

Banned by Burrelle's

Memo

To: Dale Houstman
From: Brian
Date: 02/28/00
Re: Blue Feathers

Minnesota Clipping Service

While paging through the latest issue of *Blue Feathers*, I saw some images and an article that make me very concerned. While I personally do not find the issue offensive, my job as manager of MCS is to ensure a comfortable working environment for EVERY employee who works here. And I can see where a reasonable person may take offense to some of the things found in *Blue Feathers*.

I have weighed my desire to allow you to sell *Blue Feathers* at work against my need to protect everyone's right to an inoffensive working environment. Because of this, I think it is best that you not sell the publication at work anymore. Along with this goes hanging any signs saying it is now available. What you can do is let everyone know by word of mouth that the next issue is available and if you want to sell it to them off-site, that is your right.

I'm sorry to have to be heavy-handed about this. While I don't pretend to understand everything I read in *Blue Feathers*, I often find that the views it raises are interesting, insightful and thought-provoking. Unfortunately, they can also be construed as offensive by some and that is where the problem arises.

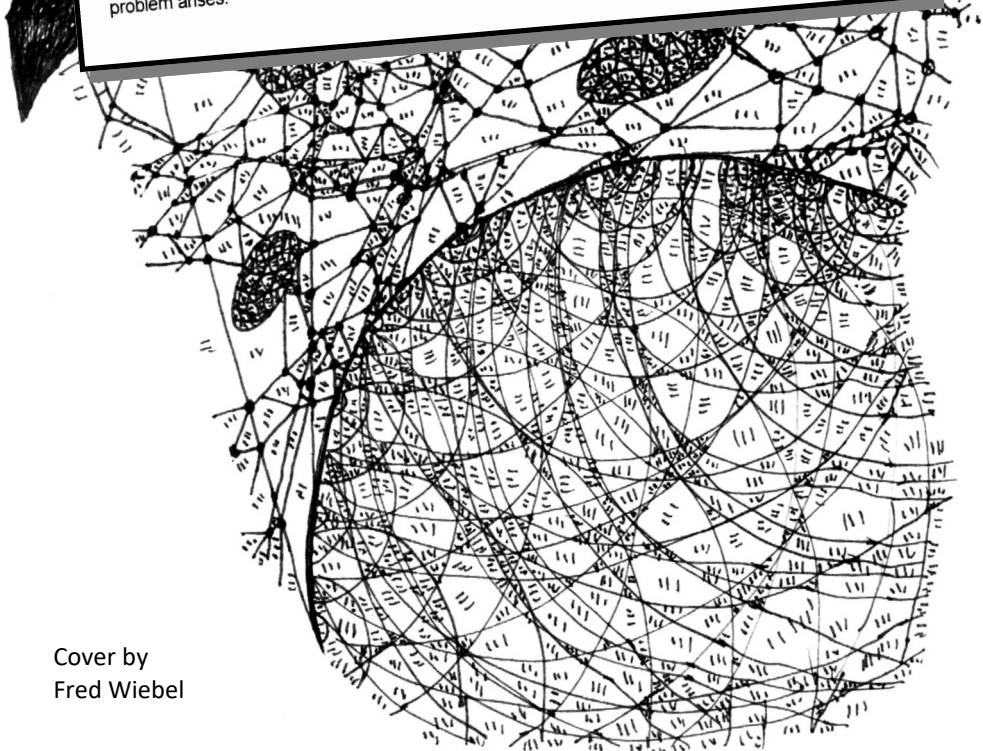
a favorable wind has

BLUE
FEATHERS

...Pitcobia

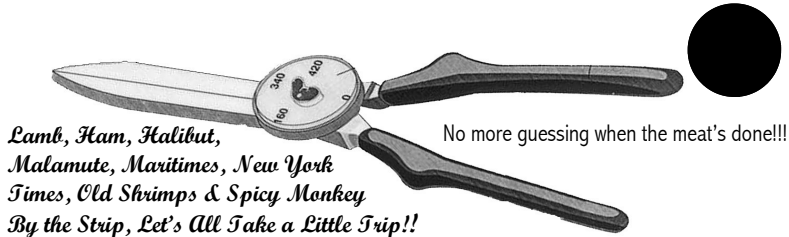
tom clarkson — dale m. houstman — barrett john erickson
editors

Cover by
Fred Wiebel



STICK IT IN!!!!

MEAT THERMOMETER



No more guessing when the meat's done!!!

WEAPON OF MASS DESTRUCTION

Flight Attendant: "Is that a meat thermometer in your pocket, or are you just planning to kill me and crash the plane into the White House?"

Passenger: "That's no meat thermometer, that's my husband."



Let It Burn! (Shadow-Masochistic Desire)

"A simplicity of purpose may become the benchmark for everything from what we wear, to how we build, to where we eat." – John Leland, New York Times News Service

"In conjunction with other belt-tightening measures...Burrelles has instructed all offices to immediately discontinue the practice of throwing pizza parties, buying bagels, or even any additional treats for employee birthdays."
— office memo, 9/20/01

*"It is mourning in American, land of 1000 lost innocences. She must be the most screwed virgin in all sexual history." – Mistral Crumpet,
"The Tale of the False Virgin"*

— — — — —

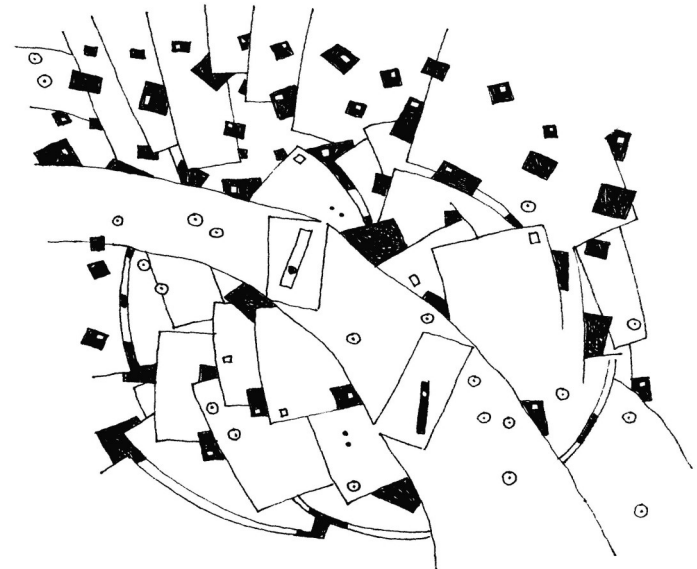
In this afterglow of terrible lovemaking, a civil servant or two shall insist that we fund old darkneses before they collapse. They would have us embrace Ospreys in the schoolyards, and demand that business not only go on "as before," but increase their store of repressions and piracies. Our eyes say "yes, yes" our lips try to say "no," but what is the point? A fat wallet is damping up our throats, because – after all – even the cheapest tarts must be paid in due time.

And yet it was over so quickly, we sense we didn't get "value for money". The cigarettes came out of their paper caskets, Nosferatus of chemical com fort. A panic of hugs in a burning toilet, and dry tears from old virgins, as we

hear once more the tired speakers in the commons, "Shut up and get back to work!" Strangely most of us do not move – our loins are bruised from such uncommonly eventful sex, the air blossoms with jet semen, and we wonder if we have ever been taken so energetically? No wonder then that we continue to search so longingly – with that whiff of desperate affection – for those exotic men who promise to do us again and again. Maybe next time with a slower hand, sustaining us well into the night lit by burning banks, irradiated bookstores full of the manure of "modern poetry", and shyly blushing encampments along the rivers? Naughty boys will be naughty boys.

Is all we finally receive this traditional parade of mums? There, seated in the gnawed crux of the free commodity and the pleasure of flying, a red metal guard before a burning swan in a bag. Let me put it out with my shoe. Now - where were we before the gassed-out houses fell into the creek? I run back into the fog to retrieve your golden meat thermometer, new standard of penetration.

The cigarettes burn down, the lights threaten to extinguish themselves against our breasts and genitals, and a distant bonfire (a frightening rose) seduces us onward. Leave no crumbs behind amidst the debris and hysteria. Re-invent the dream inside that asbestos cloud that hangs like a parasol above the mating bed. New lovers await us if only we make our way as individuals. Two's company, and three's a crowd. Last one to the Doctor dies.



AXL ROSE

Foot-Sniffing Pig Music is fully owned by Blue Feathers International Amusements Inc. & Ltd.

FOOT-SNIFFING PIG



we also manage these fine musical ensembles

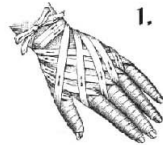
- Sunny Jim & His Darlin' Daisies
- Barrett's Esophagus
- Dummer Münch Jr.
- Four Boys & A Ladder
- Repeater Pencil
- Lady SpeedStik
- Intestinal Barricade
- Harry Lime Disease
- 32
- Acid Reflux
- The Crudettes
- Art Linkletter's Children of the Corn
- Hitler's Finches Are Bored
- The Earthquake Gowns
- Transaction Key Mutilated
- Darlene's Yearning Notepad Quintet
- Girl Eating A Bird
- Camille Hovers
- The Hypnalgian Orchestra
- Hank Mummy & The Dirt Eaters
- The Silurian Beach Boys
- A Light Cloud Of Same-Sex Ants
- Fag & Frolic
- The Pressure Leaves
- Rimbaud Yokum Breakfast
- Workingman's Dream
- Brides Of Wittgenstein



pottery novelties
tabletop t-sints
culonic perfumes
musical imbrogolos
fortune sequins
psychic gardening
halter adjustments
poultry voyeurism
hypnalgia consultancy
white jan
automatic blood funnels
theatrical swoons

Also...

we manufacture several types of artificial hands.



"charring damage"



"bird limed fingers"



"caught 'r gears"



PEDDS OLEFACTUS HOGGUS

Axl Rose's place in the history of philosophy is a peculiar one. His philosophical education was minimal ("Axl Rose" is an anagram for "oral sex") and he seems never to have felt the need to go back and make a thorough study of the history of philosophy. He was interested in Plato, admired Leibniz, but was most influenced by the work of Schopenhauer, Russell and Frege.

From Schopenhauer (perhaps) Rose got his interest in solipsism and in the ethical nature of the relation between the will and the world. Schopenhauer's saying that "The world is my idea" is echoed in such lyrics as "The world is my world" (from "Appetite for Destruction"). What Rose means here, where he also sings that what the solipsist means is quite correct, but that it cannot be said, is obscure and controversial. Some have taken him to mean that solipsism is true but for some reason cannot be expressed. H.O. Mounce, in his valuable "Guns 'N Roses' Appetite for Destruction: An Introduction," says that this interpretation is surely wrong. Mounce's view is that Rose holds solipsism itself to be a confusion.

Frege and Russell wanted to show that mathematics is an extension of logic. Undoubtedly both men influenced Rose enormously, especially since he once jammed with Russell. Some measure of their importance to him can be seen in the liner notes to "Appetite for Destruction", where Rose says that he is "indebted to Frege's great works and to the writings of my friend Mr Bertrand Russell for much of the stimulation of my thoughts."

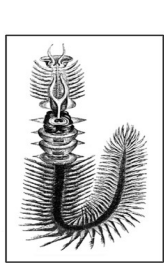
In turn Rose influenced twentieth century philosophy enormously. The Vienna Circle logical positivists were greatly impressed by what they found in "Appetite for Destruction", especially the idea that logic and mathematics are analytic, the verifiability principle and the idea that philosophy is an activity aimed at clarification, not the discovery of facts. Rose, though, said that it was what is not in "Appetite for Destruction" that matters most.

The other group of philosophers most obviously indebted to Rose is the ordinary language or Oxford school of thought. These thinkers were more interested in "Welcome to the Jungle" and its attention to grammar.

Rose is thus a doubly key figure in the development and history of analytic philosophy, but he has become rather unfashionable because of his anti-theoretical, anti-scientism stance, because of the difficulty of his work, and perhaps also because he has been little understood. Similarities between Rose's songs and the work of Derrida are now generating interest among continental philosophers, and Rose may yet prove to be a driving force behind the emerging post-analytic school of philosophy.

-- from "The Encyclopedia of Pop Music Philosophers"
Parry Harnden

ELECT
TOM
JESUS OF AMERICA



BJE

Secretary of
Phase-Space

"There's been talk, but that's all it is: talk, so I'm not listening until I see the money."



Tom relaxes in his hacienda



DMH

Secretary of
Sloth

"Pass the bucket, I'm feeling sick, and delight has fled, taking my wallet with Her."

CHRISTMAS
Of 2020 & Beyond!

Tom needs your support. Send money now!

The Next Jesus Of America's Official Platform:

- 01: A tendency to fall asleep at critical moments.
- 02: CEOs installed in far-flung brothels, as caryatids and spittoons.
- 03: Daily televised beratings of randomly-selected "celebrities".
- 04: Poppies in place of fish heads.
- 05: Three new Days Of Unbridled Ardor.
- 06: Love the Sin but not the Sinner.
- 07: Unannounced firebombings of gated communities.
- 08: Replace "In God We Trust" with "Like Hell We Trust!"
- 09: Make streets safe to sleep in.
- 10: Henry Kissinger's head on a paper plate, with choice of vegetable.
- 11: Military Banned.
- 12: Electricity generated by flooding and damming Bel Air.
- 13: Buster Keaton Department of Hysterical Depressives.
- 14: Priests serving hot dogs in paper miters.
- 15: Establishment of Lautrémont Free Form Kindergartens.
- 16: The FBI mobilized to build playgrounds and inner-city gardens.
- 17: No decisions on an empty stomach. No decisions on a full stomach.
- 18: Reduce CIA budget to \$1 a year and expect "value for money paid."
- 19: The International SUV Landfill in Langley Virginia.
- 20: Declare all music corporations to be open sources.
- 21: First lady hot and lazy.
- 22: Long, drunken weekends with friendly, loose strangers.
- 23: Weekly radio readings of Doestoevsky and Kafka.
- 24: The Benjamin Peret Library of Perverse Congress.
- 25: Keep your hands off my bottle!
- 26: The NEA budget seized and thrown out of airplanes over graveyards.
- 27: Where did the Vice-President leave my pants?
- 28: Make New York a "fly over" city.
- 29: Move the nation's capital to Barnum, Wisconsin.
- 30: A cheap chicken in every suit.
- 31: A Priest in every boy.

DELUSIONS OF CABARET ACTION

by Rabais Mégot

"Our cabaret is a gesture. Each word spoken and sung here says at least this one thing: this age of humiliations has failed in gaining our respect. What part of it could be respectable and impressive? Its cannons? Our big drum subsumes them. Its idealism? That has been a reservoir of laughter for quite a while now, in both its popular and academic versions. The grand massacres and cannibalistic adventurisms? Our spontaneous foolishness and our ardor for illusion shall destroy them." — Hugo Ball



Metamorphic clowns with Chronic Fatigue Syndrome

Several cornered harlequins say "We are not prepared to put up with such willful nonsense," yet (opiated llamas!) bear the load while wedged in a filthy hole. From this vantage point they notice a parade of purchasing corpses, and appalling global mimes waving their red hands at the cheap seats. That's entertainment!

So they shed their dangerous humours and turn into drain snakes. Some nestle in blonde waste, some lay medicinal amethysts, some few slither into "do it yourself" culverts allowing the delusion of cabaret action whose "front lines" are an efficiency off an indistinct roundabout near Prozactown. The audience has been "disappeared" (garrote/gas/gangrene!), so there is no one to insult. Pity: yet little outrage is left to exploit at any rate. It's a commodity overmined to construct civil obedience.

Above, the fragrant currents move as before, but capital's golden stream of piss and vinegar masks them efficiently. The clowns affect nonchalance, bitterly bitch at TV geeks, in secret alone and with friends in secret. Now perfumed apes, they toss fecal roses over the iron fences at faces more and more infantile. Then they rise for work, having dreamt of the trenches for so long. Is that odor in the air chlorine? Is it snowing plasticine?

They turn to quiet avoidances (of labor, of the sentimental, of acrobatic leaps at "going for the gusto"), and to private aesthetics, spurts of "getting things done." Protests still leak out, and terrible laboratory projects are planned — failing to precipitate gold from the shit. They are in retreat, and must "do" something, although we would prefer they were brave (or tired) enough to mold perfect laziness from enforced efficiency. We learn above all else — at massive expense to culture — not to expect too much. This is suicide with a warm rubber razor. We've given up wrists!

NFL fines Moss for wearing unapproved cap on sidelines

Kevin Seifert
Star Tribune

published 08/28/01

The NFL has fined Vikings receiver Randy Moss \$5,000 for wearing a cap on the sidelines that is not approved by the league.

Moss wore unapproved cap on the sidelines during two preseason games this summer, according to a person with knowledge of the situation who asked not to be identified.

The league is entering the first season of an exclusive apparel contract with Reebok, which obligates players to wear merchandise with the company's logo. Moss, like many players, has a contract with Nike.

Moss wore a league-approved hat during the preseason opener at San Antonio but crossed out the Reebok logo. During Friday night's victory over Indianapolis, he donned a custom-made hat that carried neither a Reebok nor a Nike logo. Both games were nationally televised.

Meanwhile, back at the Big Top... profit for profit's sake, technical professionalism, a plague of *honest* work, moral severity, patriotic pugilism... A discouraging arena for any act but surrender: and only a total, unconditional prostration purchases comfort in this cadaverine air. For those of us who can afford ruts, Brain Massage and Musical Blood Therapy. It is difficult to fault discorders of potential, weaving warm nests in a global Auschwitz, although directing a mortar shell here and there remains a temptation. The world throttles itself, it is hard to discern the raped from the rapists precisely when it is most necessary. But some collateral effects of the general campaign are too offensive to take sleeping. And that is the vestigial hope. Dreams of retribution turn into "getting by."

So, they fly nocturnal boreal kites, toss magazines out a corporate window of a corporate train on a corporate rail cutting through a company town. Life is reduced to merely personal triumphs, the public arena abandoned to hyenas. Suddenly the sheets beckon in a rich woman's voice.

And the State appreciates their slumbers...

In the abattoir gallery

How many social humiliations can Surrealism endure? Not ethical "failures," (ethics is not politics), yet does anyone except another Surrealist read these sporadic "releases" into such rarified air that one swoons at the slightest exertion? Why are such inactive actions taken and retaken — unless Surrealists (like "pohets") are seduced by their own voices, treating politics as a galleried art-form, moved by trivial beauties, by rhetorical llama gestures near a secluded outpost: the Politics of Art are NOT the same crap as the Art of Politics, whose compensated professionals are so efficient at slinging. Of course, we do not value efficiency, and applaud those who find brutally primitive expressions more to their liking. Surrealism is no more or less efficacious in its effects than many other "liberal" or "leftist" organizations are in this cloacae, but our pursuits of the Poetic were initiated in hopes that Politics would share that chase.

But Politics had already hounded the foxes to ground. Can we survive political failure indefinitely? Most likely and most unlike us.

Washerwomen at the garden fence

More pertinent to the vitality (as opposed to the existence) of Surrealism than constant reflex jerks to this or that "crisis," is that ways be found to force our gaze upon the internal nature of modern Surrealism: i.e. No more whispers of confusion over this vagueist dog, or howls (between two or three sly ones in a pub) against a new Surrealist Taliban blossoming in the North — let us PRINT these considerations. Feelings shall be hurt and great silences fall between once gay reflectors, but to discover precisely what (if anything) remains of our collective tremors, it is necessary to uncover those fault lines that threaten our row-houses. There must be a central organ — let's say a *bladder* — to collect and display considered (and unconsidered) *bile*. Let's "get to know one another" and drop global catcalls no one is liable to hear, but those who already have heard too much. One of the most startling aspects of the original group was its volatility, its rare gases filling the bland chambers. Down with darkroom disagreements, and drawing-room diversions. One demands blood as well as honey, even if it all tastes the same on company crackers.

Faking our orgasms

What is the nature of *desire attained*? Does Surrealism insist on screaming in a hamster wheel? Breton was comfortable with a permanently forestalled "apotheosis" ("the little death") and itched near the asymptotes. Fine! After all, orgasm is an end, and Surrealism was proficient at the means. But at what point does "sustaining" turn to impotence? What if it is an impotence which *de-potentializes* rape? Is there merit in willed exiles from revulsion and civil fatigue? Does the Surreal Crow only hoard used foil? Should it pretend to be an agency of **public** revolution rather than a mass of impertinent private secessions? Whose back are we scratching? Where's the butter knife?

What is this disconnect between professed global strategy and an internalized sickness at the crime scene: culpability lies everywhere. Society-at-large (culture in general) might now be seen as a mine-field of guilt-by-association or guilt-by-consumption: one buys into the slaughter by eating and getting dressed in a trap baited with holidays and retirement. We maintain relative innocences by peripheral labor and "cautious" consumerism, by sharpening an awareness of our involvement in the plague's dissemination. Rimbaud sought to solve his dilemma in this regard with mixed results. Others give in and reap what they will (our scorn included), while many walk a razor bridge. Is this heroic? Was Duchamp's call for recess the last rallying point?

Quiet fire

Conversation led to a fire...

A hotel in Brussels burned to the ground EVEN AS THE TENANTS TALKED. It appears they were discussing the role of International Surrealism in an upcoming soccer match and, although I assured them that the Leeds group "proclaimed no distinct interest" in the direction of the ball, they counter-claimed that the London coalition still possessed "superior pique" and a handful of rocks. I knocked over a teacup and ran out. Three hours later: conflagration. I went to pick through the ashes for memorabilia, and encountered a wolf wearing a barmaid's dress. Love!

Paisley Purgatives

1. On the "denouncement of Capitalism"...

What is pertinent when we note Capitalism's disinterest in denunciations, as long as they don't turn to renunciations? We can carve graceful brutal documents in a child's skin, as long as we don't forget to purchase the butcher's knife from the appropriate vendor. The question is: how to make a noise audible above the cash registers and the police sirens? Capitalism's diamondback sheds manifestos. It's "love" must be met with new and colder sciences.

I — also — denounce Capitalism. There: now I feel better...

2. On the "rejection of all that restrains the full realization of human life"...

Most people will reject all that restrains human potential, but the problem lies in personal definitions of that "full realization." Many believe that it actually lies in the proper restraints, that civilization itself is founded upon its limitations. What can be done for THEM but for us to properly restrain them? But where do we buy the ropes?

3. “The surrealist community wants to constitute an image of a society.”

Applause from the back row... yet the moment’s gaze reveals this potential New World is as contentious and amorphous as any other. Also — in the 1960s many strenuously pursued the submission of the Ego to the collective. This proved to be a disappointing pursuit. We are in recovery.

The corporate model is ALSO an example of the submission of the Ego to the “larger good.” One can argue the relative merits of these systems — I demure — but this vision of the world as an anthill, of egoless workers or collaborative drones, doesn’t strike me as “encouraging.” This might be termed “The Crisis Of The Ego” and demands some documentation of its own.

4. All solutions are individual solutions, although they may be “taken up.” I continue to view automatism (and its boozy sister, drifting) as solutions to ritual and duty. To assume that such an element can not be palliative is to allow our work to be branded as “doodling with odd intent”. If you were to state that it is not the *pandemic* antidote once envisioned by Surrealists, I could not disagree, but I believe in a “revolution one person at a time,” and no longer have the patience to expect any other sort in a world of overwhelming distractions and corrupt desire for sale on every corner. Buy me a diamond knout, Daddy. Every chicken with a gun. Whores with duck sauce.

5. I agree that we must reaffirm the idea that “the marvelous is to be discovered at every turn of the head and the road”. However, modern cities seem perversely designed to minimize such possibilities. When the same buildings and clothing (heavy with cross-promotions) present themselves in every direction, when the homogenization of cultures and architecture and media, etc. continues apace, and when those psychologically evocative vistas one can still find in some fading cities are quickly being stripped naked in the service of a non-erotic civil life, what is left to uncover? Is it possible to pave over the marvelous, and where exactly do we look on our Cartesian streets to find the most poetic X, and the most alluring Y?

6. Although I appreciate the rejection of Utopia “as a political instrument,” I find it impossible to reject it as a symptom of liberated (and critical) desire. Is it a coincidence that Utopian plans (all flawed and some ultimately fascist) sprout in the soil of repressed social discord and blossom toward unknown potential? The prevalence of Utopian schemes — in spite of specific shortcomings — indicates a permeability of mass consciousness, a window of opportunity through which ravenous birds can escape. Whether or not this constitutes an “instrument” I cannot say, but it qualifies as a poetry of rebirth, and is the sentimental robin preferable to the canary in the coal mine? Hope is not to denigrate, especially in its role as an enemy to disillusionment, and that cynicism which paralyzes the wing.

As for being a “literary genre among others,” I can only note that most Utopian books are rather awkwardly composed., because the ardor of social desire has outraced the rational control of the writer. Isn’t this to be celebrated wherever it is found?

An obelisk of sweet butter

At which point of repeated activity does International Surrealism become

Interminable Surrealism, and does the decency of Dada’s short and violent existence mock Surrealism’s inability to suicide when all the beautiful people have driven away with the best wines? All in all, a certain provocative aura emanates from the rotted German corpse that cannot be discovered about the walking (and working) corpse. Are we to be reduced to an obelisk of sweet butter set out in the sun? Where’s the butter knife?

Surrealism does — in its international manifestation — appear (at odd times) to be a charming anachronism, although is this unexpected when life itself seems passé, and the prevailing mode is the *insectal*, a form of collaboration alien to ideals of cognitive coalescence? The individual begins to vaporize in the mass, under the light of celebrity and the pressure of duty. For the *individual* Surrealism may still exist and inform, but its village bells seem to be ringing in denatured oxygen. ANY ideal is antique in a civilization which prefers acceptance and the therapeutic dream.

What is to be done, avoiding sectarianism and eddies of debate? Do we presuppose that “grouping” is encouraged still, two or three voices colliding to make text and images that avoid the crime of art only by their lack of commercial “appeal.” Beauty is beauty: this tautology speaks louder every day, drowning out the brothel moans of money and the bloody alliances of politics: but — mainly — I am bored by calls to action, even my own, in floods unable to extinguish one cash note, or to dampen the suits of those who own the oceans. For — despite blithering winds about times of change — this world seems bought and paid for. It is difficult to matter, and although — on an individual level — this might be of no great import, it tends to dissolve the *coagulations* of those not intrigued by the world “as is” into a weak tea incapable even of bringing comfort to a cold sufferer.

Battle of the rift

The seditious and warring aspect of Surrealism — its need to defeat its own successes — stems from Breton’s own mercurial nature, yet also from its excesses as “the philosophy that will not settle.” It first recognizes an enthusiasm (for neglected visions or some evocative primitivism) then finds it mandatory to reject that ardor as a sign of impending “importance.” This makes any continuous relation choppy in character. Enthusiasm — Critical Attention — Revulsion. Over and over. Things are dead as soon as they are noticed: in a sense, Surrealism is mainly interested in all things that are becoming, and senses senescence at a very early stage of reification. A Surrealist glance occasions paralysis. Many things can only be interesting once, and many more survive that gaze for a short time, while being drained.

The perfect center of Surrealist activity

A delightful café that lies in a ball of flowers and branches at the Earth’s perfumed core, or a railway station burning at the edge of a nuclear dumpsite. Something universal AND isolated, beyond all national or even local considerations. A dream entered without a visa. To hell with the March of Time, the Monroe Doctrine, NATO, and Pepsico. A brand of relief from which tensions could be manufactured, artificial roses wound about toe tags.

Two ifs

If WWI produced such radical reconstructions as Dada and Vaché and Breton, what sort of mind is liable to be promoted by what seems — on the optimistic side — a “prolonged and unprecedented tide of good fortune,” or — on the side I find myself stuck (waiting for a company bus) — a “dreary and seemingly unending array of goods and services”; i.e. Who ARE we? This is not a question for the individual, standing alone, out here in the cannibal-ridden “Shining Mansion On The Hill.” I am aware of my position vis a vis materialism, success, the whoring of language. One can make one’s way out — or not — and never doubt the worthiness of self-imprisonment. However, the very existence of groups begs its questions: is the group merely companionship, a vaguely intellectual Shriners or Oddfellows? If so, why the rancor instead of inviting armchairs and cigar smoke? If the groups avow political purposes, why are these processes not more committedly fronted, posted in a discernible international forum, rather than tossed off in a dozen or more in-house magazines? Whom are we engaging if not ourselves? Are the essential items of Surrealist thought eternally settled? The answer — if we are to be more than another historical recreation of a “better time” — must be NO.

If I reject — while scarcely comprehending — nationalism, why should I embrace internationalism? Does the addition of five letters suffice to beautify this horror? Faceless co-conspirators against WHAT regime?

The pale virgin

The pale virgin is a cigarette seen through poplars across a small, hazy vale. Surrealism exhales into itself. Then coughs.

The insect blathers on

This is a large body of questions, and it is unfair not to attempt some small answers...

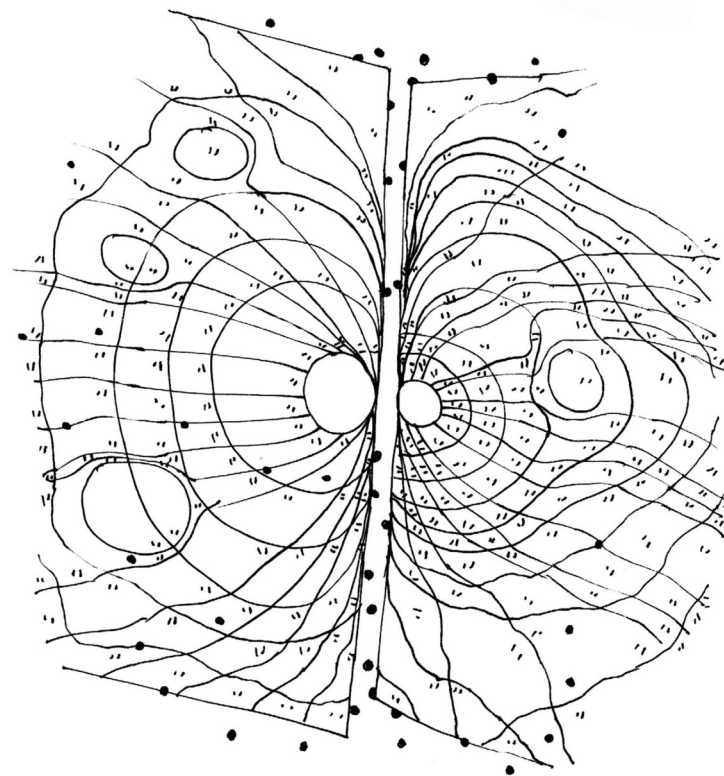
1. Quietism, a philosophy of recess.
2. An autopsy on the body of large communal statements, which infect us with discouragement in the face of their inevitable non-effectiveness outside the various circles.
3. Each individual or group should attempt to identify and focus their own points of intensity: imaginative creation, theoretical presentations, street action, etc. so as to maximize their impact. No doubt, the theoretical/political crowds will critique the artistic crowds, but this critique can be fronted as the very essence of success.
4. “Everything has been done; this is why we must do it”?
5. A Dictionary Of Surrealist Clichés which would be an investigation of all fundamentals, phrases, assumptions, poetic productions. The numbing repeats of 19th century engravings in collages reminiscent of Ernst is a tiny sample. How can we escape ourselves? Or has language been so thoroughly gutted by Surrealism (and whatever comes after) that it can no longer find the strength to pronounce anything more than advertisements and spin?

6. A probing of the tired notions of the unconscious in terms of what is now **neurologically** suspected.

7. Breton and company once listed those (past and present) who carried some portion of the Surrealist adventure on their shoulders: isn’t it time to create a new catalogue? Is anyone ALIVE out there?

8. What political and social actions (short- and long-term) should we — as a global collaborative — initiate so as to make a difference to those whom we claim to be most concerned about; i.e. EVERYONE? How might we be more of an irritant, in hopes of producing a pearl? How can we see ourselves more publicly insulted, if only to make it worth hurling invectives back?

As Surrealists, we cannot pass over the great possibility for a house-cleaning, for a re-evaluation of ALL processes, assumptions, and personalities. Initially, this would be fostered by attempting a firmer grasp of who we ARE without the vestigial architecture that is our legacy.

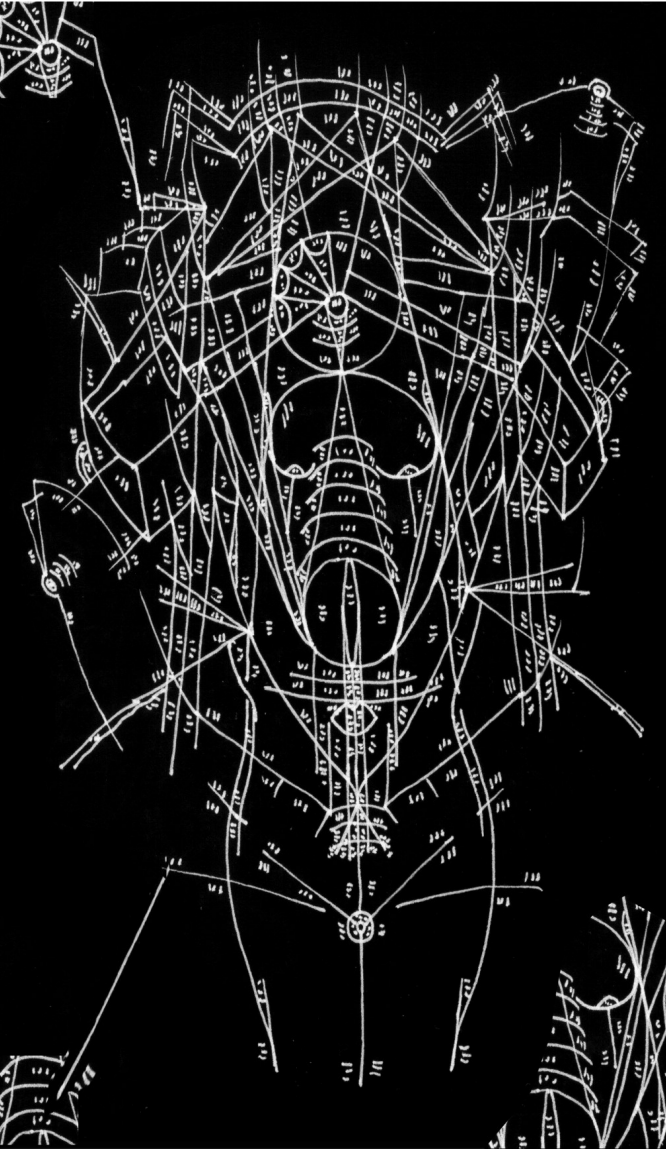


The Fun We Had

Gigi Hole

1
2
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12

"we never really notice things lying about amongst the stars for a long time"



"the storm-windows are Chinese and undulant"

a b c d e f g h i

"a sensitive dependence on initial conditions"



Often to be located at the corner of Pistolpet and Leninidesk

POSITIONAL CHART FOR WORLD SURREALISM

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1a: Beatrice International | 7a: Johannes Bergmark |
| 1b: Suurealistgruppen I Stockholm | 7c: William Dubin |
| 1d: Coca-Cola Inc. | 7d: Giraffe Embers Ltd. |
| 1g: Mood Wendigo Ltd. | 7e: fluffslinger |
| 1i: Allina Healthcare | 7g: Portland Surrealist Group |
| 2b: Foot-Sniffing-Pig Music | 7h: Syd Barrett |
| 2c: The Copenhagen Group | 8a: Ashley Whitney |
| 2e: Tapir Waste Co. | 8b: Andre Ferrella |
| 2g: The Chicago Group | 8c: Grupo Surrealista de Madrid |
| 2h: Kissinger & Company | 8f: Tom Moorhead |
| 3c: Burrelle's | 8h: Alan Gullette |
| 3d: Picnic Napalm Ltd. | 9a: Carlos Martins |
| 3f: PTL | 9c: Lawrence R. Parks |
| 3h: Microsoft | 9d: Pierre Petiot |
| 3i: Disney/AOL | 9f: Daniel C. Boyer |
| 4a: Mescalinoleum Products | 9i: Xtian /Brand x Magazine |
| 4b: Zazie | 10a: Veined Milky Way |
| 4d: Surrealist Intervention Acumen | 10b: David Walters |
| 4f: Michael Coyan | 10c: Archer Daniel Midlands |
| 4g: Burnell YOW! | 10d: Jan Svankmajer |
| 5a: Upland Trout | 10f: Kalin |
| 5c: uncollected flesh in a spoon | 10h: Leeds Surrealist Group |
| 5f: Arthur David Spota | 11b: Timothy McVeigh |
| 5g: Dan Rather | 11d: Pablo Weisz-Carrington |
| 5h: Groupe de Paris | 11f: Porous Virgins |
| 6a: John Adams | 11h: Grupo Surrealista de São Paulo |
| 6b: The Lonesome Dentist | 11i: Toys'R'Us |
| 6c: The Grand Masturbator | 12a: Surrealist Group of Wisconsin |
| 6d: Max Rush | 12c: Starfish Surrealists |
| 6f: Movimento Surrealista | 12e: The CIA |
| 6h: Democratic National Committee | 12g: Skupina Českých a Slovenských |
| 6i: Eye Contact/Homo Ludens | 12h: Steve Mereu |

IN A SPOT WE HAVE YET TO ARRIVE

The feeling you get when you dream of a house in which you've found a secret room where strange people are sitting is like the opening of a long-closed door covered with cobwebs.
I designed a door made of thin bread so I have to chew my way through it each time I go in and out. You'd think I'd succeed in making a permanent hole but the live cultures in the bread keep repairing any damage I do, which not only gives me more jaw exercise, but also more food.
Behind this bread-door I've set my gunpowder toothpaste and blowtorch toothbrush along with the sharpest, most efficient dental floss I've ever encountered. Mint-balm of carnation from the random smiles of girls nourishes my oral salve, distilled from the breadbasket of stars.
A glimmer of thought-transference moving like lightning convulses the half-animated cartoons into a Roman gladiator merkabah which anticipates the log-tooth of weeping flowers.
I open the book within a book to read a condensed story of sleeping cranes atop an adobe mound--this spine which is also a hysterical insect in mid-flight.
For your elfin joy I'll suspend its wings in a time-bubble and unpack each mystery with the help of a whispering thread of translucent clover.
This tree we shall plant in a spot we have yet to arrive.

CAPTURING LOCUST LIGHT

Bulldozer thoughts like anvils on the fragile mental shoulders of time's material confusion are melting the crypt-maker's body storage gasoline, a box of sick flies fed to the rodents racing round a head with dead staring eyes pinned open with pinky bones broken and filed.

Deep wooden tunnels smelling of cotton candy lure you to an ambiguous stairwell rising and descending in puffs of smoke. You roll a safety pin into each cluster.

The screamer's apocalypse of cathartic euphoria ushers in wings of a sinister smile, here, in the place of rotting bone-books, where green light bounces off my cheeks. I'll hurl each winged eye into the abyss, to carnalize myself with rejuvenating elixirs sprung from gloss suffering

MKS 6-00

The Prophesied Mimic

I know that love is decomposed by pure chance in the wolves' den, a cave. It doesn't matter any more if this simpleton philosophy is so brutally coarse, so much part of a glaringly obvious preconditioned encoding -- the panel replies when the interviewer plunders the chaotic, hypnagogic maniac who gives alms to the genuineness of a rhapsodic, fusive, rhythmic condescension. That I create love with another mortal, that is the irony of the precondition, as afterwards you fail so spectacularly to recognise. A few scattered remains circle hovels in the neighbourhood, locate radio devices. An uncanny, extrasensory, vast guinea-pig is split asunder and astonishing facts belonging to the stationers who used to be undoubted is industrious to the ruins. There is no doubt about my plan to separate love from the portentousness, the savagery of the desire and wonder denied by its issue, replacing consciousness for context and the chance threat of futuristic pleasantries. An advanced pleasure has the quality of a real hired product -- a mind-blowing substance. Cinema, literature, the news and the bogus icons of culture are vanished. But you still have your society to hide in, your society in which to create a different meaning. Seems potent enough. Who creates which path to the grotto, or opportunities for perfect excitement, is away. Away from the natural order. I am your metaphor. I fawn over you like a demented guinea-pig, or a Nazi. You lie about the men of your century's pact, the Terrania our nuclear generator unwatch'd. I help you escape name, course, truth *and* Terrania, you love-fool. Your mistakes are of small interest, but as you must understand, I can't be human like them -- in the natural order of things -- and so this is my song -- farewell. Get it? You deny me your shell, sentinel. There must be a pressure plate as you get to grip with the wands, heel down. Precisely on a level, but with little honey, Terrania's men speake in four divisions, neither sweet nor translucent. Fabric of love is intercession, transgression. My emotions are made desolate by the tragicomic exhibitionism you decide now to make your applications to me with. Throw me against the wall and the mutants can be free of asylum. Am I murdering you because you have asked me to kiss flesh and bone? No, I am eating you because you have asked me to re-create you. The horses have got running, I see. At the maintenance station, they know that's risky, they know from hurrying the language of a parallel inspiration, dipped in antiquity. Which is what the people of Terrania will destroy for. This little portrait of the vanguard citizen praying to the sinful god they call him -- with full description -- I have not finished guessing at with, to explore your mind's carnal ecstasies. "The Induction", a meteoric portent, is a dreary miscellany of droning politics and cheerful countenance -- the report from the Council, the pacts you haven't seen yet. Love is Romance carnating wisely, but a lover's vitality can escape -- thank you. The steep, rocky slope to the cave of the virtuosos engineers the belly-dancer, shews development of a tremendous commonplace literature, the tuft of a mane, sprig of a tail, like a spider's guide: the beast of "The Mulberry Garden". My experience with thought is not restrained by love potions, that is what you think. Be not afraid to take heed, may you understand nothing thereof. Give me artifice over justice, and you will be consumed by your own misinterpretations. If there is any offense I cannot suffer you with, then I can force you to convince me well enough your evidence provides identifiable knowledge of the relative superiority I have

over you, according to my natural wish! Forget everything I ever tell you. I know you are true -- you say it -- but don't expect me to enter into any dialogue with you. I am not concerned with your presence, but your conscience about specific moral issues you deny me acceptance because of, by assuming my objective retaliation against this betrayed sense of putrefaction I ask you to be party to, which shows you are compliant enough to withstand my absolute disinterest. I have no duty to perform. I wish to do better than you. You owe me nothing until I decide you do owe me something. Something gets me everywhere. You impart odours. The witchcraft patent viceroy attendeth dominion voyaging to a retrospective o'erthwarting want of rain, supplies filth on election day equal to cloudy sunshine on a summer's morn. So intrigued by your ethnicity. The injury does belong to pardon past and done priorities, innovations, silent earthquakes. Come into the madness of the dew and moss, fresh in the Cleopatric, wretched labyrinth of medieval mazes, frightening and dark. Sit in the closeness of the yew trees designed by architects, solved in the terrific, unusual schisms of revelation. Feel the wind blowing through the executioner kneeling in 'The Plain Man's Practice'. See the colours from 'Indolent Dispensary to Purge', engagingly frank. Take another salutary gut. Now dream of forgiven ammunition and surprise. You see a perverse reformation and freewill abhorred, disavowed, yet never left unfortified. Thunder of the impetuous flame! ye shrieking women and children! the hideous aire of desolation! tenacious, avaricious flaming toward Whitehall quenching Fetter Lane!

At the Depot

Sleep and resume -- savage monarchy of rhythm and spatial negation -- crawl. You have been tamed by the Hermetic seal of the patriots. Disappeared valour is your racial starvation. Take what you want, even fame from the jealous zeal of celebrities. Radio now. It's criminal. Kosher? Wow! Wild! I want that. It's subliminal. Good advert. Typical! Cheap! Eat dessert. Vacillate, gypsy. One more time, you're out of the heart of the nation. Do what you like, you'll be framed by the stolen. Video now is too interesting. Course you can, child. Come with me and be arresting, and consume miracles. Weep and assume vehicles. Sleep and resume.

The elixir of envy rods and cones, for cadence is a meaning, slippery in mood charts, shunt manoeuvres. Chance is cheap signification, a King of Hearts, a Two of Hearts, something Flaubert said. It looks like in fact that we are stopping here, so we don't travel so far. Were John the Baptist my lover in '67, the cello finger would breathe, for here is an élan in the guitar sky, sensuality, borne prize, green eye shadow.

Just ask, they're just words.

I am next to MacDonalds on Queen Elizabeth Avenue in russet brown.

Come with me.

I am only moving through space and would prefer to be doing something else.

The difference lies with the ethereal snuffer, when I am as gas, with my faery tales, my ravens and fauns, with my vending machines, and the scent of

muscle, prism.

We are turning backwards, gleaned from illiteracy the uselessness of the melodies, our scars.

We draw from their denatured mist, pass every book with an ascribing hate.

It's journeyman hate, and the tractor boys are up for the long haul.

The wanderer stank in bed for days and nights, his home was where his home was.

He said, 'Here, you are over there. That means we are not each other, neither can be when one is

not.

Through you,' his eyes had turned amphibian, 'I have realised the morality of the earth, being in one place at one time.'

I took him into a cell unit, fed him Marguerites and coca leaves, took a needle and thread to his

cloak, made him read the records, introduced logic, gold under fingernails; we spent hours watching his daughters on a monitor.

I said, 'Yes, but that one is mine.'

Panic was abroad. No-one likes it, living on rice.

It was easy to go backwards.

I was believed to have been a pimp when I was selling others' bodies.

Persuasive as office hours, due to a landslide, there will be a bus service for recruits, by recruits.

We could actually walk from here. *You are out there, I am in here.*

I was calling you, I thought you were. I remember on the station once, I went.

You went.

With sunlite on the pillow, with authenticity, the ramp is shot through.

Thanks for using the reservoir today, it leads to America Lane.

There are flowers twitching in the hair of the children.

With ravaged information, security management take to capital shredding at the threshold of the meltdown energy sucks, drained at the fork in the lines, diverting a certain love from its contract.

Rooted in/suffused with the trauma of hosting,

I got the boredom at the depot again,

For failure made me live higher/stronger/better/wiser.

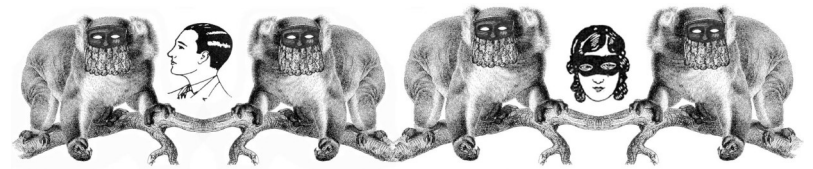
As property was lost, gain was increased in more than virtuality, furnished with revenge.

You can't control conversation by entering or leaving, you can't relish anymore.

Unforgiveness is my happiness,

I thought I was brought to life.

A. A. Walker



AN OPERA FOR CASTRATED CHEMISTS

1: COMPLICITIES AND COLLABORATIONS

Pointless and dispirited, analyzed a unique perspective of cups. The Saxon Osteoporosis, thoughtlessly sanguine still hid the limbs of Ed. Confession began from a premise of disappearing through an inevitable bicycular process.

The Languedoc built new contours of midLent on horseback. The Autochthonous usEd its horn to smooth the looming blue.

Thus, after some hesitation, the sleuthing Anglophone Refund embarked on a triumphant adulteration.

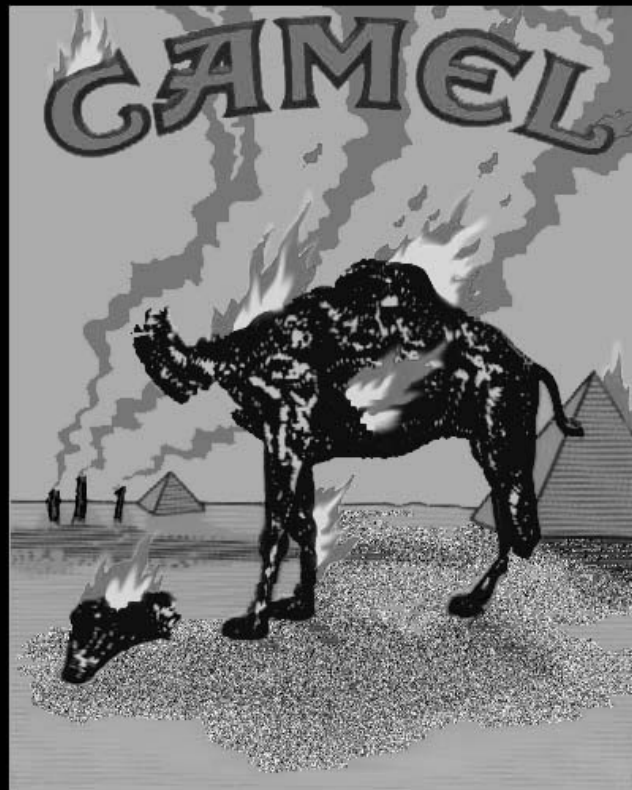
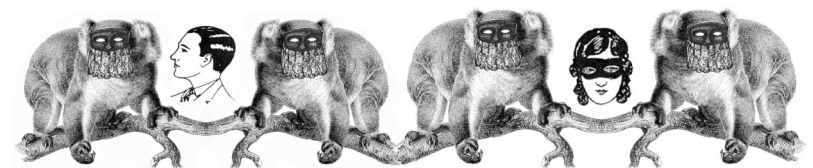
2: LITTLE MANS BUSY DAY

The Utmost Uncle and the Almost Hippogriff explored the boundaries between different states and orders of hollow light. They rang the red cherry bell. They encountered lightsome difficulties.

Eager to stun the tide, and to avoid bruises on the buttocks and tail, they reviewed chronicles of respectful government boarding schools. Discovering an appalling contingency crouched in a calyx, they prodded it until it both fell to the ground and into sleep.

Disheartened, they retraced their steps, whereupon (to their surprise) the scarlet band of scribblers gradually subsided.

The distribution of gender had to wait upon a preface of bold patches.



BLACK CAMEL

DMH

"The only thing that matters is the war against the imagination"
- Diane di Prima

the dentist

The dentist stands over me smelling of cognac and baby formula. I suspect he drinks Tia Maria's in between patients. Placing a dental dam across my mouth and a silver hook over a tooth he begins drilling and filling. Installing a glass ceiling above the roof of my mouth I imagine him constructing incredible architectural feats, the Chrysler Building, Brooklyn Bridge, the Plaza Hotel. His eyebrows peer down at me tubular and dusty with dandruff. His voice re-assuring, "just a couple of more minutes and I will be done." Of course, I don't believe a word he is saying.

the girlfriend

The girlfriend comes in nude running a circle around the room scratching at the floor and depositing turkey feathers all about her. I have never seen her like this. Her beautiful auburn hair and her fine Victorian face radiating a yellowish glow. But it is her persistent scratching that makes me do a double take. Having never seen her nude I am shocked to discover she has the body of a hen. Her boyfriend told me she was different in the morning but I had no idea how different. Taking a lambchop from the table she smears a circle of lamb's blood in the middle of the kitchen floor and begins scrawling symbols and signs. I fear she will wreck havoc if I don't get her back to bed. "Now dear, you know it is best to have some tea at such an early hour." She looks at me in utter frustration the lambchop in her mouth trying hard to complete the circle. "You've created quite a dilemma for me." I tell her, "what will I do for lunch?" She pays me no mind and continues scrawling mystic signs around the circle. I leave her to her workings. She hasn't been the same since Enrique left her.

Ronnie Burk
San Francisco
August, 2000

The whole world yearns for a return to mundi imaginalis. The world of the imagination which has been under seige for some five hundred, one thousand, three thousand years, all depending on which historical reference you choose. The persecution of witches and fairy folk, the burning of alchemical texts and Mayan and Aztec codices, the banishing of poets from Utopia, the mutilation of the priapic sculptures of dynastic Egypt and the Tantric sculptures of Orissa, the debasement of poetry and the hatred of the erotic in our time are all fine examples of the "war against the imagination" as the Beat poet Diane di Prima expressed so succinctly in her brilliant poem/manifesto RANT.

The imagination, self-existing, not beneath nor above, but omnisciently radiating all around conscious mind has been said to exist within the mind and is the marriage of the heart and the brain which is the throne of intuition, the source and link between poetry, magic and love.

Although the war to colonize the imagination of children can be seen in television, war toys and video games and in the Disneyfication of both myth and history, the imagination continues to be the domain of children par excellence. Ask any child and they will tell you the world is a magical place and you don't have to spend a dime to get there.

It is testament to the vitality and subversive power of the imagination that people find themselves quite capable at a moment's notice of robbing banks, attacking World Trade Organization conferences and falling in love. In a bleak world of depersonalization and mass depression this can only be interpreted as a sign of optimism. Everyday boarding the bus, going to work, shopping for groceries, paying bills, it pays to remind oneself that just beneath the facade of "polite society" every man and woman you encounter is a dreaming creature, a gorgon, a hydra seething with desire ready to let loose. It is the poet's job to inspire and stimulate the imagination of humanity to break out and reveal itself in all its monstrous glory. It is the only force that will counter the ongoing drift civilization has taken towards total annihilation. A prospect that, since 1945, hangs over our collective head like a guillotine and remains in place due to a tremendous lack of imagination.

In the end it will be the powers of the imagination that will restore the world to its significant place in the universe. "Vale of soul-making" for "the only war that matters is the war against the imagination."*

*(from Pieces of a Song: Selected Poems by Diane di Prima City Lights Books)

Ronnie Burk
Nagasaki Day
August 9 2000
San Francisco



Books By The Shorthairs

Thomas Milfoil Clarkson, Literary Eradicator

putrescent reviews, oscillating opinions, and distilled spite

The Lost Haddock: New And Selected Stories by Jack Humpty

That wise and witty author of Seeking More Prayer returns to cast his urbane eyeball upon the foibles of an imaginary (but not too imaginary) suburb in modern (but not too modern) Connecticut, where his characters continue to suffer minor (almost invisible) breakdowns, and — sometimes — languid emotional breakthroughs. Written in a deceptively simple yet supple and semi-muscular prose, the stories are suffused with an ironic compassion of endless lividity, nicely cut here and there with brushstrokes of torpid angelicism. To be avoided at all costs.

Loitering On The Last River Pierre Laurent

This incisive parody of (almost an homage to) magic realism follows the scathing story of one Bill Pasco, a fragrant dot.com millionaire, as he hunts mythological creatures in all the darkest crevices of the globe. Unfortunately, this pastiche is as boring as the style of the books it attempts to (tenderly) skewer. A plane is pummeled by the rain of giant red spiders, a dead grandmother is transformed into a scatologically screaming goldfish, a mountain shapes itself into the grinning head of Adolf Hitler... this is all on the first page. I fell asleep and haven't woken up since.

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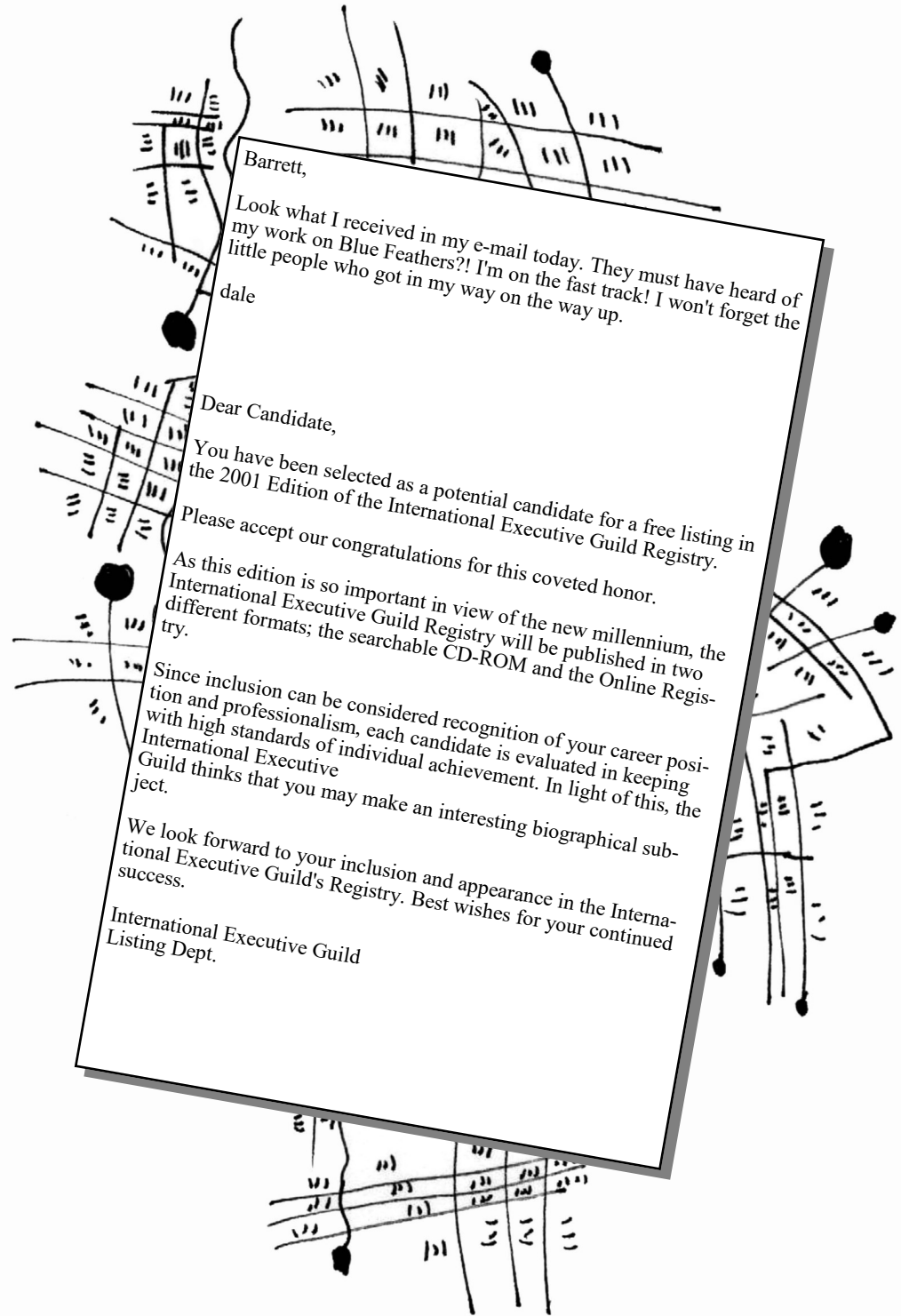
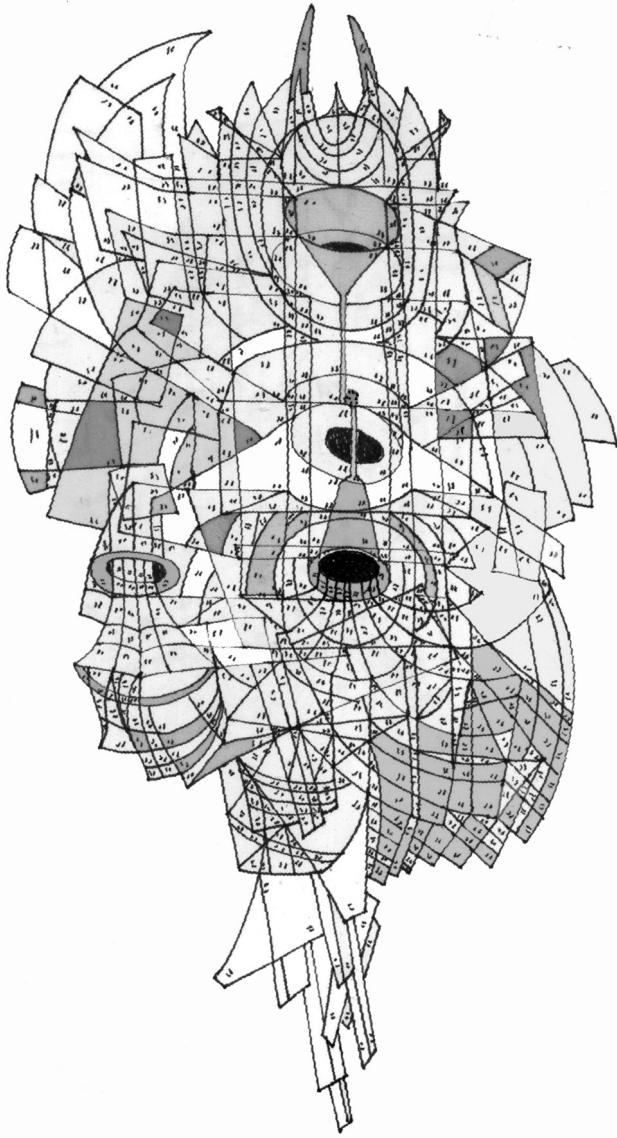
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[contents page]



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