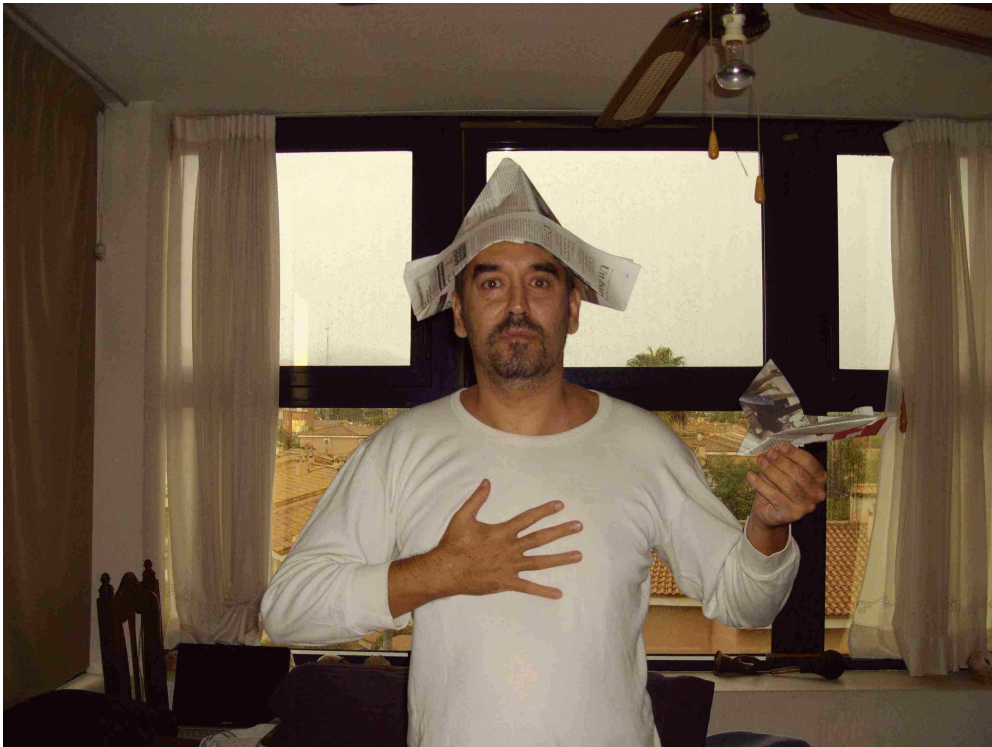


Surrealist Manifesto

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El Otro Ilustre Colegio Oficial de Pataphysica
(The Other Illustrious College of Pataphysics)
Spain.

<http://elotrocolegiodepataphysica.com>

<http://www.myspace.com/pataphysica>

qvcocotiers@hotmail.com

pataphysica_oicop@hotmail.com

I begin this manifesto in October because October is the month of the flies, of the flying ants stuck to the large windows, the month in which the tiled mosaics of Gaudí's house melt through an excess of oniric-calcareous solidification. In October the light is more serene than the sea up to the point of the mummification of the air. The air of October is breathed by hundreds of wives in their forties in useless Sunday shellfish dinners. The shades of the posts of the vacant lots fall down with more slowness, elementary norm in architecture. In consequence, and for its tranquillity, October is the month in which submarine captains celebrate their saint's day.

*

I affirm in a chryselephantine way, bathed in a golden Talmudic emulsion, that the disappearance of purity is the defining feature of the death of the art. With the Mediterranean serenity of my ancestors, but with equal ineluctability, I affirm that the following facts denote the disappearance of any lust for purity in the art: (1) circuses' strong men are no longer depicted with moustache in filigree and (2) almost all women, and not only a few, rare and chosen, have their pubic down depilated.

*

There is no need to say much about the adjective "social" being adhered to art as a coral polyp to the ocean's bottom. Only that it is an anti-Apollonian form of the cretinization characteristic of a republic worth its name. The most accomplished model of a republic is the greengrocer's shop. As an example of the reduction of the anti-Apollonian impulse that republics

promote and propitiate notice this change, this substitution of sculptural-aphoristic groups: where once we could find the secret agent now ranges the *indignando*. All figurative impulse dies under the republic due to an excess of drowsiness or to an excess of mobility. The cleaning lady of the municipal hospital's wing of psychiatry, who drags her cart loaded with bleaches and disinfectants, is the artistic supreme model of the republic.

*

From the South American countries it is not to be expected any type of notable contribution to art because they are under of the frugal delirium known as "imitation of Europe", and the imitation takes place under the sign of the asymptotic neo-Platonism, which is the educated term that I coin to designate socialism.

*

The sexagesimal perfidy of Frida Kahlo fits in a cone of vanilla, and her Toltec dynamism is a simple imitation, in the distance and harshly rurally, of the physiology of the mechanical hysteria of the agrarian Bulgarian feminism. Her favourite pastime, to discover clouds in the shape of Trotsky's bust, is a common aspiration in the women of the Palaeolithic period, and it is widely documented in Sir James George Frazer's *The Golden Bough*.

*

Of every king who does not display his monarchic substance it is possible to affirm without fear of being mistaken that he was found in a wicker basket in a Pollença's cove by a fisher lady fishing for molluscs.

*

Rain, besides moistening the Vatican, has the mission to hammer modestly but firmly the empty spaces of the pictures of Miró until it builds up a chime that vibrates in resonance with the few orientalized cerebral volutes still remaining in our brains, and thus extracting the soft and furry spell, like the buttocks of the Buda, in which such empty spaces keep us hostage.

*

As in any period of decadence, the paradigm being the French Revolution, sculpture is characterized by the choice of non-sculptural topics. Non-monumental-at-all monuments proliferate, on Freedom, Equality, Feminism, Solidarity or the Sequence Analysis of Nucleotides. The enormity of the pieces and their extra-monumental nature convey a monstrous and menacing character to the sculptures rising in public squares. I predict that shortly someone will erect somewhere in Europe a six-ton statue to the neutrino, the particle without mass. A particularly deformed variant of the megalithic extra-monumental sculpture is the one that historians, so inclined to malnutrition, will classify as belonging to the Rotundicense Period, and not quite for the achievement of a certain rotundity in the composition, but for the profuse erection of particularly monstrous monuments in the roundabouts.

*

A grandmother, stooped and in mourning drapery of the region of La Serena*¹ has more capacity of abstraction in the tip of one of her narcotic fingers that the whole surface painted with thermonuclear droplets by Jackson Pollock.

*

There is nothing more populist than the so called abstract art.

*

About the superiority of the Palaeolithic painter over the contemporary artist it is necessary to say that the bison of the Altamira cave are only drafts.

*

Bottomless self-fertilization. Picture representing a giant squid with closed eyes floating placidly and mysteriously between two waters in an ocean basin.

*

The sodomization of Colonel Gadafi marks the end of the Classic Period for humanity. The whole radioactivity accumulated at the Mururoa atoll, all the energy transmitted and dispersed towards the land by the deformable structures of the buildings of the World Trade Center after the crash of the airplanes does not amount but for a minuscule fraction of the ecumenical

and catholic power of radiation that comes from this desecration. Humanity thus enters openly and trustingly in the Anal Age, and in the idiosyncratic self-abstraction of this state.

*

Any psychic coagulation, a Verlaine hiccup, a little nap by Proust, an insect pinned down by Jüger, the dissected eyes of Man Ray, will be regarded as distasteful in the Anal Age. The systematization of the irrational, the non-evolutionary taxonomy of dreams, the Nitzschean hierarchical organization of health, the petrification of Stirner's caprice, Gottfried Benn's ailing tidiness, Walter Benjamin's teen mind, they do not mean anything before the useless meticulousness of the psychologist-on-duty. The psychiatric accounting that he carries out with laboriousness of imperial bureaucrat is the natural enemy of narrative, which is, admit it or not, the hard bone on which centuries gnaw and gnaw, as well as he is a natural enemy of the painting, which from Rafael to Atapuerca*² is the skeleton on which architecture gnaws at and gnaws at, be it at the cathedral or at the cave. The psychologist will fulfil his administrative task with readiness, servitude and prodigality, and will disappear very much to his discredit, since he hopped for stripes and a lifetime position.

*

The executing agent of the psychologist-on-duty will not be the Kafkian lust for precision, as it was advanced by many a *fin-de-siècle -ism*. In spite of the wonderful and rare flower that was that weak Jewish child fearful of rats, in spite of the bestiality sustained and scientifically delayed that runs through *The Castle*, which constitutes the erotic essence of the tale, in spite

of the logic (*The Castle* is a treatise of logic of an intellectual solidity immeasurably superior to that of Wittgenstein's *Tractatus*) and the consequence that from this work seemed to threaten to overflow the world, it will not be his thin Neanderthal and Jewish scalpel the one that would finish off with the bureaucrat-on-duty.

*

The rainbow-hued precision of the surrealists, the scientific-telluric accuracy needed to move the irrational contents as well as their associations to the phenomonic world, they succumb to the hammered deafness of the little soldiers of the new planetary army, an army without hierarchy or command but with the celestial shining of Destiny in their mouths. Sadly, he will perish of natural death.

*

As in the transit from the Palaeolithic to the Neolithic, the Anal Age is characterized by the transit towards the outlined style, in which the animated forms transform into geometric representations. This happens in all orders: even the ecologists have already described certain forms of landscape senility that relate to the depletion of the figurative impulse of the classic epoch.

*

As examples of exhausted figures we can mention: Eva Braun's hypertonic brassiere; the glasses of the Dalái Lama; Pope Ratzinger's radioactive mitre; the totemic hammer and sickle; the erect, soft, musciapid phallus of

John Holmes; the star of the NATO; the whole Maori people; prince Felipe's visage; David Niven's apocataxic moustache; Raquel Welch's neutronic neckline, great loss; Søren Kierkegaard's glaucous chin; Fukujima, in all his being; the theatrical forty-five degrees look of Monsieur Obama; Auguste Comte's cauterized soul, whose secret ambition it was to become a little olive-picking, fifteen year old gipsy lady, now being exhibited in the Museum of Natural Hysterics, between an absent bust of Nefertiti and a dented Borhr's atomic model.

*

Particular sciences, by means of their prodigious capacity for self-fertilisation, have exhausted their capacity for procreation, which is not an obstacle in order that they are sustained *in statu phantasma*.

*

The appropriation on the part of the plebs both of the images and of the objective irrational methods of production of images has devaluated surrealism until dragging it on the gutter, which is equivalent to say that the lack of talent of the surrealists not only in distributing their copious production but in protecting their method of production by means of a natural hierarchy is responsible for the devaluation.

*

As the hygienist of the 19th century and with the same enthusiasm, the surrealist must enter every day his phenomenic Charterhouse. The simplest

pleasure, the domination of the world, acquires formal justification, as much as it accumulates in the hands of the praying surrealist.

*

Returning to the vicious-lacustrine circle of the Apollonian and the Dionysian, our carnal cousin, Nietzsche, who died intestate, as the barracudas, felt with very Apollonian clarity that comedy, which is the art and honour with which the big epochs end, the leaden historical periods, even the birthdays of all Polish children, would not be more than the beginning of the tragedy with which a new epoch begins. Well, here we are, sitting in the foaming creek of the change of epoch, under the Sun and without further impediment to the sight that some little silver clouds in the sky and the only thing that we see on the horizon are the enormous teeth of a mole.

*

Nothing has happened because the material of the end of the Classic Epoch is not explosive but implosive; this material is Parody, which only catches on if one *looks downwards*, inwards; its nature is the scorn without brutality, a light and omnipresent scorn, a certain air without which one is not admitted in society, and parody spreads to everything: to war, that is to say, to the origin (the First World war was the first great representation, the *première* of the new order), to death, to pain, to painting, to sculpture, the parody of the artistic production that is Marxism, the parody of the mind that is the psychoanalysis, to the Apollonian, to the republic, to women, to sport, which is the parody of work, to every new *ism*, which seems to be

but the parody of the previous movement to which they claim to overcome, to religion, which is the parody of ethics ...

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The picture of the squid is one of a dazzling precision, though if it was not painted well up to the point of being confused with Simone Martini's *Annunciation* it would not be anything but a fraud.

*

The most decrepit formula of all is the psychoanalysis. An incisive and forensic *je ne sais quoi* from a pirennaic shepherd contains more energy, more power of radiation than the complete works of Freud and Jung.

*

The only figure with full validity is the Venus of Willendorf.

*

Amongst the trillions of trillions of objects produced by the hysterical hordes of manufactures, the only figure with full validity is the Venus of Willendorf.

*

Positivism, always so inclined to follow the track of the molecular dribble of phenomena, has finally ceased to produce its habitual ontological tedium

only to sink in its soft, gigantic cavern of categories in the most useless silence.

*

The crowning moment of the Classic Age took place in the autumn of 1917, when Baron Manfred von Richthofen*³ happened to shot down one of the last European bison in the forests property of the Prince von Pless, in Bialowicz. The shockwave produced in this sublime instant (ten bullets in the area of the heart) flooded the whole of Europe with an instantaneous, precise and complete serenity that reached the trenches of the Somme, the Russian front, Verdun's belfries and up to the Sicilian villages, and little later it vanished in the air, between the hazes of the Ardennes, towards the North Sea, towards the North ... This has been the only true contemplative moment that has produced the history of Europe.

*

Dreams, considered as substratum and blaze of the world of representation, that is to say, as elementary components of the phenomena, appear as depreciated capital, as a pleasant oily pool that after reflecting the same images for centuries ends up in a never-ending self-thinking circle.

*

After the Second World War dreams acquired a synthetic universal character. In spite of what it may seem, Jung and Freud's awkward considerations, smelly of fish and extremely Frenchified, did not manage to dent neither the shell, nor the systematic or the hyperobjective communicability of dreams. Surrealism, which once introduced itself as

severe Dutch lender of dreams, as guarantor of their pure incombustibility, as luminous censor of any positive pollution, appears now as a simple money changer, as a modest countryside administrator, with the excuses of one who has slept a too long siesta.

*

As surrealists we have lived in the paradox of avoiding the Ptolemaic horn of Necessity while at the same time nourishing it with the profusion and delivery of the milky prehistoric Venus. For the so much cherished pleasure of the farce, for our nature of Bulgarian carnies, we have allowed the positive critique to indulge in our formal contradictions, which to us are simple collisions of proustian dust, and we have never presented in public the inoffensive substance of this paradox.

*

On reflection, no representative art exists in the beginning of the Anal Age. Everything is submitted to a certainly impudent Law of Frontality.

*

The sloth with which life passes, its apparent lack of dynamism, the biological passiveness, they are all similar to the *lento moderato* of the propellers of the Potemkin, which sank with the ship happily ignorant of their destination.

*

Nostalgia receives now the treatment of an undernourished child: he is excused of doing gymnastics, he is concealed from the view of the visitors at the time of the snack, his head is shaven, and two invigorating ammonia frictions a day are delivered to him to provide with a suitable disinfection.

*

Chryselephantine women have disappeared, have become extinct. Every woman appears now like: a rabid dog; an anti-quark, that is to say, a duck in a cultivated field upside-down; a useless apoplexy; an extremely orientalized mammal; a contractual forget-me-not; an albino piglet with simulated pentadactylism; the director of a zoo; the escutcheon of Kenya with scabies.

*

Two forms of Iberian art have become equally extinct: the batueca abuelizante*⁴ and the Toledo's*⁵ carpenter's brace. The racial supremacy of the plateau shepherd, questioned with the viciousness of a snivelling little girl by Modernism, the most soporific and bourgeois form of manufacture that ever existed with the exception of Matisse's Talmudic period, already remains in the mandatory oblivion and discredit that the Anglo-Saxon manners that reign over Iberia impose upon everything.

*

The predictions of Stirner, of Nietzsche and of Jünger on the advent of Anglo-Saxon planetary manners have been fulfilled with forensic astrological accuracy.

*

Buñuel incurred in an inexcusable mistake by not having presented his documentary *Las Hurdes, land without bread* as a fierce defence of the darkest deeper Iberia. He is to be blamed by the fact that we are now lacking in a certain Palaeolithic air that suited us beautifully.

*

All that explains that the current Puertohurracos*⁶ should occur to the pace of the Freudian sitar: they lack in style.

*

Imagine the most terrible scene that could ever be conceived: an Iberian rural grandmother in mourning drapery in an olive grove facing a dense and translucent wave of diffuse orientalism.

*

The Iberian macho endowed with a certain rural Epicureanism continues to being despite everything a valid sexual model for women, though a subatomic feigned modesty prevents them from acknowledging it. With the concurrence of this model and a post-war Marseilles deep sea diver, many women enter an autumnal premature and permanent unease, generally developed from the age of fifteen, which disqualifies them from wishing something else than one and the same thing for the rest of their days, namely, the endless and Berber pot of the type who satisfies their desire, and his epistemological trousseau.

*

The large format to which abstract art clings, the more novel the artist the larger the painting, is the verification of the museistic aspiration of every manufacturer-gatherer, an attempt of eluding any possibility of reproductibility in his work, a desire of overwhelming the surrounding space, a desire of overwhelming the spectator, the exhibition of a supposed psychological complexity, a desire of assimilation between "production" and "metaphysics", the more labour invested in the painting the deeper the profoundness, a puerile attempt of adequacy to the principle of monumentalisation of the extramonumental.

*

As a sample of simplicity and pretension, in 1979 the abstract artist Xavier Esqueda presented a picture with six panels denouncing "common places in abstract painting".

*

André Breton, your prediction of orthopaedic beatitude has not been fulfilled: poetry is not the foundation of the scientific and technical development. Both stroll around freely in the world, without any other attachment, affiliation or result that a diffuse direct law of imbecilization between them and man.

*

Marinetti, your shining law of biomechanical assimilation has been fulfilled, but not your prediction of a breed of locomotive-men, of a race of blond bulls of mercury. The valleys of this world are packed with the same millions of imbeciles waiting for new prophets.

*

Benjamin, your prediction that the Left, and with it so many surrealists, sees in evil but a romantic device of disinfection was thoroughly fulfilled on March eleven two thousand and four. Your prediction turned into meat and scrap.

*

Lautréamont, you were just a moralist, and that is why your desires have not been fulfilled.

*

Jarry, hundreds of surrealists dotted around the world repeat your gestures every Sunday in comfortable exhibition rooms and cultural centers. They have become your acolytes. They have become your parody.

*

The physicist dismantles constellations (the word "constellation" remits to some gathering of meaning) in their constituent elements; the historian takes the account of the facts in the exploits; the engineer breaks down the mineralogical composition of the sword of an emperor; the most

problematic demolition, that of the individuality, the neuropsychiatrist carries out on demand. The debunking of the myths of this world is not a loss of lustre, a natural consequence of the penetration of science and technology into nature. The formal intention of the debunking is rising to the range of ethics the brute power contained in Labour.

*

Everything vulgar is explosive.

*

The rabid man full of Aurignacian rage craved by Futurism, owner and absolute master of a musculature as rigid and radiant with lyric tension as his grammar exists as an almost extinct species, if anything lightly revitalized by his solitary existence, making his house out of nothingness and making out of words a shield of iridium and wolfram, hoping maybe for a brother or a female that would visit his retreat into the forest. And in the end, death, under the weight of the most frightful silence.

Jose Antonio Martínez Climent
(Dr. D. Quatre Vingt Cocotiers)

In San Vicente del Raspeig
Alicante, Spain
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Notes.

*¹ La Serena. Rural region located in the West of Spain.

*² Atapuerca. Neanderthal settlement located in the North of Spain.

*³ Baron Manfred von Richthofen (1892-1918). He was best known as the Red Baron, the fabled German fighter pilot of the Imperial German Army Air Service (*Luftstreitkräfte*) during World War I.

*⁴ Batueca abuelizante: expression referring to the acquisition of the magic and artistic qualities of a rural granny from Las Batuecas, a mountain area of Spain formerly belonging to the darker deeper Spain.

*⁵ Toledo. Province of Spain that hosted the Spanish Inquisition's tribunal.

*⁶ Puerto Hurraco: little village in the region of Extremadura, South of Spain, well known because in August, 26, 1990, nine people were murdered and twelve more injured by the Izquierdo brothers, firmly persuaded that the Cabanillas family were responsible for the death of their mother as well as for their family's disgrace.

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NIHIL OBSTAT IMPRIMATUR