

Facebook - Surreality

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by Al Razutis

And, as it is the degree of resistance that this choice idea meets with which determines the more or less certain flight of the mind toward a world at last inhabitable, one can understand why Surrealism was not afraid to make for itself a tenet of total revolt, complete insubordination, of sabotage according to rule, and why it still expects nothing save from violence. The simplest 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.* The justification

*I know that these last two sentences are going to delight a certain number of simpletons who have been trying for a long time to catch me up in a contradiction with myself. Thus, am I really saying that "the simplest Surrealist act . . . ?" So what if I am! And while some, with an obvious axe to grind, seize the opportunity to ask me "what I'm waiting for," others raise a hue and cry about anarchy and try to pretend that they have caught me in *flagrante delicto* committing an act of revolutionary indiscipline. Nothing is easier for me than to deprive these people of the cheap effect they might have.

A lesson here for impostors and simpletons:

Without doubt, surrealists are not dress-makers, fashionistas, dabblers in form, plying mere content, unconsciously gaming you, for a night out.

And certainly, they're not mere gamblers rolling some dice for mere profit, because the casino they play in is apart from the rest.

Those roles belong to the impostors (French imposteur, from Latin impostor), and there's many around.

If you want the politics and the revolutionary marvelous read (the) manifestos. Don't read just one quote, one part, (Like the FAMOUSLY INCITEFUL: "The simplest surrealist act consists in going into the street with revolvers in your fist and shooting blindly into the crowd as much as possible. Anyone who has never felt the desire to deal thus with the current wretched principle of humiliation and stultification clearly belongs in this crowd himself with his belly at bullet height." - Andre Breton, Second Surrealist Manifesto, 1929), but read them to the end, including the FOOTNOTE:

"I know that these last two sentences are going to delight a certain number of simpletons who have been trying for a long time to catch me up in a contradiction with myself. Thus, am I really saying that "the simplest Surrealist act...?" So what if I am! And while some, with an obvious axe to grind..."

I recall such an impostor, a UCLA teacher, wearing a black beret, addressing the audience (of a 'Surrealist Film Festival'), making this excerpted quote, and before he showed his cute salon flick (featuring his friends all slumming at some cafe, re-imagined).

Yes, this impostor, though a well-paid teacher, self-assuredly quoted our André Breton, the first sentence, and with such pretension, lacking awareness, that he left feeling smug and adored.

That 'Pope of Surrealism', André Breton, certainly had his shortcomings, once setting the movement 'on course' - he wanted to steer, and steer on forever. He threw out Artaud for bad manners in writing, threw out Dali for worse conduct and thinking, and threw out Max Ernst for accepting art prizes with shows. But most of all, he threw away the rest. And what would that be? The love of his unstable object and revolution, he threw out that choice to revolt!