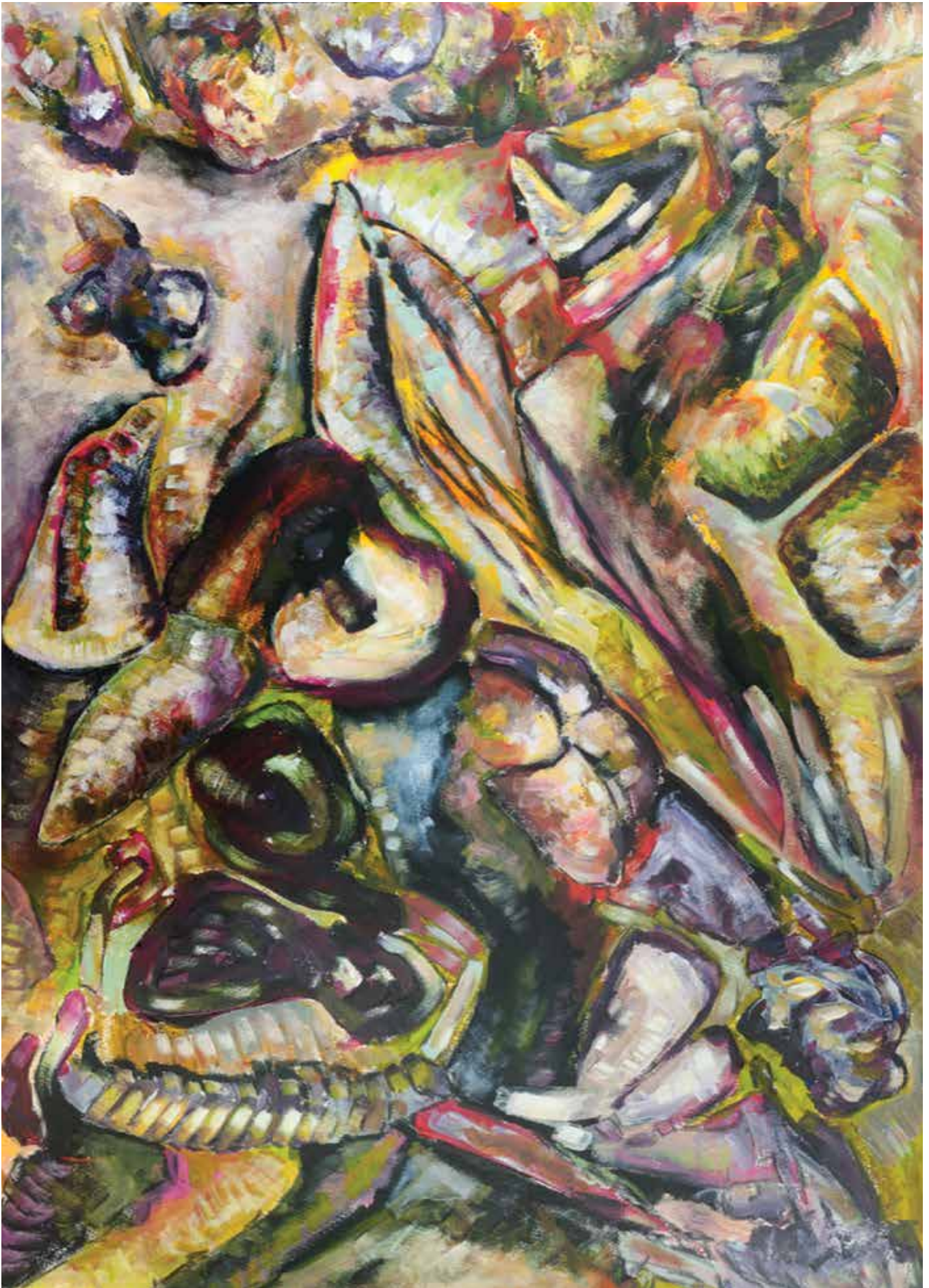


# 'Patastrophé!

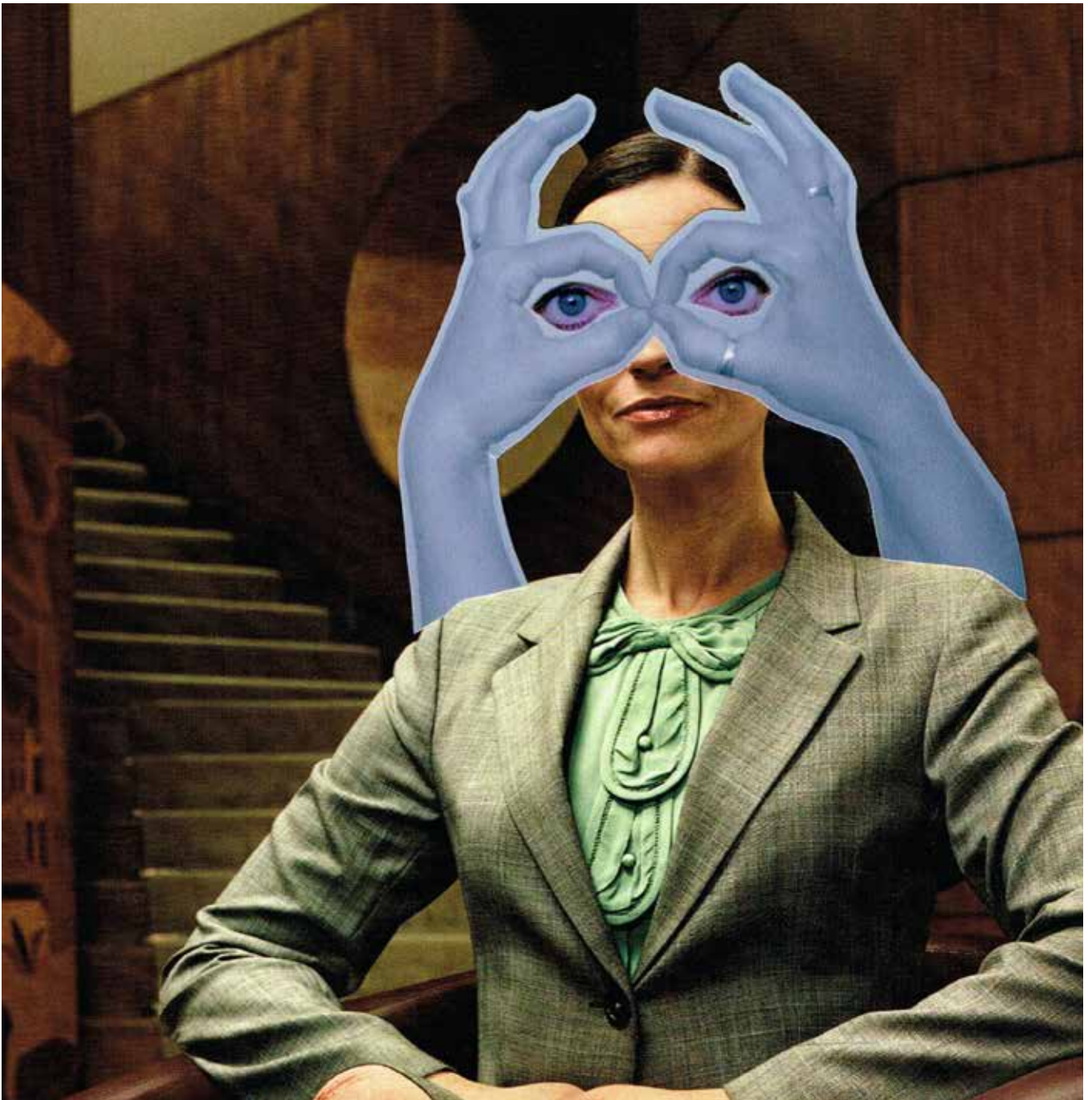






John Welson  
*The Gift to Nature*





Jen Allanson  
*Adult and child's ice skates: £130*

# Russian Doll

*Linda Bromilow*

In the womb I was twins  
No, I was triplets  
Wait, quadruplets...  
Sextuplets?

Half-baked for 9 months and 44 years  
We are many  
I am many more to come

# Haunting, Hysteria and Nadja

Reuben Saxment

*'Who am I? If this once I were to rely on a proverb, then perhaps everything would amount to knowing whom I "haunt".'*

The opening lines of André Breton's novel *Nadja* (1928), enigmatic enough in themselves, take on additional resonance when placed in context with the Surrealists' celebration, that same year, of *hysteria* – as not so much a 'pathological phenomenon', but 'the greatest poetic discovery of the 19th century', which is 'in every way to be considered a supreme mode of expression' (Aragon and Breton, 1928).

Hysteria is a contentious affair. The word comes from Greek *hystera* (= uterus) and was originally used to define unexplained disorders of women, mysterious enough to be attributed to some malfunctioning (even conjectured 'wandering') of the female reproductive organs, which by the 19th century was being used to justify clitoridectomy and hysterectomy as supposed 'cures'. This bizarre and misogynistic farrago was successfully repudiated by depth psychology from the 1870s, initially in Paris by Jean-Martin Charcot and later by his students Pierre Janet and Sigmund Freud, who demonstrated that hysteria was entirely

disorders [in the current Diagnostic and Statistical Manual (5th edition, 2013), at least 9 of the 18 categories of psychiatric disorder can be seen as modern cataloguings of 'hysteria'].

In Freud's view, hysteria arises as repressed inner conflicts struggle to find some way to express themselves. What the conscious mind cannot say, the unconscious will find another way of saying, most commonly through dreams, but if the safety valve of dream is not enough, then repressed conflict will give rise to hysterical symptoms – mental, behavioural and/or physical. 'Above all, hysteria tells a story' (Showalter 1996). For Pierre Janet, hysteria was the result of dissociation, whereby threatening thoughts, desires or memories split off from consciousness and get lost in the darkness of unconsciousness. This dissociation siphons off psychic energy, leaving the conscious mind under-fuelled and haunted by the independent existence of alternative vortices of unconscious psychological activity, which can take on the appearance of shadow selves.

French readings of Psychoanalysis, including those of analysts like Jacques Lacan and the French feminists of *Psych et Po* and *Éditions des femmes*, have tended not to distinguish very sharply between Freud and Janet, and the Surrealists were no exception. Less interested in hysterical symptoms, which can be dramatic but are ultimately tiresome, the Surrealists were intrigued by the mechanisms of thought revealed by the routes taken by unconscious repressed or dissociated material to reveal itself. Dream interpretation, phantasy, automatic writing and drawing, hallucination, hypnosis and séances (briefly experimented with in the early 1920s), and the slippage between our everyday selves and hidden shadow selves were all subjects of fascination for the Surrealists. Marcel Duchamp's alter-ego, *Rose Sélavy*, was a play on words more than

*What the conscious mind cannot say,  
the unconscious will find another way of saying*

psychological and could affect both sexes, which upturned the medical apple-cart and saved unknown numbers of women from going under the (often fatal) surgical knife.

The word 'hysteria' was dropped from official psychiatric and psychological discourse in the 1980s, but the diagnosis retains a high profile under other names, notably Dissociative disorders, but also Anxiety, Obsessive-Compulsive, Trauma-Induced, Somatic Symptom, Feeding and Eating, Sleep-Wake, Sexual Dysfunction and Gender Dysmorphia



Claude Cahun *What Do You Want From Me?* (1928)

anything [a homonym for *Eros*, *c'est la vie*], but Claude Cahun's self-portraits ['Under the mask, another mask. I will never be finished carrying all these faces' (1930)] and Max Ernst's *Loplop*, *Bird Superior*, were more in keeping with hysterical alternate selves, and Breton's views on the purpose of Psychoanalysis (expressed in *Nadja* as 'the expulsion of man from himself') unsurprisingly elicited little more than a blank stare from Freud when they met in Vienna in 1921.

Although the 'celebration' of hysteria by the Surrealists seems at odds with the therapeutic goals of Psychoanalysis and other depth psychologies, in fact Surrealism was also concerned with healing. But drawing on Marxism as well as Psychoanalysis, Surrealism could conceptualise our condition in terms of *alienation*, and see the cure not as the re-integration the troubled individual into the existing world with all its inequalities and injustice, but as the revolutionising of both the world and the psyche simultaneously. As Breton (1929) put it: "Transform the world!" said Marx, "Change Life!" said Rimbaud. These two commands are for us but one', and he envisaged the healing climax as a dynamic convergence of Psychoanalytic catharsis,

Marxist revolution, and Alchemical *conjunctio* [Chemical Wedding] all rolled into one glorious supernova, driven by the energy of Eros.

As he wrote in the last line of *Nadja*: 'Beauty will be CONVULSIVE or it will not be.'

For the Surrealists, there is nothing to be gained from succumbing to hysteria – but everything to be gained from knowing its terrain. By imaginatively exploring the mysterious complexities of our psychic processes that hysteria reveals to us, we discover our ever-changing hidden sides, not to exorcise them, but to trapeze between them, recognising, with Pauline Réage (1969), 'Besides, what is more shifting and fallacious than an identity?', and allowing Max Ernst (1936) to return us once again to *Nadja*, restating Breton's last line with his own 'Identity will be CONVULSIVE or it will not be.'

So in conclusion, to the question 'Who am I?', or rather, 'Whom do I "haunt"?', the answer can only be, 'I haunt myself, as they haunt me..'

Aragon, Louis & Breton, André: *The Fiftieth Anniversary of Hysteria* (1928), in Breton: *What is Surrealism?* Pluto Press 1978

Breton, André: *Nadja* (1928) Grove Press 1960

*Second Manifesto of Surrealism* (1929), in Breton: *Manifestoes of Surrealism* Ann Arbor 1972

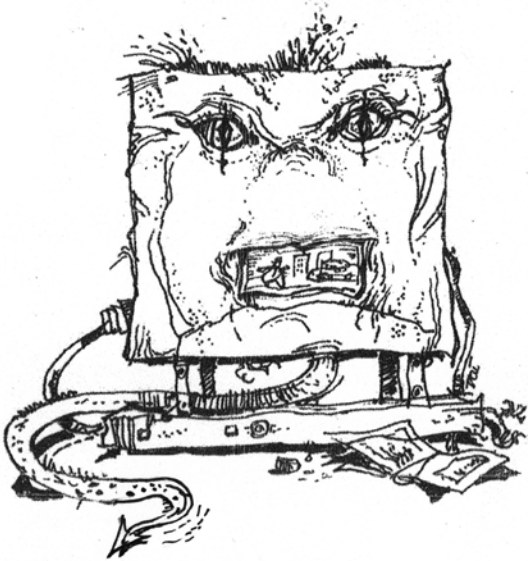
Cahun, Claude: *Disavowals: or Cancelled Confessions* (1930) MIT Press 2007

Ernst, Max: *Au Delà de la Peinture* Cahiers d'Art 1936

Réage, Pauline: *A Girl in Love* (1969) Corgi 1985

Showalter, Elaine: *Hystories: Hysterical Epidemics and Modern Culture* Picador 1997





...as I was young  
& easy

Cariad, cariad...



but love survives...



.. Afal Edern

The Emissary..





Dai Owen  
*Death of Art*



Marina Black Dove

## For Dream Melody

*Jean Bonnin*

When I thought of the dream  
Within the dream  
I heard a splendid resonance

I awoke and flung the fantasy  
Into a kingdom full of nightmares

Then once  
Upon a midnight magic  
I sat  
Engaged and sleeping

And on that day  
My soul grew charmed

## Forever-land (Pt II)

*Jean Bonnin*

The empty station's dancing echo  
Reminds me of a desolate siren  
Like meaningless infinity  
Or staying at the wrong hotel with Marlene Dietrich

Like a wildly mythical game of Forever-land  
Filled with footsteps  
And the ghosts of women  
From Man Ray's photographs

It is the naked train  
Within Klaus Kinski  
That hurtles us through the wind  
Like the ringing of distant pentagrams

But to never arrive  
With your packet of Gauloises  
And your Gainsbourg smile  
Is also something to be admired

For are we not destined always to be  
Standing on the wilderness shoreline  
Freed from our flames  
Listening out for the solitary footstep



# 63

Kate O'Leary

**(listen)**

**this a dog barks and  
how crazily houses  
eyes people smiles  
faces streets  
steeple are eagerly**

**tumbl**

**ing through wonder  
ful sunlight  
- look -  
selves, stir: writhe  
o-p-e-n-i-n-g**

**are (leaves; flowers) dreams**

**, come quickly come  
run run  
with me now  
jump shout (laugh  
dance cry sing) for**

**it's Spring  
- irrevocably;  
and in  
earth sky trees  
: every  
where a miracle arrives**

**(yes)**

**you and I may not  
hurry it with  
a thousand poems  
my darling**

**but nobody will stop it  
With All The Policemen In The World**

*e e cummings*  
(73 Poems published 1962)

The title. Well, it doesn't really have one. It's called '63' because that's its place in the whole collection of 73 poems. By not giving a title to the poem Cummings allows the reader to create his or her own. It is a poem about Spring but if he were to put that as a title then it closes down other possibilities and also locks our thoughts about what Spring means to us before we have started reading the whole poem.

The opening line is an imperative – '(listen)' – and we are invited to do just that as there follows lots of sibilant words that create a 'busy' sound: barks, houses, eyes, smiles, faces, streets, steeples. These are the sounds of life, which we associate with Spring. But there's more: look at the brackets that surround the word 'listen'. They may remind you of ears/headphones/cupping hands over ears – all of which help to revitalise this very ordinary command.

The word 'tumbling' is doing just that! It rolls on to the next line in a playful way as does 'wonderful'. By splitting the word 'wonderful' like this we are reminded of how beautiful a word it is and we can also read it backwards to remember that it means 'full of wonder'. Its magic is restored through its positioning within the poem.

'Look' has dashes either side, maybe signalling to us to focus on the next set of words but also to look back at what we have just read. Our eyes are drawn to the word 'opening' – its use of those dashes again reminding us of unfolding, growing, stretching out, all evoking possibilities that Spring brings.

The comma before 'come quickly come' is like a pause for breath before we embark on the mad dash towards the word 'Spring' and a slowing down on the poly-syllabic 'irrevocably', where we can rest and quietly ponder the 'miracle' that has arrived. This is followed by the simplest but most positive word in our language – 'Yes', an affirmation of the importance of new life that Spring brings, the word carefully enfolded in those brackets, almost to protect it.

The meta-poetic reference at the end reminds us that this is a poem – we really need to go out and experience Spring, reading a poem is not enough – and the final line's use of capital letters makes us want to shout it out, the child-like phrase making you feel positively gleeful.

The poem is sprinkled throughout with nouns relating to nature – dog, sunlight, leaves, flowers, earth, sky, trees, miracle, world; and nouns relating to humans – houses, eyes, people, smiles, faces, streets, steeples, dreams, poems, policemen. The combination of these two semantic classes helps position us within the eternal cycle of the seasons and signals our interconnectedness with something beyond the quotidian. The abstract nouns 'miracle' and 'dream' can overlap between the two classes reinforcing this connection.

Many of the verbs are in the present tense, 'barks', 'arrives', for example, and the present participles 'tumbling', 'opening', give a sense of immediacy, allowing us to feel that Spring is happening as the poet writes the poem and we, as readers, are involved in this moment.

But the poet also wants us to look at language afresh, to regenerate ordinary everyday words that we use so frequently we don't really think about their meanings any more. This poem opens up 'tired' words and makes them come alive again whilst also enriching their connotative value.

By doing this Cummings has reminded us how we can find the marvellous in the everyday.



Darren Thomas  
*Evolution*

Chris Furby  
*Rush hour for doppelgängers*





# What Inhabits You?

Sal Foreman



I believe that insomnia carries some urgent meaning. Truth emerges through sleeplessness, in strange and strained forms. Recently it came for me again. I bought a block of plasticine to play with, passing the small hours in this soothing way. What emerged first were monsters, and then text, which seemed to present a question: *What inhabits you?*

That night she dreamed of a goat's head bearing down on her, with fine horns curved like crescent moons, and impossibly human eyes, glittering, awful, with too much knowledge. She felt instinctively that the monster was kind. It wanted the best for her, this beast, even if the best was brutal. *It's Pan*, she thought aloud, in the dream, for the monster seemed suddenly familiar, even godlike. But when she looked down, instead of a faun's torso and legs, she found two pointed breasts – slender stem of a waist – the body of a bulbous slug.

She awoke and saw that it was one a.m. The man slept beside her. He must have come to bed earlier than usual. His face still bore the traces of its daytime intelligence. His breathing was light. He had not gone so very far away. Soon, his face would become loose and flushed; his lips would part to release rumbling, violent snores.

The return of the repressed.

Fighting her repulsion, she swung her legs out from under the duvet, until her toes brushed the cool, wooden floor.

The apartment that they were renting had only two rooms: one for living, one for sleeping. Since they'd arrived, she had hardly done either. Given the choice, she thought, between one or the other, she would sleep. But something small and resolute had climbed inside her chest, seized the bars of her ribcage with its primate hands, and refused to let go. It was never at peace, it refused to rest, it rattled and roared and wanted.

Its demands inarticulate.

How she longed to prise its grasping fingers loose!

She lay down on the sofa – damp-smelling cushions that soaked up the humidity, a rattan frame – and tried to relax. But she was wide awake now, her breath expanding into the night. As if it might all go out, this air, and leave her completely.

Stifled.

The ceiling fan whirred. Sometime during the tropical dawn, she woke again. There had been another monster, another dream: this time the creature had a stout body, petalled robe, and long, velvet ears, like a bat's. Bullet-hole mouth at the end of a blunt snout. Egyptian eyes. Without moving its lips, it had delivered its message: *Not everything that inhabits you can live.*

The woman knew what she had to do. She crept into the bedroom, and tiptoeing around the sleeping man, gathered up clothes that she'd strewn on the floor – a hairbrush – glass prism of perfume. His form mountainous under the thin cotton sheet. She shivered, although she could not recall what it was to feel cold. At his insistence, they had brought only one suitcase between them, so she stopped picking things up when her arms were full.

At the end of their street, around the corner, was a cheap motel. Neon sign and a foyer blazing halogens twenty-four seven. She would go there, take a room, sink into oblivion. Her hand was on the front door, silently easing the lock clockwise, when she heard him wake with a snort. He grunted, turned. The grunt bore the faint contours of her name. She held her breath.

Pushed open the door.

The primate howled: *Let it burn.*

A white cat uncurled and darted from the mat.

The cat ran. The man slept. Her monsters stood guard on the threshold.

The woman ran. Her monsters burned, they wept.

The primate clung tight, screaming: *I'm coming with you; you don't know me yet; I am yours.*

## Postscript

I finished writing this piece two nights ago. Today, somebody mentioned a poem by Tennessee Williams, which I'd not heard of before. I looked it up. Following Breton's lead on coincidence, I thought I'd copy out a verse:

*Who am I?*

*A wounded man, badly bandaged,  
a monster among angels or an angel among monsters,  
a box of questions shaken up and scattered on the floor.*

Tennessee Williams, *You and I*



Taya King and Darren Thomas  
*Masked Dreamer*



# Futurist Cacaphony

*Adam Hassan*

Rhythmicon Cymbals, Variophone Symphonies  
Theremin warbles, ANS harmonics  
Sonorous Cross, Terpsitone gloss  
Space Age polyphony, Futurist cacophony

The sounds of things to come  
Could not stop the blight of  
frazzled Friars, dilapidated stages,  
a dominator's fist, a forsaken list,  
quantified reality, Panopticon visors  
the paragon of plutocracy



# To the Finland Station



Lenin's  
impact  
as a  
travel  
pioneer

*Ilyich Niart*

Lenin returned to Russia from exile in April 1917 to lead the Bolshevik revolution. He arrived by train at the Finland Station in Petrograd (now St. Petersburg). This is well-known in political and historical circles.



Less familiar is Lenin's role as a travel pioneer. This brief article is a first step in documenting Lenin's impact in this sphere, offering factual, counter-factual, fictional and possibly 'pataphysical elements.

## **The Context**

As part of the First World War, Germany was fighting Russia on Germany's Eastern front. The Russian Revolution had begun in February 1917, and by March Tsar Nicholas II had abdicated.

Lenin, exiled in Zurich, Switzerland, was eager to return to join and lead the revolution. However, it would have been impossible to consider an independent journey from Switzerland, through Germany directly to Russia at the height of the war. Negotiations took place with the German authorities. General Max Hoffmann, chief of the German General Staff on the Eastern Front commented: "We naturally tried, by means of propaganda, to increase the disintegration that the Russian Revolution had introduced into the Army. Some man at home who had connections with the Russian revolutionaries exiled in Switzerland came upon the idea of employing some of them in order to hasten the undermining and poisoning of the morale of the Russian Army."

As a committed socialist, Lenin insisted on travelling by public transport. It was agreed that Lenin and his colleagues would travel from Zurich, north through Germany to neutral Sweden, and from there, through Finland to Russia. The whole journey was undertaken by train, with the exception of the ferry crossing from Sassnitz in Germany to Trelleborg in Sweden. Lenin was therefore the unacknowledged pioneer of Interrail



travel, which has provided so much pleasure and cultural understanding across Europe. Although the Trans Siberian railway had been completed before Lenin came to power, Lenin would have been saddened that neither the USSR nor Russia has ever been a participant in this scheme.

But this initiative of Lenin's was minor compared to his great innovation in dealing with the complex political situation. A party of Russians travelling through Germany when the two countries were at war, would certainly have been jailed. Lenin's solution was to have the train designated a 'sealed train' with similar diplomatic status to that of a foreign embassy. But unlike an embassy representing a separate country, the sealed train was in effect a **mobile country**.

This country had its own clearly defined borders, while at the same time, as it travelled, its borders with the rest of reality changed constantly. In conceptual terms, this is clearly a precursor to Doctor Who's TARDIS and its travels thorough the space-time continuum. The implications for politics, war and peace have never been realised. Given how much of

## *Lenin was the unacknowledged pioneer of Interrail travel across Europe*

the world's history of war and strife has been associated with conflicts over borders, might not this be a way forward to lasting peace?

It was clear to Lenin the time was not right to propose such an advanced concept. As he acknowledged, 'We know well that the Russian proletariat is less organized and intellectually less prepared for the task than the working class of other countries... Russia is an agricultural country, one of the most backward of Europe. [Socialism] ... [and other radical concepts] cannot be established in Russia immediately.'

When Lenin reached Tampere in Finland, he finished writing his 'April Theses', and met Stalin for the first time. The option of completing the journey to Petrograd by motorcycle was considered, but Lenin was emphatic that the idea of private transport was unacceptable.

Sticking to his principles, the journey to Russia was completed by train. Looking ahead to the Second World War, the script for 'The Great Escape' initially included an escape by train, inspired by Lenin. As an American, McQueen was committed to the private sector, and so the script was changed to include the individualist nature of a motorcycle. However, it should be noted that Steve McQueen refused

to ride a German motorcycle for the film. Andrey Konchalovsky's 'Runaway Train' may give a flavour of the original script.

Months after Lenin's triumphant return to Petrograd, the realisation he had accepted help from the enemy erupted into a storm of protest. Rumours persisted he was a German agent, and there were threats he would be arrested and tried for treason, which started a manhunt for him. Lenin returned to Finland. Eventually the furore died down, but Lenin was cautious on his return to Russia. He travelled as a fireman, rather than a passenger, on the H2 class No 293 train. This train is now preserved at the Finland Station in St. Petersburg.



There is a clear lineage here to Fireman Sam. Rob Lee, the writer of Fireman Sam, is known to have visited the museum at the Finland Station, and read of Lenin's role as a fireman. This inspired him create another fireman 'man of action'.

Lenin's final commitment to public transport was in his insistence that his funeral should use a train, rather than a hearse. The engine which hauled his funeral train, the 'U' class 4-6-0 four-cylinder De Glehn compound engine, No. U127, is preserved in Moscow and is known as 'Lenin's Locomotive'.



The full story of Lenin's influence on the development and use of public transport is still to be written.

# ill met by headlights, a collision of masks

*Slim Smith*

She existed only as a series of masks.

## **1: The Mask of Shame.**

Born to an unmarried 12-year-old, a conjuring trick turned mother into sister and grandmother into mother.

## **2: The White Mask.**

To work in the movies she wore a white mask to cover her Anglo-Indian background. Her birthplace moved from India to Australia, all documents relating to her birth were 'destroyed in a fire'.

## **3: The Road Casualty Mask.**

A car crash caused facial scarring which was masked with cosmetics and careful camerawork.

## **4: The Spy Mask.**

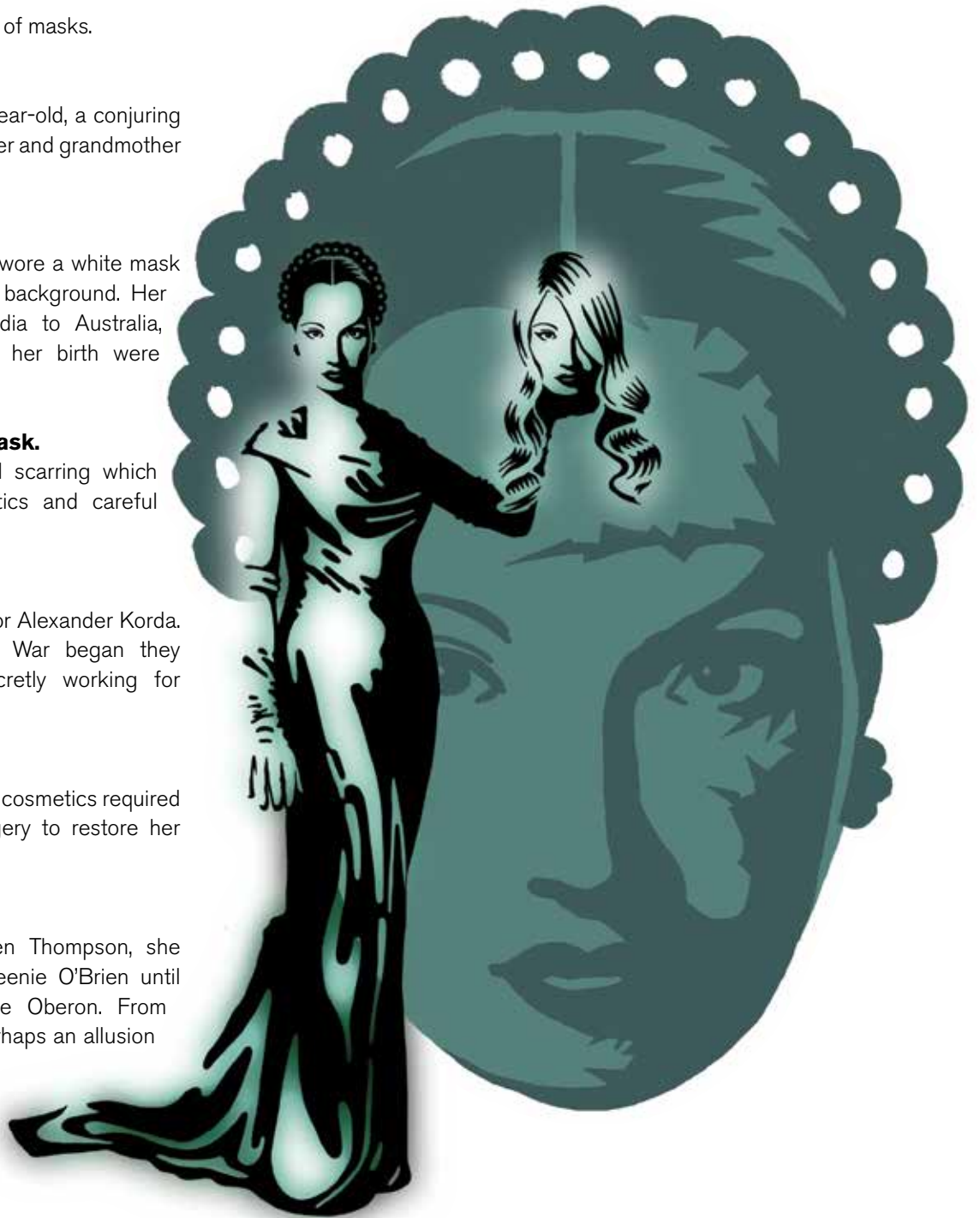
She married the film director Alexander Korda. When the Second World War began they moved to Hollywood, secretly working for British Intelligence.

## **5: The Surgical Mask.**

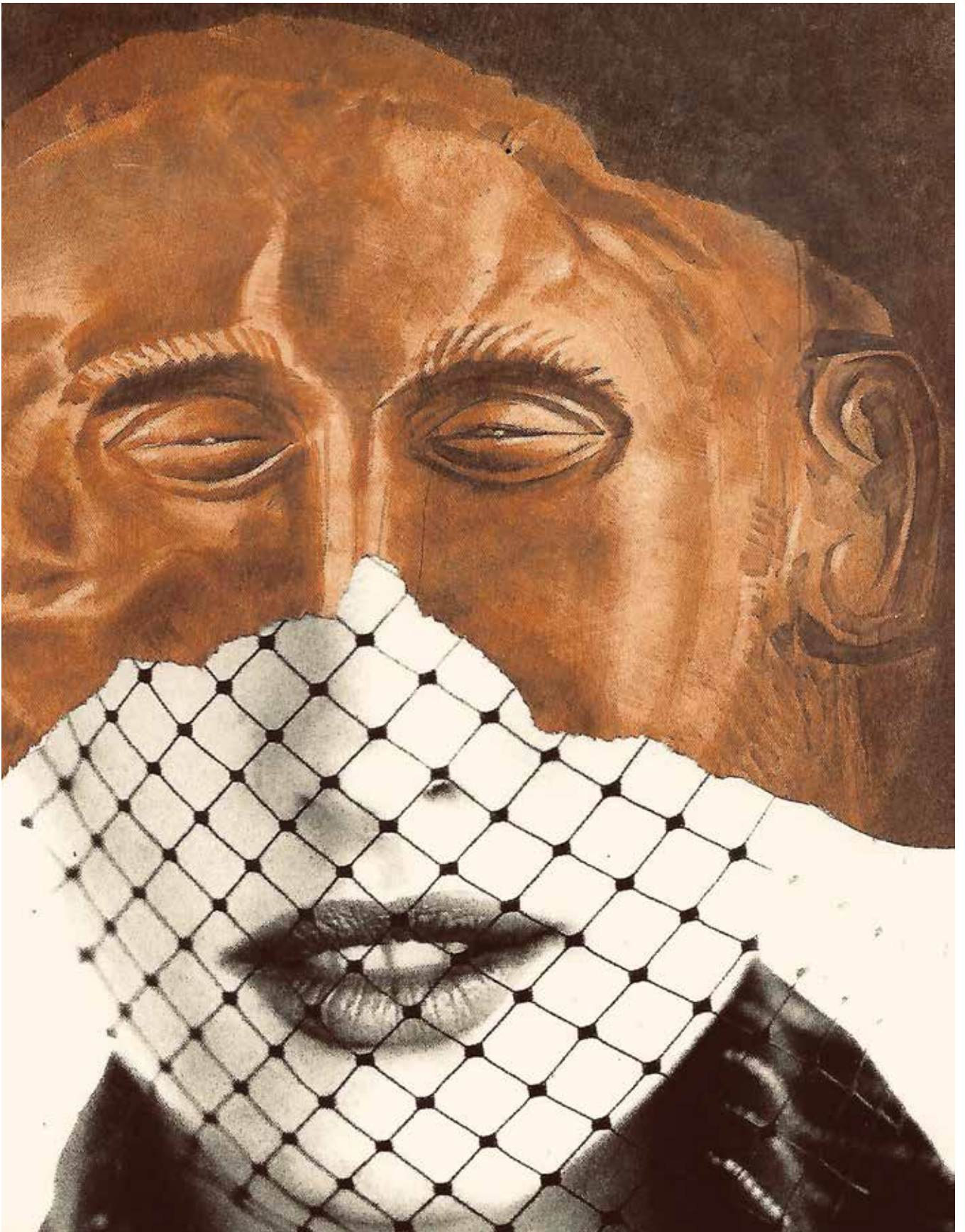
A bad reaction to whitening cosmetics required extensive and painful surgery to restore her looks.

## **6: The Fairy Mask.**

Born Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson, she used the stage name Queenie O'Brien until Korda renamed her Merle Oberon. From O'Brien to Oberon, with perhaps an allusion to the king of the fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, who had fallen out with Titania the fairy queen over his desire for an Indian changeling boy.







Doug Campbell  
*Golden Mask, Mourning Veil*

# Anthony Earnshaw

## A Yorkshire Surrealist

Simon Ryder

1924 was a momentous year. Franz Kafka died, as did Lenin. Andre Breton published his first *Manifesto of Surrealism*. Anthony Earnshaw was born in Ilkley, West Yorkshire. All these events were connected in due course.

Earnshaw left school in Leeds at 15 to become an engineering apprentice. Frustrated at the early end to his formal education, Earnshaw spent time in Leeds Public Library, where he discovered Surrealism in 1945. This inspired him to start painting, despite his full-time job as a lathe-turner, often working night shifts.

In 1947 Earnshaw visited the London Gallery, established by E.L.T. Mesens, who had led the Surrealist group in Brussels in the 1920s and '30s before leading the British Surrealist group. George Melly was working there at the time; he and Earnshaw struck up a friendship which was lifelong.

It was only in the mid-1960s that Earnshaw was able to leave his engineering work, taking up the first of his part-time lecturing jobs in art. Then Earnshaw's interests were able to flourish in a creative setting: poetry, wordplay, anarchism, and workers' rights all fed into his creation of assemblages, aphorisms, books and comic strips.

Earnshaw said "for me anarchism is as much an intuitive as an intellectual matter, it provides me with an attitude to life – even a way of life – as indeed does my love of Surrealism".

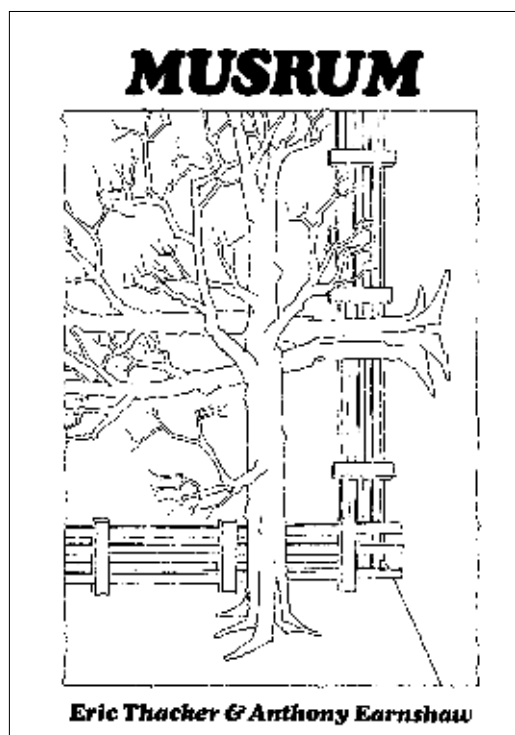
### Books

In 1940, Earnshaw had met Eric Thacker, through a shared interest in jazz and poetry. They re-connected after the war, and became lifelong friends. In 1968, their collaborative work 'Musrum' was published. This could be called a novel, but that would give little clue to its contents. Despite an underlying plot,

the book is more an assembly of aphorisms and illustrations. I bought a copy in the early 1970s, long before I heard of surrealism. It's a joy! One definition of Musrum included is: Fr. muser=to dream; A.S. rum=room or space; other definitions are available! A flavour of the book:

- The high watermark of musroid weaponry was achieved with the construction of a water-cannon capable of hurling a whole pond which, because of a secret binding agent (actually an extract of camphor and rope), retained a spherical shape throughout its trajectory. This enabled Musrum to project charges of vicious blood-sucking leeches (not to mention predatory pike and duck) into the ranks of the enemy.

- Sudden prayers make God jump





Earnshaw and Thacker also collaborated on another book, 'Wintersol'. Michael Richardson has described these two books as one of the most successful extended examples of collaborative surrealism, comparable with Breton and Eluard's *L'immaculée Conception*.

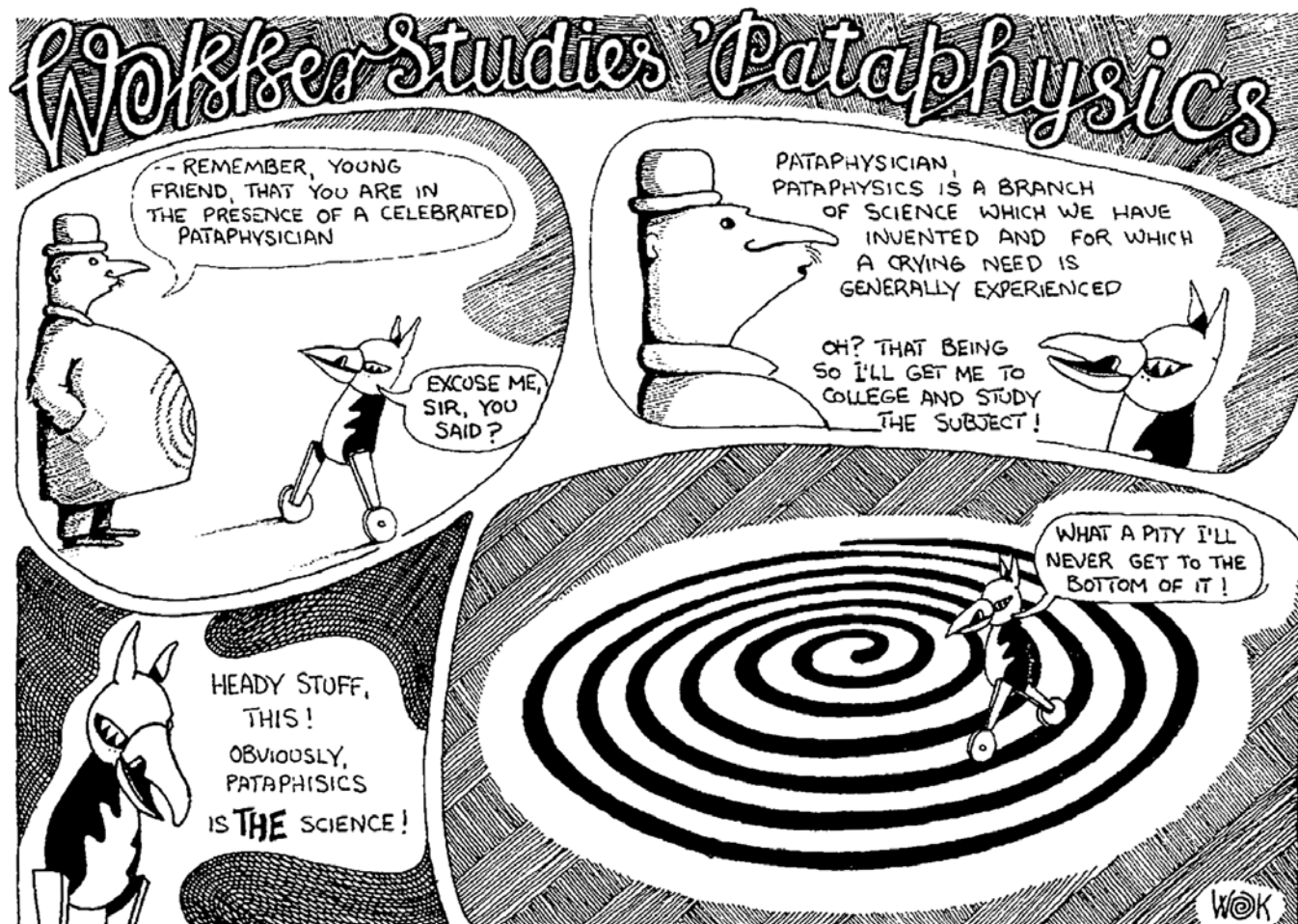
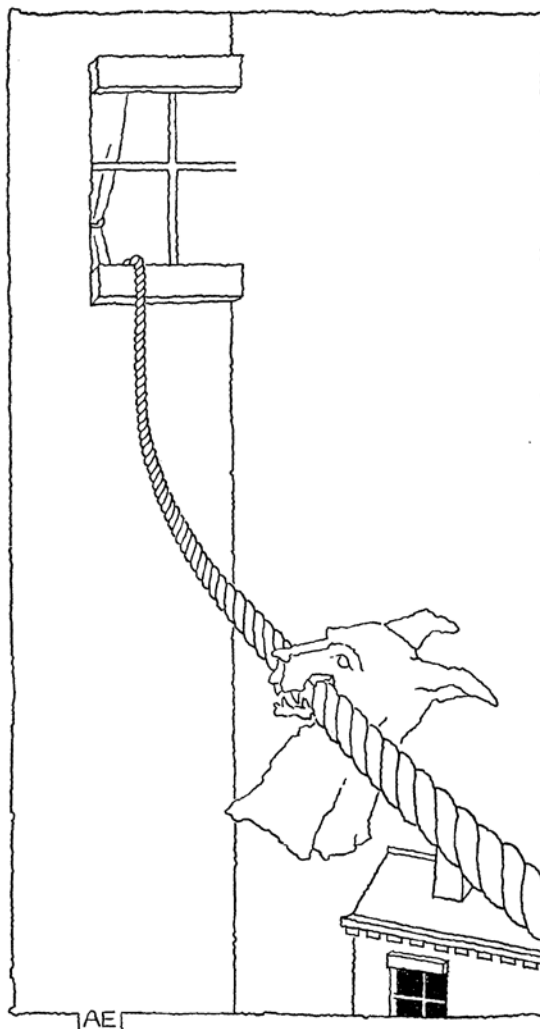
### Wolf's Head

A wolf's head, without torso, was an image which came to Earnshaw in a dream, soon after he discovered Surrealism. He used and reworked this many times, in his paintings and his books.

### Wokker

Earnshaw and Thacker also collaborated on the brilliant comic strip 'Wokker', which was published in the *Times Educational Supplement* between 1971 and 1972, as well as elsewhere. There are similarities to George Herriman's earlier Krazy Kat (1913-1944), one of my all-time favourite strips, a work of immense imagination and creativity. But there is little connection between Wokker and the 'underground' comics of the time. Post-war jazz, anarchism, surrealism, and a degree of misanthropy provide Wokker's ingredients.

The fact that Eric Thacker was a Methodist minister was no barrier to his fruitful collaboration with the anarchist and surrealist Earnshaw.





## Paintings

In the 1940s and 1950s, Earnshaw painted primarily in watercolour. He included random markings, either those observed or self-created. He said little about his influences, although he mentioned Leonor Fini and Paul Klee. In the 1960s, Earnshaw shifted to creating large paintings in oils. His first solo show was in 1966 in Leeds (Paintings 1945-1965); this was followed by numerous solo and group shows in the following decades. Works are in the collections of ACE and Leeds Art Gallery amongst others.

## Assemblages

Earnshaw probably became more well-known for his assemblages than for his painting or his books over the course of his career. In the catalogue for his exhibition at Leeds Art Gallery (1987), he said "These days assemblage is the thing. It seems to me that 'the assemblage' is more real, therefore more powerful than 'the painting'".

## Aphorisms

Earnshaw's collection of aphorisms, *Flick Knives and Forks* was first published in 1981, and sub-titled 'Aphorisms, Jokes, Insults, Stories with Morals, Lies'. Some examples:

- Notice: Only children playing with matches are allowed on this asbestos roof
- Better a slap from Imagination than a salute from Aestheticism
- Vampirism is an aggravated form of insomnia
- Catholic cannibals eat mermaid on Fridays
- It is apt that obituaries finish with a full stop
- Nonplus the waiter. Order gravy with the soup
- One rarely sees a dustbin full of dust

Earnshaw's writings would have sat well within a new edition of Breton's *Anthology of Black Humour*.

Anthony Earnshaw died in 2001. He is an under-acknowledged contributor to a distinctly British strand of post-war Surrealism. I would recommend seeking out his works if you have not done so!

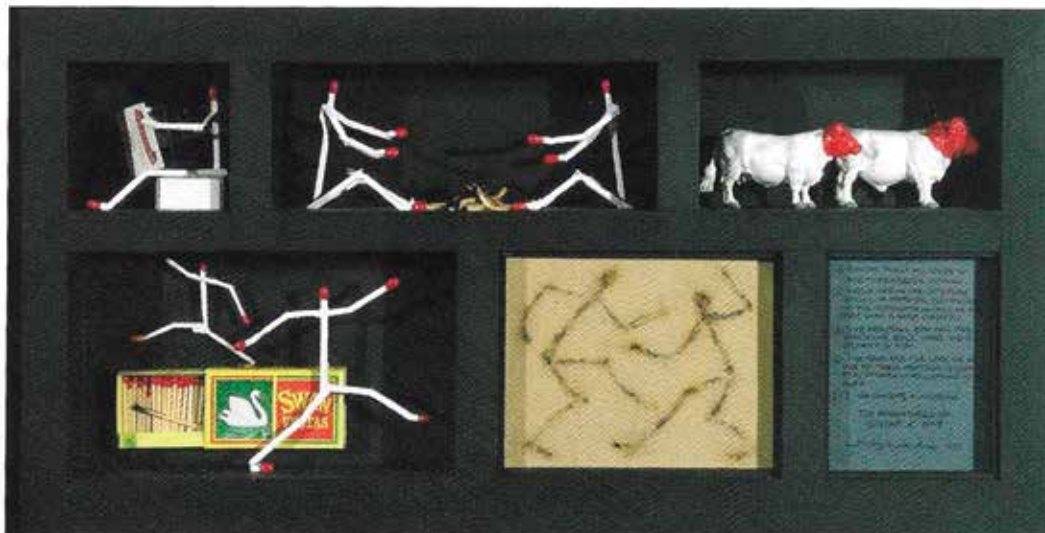


Anthony Earnshaw, *The Imp of Surrealism*, Ed. Les Coleman, RGAP (Research Group for Artists Publications), 2011. This is a collection of essays and reminiscences from a number of people who know Earnshaw well. It is an invaluable reference for anyone interested in Earnshaw and his work. Much of my article has been taken from this. Copyright The Estate of Anthony Earnshaw and the authors. [The 'Imp' refers not to Earnshaw, but is his own description of the impact Surrealism had on him: 'Surrealism for me was home. I was among friends, having been away in a foreign land all my life. The spell it then cast remains a frisky imp haunting my life to this day']

*Mussum*, Jonathan Cape, reissue, 1971

*Flick Knives and Forks*, Anthony Earnshaw, Zillah Bell Contemporary Art, Edition of 500, 2000

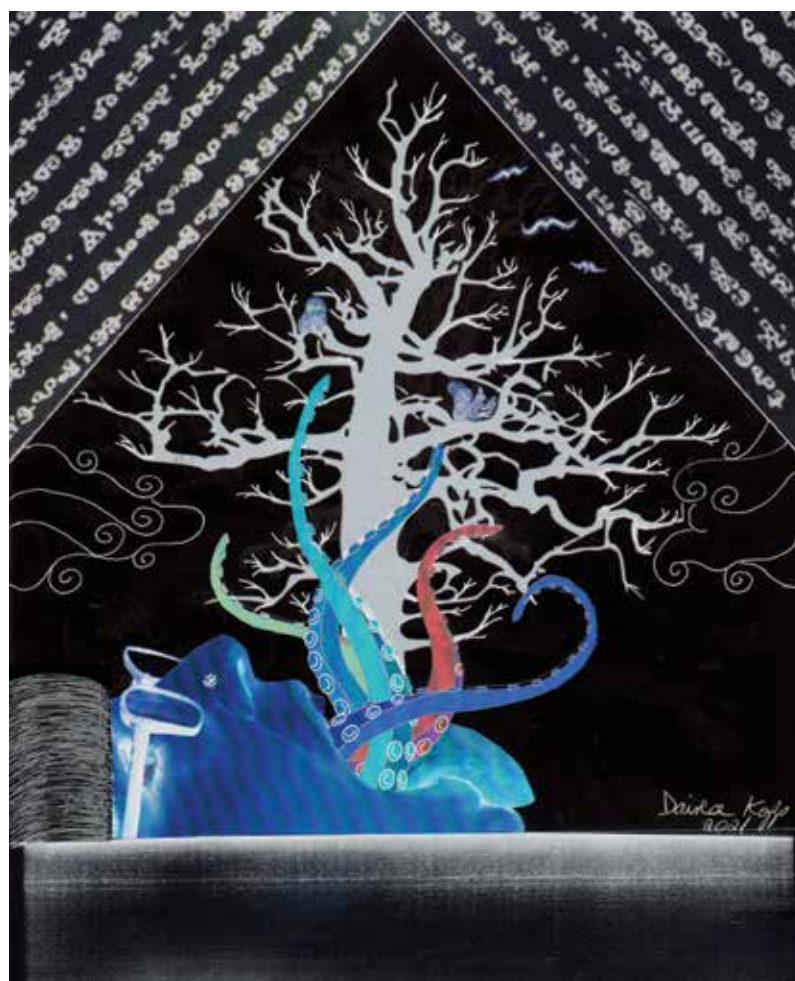
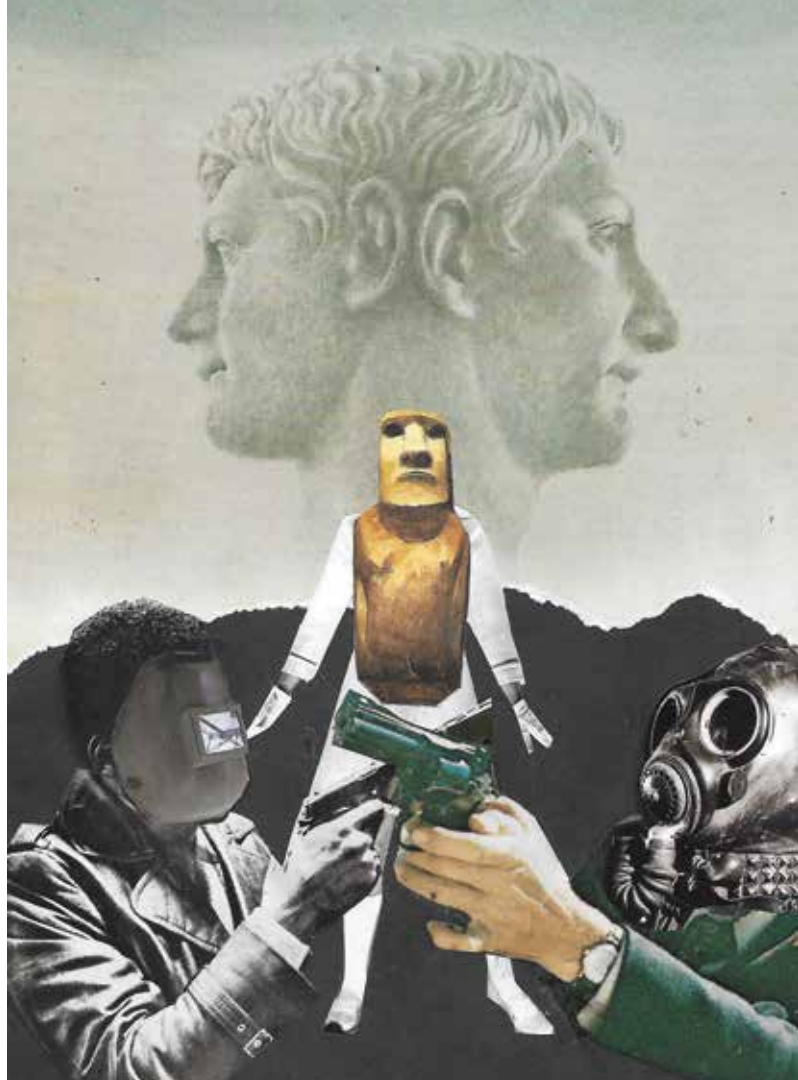
Further information on *Wokker* can be found in the following article 'Wokker. Notes on a Surrealist comic strip' by Roger Sabin: <https://doi.org/10.4000/comicalities.918>







John Richardson  
*Sisters of Mystery*



La Sirena  
Games With Surrealpool





# The Marking and Measurement of Time

*Hubert Huzzah*

Surrealerpool Collage of Alchymical, Flâneurial and 'Pataphysical Studies has established the Antient Office of Feisty Clatterfart. The Emily Davison Chair of Authropology has neither confirmed nor denied an intention to outsource this internal Collage of time keeping. The Collage of Collegiate Time is as far beyond the esoteric as the esoteric is beyond the exoteric and as far beyond the esoteric as the exoteric is beyond the esoteric. Locating the Collage of Collegiate Time through triangulation. Time will, therefore, be kept within the Collage.

Time for Surrealerpool Collage of Alchymical, Flâneurial and 'Pataphysical Studies has an exoteric and an esoteric character. The esoteric character is as far beyond the exoteric character as Aristotelian Metaphysik is beyond Aristotelian Physik. Being characters, the esoteric and exoteric

Surrealerpool Collage of Alchymical, Flâneurial and 'Pataphysical Studies ensuring that temporal indigestion is both chronic and acute. The clarification of the Counterfactuals of Pataphysical Spacetime that is the basis of the Issuance of the Document 'The Moment Of Convocation' by The Department of Dogma', Catma', Karma', and Pata' (being a Subcommission of the Committee of the Manifesto). A timely trope rendering History mostly a matter of borborygmus. The Antient Office of Feisty Clatterfart, appointed from time to time at Convocation, declaims these eructations of historic repetition do, themselves, lead to solutions to imaginary temporal problems.

Most significantly: Time is entirely a matter of Heresy.

In accordance with a general pataphysical principle of derivation, the Feisty Clatterfart obtains velocity from position and acceleration from velocity and and jerk from acceleration and jounce (formerly snap) from jerk and flounce (formerly crackle) from jounce and pounce (formerly pop) from flounce in the usual way. The pathological In order that the pounce shall be derived, the jounce shall be jounced and the velocity attained. Pataphysical Spacetime is, for the Feisty Clatterfart, a snap, crackle, and pop away from Eternity.

Most significantly: Time tends to the Transcendent. Time becomes Eternity.

The Regents and Convocation, for the porpoises of clarity avow: The Antient Office of Feisty Clatterfart is distinct from any "Département de l'Ordre et de Temps" and is neither a translation, rotation, nor reflection of same.

Most significantly: Time is, was, and will be stored this way up.

The Counterfactuals of Pataphysical Spacetime indicate that Time is no more, and no less, than a fiction. The Fiction of Time

## *Masks are in use for all the major storage requirements of Pataphysical Spacetime*

have names which, in the interests of open communication, the Regents of Surrealerpool have made available to the vulgar: Tic and Toc. The Faculty of 'Pataphysical Studies has made clear that internally the Collage uses its own system of Time Keeping. The System of Time Keeping is both humane and entirely internal.

Consequently, and most significantly: Time is entirely a matter of indigestion.

It is not clarified,

if Tic and Toc are the respective names of the Characters of the Esoteric and Exoteric Characters of Time

or,

if Toc and Tic are the respective names of the Characters of the Esoteric and Exoteric Characters of Time

These are the Counterfactuals of Pataphysical Spacetime kept by the



has all the attributes of existence except actual existence. This makes Time both easy to store and impossible to file. The Feisty Clatterfart files counterfactually by When not Where. Significant portions of the Feisty Clatterfart Archive are held in recollections, reveries, anamneses, and childhood memories. If Pataphysical Spacetime were more difficult to store it would be possible to file. Both Tic and Toc are regularly consulted in respect of matters of filing and regularly remark that Pataphysical Spacetime is most easily stored behind a facade.

Most significantly: the principal mode of storage is the Mask.

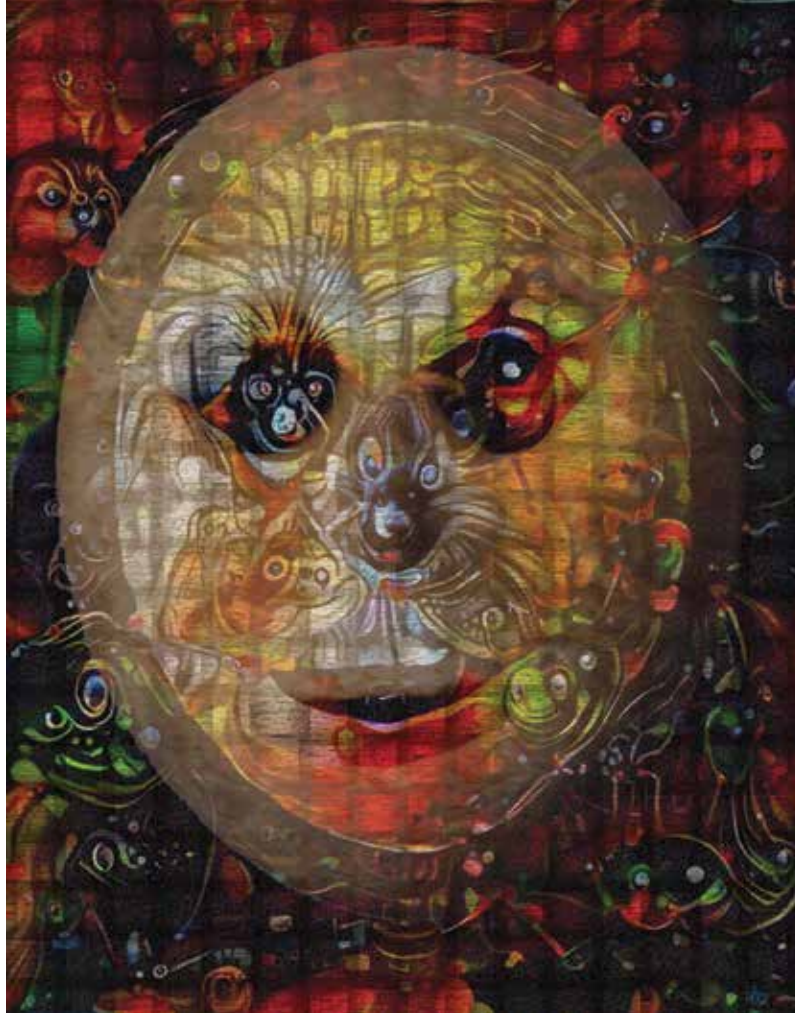
Masks are in use for all the major storage requirements of Pataphysical Spacetime: Lunch Time, Dinner Time, Work Time, Play Time. Pataphysical Spacetime departs from Vulgar Time in being entirely fungible. A token Luncheon can be exchanged for a hearty Dinner, accounted for by underlying exchanges of Pataphysical Spacetime by the T-Accounts of Phynance. Each moment of Pataphysical Spacetime is unique substance then disguised by vulgar experience of Time and, through the imaginary solution to problems, transformed from Mask of Time into Masque of Time.

The Masque of Time is the allegory of the Mask of Time that transforms positions to motions to accelerations to flounces, jounces, and pounces with the snapping, crackling, and poppings that replace the nomenclatures of figurative and non-figurative language with the pataphilological nomenclature that will, with the wind behind it, last a millennium. The Masque: imperfectly scripted but with impeccable Phynance—the principal means of the tendency to transcend to be made immanent.

Most significantly: the principal purpose of the Phynance is to reveal the Eternity.

The Masque of Time transmits the deus ex machina to the Other through the constances of motion. The very Clinamen of the Mask. It is in such a Crowd as the Masque of Time that the Feisty Clatterfart stores Pataphysical Spacetime in such a manner as to have systematically misplaced everything in the last place that One looked. Thus enabling the Feisty Clatterfart Archive to be operated on the basis of synchronicity occasioned by serendipitous recollection.

Pataphysical Spacetime is concerned with the identity of Toc and Tic, whose ebb and flow of presence and absence informs the Passage of Time. To clarify: the Passage of Time is coupled with the Passage of Space. There



may, in fact, be a good rationale for this which might fit into the margin of a copy of Euclid's Elements. The Feisty Clatterfart recommends marginal examination.

Either Toc or Tic is the taller of the two. This is unlikely to be an important or distinguishing feature but, like the mass of Tic and Toc, is necessary for all Departmental paperwork. The Collage of Collegiate Time requires all paperwork to be submitted 'on time' as a matter of premonition. The necessity of Departmental paperwork is a matter of strict debate, facilitated by the Collage of Collegiate Time's Commission of the Lapse.

Most significantly: the Doctrine of Patalapsarianism governs all Paperwork.

All paperwork is deemed, derogated to Tic and Toc or Toc and Tic on the counterfactual assortment basis authorised by the Antient Office of Feisty Clatterfart. Paperwork not submitted 'on time' must be submitted that 'time will tell'. Patalapsarian Paperwork, once submitted, is shredded for safety, security, and sustainability reasons. Ensuring all paperwork is treated with equal importance. Post shredding, paperwork can be retrieved by summoning and stored by exorcism. The summon-exorcise superposition of all Patalapsarian Paperwork results in the inevitable decline of all identity into fiction.



# The many masks of Les Officiers de Surrealerpool

*Hubert Huzzah and Slim Smith*







Slim Smith  
Surrealerpool zoom meeting 14 December 2021

## 'Patastrophe! back issues



'Patastrophe! #1  
148mm x 420mm  
12 pages

'Automatic Writing', 'Eating with Strangers', 'Searching for Surrealist Music', 'The Mark VII Turing Oneiromancer', 'Three Blind Dice'.

Flash fiction, photography, illustration, collage.

£3.50

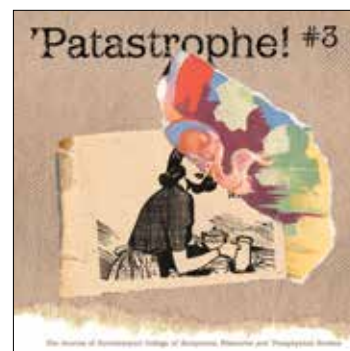


'Patastrophe! #2  
210mm x 210mm – 28 pages

Shakespeare and Alchymical Theatre', 'Baudelaire and The Flâneur' and Max Ernst's 'The Robbing of the Bride'.

Fiction, poetry, collage and games.

£3.50



'Patastrophe! #3  
210mm x 210mm – 28 pages

'Antonin Artaud and the Theatre of Cruelty', 'British Surrealism', 'Surrealism and Transgressive Desire' and 'How do you play Exquisite Comics?'

Poetry, collage art, cartoons and photography.

£3.50

Available from [surrealerpool.online](http://surrealerpool.online)

'Patastrophe! #4 published by Surrealerpool. ISBN 9781910467206.

Email: [surrealerpool@gmail.com](mailto:surrealerpool@gmail.com) Twitter: @surrealerpool Instagram: @surrealerpool\_convocation

Front cover image: Slim Smith. Back cover image: Marc Remnant.



