields" ("The corridors of the big hotels are empty and the cigar smoke is hiding, etc."--cited in Robert Motherwell, ed., Dada Painters and Poets (New York: Wittenborn, Schultz, Inc., 1951), p.232.).

Some examples of 'pure automatism' in poetry even prefigure Dada, as for instance Apollinaire's collection Calligrammes. But chiefly the ground is broken by Breton, Aragon and Soupault:

"Suicide"

a b c d e f
g h i j k l
m n o p q r
s t u v w
x y z

Aragon, cited in Grossman, p.142.

"Sunday"

The aircraft are weaving the telegraph wires
and the waterfall is singing the exact same song
At the coachmen's hangout the aperitifs are all orange
but locomotive engineers all have white eyes
the lady has lost her smile in the woods...

Soupault, cited in Michael Benedikt, ed., The Poetry of Surrealism: An Anthology, trans. by Benedikt et al (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1974), p.108.

[42] Philip Lamantia, Touch, p.20.

[43] Philip Lamantia, "Intersection," in Selected Poems (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1967), p.38.

[44] Philip Lamantia, "Flaming Teeth," in The Blood of the Air (San Francisco: Four Seasons Foundation, 1970), p.35.

It is interesting to note that the post-Victorian era pushed many authors with varying aesthetics working quite independently of Dada (notably Virginia Woolf and Joyce, although Joyce was in Zurich at the time of the Cabaret Voltaire). The "stream of consciousness," espoused by Woolf (below) is a twin to automatism and not unlike Kerouac's to follow, and Burroughs' "cut-up" (or "fold-in") method (a method, incidently, used by many writers of Beat prose--Holmes, Trocchi, Harrington, Douglas Woolf, et al).

Woolf: "Examine for a moment an ordinary mind on an ordinary day. The mind receives a myriad impressions--trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel. From all sides they come, an incessant shower of inumerable atoms; and as they fall, as they shape themselves into the life of Monday or Tuesday, the accent falls differently from of old....Let us record the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall, let us trace the pattern, however disconnected and incoherent in appearance, which each sight

or incident scores upon the consciousness." Virginia Woolf, The Common Reader (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1953), pp.154-5.
Kerouac (in his "Essentials of Spontaneous Prose") "Not 'selectivity' of expression but following free deviation (association) of mind into limitless flow-on-subject seas of thought..."; cited in George Dardess, "The Logic of Spontaneity: A reconsideration of Kerouac's 'Spontaneous Prose Method,'" Boundary 2, vol. III, no.3 (Spring 1975), p.744.
And Kerouac again (in his "Belief and Technique for Modern Prose"):

"1. Scribbled secret notebooks, and wild typewritten pages, for yr own joy
2. Submissive to everything, open, listening
. . . . . .
7. Blow as deep as you want to blow
8. Write what you want bottomless from bottom of the mind
. . . . . .
13. Remove literary, grammatical and syntactical inhibition
. . . . . .
15. Telling the true story of the world in interior monolog
. . . . . .
17. Write in recollection and amazement for yourself
. . . . . .
21. Struggle to sketch the flow that already exists intact in mind
. . . . . .
28. Composing wild, undisciplined, pure, coming in from under, crazier the better..."

Jack Kerouac, "Belief & Technique for Modern Prose," in A Casebook on the Beat, ed. by Thomas Parkinson (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1966), pp.67-8.
Burroughs is generally more "scientific" in his application of the cut-up, since his end is less aesthetic, more "political" (his advocation of the E Meter, for instance, as a tool with which to break down control systems). He is also contradictory--inevitably--in his aesthetics, advocating unconscious spontaneity at one moment and denying it in the next:

> "You can not will spontaneity. But you can introduce the unpredictable spontaneous factor with a pair of scissors....Cutting and rearranging a page of written words introduces a new dimension into writing enabling the writer to turn images in cineramic variation. Images shift sense under the scissors smell images to sound sight to sound sound to kinesthetic. This is where Rimbaud was going with his color of vowels. And his systematic derangement of the senses. The place of mescaline hallucination: seeing colors tasting sounds smelling forms."

William Burroughs, "Notes on Vaudeville Voices, and The Cut up Method," in The Moderns ed. by LeRoi Jones (London: MacGibbon & Kee, 1965), pp.345-7.

> "It's not unconscious at all, it's a very definite operation ...the simplest way is to take a page, cut it down the middle and across the middle, and then rearrange the four sections. Now that's a very simple form of cut-up if you want to get some idea of one rearrangement of the words on

that page. It's quite conscious, there's nothing of automatic writing or unconscious procedure involved here." cited in Daniel Odier, The Job: Interview with William Burroughs (London: Jonathan Cape Ltd., 1969), p.14.

[45] Cited in Grossman, p.118.

[46] Guillaume Apollinaire, Selected Writings, trans. by Roger Shattuck (New York: New Directions, 1971), p.227.

[47] In his "Letter to Elaine Feinstein," which follows the seminal essay of postmodernism, "Projective Verse," Charles Olson notes the "primary":

"I am talking from a 'double axis': the replacement of Classical-representational by the 'primitive-abstract'....I mean of course not at all primitive in that stupid use of it as opposed to the civilized. One means it now as 'primary,' as how one finds anything, pick it up as one does new--fresh/ first. Thus one is equal across history forward and back, and it's all levy, as present is, but sd that way, one states...a different space-time."

Charles Olson, Selected Writings, ed. by Robert Creeley (New York: New Directions, 1966), p.28.
This space-time moving forward and back in the clothing of history is part of what Octavio Paz means by the "other" tradition in poetry (see chapter 2).

[48] Philip Lamantia, "Secret Weapons," in Destroyed Works (San Francisco: Auerhahn Press, 1962), unpaginated.
As Marshall McLuhan wryly puts it: "The Balinese, who have no word for art, say, 'We do everything as well as possible.'" Marshall McLukan and Harley Parker, Through the Vanishing Point (New York: Harper & Row, 1969), p.243.

[49] Indeed Lamantia pays homage to the primitive in the celebration of his own name:

"Lamantines:

A species of herbivorous mermaid-like mammals native to Africa and the Americas, inhabiting the mouths of larger rivers. They play, in West-African myth, a role similar to that of the Sirens in Europe."

Lamantia, Blood, frontispiece.

[50] Philip Lamantia, "Plumage of Recognition," in Touch, p.32.
Ernst states the purpose of the "frottage" as follows:

"The frottage process--based on nothing other than the intensification of the irritability of the mind's faculties by appropriate technical means, excluding all conscious mental guidance (of reason, taste or morals) and reducing to a minimum that active part of what has hitherto been called the "author" of the work--was consequently revealed as the true equivalent of that which was already known as automatic writing."

Cited in Lippard, p. 121.
Lamantia gives the occult-like sense of the automatic in his note to the reader on the title-page of Blood:

"TO THE READER

I am not the I who writes,
but the eye is ours that parts the fire
in the things unseen and then, seen."

[51] Breton, Manifestoes, p.174.

[52] Lamantia, Touch, p.6.
cf. Ashbery: "The cart unleased/ Ashes over every part of the century..."; Tennis, p.51

[53] Lamantia, "I Touch You," in Blood, p.4.

[54] Mary Ann Caws, The Poetry of Dada and Surrealism (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1970), p.31.

[55] Lamantia, "The Diabolic Condition," in Touch, p.27
It is perhaps the chant inspired by an Apollinaire "concerned with the...words whose meaning will have to be changed" (Selected Writings, p.87), and by Hugo Ball: "we have charged the word with forces and energies which made it possible for us to rediscover the evangelical concept of the 'word' (logos) as a magical complex of images." (Cited in Grossman, p.118.) The liturgical sense of such a chanting is evident in all of Ball's poetry; for example:

"gadji beri bimba glandridi laula lonni cadori
gadjama gramma berida bimbala glandri galassassa laulitalomins"

Cited in Hans Richter, Dada: Art and Anti-Art, trans. by David Britt(London: Thames & Hudson, 1970), p.42.
And did the same San Francisco Renaissance which produced Lamantia not also deliver McClure?:

"Oh Philip Lamantia--magnetic
hungers. Our dream! The beasts' perfection."

Michael McClure, The New Book/ A Book of Torture (New York: Grove Press, 1961) p.58.

[56] Lamantia, "Table of Visions," in Destroyed Works, unpaginated.

[57] Ibid., "Opus Magnum."

[58] Ibid., "Till The End Of Time."

[59] Breton, Manifestoes, p.14.

[60] Ovid, The Metamorphoses, trans. by Horace Gregory (New York: The Viking Press, 1960), p.242.

[61] Lamantia, "A Winter Day," in Touch, p.18.
With Lamantia the sense of this moment is usually given in plastic terms, often in terms of Pop Art (a la Liechtenstein), or even Op Art:

"The sun is riding into your eye
virgins are bursting
from under my flaming palms" (Touch, p.21)

"Burnt stars
Oceanic gardens
where the clouds are soaked into my eyes" (Touch p.9)

And is not de Chirico too a precursor to Pop Art? In his poem to the painter, Apollinaire gives the appropriate plastic image:

"I built a house in the middle of the ocean
Its windows are rivers which flow out of my eyes" (Selected Writings, p.101.)

[62] Parker Tyler, The Will of Eros: Selected Poems 1930-1970, (Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1972), p.103.

[63] Paul Verlaine, Selected Poems, trans by C.F. MacIntyre (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1970), p.183.

[64] Arp, Arp on Arp, p.510.

[65] Norman O. Brown, "Apocalypse: The Place of Mystery in the Life of the Mind," in The Radical Vision: Essays for the Seventies, ed. by Leo Hamalian & Frederick R. Karl (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., Inc., 1970), p.107.

[66] Paul Green, "The Relevance of Surrealism with some Canadian Perspectives," Mosaic, 2, No. 4 (Summer 1969), p.70.

[67] Lamantia, "The Touch Of The Marvelous," in Touch, p.4.
In Shelley's translation the madness of the poet in Plato's Ion speaks for itself:

"For the authors of those great poems which we admire, do not attain to excellence through the rules of any art, but they utter their beautiful melodies of verse in a state of inspiration, and, as it were, possessed by a spirit not their own. Thus the composers of lyrical poetry create those admired songs of theirs in a state of divine insanity, like the Corybantes, who lose all control over their reason in the enthusiasm of the sacred dance; and, during this supernatural possession, are excited to the rhythm and harmony which they communicate to men. Like the Bacchantes, who, when possessed by the God, draw honey and milk from the rivers, in which, when they come to their sense, they find nothing but simple

> water. For the souls of the poets, as poets tell us, have this peculiar ministration in the world. They tell us that these souls, flying like bees from flower to flower, and wandering over the gardens and the meadows, and the honey-flowing fountains of the Muses, return to us laden with the sweetness of melody; and arrayed as they are in the plumes of rapid imagination, they speak truth. For a Poet is indeed a thing ethereally light, winged, and sacred, nor can he compose anything worth calling poetry until he becomes inspired, and, as it were, mad, or whilst any reason remains in him."

Plato, Five Dialogues of Plato, ed. by Ernest Rhys and trans. by P.B. Shelley (London: J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 1938),pp.6-7.

Even Longinus, when arguing against the use of metaphors which are overly bold, admits that what is causing them is precisely "the enthusiasm of the [poet]." T.S. Dorsch, trans., Classical Literary Criticism (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1972), p.141.

Chapter 2

[1] André Breton, Manifestoes of Surrealism, trans. by Richard Seaver & Helen R. Lane (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1972), p.11.

[2] Paul Eluard, Uninterrupted Poetry: Selected Writings, trans. by Lloyd Alexander (New York: New Directions, 1975), p. 127.

[3] Elias Wilentz, ed., The Beat Scene (New York: Corinth Books, 1960), p.178.

[4] Cited in J.H. Matthews, Surrealist Poetry In France (Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press, 1969), p.63.

[5] Cited in Manuel L. Grossman, Dada (New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., 1971), p.136.

[6] Philip Lamantia, "Awakened From Sleep," in Touch Of The Marvelous (Bolinas: Four Seasons Foundation, 1974), p.12.

[7] Comte de Lautréamont, Les Chants de Maldoror, trans. by Guy Wernham (New York: New Directions, 1966), p.263.

Although chronologically taking his place alongside Rimbaud, as Wallace Fowlie notes, "Lautréamont's star was never in eclipse in the surrealist heaven. He might well be called the real founder of the movement." Wallace Fowlie, Age Of Surrealism (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1972), p.199.

[8] Breton, Manifestoes, pp.9-10.
Wallace Fowlie writes more than 20 years after the manifesto:

> "Breton was one of the first Frenchmen, who was not a psychoanalyst, to study Freud....Breton's enthusiasm and veneration for Freud, as far as I know, have never diminished. He believes that Freud is one of the greatest forces in helping modern man to rediscover the meaning and the vitality of words." (Fowlie, p.105.)

[9] See Freud, On Creativity And The Unconscious, trans. by I.F. Grant Duff (New York: Harper & Row, 1958), pp.44-54.

[10] Jean Arp, Arp on Arp, ed. by Marcel Jean and trans. by Joachim Neugroschel (New York: The Viking Press, 1972), p.173.

[11] Arp, Arp on Arp, p.132

[12] Shattuck's introduction to Guillaume Apollinaire, Selected Writings, trans. by Roger Shattuck (New York: New Directions, 1971), p.49.
Shattuck defines "surrealist distortion" as a combination of "the tragic and the comic into a new awareness where we feel the pull of both poles." (Ibid,p.49.) Thus Jacques Prévert, in "Pall-Bearers," gives the ironic juxtaposition of

> "a girl in a black cassock with a priest in a bikini
> . . . . . .
> a conscientious director with a company objector..."

Cited in Michael Benedikt, ed., The Poetry of Surrealism: An Anthology, trans. by Benedikt et al (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1974), p.330.
And Lamantia gives the same in his satirical

> "Rainbow guns are dancing
> in front of the movie queens"

Lamantia, "Automatic World," in Touch, p.21

[13] Eugene Jolas, "Logos," transition, No. 16-17 (June 1929), p.27.

[14] Breton seems to object to the stress on "distant" in Reverdy's statement concerning the "juxtaposition of two more or less distant realities" as making way to an "a posteriori aesthetic" (Manifestoes, pp.20-21). By adding the condition of 'automatism' to the method of juxtaposing images Breton feels that Surrealism corrects the wrong and puts thought back where it should be--ahead of conscious experience and conscious, or willed, language. It is only by "revealing [the] interplay" of images automatically, says Breton (Manifestoes, p.158), that Surrealism can go the full step of totally engaging the 'unconscious' mind. Let "it clearly be understood," he adds, "that we are not talking about a simple regrouping of words or a capricious redistribution of visual images, but of the re-creation of a state which can only be fairly compared to that of

madness..." (Manifestoes, p.175.)

[15] Lamantia, "Mirror and Heart," in Touch, p.24.

[16] J. H. Matthews, ed., An Anthology of French Surrealist Poetry (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1966), p.24.

[17] Lamantia, Touch, p.14

[18] Péret, in Benedikt, ed., The Poetry of Surrealism: An Anthology, p.225.

[19] Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Signs, trans. by Richard C. McCleary (Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern University Press, 1964), pp.77-8.

[20] Longinus, following Aristotle and Theophrastus, suggests that such phrases ("as if," "as it were," and "if one may put it like this") "mitigate the boldness" of metaphor. Here, clearly, quite the opposite is the case. The metaphor has been extended, boldly, beyond its own expectations. See T.S. Dorsch, trans., Classical Literary Criticism (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1972), p.141.

[21] Philip Lamantia, Selected Poems (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1967), p.41.

[22] See Eric Sellin, "The Esthetics of Ambiguity: Reverdy's Use of Syntactic Simultaneity," in About French Poetry from Dada to "Tel Quel," ed. by Mary Ann Caws (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1974), pp.112-125.

> "The nucleus of the new poetry is a poetic image which is not metaphor as such nor any specific rhetorical device and, furthermore, is not really an image as we generally interpret that word. It is not depiction, parallelism, or analogy, although it may occur within such frameworks; it is rather a glimpse at the universal, a confrontation with an irreductible ambiguity. It does not dazzle us with aptness of comparison between known units but rather enlightens us or at least stuns us by giving us an impulse into the area of the ineffable. Such poetry must, perforce, be mystic, and we cannot avoid the word." (p.114.)

[23] See J.H. Matthews, Surrealist Poetry In France, pp.109-110.

> "As used by Eluard, the simple word comme ("like") functions like a trip wire: by the time we realize it has served its purpose, it is too late for us to retreat; reality has been booby-trapped, and the bridges cut behind us....In this way, Eluard discovers the infinite possibility of the real, illuminated by the internal light of desire."

Of Péret, Matthews elsewhere similarly notes:

"...the conjunction 'because' is used in his poems in a manner that overturns the principle of cause and effect, as this is generally understood and applied in our rational society....

(And no one will be able to use the road any more because the letters will be hysterical machine-guns)

...Instead of being a fence to keep out the marvelous, the conjunction has become a window upon it."

J.H. Matthews, "Benjamin Péret: Marvelous Conjunction," in Mary Ann Caws, ed., About French Poetry from Dada to "Tel Quel," p.129.

[24] See Maurice Nadeau, The History of Surrealism, trans. by Richard Howard (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1973), p.81.

"...it is apropos of the Chants de Maldoror that Breton wrote this key sentence for surrealist activity: 'We know now that poetry must lead somewhere.'"

[25] Lionel Abel, "A B and C on Lautréamont," View, 4th Ser., 4 (Dec. 1944), pp.151-2.

[26] Cited in Lucy R. Lippard, ed., Surrealists on Art (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: (Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1970), pp.126-7.

[27] Cited in J.H. Matthews, Surrealist Poetry In France, p.179. Matthews explains Cabanel's position:

"Treating it as an 'act of love with words,' Cabanel maintains ...that poetry is produced most efficaciously by inventing normal modes of contact (sodomization) and by possessing words despite the resistance they offer(rape). As he understands, it, rape 'adapts itself to extreme decomposition within the framework of the sentence, by the fact that the syllable and even the letters, not subjected to any order, can break up constituted words, thus becoming an infinite source of new words.'" (Ibid., p.180.)

[28] See Sigmund Freud, A General Introduction To Psycho-analysis, trans. by Joan Riviere (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1963), p.107.

"We do literally deny that anything in the dream is a matter of chance or of indifference, and it is precisely by enquiring into such trivial and (apparently) unmotivated details that we expect to arrive at our conclusion."

[29] Breton, Manifestoes, pp.10-11.

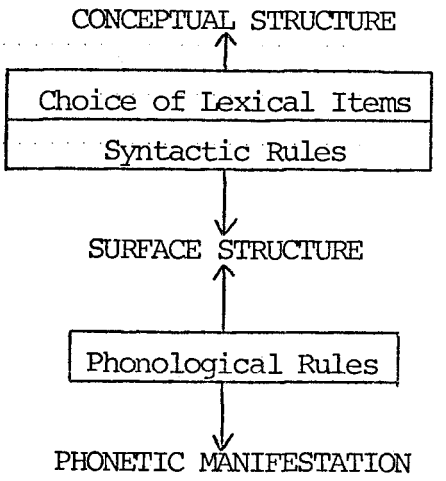
[30] Freud, A General Introduction To Psycho-analysis, p.103.

[31] Ibid., pp.151 - 160.

[32] Chomsky explains how transformational linguistics sees the 'language grid' we are here discussing:

> "The generative grammar of a language should, ideally, contain a central syntactic component and two interpretive components, a phonological component and a semantic component... [Each] of the two interpretive components maps a syntactically generated structure onto a "concrete" interpretation, in one case phonetic and in the other, semantic....Thus the syntactic component must provide for each sentence...a semantically interpretable deep structure and a phonetically interpretable surface structure...."

Noan Chomsky, Current Issues In Linguistic Theory (The Hague: Mouton, 1970), pp.9-10.
See also Ronald W. Langacker, Language and its Structure (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, Inc., 1967), p.95.



Or as Parker Tyler conceives it:

> "That unbroken thing, moving behind his eyes
> Sound converted into image, image
> Into writing, writing into vision..."

Parker Tyler, The Will Of Eros: Selected Poems 1930-1970 (Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1972), p.93.

[33] Noam Chomsky, Language And Mind (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, Inc., 1972), pp.28-30.

[34] Merleau-Ponty, Signs, p.45.

[35] Emily Dickinson, The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson, ed. by Thomas H. Johnson (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1960), p.619.

[36] Marianne Moore, Collected Poems (New York: Macmillan, 1957), p.101.

[37] Walt Whitman, Leaves Of Grass (New York: Airmont Publishing Co., Inc., 1965), p.167.

[38] Parker Tyler's long poem "The Granite Butterfly" is an excellent example here: the poem tries--through the enactment of poetry (which is unconscious and instinctual)--to trace itself back to the original impulse or deep structure, the embedded impulse, to see why it came and what the (surreal) process is. The process, or dialectic, is the highly stylized vivacity of the imagination, given in strophe and antistrophe--this the poet discovers in canto 6; the process is revealed as the static motion of the 'Granite Butterfly', the imagination moving through space and recalling actual, embedded events; finally, canto 9 discovers the original impulse to be the violence of reality itself (Alexei's castration) which the process of poetry--the imaginative act--has subliminated and concealed; the horrendous act of reality thus revealed at last, the unconscious is fathomed and the poem done.

[39] Breton, Manifestoes, p.10.

[40] Merleau-Ponty, Signs, p.42.

[41] Herbert Read, ed., Surrealism (London: Faber and Faber, 1971), p.77.

[42] In his essay "Crisis of the Object," Breton calls for a "total revolution of the object." He talks of freeing the found-object and the ready-made from their mundane function--indeed we think, perhaps, of the "incorporated objects" of Miró and Paalen when we read:

> "This ability to reconcile...two images [becomes a transcendence] of the object's manifest existence... [a reversion] to an infinite series of latent possibilities....The object's conventional value then becomes entirely subordinate...to its dramatic value...."

André Breton, Surrealism and Painting, trans. by Simon Watson Taylor (New York: Harper & Row, 1972), p.279.

[43] See Lautréamont, Maldoror, p.334.

> "A logic exists for poetry. It is not the same as that for philosophy. Philosophers are not as much as poets [sic]. Poets have the right to consider themselves above philosophers."

[44] Octavio Paz, Children of the Mire, trans. by Rachel Phillips (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1975), pp.139-140.

[45] Cited in Mary Ann Caws, The Poetry Of Dada And Surrealism (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1970), p.77.

[46] Lamantia, Selected Poems, p.41

[47] See Roger Shattuck in his introduction to Apollinaire's Selected Writings, pp.33-35.

> "In...consideration of the function of the imagination there is contained a method of classifying imagery: according to the distance of the associative leap. The distance can be reckoned only in the nebulous terms of 'normal' association

> but most images do seem to fall easily into place somewhere along this scale....In this provisional scale of association, there are at one end the undemanding images of cliche poetry which call upon only those reactions close to the surface of the reader's mind; and at the other end are the extreme images, as of dada and surrealism, where the leap is often too great to allow any but a private span to be built from term to term...."

Shattuck characterizes this distance in useful terms as the distance perceived in imagination between two points, and as crossed by it. Unfortunately he insists on dealing with language only on a conscious level by implying that a "demanding" image is demanding only because the distance carried by 'conscious' association is great. What is 'demanding' about such a distance, rather, is that the two points from which the images come have nothing at all in common. If the poet starts from the conscious state, where the logic comes a posteriori, and moves to the unconscious, where the reverse is true, he has not made an association (as between two static points within 'conscious' language); rather the poet has set out, by his imagination, the balance of two distinctly opposed worlds of experience. He has created not an associative image but an equation that accounts for all of reality, all of consciousness.

[48] Paz, Children of the Mire, p.51.

[49] Roger Shattuck, "The Mode of Juxtaposition," in Caws, ed., About French Poetry from Dada to "Tel Quel," p.20.

[50] Paul Eluard, "Poetic Evidence," trans. by George Reavey, in Herbert Read, ed., Surrealism, pp.172-3.

[51] Breton, Manifestoes, p.34

[52] C. G. Jung, "'Ulysses': A Monologue," in The Spirit in Man, Art and Literature, ed. by Sir Herbert Read et al and trans. by R.F.C. Hull (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1972), p.117.

[53] An interesting example of how the two seemingly distinctive notions of the "unconscious" and the "collective unconscious" might be set together springs to mind out of Robert Heilman's article on The Turn of the Screw. Robert Heilman, "'The Turn of the Screw' as Poem," in Wilbur Scott, ed., Five Approaches of Literary Criticism (New York: Collier Books, 1966), pp.283-301.
Heilman, arguing from an archetypal or mythological point of view, sees James' story as an allegory of the Eden myth--quite overlooking the question of the Governess' reliability as a narrator. However, the archetypal and Freudian interpretations of the story might be resolved by admitting, with the Freudians, that the narrator has created or loosed the forces of evil as a result of her unsatisfied sexual fantasy (over the mysterious uncle), but that the evil she neurotically conjures in her unconscious mind has its parallel also in the wider myths of Eden and original sin--that is, in the collective unconscious of western man.

[54] Lamantia, "Celestial Estrangement," in Touch, p.9.

[55] Philip Lamantia, "Blue Locus," in The Blood Of The Air (San Francisco: Four Seasons Foundation, 1970), p.8.

[56] Lamantia, "Astro-mancy," in Selected Poems, p.92.

[57] Walt Whitman, An American Primer, ed. by Horace Traubel (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1970), p.4.

[58] In an article on the "ethnopoet" Jerome Rothenberg, Kevin Power suggests that "...the 'i' of the autobiography doesn't display itself as a force which derives into history but rather as a poetic intelligence, a receptacle into which history flows and is carried by the vector of the poem into the present." Kevin Power, "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile, from Diaspora to Galut," Boundary 2, 3 (Spring 1975), p.686.
And as Rothenberg himself notes, such a history moves through the poet's language re-uniting that lost "I" in the oneness of its universal expression:

> "ethology the visions
> of McClure & Chomsky all
> the speakers of deep tongues point
> a route this generation
> will be priviledged to assume
> a universal speech
> in which the kingdoms of the world
> are one."

(Rothenberg, op.cit., p.547.)

[59] Philip Lamantia, "Fragments From An Aeroplane," in Ekstasis (San Francisco: The Auerhahn Press, 1959), unpaginated.

[60] See Caws, The Poetry Of Dada And Surrealism, p.139.

> "...Eluard points out as Baudelaire's most significant contribution his realization that the 'I' always points to an 'us'....Here the last two points of Eluard's poetic program are clarified and united. As the poet realizes or creates the unlikely resemblance which is the image he recreates himself, the observer, and the whole community of men--that is, he makes himself 'common.'"

[61] Jack Spicer, The Collected Books of Jack Spicer, ed. by Robin Blaser (Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1975), p.34.
Samuel Charters, in an essay on Spicer, notes the following:

> "Surrealism, as it breaks up the sense of movement within the poem, could be considered even anti-poetic, but in his questioning of poetry Spicer still moves as a poet. He uses the method --the sound--of surrealism--the limitless tying together of

unlikes that is implicit in surrealist technique--but in the larger outlines of the poem he is still thinking through image to idea." Samuel Charters, Some Poems/ Poets (Berkeley: Oyez, 1971), pp.39-40.

62 Nicolas Calas, in James Laughlin, ed., New Directions 1940 (Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1940), p.388.

63 Caws, The Poetry Of Dada And Surrealism, pp.32-3.

64 Ibid., p.15.

65 I use two translations of the poem, one for each stanza--respectively: Charles Baudelaire, Selected Poems, trans. by Geoffrey Wagner (London: Cox & Wyman Ltd., 1971), p.23; C.F. MacIntyre, trans., French Symbolist Poetry (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1971), p.13.

66 Fowlie, Age of Surrealism, pp.188-90.

67 Paz, Children of the Mire, pp.55-6.

68 Octavio Paz, Alternating Current, trans. by Helen R. Lane (New York: The Viking Press, 1974), p.55.

69 Lamantia, Selected Poems, pp.77-9

70 Paz, Children of the Mire, p.63.

71 Aimé Césaire, Return to my Native Land, trans. by John Berger & Anna Bostock (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1969), p.75.

72 Lamantia, "World without End," in Blood, p.42.

73 Breton, "Fata Morgano," trans. by Clark Mills, in James Laughlin, ed., New Directions 1941 (Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1941), p.658.

74 Louis Aragon, Aragon: Poet of the French Resistance, ed. by Hannah Josephson and Malcolm Cowley, trans. by Rolfe Humphries and Malcolm Cowley (New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., 1945), p.21.

75 Lamantia, "Capricorn Is A Wounded Knee," in Selected Poems, p.91.

76 Lamantia, "A Winter Day," in Touch, p.19.

[77] Mina Loy, Lunar Baedeker & Time-Tables (Highlands: Jonathan Williams, 1958), p.37.
Mina Loy: wife of Arthur Craven, dadaist & boxer who actually 'discovered' the urinal ahead of Duchamp (according to Aragon) and who disappeared in shark infested waters.
And again Loy gives fine expression to the notion of the 'collective unconscious' in these lines: "The loquent consciousness/ of living things/ pours in torrential languages." (Ibid., p.23.)

[78] Lamantia, "She Speaks The Morning's Filigree," in Selected Poems, p.81.

[79] Lamantia, "The Analog," in Charles Bukowski, Philip Lamantia, Harold Norse: Penguin Modern Poets 13 (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1969), p.113.

[80] Lamantia, "Flaming Teeth," in Blood, p.34.
The icon itself is unimportant, but that it represents, as symbol, the collective reaching into the desire of selfhood--that is the justification for its existence; and in this alone it expresses its oneness with the universal consciousness.
As Lenore Kandel gives it:

"love touches love
the temple and the god
are one"

Lenore Kandel, The Love Book (San Francisco: Stolen Paper Review Editions, 1966), p.11.
and, the cosmic sense of it:

"my body
transforms into one enormous mouth
between my legs
suckfucking oh that lovely cock
big grand and terrible" (Ibid., p.3.)

Chapter 3

[1] Michael Benedikt, ed., The Poetry Of Surrealism: An Anthology, trans. by Benedikt et al (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1974), p.xxii.

[2] See Philip Lamantia, "Secret Weapons," in Destroyed Works (San Francisco: Auerhahn Press, 1962), unpaginated.
"Take garbage/ .../ take junk/ the imago mundi made from Dada/ .../ it's the worship that counts..."

[3] André Breton, Manifestoes of Surrealism, trans. by Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1972), pp.180-1.

[4] The namesake and heroine of Breton's novel--"She is less a character than a continual temptation..." (Manifestoes, p.15.)
In answer to the question "Who are you?", Nadja replies: "I am the soul in limbo." André Breton, Nadja, trans. by Richard Howard (New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1960), p.71.

[5] Philip Lamantia, "The Touch Of The Marvelous," in Touch Of The Marvelous (Bolinas: Four Seasons Foundation, 1974), pp.4-5.

[6] Mina Loy, Lunar Baedeker & Time-Tables (Highlands: Jonathan Williams, 1958), p.35.

[7] Lamantia, "Vacuous Suburbs," in Destroyed Works, unpaginated.

[8] Philip Lamantia, "Man is in pain," in Selected Poems (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1967), p.48.

[9] Lamantia, "From The Front," in Destroyed Works, unpaginated.

[10] Jean Arp, Arp on Arp, ed. by Marcel Jean & trans. by Joachim Neugroschel (New York: The Viking Press, 1973), p.445.

[11] One thinks of Magritte's double canvases and painted glass landscapes (eg. "Le soir qui tombe," "La Condition humaine I," "Les Promenades d'Euclide," "Le Domaine d'Arhneim, and so on).

[12] Philip Lamantia, "Upon the earth eyes opened in wonder," in Erotic Poems (Philadelphia: The Walton Press, n.d.), p.2.

[13] Lamantia, "Subconscious Mexico City New York," in Destroyed Works, unpaginated.

[14] Arp, Arp on Arp, p.311.

[15] Lamantia, "This World's Beauty," in Destroyed Works, unpaginated.

[16] Cited in Maurice Nadeau, The History of Surrealism, trans. by Richard Howard (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1973), p.87.

[17] Mary Ann Caws, The Poetry Of Dada And Surrealism (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1970), p.19.

[18] Frank O'Hara, The Selected Poems Of Frank O'Hara, ed. by Donald Allen (New York: Random House, 1974), p.40.

[19] Herbert Read, ed., Surrealism (London: Faber and Faber, 1971), p.38.

[20] Breton, Manifestoes, p.259.

[21] Wallace Fowlie, Age Of Surrealism (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1972), p.12.

[22] Heraclitus, in W.H.S. Jones, trans., Hippocrates, Vol. IV/ Heracleitus (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1967), p.483.

[23] John E. McTaggart, Studies In The Hegelian Dialectic (New York: Russell & Russell, Inc., 1964), p.21.

[24] Ibid., p.28.

[25] Ibid., p.3.

[26] Alexandre Kojève, Introduction To The Reading Of Hegel, trans. by James H. Nichols, Jr. (New York: Basic Books, Inc. 1969), p.238.

[27] Ibid., p.174

[28] Ibid., p.181.

[29] McTaggart, p.9.

[30] Frederick G. Weiss, ed., Hegel: The Essential Writings (New York: Harper & Row, 1974), p.251.

[31] Caws, The Poetry Of Dada And Surrealism, p.16.

[32] Kenward Elmslie puts his finger on the problem when he writes:

"you in the view and no real walls
you in the view and no real walls
express flow black-whi
express flow black-whi
firm shiny terror
firm shiny terror
express flow black-whi
express flow black-whi
you in the view and no real walls
you in the view and no real walls"

Kenward Elmslie, Motor Disturbance (New York: Columbia University Press, 1971), p.63.

[33] Cited in C.H. Waddington, Behind Appearance (Cambridge, Mass.: The MIT Press, 1970), p.39.

[34] Cited in J.H. Matthews, Surrealist Poetry In France (Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press, 1969), p.76.

[35] See Matthews, Ibid., pp.76-7.
"Vitrac looks to the Logos to create a vision.... [He] relies upon the word to bridge the distance estimated by the eye between men and the things they wish to see. In the poetic vision, the word, functioning as image, becomes the instrument by which the imagination subjugates objective elements, considered valuable only so far as they can be subjected to a form of transmutation for which the magnum opus provides a parallel."

[36] See Breton's "Surrealist Situation of the Object," in Manifestoes, pp.277-8.
"The greatest benefit [which Surrealism has achieved] ...is the fact that we have succeeded in dialectically reconciling these two terms--perception and representation..."

[37] W.H.S. Jones, p.471.

[38] Jean Hyppolite, Studies on Marx and Hegel, trans. by John O'Neill (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1969), p.169.

[39] Philip Whalen, On Bear's Head (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. and Coyote, 1969), p.91.
In Zen Buddhism the polarities simply do not exist in the first place. Whalen, here, is stating an eastern propositon for a western audience, an audience for whom the "I" has a particular meaning.

[40] Philip Lamantia, "Descent," in Touch of the Marvelous (San Francisco: Oyez, 1966), p.59.

[41] Lamantia, "By the Curtain of Architecture," in View, 3rd Ser., 2 (June 1943), p.56.

[42] Louis Aragon, Poet of the French Resistance, ed. by Hannah Josephson and Malcolm Cowley, trans. by Rolfe Humphries and Malcolm Cowley (New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., 1945), p.22.

[43] In Robbe-Grillet's novel, The Voyeur, geometrical space and sequential time are disolved frame by frame. The major recurring image in the novel is that of the "figure eight" suggesting, among other things, a pair of binoculars with which the reader (as voyeur and chief character in the novel) is asked to look into the Real and to re-invent time and space around him. Lamantia too has a poem called "Binoculars" in which he attempts to get at the Real as it pertains to certain junkie friends and poets:

"HOWARD HART

the spoon the unconscious
the tooth the growl
a spliting rod in the bad morning
yr black coat on a wicker basket chair"

Philip Lamantia, Ekstasis (San Francisco: The Auerhahn Press, 1959), unpaginated.

[44] Elmslie, p.42.

[45] Whalen, Bear, p.146.

[46] Ludwig Wittgenstein, Philosophical Investigations, trans. by G.E.M. Anscombe (New York: Macmillan, 1958), p.48e.

[47] See Paul Eluard, Uninterrupted Poetry: Selected Writings, trans. by Lloyd Alexander (New York: New Directions, 1975), p.37.

"To unite wing and dew
Heart and cloud day and night
Window and land of everywhere

To abolish
The grimace of zero..."

In view of this, isn't Aragon being just a little more than ironic here:

"Hand me the binoculars so that I can take one last look
At the laundry drying in the windows..."

(Benedikt, ed., The Poetry Of Surrealism: An Anthology, p.157.)

[48] Eluard, Uninterrupted Poetry, p.37.

[49] Cited in Caws, The Poetry Of Dada And Surrealism, p.81.

[50] See Philip Lamantia, "Still Poem 9," in Donald M. Allen, ed., The New American Poetry (New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1960), p.157.

"There is this distance between me and what I see
. . . . . .

It is Nameless what I long for
a spoken word caught in its own meat saying nothing
This nothing ravishes beyond ravishing
There is this look of love Throne Silent look of love"

[51] Kojève, p.199.

[52] Lamantia, "Infernal Muses," in Destroyed Works, unpaginated.

[53] Hyppolite, p.11.

[54] Ibid., p.12.

[55] W.H.S. Jones, p.485.
Hegel draws the same proposition from nature where he says:
"The bud disappears when the blossom breaks through, and we might say that the former is refuted by the latter; in the same way when the fruit comes, the blossom may be explained to be a false form of the plant's existence, for the fruit appears as its true nature in place of the blossom. These stages are not merely differentiated; they supplant one another as being incompatible with one another. But the ceaseless activity of their own inherent nature makes them at the same time moments of an organic unity, where they not merely do not contradict one another, but where one is as necessary as the other; and this equal necessity of all moments constitutes alone and thereby the life of the whole."
(Weiss, ed., Hegel: The Essential Writings, p.7.)

[56] Loy, Lunar Baedeker, p.37

[57] See David Meltzer, Luna (Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1970), p.34.

"The window rattles.
What does glass know?

My poems are gardens
from my mouth, like
ivy out of Botticelli's
teenage seashell brides."

[58] Lamantia, "The Third Eye," in Selected Poems, pp.68-9.

[59] Lamantia, "It was a time I didn't see the beast," in Ekstasis, unpaginated.

[60] Octavio Paz, Children of the Mire, trans. by Rachel Phillips (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1975), p.73.

[61] Ibid., p.131.

[62] Ibid., p.134.

[63] Philip Lamantia, "Altesia or the Lava Flow of Mount Rainier," in The Blood Of The Air (San Francisco: Four Seasons Foundation, 1970), p.7. See Parker Tyler, The Will Of Eros: Selected Poems 1930-1970 (Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1972), p.89. "The poet, blinded with being..."; "Agony of itness..." (Ibid., p.106); "Weighted with weight of the atmosphere..." (Ibid., p.106).
William Everson (Brother Antoninus) too has his own incredible phrase: "the stiffling accumulation of sheer/ existence..." William Everson, The Residual Years (New York: New Directions, 1968), p.17.

[64] Arthur Rimbaud, A Season In Hell & The Drunken Boat, trans. by Louise Varèse (New York: New Directions, 1961), p.95.

[65] Cited in Manuel L. Grossman, Dada (New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., 1971), p.86.

[66] Lamantia, Selected Poems, p.44.
According to the ironically pithy criticism proposed by Hitler, Surrealism is insane, Dada and Symbolism are merely criminals:

> "As for the degenerate artists, I forbid them to force their so-called experiences upon the public. If they do see fields blue, they are deranged, and should go to an asylum. If they only pretend to see them blue, they are criminals, and should go to prison."

Adolf Hitler, cited in Evergreen Review, 6, No.23 (Mar.-Apr. 1962), p.12.

[67] Cited in D.T. Suzuki, Essays in Zen Buddhism (First Series) (New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1961), p.24

[68] Philip Lamantia, "Bones," in Narcotica (San Francisco: The Auerhahn Press, 1959), unpaginated.

[69] Philip Lamantia, "U.S.S. San Francisco," in Richard Kostelanetz, ed., Possibilities of Poetry (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1970), p.256.

[70] Lamantia, "Deirdre," in Ekstasis, unpaginated.

[71] Hyppolite, p.7.

[72] Lamantia, Touch, p.45.

[73] Heraclitus, in T.V. Smith, ed., From Thales to Plato (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1968), p.10.

[74] Norma Lorre Goodrich, "Gothic Castles in Surrealist Fiction," in Proceedings of the Comparative Literature Symposium: From Surrealism to the Absurd, III (Jan. 1970), p.148.

[75] Cited in Caws, The Poetry of Dada and Surrealism, pp.52-3.

[76] Robert Denos, The Voice, trans. by William Kulik (New York: Grossman, 1972), p.29
Mary Ann Caws says of this particular poem:

> "...in its splendid concision and perfect motion from shadow to the union of shadows, to their contrast with the sunlight and to the final inner union of shadow and sun, this is one of the most moving poems ever composed."

(Caws, The Poetry Of Dada And Surrealism, p.183.)

[77] Bill Knott, Nights of Naomi (Boston: Barn Dream Press, 1971), unpaginated.
Indeed, one would assume such a liberation as that which Surrealism proposes would have a wide international appeal. In Japan, Yamanaka Chiruo writes (in his "Internationalization of Surrealist Thought"):

> "Surrealism is the liberation of human being...It will advance toward the dialectical solution of antinomies, such as action and dream, logical necessity and natural necessity, objectivity and subjectivity."

Cited in Shantih, 3, No. 2 (1975), p.43.

[78] Breton, Manifestoes, p.13

[79] As Herbert Read says, "With the surrealists...the ideal is nothing else than the material world reflected by the human mind, and translated into images." Herbert Read, "Surrealism and the Romantic Principle," in The Philosophy of Modern Art (London: Faber and Faber, 1969), p.117.
What, then, is this material world? And what are the new images into which Surrealism translates it? Again Read suggests that what is at issue here is a dialectics, a synthesis of inner and outer forms, creating a new sensibility (a superrationalism). He defines dialects as follows:

> "Dialects is nothing more than a logical explanation of how such a change takes place... The change must take place in a definite way. Between one phase and another of that development there must intervene an active principle, and Hegel suggested that this principle was actually one of opposition and interaction. That is to say, to produce any new situation...there must previously exist two elements

> so opposed to each other and yet so related to each other [ie. consciousness and unconsciousness] that a solution or resolution is demanded; such a solution being in effect a new phase of development...which preserves some of the elements of the interacting phases [ie. the marvelous and the automatic], eliminates others [ie. reason and its many satellites], but is qualitatively different [ie. supperrational] from the previously existing state of opposition."

(Ibid., p.115.)

What does Hegel actually say about this process, in terms of art? Exactly what Breton says, that it is the artist who has the 'freedom of thought' (Hegel calls it the 'freedom of rationality') to force this dialectic into play and to find the resolution therein for the consciousness that has been battling between the inner and outer worlds of experience.

Hegel:

> "The universal need for expression in art lies...in man's rational impulse to exalt the inner and outer world into a spiritual consciousness for himself, as an object in which he recognizes his own self. He satisfies the need of this spiritual freedom when he makes all that exists explicit for himself within, and in a corresponding way realizes this his explicit self without, evoking thereby, in this reduplication of himself, what is in him into vision and into knowledge for his own mind and for that of others.... This is the free rationality of man, in which, as all action and knowledge, so also art has its ground and necessary origin."

(I use a different translation from the one quoted by Read.)
George Wilhelm Hegel, The Introduction to Hegel's Philosophy of Fine Art, trans. by Bernard Bosanquet (London: Kegan Paul, 1905), p.96.

[80] Lamantia, "Crab," in Destroyed Works, unpaginated.

[81] Hyppolite, p.173.

[82] Ibid., p.173.

[83] Ibid., p.173.

As Hypollite notes, the cyclical nature of Hegelian dialectics (expressed by Hegel's phrase "Being is Meaning and Meaning is Being") is essential:

> "Everything happens as though the one and only category, the Absolute, were assuming specific forms and developing itself to the point where it has exhausted its riches...to the point where it can validate its own point of origin [in Being]."

(Ibid.,p.178.)

[84] Hyppolite, p.175.

[85] Lamantia "Jeanlu," in Destroyed Works, unpaginated.

[86] Likewise Allen Ginsberg, discussing the epistemological distance between language and truth--between language and event--arrives at his own theory about the occultation of language as primary feeling, where "the seed of poetics is mantra": that is, where "language is purely magic spell, and that its function is to be 'only' magic spell, or mantra, or prayer.... In other words if you know you're going to use language to say 'Oh!' then the 'Oh!' is identical with the body movement of saying 'Oh!' or with the feeling.... Since 'life' cannot be categorized, magical behavior within it cannot be ruled out....Therefore... one would have to use language that was identical with the behavior of the entity itself, rather than descriptive of the behavior of the entity. And that language behavior itself is prayer." Cited from an interview in The American Poetry Review, 3, No.3 (1974), pp.52-3.

[87] Lamantia, "Fin Del Mundo," in Destroyed Works, unpaginated.

[88] Ibid.

[89] Vladimir Mayakovsky, Poems, trans. by Dorian Rottenberg (Moscow: Progress Publishers, 1972), p.101.
The image is made all the more absurd too when we read in a footnote: "the day's newspapers carried stories about a convict sentenced to death who agreed to shout out these words during his execution, the firm having promised to provide for his family." (Ibid., p.272.)

[90] Knott, unpaginated.

[91] Lamantia, "There Are Many Pathways To The Garden," in Touch, p.14

Chapter 4

[1] See Kenneth Coutts-Smith, Dada (London: Studio Vista Ltd., 1970), pp.72 & 75.

[2] See Hans Richter, Dada: art and anti-art, trans. by David Britt (London: Thames and Hudson, 1970), p.75.

[3] Wallace Fowlie, Age Of Surrealism (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1972), pp.21-2.

[4] When Artaud talks about going "outside of thought" as he does in the following exerpt from a letter to Jacques Riviere, is he not clearly talking about thought as it becomes manifest in representational language (and not the pure thought that Tzara pronounced to be in the mouth)? Afterall, he is undeniably referring to the difficulty of transcribing the deep structure to the surface:

"I am quite aware of the jerkiness of my poems, a jerkiness which derives from the very essence of inspiration and which is due to my incorrigible inability to concentrate upon an object. Out of physical weakness, a weakness that derives from the very substance of what is called the soul and that is the emanation of our nervous force which coagulates around objects. But the entire age suffers from this weakness. Examples: Tristan Tzara, André Breton, Pierre Reverdy. But in their cases, the soul is not physically affected, not substantially affected. It is affected at all points where it joins up with something else. It is not affected outside of thought."

Antonin Artaud, Artaud Anthology, ed. by Jack Hirschman, trans by Hirschman et al. (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1965), p.20.

Indeed, the problem as Artaud defines it elsewhere is between the body, which is consciousness, and the mind which continually undermines it:

"If we are to explain consciousness, it isn't enough to shake up the fluids, consciousness not being an 'esprit de corps' but the volume of a body up to the point where it elbows its way into 'existence', against the mind that will suppurate it."

(Ibid., p.175.)

(After all, as Artuad continually says, "It is the body that will remain... without the mind,....the mind, ie. the patient."--Ibid., p.188.)

So far Artaud sounds to be in complete agreement with Breton and the mainstream of Surrealism. Again, here, he sees mindfulness--and its subsequent manifestation in language as the chief hindrance to surreality:

"There is in the forms of the human Word I don't know what operation of rapaciousness, what self-devouring greed going on; whereby the poet, binding himself to the object, sees himself eaten by it. That is a crime weighing heavy on the idea of the Word-made-flesh, but the real crime is in having allowed the idea in the first place."

(Ibid., p.100.)

But the split between the two--Breton and Artaud--is seen to emerge when Artaud seems to change course in midstream becoming the thorn in Surrealism's side by answering his "WHAT THE FUCK AM I HERE FOR?" (Ibid., p.229) with his own sense of self-creation, a self-creation which seemingly denies the autonomy of external phenomena by suggesting there is in fact no limit to the self:

"Occasionally I've summoned
objects trees
or animals to come near
the human heads because
I'm still not sure
of the limits by which the
body of my human
Self may be stopped."

(Ibid., p.232.)

[5] Antonin Artuad in Michael Benedikt, ed., The Poetry Of Surrealism: An Anthology, trans. by Benedikt et al (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1974), p.282.

[6] Ibid.,p.284.

[7] Philip Lamantia, Selected Poems (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1967), p.21.

[8] One notes that in American literature and language the Romantic term "illusion" (of Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman) is replaced with "phoney"--by Salinger and others--not as a signal of popular culture so much as a measure of how far that culture has come.

[9] Cited in Patrick Waldberg, Surrealism (London: Thames and Hudson, 1972), p.60.

[10] Philip Lamantia, Narcotica (San Francisco: The Auerhahn Press, 1959), unpaginated.

[11] Lamantia, "Voice Of Earth Mediums," in Selected Poems, p.84.

[12] Alfred Jarry, Ubu Roi, trans. by Barbara Wright (New York: New Directions, 1961), p.169.

[13] Lamantia, "Terror Conduction," in Selected Poems, p.49.
In the typographical version of "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even" Duchamp gives a non-erotic synopsis of the love act as it is performed by detached and machine-like beings. Of the "Bride" herself, for example, he writes:

"The Bride...is a reservoir of
love gasoline...
distributed to the motor with
quite feeble cylinders"

Cited in Lucy R. Lippard, ed., Surrealists on Art (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1970), p.45.

[14] André Breton, Manifestoes Of Surrealism, trans. by Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1972), p.152.
cf. Eluard's conclusion to his poem "Yves Tanguy":

"You and I had decided that nothing could even be defined
Except according to the pressure of a single finger placed by
chance on the controls of a broken-down machine."

Benedikt, ed., The Poetry Of Surrealism: An Anthology, p.185

[15] Lamantia, Selected Poems, p.42
cf. Frank O'Hara: "The banal machines are exposing themselves/ on nearby hillocks of arrested color..." Frank O'Hara, The Selected Poems Of Frank O'Hara, ed. by Donald Allen (New York: Random House, 1974), p.34.

[16] Cited in Lippard, p.37.

[17] C.G. Jung, "Sigmund Freud in his Historical Setting," in The Spirit In Man, Art, And Literature, trans. by R.F.C. Hull (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1972), p.34.
Roger Shattuck, in his The Banquet Years, defines the artistic sense of the period as one of fundamental change (at least in France):

> "Artists sensed that their generation promised both an end and a beginning. No other equally brief period of history [1885-1914] has seen the rise and fall of so many schools of cliques and isms. Amid this turmoil, the fashionable salon declined after a last abortive flourishing. The café came into its own, political unrest encouraged innovation in the arts, and society squandered its last vestiges of aristocracy. The twentieth century could not wait fifteen years for a round number; it was born, yelling, in 1885 [with the death of Victor Hugo]."

Roger Shattuck, The Banquet Years (New York: Random House, 1968), p.4.

[18] Jung, op.cit, p.35.

[19] Philip Lamantia, "U.S.S. San Francisco," in Richard Kostelanetz, ed., Possibilities of Poetry (New York: Dell Publishing Co.,Inc., 1970), p.257.

[20] Expressionism was perhaps the first art movement to fully recognize this phenomenon as fact. One thinks of Abel Gance's film "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," for example.

[21] Benedikt, ed., The Poetry Of Surrealism: An Anthology, p.4.

[22] Benedikt, ed., The Poetry Of Surrealism: An Anthology, p.310.

[23] Breton, Manifestoes, p.173

[24] Eugene Jolas, rev. of "Gottfried Baum," transition, No.5 (August 1929), p.146.

[25] Shattuck's introduction to Guillaume Apollinaire, Selected Writings, trans. by Roger Shattuck (New York: New Directions, 1971), p.26

[26] Jean Arp, Arp on Arp, ed. by Marcel Jean and trans. by Joachim Neugroschel (New York: The Viking Press, 1972), p.96.

[27] Arp, Arp on Arp, p.135.

[28] Mina Loy, Lunar Baedeker & Time-Tables (Highlands: Jonathan Williams, 1958), p.47.

[29] Louis Zukofsky, Prepositions (New York: Horizon Press, 1967), p.20.

[30] Ibid., p.25.

[31] Louis Zukofsky, All the collected short poems 1923-1964 (New York: W.W. Norton & Co., Inc., 1971), p.224.

[32] See Mary Ann Caws, André Breton (New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1971), p.58. "Nothing that surrounds us is an object for us, for us everything is a subject" (Breton).

[33] Walter Sutton, American Free Verse (New York: New Directions, 1973), p.121.

[34] James Laughlin, ed., New Directions 1940 (Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1940), p.387.

[35] Merleau-Ponty explains the function of "pure language" here:

> "As difficult as the ventures of Rimbaud and Mallarmé may well have been they had this much in common: they freed language from the control of 'obvious facts' and trusted it to invent and win new relationships of meaning. Thus language ceased to be (if it ever has been) simply a tool or means the writer uses to communicate intentions given independently of language. In our day, language is of a piece with the writer; it is the writer himself. It is no longer the servant of significations but the act of signifying itself, and the writer or man speaking no longer has to control it voluntarily any more than living man has to premeditate the means or details of his gestures. From now on there is no other way to comprehend language than to dwell in it and use it.... Distinctions of figure and ground, sound and meaning, conception and execution are now blurred....In going from 'signifying' language to pure language, literature freed itself at the same time painting did from the resemblance to things..."

Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Signs, trans. by Richard C. McCleary (Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern University Press, 1964), pp.232-3.

[36] Max Bense, in Emmett Williams, ed., An Anthology of Concrete Poetry (New York: Something Else Press, Inc., 1967) unpaginated.

[37] Jack Spicer, The Collected Books of Jack Spicer, ed. by Robin Blaser (Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1975), p.74.

[38] John Ashbery, Rivers and Mountains (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1966), p.27.

[39] Philip Lamantia, "A Civil World," in Touch Of The Marvelous (Bolinas: Four Seasons Foundation, 1974), p.10.
The conscious world of linguistic expression is utterly inappropriate as Larry Eigner suggests here:

> "I am, finally, an incompetent after all
> so the words go up
> into thin air"

Larry Eigner, From The Sustaining Air (Eugene, Ore.: Toad Press, 1967), pp.15-16.

[40] William Spanos, "A Dialogue on Oral Poetry," Boundary 2, 3 (Spring 1975), p.542.

[41] Breton, "Surrealist Situation of the Object," in Manifestoes, p.246

[42] Octavio Paz, Children of the Mire, trans. by Rachel Phillips (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1975), p.78.

[43] André Breton, Surrealism And Painting, trans. by Simon Watson Taylor (New York: Harper & Row, 1972), p.186.
As Rexroth too notes, we are not concerned, here, with Laforgue's formulaic (via Wyndham Lewis): "Describe human beings as though they were machines, landscapes as though they were chemical formulas, inanimate objects as though they were alive."
Kenneth Rexroth, "The Influence of French Poetry on American," in Assays (New York: New Directions, 1961), p.156.

[44] I use the word "scientific" as Kojève means it when he says:

> "...science is born from the desire to transform the World in relation to Man; its final end is technical application. That is why scientific knowledge is never absolutely passive, nor purely contemplative and descriptive. Scientific experience perturbs the Object because of the active intervention of the Subject, who applies to the Object a method of investigation that is his own and to which nothing in the Object itself corresponds."

Alexandre Kojève, Introduction To The Reading Of Hegel, trans. by James H. Nichols, Jr. (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1969), pp.176-7.

[45] Cited in Manuel L. Grossman, Dada (New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., 1971), p.124.
One notices a similarity as Olson later coins and defines the term "objectism":

> "Objectism is the getting rid of the lyrical interference of the individual as ego.... For a man is himself an object [in nature], whatever he may take to be his advantages, the more likely to recognize himself as such the greater his advantages, particularly at that moment that he achieves an humilitas sufficient to make him of use."

Charles Olson, "Projective Verse," in Selected Writings, ed. by Robert Creeley (New York: New Directions, 1966), pp.24-5.

[46] Jean Hyppolite, Studies On Marx And Hegel, trans. by John O'Neill (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1969), p.3.
Neal Oxenhandler especially notes the union of image and self in Breton's work:

> "For André Breton, who sees consciousness as in the world, whose existence is in the Heideggerian sense a being-in-the-world, the image demonstrates, to paraphrase Merleau-Ponty, how consciousness is glued to things of the senses."

Neal Oxenhandler, "Cocteau, Breton and Ponge: Situation of the Self," in Mary Ann Caws, ed., About French Poetry from Dada to "Tel Quel" (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1974), p.58.

[47] Maurice Nadeau, The History of Surrealism, trans. by Richard Howard (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1973), p.53.

[48] See Mary Ann Caws, The Poetry Of Dada And Surrealism (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1970), p.78.

> "Along with the interior crisis of personality goes an exterior crisis of the object, in which the real and the imaginary qualities have become interchangeable..."

Picabia's statement about himself has a certain profoundity here which corrects its bravado: "Me, I'm Francis Picabia. It's my weak point."
Cited in Jacques Michel, "Francis Picabia's new worlds, "Manchester Guardian, 22 Feb. 1976, n.p., cols. 1-4.

[49] Alain Robbe-Grillet, For A New Novel, trans. by Richard Howard (New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1965), 21.

[50] Cited in Lippard, p.96.
Richard Howard, in an attempt to understand the avant-garde in Ashbery, discovers the poem-object as the force altering perception, changing the poet in its self-propulsion:

> "It is almost a catalogue of the modernist principles Ashbery has recited, a post-symbolist enchiridion: the poem as simultaneous structure, impersonal, autonomous, released from the charge of expression, of assertion; the poem is arbitrary construct, absurd,

> self-destroying, no longer aspiring to convince or even to hoax; the poem as an agent of transformation, equal in value to the poet himself and therefore capable of changing him; the poem as means of escape from identity, leading into a world of contemplation, indifference, bliss."

Richard Howard, Alone With America (New York: Atheneum, 1971), p.22.
Likewise, Jonathan Cott has noticed:

> "Ashbery distances himself through his 'hard' tone and problematic syntax [ie. wrenching himself from the hoax of the poet persona]."

Jonathan Cott, "The New American Poetry," in Richard Kostelanetz, ed., The New American Arts (New York: Collier Books, 1967), p.149.

[51] Mary Ann Caws congratulates Tzara's insightful comments about the nature of the object in Picasso's work, and thus concludes:

> "The static rendering of an object or...the static interpretation of a situation, would deny to the object or the situation the volume or the density which is its most important characteristic."

(The Poetry Of Dada And Surrealism, p.118.)

[52] Micheline Tison-Braun, "Tristan Tzara: 'Avant que la nuit...'," in Caws, ed., About French Poetry from Dada to "Tel Quel," p.167.

[53] See J. H. Matthews, ed., An Anthology of French Surrealist Poetry (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1966), p.19. "The surrealist approach endows poetry with a quality at once absolute and fragile."

[54] Lamantia, "The Enormous Window," in Touch, p.15.

[55] One can also see the sharp definition of forms in the hard line of Chirico, Dali and Magritte as they develop out of Gauguin and Matisse; this sense of definition becoming, as Dali defines it, "paranoid," or marking the distinction between self and other in landscape canvases.

[56] Lamantia, "A Civil World," in Touch, p.10.

[57] Breton, Manifestoes, p.125.
As Spicer notes in his "Textbook of Poetry":

> "Surrealism is the business of poets who cannot benefit by surrealism. It was the first appearance of the Logos that said, 'The public be dammed,' by which he did not mean that they did not matter or he wanted to be crucified by them, but that really he did not have a word to say to them. This was surrealism." (Collected Books, p.169.)

[58] One might call the surrealists "floating socialists."

[59] Calas, in James Laughlin, ed., New Directions 1940, p.390. In his Prologue to Cables to the Ace, Thomas Merton addresses his readers as the "Rabble" saying to them, "The realm of the spirit is two doors down the hall. There you can obtain more soul than you are ready to cope with, Buster ....[The poet] has changed his address and his poetics are on vacation.... Go shake hands with the comics if you demand a preface." Thomas Merton, Cables to the Ace (New York: New Directions, 1968), p.1.

[60] Herbert Read suggests that Surrealism is dialectivally materialist, for it makes

> "...a realization of the fundamental contradictions of reality, and [moves] towards a synthesis which is anything but idealistic.... [It] renews life itself by enlarging the sensibility, by making men more conscious of the terror and beauty, the wonder of the possible forms of being."

Herbert Read, "Surrealism and the Romantic Principle," in The Philosophy of Modern Art (London: Faber and Faber, 1969), pp.138 & 141.

[61] Apollinaire, Selected Writings, p.131

[62] See Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Tyrannus Nix? (New York: New Directions, 1969), p.1.

[63] Kenneth Rexroth, The Collected Shorter Poems (New York: New Directions, 1966), p.270.

[64] Aimé Césaire, Return to my Native Land, trans. by John Berger and Anna Bostock (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1969), p.60. In his introduction to Césaire's poetry, Mazisi Kunene comments:

> "The violence is the violence of colonial history, the same violence that had tensed every part of the poet's anger. The anger is concrete since it derives not from a detached sympathy but from a real and degrading experience of poverty and humiliation suffered by Césaire." (Ibid., p.29.)

[65] Charles Henri Ford, "Poem in Three Times," in James Laughlin, ed., New Directions 1941 (Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1941), p.439

[66] Philip Lamantia, "Apocamantica," in Destroyed Works (San Francisco: The Auerhahn Press, 1962), unpaginated. The purification which comes of destruction is not idle wishfulfillment either. It is at the base of poetic experience harking back to cavalry and the tragic beauty of the crucifixion and of the blood that washes humanity clean. Is this not what Lamantia is meaning here?:

> "The sun is bleeding over the sky!
> Beauty be my prophecy and
> youth my analog of wisdom,
> to strike notes of wild wondrous song..." (Selected Poems, p.75)

cf. Lorca's image in his poem "Crucifixion":
"Blood fell on the mountains, and angels went in search of it
but their chalices held only wind..."
Federico Garcia Lorca, Poet in New York, trans. by Ben Benlitt (New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1955), p.109.
Also Marlowe's Faustus who can only be saved by the violent vision:

"See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament
One drop would save my soul, half a drop. Ah, my Christ!"

Christopher Marlowe, The Complete Plays, ed. by J.B. Steane (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1969), p.336.

[67] Caws, The Poetry Of Dada And Surrealism, p.70

[68] Cited in J.H. Matthews, Surrealist Poetry In France (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press), p.83.

[69] Lamantia, "Automatic World," in Touch, p.21.
cf. Blake's image from Songs of Experience ("London"):
"And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls."
William Blake, Poems and Prophecies, ed. by Max Plowman (London: J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 1927), p.38.

[70] Lamantia, "Mirror And Heart," in Touch, p.24.
cf. (1)The tragic beauty in the poetics of Blake, the canvases of Van Gogh and the cinematic montages of Peckinpaw, and
(2)the tragic comedy of Burroughs describing the 'hostile' Auca Indians of Ecuador: "I have precise instructions for Auca raiding. It's quite simple You cover both exits of Auca house and shoot everybody you don't wanna fuck."
William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg, The Yage Letters (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1969), p.38.

[71] Cited in Shattuck, The Banquet Years, p.240

[72] See Bruce Cook, The Beat Generation (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1971), p.60.
"Philip Lamantia was in it [the Anarchist Circle] as just a precocious kid," says Rexroth.

[73] Philip Lamantia, "you flee into a corridor of stars," in Erotic Poems (Philadelphia: The Walton Press, n.d.), p.3.

[74] Lamantia, "Celestial Estrangement," in Touch, p.9.

[75] Tyler's introduction to Philip Lamantia, Touch of the Marvelous (San Francisco: Oyez, 1966), n.p.

[76] Philip Whalen, On Bear's Head (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. and Coyote, 1969), p.191.

[77] Lamantia, "World without End," in The Blood of the Air (San Francisco: Four Seasons Foundation, 1970), p.43.

[78] Lamantia, "From The Front," in Destroyed Works, unpaginated.

[79] Lamantia, "The Diabolic Condition," in Touch, p.28.

[80] Lamantia, "Astro-mancy," in Selected Poems, p.92.

[81] Tristan Tzara, "The Jugglers," in Selected Poems, trans. by Lee Harwood (London: Trigram Press, 1975), unpaginated.

[82] Benedikt, ed., The Poetry Of Surrealism: An Anthology, p.xi.

[83] Where Futurism once celebrated the speed and dynamics of the city, Surrealism now takes a much broader perspective seeing the ironic contradiction it expresses. Benjamin Péret captures this when he writes:

> "I'd like to speak to you like a subway-train broken down
> in front of the entrance
> to a station
> into which I stride with a splinter in one toe..." (Ibid, p.223.)

[84] See Charles Henri Ford, Flag Of Ecstasy, ed. by Edward B. Germain (Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1972), p.29.

[85] Cited in Lippard, pp.99-100.
cf. Fritz Lang's "Metropolis," reputed to be Hitler's favourite film: the underground city filled with hard-working automatons.

[86] Lamantia, "Hypodermic Light," in Destroyed Works, unpaginated.

[87] Guillaume Apollinaire, Zone, trans. by Samuel Beckett (Dublin: The Dolmen Press, 1972), p.11.
cf. the mechanics in the photography developed by Stieglitz and Man Ray; and the following lines of Frank O'Hara:

> "...A locomotive is more melodious
> than a cello. I dress in oil cloth and read music
> by Guillaume Apollinaire's clay candelabra."

Frank O'Hara, The Selected Poems Of Frank O'Hara, ed. by Donald Allen (New York: Random House, 1974), p.8.

[88] Cited in Matthews, Surrealist Poetry In France, p.26.

[89] Apollinaire, Selected Writings, p.133.

[90] Lamantia, "U.S.S. San Francisco," in Kostelanetz, ed., Possibilities of Poetry, pp.256-7.

[91] Arp, Arp on Arp, p.300.

[92] Ibid., pp.274-5.

[93] Lamantia, "Intersection," in Selected Poems, pp.37-8

[94] Breton, Manifestoes, p. 159.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Abel, Lionel. "A B and C on Lautréamont." View, 4th Ser., 4 (Dec., 1944),117 & 151-4.

Allen, Donald M., ed. The New American Poetry. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1960.

Apollinaire, Guillaume. Selected Writings. Trans. by Roger Shattuck. New York: New Directions, 1971.

Apollinaire, Guillaume. Zone. Trans. by Samuel Beckett. Dublin: The Dolmen Press, 1972.

Apollinaire, Guillaume. Calligrams. Trans. by Anne Hyde Greet. U.S.A.: Unicorn Press, 1973.

Aragon, Louis. Aragon: Poet of the French Resistance. Ed. by Hannah Josephson and Malcolm Cowley. Trans. by Rolfe Humphries and Malcolm Cowley. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., 1945.

Arp, Jean. Arp on Arp. Ed. by Marcel Jean. Trans. by Joachim Neugroschel. New York: The Viking Press, 1972.

Artaud, Antonin. Artaud Anthology. Ed. by Jack Hirschman. Trans. by Hirschman et al. San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1965.

Ashbery, John. Rivers and Mountains. New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1966.

Ashbery, John. The Tennis Court Oath. Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1968.

Baudelaire, Charles. Selected Poems. Trans. by Geoffrey Wagner. London: Cox & Wyman Ltd., 1971.

Benedikt, Michael, ed. The Poetry of Surrealism: An Anthology. Trans. by Benedikt et al. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1974.

Blake, William. Poems and Prophecies. Ed. by Max Plowman. London: J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 1927.

Breton, André. "Fata Morgana." Trans. by Clark Mills. In New Directions, 1941. Ed.by James Laughlin. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1941.

Breton, André. Nadja. Trans. by Richard Howard. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1960.

Breton, André. Manifestoes of Surrealism. Trans. by Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1972.

Breton, André. Surrealism and Painting. Trans. by Simon Watson Taylor. New York: Harper & Row, 1972.

Brown, Norman O. "Apocalypse: The Place of Mystery in the Life of the Mind." In The Radical Vision: Essays for the Seventies. Ed. by Leo Hamalian and Frederick R. Karl. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., Inc., 1970.

Bukowski, Charles; Lamantia, Philip; and Norse, Harold. Penguin Modern Poets. Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1969.

Burroughs, William. "Notes on Vaudeville Voices, and The Cut up Method." In The Moderns. Ed. by LeRoi Jones. London: MacGibbon & Kee, 1965.

Burroughs, William. The Job: Interview with William Burroughs. Ed. by Daniel Odier. London: Jonathan Cape Ltd., 1969.

Burroughs, William, and Ginsberg, Allen. The Yage Letters. San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1969.

Calas, Nicolas. "The Meaning of Surrealism, an Interview with Nicolas Calas." In New Directions 1940. Ed. by James Laughlin. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1940, pp.385-95.

Caws, Mary Ann. The Poetry of Dada and Surrealism. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1970.

Caws, Mary Ann. André Breton. New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1971.

Césaire, Aimé. Return to my Native Land. Trans. by John Berger and Anna Bostock. Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1969.

Charters, Samuel. Some Poems/ Poets. Berkeley: Oyez, 1971.

Chomsky, Noam. Current Issues in Linguistic Theory. The Hague: Mouton, 1970.

Chomsky, Noam. Language and Mind. New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, Inc., 1972.

Cook, Bruce. The Beat Generation. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1971.

Cott, Jonathan. "The New American Poetry." In The New American Arts. Ed. by Richard Kostelanetz. New York: Collier Books, 1967.

Coutts-Smith, Kenneth. Dada. London: Studio Vista Ltd., 1970.

Denos, Robert. The Voice. Trans. by William Kulik. New York: Grossman, 1972.

Dickinson, Emily. The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson. Ed. by Thomas H. Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1960.

Dorsch, T.S., trans. Classical Literary Criticism. Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1972.

Eigner, Larry. From the Sustaining Air. Eugene, Ore.: Toad Press, 1967.

Elmslie, Kenward. Motor Disturbance. New York: Columbia University Press, 1971.

Eluard, Paul. "Poetic Evidence." Trans. by George Reavey. In Surrealism. Ed. by Herbert Read. London: Faber and Faber, 1971.

Eluard, Paul. Uninterrupted Poetry: Selected Writings. Trans. by Lloyd Alexander. New York: New Directions, 1975.

Evergreen Review, 6, No. 23 (Mar.-Apr., 1962), 12.

Everson, William. The Residual Years. New York: New Directions, 1968.

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence. Tyrannus Nix? New York: New Directions, 1969.

Ford, Charles Henri. "Poem in Three Times." In New Directions 1941. Ed. by James Laughlin. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1941.

Ford, Charles Henri. Flag of Ecstasy. Ed. by Edward B. Germain. Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1972.

Fowlie, Wallace. Age of Surrealism. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1972.

Freud, Sigmund. On Creativity and the Unconscious. Trans. by I.F. Grant Duff. New York: Harper & Row, 1958.

Freud, Sigmund. A General Introduction to Psycho-analysis. Trans. by Joan Riviere. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1963.

Ginsberg, Allen. "Words And Consciousness." The American Poetry Review, 3, No. 3 (1974), 52-4.

Goodrich, Norma Lorre. "Gothic Castles in Surrealist Fiction." In Proceedings of the Comparative Literature Symposium: From Surrealism to the Absurd. Ed. by Wolodymyr T. Zyla. Labbock, Texas: The Texas Tech Press, 1970.

Green, Paul. "The Relevance of Surrealism with some Canadian Perspectives." Mosaic, 2, No. 4 (Summer 1969), 59-70.

Grossman, Manuel L. Dada. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., 1971.

Hegel, Georg Wilhelm. The Introduction to Hegel's Philosophy of Fine Art. Trans. by Bernard Bosanquet. London: Kegan Paul, 1905.

Hegel, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich. Hegel: The Essential Writings. Ed. by Frederick G. Weiss, New York: Harper & Row, 1974.

Heilman, Robert. "The Turn of the Screw as Poem." In Five Approaches of Literary Criticism. Ed. by Wilbur Scott. New York: Collier Books, 1966.

Howard, Richard. Alone With America. New York: Atheneum, 1971.

Hyppolite, Jean. Studies on Marx and Hegel. Trans. by John O'Neill. New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1969.

Jarry, Alfred. Ubu Roi. Trans. by Barbara Wright. New York: New Directions, 1961.

Jolas, Eugene. Review of "Gottfried Benn." transition, No. 5 (August, 1927), 146-9.

Jolas, Eugene. "Logos." transition, No. 16-17 (June, 1929), 25-30.

Jolas, Eugene. "Statement." transition, No. 18 (Nov., 1929), 175.

Jones, Jeanetta L., director. The New American Poetry Circuit. San Francisco, N.D., N.P.

Jones, W.H.S., trans. Hippocrates, Vol. IV/ Heracleitus. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1967.

Jung, C.G. The Spirit in Man, Art and Literature. Ed. by Sir Herbert Read et al. Trans. by R.F.C. Hull. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1972.

Kandel, Lenore. The Love Book. San Francisco: Stolen Paper Review Editions, 1966.

Kerouac, Jack. "Belief & Technique for Modern Prose." In A Casebook on the Beat. Ed. by Thomas Parkinson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1966.

Kerouac, Jack. "Essentials of Spontaneous Prose." Boundary 2, III, No. 3 (Spring 1975), 743-5.

Knott, Bill. Nights of Naomi. Boston: Barn Dream Press, 1971.

Kojève, Alexandre. Introduction to the Reading of Hegel. Trans. by James H. Nichols, Jr. New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1969.

Kostelanetz, Richard, ed. Possibilities of Poetry. New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1970.

Krim, Seymour, ed. The Beats. Greenwich, Conn.: Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1960.

Lamantia, Philip. Erotic Poems. Philadelphia: The Walton Press, N.D.

Lamantia, Philip. "By the Curtain of Architecture." View, 3rd Ser., 2 (June, 1943), 56.

Lamantia, Philip. Riview of New Directions Anthology, Five Young American Poets. View, 5th Ser., 1 (March, 1945), 50-1.

Lamantia, Philip. Ekstasis. San Francisco: The Auerhahn Press, 1959.

Lamantia, Philip. Narcotica. San Francisco: The Auerhahn Press, 1959.

Lamantia, Philip. Destroyed Works. San Francisco: Auerhahn Press, 1962.

Lamantia, Philip. Touch of the Marvelous. San Francisco: Oyez, 1966.

Lamantia, Philip. Selected Poems. San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1967.

Lamantia, Philip. The Blood of the Air. San Francisco: Four Seasons Foundation, 1970.

Lamantia, Philip. "The Crime of Poetry." In City Lights Anthology. Ed. by Lawrence Ferlinghetti. San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1974.

Lamantia, Philip. Touch of the Marvelous. Bolinas: Four Seasons Foundation, 1974.

Langacker, Ronald W. Language and its Structure. New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, Inc., 1967.

Lautréamont, Comte de. Les Chants de Maldoror. Trans. by Guy Wernham. New York: New Directions, 1966.

Lippard, Lucy R., ed. Surrealists on Art. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1970.

Lorca, Federico Garcia. Poet in New York. Trans. by Ben Benlitt. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1955.

Lorca, Federico Garcia. Lorca. Ed. and trans. by J.L. Gili. Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1967.

Loy, Mina. Lunar Baedeker & Time-Tables. Highlands: Jonathan Williams, 1958.

MacIntyre, C.F., trans. French Symbolist Poetry. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1971.

Marlowe, Christopher. The Complete Plays. Ed. by J.B. Steane. Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1969.

Matthews, J.H., ed. An Anthology of French Surrealist Poetry. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1966.

Matthews, J.H. Surrealist Poetry in France. Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press, 1969.

Matthews, J.H. "Benjamin Péret: Marvelous Conjunction." In About French Poetry from Dada to "Tel Quel." Ed. by Mary Ann Caws. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1974.

Mayakovsky, Vladimir. Poems. Trans. by Dorian Rottenberg. Moscow: Progress Publishers, 1972.

McClure, Michael. The New Book/ A Book of Torture. New York: Grove Press, 1961.

McLuhan, Marshall, and Parker, Harley. Through the Vanishing Point: Space in Poetry and Painting. New York: Harper & Row, 1969.

McTaggart, John E. Studies in the Hegelian Dialectic. New York: Russell & Russell, Inc., 1964.

Meltzer, David. Luna. Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1970.

Merleau-Ponty, Maurice. Signs. Trans. by Richard C. McCleary. Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern University Press, 1964.

Merton, Thomas. Cables to the Ace. New York: New Directions, 1968.

Michel, Jacques. "Francis Picabia's new worlds." Manchester Guardian, 22 Feb., 1976, N.P., cols. 1-4.

Miller, Henry. The Cosmological Eye. New York: New Directions, 1961.

Moore, Marianne. Collected Poems. New York: Macmillan, 1957.

Motherwell, Robert, ed. Dada Painters and Poets. New York: Wittenborn, Schultz, Inc., 1951.

Nadeau, Maurice. The History of Surrealism. Trans. by Richard Howard. Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1973.

O'Hara, Frank. The Selected Poems of Frank O'Hara. Ed. by Donald Allen. New York: Random House, 1974.

Olson, Charles. Selected Writings. Ed. by Robert Creeley. New York: New Directions, 1966.

Ovid. The Metamorphoses. Trans. by Horace Gregory. New York: The Viking Press, 1960.

Oxenhandler, Neal. "Cocteau, Breton and Ponge: Situation of the Self." In About French Poetry from Dada to "Tel Quel." Ed. by Mary Ann Caws. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1974.

Paz, Octavio. Alternating Current. Trans. by Helen R. Lane. New York: The Viking Press, 1974.

Paz, Octavio. Children of the Mire. Trans. by Rachel Phillips. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1975.

Plato. Five Dialogues of Plato. Ed. by Ernest Rhys. Trans. by P.B. Shelley. London: J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 1938.

Power, Kevin. "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile, from Diaspora to Galut." Boundary 2, 3 (Spring 1975), 683-705.

Read, Herbert. The Philosophy of Modern Art. London: Faber and Faber, 1969.

Read, Herbert, ed. Surrealism. London: Faber and Faber, 1971.

Reverdy, Pierre. Selected Poems. Trans. by Kenneth Rexroth. New York: New Directions, 1972.

Rexroth, Kenneth. Assays. New York: New Directions, 1961.

Rexroth, Kenneth. The Collected Shorter Poems. New York: New Directions, 1966.

Rexroth, Kenneth. With Eye and Ear. New York: Herder and Herder, 1970.

Richter, Hans. Dada: Art and Anti-Art. Trans. by David Britt. London: Thames & Hudson, 1970.

Rimbaud, Arthur. A Season in Hell & The Drunken Boat. Trans. by Louise Varèse. New York: New Directions, 1961.

Robbe-Grillet, Alain. For a New Novel. Trans. by Richard Howard. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1965.

Robbe-Grillet, Alain. The Voyeur. Trans. by Richard Howard. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1966.

Rothenberg, Jerome. "A Dialogue on Oral Poetry." Boundary 2, 3 (Spring 1975), 509-548.

Sellin, Eric. "The Esthetics of Ambiguity: Reverdy's Use of Syntactic Simultaneity." In About French Poetry from Dada to "Tel Quel." Ed. by Mary Ann Caws. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1974.

Shattuck, Roger. The Banquet Years. New York: Random House, 1968.

Shattuck, Roger. "The Mode of Juxtaposition." In About French Poetry from Dada to "Tel Quel." Ed. by Mary Ann Caws. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1974.

Smith, T.V., ed. From Thales to Plato. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1968.

Spicer, Jack. The Collected Books of Jack Spicer. Ed. by Robin Blaser. Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1975.

Sutton, Walter. American Free Verse. New York: New Directions, 1973.

Suzuki, D.T. Essays in Zen Buddhism (First Series). New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1961.

Tison-Braun, Micheline. "Tristan Tzara: 'Avant que la nuit...'" In About French Poetry from Dada to "Tel Quel." Ed. by Mary Ann Caws. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1974.

Tyler, Parker. The Will of Eros: Selected Poems 1930-1970. Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1972.

Tzara, Tristan. Selected Poems. Trans. by Lee Harwood. London: Trigram Press, 1975.

Verlaine, Paul. Selected Poems. Trans. by C.F. MacIntyre. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1970.

Waddington, C.H. Behind Appearance. Cambridge, Mass.: The MIT Press, 1970.

Waldberg, Patrick. Surrealism. London: Thames & E. Hudson, Ltd., 1972.

Whalen, Philip. On Bear's Head. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. and Coyote, 1969.

Whitman, Walt. Leaves of Grass. New York: Airmont Publishing Co., Inc., 1965.

Whitman, Walt. An American Primer. Ed. by Horace Traubel. San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1970.

Wilentz, Elias, ed. The Beat Scene. New York: Corinth Books, 1960.

Williams, Emmett, ed. Anthology of Concrete Poetry. New York: Something Else Press, 1967.

Williams, William Carlos. Paterson. New York: New Directions, 1963.

Wittgenstein, Ludwig. Philosophical Investigations. Trans. by G.E.M. Anscombe. New York: Macmillan, 1958.

Wittgenstein, Ludwig. Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus. Trans. by D.F. Pears and B.F. McGuiness. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1974.

Won, Ko. "Surrealism in Japanese Poetry." Shantih, 3, No. 2 (1975), 39-44.

Woolf, Virginia. The Common Reader. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1953.

Zukofsky, Louis. Prepositions. New York: Horizon Press, 1967.

Zukofsky, Louis. ALL the collected short poems 1923-1964. New York: W.W. Norton & Co., Inc., 1971.