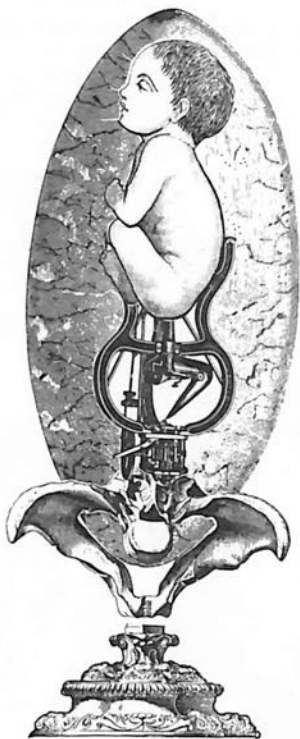


el Huevo Filosófico

l'œuf philosophique

L'UOVO FILOSOFICO



O Ovo Filosófico

das philosophische Ei

The Philosophical Egg

Aldo Pellegrini

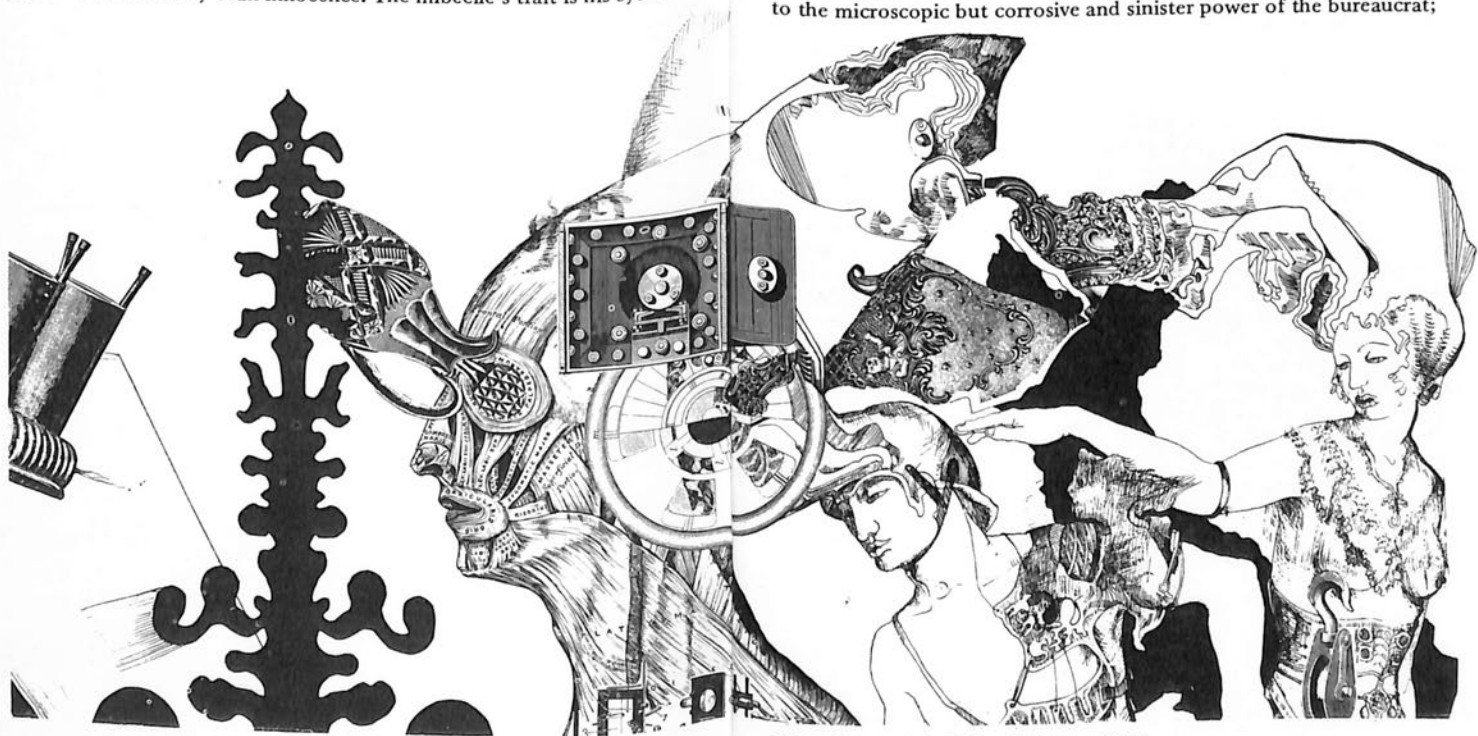
POETRY IS ALL THAT CLOSES THE DOOR TO IMBECILES

Poetry's door is hermetically closed to imbeciles, wide open to the innocent. The door is not locked or bolted, yet its structure is such that no matter what efforts imbeciles make, they cannot open it, while it will yield to the mere presence of the innocent. There is nothing more opposed to imbecility than innocence. The imbecile's trait is his syste-

matic aspiration to some established order. The innocent person, on the other hand, refuses to exercise power because he possesses all powers.

Of course, the people is the potential possessor of that supreme poetic aptitude: innocence; and within the people, especially those who feel the coercion of power to be an agony. The innocent person, whether conciously or not, moves in a world ruled by values (love, first and foremost), the imbecile person moves in a world where the sole value comes from the exercise of power.

Imbeciles look for power in any form of authority: money first and foremost, and the whole structure of the state, from the power of rulers to the microscopic but corrosive and sinister power of the bureaucrat;



Mirage by Ludwig Zeller & Susana Wald

from the power of the church to journalism's power, from the power of bankers to the power that laws provide. This great sum of powers is organized against poetry.

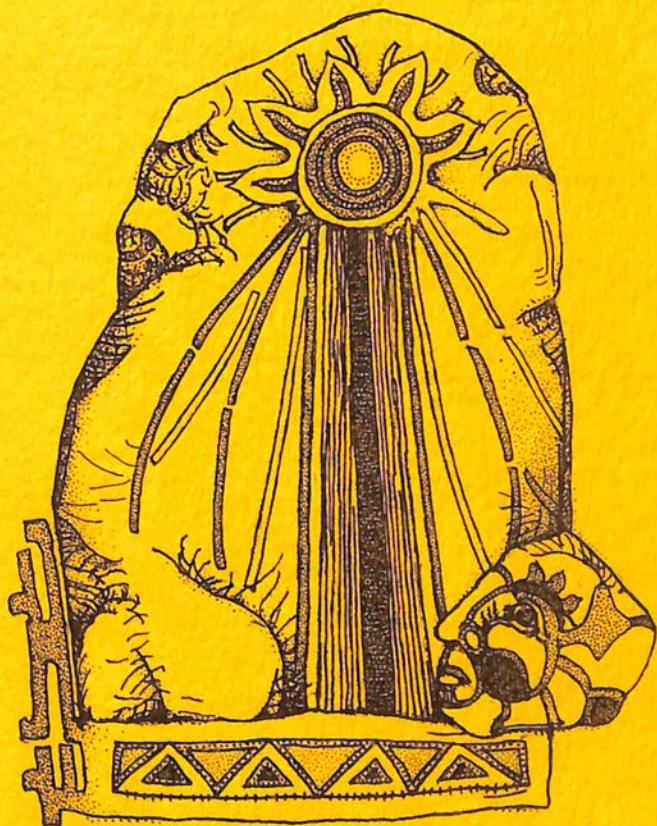
Because poetry means freedom, because it means the affirmation of the authentic man, the man who tries to realize himself, it undoubtedly has a certain prestige in the eyes of imbeciles. In the false and artificial world they construct, imbeciles need luxury goods: drapery, trifles, jewels, and something such as poetry. In the poetry they use, words and images become decorative elements, and thus their incandescent power is destroyed. "Official poetry", a poetry of sequins, a hollow-sounding poetry, is thus created.

Poetry is no less than the violent need that drives man to assert himself. It opposes the will to non-being that guides the domesticated masses, and it opposes the will to being that manifests itself in those who exercise power.

Imbeciles live in a false and artificial world: basing themselves on the power that can be exerted over others, they deny the forthright reality of all that is human. They replace this reality with hollow schemes. The world of power is a world devoid of meaning, outside of reality. Poetry is the mysticism of reality. What the poet looks for in words is not a way of expressing himself, but a way of participating in reality itself. He turns to words, but he searches for their original value, that magic experienced at the very moment of the word's creation, the moment when it was not a sign but a part of reality itself. Through the word the poet does not express reality but participates in it.

Poetry's door has neither keys nor bolts: it defends itself through its incandescent quality. Only the innocent, whose fingers glow, who are used to the purifying fire, can open that door and through it penetrate into reality.

Poetry seeks to bring it about that this world should not be inhabitable only to imbeciles.



A. F. Moritz

GOING TO MEET MOSES

We are on a train marooned in the central desert.
Ages ago the track oxidized and blew away.
There is no path at all now through the blue sand
and no animal has passed, no weed has nodded here
since 3 a.m., when the last moisture
was sucked toward the moon.

We are heir to a billion years of dessication,
an atmosphere of fire such as men longed for
but did not love when it arrived.
We weep and our tears hiss and vanish
and in a half-demolished house whose shattered walls
reveal shameful boards and wallpapers stained with wine,
a storm of sleet is raging.
The astronomer erases his numbers again.

Here in this train the bar car is exhausted
and we play pharaoh as the dunes creep up the windows.
The waves of earth are closing over our heads.
We are descending to the depth of an undug well
and some day a man with a rod will signal
from above us, tapping too desperately on the rock.



Drawing by Eugenio F. Granell

Edouard Jaguer

HELECHOS ARBORESCENTES

al fondo de los ojos azules pasa el lebril del azar
al fondo de los ojos negros pasa el tigre del hastío
al fondo de los ojos blancos reptan el pinzón de la angustia
el lebril del azar habita en el heno fresco
el tigre del hastío en el trigo tierno
el pinzón de la angustia en las constelaciones del yeso
el heno fresco chirría en invierno
el trigo tierno se separa en otoño
las constelaciones del yeso desaparecen en verano
un invierno para matar a los niños
un otoño para liquidar los padres
un verano para matar los sobrevivientes.

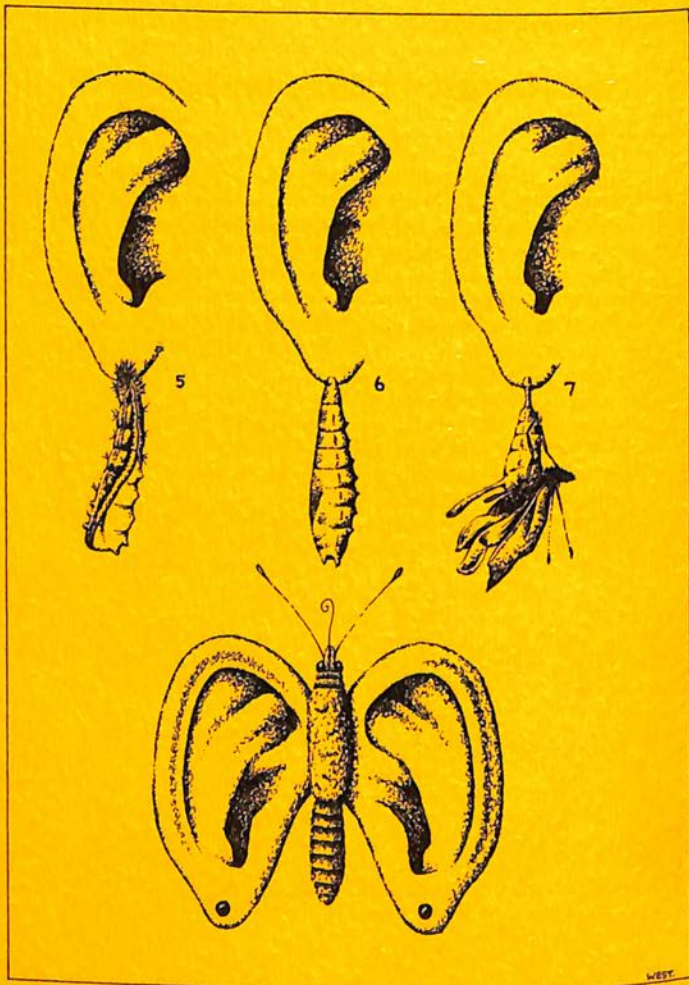
Spanish version by Ludwig Zeller & Susana Wald

Benjamin Peret

TWO WORDS

When it falls that night of stones that have burnt too much
too heatedly
like a head of too abundant hair
a voice lighter than the last snowflake
which lays itself bare as it dissolves
like a timid little girl
beneath the unwavering stare of the last circumflex accent
which maddened
bounds like a tiger pursued
from the green to the white
a voice so feeble you could call it a wingless fly
will murmur second by second
the shriek of a top that can never quite be closed
and echoes in the bed of its ear
like the explosion of a frozen rock
Grotto of brimstone I love you

English version by A.F. Moritz



Philip West

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DESIRE

(Excerpts)

- 5 A frivolous species which sometimes occurs in swarms, to the annoyance of holidaymakers, and even invades buildings abutting on the shore. The toes are considered a delicacy by the locals, who serve them with the toenails painted in varying shades of red to improve their appearance on the plate. From some seaside resorts they are sent by special fast trains to the capital where they appear on the menu of the best hotels at grossly inflated prices. In the early months of spring the feet are only rarely uncovered by the tide, which gives them a decidedly salty flavour much prized by gourmets.
- 6 Another coastal species though slightly more adventurous, tending to wander long distances outside the breeding season. Perhaps because of this their bodies are often washed ashore after a storm, and such specimens should be preserved. Specimens may be pickled in 10 percent formalin solution, alcohol, strong vinegar, or saturated brine in a large covered barrel or vat. In vinegar or brine hair colour may change but this is relatively unimportant, although all clothing must be removed before pickling. The outer garments can be discarded. Underclothes should be placed in a sealed plastic bag with a little liquid preservative, or placed in a polyethylene bag tied shut with string or sealed by heat. They should be deep frozen, not just refrigerated, as quickly as possible.
- 7 A blonde, long-legged species, characterized by bearing their reproductive parts in flowers.

The heavily made-up face and large breasts make this widespread and common species readily identifiable to even the most casual observer. Although edible, the flesh is coarse and tough and should be boiled for between two or three hours before eating. The taste can be improved by the addition of a liberal amount of chilli peppers and an onion stuck with 3 or 4 cloves.

John Robert Colombo

FROZEN WORDS

It is so frigid cold in some parts of this country in winter that words spoken out of doors freeze in mid air as they leave their speaker's lips. With the coming of spring they thaw, and the syllables sound out for the first time.

We are indebted for this imaginative conceit to none other than François Rabelais who, in the Fourth Book of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (1552), describes Gargantua's voyage up a river (not unlike the St. Lawrence) to a spot where the words are beginning to melt in the air, Gargantua philosophizes about the phenomenon:

Antiphanes said, that Plato's Philosophy was like Words which being spoken in some Country during a hard Winter, are immediately congeal'd, frozen up, and not heard; for what Plato taught young Lads, could hardly be understood by them when they were grown old: Now, continu'd he, we should Philosophise and Search whether this be not the Place where those Words are thaw'd.

What did they hear?

When they had been all melted together, we heard a strange Noise, Hin, hin, hin, hin, his, tick, tock, taack, brededin, brededack, frr, frr, frr, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, track, track, trr, trr, trr, trrrrr, on, on, on, on, on, ououououou, gog, magog, and I do not know what other barbarous Words, which the Pilot said, were the Noise made by the Charging Squadrons, the Shock and the Neighing of Horses.

Marius Barbeau maintained that Rabelais based the Third and Fourth Books of *Gargantua's* travels on Jacques Cartier's *Voyages*.

Ricardo Sternberg

ABSENCES

From within this ragged circle,
to the three corners of the universe:
letter by letter I spell her name,
breath by breath give it to the wind.
Still, her reticence keeps her absent:

the night is empty, the page, blank.

What I recall of her visit is this:
her head next to mine on the pillow,
she singing me asleep. Once I slept,
she wove me a mask out of shadow and hair.
I awoke, this stranger to myself:

I am the taciturn, the meek, the frightened.
King of rain, I am the gnome-monarch
abdicating to despair beneath a dark umbrella.

This is fact:

her carnival hands could row a man to hell,
her calliope heart take him there singing.

EL HUEVO FILOSOFICO

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