

WRITINGS

READER,
DEBUG
YOUR BRAIN!

AVIOGRAMA – AIRPLANEGRAM

(Instead of a Manifesto)

HERMETIC SLEEP OF THE TRAIN ENGINE OVER BALCONIES
EQUATOR

PULSE VAST ANNOUNCEMENT must DYNAMIC MARITIME
SERVICE

THE ARTIST DOESN'T IMITATE THE ARTIST CREATES
THE LINE OF THE WORD COLOR YOU CAN'T FIND IN DICTIONARY
VIBRATES CENTURY-TUNING FORK
HORSE RACES ELEVATOR TYPING-CINEMA
I N V E N T I N V E N T

SURPRISE ART

GRAMMAR LOGIC EMOTIONALISM
AS LINEN PINS

ON ROPES THE KINGDOM OF LUMINOUS
POSTERS CALLS

CHERRY-BRANDY TRANSURBAN WINE RAILWAYS
THE MOST

BEAUTIFUL POEM: THE DOLLAR FLUCTUATION
THE TELEGRAPH HAS WOVEN WIRE RAINBOWS
IRRADIATOR STARTS OFF STIGMA and DENTAL
ALPHABET

ASTRAL SHORTHAND
BLEEDING WORD TO COME
METALLIC THE DENIAL OF PURG-ING
FORMULAS AND WHEN
WHAT WE'RE DOING
BECOMES FORMULA
WE'LL DENY OURSELVES, TOO,
IN THE ANESTHETIZED AIR

75HP

74

CABLEGRAMS SINGING DIASTOLE OF STARS THOUGHT
UNPACKED

THE MECHANICAL PIANO IS SERVING COFFEE WITH ELEGANT
MILK

OH! RECITALS OH! CHARITY BALLS A
LICENSE FOR SUICIDE

3 DINARS THE SIDEWALK HAS FILLED ITS TEETH IN A
SPIRAL

MILK DIET THE CRANK IN THE DRUM
BOULEVARD READ ORIENT EXPRESS ANTHRACITE

EMBRYO BUS
HYDROCHLORIC MIRAGE IMPOSSIBLY ACHIEVED WHAT
LITTLE EYES
LIKE POUNDED SUGAR INCEST PROCESSION
ABSTRACT TRANSATLANTIC EXCHANGE AGENCIES
NEWS BUMP

TSF

PARIS

LONDON

BERLIN

NEW YORK

LIKE BILLIARD AIRPLANES

THEY GO DOWN LIKE BAROMETERS THE EUROPE
LIGHTHOUSE NECKLACE IS BURNING
HAS CRAMPS SWALLOWS DISTRICT PILLARS USELESS COMFORTABLE
AS MUCH AS YOU CAN
THE INFINITE IN SLIPPERS MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT
BISEXUALITY ATHLETE FOLLOW THE
MUTUAL SPEECH NEWSPAPERS OPEN
LIKE WINDOWS THE CONCERT OF THE CENTURY BEGINS
ELEVATOR RINGS INTER-BANK CLOWN-LIKE JAZZ
HORN
F FLAT

D

F FLAT

IN

PAJAMAS

FOOTBALL

ILARIE VORONCA
75 HP, October, 1924

75

English version
by Monica VOICULESCU

PICTOPOETRY

INVENTED BY VICTOR BRAUNER & ILARIE VORONCA

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BY VICTOR BRAUNER & ILARIE VORONCA

PICTOPOETRY IS NOT PAINTING

PICTOPOETRY IS NOT POETRY

PICTOPOETRY IS PICTOPOETRY

75 HP, October 1924

MAN, an invention: he invented himself. Because he wanted to, he populated the void with landscapes, seasons, civilizations. This is why nature nothing else than the complement of our sensitivity. **We never discovered anything!** Only prophets, artists-ists-ists used to discover **pre-existence**. The impersonal ape MAN was amazed. The **fable-myth** was created for him. Because of him, we lay down in a pseudo-rural attitude.

We definitely live under the sign of the urban. **Filter-intelligence, surprise-lucidity. Rhythm-speed.** Simultaneous balls – atmospheres giving concerts – billions of saxophones, telegraph nerves from the equator to the poles – strikes of lightning; the planet with flags, industrial plants; a giant steamer; the dance of the machines over bitumen ovations. **A crossroads of an era.** Classes are going down, new economies are being built. The proletarians are imposing forms. New psychophysiology are growing.

Our own inventions have overcome us. **Thought must exceed speed itself.** Vassals to the sluggish dream, we need **suzerainty**. Softened by beatitudes and Romantic self-compassions. **We don't want reinforced concrete.** The hypertrophy of the ego has devalued us, currency without a standard. **What an inflation of geniuses!!!**

No archangel-individuals hovering over the society; caught in the machinery we live **in, through, for it.** One used to be representative: but we all represent. **Mechanics passionate with a preoccupation.** THAT'S ALL.

Enough straying among intellectual matters! **Intellectual comics, enough!** You know: **Out of controlled knowledge and despair the style of the great epochs was born; the same causes are generating the style of this epoch.** In the old days, humankind was a psychological pygmy before nature; now, before nature and the moving force we have created.

This is why: **the need for us to integrate in nature; the need for us to sensitively go up to new heights.**

INTEGRAL offers certitude.

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Teenagers have had fun with farces; contemporaneity was a synonym for farce. We are breaking away from the farce, from the snobbish admiration in cosmopolitan lobbies, from one reiteration after another.

Journalism has had the hunch of modern life, brutally exploiting a life that doesn't require an interpreter. Worker, tax collector, sentimental commentator. But experience has offered us lucid severity without feeling.

Seismograph-artists – readers, spectators and you, good people, be diaphragms!

INTEGRAL without the protection of major and minor officials reduces to the same denominator the vital, artistic **standards.** Freed from

intellectual mediocrity, we are cutting our way forward over the dead bodies of schools and individuals.

INTEGRAL claims the essence of the primary expression.

Tradition: The intelligence of the people, escaped from the eternally natural pastiche – and technology. The collective imagination has forged fairy tales, songs, cultures that will for ever be viable!

WE: Synthesize the will life has always had, everywhere, and the efforts of all modern experiments. Immersed in collectivity, we create its style according to the instincts it only surmises.

The deaf, again, haven't heard us.

The audacious have joined us!

INTEGRAL, volume I, no. 1, March 1, 1925

*Translated
by Monica VOICULESCU*

PRINCIPLES FOR NEW TIMES

- Poetry is a state of emotion.
- It's a special area, an atmosphere in the world of feelings, a step on the stairs of sensitivity.
- It's an element like: water, ether, light.
- To be expressed, it doesn't need any object, story, logic, or stage production.
- All of these used to be vehicles that the poets of old made use of in order to lift you to the forbidden zone, close to life, still fully inside life.
- We aspire to poetry all of a sudden, without the help of the old transportation means – we left the stagecoach behind, on the road.
- A poem is the result of all arts: music, the fine arts, literature – sound, matter, verb – everything gets settled in poetry.
- For the blind, light doesn't exist, yet it can be.
- For the deaf, sound doesn't exist, yet it can be.
- A radio concert passes by our hearing and we don't catch it if we don't support our sense with a special prosthesis.
- Poetry, too, is everywhere.
- It has to be expressed, for everybody to be able to simply live inside it.
- A poet is an orthopedist for the disabled of a single sense: that of beauty.
- Fakirs and saints know the rules to rise up to a state of grace, in ecstasy.
- Poets know the secret of the state of poetry.

I. VINEA
1925

*Translated
by Monica VOICULESCU*

"And are you saying Logic hanged itself with a silk scarf?"

"I don't know; the report says exactly the opposite."

Ion VINEA

"Unified continental art."

"It's historic, this development of an intellectual International by the avant-garde magazines."

(In French in the original) *Contimporanul*, no. 49, November, 1924

"Dadaism – a shotgun loaded with pure noise – "

F. BRUNEA, *Integral*, no. 1, 1925

"In film and theater style is expressed through the mask. Each style has introduced a mask into the circuit."

Ion CALUGARU, *Integral*, no. 8

"(...) Our modernism is not an adaptation of some foreign current or another, but the integral manifestation of the same European spirit all over its geographical and spiritual range.

This is why our modernism is not and can't be, the way some malevolent people think, a mechanical system of spiritual exercise brought in from the West and adapted to our soil. The modernist hearths in full swing represent the volcanic springs of the European mind, basically the same everywhere, and which are manifest here, like everywhere else, by bending psychological and climatic data that have so far been considered immutable."

"Romanian modernism is part of the European spiritual landscape, as proven by the case of Brancusi."

M. H. MAXY, "*Politique plastique*,"
Integral, no. 9, December, 1926

*Translated from French
by Monica VOICULESCU*

[...] We came to speed up the contradiction eating into this century. We are its cancer. In ancient times. It was through poetry one became aware of the living force of the epoch, while it is through poetry that the today is brought to face its **recklessness**. It is not longer the lighthouse at sea indicating the chocolate port, the painted-paper haven, it is the SOS of a pure shipwreck. (...) We can no longer breathe anything but fire. So much the better if a pawn moved on the world map can endanger a king's life at table; the hour of doom has come. Words became so debased as to be willing to serve at any price anything they touch. As far as I'm concerned, I would rather publish my poems on toilet paper; poetry needs to be humiliated before taking up its place in the choir again (...) The great joy of not knowing what poetry is. but, on the other hand, we have snatched the wolf away from its lethal arch-enemy: poetics. We know now that everything is likely to be poetic provided it touches upon poetry. Poetry does not have to become poetic, nor iron ferruginous; the absolute does not need an adjective for a page. (...) We are left then with sismographic poetry. It will only have contact with volcanoes, with tidal waves. It will only have ears for the exceptional.

Never have so many lassos been thrown at the manes of the unknown.

B. FONDANE

Integral 13-14, 1927



MANIFESTO

“reader, debug your brain!
kettledrum cry
airplane
wireless telegraphy – radio
television
76 h.p.
marinetti
breton
vinea
tzara
ribemont-dessaigues
arghezi
brancusi
theo van doesburg
hurrahhhh hurrahhhhhh hurrahhhhhhhh
the library trash is burning
a. et p. Chr. n.
123456789000,000,000,000 kgs
or rats get fat
scribes
dodges
sterility
amanita muscaria
eftimihalachisms
brontosaurus
Booooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
Verb combine
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
= art rhythm speed unexpected granite
gutenberg, you’re coming back to life

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UNU, volume I, no. 1, April 1928
Sasa PANA

English version
by Monica VOICULESCU

THE REHABILITATION OF THE DREAM

And I'm considering an anthology of the dream, told the simple way, without any skills, because a dream is beautiful owing to its very substance that shouldn't be deteriorated by any one style or fantasy.

The dreams of ancient kings passing through legend, from one generation to another. The dreams of Robin Hoods and of people in death row. The tortured dreams of ascetics. The wonderful dreams of prisoners getting ready to escape. The red dreams of anarchists. The dreams of card players: hope and illusion. The glutinous dreams of prostitutes. The dreams of sailors and of black people. Dreams in tropical lands and at the North Pole. The lascivious dreams of teenagers. Halo dreams and dreams descended to hell.

And I love dreams because they are subversive. Because they drill into the flesh and re-establish the immanences of a blind justice. You, humble servant that the lady of the manor has slapped in her vanity, know this, during the night her body twisted and gasped seeing you bending over her, rough like a tree trunk, abolishing her dress, slowly, sadistically, in a ritual of the last judgment. You were asleep somewhere, not knowing anything, but the dream made sure you exacted your revenge. Next morning, the lady must've been angry to see the dark circles around her eyes and the rumpled sheets – the sheets you rumpled – and she must've bitten her lips consuming the snake venom enclosed in her very biological formula.

And then there are the revenge tricks against those who use the polite plural when they talk about themselves, to boost their own ego. I confess I'm happy when I see a rigid, stern cabinet minister or university professor and I think maybe tonight he'll dream of masturbating like a boy. Or a majestic metropolitan bishop, finding himself gasping in sweat in the room of some cheap neighborhood prostitute.

EULOGY TO MALOMBRA: A REPRESENTATION OF ABSOLUTE LOVE

MALOMBRA OR LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

Convulsion of beauty, fragility of remembrance, the color of regret, the grace of life, the psychic nature of the gesture, the rarity of love, madness of the senses, sadness of the lakes, the influence of the moon, life after death, the nobility of debauchery, the ardor of the gaze, the memory of madness, the future of the past, sleepwalking thought, the death of the landscape, action from a distance, dozing sleep, experienced dream, the vanity of sacrilege, loose hysteria, the refusal to live, the exhibition of experience, the beauty of hysteria, the beauty of beauty: in *Malombra*.

Never before has the difficulty of lifting the revolution to the height of poetry bewildered and seduced us this much. Never before has the fact that the lightning beauty of the woman destined for love shall always be the quintessence of the most dynamic dialectical moments of the universe been more obvious in our view. Finally, never has the thread that connects beings seemed so thin to us, so fragile, than when it has been through all this lace, all these gestures, all this staring, in which the very force that animates the world came to be embodied in the irony of a passion.

"Do you remember that evening, Renato? The lake, the fairy lights, the sounds in the distance – What's happening to me is strange, I'm not part of this world. You didn't understand me, because you don't know this. I'm leaving today toward an unknown destiny, good bye, unknown reader."

So quickly that the eye was blinded, and still, like a nervous scorpion, the shadow passed through the day gray light like a wound, like a ruin, like sleeping waterfalls. The air filled with terrible animals and the violet seas going beyond the calm borders of the earth were rocking their exciting outgrowths; the madness of conversation was interrupted in one second, now at a time that is so favorable to the triumphs of the imagination; and, with it, the anchors that held reason chained were cut.

Supper on a turning table, a woundless murder, a magnetized waterfalls, storms everywhere, borderless parks, suspended conversations.

The sequences when Malombra gives herself to her lover at night on the lake shore, when she crosses the waters, a cold enemy of the man she is waiting for, when she passes on to lucid hysteria under the gray winds that put the torches out, these sequences are the triumph of what we agree to call absolute love.

Burns searching for heat.

A character, a blood-stained hand, jumps into this immense pallor and, below the melancholic sex fodder, plants are bursting, embalmed like the

drill-shells the ocean visits during its regular business, among so many superstitions, determinisms, errors and sources, among so many accusations and symptoms of fury. This hand is the incendiary lymph, it is the Nordic sand, taking concrete shape for one instant in the magic lines of the mirrors, in their conversations about heavenly bodies.

"Do you remember everything? Everything. I don't remember anything anymore. But I know this moment had to come, Cecilia. What a world you lived in: I'm choking. The lake can't be seen except from the northern wing of the castle."

In *Malombra*: questions on the lake shore, frail movements in the dark, games as a symptomatic provocation, disgust with everything that is not love, an encounter with the past, now, in the present.

And, unable to move, to speak, she lay on a litter, covered with lace and veils. On the outstretching horse ground there were only magnetized horses, who jumped over obstacles, while lakes expanding over thousands of leagues made their throats transparent; so close to our nerves, that the woman touched them with the tip of her eyelashes: they entered into her eyes and ran out in her tears.

"Cecilia, me, Cecilia, I came with my lover to see you die, to see you die. There is so much darkness in my soul, so much sadness. I'm ready to turn into stone, colder than stone."

Apart from the love of the heart, the love of the senses, relative love, there is also that kind of love where everything, absolutely everything folds back and concentrates, where life is nothing but the added veil to this invincible passion. After Nadia, Dora, or Mathilde, *Malombra* goes into the eternal zones where desire, poetry, fate mark the passage from life to absolutely dialectical life, which is by all means sensitive.

Before the fall of the curtain, the obscure oppression had to herald its comeback: but the irreducible atheism of every hysterical horror of living rejects the idea of religion (which makes useless attempts to stealthily penetrate passion), already turned into dust.

Pure love for the absolute essence is awareness alienated from itself. The determination of her to whom she is another, and has to be considered in connection with this other, only remains to be seen more closely. At first sight, pure love seems only to be facing what exists objectively, but, as its very nature is to flee this world, therefore, being determined by opposition, it bears in itself this objective existence.

Lilium tigrinum can only walk on a perfectly even ground, the best such ground being the fine sand of a beach. Her lateral side is both contorted and inferior, her love thoughts underlie the striking analogy with the snake and the hemlock. Her pulse is furtive, her nails are blue, she usually lies on her back, her head overturned, her eyes open. When she gets out of her moral slumber and opens her eyes again, her eyes full of slick indifference glare at those around her. In the place where the division of the beings according to

the violence of the desire encounters black secrets, the gaze of that woman – whose rare reincarnations lead us to velvet pits – catches love and its unchanging call.

Cutting nerves, spark-cats, a solar headache, screams, twisted arms, the staggering walk on crystal waves, explosive mumbling, piercing cries, sighs without a motive, occult madness, horror of living, hoarse cries, blood-soaked hair locks, dresses cut with a razor, suicide as show, the speed of insane glances, arrogant imposture, scandal that assassinates, lost outcries, voluptuous spasms – all, and even pallor and tranquillity could never express the obstinate defiance of everything that is not pervaded by the magnetism of eternal love.

Oh, Malombra, mal-umbrageousness.

*Gherasim LUCA, Gellu NAUM, Paul PĂUN,
Virgil TEODORESCU, D. TROST*

*Translated
by Monica VOICULESCU*