

Architecture of Dispersed Life

Pablo de Rokha was born Carlos Díaz Loyola in 1894 in Licantén, Chile. The eldest of 19 children, he attended school in the nearby city of Talca. As a young man, he studied at a seminary, sold agricultural products, wrote for local newspapers, and attended the University of Chile in Santiago, though he did not graduate. In 1916, he married Luisa Anabalón Sanderson, who later took the name Winétt de Rokha and would go on to be an esteemed poet in her own right as well as his life companion and collaborator. In 1922, he published *Los gemidos* (The Moans), one of the first books of Latin American avant-garde poetry. He would go on to publish such groundbreaking works as *Suramérica* (Southamerica, 1927) and *Escritura de Raimundo Contreras* (Raimundo Contreras's Writing, 1929), two experiments in folk surrealism and automatic writing. He founded a number of magazines and periodicals, including the *Revista de Arte Libre* with Vicente Huidobro in 1913, and the avant garde *Agonal* with Winétt de Rokha in 1924. Also with Winétt de Rokha, he founded the more politically engaged *Multitud* in 1939; this morphed into a press that would publish much of his later work.

Initially active in anarchist internationalism, he would later join and be expelled from Chile's Communist Party, where he served as president of its cultural organ, the Casa América. In the 1940s, upon being named cultural ambassador, de Rokha began a long period of travel across the Americas that inspired his 1949 epic *Carta Magna de América*. His later works include *Fuego negro* (Black Fire, 1952), a book-length elegy for Winétt de Rokha, who had died of cancer in 1951, and *Acero de invierno* (Winter Steel, 1961), which contains his well-known 'Canto del macho anciano' (Old Man's Song). He received Chile's National Literature Prize in 1965, and died from a self-inflicted gunshot in 1968.

SAMPLER

Pablo de Rokha

Architecture of
Dispersed Life

—Selected Poetry—
SMPLER

edited, & translated from Spanish by
Urayoán Noel

Shearsman Books

First published in the United Kingdom in 2018 by
Shearsman Books
50 Westons Hill Drive
Emersons Green
BRISTOL
BS16 7DF

Shearsman Books Ltd Registered Office
30–31 St. James Place, Mangotsfield, Bristol BS16 9JB
(this address not for correspondence)

www.shearsman.com

ISBN 978-1-84861-377-5

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Acknowledgments and Notes

A number of people assisted me during the completion of this book, whether by answering questions, reading passages, or simply providing support and encouragement. My heartfelt *gracias* go out to Roberto Abadie, the late Fernando Alegría (for the wonderful de Rokha stories), Aileen Alvarez, Cal Bedient (and everyone at *Lana Turner: A Journal of Poetry and Opinion*), Daniel Borzutzky, Kahlil Chaar-Pérez (for the top-notch proofreading), Kristin Dykstra and Roberto Tejada (and everyone at the sorely missed *Mandorla: New Writing from the Americas*), Carmen Giménez Smith, Pierre Joris, Maricarmen Martínez, Thomas Noel, Kathleen Ross, Charlie Vázquez, Enrique Winter, Raúl Zurita, and all those I have forgotten to mention.

Tony Frazer helped shape this book in every conceivable sense. I am grateful for his knowledge and appreciation of de Rokha's poetry and for all the work he has done with Shearsman Books over the years in publishing innovative poetry from around the world.

Fellow de Rokha translator Stuart Cooke has enriched this project with his generosity, solidarity, and insight. I have learned a great deal from his beautiful translations, and I look forward to his own book of de Rokha translations. *¡Gracias, colega!*

This book would have been impossible without the support of Patricia Tagle de Rokha, Pablo de Rokha's granddaughter and the director of the Fundación de Rokha in Santiago, who granted the necessary permissions. *¡Mil gracias, Patricia Tagle de Rokha, por permitirme traducir la obra de su extraordinario abuelo!* Many thanks, Patricia Tagle de Rokha, for allowing me to translate the work of your extraordinary grandfather!

Poet and de Rokha scholar José Miguel Curet has been my friend and interlocutor for over twenty years, back to the days when we discovered de Rokha's poetry together as undergraduates at the Universidad de Puerto Rico, Río Piedras. Reading his brilliant dissertation on de Rokha's geopolitics inspired me to return in earnest to this translation project; I largely follow and extensively reference his research, and a number of my editorial decisions grew out of our conversations or were based on specific suggestions he made. I am especially grateful to him for pointing me to the 'Arquitectura de la vida dispersa' essay that gives this book its title, and for unraveling the intricacies of *Carta Magna de América*, from its political vision to its publication history. *José Miguel, este libro es tan tuyo como mío.*

§

In translating de Rokha, I have tried to work from original editions when available, respecting the idiosyncrasies of his poetics. Often this has proven tricky, since much of de Rokha's work was self-published and minimally edited, and because anthologies of his work (including his own 1954 compilation) tend

to streamline or overlook or radically alter the formatting of his originals. Even though it can be very hard to differentiate mistakes from formal idiosyncrasies, for the most part I have tried to respect de Rokha's eccentricities when these clearly seemed to me poetic choices (as in his Juan Ramón Jiménez-esque use of "j" for "g" in parts of *Los gemidos* or his experiments with italics, bold fonts, unconventional punctuation, and spelling, including "nó" instead of "no" and "lomismo" instead of "lo mismo"). The Spanish originals are included here unchanged, except in a few cases that seemed to me evident typos.

All work from *Los gemidos*, *U*, *Escritura de Raimundo Contreras, Arenga sobre el Arte*, and *Mundo a mundo* is taken from the first editions (see the bibliography at the end of the Introduction). The essay 'Arquitectura de la vida dispersa' is taken from *Atenea* (11:106 (April 1934): 206-09), where it first appeared. All other work is taken from *Antología, 1916-1953* (Multitud, 1954), which is available online, along with many other de Rokha works, via the Biblioteca Nacional de Chile at <http://www.memoriachilena.cl>.

Given space considerations and de Rokha's insistence on linguistic autonomy, I have not included a glossary or notes. Instead, I refer readers to the eccentric glossary included in de Rokha's posthumously published anthology *Mis grandes poemas* (Santiago: Nascimento, 1969, 325–348). Here de Rokha specifies some key terms, often underscoring national or regional or personal variations in meaning and emphasizing rural and indigenous contexts. Among the terms included in the glossary that also appear in this book are: *ajíaco* (a stew); *choapino* (a woven rug); *cueca* (the Chilean national dance); *desvernancado* (waddling, spread-eagle); *Licantén* (his hometown); *mate* (a gourd, in addition to the mate herb); *maqui* (a type of berry used to make a liquor called *chicha de maqui*); *mistela* (a sweet and spiced liquor that he associates with the Chilean middle class); *pancutra* or *pantruca* (pieces of wheat flour dough used in soups or stews); *patagua* (a Chilean evergreen tree); *peumo* (a regional evergreen tree); *poruña* (literally a large spoon but also a pejorative term for a small-time usurer); *quillay* (a Chilean evergreen tree); *rucio* (red-headed); *ulpo* (a drink made with toasted wheat flour); and *vihuela* (a guitar-like musical instrument). In some cases, I have added a word to make the meaning of a term clear (as in "patagua tree" for *patagua*).

For the most part, I have sought to respect de Rokha's distinctive writing style, which is adjective-heavy and full of prepositional clauses, enumerations, and defiantly ambiguous modifiers. The exceptions are cases where doing so would be unidiomatic, sound awkward, or cause confusion when no such confusion is present in the original. Also, in the case of de Rokha's sonnets I have taken occasional liberties in order to preserve some of the rhyme. Similarly, given de Rokha's fiercely Americanist poetics I have generally opted for historically appropriate American English (as in "automobile" for *automóvil*), except when doing so would cause confusion.

"Pablo de Rokha" by Pablo de Rokha first appeared in *Mandorla* 11 (2008). Part 3 of *U* first appeared in *Lana Turner* 4 (2011).

SAMPLER

Genio y figura (1916)

A WINÉTT

Yo soy como el fracaso total del mundo, ¡oh Pueblos!
El canto frente a frente al mismo Satanás,
dialoga con la ciencia tremenda de los muertos,
y mi dolor chorrea de sangre la ciudad.

Aun mis días son restos de enormes muebles viejos,
anoche “Dios” lloraba entre mundos que van
así, mi niña, solos, y tú dices: “te quiero”,
cuando hablas con “tu” Pablo, sin oírme jamás.

El hombre y la mujer tienen olor a tumba;
el cuerpo se me cae sobre la tierra bruta
lo mismo que el ataúd rojo del infeliz.

Enemigo total, aúllo por los barrios,
un espanto más bárbaro, más bárbaro, más bárbaro
que el hipo de cien perros botados a morir.

Genius and Character (1916)

TO WINÉTT

I'm like the utter downfall of the world, oh Peoples!
Attuned to the formidable science of the dead,
the song comes face to face with Satan himself,
and my pain is splattering the city with blood.

Still my days are scraps of massive old furniture,
girl, last night "God" was crying between worlds
that go like that, alone, and you say: "I love you,"
when talking to "your" Pablo, never hearing my words.

Man and woman carry the stench of graveyards;
my body is a red coffin tumbling downwards
onto the savage earth with an old wretch inside.

A total enemy, I'm howling through the slums,
a terror more awesome, more awesome, more awesome
than the hiccups of a hundred dogs left out to die.

de *Los gemidos* (1922)

Balada de Pablo de Rokha

Yo canto, canto sin querer, necesariamente, irremediablemente, fatalmente, al azar de los sucesos, como quien come, bebe o anda y *porque* sí; moriría *si* NO cantase, moriría *si* NO cantase; el acontecimiento floreal del poema estimula mis nervios sonantes, no puedo hablar, entono, *pienso en canciones*, no puedo hablar, no puedo hablar; las ruidosas, trascendentales epopeyas me definen, e ignoro el sentido de mi flauta; aprendí á cantar *siendo* nebulosa, odio, odio las utilitarias labores, zafias, cotidianas, prosaicas, y amo la ociosidad ilustre de lo bello; cantar, cantar cantar... — he ahí lo único que sabes, Pablo de Rokha!...

*
* *

Los sofismas universales, las cósmicas, subterráneas leyes dinámicas, dinámicas *me rigen*, mi canción natural, polifónica se abre, se abre más allá del espíritu, la ancha belleza subconsciente, trágica, matemática, fúnebre, guía mis pasos en la oscura claridad; cruzo las épocas cantando como en un gran sueño deformé, *mi verdad es la verdadera verdad*, el corazón *orquestal*, musical, *orquestal*, dionysíaco, flota en la augusta, perfecta, la eximia resonancia *unánime*, los fenómenos converjen a él, y agrandan su sonora sonoridad sonora, sonora; y estas fatales manos van, sonámbulas, apartando la vida externa,—conceptos, fórmulas, costumbres, *apariencias*,—mi intuición sigue los caminos de las cosas, vidente, iluminada y feliz; *todo* se hace canto en mis huesos, *todo* se hace canto en mis huesos.

*
* *

Pus, llanto y nieblas lúgubres, dolor, solo dolor mamo en los roñosos pechos de la vida, no tengo casa y mi vestido es pobre; sin embargo, mis cantares absurdos, inéditos, modestísimos suman el pensamiento, TODO el pensamiento de la raza y la voz del instante; *soy un país HECHO poeta*,

from *The Moans* (1922)

Ballad of Pablo de Rokha

I sing, I sing without meaning to, necessarily, inevitably, fatally, to the randomness of events, like someone eating, drinking or walking and just *because*; I'd die if I DIDN'T sing, I'd die if I DIDN'T sing; the floreal event of the poem stimulates my resonant nerves, I can't speak, I chant, *I think in songs*, I can't speak, I can't speak; the noisy, transcendental epics define me, and I know not the meaning of my flute; I learned to sing as a nebula, I hate, hate the utilitarian, coarse, quotidian, prosaic work, and I love the illustrious idleness of the beautiful; to sing, sing, sing...—that's all you know, Pablo de Rokha!...

The universal sophisms, the cosmic, subterranean, dynamic, dynamic laws *govern me*, my natural polyphonic song opens up, opens out beyond the spirit, the vast subconscious, tragic, mathematical, funeral beauty guides my strides in the dark light; I sing across the ages as if in a great deformed dréam, *my truth is the true truth*, the *orchestral*, musical, *orchestral*, dionysian heart floats in the august, perfect, eminent, *unanimous* resonance, phenomena converge around it, heightening its sonorously sonorous, sonorous sonority; and these fatal hands sleepwalk, swatting away external life,—concepts, formulas, customs, *appearances*—, my intuition follows the ways of things, visionary, illuminated and happy; *all* becomes song in my bones, *all* becomes song in my bones.

*

* *

Pus, tears and somber fogs, pain, pain is all I suck from the mangy breasts of life, I have no home and my clothes are shabby; nonetheless my absurd, undiscovered, most humble songs add up to thought, ALL the thought of the race and the voice of the instant; *I'm a country MADE*

por la gracia de Dios; desprecio el determinismo de las ciencias parciales, convencionales, pues mi sabiduría monumental surge pariendo axiomas desde lo infinito, y su elocuencia errante, fabulosa y terrible crea mundos e inventa universos continuamente; afirmo o niego, y mi pasión gigante atraviesa tronando el pueblo imbécil del prejuicio, la mala aldea clerical de la rutina.

*
* *

Atardeciendo me arrodillé junto á una inmensa y gris piedra humilde, democrática, trágica, y *su* oratoria, *su* elocuencia inmóvil habló conmigo en aquel sordo lenguaje cosmopolita e ingénuo del ritmo universal; hoy, tendido á la sombra de *los lagos*, he sentido el llanto de los muertos flotando en las corolas; oigo crecer las plantas y morir los viajeros planetas degollados igual que animales, el sol se pone al fondo de mis años lúgubres, amarillos, amarillos, amarillos, las espigas van naciéndome, á media noche los eternos ríos lloran á la orilla de *mi* tristeza y á mis dolores maximalistas se les caen las hojas;—...«buenos días, buenos días árbol», dije al reventar la mañana sobre las rubias cumbres chilenas, y más tarde clamaba: «estrellas, SOIS estrellas, oh prodigo...».

SAMPLE
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Mis pensamientos hacen sonar los siglos, todos los siglos; voy caminando, caminando, caminando *musicalmente* y mis actos son himnos, cánticos naturales, completamente naturales; las campanas del tiempo repican cuando me oyen sentirme; constituyo el principio y la razón primordial de todas las *tonadas*, el eco de mis trancos restalla en la eternidad, los triángulos paradógicos de *mi* actitud resumen el jesto de los jestos, el jesto, la figura del superhombre loco que balanceó la cuna macabra del orbe *e iba enseñándole á hablar*.

*
* *

into a poet, by the grace of God; I despise the determinism of the partial, conventional sciences, for my monumental wisdom emerjes bearing axioms from infinity, and its wandering, fabulous and terrible eloquence creates worlds and invents universes continuously; I affirm or deny, and my giant passion thunders while crossing the stupid town of prejudice, the awful clerical village of the routine.

*

* *

At twilight I knelt next to an immense and gray stone, it was humble, democratic, tragic, and *its* oratory, *its* motionless eloquence spoke to me in that deaf, cosmopolitan and naive language of universal rhythm; today, sprawled in the shadow of *the lakes*, I have felt the sobs of the dead floating on the corollas; I hear the plants grow and the traveling planets die beheaded just like animals, the sun sets in the depths of my gloomy and yellow, yellow, yellow years, sprigs bloom over me, at midnight the eternal rivers cry on the banks of my sadness and my maximalist pains lose their leaves;—...“good morning, good morning tree,” I said as morning burst above the blonde Chilean mountaintops, and later I cried out: “stars, YOU ARE stars, oh! wonder...”.

SAMPLE

*

* *

My thoughts make the centuries rumble, all the centuries; I’m walking, walking, walking musically and my acts are hymns, natural, completely natural canticles; the bells of time peal when they hear my lament; I constitute the beginning and primordial reason of all melodies, the echo of my strides crackles in eternity, the paradoxical triangles of my attitude sum up the gesture of gestures, the gesture, the figure of the mad superman who rocked the macabre cradle of the world and was teaching it to talk.

*

* *

Los cantos de mi lengua tienen ojos y pies, ojos y pies, músculos, alma, sensaciones, grandiosidad de héroes y pequeñas costumbres modestas, simplísimas, mínimas, simplísimas de recién nacidos, aúllan y hacen congojas enormes, enormes, enormemente enormes, sonríen, lloran, sonríen, escupen al cielo infame o echan serpientes por la boca, obran, obran lomismo que jentes o pájaros, dignifican el reino animal, el reino vejetal, el reino mineral, y son bestias de mármol, bestias, bestias cuya sangre ardiendo y triste, triste, asciende á ellos desde las entrañas del globo, y cuyo ser poliédrico, múltiple, simultáneo, está en los quinientos HORIZONTES jeográficos; florecen gozosos, redondos, sonoros en Octubre, dan frutos rurales á principios de Mayo y Junio o á fines de Agosto, maduran todo el año y desde nunca, desde nunca; anarquistas, estridentes, impávidos, crean un individuo y una gigante realidad nueva, algo que antes, antes, algo que antes no estaba en la tierra, prolongan mi anatomía terrible hacia lo absoluto, aún existiendo independientemente; ¡tocad su cuerpo, tocad su cuerpo y os ensangrentaréis los dedos MISERABLES!....!

Ariel y Caliban, Egipto, Grecia, Egipto y SOBRE TODO Chile, los cuadrados países prehistóricos, Jesús de Nazareth, los cielos, las montañas, el mar y los hombres, los hombres, las oceánicas multitudes, ciudades, campos, talleres, usinas, árboles, flores, sepulcros, sanatorios, hospitales u hospitales, brutos de piel terrosa y lejano mirar lleno de églogas, insectos y aves, pequeñas, armoniosas mujeres pálidas; el cosmos idiota, maravilloso, maravilloso, maravilloso, maravilloso orienta mis palabras, y rodaré sonando eternamente, como el viejo nidal, como el viejo nidal, como el viejo nidal en donde anidan TODOS los gorjeos del mundo!...

The songs of my tongue have eyes and feet, eyes and feet, muscles, soul, sensations, grandeur of heroes and small customs as humble and awfully simple and tiny and awfully simple as newborns', they howl and add up to enormous, enormous, enormously enormous woes, they smile, they cry, they smile, they spit at the vile sky or spew serpents from their mouths, *they work, they work* the same as people or birds, they dignify the animal kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, the mineral kingdom, and *they are* beasts of marble, beasts, beasts whose *boiling* and sad, sad blood *ascends* toward them from the bowels of the globe, and whose polyhedral, multiple, simultaneous being is in *the five-hundred* geographic HORIZONS; in October they bloom, joyful, round, resounding, and they bear rural fruit in early May and June or in *late* August, they ripen year-round and *fornevermore, fornevermore*; anarchistic, strident, fearless, they create an individual and a huge, *new* reality, something that never was before, before, something that never was on Earth before, they extend my awful anatomy toward the absolute, although *existing* independently; *touch their body, touch their body and you will stain your MISERABLE fingers with blood!...!*

Ariel and Caliban, Egypt, Greece, Egypt and ABOVE ALL **Chile**, the robust, prehistoric countries, Jesus of Nazareth, the skies, the mountains, the sea and the men, men, oceanic multitudes, cities, fields, workshops, industries, trees, flowers, tombs, sanatoriums, hospices or hospitals, brutes with muddy skin and distant gazes full of eclogues, insects and birds, pale women, small and harmonious; the stupid cosmos is marvelous, marvelous, marvelous, marvelous as it orients my words, and I'll tumble noisily and eternally, like the old nest, like the old nest, like the old nest that houses ALL the warbles of the world!...

Yanquilandia

EDISON.

(La vida práctica).

Lo consuetudinario, lo concreto, la vulgaridad *genial*, la *razón* metódica y mecánica, la *razón*, toda la *razón*, la paciencia maravillosa, Édison.

Y los burros honestos de la sabiduría; las ciencias humanas.

Redondo, tranquilo, admirable máquina infalible, Édison, Édison es: «El entendimiento discurre», de los sabios; y bien, y bien, y bien, ¿para qué sirve, para qué sirve el pensamiento, *cuando sirve?*...

*
* *

Jesticulando sobre los ruídos oceánicos de su YO fabuloso, fabuloso, lúgubre, democrático, riendo á la paradoja azul del éxito, aturdida por la oratoria fácil y unánime, unánime y fácil de los negocios maravillosos, épicos, prosopopéyicos y la inmensa bocina financiera de la *réclame*, colosalmente coronada colosalmente con sus dolores matemáticos, filarmónicos, topográficos, económicos, NORTEAMERICANOS, escuchando, escuchando, como á la orilla de los ríos, el tema oblícuo, dulcemente oblícuo, que balbuce á la sordina, á la sordina, á la sordina, á la sordina, el subsecretario de su alma enorme mister Dollar, Yanquilandia, Yanquilandia, el tío SAM contradictorio e innumerables, innumerables, innumerables, el tío SAM, el tío SAM suspira hacia el Atlántico con el jadeo monumental de sus *anchos* pulmones cosmográficos y su actitud dinámica, dinámica e incommensurable! . .

*
* *

Y, deletéreos, funerarios, deletéreos síntomas finiseculares, clínicos, patológicos, los oscuros tataranietos de *los filósofos* del Mayflower,— protestantes, geométricos, frugales, sacerdotales, metafísicos, sistemáticos,— procrean y digieren, digieren y procrean, comen, beben, andan, piensan, hablan, viven hoy, viven hoy *mecánicamente*, viven hoy á setenta mil le-

Yankeeland

EDISON.

(The practical life).

The customary, the concrete, the *brilliant* vulgarity, the methodical and mechanical *reason*, the *reason*, all *reason*, the marvelous patience, Edison.

And the honest donkeys of knowledge; the human sciences.

Round, quiet, admirable, infallible machine, Edison, Edison is: "The mind-flow" of the learned; and well, and well, and well, what's the use, what's the use of thought, *when* it's used?...

*
* *

Gesturing over the oceanic uproar of his fabulous, fabulous, gloomy, democratic I, laughing at the blue paradox of success, dazed by the facile and unanimous, unanimous and facile oratory of the marvelous, epic, pompous businesses, and the immense financial loudspeaker of *advertising*, colossally crowned colossally with its mathematical, philharmonic, topographic, economic, NORTH AMERICAN sorrows, listening, listening, as if on the banks of rivers to the oblique, sweetly oblique tune muttered in a hush, hush-hush, hush-hush, hush-hush, by the undersecretary of his enormous soul Mister Dollar, Yankeeland, Yankeeland, uncle SAM, contradictory and innumerable, innumerable, innumerable, uncle SAM, uncle SAM sighs toward the Atlantic monumentally panting his *proud* cosmographic lungs and his dynamic attitude, dynamic and immeasurable! .

*
* *

And, deleterious, funerary, deleterious turn-of-the-century symptoms, clinical, pathological, the dark great-great-grandchildren of the Mayflower *philosophers*,—protestant, geometric, frugal, priestly, metaphysical, systematic—procreating and digesting, digesting and procreating, eating, drinking, walking, thinking, talking, living today, living today

guas por minuto la agria novela *del hacer*, sentido y fin, realidad de LA VIDA.

*
* *

Nacimientos *por teléfono*, defunciones *por teléfono*, matrimonios *por teléfono*, toda *la epopeya*, toda *por teléfono*, enamorarse radiotelegráficamente, vivir y morir en aeroplano, cien, docientos *klmtrs.* sobre el nivel de los viejos *valores* humanos, los viejos *valores* humanos, existir á máquina, conocer á máquina, recordar á máquina, *ver* á máquina, á máquina, el expectáculo gris de los ángulos, triángulos o polígonos rectangulares, horizontales que resumen la augusta psicología cósmica, según las pupilas matemáticas del súbdito *yanqui*, mesurar los *fenómenos* sentimentales, intelectuales, sensacionales, adoptando el sistema métrico-decimal como *unidad inicial*, como *unidad inicial* y el dólar como fin, casarse *por sport*, matarse *por sport*, hacer *réclame* á los pechos divinos de las niñas y al vientre de la viuda, ir *cinematografiándose* á lo largo de las tristezas diarias convertido *yo, el hombre, yo, el hombre, yo, el hombre* convertido en errantes panoramas efímeros, panoramas efímeros y temas azules... (*—País de LOS DIVORCIOS! . . .*).

ROOSEVELT.

Atrabiliario, como un animal, y grande, grande, grande más que hombre, suma la bestia y Dios en *un solo*, en *un solo* cataclismo, los tiempos, los pueblos, los sepulcros; prolongación total de la materia, cien volcanes tiene en la boca finita y habla, habla, como hablaría la tierra, si hablase: á terremotos; es la tierra, toda la tierra cuajada en carnes lúgubres; la moral filosófica viene á lamer sus manos tremendas cuando él le dice: pchs! . . pchs! . . pchs! . . tal que á los perros honestos y sinceros, sinceros y honestos el amo, . . . y el puntapié mundial de Roosevelt honra sus huesos;— hoy, le muerden la lengua los gusanos—.

*
* *

mechanically, living today at seventy thousand leagues per minute the sour novel *of the making*, meaning and purpose, reality of LIFE.

*
* *

Births *by telephone*, deaths *by telephone*, marriages *by telephone*, all *the epic*, all of it *by telephone*, to fall in love radiotelegraphically, to live and die on an airplane, one hundred, two hundred *kms.* above the level of the old human *values*, the old human *values*, existing by machine, knowing by machine, remembering by machine, *seeing* by machine, by machine, the gray spectacle of angles, triangles or rectangular, horizontal polygons that sum up the august, cosmic psychology, according to the mathematical pupils of the *yankee* subject, measuring the emotional, intellectual, sensational *phenomena*, adopting the metric system as *initial unit*, as *initial unit* and the dollar as an end, to marry *for sport*, to kill *for sport*, to *advertise* the girls' divine bosoms and the widow's womb, to *film oneself* amid daily sorrows turning myself, *man*, I, *man*, I, *man* turned into drifting, ephemeral panoramas, ephemeral panoramas and blue themes... (*—Country of DIVORCES! . . ! . .*).

SAMPLE
* *
ROOSEVELT.

Surly, like an animal, and big, big, bigger than man, beast and God all *in one*, all *in one* cataclysm, the times, the peoples, the tombs; total extension of matter, he has a hundred volcanoes in his finite mouth and he talks, he talks like the earth would talk, if it could talk: to earthquakes; he is the earth, the entire earth rife with gloomy flesh; moral philosophy comes to lick his tremendous hands when he says to it: pshaw! . . pshaw! . . pshaw! . . like an owner to his honest and sincere dogs, sincere and honest, . . . and Roosevelt honors its bones with a global kick;—today, the maggots bite away at his tongue—.

*
* *

WOODROW WILSON.

Situado en la estupenda, la estupenda tribuna mercantil de Washington, predominando sobre las vagas colinas del Derecho *de ayer* y sus tabladillos intercontinentales, mirando hacia ninguna, ninguna, ninguna parte, Woodrow Wilson lee la Biblia á los pueblos modernos.

*

Y sus tristes mentiras suenan como las músicas anacrónicas del barrio, rurales, otoñales, dominicales, y la voz lluviosa de los muertos en las trágicas tardes trágicas de la época.

*

Rumor de muchedumbres y laureles, laureles y muchedumbres agobia el aleteo feliz de las blancas palomas cordiales, nupciales; y, el ruiseñor internacional va enmudeciendo, va enmudeciendo, va enmudeciendo poco á poco hasta caer, caer *definitivamente* frente á la carcajada de los oscuros hombres rojos que vienen llegando de las tumbas antiguas, o al je! . . . je! . . . je! . . . de los redondos y escépticos, flemáticos, estúpidos burgueses, o al je! . . . je! . . . de los redondos y escépticos, flemáticos, estúpidos burgueses.

SAMPLE

* *

*

El jesto práctico, económico y vil que asumes, Yanquilandia, *tiene, tiene, tiene* la negra poesía *comercial de hoy*, la negra poesía *comercial de hoy* y la belleza hiperbórea, *horrible*, de *los negocios por los negocios*; un grande hálico espiritual corona tus rascacielos, las vagas estrellas cantan desnudas sobre sus superficies meteorológicas, cantan desnudas guiñando los ojos azules, azules, azules, y la luna, la luna viene á calzar suspirando el escarpín de oro del crepúsculo, mostrándole la pierna al sol, mostrándole la pierna al sol, mostrándole la pierna al sol o el epigrama, la anécdota pornográfico-melancólica de las ligas floridas á los hombres desde el diván de las eternas torres, eternas como el sueño de los sepulcros; Yanquilandia, tus grandes maneras de ser, Yanquilandia, Yanquilandia,

WOODROW WILSON.

Standing on the stupendous, stupendous mercantile dais of Washington, holding sway atop the vague hills of *yesterday's* Law and its intercontinental platform, looking down toward no, no, no *where*, Woodrow Wilson reads the Bible to modern peoples.

*

And his sad lies sound like the anachronistic music of the suburbs, rustic, autumnal, dominical, and the rainy voice of the dead in the tragically tragic afternoons of the age.

*

A buzz of crowds and laurels, laurels and crowds overwhelms the happy flutter of the cordial, nuptial white doves; and the international nightingale is falling silent, is falling silent is falling silent little by little until it has fallen, fallen *definitively* before the guffawing and dark, red men who are coming from ancient graves, or the ha! . . ha! . . ha! . . of the dumpy and dubious, phlegmatic, idiotic bourgeoisie, or the ha! . . ha! . . ha! . . of the dumpy and dubious, phlegmatic, idiotic bourgeoisie.

* *

*

Your practical, economical and vile face, Yankeeland, *is, is, is* the black *commercial* poetry of today, the black *commercial* poetry of *today* and the *horrible*, hyperborean beauty of *business for business' sake*; a great spiritual zephyr crowns your skyscrapers, hazy stars sing naked above their meteorological surfaces, sing naked and wink their blue, blue, blue eyes, and the moon, the sighing moon comes to try on the golden slipper of twilight, baring her leg to the sun, baring her leg to the sun, baring her leg to the sun or the epigram, telling the men a pornographic-melancholic tale of garters in bloom from her loveseat in the eternal towers, eternal like the sleep of tombs; Yankeeland, your great ways of being, Yankeeland, Yankeeland, they constitute, they constitute and are