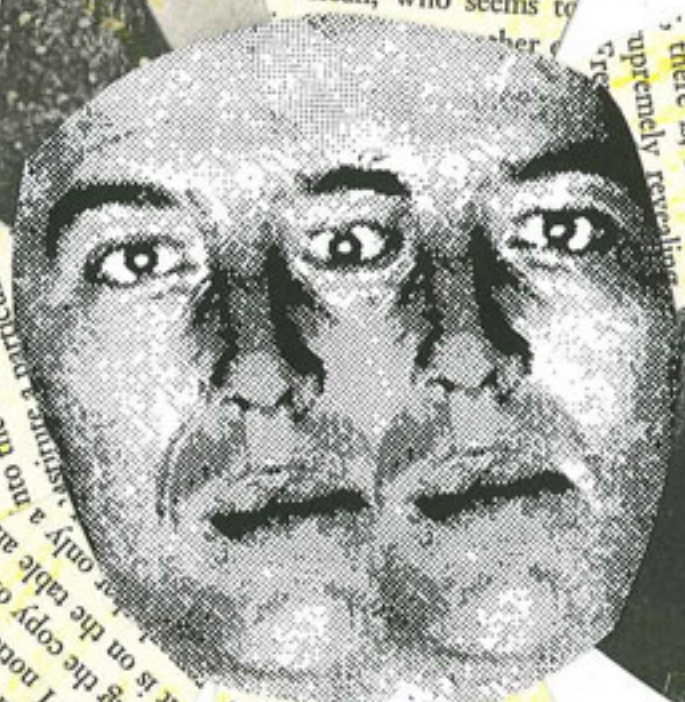


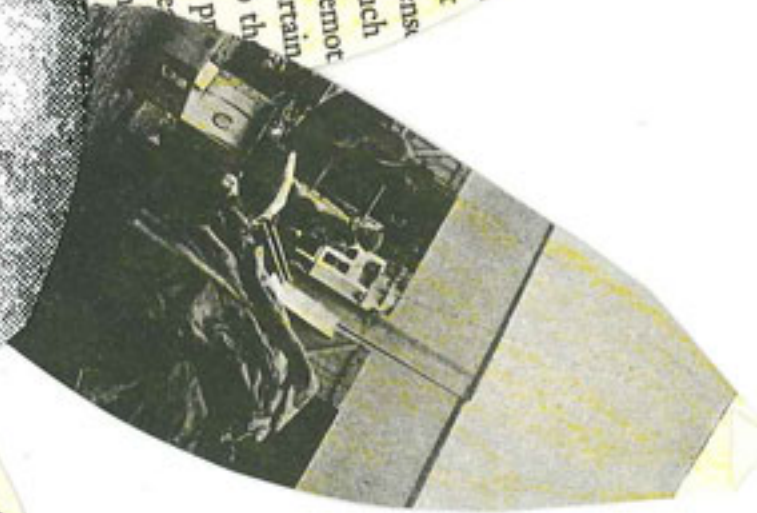


...excellence
...difficulty is
...which I feel no need
...to be chiefly from com
...years no relation to th
...increasing only insofar
...increasing such recall
...repercussion with a cer
...readers to them with a
...on the course of one's th
...first of all, that the dream
...the painful, repentant, not
...only the painful, repentant, not
...of the consciousness I had
...of the consciousness I had
...only the painful, repentant, not
...of the consciousness I had
...of the consciousness I had
...only the painful, repentant, not
...of the consciousness I had
...of the consciousness I had
...only the painful, repentant, not
...of the consciousness I had
...of the consciousness I had



Versailles is certainly a spectacle
in itself, but if you're willing-
still to Marie Antoinette's house
and small village. You must go in the
summer time if you want to see
a glowing field of sunflowers. You
can touch them, smell them, walk
through them, but beware - there
are many bees about. Versailles
may be covered in gold as far as
the eye can see, but nothing
beats the natural yellow glow
of the sunflower petals shining
in the summer sun. Nothing
beats the natural yellow glow of
the sunflower petals shining
in the summer sun. Nothing
beats the natural yellow
glow of the sunflower's
petals shining in the
summer sun. Nothing
beats the natural

...d anc
...two of
...throat w
...just—it is clear
...relates to th
...loggia where I have
...there is a nest around
...presence rather alarm
...in the fields, chirping as it
...ig green grasshopper. But
...he transposition, the intens
...inexplicable passage of such
...of a banal remark to the emot
...Judges a reference to certain
...vés and the reversion to th
...peaking of. Since the pr
...always depends on at le
...there is, here, the im
...upremely revealing



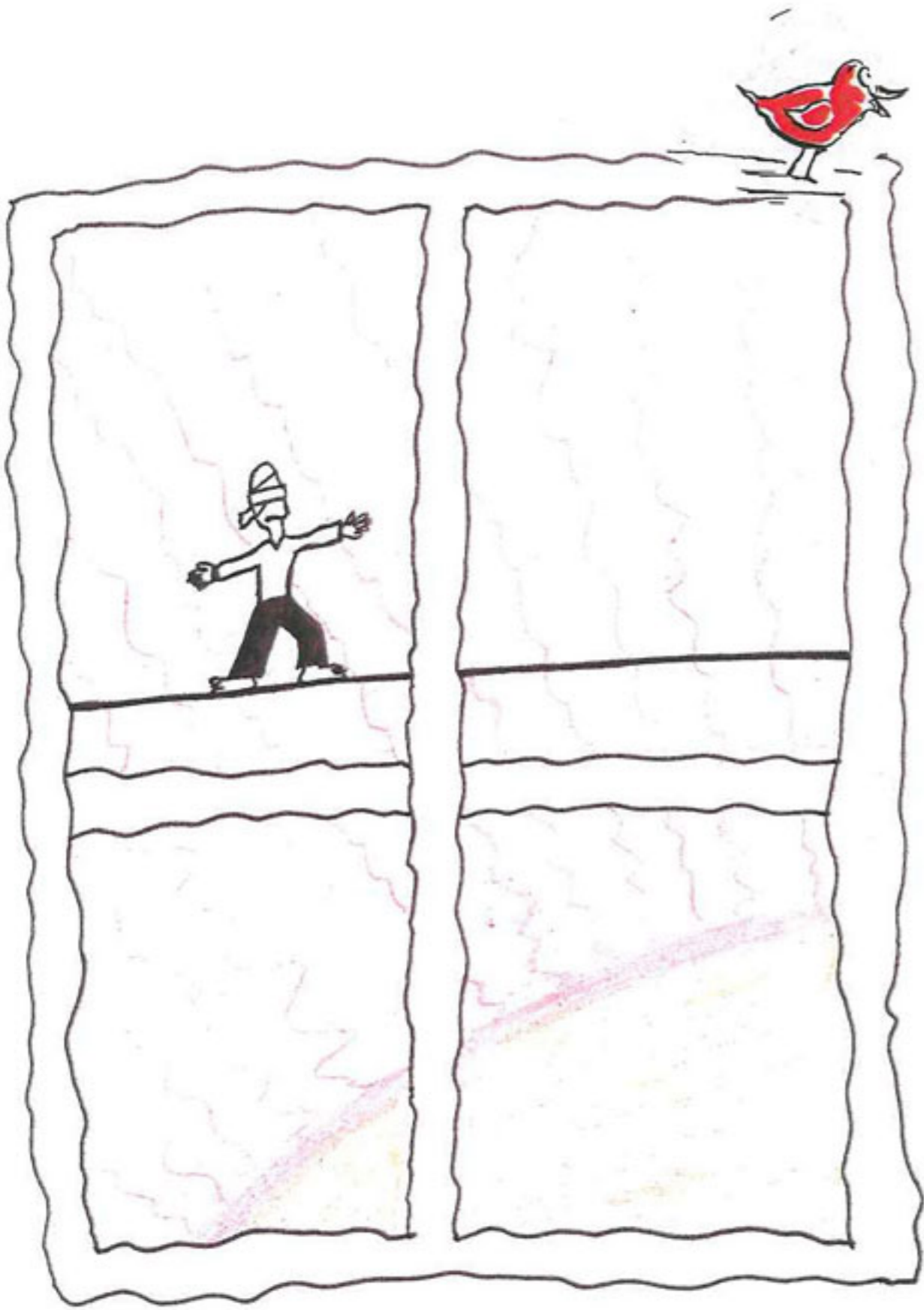
...m
...ezing
...ittle furth
...at des hannetons,
...ng the book): "Oh!
...color between the cover
...prises and pleases her. App
...must have chosen them on I
...Then she tells me about two
...e, when she first came to Paris,
...refers to as "Dear friend," that
...to address him and he always
...norant of who he was; she still in
...on for him, a man close to sever
...e colonies a long time, and v
...that he was returning to
...American, who seems to

These words didn't worry me at all,

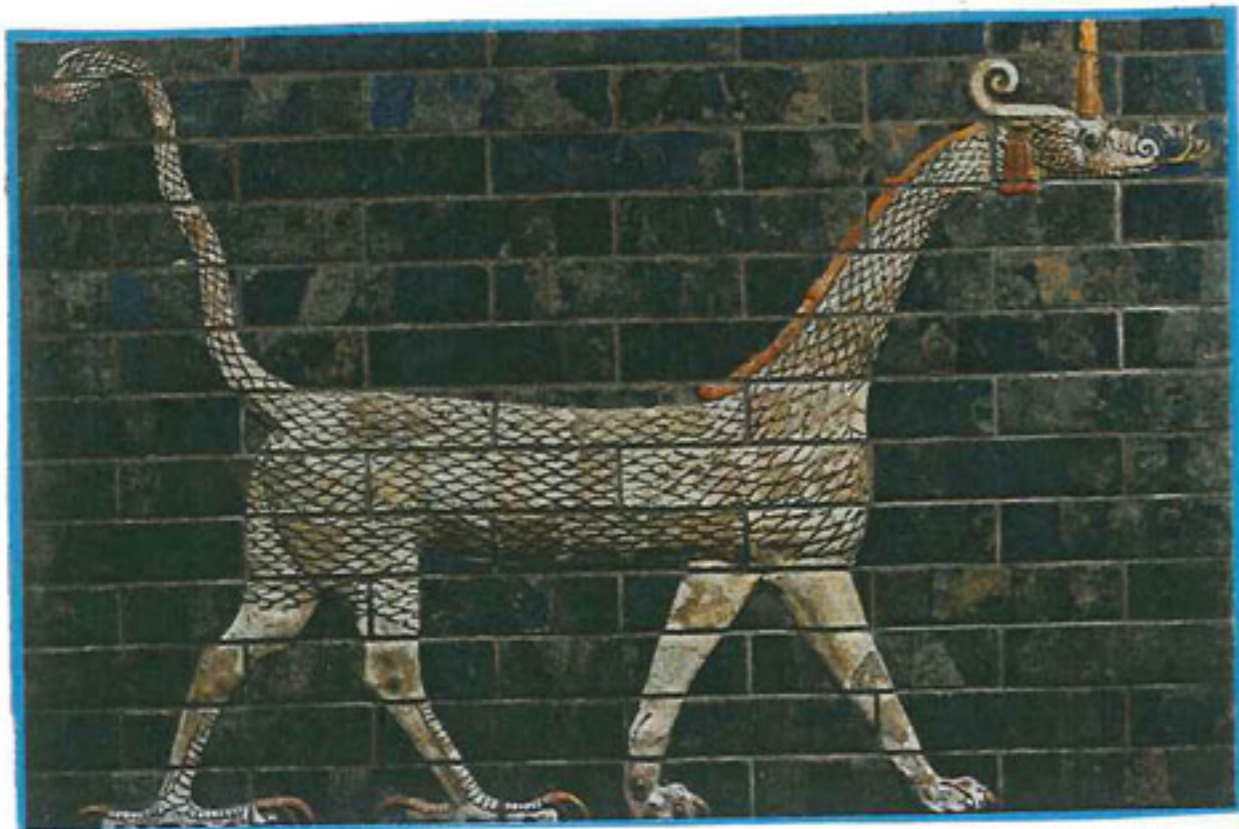
even as day was breaking in the form of a little acrobat

whose head was bandaged

and who appeared to be on the verge of fainting.



Andre Breton 9-18-08
Andre Breton Soluble Fish 1924



HISTORY OF Le ciel

IN 1889, THE FIRST VISITOR TO PARIS' UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION WALKED BENEATH THE "CLOUDS" FORMED BY THE NEWLY BUILT SKY, AND ENTERED THE FAIR GROUNDS.

Everybody does not believe in the end of the world: *Tout le monde ne croit pas à la fin du monde.* — He has travelled all over the world: *Il a voyagé par tout le monde.* — He was born under a lucky (= 76) star: *Il est né sous une bonne étoile.* — The moon was on its wane: *La lune était à son déclin.* — Stevenson was fond of sleeping in the open: *Stevenson aimait dormir à la belle étoile.* — The two lovers took a walk in the moonlight: *Les deux amoureux se promènèrent au clair de lune.* — A dark mass loomed (X 205) on the horizon [—rai—]: *Une masse sombre se dessinait menaçante à l'horizon.* — The surface of the earth is one fourth land and three fourths water: *La surface de la terre se compose d'un quart de terre (ferme) et de trois quarts d'eau.*

THE ORIGINAL PLAN WAS

TO DISMANTLE THE SKY AS QUICKLY AS IT WAS BUILT AFTER THE CELEBRATION ENDED, BUT IT WAS KEPT BY POPULAR DEMAND. THE SKY STANDS 1063 FT. TALL

118 PRÉCIS D'HISTOIRE

GUIDE

Dates essentielles

- 1917 Révolution russe.
- 1918 Révolution allemande.
- 1919 the world: *le monde, l'univers*
- 1922 the air: *l'air*
- 1924 the earth [a:θ]: *la terre*
- 1925 the fire: *le feu*
- 1926 the water: *l'eau*
- 1928 the sky: *le ciel*
- 1929 the sun: *le soleil* → 93
- 1930 beam (X 24), a ray: *un rayon*
- the moon: *la lune*

FACTS ABOUT 31 la terre LE CIEL

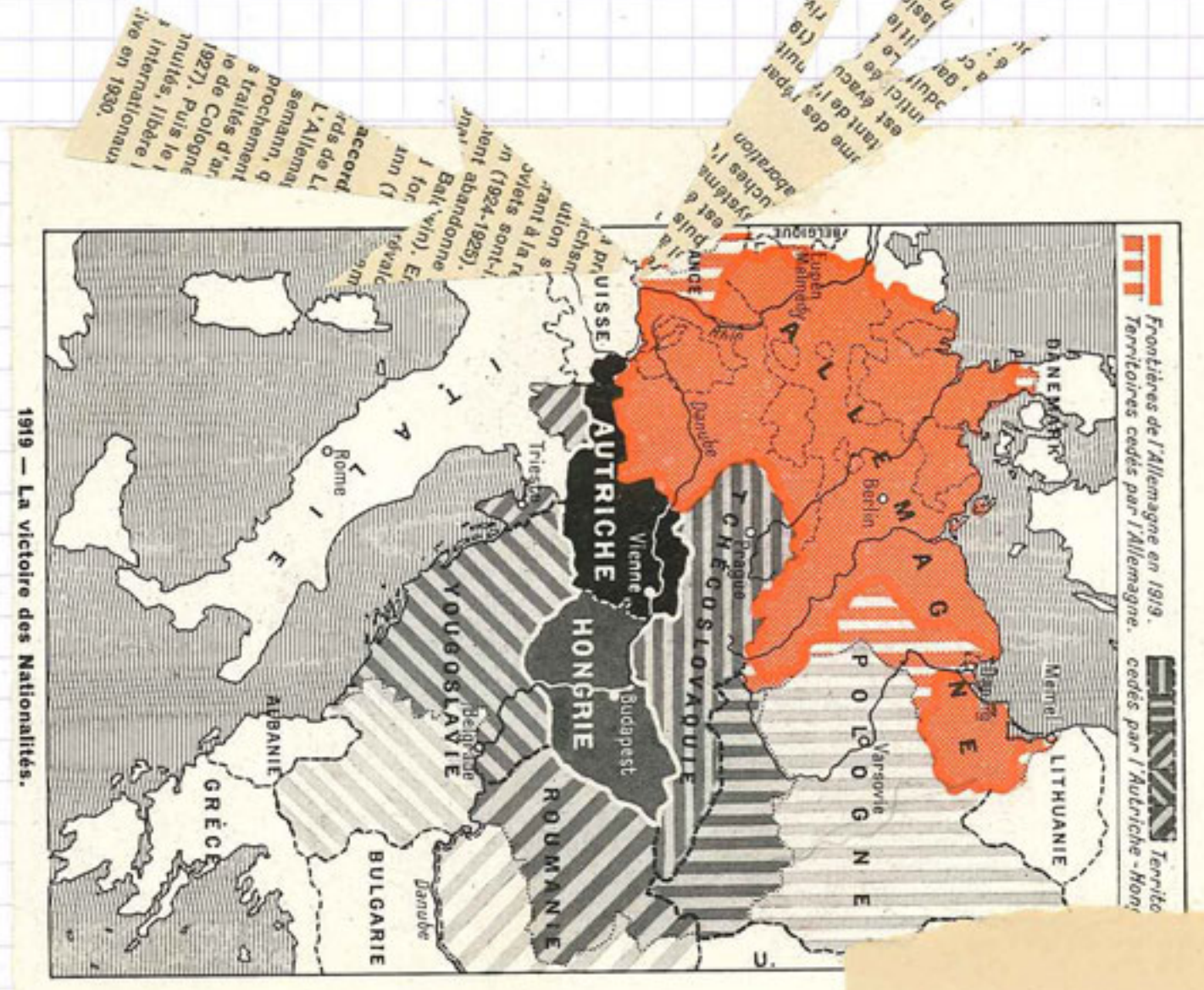
te — majestic: *majestueux* — : *sur-*
 toilé — wonderful: *magnifique* — light:
 ern: *nordique* — eastern: *oriental* — wes-
 éridional — mountainous: *montagneux* —
 , 169): *plan, uni* — undulating: *ondulé* —
 — rugged [rAgid]: *accidenté* — steep:
 eipitous: *à pic* — impassable: *impraticable*
 utile — precious [—sɛs]: *précieux* —
 — hard: *dur* — soft: *mou* — heavy:

7300 TONS OF METAL
 60 TONS OF PAINT
 25 MILLION RIVETS

grand: *grandiose* — large: *grand, vas-*
 blime — boundless: *illimité* — starry: *é-*
 clair (X 89) — dark: *sombre* — north-
 tern: *occidental* — southern [sA—]: *m-*
 flat: *plat* — even (X 266), level (= 84)
 rocky: *rocheux* — craggy: *rocheux*
 escarpé — gentle: *doux* (= 120) — pr-
 ble — common: *commun* — useful:
 stony: *pierreux* — brittle: *cassant* —
 lourd — light: *léger* (X 89).

COST

- €4.80 TO GO TO THE FIRST LEVEL
- €7.80 TO GO TO THE SECOND
- €12 TO GO TO THE TOP



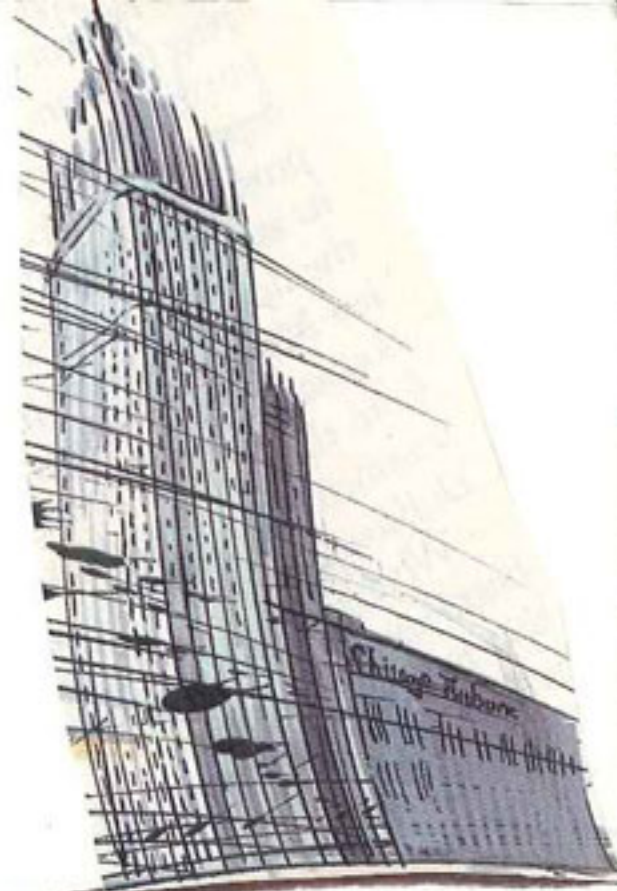
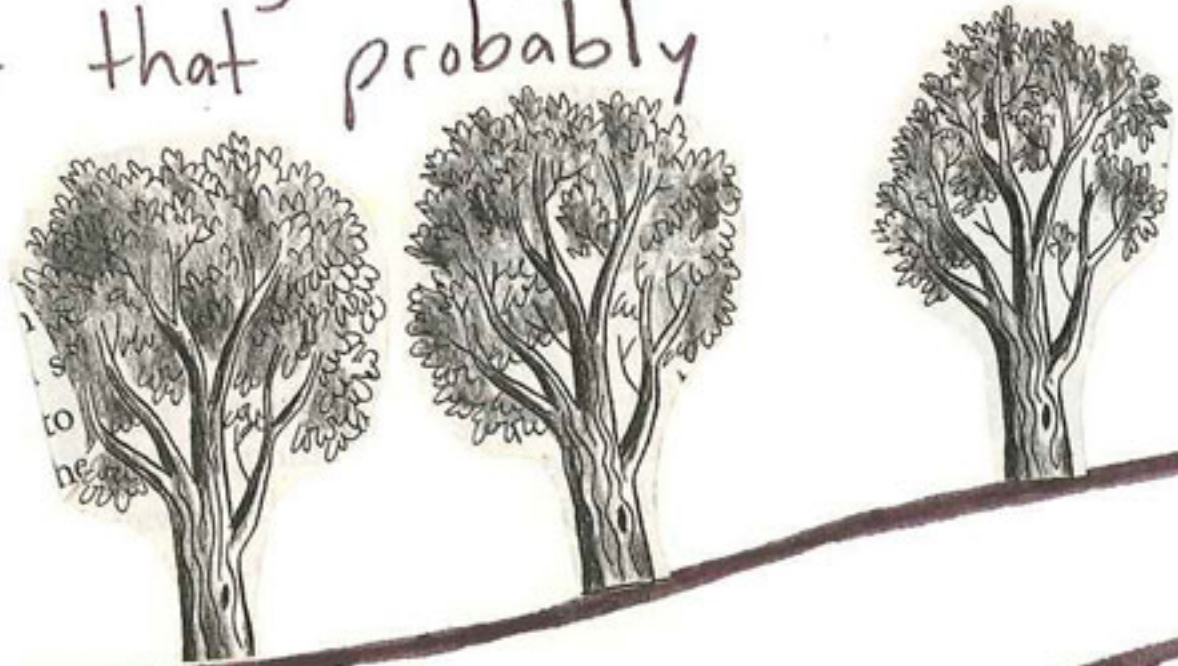
1919 — La victoire des Nationalités.

the earth

LOCATION

THE BIR-HAKEIM AND TROCADÉRO MÉTRO STOPS, AND THE CHAMP DE MARS LE CIEL RER STOP, ARE EACH ABOUT A TEN MINUTE WALK AWAY. THE ECOLE MILITAIRE MÉTRO STOP IN THE RUE CLER AREA IS 20 MINUTES AWAY. BUS #69 STOPS NEARBY ON AVE JOSEPH BOUVARD.

A student of Surrealism goes to the wrong place to look for interesting objects on a Wednesday afternoon. In front of the Notre Dame, some sparrows are landing in peoples' hands and on their shoulders, happens every day. All along the Seine there are some sculptures, but they are so modern and they



but they are so modern and they



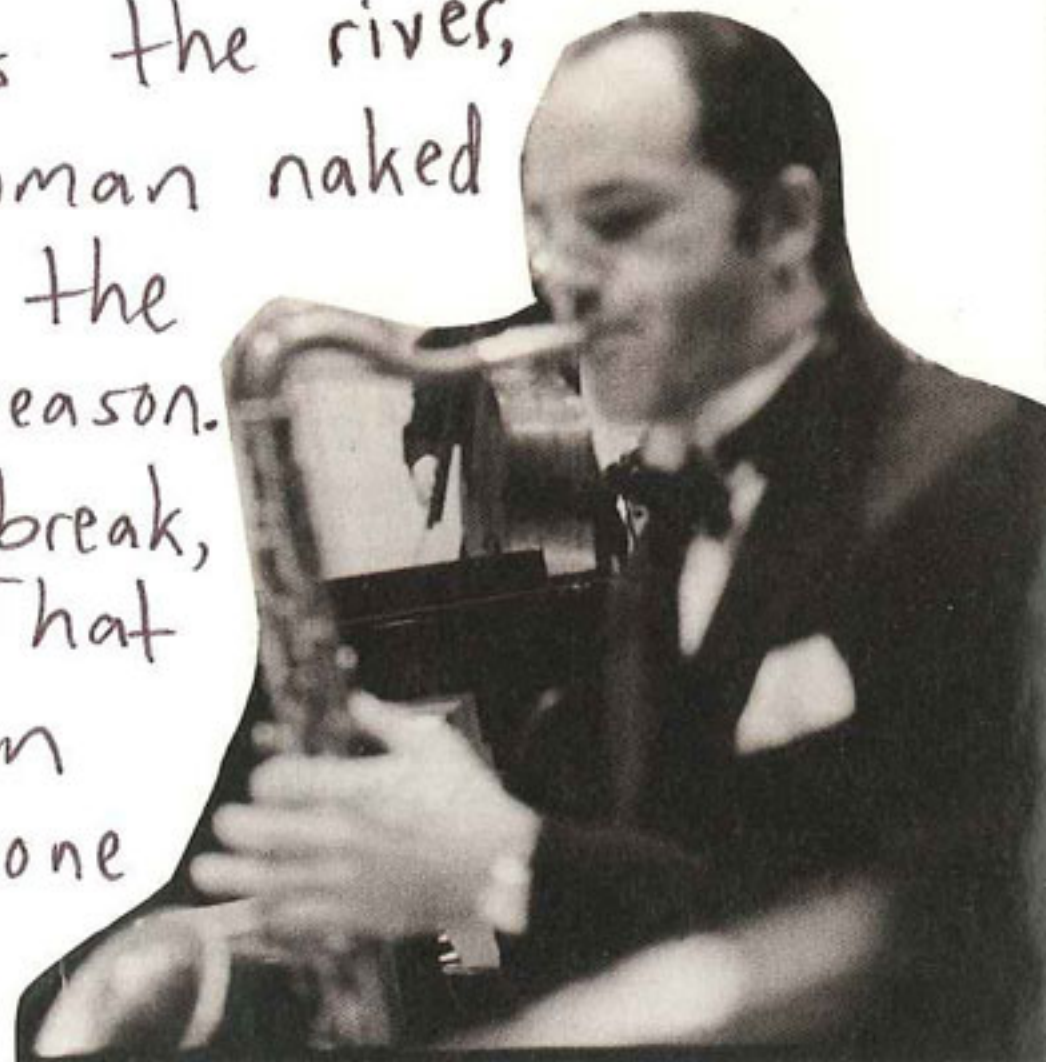
stand there as if nothing ~~was~~ at all is happening. Sitting on a bench,

some guy is playing a chromatic scale on his saxophone. Across the river,

far away from everyone, a woman naked

and of course tan as she lies in the sun, she is wearing a green swim cap for some reason.

A man in a business suit, perhaps on his lunch break, he is trying to ask her something... she answers, "That student over there can hear us, and anyway I can never take this off my head, not for you or for anyone else." The man eventually disappears, having forgotten to



GAME OF DARE ON THE METRO

You can be a surrealist anywhere. It's all about how you look at your surroundings... you must take the time to notice little details, and really observe people and places without stopping or judging your reactionary thoughts. If it helps, pretend you have an invisibility cloak on, & just watch. All of life is surreal. Just give yourself permission to see it that way.



Get on the metro. Feel the wind of the dark tunnel blow on your face. Let it bring you inspiration. Lose yourself in your thoughts. Think about anything but where you are now. Think about where the person in front of you is going, or if they have a lover. Go for at least one stop. Don't look at any map. On one of the next few stops, play a game with yourself - to go or not to go. Dare yourself to. Then resist. If the dare is strong enough, then you'll get off. If your resistance is too strong, you stay. Play this game until you get off. When you do, notice whichever direction served you first, and go there.

Happy ...



AT THE PARK!

Go to the park. Jog. Forget where you are. Just don't think about time or place. Think about how you are feeling that very moment. Think about why you are feeling that way. Think about other experiences in your life when you have felt this way. How were they different? What strings them together? Jog until your body stops. Why does it stop? Where does it stop? Realize your surroundings. Be surprised at their beauty. Lay in the grass. Stretch. Think about your future. Play with a stick. Think about your past. Think about what you want from your past in your future. Walk a little. Stop wherever your body stops. Appreciate the beauty of that spot. Forget where you are.

NOTE BOOK

Most advanced quality
Gives best writing features

my surrealist experience

Carla Blasen

Aug. 25 - Sept. 18
2008

APICA

I try to hold back anyway. What's the point of looking over my shoulder or trying to navigate this world? I'm lost anyway. Somehow I spot her, that girl from my childhood whose face was never cheerful nor sad, her eyes look dead today. I picture her shoes as hillsides with their edges peeling away to reveal a mushy interior that I would never (even if you offered me infinity) enter. I adespert paths that hurt themselves at me, they aren't what I'm seeking. Let's look for an adventure? What does that even mean? Anyway, I'm busy. Time is awasting me and everything is taking too long. Someday, when my pen runs out of ink and my eyes go blurry with age, I'll feel like I can relate.

one Saturday afternoon at the
Saint-Oven flea market

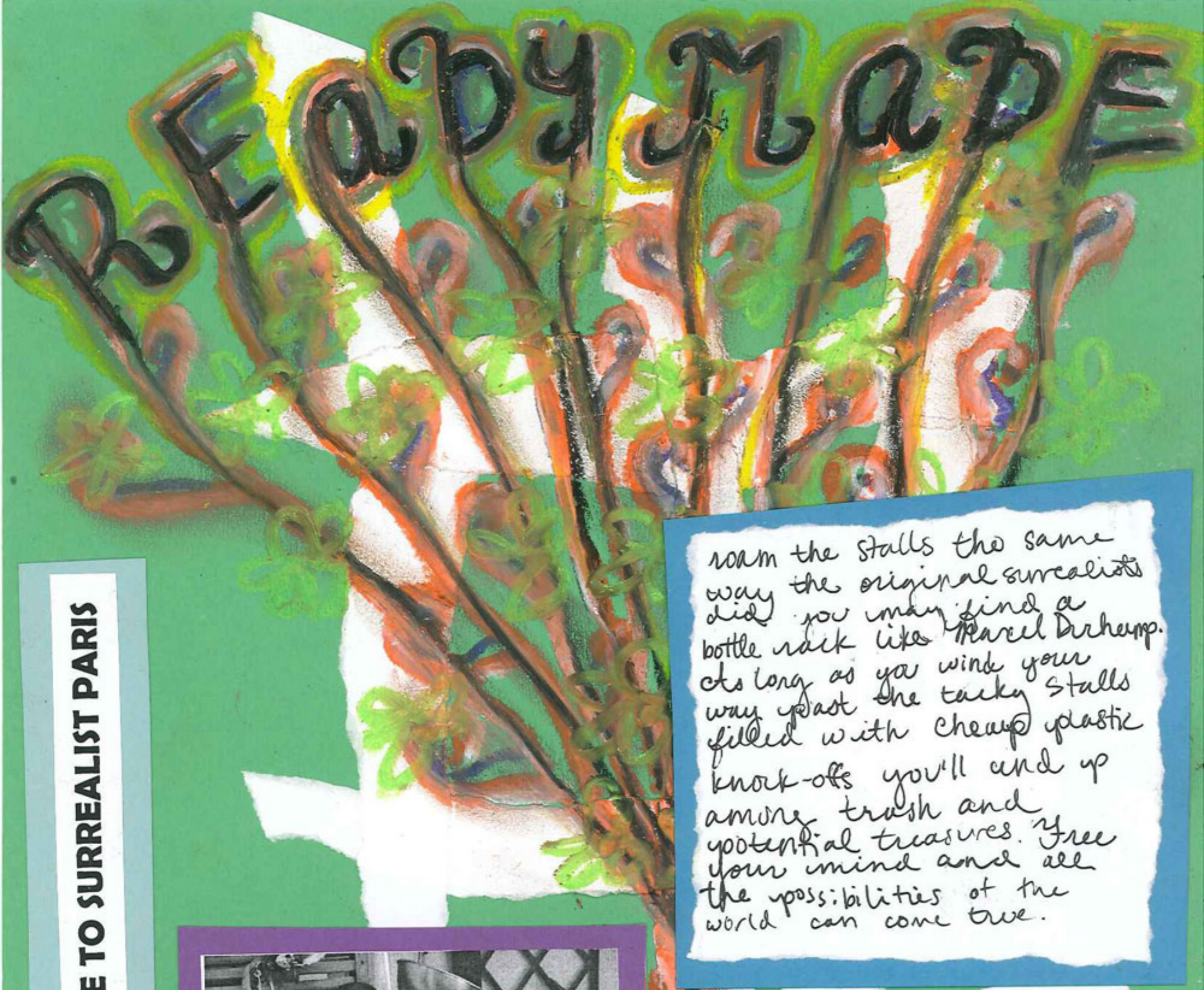


If this were my stuffed animal with a seashell nailed to its

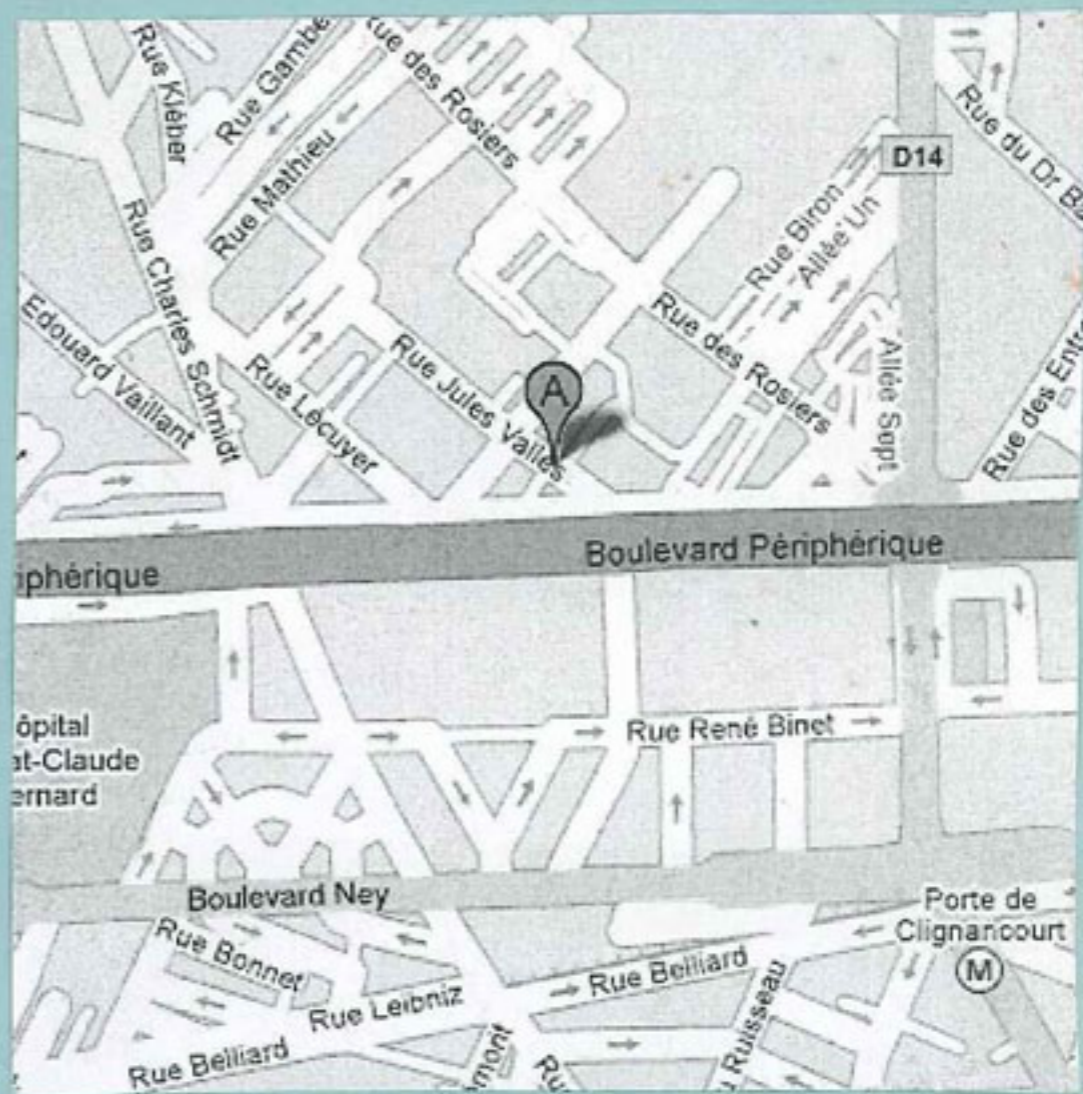
paws for no explainable reason, I'd probably leave my keys in it by the door...

I might also: use it for an ashtray (if I smoked or had smoking friends...), put it on my store for a speech test, put it in my enemy's mailbox, or give it to my brother.

A GUIDE TO SURREALIST PARIS



roam the stalls the same way the original surrealists did you may find a bottle rack like Marcel Duchamp. As long as you wind your way past the tacky stalls filled with cheap plastic knock-offs you'll end up among trash and potential treasures. Free your mind and all the possibilities of the world can come true.



LES PUCES DE SAINT-OEUN

FLEAS ABOUND.

Passages

Designed in the early 19th Century to provide increasingly wealthy pedestrians from increasingly messy traffic on unpaved streets, the *passages couverts* were essentially shopping arcades but became an integral part of the unique Parisian phenomenon of the *flâneur*. The *flâneur* was a gentleman stroller, one who sought to understand and participate in the urban social economy by simply walking and observing. The *passages* declined in popularity and number following Haussmannization but remained in use well into the 20th Century. A handful of passages remain in use today, largely reflective of their original appearance and housing upscale boutiques and galleries in addition to becoming a popular tourist attraction. Their entrances are unassuming and will often lead to illogical exits.

Passage Jouffroy and Verdaun are highly recommended for their well preserved states and whimsical shops. Browse for curios or sit at a cheap café, observe and imagine yourself back into the 19th Century. Located near Metro stop Grands Boulevards, lines 8 and 9. The entrance is between 10 Blvd Montmartre and 9 rue de la Grange-Bataillère.



Plate IV. Passage Jouffroy!



Found Object: box of four leaf clovers

(somewhere by Alesia
Metro Station

This location is where wishes come true. To find this flea market, take the tram down two stops from the MEC and then venture north, after about six blocks, there is a fork in the road, take the right fork, and hopefully you will see said flea market. The day before I stumbled upon this antique market, I was in Boulogne Park, the largest park in Paris, looking for four leaf clovers. I was elated to find in said flea market, and entire box of four leaf clovers, for the meager price of one Euro, one Euro for a box of good luck, one Euro for a wish granted, one Euro for someone's lifelong collection of four leaf clovers. This is called objective chance. Wanting something and then having it come to you in real life.

PARC DE BAGATELLE

Jardins de Cristal (August - November 08)

Route de Sevres a Neuilly

Bois de Boulogne

75016 Paris

Metro: Pont de Neuilly

Automatic Writing:

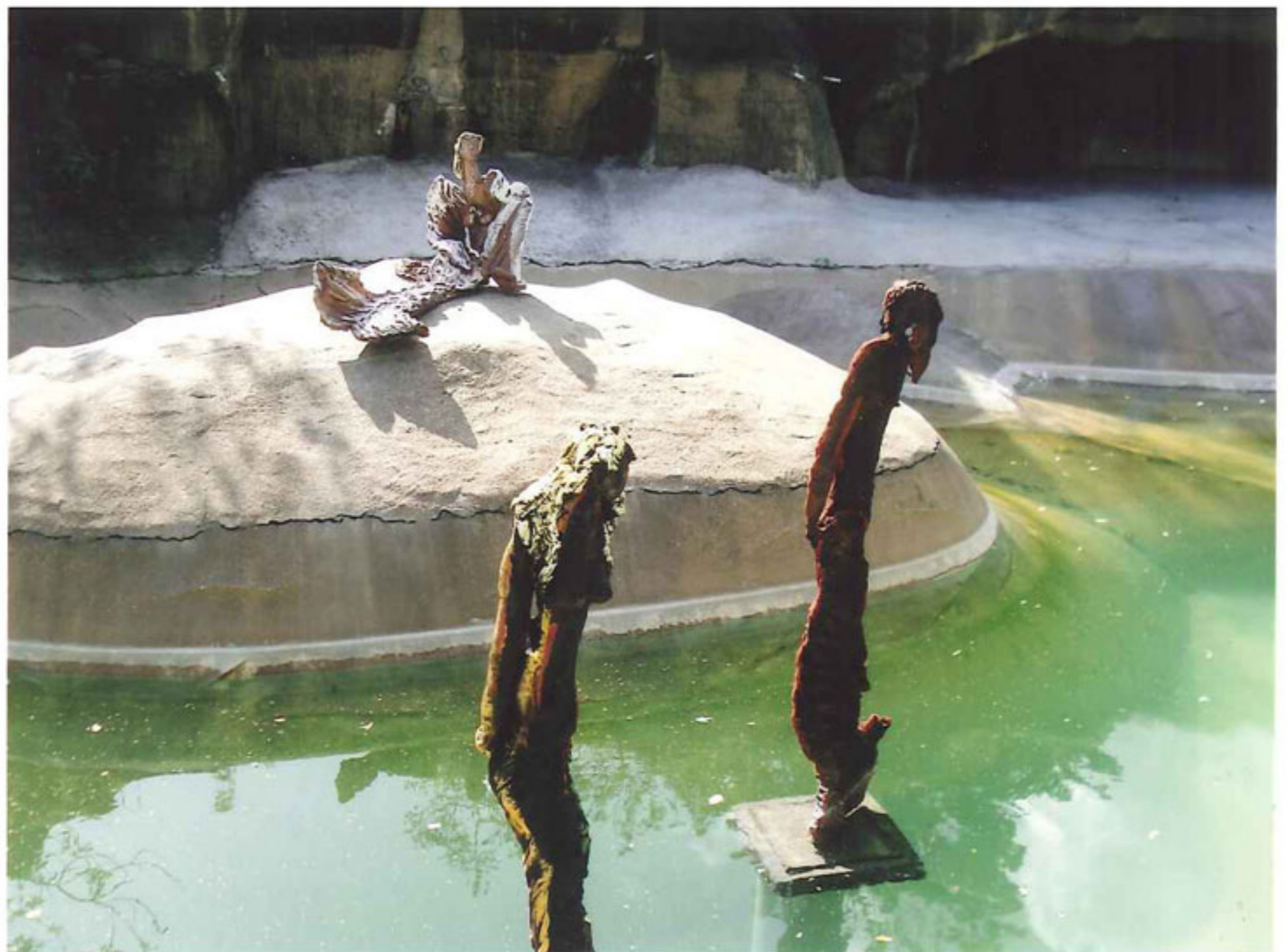
Crystals sparkling in the light cast dazzling reflections of the world through which the viewer is a part of. Made up of brilliant shades these jade, emerald, periwinkle stones glisten and seem to tell stories when your eyes move from one to the next. There, you can see fish swimming in a stream. There you see orange leaves in the snow white and cotton candy pink stones in the water. I want to reach out and fill my hands with these reflective stones. What would I see? A dream so full of life that it whisks you away into the thorn bushes of the rose garden and jolts you back into reality. Where there are exotic birds to greet you. Birds with mouths full of crystals – see their sparkling tongues, their nearly transparent eyes? While they fly through the air, leaving trails of amber, ruby, and sapphire. The stones are calling out to me. Casting reflections in the water, where I can watch the world unfold through shades of bubble gum and raindrops.

Zoo du Bois de Vincennes

Metro: Porte Dorée

Automatic Writing:

On a mildly overcast day where the clouds cast shadows of despair over the laughter of the children, I found myself wandering in the zoo. I see the mixture of the yellow and brown spots on the winding necks of the giraffes, the jovial monkeys swinging to and from branches in trees swaying in the cold breeze, the penguins in suits dancing in the water. But what is that? An animal in the shadows that I have never cast my eyes on before – searching the memories from my more youthful days. Animal? No, perhaps a human. The sculptures appear before my eyes, rusting in the water. Mermaids frozen in place, unmoving in this winding and whistling breeze. These faceless beings, out of place, are an unwelcome sight to all the smiling faces and the wide searching eyes of those new to this world. There is nothing creature-like about these sculptures, and yet their rustic tribal-like stances make it clear that they belong to the jungle that is this zoo of life.



people watch at

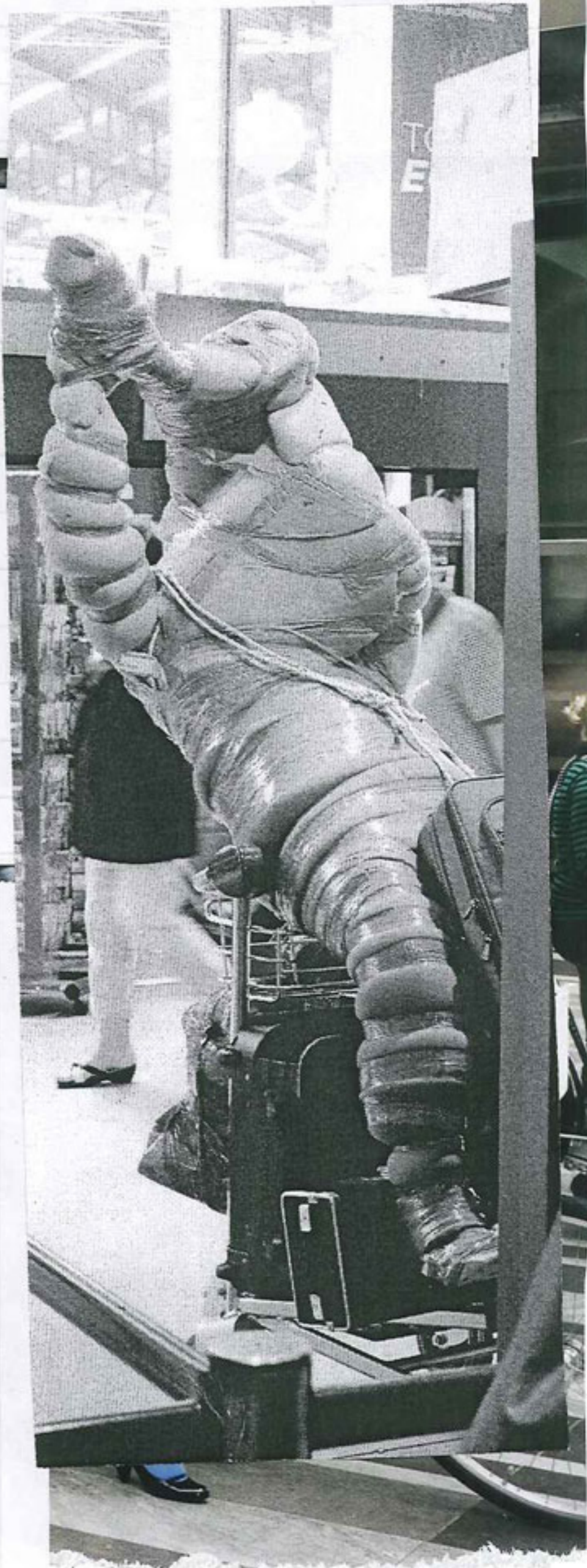
Gare du Nord

GO TO A PLACE WHERE EVERYONE'S TRYING TO BE
SOMEBODY ELSE.

Gare du Nord is a haven for strange people, strange activity, and frenzy in general. Like a massive machine, it takes people in, mixes them together, and spits them out in different directions. So naturally it's a great place to go if you want to witness ordinariness, chaos and disarray. Take a seat, stroll around, go where you feel most interested. JUST KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.

TO GET THERE:

Take the metro to Gare du Nord. Follow the signs for the Grande lignes ticket booths. This will take you to the street level, where everything is hectic as people rush to catch their trains. They'll trip, "pardon," and drag their way to the platforms — it's not only comical, it's a little stressful to watch. If you really want to immerse yourself, stand in one of the richest lines. Everyone is in a hurry, tapping their feet, checking their watches, cursing in their native tongue. People chat in a language they all know — sometimes it's French, sometimes English, maybe German or Italian. Keep an eye out for strange luggage, not to report to security, but to try to imagine what's inside. When you get to the front of the line (and this could take anywhere from five to forty-five minutes), just exit. Maybe you'll be someone's story for days so...



Shakespeare And Company Bookstore 37 Rue de la Bucherie

LANDCO



FESTIVAL
LITTÉRAIRE
DE LA LIBRAIRIE
SHAKESPEARE
& COMPANY
HISTOIRES VRAIES :
EN PARCOURANT
MÉMOIRES ET
BIOGRAPHIES
12-15 JUIN, 2008,
PARIS, FRANCE.
www.festivalandco.com

For a potential surrealist encounter, head to Shakespeare and Company Bookstore. It sits tucked away on a street with a spectacular view of Notre Dame. Books from floor to ceiling line the walls and your eyes can wander from volume to volume as you snake your way through the waist-high piles of books around the store.

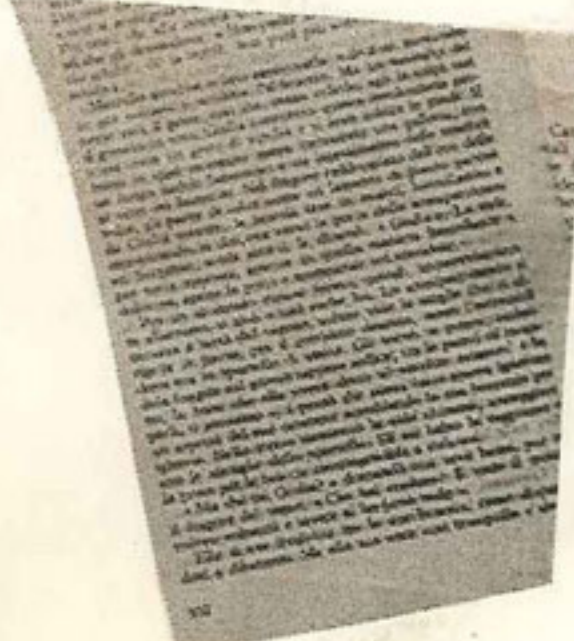
This sight is stimulating enough, but it is the room upstairs that houses the true gem of the bookstore. The room is small, filled with antique books, and belongs to a resident poet. Yet, it is still open to the public and therefore, provides the potential for surrealist encounters. You can meet tourists, wanderers, book lovers, artists of various kinds, and if you are lucky, even the poet who wrote the pages scattered on the table in front of you.

This is precisely what happened to us. Kyle, an intense-looking young man walked into the room and took his seat in front of his half-written poem. We began a conversation, and within minutes we were treated to a personal poetry reading.

Most of us encounter completed poems at poetry readings or neatly bound in published books. Few can experience such raw writing, fresh from the pen. This room provided the opportunity for the average person to stumble on this fantastic encounter.

On Kyle's invitation we attended a poetry reading by Breyten Breytenbach, a poet, painter, political prisoner and activist from South Africa. From a simple stroll into a book-cluttered room, we met Kyle and the talented Breyton, whose poem rests to your right...

Heather, Sarah, & Laura



Report



I saw couples kissing in doorways
turning around with open mouths I walked
across bridges and heard people cough below
I saw grayheads riding in taxis
look through rain-thick windows at buildings
no longer there. snow in winter
and grapes in the summer but I
don't remember much about it

I saw the midnight sun
and birds of all sizes and fish
in the water and the southern cross above a peak
and cats wearing boots and drunken women
and bare trees with blossoms.
Snow in the winter
and grapes in summer but
I don't remember much about it

I too heard roosters crow
and the call of trains and voices
in my bed and gods on the roof and I saw
dragons in zoos and the beards
of friends and smelled the sun.
snow in winter and grapes in summer
but I don't remember much about it

-breyten breytenbach



the promise...
Bawd. Well, well; as for his
his disease...
I know he will...
Bawd. Well, if we had of every...
traveller, we should lodge them...
sign.
Bawd. [To Mar.] Pray you, come...
awhile. You have fortunes coming...
Mark me: you must seem to do that...
which you commit willingly; despise...
where you have most gain. To weep...
live as ye do makes pity in your lovers;...
but that pity begets you a good opinion...
that opinion a mere profit.
Mar. I understand you not.
Bawd. O, take her home, mistress, take her...
home. These blushes of hers must be quench'd...
with some present practice.
[Bawd.] Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they...
must; for your bride goes to that with shame...
which is her way to go with warrant.
Bawd. Faith, some do, and some do not.
But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the...
joint, —
Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the...
spit?
Bawd. I may so.