

For the hyper-materialist thought
of
Picasso
proves
that the cannibalism of the race
devours
'the intellectual species'
that the regional wine
already moistens
the family trouser-flap
of the phenomenologist
mathematics
of
the future
that there exist extra-psychological
'strict appearances'
intermediary
between
imaginative grease
and
monetary idealisms
between
passed-over arithmetics
and sanguinary mathematics
between the "structural entity"
of an "obsessing sole"
and the conduct of living beings
in contact with "the obsessing sole"
or the sole in question
remains
totally exterior
to the comprehension
of
the
gestalt-theory
since

this theory of the strict
appearance
and of the structure
does not possess
physical means
permitting
analysis
nor even
the registration
of human behaviour
vis-à-vis
with structures
and appearances
presenting themselves
objectively
as
Physically delitions
for
there does not exist
in our time
as far as I know
a physics
of psycho-pathology
a physics of paranoia
which can only be considered
as
the experimental basis
of the coming philosophy
of
psycho-pathology
of the coming
philosophy of "Paranoiac-critical"
activity
which one day
I shall try to envisage polemically
if I have the time
and the inclination

tender extravagant and solitary paranoiac-critical camembert of time and space. To finish with, I should excuse myself, before the authentic hunger which, I suppose, is honoring my readers, for having commenced this theoretic meal, which one might have expected to be savage and cannibal, with the civilized imponderability of caviar, and for having finished it with this other and still more intoxicating and deliquescent imponderableness of camembert. Believe nothing of it, behind these two superfine simulacrum of imponderability is hiding, in better and better condition, the very well-known, sanguinary and irrational grilled cutlet which shall eat us all.

The conquest on the irrational, translation by David Gascogne (New York: Julien Levy 1935),

DECLARATION OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE IMAGINATION AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN TO HIS OWN MADNESS

WHEN, IN THE COURSE OF HUMAN CULTURE IT BECOMES NECESSARY FOR A PEOPLE TO DESTROY THE INTELLECTUAL BONDS THAT UNITE THEM WITH THE LOGICAL SYSTEMS OF THE PAST, IN ORDER TO CREATE FOR THEMSELVES AN ORIGINAL MYTHOLOGY WHICH, CORRESPONDING TO THE VERY ESSENCE AND TOTAL EXPRESSION OF THEIR BIOLOGICAL REALITY, WILL BE RECOGNIZED BY THE CHOICE SPIRITS OF OTHER PEOPLE—THEN THE RESPECT THAT IS DUE PUBLIC OPINION MAKES IT NECESSARY TO LAY BARE THE CAUSES THAT HAVE FORCED THE BREAK WITH THE OUTWORN AND CONVENTIONAL FORMULAS OF A PRAGMATIC SOCIETY.

At the beginning of the Surrealist Revolution, it was declared: "We live in the era of wireless telegraphy; we announce also the era of the wireless imagination." But it is not wires that confine us now—it is chains of oppression that we must break! In confirmation of the above, we announce these truths: that all men are equal in their madness, and that madness (visceral cosmos of the subconscious) constitutes the common base of the human spirit. This oneness of the spirit was proclaimed by Count Lautréamont when he wrote: "Poetry must be made by all and not by one." Among the essential rights of man's madness is that which defines the surrealist movement itself, in these words: "*Surrealism – Pure psychic automatism by means of which it is proposed to transcribe, either in writing, or in speech, or in any other manner, the true working of thought, dictated by thought without any rational, aesthetic or moral control*" (André Breton: *First Surrealist Manifesto*).

Man is entitled to the enigma and the simulacrum that are found on these great vital constants: the sexual instinct, the consciousness of death, the physical melancholy caused by "time-space."

The rights of man to his own madness are constantly threatened, and treated in a manner that one may without exaggeration call provincial by false "practical-rational" hierarchies. The history of the true creative artist is filled with the abuses and encroachments by means of which an absolute tyranny is imposed by the industrial mind over the new creative ideas of the poetic mind. Here are a few recent facts drawn from my own experience that I felt it my duty to expose to public opinion.

Probably most of you recall the incident provoked by the heads of a certain New York department store, when they dared alter a number of my concepts without having the consideration to inform me in advance of their decision. At that time I received hundreds of letters from American artists assuring me that in acting as I did, I had helped to defend the independence of their own art. Now an even more astounding battle has taken place. The committee responsible for the Amusement Area of the World's Fair has forbidden me to erect on the exterior of the "Dream of Venus" the image of a woman with the head of a fish. These are their exact words: "A Woman with the tail of a fish is possible; a woman with a head of a fish is impossible." This decision on the part of the committee seems

THE TEARS OF HERACLITUS

There exists a perpetual and synchronic physical materialization of the great simulacrum of thought, in the sense in which Heraclitus already understood it when he wept intelligently and with warm tears for the auto-pudency of nature. The Greeks realized it when they transformed the obscure and turbulent passions of man into clear, analytical and carnal anatomy in their statuary, when sculpting their psychological gods. – Today the new geometry of thought is physics, and if space, as Euclid understood it, was nothing more to the Greeks than a very distant abstraction, inaccessible still to the timid three-dimensional continuum that Descartes was to announce later, in our time space has become, as you know, that terribly material, terribly personal and significant physical thing which weighs us all down like authentic comedones. If the Greeks, as I have already said above, materialized their psychology and their Euclidian sentiments in the muscular, nostalgic and divine clarity of their sculpture, Salvador Dalí, in 1935, is no longer content to make auto-amorphism for you out of the agonizing and colossal question which is that of Einsteinian space-time, he is no longer content to make libidinous arithmetic out of it for you, no longer content, I repeat, to make flesh of it for you, he is making you cheese of it, for he persuaded that Salvador Dalí's famous soft watches are nothing else than the

to me an extremely grave one, deserving all the light possible cast upon it. Because we are concerned here with the negation of a right that is of a purely poetic and imaginative order, attacking no moral or political consideration. I have always believed that the first man who had the idea of terminating a woman's body with a tail of a fish must have been a pretty fair poet; but I am equally certain that the second man who repeated the idea was nothing but a bureaucrat. In any case, the inventor of the first siren's tail would have had by difficulties with the committee of the Amusement Area. Had there been similar committees in Immortal Greece, fantasy would have been banned and, what is worse, the Greeks would never have created and therefore never would have handed down to us their sensational and truculently surrealist mythology, in which, if it is true that there exists no woman with the head of a fish (as far as I know), there figures indisputably a Minotaur bearing the terribly realistic head of a bull.

Any authentically original idea, presenting itself without "know antecedents," is systematically rejected, toned down, mauled, chewed, rechewed, spewed forth, destroyed, yes, and even worse—reduced to the most monstrous of mediocrities. The excuse offered is always the vulgarity of the vast majority of the public. I insist that this is absolutely false. The public is infinitely superior to the rubbish that is fed to it daily. The masses have always known where to find true poetry. The misunderstanding has come about entirely through those "middle-men of culture" who, with their lofty airs and superior quackings, come between the creator and the public.

ARTISTS AND POETS OF AMERICA! IF YOU WISH TO RECOVER THE SACRED SOURCE OF YOUR OWN MYTHOLOGY AND YOUR OWN INSPIRATION, THE TIME HAS COME TO REUNITE YOURSELVES WITHIN THE HISTORIC BOWELS OF YOUR PHILADELPHIA, TO RING ONCE MORE THE SYMBOLIC BELL OF YOUR IMAGINATIVE INDEPENDENCE, AND, HOLDING ALOFT IN ONE HAND FRANKLIN'S LIGHTNING ROD, AND IN THE OTHER LAUTREAMONT'S UMBRELLA, TO DEFEY THE STORM OF OBSCURANTISM THAT IS THREATENING YOUR COUNTRY! LOOSE THE BLINDING LIGHTNING OF YOUR ANGER AND THE AVENGING THUNDER OF YOUR PARANOID INSPIRATION!

Only the violence and duration of your hardened dream can resist the hideous mechanical civilization that is your enemy, as it is also the enemy of the "pleasure-principle" of all men. It is man's right to love women with ecstatic heads of fish. It is man's right to decide that lukewarm telephones are disgusting, and to demand telephones that are cold, green, and aphrodisiac as the augur-troubled sleep of the cantharides. Telephones as barbarous as bottles will free themselves of the lukewarm ornamentation of Louis XV spoons and will slowly cover with glacial shame the hybrid decors of our suavely degraded decadence. Man has the right to demand the trappings of a queen for the "objects off his desire": costumes for this furniture! for his teeth! and even for gardenias! Hand embroidered slipcovers will protect the extreme sensibility of "calf's lung railway track," colored glass with Persian patterns will be introduced into automobile design to keep out the ugly raw light of diurnal landscapes. The color of old absinthe will dominate the year 1941. Everything will be greenish. "Green I want you green"—green water, green wind, green ermine, green lizards swollen with sleep and gliding along the green skin and the dazzling décolletés of insomnia, green silver plate, green chocolate, green the agonizing electricity that sears the live flesh of civil wars, green the light of my own Gala!

In the nightmare of the American Venus, out of the darkness (bristling with dry umbrellas) the celebrated taxi of Christopher Columbus. Within, Christopher Columbus in person is proudly sitting. He is soaked in a persistent and dripping rain. Three hundred live Burgundy snails crawl up and down his motionless body and in the hollows of this livid face. On the breast of Christopher Columbus one may read this enigmatic sign: "Am I back already?" Why, with his index finger, does he point towards Europe? Why is he accompanied by

the invisible ghosts of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor? Why is a somnambulist Spanish girl attached to the steering wheel of his deluxe Cadillac with golden chains? HERE ARE STILL MORE IMPENETRABLE DALINIAN MYSTERIES, HEAVY WITH OBSCURE AND FAR REACHING SIGNIFICANCE, BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN: A CATALAN, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, DISCOVERED AMERICA, AND ANOTHER CATALAN, SALVADOR DALÍ, HAS JUST REDISCOVERED CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, NEW YORK! YOU WHO ARE LIKE THE VERY STALK OF THE AIR, THE HALF CUT FLOWER OF HEAVEN! YOU, MAD AS THE MOON, NEW YORK! I SEE YOU WON BY THE SURREALIST "PARANOIA-KINESIS," YOU MAY WELL BE PROUD. I GO AND I ARRIVE, I LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY HEART.

DALÍ.

Declaration of the Independence of the Imagination and the Rights of Man to His Own Madness, New York, July 1939

TOTAL CAMOUFLAGE FOR TOTAL WAR

To be or not to be (Shakespeare). To see or not to see (Dalí). That is the question, or more precisely, the problem. At the beginning of the last war it was Picasso, inventor of Cubism, who found the solution. This is the authentic story. Seated in the spring sunshine on the terrace of the famous Rotonde in Montparnasse, Picasso and a group of his ardent admirers were sipping their absinthe, with the familiar ritual of the sugar spoon. The talk was naturally of war. But with this group of youthful innovators in the arts, the conversation was given to imaginative flights, rather than weighty considerations. Somebody threw out the strategic suggestion of making an army invisible.

"That's perfectly possible!" cried Picasso. Everybody kept still, waiting for the great painter to launch one of those ideas with which he always managed to eclipse other contributions to the conversation, no matter how original. And Picasso went on:

"If you want to make an army invisible, all you have to do is dress the soldiers like harlequins. At a distance the diamond patterns will merge into the landscape, and nobody will be able to see them."

Thus out of the casual and offhand talk bandied about among a handful of still little-known artists, was born the principle of camouflage so effectively used in the last war. It was not long indeed till one saw heavy guns, cuirassiers, cruisers, tanks, all covered with the same fancifully colored arabesques that figured simultaneously in the perturbing canvases of the new painters. At first people did not realize that this very same Cubism which created such a scandal in the art galleries, as being too trivial for days occupied with matters of such grave moment, was already operating with high efficiency on the fields of battle.

The profound lessons of history repeat themselves, but never in quite the same way. Outwardly they change, often beyond recognition. And just as the camouflage of 1914 was Cubist and Picassian, so the camouflage of 1942 should be Surrealist and Dalistic. For this time, the discovery is mine—namely the secret of total invisibility and the psychological camouflage. More of this later.

The discovery of "invisible images" was certainly part of my destiny. When I was six years old, I had astounded my parents and their friends by my almost mediumistic faculty of "seeing things differently." Always I saw what others did not see; and what they saw, I did not.

Among countless examples, there is a striking one which dates from that period of my life. Every Saturday I received a juvenile publication to which my father had subscribed for me. Its final page was always devoted to a puzzle picture. This would present, for instance, a forest and a hunter. In the tangled underbrush of the forest the artist had cleverly concealed a rabbit; the problem was to find it. Or, again, a doll must be discovered, lost by a child in an apparently empty room. My father would bring me the puzzle, and what was his astonishment to see me find, not one but two, three or four rabbits; not a single doll but several—and never the one which the artist had meant to conceal. Still more astonishing was the fact that my rabbits and my dolls were much clearer and better drawn than the ones which