

Preselective Affinities: Surrealism and Marxism in Latin America

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Intellectual and aesthetic historiography record only a relatively brief interlude during which Marxism and Surrealism could regard each other as political allies. Assuming its Parisian epicenter, we might date this period roughly from 1925, the year in which the Surrealists joined with the French Communist Party in opposing French imperialist repression of the Riff rebellion in Morocco, to 1935, when, now excluded from all PCF organizations, Breton, in his written address to the International Association of Writers for the Defense of Culture, defended Surrealism's Marxist (or, at any rate, Communist) credentials for one last time, not only against the Zhdanovite line of socialist realism newly adopted by the Third International, but against a broader wave of sympathy for realism as such¹. This latter trend is best embodied in Lukács' polemical essays of the time and reflects the new political realities that would launch the Popular Front Against Fascism. Written in 1929, the most critically optimistic assessment of its possibilities--Walter Benjamin's essay "Surrealism: Last Snapshot of the European Intelligentsia"--argues for a Marxist/Surrealist alliance founded on an organization of "pessimism" that "expel[s] moral metaphor from politics and...discover[s] in political action a sphere reserved one hundred percent for images."² But in view of how little this left-wing politics of images was to bear on subsequent historical events--or how readily fascism usurped and mastered such a politics--it is hard to read Benjamin's essay now except in a pessimistic, not to say an elegiac spirit. By the time of Adorno's "Looking Back on Surrealism" ["*Rückblickend auf den Surrealismus*" *Noten zur Literatur I*] (1956) the Marxian elegy for Surrealism has become a veritable eulogy, i.e., last words of praise for something irrevocably dead and buried. Adorno concedes that after the "European catastrophe...Surrealist shocks [had] lost their force," but now finds even its seeming

obsolescence redeemed in the face of a more dangerous and shock-proof "denying...of denial" purportedly endemic to the post-catastrophic world³.

But a less philologically sectarian, less European-centered view of things tells a rather different story of Marxism's cohabitation with Surrealism. While seeking to ally itself with the European Communist movement in the 1920s and 30s, Surrealism, along with other, kindred outgrowths of the post World War I avant-garde, had made certain socially radical, if not quite political inroads across the Atlantic. True, in the United States, Surrealism's reception by literary and artistic culture never greatly exceeded the sphere of high-brow gossip in which its Parisian and, more importantly, its Freudian accents tended to drown out any Marxist echoes. But through out Latin America a less sanitized Surrealism evoked an almost instantaneous surge of fascination and sympathy, alike in radical and more quietist circles. This is clearest in the case of vanguardist Latin American poetry of the 1920s, '30s and '40s, most particularly that of Jorge Luis Borges, César Vallejo, Octavio Paz and Pablo Neruda. Indeed, it's safe to say that the Neruda of the two volumes of *Residencia en la tierra* (1933/1935) has long since emerged as the most widely read poet of Surrealism anywhere, far outstripping the popularity of a Breton, an Aragon or an Eluard. And although the poems of *Residencia en la tierra* precede Neruda's embrace of Communism, no one more readily typifies the Surrealist as Marxist.

But the Latin American affinity for Surrealism becomes more remarkable still when one considers the latter's somewhat less direct role in initiating the tradition of prose fiction known as the "*real maravilloso*" (the "miraculously real") or, more colloquially, "magical realism."⁴ There are differing theories of how to reconstruct this particular aesthetic genealogy: one traces it through the Cuban writer Alejo Carpentier's novel *El reino de este mundo*, whose now famous preface to the first (1949) edition amounts to a species of Latin American Surrealist counter-manifesto; another favors the novels of the Guatemalan Miguel Angel Asturias (see, for example, *El señor Presidente* [1946] and *Hombres de maíz* [1949]), who, like Carpentier, inhaled the Surrealist vapors at their source. But one way or the other, the ultimate outgrowth of "magical realism" has been the conversion, if not of the jargon of Surrealism, then of its rhetorical (one might almost say, marketing) strategy of prescribed dosages of "shock" into what is practically an item of household consumption. The name of Gabriel García Márquez used to be the obligatory reference here, but even the global event of *Cien años de soledad* (1967) now pales before the international success of an Isabel Allende or of a film such as *Como agua para chocolate*. Indeed, in its reincarnation as "magical realism," Surrealism ironically finds its way back to the Euro-North American metropolis--as witness, to cite only one of numerous examples, the recently successful Dutch film *Antonia's Line* (1995), which transposes the standard Isabel Allende plot-formula, complete with "magical realism's" stock-in-trade of profane "miracles," into, of all places, post-World War II Holland! The small corps of purists who rail against the vulgarization and disarming of a once "revolutionary" aesthetic are no doubt justified, but without, so to speak, farming itself out to the colonies, Surrealism would have deserved Adorno's post-war epitaph, having dwindled down to little more than what its one-time icons--say, one

of Breton's manifestoes, or a Magritte painting--have since become: over-academicized, intellectual- and art-historical curios, reproduced for sale only in museum gift-shops.

What explains the Latin American affinity for Surrealism? The circumstantial factors--the Latin American literati's traditional francophilia; the presence of future Latin American literary legends such as Asturias and Carpentier at the earliest Surrealist congregations; the mediating link provided by Spanish Surrealism, etc.--are all well-known, but they only beg the deeper, social and historical question of this evidently strong affinity itself--an affinity in which Marxism, a somewhat older import that had begun to take firm root in Latin America only in the 1920s and '30s, shared in as well.

To answer we need to consider more closely Surrealism's fundamental aesthetic principle, namely, montage. Its theory is simply formulated: merely by removing the objects of daily existence from their familiar context and then juxtaposing them again, only in the "wrong" sequence or constellation, an effect of estrangement or shock is produced. In Breton's version of it--heavily indebted to his reading of Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*--the montage permits a conscious simulation of the dream state, so that its shock-effect serves not only to "defamiliarize" the everyday (a common objective of virtually all schools of vanguard aesthetics) but to penetrate the barriers of repression that have sealed it off from the unconscious. "The poet of the future," says Breton,

will surmount the depressing notion of the irreparable divorce of action and dream. [...] He will maintain at any price in each other's presence the two terms of the human relation...:the objective awareness of realities and their internal development.... This action can pass for magical in that it consists of an unconscious, immediate action of the internal on the external.⁵ (my emphasis)

That is, montage does not seek to reproduce the content of a dream-narrative, as might, e.g., a fantasy or a fairy-tale--for by being reproduced in such a way, the dream-narrative merely takes on the form in which the conscious, every-day world of existence finds it easiest to assimilate. Rather, montage replicates what it takes to be the formal principle of the dream-narrative, seizing on the conscious, every-day object-world--"the objective awareness of realities"--as its content. Breton speaks as though this could result spontaneously from the drives of the unconscious itself, but failing that, the conscious object must, it is clear, be methodically and consciously forced into an "unconscious" form. Measured against the simple, pre-psychoanalytical principle of defamiliarization (as advocated, for example, by the Russian Formalists) Surrealist montage thus demonstrates what should be its enormously more powerful, because more strategic method for undermining a routinized, "bourgeois" existence "from within." Everyone, after all, has an unconscious.

But all of this, of course, in theory. In practice, the Surrealist montage cannot fail to meet with obstacles in its will to overturn, where least expected, the repressed and routinized--obstacles that have now come to seem rather obvious. For even the most

violent juxtaposition, once it is registered and the initial shock dissipates, has nothing to save it from its own rapid routinization. We see this, as mentioned above, in the ignominious fate that has lain in wait for all the scandalous images and word-plays of avant-gardes past: relegation to the museum, the research library and the slide collection, not to say to the advertising campaign and the book-jacket. The most daring and exciting possibility of montage is also its most vulnerable: for the shock that releases the unconscious energies of a liberating destruction has to work the first time, once and for all. It has no second chance, and, in fact, its very first repetition not only signifies its failure but helps to inoculate the repressive, "civilized" order against all further assaults. Thus the shock-effects of montage evolve into the fast-cut editing and "special" effects that now drive the Hollywood production process in its desperate need to amortize itself at the "box office"--"effects" essentially no less the beholden objects of market speculation than are their mechanical means of production...or than athletic shoes or pork bellies for that matter. Benjamin's "politics of images" would seem to have ensconced itself securely within the cultural parameters of capitalist reproduction.

But suppose the routinized object-world were structured in such a way that the shock effects of montage were themselves the spontaneous, even, in a sense, the routine experiences of everyday life and thus did not have to be consciously induced, but only pointed out or rendered self-aware. Suppose that, rather than taking the form of a self-encasing modernity that had rationalized daily existence down to its last detail and thus managed to protect itself on all sides from the "repressed" or negated forces continuously pushed beyond its margins, history itself were structured like a Surrealist montage?

Consider, from this perspective, the well-known opening episode of García Márquez's *Cien años de soledad* in which Colonel Aureliano Buendía, "many years later, as he faced the firing squad," remembers his boyhood in Macondo when Melquíades' band of gypsies first introduced the "modern" conveniences of ice, magnets and magnifying glasses into the then remote settlement. The novel relates how José Arcadio Buendía, Aureliano's father and Macondo's patriarch, traded a mule and two goats for two magnetized ingots, with which he intended, against Melquíades' admonitions, to prospect for gold. After months of dragging the magnets across the entire region,

The only thing he succeeded in doing was to unearth a suit of fifteenth century armor which had all of its pieces soldered together with rust and inside of which there was the hollow resonance of an enormous stone-filled gourd. When José Arcadio Buendía and the four men of his expedition managed to take the armor apart, they found inside a calcified skeleton with a copper locket containing a woman's hair around its neck.⁶

Ice, magnets, magnifying glasses: these are just the sorts of mundane, slightly aged objects Surrealism appropriates as the materials for its montage. But in García Márquez's narrative their de-familiarization results, not from being juxtaposed to others drawn from a noncontiguous sector of daily existence, but from their placement in a historical present that counts as a past in relation to them. Adorno, it is true, notes a temporal factor in the workings of Surrealist montage as well, attributing the affinity of Surrealism for

psychoanalysis not to the "symbolism of the unconscious" but to "the attempt to uncover childhood experiences by means of explosions." "The subjective aspect...lies in the action of the montage, which attempts....to produce perceptions as they must have been then."⁷ But the modernity of these objects, given their placement in what is already the child-remembered, fantasy space of the novel, no longer needs to be stripped away so as to disclose the dream-like immediacy they once were believed to--and, in the unconscious, presumably still--possess; rather, it is just this modernity that now makes them the possible agents of shock or de-familiarization. For in the Latin American reality depicted through the microcosm of Macondo, history itself resists the rationalization of existence and openly exposes the colliding planes of the rational and the irrational. Thus the anecdote of the magnets and the suit of armor--something that might have come straight out of Lautreamont or a Surrealist prose-poem--need not in fact sacrifice for a moment its simultaneous quality of being historically plausible, even factual. The montage-like joining of magnet to suit of armor does not generate the shock of a dream that the real must "repress" so much as the shock of the real itself, of the real as history. What is dug up from its forgotten burial place is not something restricted to a subjective, psychic realm but the historical truth of the past as such--a past that itself comes to occupy the place, in the Freudianism of the Surrealists, of the unconscious.

In the case of *Cien años de soledad* the effect of such a shock is softened by its comic, even its parodic quality. Jose Arcadio Buendía plays the part of (in Aristotelian poetics) the alazon, or self-deceiving hero, while we, as "modern" readers who know only too well that magnets do not attract gold, are able to greet the hero's shocking find with a mitigating sense of condescension. In a novel such as Carpentier's aforementioned *El reino de este mundo*, however, the identical historicizing re-deployment of montage dispenses with irony. The story, as told through the eyes of the slave Ti Noël, of the slave revolts leading up to the Haitian Revolution, *El reino de este mundo* is also the first Latin American fictional narrative to attempt a "realist" narrativization of Surrealist aesthetics.⁸ In episodes such as the one in which the rebel mastermind and vodun shaman Mackandal uses his African tribalist's knowledge of plants and fungi to carry out the mass poisoning of the white slavocrats of Saint Dominique, the resulting shock effect is far more menacing than in *Cien años de soledad*, closer, still, in its spirit, to Breton's manifestoes.⁹ Yet it this no less the shock of the real, at least if we are to credit Carpentier's claim in the first preface to the novel that he has followed the historical record of events in Haiti with complete fidelity. In *El reino de este mundo* we are made to see how a Haitian slave-revolt sets out quite literally, in the words of Benjamin's adoptive Surrealist's motto, to "win the energies of intoxication for the revolution."¹⁰

Irony apart, however, the significant thing in both narratives is that montage ceases to act merely as a momentary, therapeutic catalyst, working (or not) "once and for all." The (putatively) therapeutical properties of montage are here exploited for the purpose of re-experiencing a Latin American modernity in full view of the "repressed lineage" of its own, shock-filled past. Indeed, from a more abstractly formal and poetic standpoint, montage itself becomes the generative principle of a narrative rather than merely the formula for an aleatory "automatic writing" in which only the momentary, phenomenological effect matters. The shock elicited by a first, tropical experience of ice,

or by the mining of a dead conquistador in the virgin South American jungle results from the collision of past and present, not merely of free-associated images; and the ensuing alteration of consciousness is at the same time an involuntary act of remembering...or of glimpsing the future. The episode in which the gypsy Melquíades brings his "modern inventions" to Macondo is, in effect, the first event in a chain that stretches into the narrative of *Cien años de soledad* as a whole. Ice and magnets are followed by trains, armies and the United Fruit Company, each with traumatic effects equal to or greater than those brought on by the preceding juxtaposition. The buried suit of armor does not, in this instance, result in any further narrative development, but its formal potential for doing so is to be inferred here. Think, for example, of García Márquez's *El amor y otros demonios* (1994), in which the discovery of the skeleton of a young woman whose copper-colored hair has not ceased to grow since her burial several centuries before sets the plot of the entire novella in motion.

Montage, that is, seems here to furnish what Benjamin was the first to term a "dialectical image," not just of the possible unity (as desired by Surrealism) of the modern subject crippled by the rationalizing laws of "civilization," but of the possible, trans-subjective unity of historical time as such. Benjamin comes close to formulating this possibility in his writings on nineteenth century Paris: "In the dream in which, before the eyes of each epoch, that which is to follow appears in images, the latter appears wedded to elements from prehistory, that is, of a classless society."¹¹ This formula, however, still presumes that the epoch dreaming of its future with images from the past experiences its own present-ness or modernity as itself a unity. Benjamin's Paris--still, by and large, the Paris of Surrealism--raids the past for a dialectical vision of utopia, but it never doubts its own self-contemporaneity. In the case of Latin America, however--and arguably of any social formation that traces its historical origins back to an act of colonization-- this unity or self-contemporaneity of the present cannot be so readily presumed. As the opening episode and general narrative structure of the "magical realist" *Cien años de soledad* suggest, the past cannot simply be made a source of images for a present-tense dream if both past and present continue to inhabit the same space. It as if in modern Paris one were to encounter not only a nineteenth century arcade but also the vanished social types for whom it had been built, or even the illiterate peasants who had come to marvel at its ultra-modernity. The very duality of past and present is experienced as if something spatial, already present at the very source of historical movement.

It was, in fact, just this spatialization of history that constituted something like the "political unconscious" of Latin America's traditional liberal elites. For Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, whose 1845 portrait of Argentina, *Civilización y barbarie, o vida de Juan Quiroga Facundo* (nominally the biography of a notorious gaucho warlord) was to codify the historical imagination of the Latin American intelligentsia for generations to come, the past had a location: it was the pampa, the wilderness of "barbaric" tribal nomads and half-breed gauchos that lay just beyond the city-limits of Buenos Aires, if not--as during the years of the dictatorship of Juan Manuel de Rosas, who had sent Sarmiento into exile--within the city itself. Consequently, if Argentina was to implant "civilization" in its own midst, this would mean not only replicating the modernity of the European metropolis (in principle, a straightforward question of importation) but re-

structuring the very space in which this modernity was to take root. Sarmiento, for example, complained that, despite the abundant navigable streams that drained Argentina's wild interior and that might have linked it to the port city of Buenos Aires, the gauchos treated a river merely as something to be traversed on their nomadic route from one remote outpost to another. The gaucho's unwillingness to exchange his horse for a berth on a steamboat, to route himself through the metropolis, was tantamount, for Sarmiento, to a prior refusal to enter history as such--or at least a history based on the modern, liberal ideal of "progress." It meant a perverse will to live in the past--but a past which, in its spatial presence, endangered the historico-philosophically sanctioned present that lay downstream. In subsequent decades, of course, the gaucho's freedom to cross rivers would be violently curtailed, and the entry into "modernity" enforced by direct coercion. But this then would only have the effect, not of conquering a uniform, indivisible "civilized" space for history, but rather of introducing the same historical duality into the space of the city itself.

Against such a backdrop, at any rate, it should now become clearer how the effect of the "dialectical image" produced through montage, while in no sense an antidote to the spatialization of history, can nevertheless become a formal means for imagining or projecting the space of historical experience as a unity. Even if the effect of "magical realism" is invariably ironic, when not simply and openly mystificatory (more on this below), it has at least abandoned the older, liberal-elite insistence on spatializing--and thus, in effect, naturalizing--those "backward" social elements that could not find a role in the Eurocentric narrative of "progress" and "civilization." It is by following the seemingly aimless route of Sarmiento's river-crossing gaucho nomads that Melquíades' "modernizing" gypsies eventually reach Macondo. The result is not the heroic synthesis of which Sarmiento had already begun to give up hope, but neither is it the naturalizing, profoundly reactionary historicism that subsequently flowed from this elite despair.

And it is here, in my view, that we discover the seemingly mysterious source of Latin America's "preselective affinity" for Surrealism and montage. The latter encounter in Latin America a pre-existing need (itself partly unconscious) to think local reality as both a product of history and as containing within itself an immanent promise or hope of genuine emancipation. Ironically, Surrealism "catches on" so readily not because (as, say, in Paris or Berlin) it promises to shatter the oppressive, reified unity of a modern, neurotic historical existence, but precisely because, in its juxtaposition of the most disparate elements, it supplies a "dialectical image" of the possible unity of an existence already in a condition of disparity. For in the Latin American or generally "postcolonial" setting, disparity is before all else the mark of an oppressive, bourgeois/neocolonial order, not of its subversion. The shock afforded by "magical realist" montage is thus not limited to the shock of the "real" as something exceeding the merely dreamed or imagined, much as the mouthpieces of "magical realism," from Carpentier on, were to repeat such a claim. It is the shock of recognizing that this 'real' is the result of a unitary, total historical process.

It is this fact, too, that best explains the strong historical attraction exerted by Surrealism and an aesthetics of montage on Latin American Marxism. When, beginning

in the late nineteenth century, Marxism first found its way into Latin America, along with other currents of generally socialist and trade unionist doctrines, it did little, one must recall, to unsettle the "spatialized" historicism of the dominant intellectual and theoretical culture. What has sometimes been called the Marxism of the "mode of production narrative," according to which socialism would have to be preceded by a fully developed industrial capitalism, tended in fact to confirm what the new urban, mercantile elites were already promulgating themselves. Not until the first, major outbreaks of strikes and open class warfare in semi-industrialized cities such as Buenos Aires did Marxism emerge as a threat to these elites, but even then its local exponents had not effected any substantive break with Sarmiento's modernizing disdain for the "backward," rural world of "barbarie." It is the Peruvian Marxist José Carlos Mariátegui who, in the 1920s, was effectively the first to give serious thought to the idea of a more direct road to socialism in Latin American, routed, in the case of Perú, through the communalist traditions of a dispossessed, racially oppressed indigenous peasantry. Mariátegui, of course, had read Lenin, and could point to the worker/peasant alliances of early Soviet society as a possible model, but it is significant that, in Mariátegui's case, there seemed to be no inconsistency between a Leninist Marxism and the then newly arriving doctrines of avant-garde aesthetics, Surrealism among them. The Peruvian poet César Vallejo, whose importance Mariátegui had been among the first to recognize, exemplifies this affinity in the most profound way. As the originator of a poetic style in which the most electrifying possibilities of montage are brought into intensely intimate, synthetic relation to a hatred of capitalist, neo-colonial existence, Vallejo saw no contradiction in claiming adherence to doctrines of proletarian and socialist realism. The disputes and ideological tensions that eventually broke the Surrealist/Communist alliance in pre-World War II Europe seem somehow irrelevant to the poetics that suffuse a collection such as *Poemas humanos* (1939), Vallejo's final, posthumously published volume. Here, as in the case of the radicalized aesthetics of authors from Neruda to Asturias, Surrealism's relationship to Marxism is less that of an analogue than of a kind of supplement--as if montage were providing a "dialectical image" not only of an emancipatory break in its objective, historical dimension but of the mental category of revolution itself, within an intellectual mind-set still accustomed to associating revolution with a history centered in the colonizer's metropolis.

But even a "dialectical image" is, in the end, no proof against an anti-dialectical conception of the reality so pictured or imagined. A history which must supplement its own presumed "laws" with a promise of emancipation still views this emancipation itself as an ultimately irrational occurrence, for the notion that history could administer to itself the "shock" that would propel it out of its own impasse and into a utopian future is, itself, profoundly ahistorical. Like the theological and subsequently secularized naturalisms that have traditionally furnished colonial and neocolonial elites the world over with alibis for maintaining the most oppressed and marginalized sectors of humanity in social and economic reserve, if not in quarantine, Surrealist or psycho-therapeutically inspired politics still presuppose social duality as a pre-historical, naturally evolved condition, rather than the specific historical form of development of (neo)colonized social formations. Only the ethical and aesthetic polarities are now reversed: it is in the "backward" that hopes are now placed, as we await the moment of eruption, or, in more

therapeutic terms, the "return of the repressed." The wait, of course, goes on indefinitely, and perhaps that is its strongest ideological attraction.

This final lapse of a historical dialectic of liberation manifests itself in a narrative such as *Cien años de soledad* in its finally cyclical, rather than progressive and cumulative temporal sequencing. The montage-like device of continuously forcing past and present, traditional and modern into jarring collisions comes to rest, as the reader will recall, in the extinction of the Buendía line and the annihilation of Macondo itself, at the very moment that Melquíades' cryptic manuscript, which had prophesied this end, is finally decoded. This is a departure, it is true, from the spatialized temporality of naturalism, in which the foregrounding historical duality simply remains in place, no matter whether in a final "victory" for "civilization" (e.g., the seemingly providential triumph of the modernizing hero Santos Luzardo in Rómulo Gallegos' *Doña Bárbara* [1929]) or in its defeat (e.g., the final lapsing back into brutishness and disease of the poor peasant community that frames the action in Manuel Zeno Gandía's *La charca* [1894]). But remove the overlay of allegorizing and "sociological" diagnosis and it becomes apparent that Macondo's fate fits essentially the same "historical" template. The resort to montage has made it possible to imagine Latin America as historically integral with itself, but only on an isolated, phenomenological plane. The structure of social action itself remains static, even if now viewed from an ironizing, aestheticizing perspective. And the ease with which the "magical realist" formula is appropriated by late capitalist culture industry, as noted above, confirms, in a sense, the limiting condition of Surrealism from its very beginnings: in pinning all hopes on a "profane illumination," it prepares for its own inevitable deterioration into little more than a mock-religion, a supplier of "miracles" for a reified existence that can no longer be shocked by anything short of its own overthrow.

Notes

1 Including Breton's collaboration with Trotsky we might extend this somewhat. But by the outbreak of World War II at the latest, the break is effectively complete. For an excellent study of relations between Surrealism and Communism see Helena Lewis, *The Politics of Surrealism* (New York: Paragon, 1988).

2 In *Reflections*, trans. Edmund Jephcott (New York: Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich, 1978) p. 191.

3 In Theodor W. Adorno, *Notes to Literature*, vol. I, trans. Shierry Weber Nicholsen (New York: Columbia University Press, 1991), pp. 87 & 90.

4 The "miraculous" or "*le merveilleux*" was evidently a favorite Surrealist catchword.

[5](#) *Les Vases Communicants*, cited in *Marxism and Art*, ed. Maynard Solomon (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1979) p. 510.

[6](#) *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, trans. Gregory Rabassa (New York: Harper Collins, 1991) p. 2.

[7](#) "Looking Back on Surrealism," p. 88.

[8](#) Excepting, perhaps, the writings of the Haitian novelist Jacques Stephen Alexis, from whom the Cuban Carpentier adopts the term--"*lo real maravilloso*"--that conveys in Spanish the new conception of montage.

[9](#) See chapter five, "De Profundis": "One afternoon, while lunching on a puff pastry, the owner of the Coq-Chante plantation had fallen, suddenly and without previous signs of distress, dragging down with him the wall clock he had been in the process of winding." [my translation] *El reino de este mundo* (Buenos Aires: América Nueva, 1974) , p.34.

[10](#) "Surrealism," p. 189.

[11](#) "Paris, Capital of the 19th Century," *Reflections*, p. 148.