

MANIFESTOES

ROBERTO PIVA

**TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE
BY CHRIS DANIELS**

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PUBLISHED IN 2016 BY DURATIONPRESS.COM

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THE MINOTAUR OF MINUTES

The cardinal points of our elements are: betrayal, the incomprehension of the utility of windowpanes, the rollercoaster violence of Totem, the breaking with the labyrinth & nerves of the narrow beak of Logic, against your sugared ecstasy, you doglike beings who feel a need for infinity, we the short circuit, darkness, and shock against your cute lyric message, against spangles for caracoles, against the vagina for the anus, against specters for phantasms, against stairways for railways, against Eliot for the Marquis de Sade, against polenta for ragu, we are perfectly schizophrenic, we know by our paranoia that we must draw away from the three striped flag whose representatives are the poetry embroiderers strewn all over the city.

BOUILLOIRES, BILE & BALLS

We invite everyone to enter into dissolution & deregulation. Life must not succumb to the tourniquet of Conscience. Life is always bursting into the furthest beyond. Down with faculties, may the potheads triumph. We must be unafraid to allow our Fecal Soul to explode. Methodists, psychologists, attorneys, engineers, students, bosses, workers, chemists, scientists, against you we uphold the spirit of Youth. Down with Welfare; who needs it? We are deliciously unorganized and usually associate ourselves with Liberty.

MACHINE FOR MURDERING TIME

Here we hurl ourselves into the attack on the immortal soul of cabinets. We're looking for friends who aren't serious: macumbeiros, trustworthy madmen, dethroned emperors, deaf nuns, lowborn thugs with hemorrhoids and all who detest the monochrome dreams of Arcadian poetry. We know very well that the tenderness of little ribbons is a protozoan luxury. Be violent as gastritis. Down with gilded butterflies. Behold the glittering contents of latrines.

THE CATHEDRAL OF DISORDER

Our battle was started by Nero & is inspired by his dying words: "Look, how beautiful are the eyes of that idiot." Only disorder unites us. Sceptically, Barbarously, Sexually. Our Cathedral is impregnated by the great spectacle of Disaster. We are manifest against dawn for nightfall, against Lambrettas for motorcycles, against booze for pot, against tennis for boxing, against the radio patrol for the lady of Camelias, against Valery for D.H. Lawrence, against storks for possums, against the future for the present, against wells for cesspools, against Eliot for the Marquis de Sade, against the gasbomb of civil servants for the chiclets of the eunuchs and their concubines, against Hegel for Antonin Artaud, against the violin for the trap kit, against responsibilities for sensations, against the careers of businessmen for pale faces and night-visions, against Mondrian for Di Chirico, against mechanics for Dream, against dragonflies for crabs, against Cartesian eggs for castor oil, against the natural son for the bastard, against the government for a cook's convention, against archangels for homosexual cherubim, against the invasion of butterflies for the invasion of locusts, against mind for body, against Jardim Europa for Praça da República, against sky for earth, against Vergil for Catullus, against logic for Magic, against magnolias for sunflowers, against lamb for wolf, against regulation for Compulsion, against lamp-posts for the luminous, against Christ for Barrabas, against professors for pajés, against midday for midnight, against religion for sex, against Tchaikovsky for Carl Orff, against everything for Lautréamont.

THOSE WHO BECOME THE CARCASS
ROBERTO PIVA S.P. MARCH 1962

ECOLOGICO UTOPIAN MANIFESTO IN DEFENSE OF POETRY & DELIRIUM

Invocation

*To the great god Dagon with eyes of fire,
to Dionysus, god of vegetation, to the god
Puer who hypnotizes the universe with his
diamond anus, to the god Scorpion
piercing the head of the Angel, to the god
Luper who defies the rodent galaxies,
to Ba'al, god of black stone, to Xangô
the cock god, fecundator of Storm.*

I defend every Human being's right to Bread and Poetry
We're being destroyed in our biological nucleus,
ours & the animals' vital space is reduced to
miniscule proportions
What I mean is that civilization's tourniquet is
provoking bodily pain & hysterical slather
delerium's been stripped from the Theory of Knowing
& our schools are at least a century behind
the latest scientific discoveries in the fields
of physics, biology, astronomy, language,
space exploration, religion, ecology,
cosmopoetry, etc.,
provoking abandonment of schools to the ruin of language &
time wasted
in vocational programs where no one ever
studies Einstein, Gerard de Nerval, Nietzsche,
Gilberto Freyre, J. Rostand, Fourier, W.
Heisenberg, Paul Goodman, Virgil, Murilo

Mendes, Max Born, Sousândrade, Hynek, G. Benn,
Barthes, Robert Sheckley, Rimbaud, Raymond
Roussel, Leopardi, Trakl, Rajneesh, Catullus, Crevel,
Saint Francis, Vico, Darwin, Blake, Blavatsky,
Krucënych, Joyce, Reverdy, Villon, Novalis,
Marinetti, Heidegger & Jacob Boehme anymore
& for this reason our schools have cogulated into Chickencoops
where hysteria is hatched, stiff necks and sexual
repression,
& there no longer exists an exit to be unlocked &
become a Cinema where toddlers &
teenagers can still follow Fantasy's tracks
by sailing three sheets to the wind in darkness.
Brasilian political parties are not in the least
bit concerned with bringing UTOPIA to daily life.
Therefore, in the name of the mental health
of the younger generation
I DEMAND the following:

- 1—Turn the Praça da Sé into a collective public garden.
- 2—Distribute works by Brasilian poets to the boys and girls of
Febem, which is the only thing capable of transform-
ing their violence and anguish into the music of the
spheres.
- 3—Saunas for the people.
- 4—Urgent construction of public lavatories (few exist, proof
positive that our politicians never go on Foot) & mir-
rors.
- 5—Make the jaguar (spotted, black and panther) our Totem of
Nationality. Organize Societies for the Protection of
the Jaguar in its Natural Habitat. Unbind the jaguars
living in zoos and return them to the forests. Call for

volunteers to communicate telepathically with jaguars so that we may know their real concerns. All jaguars will therefore be able to spend a period of two weeks among humans & in this time they will be able to act as teachers and guides for blind children.

6—Creation of an efficient policy of generous public dissemination of information about Flying Saucers. Let there be formed societies dedicated to contact and exchange of information. Let erotic relations between terrestrials and UFO crews be facilitated.

7—New orientation of the neurons through Harmonized Gastronomy & Respiration.

8—Distribution to all sexologists of manuals explaining how anal sex will overthrow Kapital.

9—Banquets for the whole population thrown by the Industrial Federation.

10—Provoke the insurgence of the Metphysical Bossa Nova and the Pornosamba.

The State keeps people forever busy so that they WILL NOT think erotically as libertarians. Novalis, the poet of German Romanticism who contemplated the Blue Flower, tells us: “When one is old, in order to be very happy, one must avoid juvenile gatherings. Now is the time for literary orgies. The more varied the life, the better.”

**SIGNED AND ATTESTED,
ROBERTO PIVA
S. PAULO 1983
COSMIC HOUR OF THE TIGER**

THE XXI CENTURY WILL GIVE ME REASON

(if everything doesn't blow up beforehand)

The XXI Century will give me reason to abandon, in language & in action, Christian, Eastern & Western civilization with their technology of extermination & scrap iron, their computers that control, their morals, their drivelling poets, their cancer-that-no-one-can-find-the-cause-of, their fucking nuclear rockets, their demographic explosion, their poisoned vegetables, their legislative crime syndicates, their gangster ministers, their minister gangsters, their left-fascist parties, their training-ship women, their various uniforms, their electronic cassettes, their Spanish flu, their unified order, their suicide epidemic, their sedentary literati, their cultural watch-dogs, their pro-Cuba, anti-Cuba, their CP door-mats, their right-wing bidets, the stale water on their brains, their sempiternal shrewdness, their cups of tea, their manuals of aesthetics, their global village, all their sapient talking heads, their jails, their little smoked-glass gardens, their paralytic televised dreams, their coquettes, their rivers full of sardine tins, their prayers, their pancakes crammed in with disgust, their last hopes, their trips, their August moonlight, their bores, their embalmed cities, their sadness, their cheerful cretins, their leprosy, their cage, their strychnine, their tides of mud, their fountains of despair.

ROBERTO PIVA
COSMIC HOUR OF THE WATER BUFFALO
FEBRUARY 84

MANIFESTO OF THE VERY NEXT FOREST

*abolition of every conviction
that lasts longer than a mood*
Àlvaro de Campos

for Henri Michaux
in memoriam

Chemical products, the pharmaceutical industry, will gnaw
your bones to the marrow / vitamin rich cadaver / eddies
in the river of industry / ideological bureaucrats dying of
laughter / Marxists who took power after their prostrates
were yanked out / vast deserts in the Brain / politicians
statistics cancer on the empty face of Night's thoroughfares
/ women waylaying wild boys and sending them down
the Path of Righteousness / hissing & hunger of the true
steaming cock / Robert Graves, Brillat Savarin & the refrain
of my desires / Ecological Witchery in the Minotaur Cui-
sinarit / vegetables incinerated in mercury / KGB stompings
& harrowing songs / Time in the bone / Television / Centaur
on the way to Revolt / stars suspended in soot / catechism
of Industrial Perseverance / Governments exist to give you
that beaten dog quality / Governments exist to make you
think about politics and forget about what gets you hot &
bothered / Nuclear Batuque Angel Furnace / urban industri-
al poetry in a new rhythm / City set in pre Collapse ugliness
/ to recreate new tribes / to renounce your beaten paths /
erotic route poetic route / Horace & Lester Young / Tribes
of boys in the forests / drums calling to Orgy / bonfires &
aphrodisiac plants / To abandon the cities / for beaches
littered with the skeletons of Monsters / for horizons drunk

as left field angels / Earth my sister / let us enter the rain
that makes our passage to Guaimbês incline / Sacred Delin-
quency of those who live at the limits / From Chaos, from
social Anarchy is born the maddening light of Poetry / To
create new religions, new physical forms, new political anti
systems, new forms of life / To go forth adrift on the river of
Existence.

ROBERTO PIVA
COSMIC HOUR OF THE EAGLE
SP OCTOBER OF 84

MANIFESTO OF SHAMANIC POETRY & BIO-ALCHEMY

1. The world is places of power
2. Shamanic sacralization of the quotidian
3. Bio-regional perspectives
4. Wild & Sacred
5. Hawks are power-bearing solar divinities
6. Horus-Falcon king of the two lands
7. The Language's Ecology
8. Altered states of consciousness
9. The Hawk speaks through our mouths
10. Shaman: inspired poet-priest who in an ecstatic trance
travels the inner world, the forests, seas & mountains
& who reaches the skies on his "journeys." Dante was
a shaman-kabbalist who, on his voyage through the 3
worlds, met the turbulent orixás of Shadow.
11. The hawk's divine eye transforms into flowering plants
12. ISIS, Black Virgin, mother of Horus
13. The Hawk soars above the metro-necropolises
14. Divinity of the limits of the Horizon
15. "The orgy circulates energy vital and Sacred."
M. Eliade
16. "Marginality is formed by those who are "out"---those who
have no access to established power, either involun-
tarily because of their their misery, or voluntarily,
by their own aesthetic-religious choice." (Timothy
Leary)
17. Let Vision come
18. It's time for the gods of the desert to depart & for the gods
of vegetation to arrive

19. Sacred conspiracy of the anonymous terraqueans & the warriors of Zuwya
20. State of sensory knowing
21. "Shoot the arrows of your young voices in celebration for the delight of this earth" Pindar
22. Hawk's subterranean island. The Book of Coming Forth by Day. Bardo Todol. Orixás & quantic life. The shaman's way is the way of Heart.

SHAMANS FOR THE NEW CONSCIOUSNESS

I was born in the Pró-Matre maternity hospital in the heart of São Paulo in 1937. Piva is an old name from Veneto in Northern Italy. My grandfather was from Saletto, near Rovigo.

The Family Book, which I have at home, tells the story of an ancestor, a knight who fought in the Crusades, like Dante's grandfather Cacciaguida, but when my ancestor returned from the Crusades he became a heretic & began to pray to the Devil. The local bishop ordered that he be burnt in the public square, armor & all. At this moment, he must be doing his time in Bolgia IX of Dante's Hell, the locale destined to sowers of discord. His children fled the city & the family continued.

But in the matter of revolt I don't need any ancestors. My life & poetry have been a permanent insurrection against all Orders. Mine is an active anti-authoritarian personality. Prisons, permanent unemployment, epiphanies, study of languages, LSD, sacred mushrooms, shifts, jazz, rock, passions, deleria & all the boys.

[...]

I only believe in experimental poetry when it happens in an experimental life. I don't have any Patrons among the wealthy, nor watchdogs & back-scratchers in the editorial staffs of reviews and newspapers. There's nothing more provincial than the little private clubs of Brazilian poetry, those bureaucrat-authors trying to keep Order & crapping out the Rules that futurism, dadaism, surrealism & modernism have long since destroyed. As for these neo-Zhdanovs of every stripe, it would be nice if they remembered this passage from the manifesto put together by André Breton and Leon Trotsky: "In the realm of artistic creation, the imagination must escape from all constraint and must, under no pretext,

allow itself to be placed under bonds. To those who would urge us, whether for today or for tomorrow, to consent that art should submit to a discipline which we hold to be radically incompatible with its nature, we give a flat refusal, and we repeat our deliberate intention of standing by the formula: complete freedom for art.” I’m also with John Cage, and always will be: “I’m for multiplicity, dispersive attention and decentralization, and therefore I am on the side of individual anarchy.” Jean Dubuffet: “Unison is miserable music.” We need creation unburdened with rules & free of paralyzing convention. Poetry, like love, is a leap into the dark. Therefore, my ideal readers are heretics opposed to every school & transgressors of all moral and social laws. As I’m not a leftist intellectual, I’m always strapped for cash.

Pasolini began to tell of the decline of our planet by noting that fireflies had disappeared from Italy. I could begin the same telling by noting the discovery and ensuing disappearance of the Jataí bee in Brazil. I believe that, for the defense of our planet, the best ideas are what Edgar Morin has called “biodegradable ideas.”

One afternoon, on a forgotten island off the littoral south of São Paulo, a boy with Aphrodite eyes asked me what I believe in. I answered: Love, Poetry & Freedom. And UFOs.

Roberto Piva

Iguape (SP) February 85

COSMIC HOUR OF THE LEOPARD