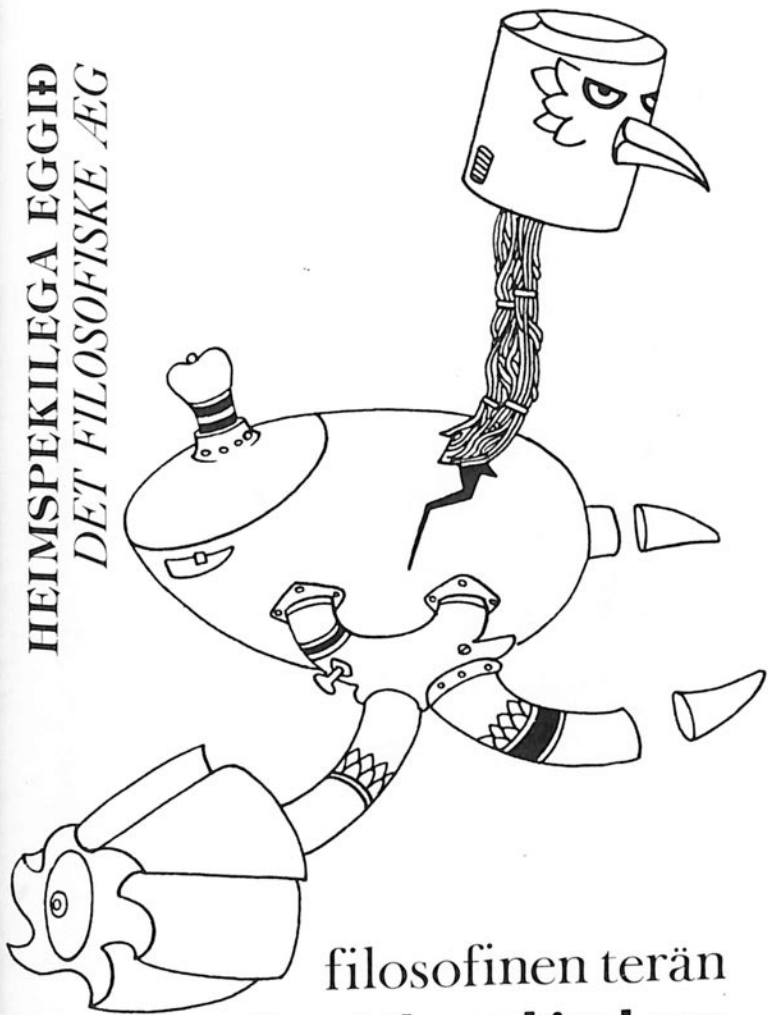


HEIMSPIKILEGA EGGIÐ  
DET FILOSOFISKE AEG



filosofinen terän  
**the philosophical egg**

## SURREALISTER I NORDEN

### a key to the door

Organised Surrealist activity in Scandinavia has, during recent years, largely been confined to the annual exhibitions of the group "Surrealisterne" founded in 1966 by George Broe, Thomas Arnel, Carsten Svensson and others. Carsten Svensson, dissatisfied with the group's direction left in 1970. In 1977 he was followed by George Broe and it was soon after Broe's departure that those remaining changed their name to "Cirrus", considering that "Surrealisterne" no longer corresponded to their intentions.

Broe began searching for new comrades with whom to reform "Surrealisterne". He found Súsanne Mainsoe Madsen and Ulla Brunfelter. More recently he re-established contact with Thomas Arnel and Carsten Svensson as well as the Danish poet Ulf Gudmundsen who had long ago collaborated with the old group; it was he who ensured their participation at the 1976 World Surrealist Exhibition in Chicago. Among many other projects, Ulf Gudmundsen collaborated with the Icelandic artist Alfred Flóki on his book "Fuglemandens Gora". Flóki had for nearly 25 years ensured a surrealist presence in Iceland, alone except for the poet Jóhann Hjálmarsson.

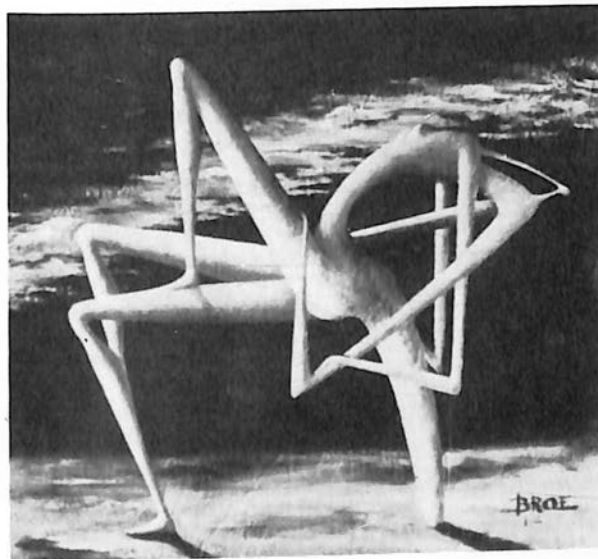
In 1979 several young Icelandic poets formed the group "Medúsa" with Flóki's encouragement. Sjón, Matthías S. Magnússon, Thor Eldon, Ólafur Eingilbertsson, Birgitta and later Jóhamar and also Einar Melax embarked on the surrealist adventure publishing books of poetry and images and engaging in collective activity.

Meanwhile other Scandinavians including Juhani Linnovaara in Finland, Hans Meyer Peterssen in Denmark and Uno Svensson in Sweden have participated in the activities of the International Movement "Phases".

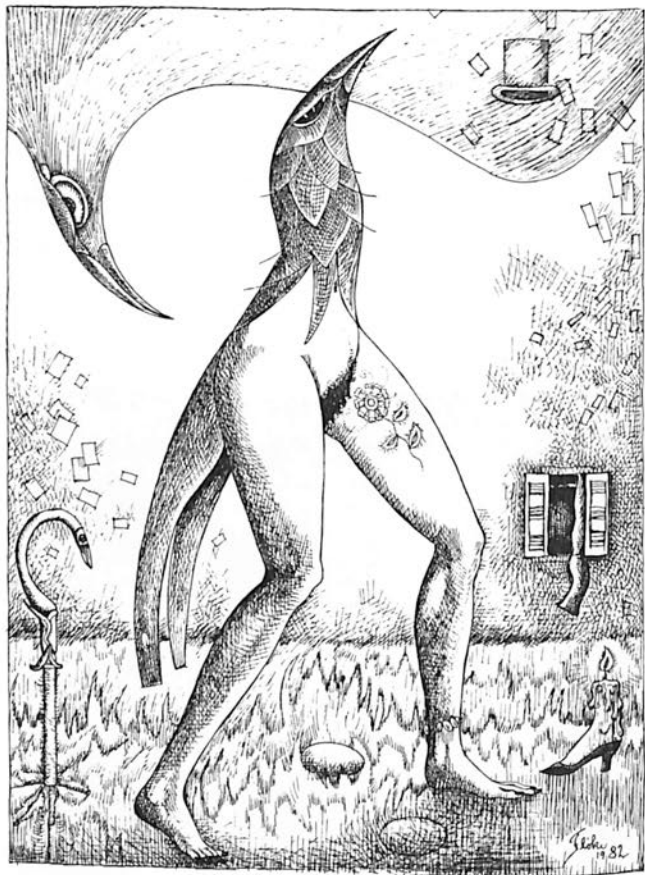
In December 1981, Broe, Sjón, Matthías Magnússon and Tony Pusey, previously a member of the London group "Melmoth" who had recently moved to Sweden, met and decided to attempt to consolidate the scattered forces of Scandinavian Surrealism under the general name "Surrealister i Norden". All those named in this letter have agreed to participate in its activities.

Geographical considerations prevent "Surrealister i Norden" from being more than a network of comrades, although some of us intend to express ourselves as a group. Our activities will appear under the signs Medúsa, Dunganon, Skruggubúð and perhaps others. A surrealist gallery, Skruggubúð is now open in Reykjavík and a review, "HSU" has been published in Icelandic; several new publications are nearing completion including an anthology of the work of all those named in this text: "Dunganon's Return" which will be published in English.

Tony Pusey



George Broe, painting.



Alfred Flóki, "The bird hotel", drawing, 1982

Sjón

## THE BIRD HOTEL

If it didn't happen at the Bird Hotel, then where did it? I was in the room of the youngest maiden. She removed her elbowlength gloves. The furniture was scattered all over the corridor. No one dared to heal their wounds. "Don't take off your boots" I asked, "keep them on until everything is over and everyone has had enough". The clock struck three. We did it four times. We did it four times. Neither of us screamed. The people in the suite, hand in hand, stroked one another.

The Bird Hotel is in a very exposed position. You should visit it. It stands between the antiquarian bookshop and the Butchers, so it's convenient for everything. The glass in the window is green. You can't miss it. The friends of the staff sit in the lobby and will offer to tattoo your thigh. Don't talk to them and don't talk to them! You will only become unpopular. It's true, I've been there.

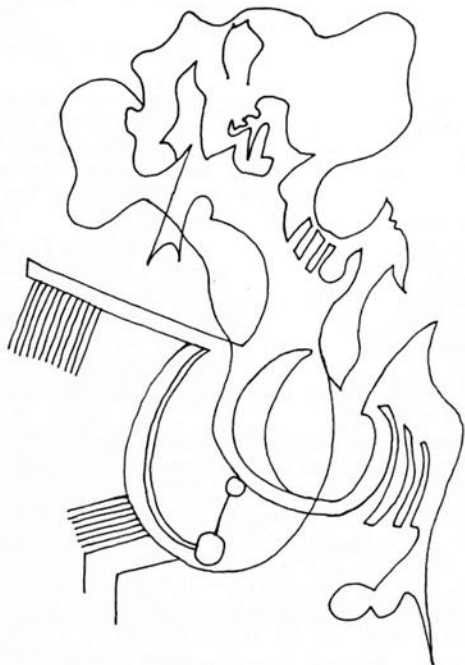
She took off her hat and put it on me. The day after I smelt of her perfume no matter how hard I scrubbed. I saw her from above as if I stood above her on a staircase. She said "One can do it this way and that and that way." Around four o'clock we had done it. No sound came from my sister's room. I often went to her there. Then she soothed my forehead with an open melon and she showed me how clear was the water in the bowl. In this way she showed me that she wanted to love me.

The Butcher is one of those men who wears that "nice" smile. He is liked by everyone. Everybody tries to forget what he did the night before. The antiquarian bookseller is tall with a witty profile. We know that he was a man of great power during the time of Julius Ceasar. He owns a bag that no one is allowed to look into—but it is probably empty. You should drop in and see what books he has in stock. The hotel frontage is pale blue and the windowframes are black. If the hotel proprietress is bad tempered then walk towards her making the shape of a bat with your hands.

In one corner of the room there was a small table. On it I hung my clothes and set my shoes. She handed me a nightshirt. "You must put this on" she whispered, "there are 197 reasons . . ." That night I

was able to prove the truth of her words. The next night I left the Bird Hotel for the last time.

You should visit the Bird Hotel. Janine still lives there. She's in the room on the right as you go up on the first floor. Give my greetings to the trades people and the others. You should remember to take enough pencils with you. You know, maybe I left my walking stick there.



Automatic drawing by Ólafur Jóhann Engilbertsson

**Thor Eldon**

## **IT'S AFRICA-TIME NOW**

I see africa/the skins stretched  
a man scratches the earth and howls  
he has thick lips  
the sweat gushes  
the dust burns the face  
the lean boy is a warrior  
and kills the barking water

**Thor Eldon**

## **STRETCHED OUT TO AN EYE (SLAP NR. 19)**

Could be a church and  
cut off braids in the font  
she with the animal and pearls  
furl the neck

Could be a church breath of  
birds in walls and hands  
up: long slim fingers are brief

Jóhamar

## GOOD MORNING CHILDREN

The cow is a large biplane  
it's rather highflying and big-bellied  
on each leg there are two wings  
which it rambles on  
each wing has a claw  
the toes are called clefts  
above the wings  
leaves or drops of blood fall  
when the cow walks its legs distend  
so that one can see in the distance a black pyramid  
and an Indian moon reflects on green water  
its hair is short and bushy

Jóhamar

## AN UNEXPECTED DESSERT

Like a woman with the face of a tiger  
rolls naked in a Turkish shit  
I stand silent by my eye  
and astonished throw myself out of the window



Hans Meyer Petersen, "Sea bird", acrylic on canvas, 1981

Ulf Gudmundsen

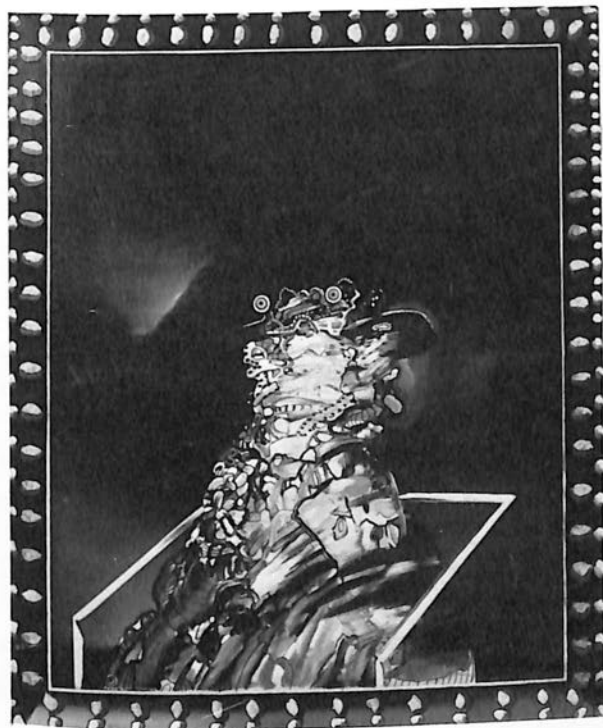
## A BASEMENT DWELLER

Basement confusion  
unplayable  
tapes and amateur films  
Silver fish  
books in unreadable languages

Comic strips  
from several  
continents  
Pin-ups  
from the early  
forties

Here  
Sartre bumps into  
Superman  
seeking adventures and  
certain newspaper-  
clippings receive  
completely new  
meanings

Here you live  
Here you play  
ball with  
your daddy's  
upper lip while  
the spiders  
duel



Juhani Linnovaara, "Inner beauty", oil, 1981

Matthías Magnússon

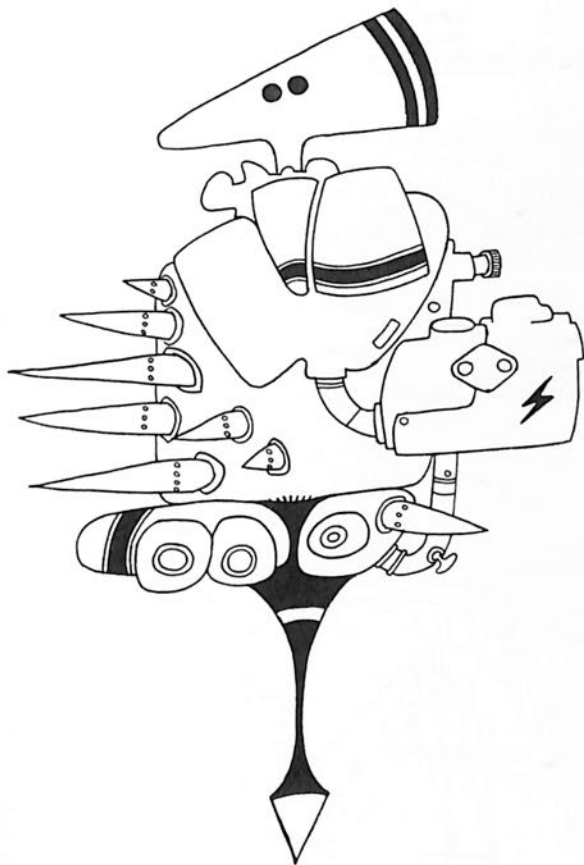
## THE REVELATION OF THE GUESTS

One night I catch  
my head unfamiliar  
with red lips and tiger eyes.  
It says  
here was a crocodile that spew women for you.

Matthías Magnússon

## NOW I HAVE TAKEN UP ARMS

I await the sunrise with  
my chinese knife aimed.  
A little bit higher up the mime dances  
carefully on the glacier.  
My song of the robber blood  
in the corpse at my feet  
is slightly louder than the fruits  
that open up in my belt. I have found  
again the valuable headstall.



Tony Pusey, "Homage to Manina", drawing, 1981

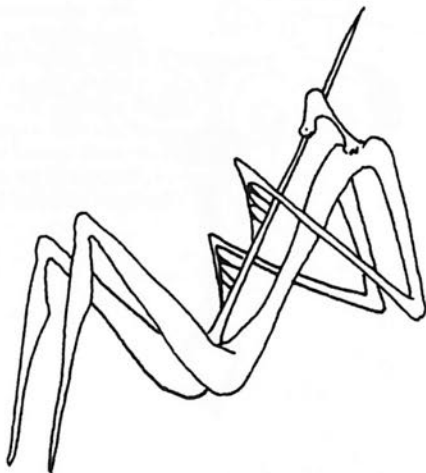
Sjón

## WOMANBICYCLE

The blind man's bicycle  
has three legs like the sky  
and in a small box on the luggage-carrier  
there's a trout that snaps  
with fourteen mouths at the naked back  
of my girl

I hold her clothes astonished

They blaze like something nameless  
that fills my head  
and lives on my hands



Ulf Gudmundsen

## CHINESE CONUNDRUM

They poured down  
petrol upon the victims  
Burnt them up  
whilst alive  
talked about  
heavenly  
torches

The man of the  
four eyes became  
one of the scribes  
by looking at  
traces of birds left  
in the sand

—Behind  
the Great Peacock's throne  
do lie  
salad days' leaves  
—graphical

Ólafur Engilbertsson

## IN THE HAT

We had made an appointment near these bushes  
but they approved to be my hands.  
Pink cottages are in an immense distance,  
they point to the white ocean and there are  
some spanish-green towns on a mountain  
in my hat.



# EL HUEVO FILOSOFICO

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Cover, "The egg", drawing by Tony Pusey, 1982

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