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What is the mysterious womb of life?
Death ? Shadows ? The night? Future question marks?
The morphine lake that you drown in when you're asleep?
The vibrant path, studded with sexual pleasure?
The echo in your ears?
Yourself?
Me? That other skin?
A purple octopus inside your head?
Absolute coincidence?
The shudder of burning flesh, with questions?
We are leaving.

In darkened cupboards, wild bees emit a phosphorous light that imposes itself without all other things. This light may melt all the statues that hide their old virginity between their thighs. Shadows mined with the saliva of commodification will become open playgrounds. Enough of lakes of cement! Enough of lakes of cement and constant waiting for naked coincidence! The door of the room is wide open, and you see inside it is the flame transforming itself into men's and women's whispering to you while devouring each other's heads. They are whispering that this is only the door of the room, and that the next door will be the teeth, tongue and eyelashes of free imagination; and the opera of the unconsciousness of a dead era— And from the stomachs grains of sand that are carried on the backs of the tragic wind. The desires of the wolves will set off to prey upon the peacocks of the art and literary producers and their dealers. The lobby will be vast. For decades, the surrealist spectrum has regularly visited this spot of our oppressed planet. Here in the Middle East, it is a land of bone crushing, and neck twisting of humanity. Here the wolves of Free Imagination are running alone. Sometimes, they are running in groups, at other times, building flying huts Inhabited by untamed and undomesticated birds that never lay eggs, who always kill their parents when they grew up. Their wings burn all chains and shackles, and are acting with the corpses of a distressed language of the windbags and their muted colors. Today the door of another room opens next to the monolithic rooms that were built and inhabited once by wolves and fish that do not mingle. Here we are. Oh! Georges Henein, Edmond Jabès, Joyce Mansour, Albert Cossery, Kamel Altelmissany, Ramses Younan, Angelo de Riz, Mayo, Ida Kar, Eric de Nemes, Marie Cavadia. And hey you all from the group that cries of art and liberty in the thirties and

forties of the twentieth century and oh Abdul Kadir Al-Janabi and Nassib Traboulsi, and all the shouts of the Paris Arab Surrealist group that breathed life into the veins of the Arab Surrealist movement in the seventies and eighties of the last century. Or whomever grows from this land with a steel hand, raising the banner of free imagination high, that never burns by air that is saturated with the leprosy of consumption.

And here we are, breaking the lock again. We come to complete the parade of magazines and publications that grew from the guts of this land:

- “Don Quixote”, 1939 / Cairo
- “The Evolution 1940” / Cairo (the magazine of the Art and Liberty Group)
- “La Séance Continue” / 1945 / Cairo / Mas Publishing House (Art and Liberty Group).
- “La part du sable” / 1947 / Cairo / La part du sable publishing house (Art and Liberty Group)
- “Le Désir Libertaire” le surréalisme arabe á Paris / 1973 _ 1975
- “The Point” / le surréalisme arabe á Paris / 1982

Pages of untamed desires that paved the bridges for us and built scaffolding for us to complete the building, that we will jump from. Above again, and spin new waves of a free fall. There is no end to Surrealism, no permanent place for it, and no end to its hands of lightning that penetrate the nights of the prison cells of consciousness.

We specialize in sweeping obstructions, and the first issue of “the ROOM” magazine only tells you that Surrealism has come to this land again, and with the wind in sight, there are no walls in this room. Here is your room to liberate the delirious glowing desires, and here is the beginning of realizing poetry in the daily life of a person who grieves in this region. Here we will go beyond the limitations of written and drawn poetry. Here we will introduce new ways of practicing poetry in all its forms where there is no place for a fence or gates separating dream and reality. Here you are permanently rowing, and the flood of miracles will carry you to absolute freedom without any sirens. We are allies for every child whose head is against predictability.

Now a hundred years after the first surrealist text was written (Magnetic Fields in 1919), and the emergence of automatic writing, linking the science of psychoanalysis to poetry, with its vast visual, mental and life concept; Surrealism did not stop for a moment from evolving, branching, moving, and rebirth in order to extinguish every false or domesticated brilliance. Now we are at the entrance to 2020 and surrealism has always existed in the arts and sciences, always renewed after a journey of contemporary and continuous developments, transformations, attitudes, research, and activities.

In contemporary times, Surrealism maintains a strong and growing force in the field of literature and art, critical research centers and independent film fields, and the tremendous influence of surrealism on art, cinema, writing and many other media continues unabated today.

On the other hand, the overwhelming majority of the Arab literary and artistic criticism movement is still swimming in its coma describing Surrealism as a corpse coming from the past, and today we come to reveal your shabby coma and bring to you a room without walls. Inside it you will find the most active surrealist wolves. In this rectangular world which all the chains of this dumb planet cannot not control its endless flight.

This issue contains dozens of surrealist wolves representing more than thirty nationalities from all continents of the world. Enter and leave the doors open for passing.

It is only the starting point...