



OSWALD DE ANDRADE

Two Manifestoes



The Pocket Dictionary

WORK IN PROGRESS



Brazilwood Poetry Manifesto

Poetry exists in the facts. Saffron and ochre shacks on Favela Green under Cabraline¹ Blue: aesthetic facts.

Carnaval in Rio is the religious event of the race. Brazilwood. Wagner flounders before the dancing horde in Botafogo.² Barbarous and ours. Rich ethnic formation. Vegetable wealth. Ore. Cuisine. *Vatapá*,³ gold and dance.

The story of the bandeirantes⁴ expresses the whole pioneering and commercial history of Brazil. The academic side, all those citations, all the famous authors. So impressive. Rui Barbosa:⁵ top hat in Senegambia.

¹ Refers either to Pedro Alvares Cabral, who “discovered” Brazil on April 22, 1500, or to Sacadura Cabral (1881–1929), a Portuguese aviator who flew from Lisbon to Rio de Janeiro in 1922; the latter seems more likely.

² Well-off beach-front neighborhood in Rio de Janeiro.

³ A kind of fish stew.

⁴ Mercenary adventurers; slavers; plunderers; did much to open the Brazilian interior for the landowners who hired them.

⁵ Rui Barbosa de Oliveira (11/5/1849–3/1/1923) was an important Brazilian writer, jurist and politician. Abolitionist; life-long defender of civil liberties; his “fiat money” policies in the early 20th century led to chaos and economic instability. Unsuccessfully ran for President of the Republic in 1910 and 1918. In 1921, named a judge in the World Court, whence his nickname, “Eagle of the Hague”. Household name all over Brazil.

All transforms into wealth. Of balls and fancy talk. Black women at the Jockey Club. Catumbi⁶ odalisques. Three-dollar words.

The academic side. Bad luck: the first White came to port and tamed the wild wilds with politics. The baccalaureate. We can't help it, we're educated. Country of anonymous ills, anonymous PhDs. Thus was Empire. We eruditize everything. We forget the *gavião de penacho*.⁷

Poetry never exported. Poetry hidden in the malicious vines of the academy. In the lianas of academic yearning for the past.

But there was an explosion in our knowledge. Men who knew everything blew up like balloons and popped.

The turn to specialization. Philosophers making philosophy, critics criticism and housewives discoursing on cuisine.

Poetry for the poets. The joy of those able to discover because they do not know.

Inversion of everything, invasion of everything: the theater of ideas and the onstage battle between the moral and the immoral. The thesis ought to be decided in a war of sociologists, men of law, fat and gilded, like Corpus Juris.

Agile theater, child of acrobats. Agile, illogical. Agile novel, born of invention Agile poetry.

Brazilwood poetry. Agile and candid. Like a kid.

A suggestion from Blaise Cendrars:— Your locomotives are full, you better get going. A black guy turns the crank of the turntable you stand on. A little carelessness and you're off in the direction opposite where you're trying to go.

⁶ One of the oldest neighborhoods in Rio de Janeiro. Beginning in the early 20th century, decay set in. More recently, a dangerous place.

⁷ *Spizaetus ornatus*, Ornate Hawk-Eagle, extraordinarily beautiful bird of prey; I wondered whether it symbolized strength, intelligence, nobility, beauty, ferocity, astuteness, the goodness and freedom of life in the wilds: "primitivism, without the slightest perjorative connotation; pre-European life; closeness to the local natural environment; Brazilians have forgotten how to be Indians in order to become pseudo-Europeans." (Luis Dolhnikoff); "the animal, not locked up in the study; more free and uncertain" (Francisco Faria).

Against *cabinetism*, the cultivated praxis of life. Engineers, not jurisconsults lost like Chinese bureaucrats in the genealogy of ideas.

A language without archaism, without erudition. Natural and neological. The millenary contribution of all errors. Like we talk. Like we are.

There's no fighting in the land of academic vocations. There's just those robes. Futurist or whatever.

Our sole struggle is the struggle for the way. Let's make a clear division: poetry for import; Brazilwood poetry, for export.

There's been a phenomenon of aesthetic democratization in the five knowing parts of the world. Institutionalized Naturalism. Copy. Pictures of sheep. Without real wool, they're no use at all. The definition in the oral dictionary of the Belles Arts Institutes: exact reproduction . . . With pyrogravure, young women became artists in every home. The camera appeared. And with every prerogative of long hair, dandruff and the mysterious genius of an eye turned in on itself — the photographer as artist.

In music, the piano invaded bare parlors with tear-off calendars on the wall. Every young woman a pianist. Up comes the barrel piano, the pianola. The Pleyel. Slavic irony composed for the Pleyel. Stravinsky.

Statuary lagged behind. The processions left the factories spanking new.

A poetry machine was never invented, but we already had the Parnassians.

So, the revolution showed us only that art had returned to the elites. And the elites started pulling it apart. Two phases: 1.) deformation through Impressionism, fragmentation, voluntary chaos. From Cézanne and Mallarmé, Rodin and Debussy, till now; and 2.) lyricism, the offering in the temple, the materials, constructive innocence.

Brazil, *profiteur*. Brazil, academic. And the coincidence of the first Brazilian construction in the general reconstruction movement. Brazilwood Poetry.

As the age is miraculous, laws were born from destructive factors' very own dynamic revolutions.

Synthesis

Equilibrium

Automotive finish

Invention

Surprise

A new perspective

A new scale

Any natural effort in that direction is bound to be good. Brazilwood poetry.

The labor against naturalist detail — with *synthesis*; against romantic morbidity — with *geometric equilibrium* and *technical detail*; against the copy, with *invention* and *surprise*.

A new perspective.

The other one, Paulo Ucello's, led to the peak of naturalism. It was an optical illusion. Distant objects didn't get smaller. It was the law of appearance. Now's the time to revolt against appearance. Revolt against copying. To replace visual and naturalistic perspective with another order of perspective: emotional, intellectual, ironic, ingenuous.

A new scale:

The other one, of a world proportioned and catalogued with letters in books, children in laps. Advertising producing letters bigger than towers. And new forms of industry, transportation, aviation. Gas stations. Gas meters. Railroads. Laboratories and technical workshops. Voices and tics of wires and waves and flashes. Stars made familiar by photographic negatives. The correspondence of physical surprise in art.

Revolt against the invader subject. Most unlike inevitability. The theater of ideas, what a set-up that was . . . monstrous. The novel of

ideas, a hodgepodge. Historical painting, an aberration. Eloquent sculpture, a meaningless dread.

Our age announces the return to *pure meaning*.

A picture is lines and colors. A statue is volumes under light.

Brazilwood poetry is a Sunday dining room where birds sing in the condensed jungles of their cages, a skinny guy composes a waltz for flute, and Maria Luisa reads the newspaper. The present is all there in the newspaper.

There's no formula for the contemporary expression of the world. *See with open eyes*.

Our basis is twinned and actual — forest and school. The credulous, dualistic race and geometry, algebra and chemistry right after the baby-bottle and anise tea. A mixture of “sleep little baby or the boogey-man's gonna get you” and equations.

A vision to encompass the cylinders of mills, electric turbines, factories, questions of foreign exchange, all without losing sight of the National Museum. Brazilwood.

Cannonball elevators, cubic sky-scrapers and the wise blush of solar loafing. Prayer. Carnaval. Inner energy. *Sabiá*.⁸ Mildly sensual, mildly amorous hospitality. A yearning for shaman and airfield. Brazilwood.

The labor of the futurist generation was cyclopean. To set the imperial clock of national literature.

Once this phase is reached, another problem arises: How can we be regional and pure in our own time?

The state of innocence replaces the state of grace which can be an attitude of the spirit.

The counterweight of native originality breaks down academic conformism.

⁸ Any Brazilian thrush; but specifically *Turdus rufiventris*, *sabiá-laranjeira* (*orange-tree thrush*); Rufous-bellied Thrush; so beloved, for so long, by all the people of Brazil, that in the 1960's it was made the national bird. It has figured in many famous poems and songs.

A revolt against all the dyspepsias of academicism. The best of our lyric tradition. The best of our modern demonstration.

All we are is *brasileiros* of our time. Necessities of chemistry, mechanics, economy and ballistics. All taken in and assimilated in an orderly manner. Without a meeting of cultures. Practical. Experimental. Poets. Without bookish reminiscence. Without comparisons in support. Without etymological research. Without ontology.

Barbarous, gullible and picturesque, we're total sweethearts. We read newspapers. Brazilwood. Jungle and school. National Museum. Cuisine, ore and dance. Vegetation. Brazilwood.

Correo da Manhã, March 18, 1924





Anthropophagite Manifesto*

* The footnotes put on public display the opinions of the translator, who, while occasionally bilious and often enough utterly mistaken, at least has the courage of his convictions. Notes by Benedito Nunes and Jorge Schwartz from Schwartz's *Vanguardas Latino-Americanas* will be incorporated at some point.

A more correct translation of the title would be “Cannibalist Manifesto”, but I want to make a strong distinction between cannibals of the metropolis (i.e., Picabia) and the Brazilian Anthropophagites, who were ravenous europhages.

Some have suggested that Oswald de Andrade really meant “digerir” (to digest) when he used the verb “comer” (to eat). While the two verbs are intimate indeed, OA’s violence was always precise and unrepentant.

This manifesto was first published in *Teething no. 1* of *The Anthropophagite Review*, May 1928, São Paulo, SP, Brazil.

Only anthropophagy unites us. Socially. Economically. Philosophically.

The world's only law. Masked expression of all individualisms, all collectivism. All regions. All peace treaties.

Tupi or not tupi,¹ that is the question.

Against all catechisms. And against the mother of the Gracchi.

I'm only interested in what's not mine. Law of man. Anthropophagite law.

We've had it with mistrustful Catholic husbands in plays. Freud put an end to the Woman Enigma and other alarums of published psychology.

What trampled the truth was clothing, the rubberized layer between the inner and outer worlds. Reaction against people in clothing. Tell us all about it, North American cinema.

Children of the sun, mother of living beings. Wildly encountered and wildly loved, with all the hypocrisy of saudade,² by the immigrated, the trafficked, the tourists. In the country of the great snake.

It was because we'd never had grammars or collections of old vegetation. And we never knew from urban, suburban, frontier and continent. Loafing on Brazil's mapamundi.

One participant consciousness, one religious rhythm.

Against all importers of canned consciousness, we are for the palpable existence of life. And pre-logical mentality for Mr Levy-Bruhl to study.

We want the Caraíba³ revolution, greater than the French Revolution. Unification of all effective revolts on the side of humankind. Without us, Europe wouldn't even have that poor declaration of the rights of man.

The golden age heralded by América. The golden age. And all the girls.

¹ Collective noun; name of formerly hegemonic language group. "Aborigines, n. Persons of little worth found cumbering the soil of a newly discovered country. They soon cease to cumber; they fertilize." Ambrose Bierce, *Devil's Dictionary*.

² Seldom understood emotional characteristic much coveted and therefore derided by certain non-Lusophones, as well as by some Luso-Brazilian expatriates (*brasileiros com zed*) in the metropolis.

³ One who speaks a language in the above-mentioned formerly hegemonic group; also, shaman. Originally, a word meaning "any foreigner".

Kinship. Contact with the Caraíba of Brazil. *Oú Villegaignon*⁴ *print terre*. Montaigne. Natural man. Rousseau. From the French Revolution to Romanticism, to the Bolshevik Revolution, the Surrealist Revolution and Keyserling's⁵ technicized barbarism. We're on our way.

We were never catechized. We live through a somnambulist law. We have our own Christ. He was born in Bahia. Or in Belém do Pará.⁶

But we never allowed logic to quicken among us.

Against Padre Vieira,⁷ our first loan broker. He got his commission. The illiterate king told him: Put this in the contract and don't wag your chin about it! The loan approved, our sugar was marked SOLD. Vieira left the money in Portugal and brought us his chins.

The spirit refuses to conceive of itself without the body. Anthropomorphism. Need for the anthropophagite vaccine against the meridian religions and inquisitions from overseas.

We can only attend to the oracular world.

⁴ (Nicolas Durand, Chevalier de) 1510–1571. Ocean-going warrior in the Catholic jihad decreed by les Enfants du Capital, who had recently risen to prominence by the open sewers of Europe. Assiduous extirpator of peoples rich in epidermal melanin. Leader of failed aquatic colonial adventure off the coast at Rio de Janeiro. Driven into disgrace and retirement by Protestant ministers along for the ride. They didn't fare any better, in the end.

Accompanying Villegaignon was one Jean de Lery, a clergyman who wrote a tract entitled *Histoire d'un voyage fait en la terre du Bresil, autrement dite Amerique* (1578), which was to figure in the unfortunately never realized *Bibliotequinha Antropofágica*.

In living memory, M. President General Charles de Gaulle is said to have paid Brazil the highest possible compliment when he asseverated through quivering, molossoïd jowls, "Il n'est pas un pays sérieux".

"Trample one anthill, up spring another million: / God's a gringo, but the people are Brazilian" (Glauco Mattoso, "Soneto 2.335, Catastrófico", in *Panacéia*, Nankin Editorial, São Paulo 2000).

See also Montaigne I, 33; and see n. 26, below.

⁵ (Count Hermann), 1880–1946, Austria by way of Estonia. Originary New Age cultural imperialist. Tutelary saint of pseudo-philosophical-psychological-physiological School of Wisdom. Popular between the first two World Wars, his ideas influenced the Anthropophagites. Technology will free us only when the capitalist system is abolished and technology is made to serve human needs, not profit.

⁶ City located at the mouth of Rio Amazonas. Capital of the northern state of Pará. "Belém" is Portuguese for "Bethlehem". "Pará" is also a word which means any Afro-Brazilian religion and its place of worship.

⁷ Religious fanatic with a magnificent prose style. Renowned homilist. Imperial bag man.

We had a codified justice of vengeance. A codified science of Magic. Anthropophagy.

The permanent transformation of Taboo into totem.

Against the reversible world and objectified ideas. Cadaverized. The halt of dynamic thought. The individual a victim of the system. Source of classical injustices. Of romantic injustices. And the forgetting of inner conquests.

Routes. Routes. Routes. Routes. Routes. Routes. Routes. Caraíba instinct.

Death and life of hypotheses. From the equation self part of Cosmos to the axiom Cosmos part of self. Subsistence. Knowledge.

Anthropophagy.

Against vegetable elites. In communication with the ground.

We were never catechized. We had Carnaval. The Indian dressed as an Imperial Senator. Make-believe Pitt. Or as characters in a libretto by Alencar,⁸ filled with good Portuguese feeling.

We already had communism. We already had surrealist language. The golden age.

Catiti Catiti

Imara Notiá

Notiá Imara

Ipejú.⁹

Magic and life. We had the relation and distribution of physical, moral and dignitary goods. And we knew how to transpose mystery and death with the help of some grammatical forms.

I asked a man to define Law. He answered that it was the guarantee of one's ability to exercise possibility. That man's name was Galli Matias.¹⁰ I ate him.

⁸ (José de), 1829–1877, Ceará, BR. Outstanding 19th-century novelist who discovered the essentially European subconscious of all decent folk, irregardless of class, creed, nationality or DNA. His novel *O Guarani* was adapted by him for the libretto of the opera *Il Guarany* by Brazilian composer Carlos Gomes (1836–1896).

⁹ “New Moon, New Moon, breathe memories of me into Everyman.” From *Os Selvagens*, by Couto Magalhaes. [This note is in most Brazilian editions.]

¹⁰ Galimatias, galimatia, gallimatias, galimathias: confused language, meaningless talk, nonsense. French word of unknown origin, first encountered in the 16th century. Used by the great Scottish polemicist, translator and jailbird, Sir Thomas Urquhart, who reputedly died during a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in the Netherlands, after hearing of the Restoration of Charles the Second.

There is no determinism only where there is mystery. But what does that have to do with us?

Against the histories of man, which begin at Cape Finisterre.¹¹ World without dates. No rubrics. No Napoleon. No Caesar.

The fixing of progress by means of catalogues and television sets. Only machinery. And blood transfusers.

Against antagonistic sublimations brought to us in caravels.

Against the truth of missionary peoples, defined by the sagacity of an anthropophagite, the Viscount of Cairu.¹² Truth is an oft-repeated lie.

But the people who came weren't crusaders. They were fugitives from a civilization that we are eating. We are strong and vengeful, like Jabuti.¹³

If God is the consciousness of the Uncreated Universe, Guaraci¹⁴ is the mother of living beings. Jaci¹⁵ is the mother of vegetation.

We had no speculation. But we had divination. We had Politics, which is the science of Distribution. And a social-planetary system.

¹¹ Rocky promontory on the Costa da Morte, prized by sport sailors, British military historians, pilgrims who burn their clothes, Spanish monarchists . . . and beloved by Galicians, for whom it is Fisterra, a part of their homeland (thanks to Erin Moure); see n. 26.

¹² Bahian-born José da Silva Lisboa (1756–1835). Political journalist, politician and jurisconsult. Voracious polymath who flourished under João VI and Pedro I. Author of *Observations upon Free Trade in Brazil, Moral Constitution and Duties of Citizens* and a great deal of journalism. His title, conferred late in life, explains most of whatever else we need to know about him.

Not to be confused with Field Marshal Garnet Joseph, Baron Wolseley and 1st Viscount of Cairo, 1833–1913, a more or less competent (and extremely lucky) imperial hitman and proud member of a once overwhelmingly powerful national elite at long last creaking into silliness and futility. While Wolseley claimed to have suffered considerable anguish upon arriving in Khartoum two days too late to prevent Gordon's so-called martyrdom, it did not stop him from accepting his second title. Like all government-sponsored mass-murderers, Wolseley believed wholeheartedly in the supremacy of his civilization. Needless to say, that aristocratic faith was not held by OA and associates.

¹³ Land tortoise. Legendary trickster, long-lived and persistent. Invited guest at the great celestial party. National symbol of a people most lovely.

¹⁴ The sun. Lover of the moon. OA calls this male god "mother".

¹⁵ The moon. When she and her lover were forced to separate, her tears formed Rio Amazonas.

Migrations. Flight from states of boredom. Against urban scleroses. Against Conservatories; against speculative boredom.

From William James to Voronoff.¹⁶ The transfiguration of Taboo into totem. Anthropophagy.

The paterfamilias and the creation of the morality of the stork fable.¹⁷ Real ignorance of things + lack of imagination + feeling of authority before the curious gens.

It's necessary to start from a profound atheism to arrive at the idea of God. But the Caraíba didn't need it. Because they had Guaraci.

The created objective reacted like the Fallen Angels. Then Moses started wandering around. What does that have to do with us?

Before the Portuguese discovered Brazil, Brazil had already discovered happiness.

Against candlestick Indians. Against the torch holder Indian. Against the Indian as child of Mary, godchild of Catherine de Medici and child-in-law of Dom Antônio de Mariz.¹⁸

Happiness is the living proof.

In the Pindorama¹⁹ Matriarchate.²⁰

Against memory, the source of custom. We are for personal experience renewed.

We are concretists. Ideas take hold, react, burn people in public squares. Let us suppress ideas and other paralyses. With routes. To believe in the signs, believe in the instruments and in the stars.

Against Goethe, the mother of the Gracchi, and the Court of Dom João VI.

¹⁶ (Serge), 1866–1951, Russian-born Director of Experimental Surgery at Collège de France. Proponent of testicular transplant for rejuvenation of libidos atrophied by life-long addiction to the methamphetamine of the bourgeoisie, accumulation; in other words, the first monkey gland doctor.

¹⁷ Famous fable of childbirth. Another possible translation: “moral of the stork fable”.

¹⁸ Fidalgo in São Paulo circa 1560 who lived his life according to the highest moral principles. Celebrated miscegenist in the best High Colonial style. Also, a character in Alencar's novel, **O Guarani**.

¹⁹ Ancient name for the region now known as Brazil. From Tupi “pindórama”: land of palm trees.

²⁰ See Fredrick Engels' dated (and *very* problematic) but still essential *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State*, Sharon Smith's *Women and Socialism*, Teresa Ebert's *Red Feminism* and n. 26, below.

Happiness is the living proof.

The struggle between what would be called Uncreated and the Creature — illustrated by the permanent contradiction of man and his Taboo. Day-to-day love is the capitalist *modus vivendi*. Anthropophagy. Absorption of the sacred enemy. To transform him into Totem. The human adventure. Earthly finality. However, only the pure elite realize fleshly anthropophagy, which carries within itself the highest meaning of life and avoids all the ills identified by Freud. All the catechistic ills. What happens is not a sublimation of sexual instinct. It's the thermometric scale of anthropophagite instinct. The fleshly becomes elective and creates friendship. Love is affective. Science is speculative. It deviates and transfers. We arrive at abasement. Low anthropophagy agglomerated in the sins of the catechism — envy, usury, calumny, murder. A plague from so-called cultured and Christianized peoples. This is what we act against. Anthropophagites.

Against Anchieta²¹ going on and on about eleven thousand virgins from the sky in the land of Iracema,²² we are for the patriarch João Ramalho,²³ founder of São Paulo.

Our independence still hasn't been proclaimed. A typical sentence out of Dom João VI: My Son, put that crown on Your head, before some adventurer does! We expelled the dynasty. Now we need to expel the Braganza mind-set, the ordinations and the snuff of Maria da Fonte.²⁴

Against social reality, the clothed oppressor surveyed by Freud, we are for a reality without complexes, without madness, without prostitutions

²¹ (José de). Jesuit missionary. First important Lusophone poet in América, author of much-anthologized poem, *Quando, no Espírito Santo, se recebeu uma relíquia das onze mil virgens*. The first important Luso-Brazilian poet was the great Grégorio de Mattos e Guerra (1636–1695) aka Boca do Inferno (Mouth of Hell or Devil's Mouthpiece): "Enormous usuries in the market. All who do not steal are impoverished. And there you have the city of Bahia"; "If you ask me, the city runs on the Two Effs: Fleece and Fuck".

²² Tupi ingenue with an entirely European inner life in the eponymous novel by Alencar.

²³ Shipwrecked colonial adventurer. "Natural father of all legitimate Paulistas [sic]," according to OA, in the *Pocket Dictionary*.

²⁴ "Mary by the Fountain," name given to an 1846 tax revolt of Portuguese small land owners with elitist aspirations, waged largely by women, sold out to church and aristocracy.

and without penitentiaries. We are for the reality of the Pindorama Matriarchate.

Oswald de Andrade

*In Piratininga*²⁵

74 years after the tricentennial

*of the deglutition of Bishop Sardinha*²⁶



²⁵ “Piratininga” is the ancient name for the area now known as São Paulo. Tupi “pi’ra”, “fish” + “(mo)tininga”, gerund of “(mo)tining”, “to dry”: place where fish dry out on the riverbanks, according to some philologists. Also name of a river in the state of São Paulo.

²⁶ Pero Fernandes Sardinha, the Portuguese-born Bishop of Bahia, headed back to Lisboa after quarreling with Bahia’s Governor-General. On June 16, 1556, this particular Imperial bag man was eaten by a band of presumably wise-cracking Tupi after his ship sank off present-day Alagoas near the easternmost tip of the Pindorama Matriarchate. On March 9, 1500, Pero Álvarez Cabral set sail from Lisboa. After a short stopover at Cabo Verde, Cabral veered southwest and made a beeline until land was sighted on April 22. Clearly, OA considers this date to be of less importance for Brazilian culture than the date of the aforementioned example of a “peripheral” people putting their money where their mouths are and talking back to the “metropolis” with unvanquishable eupepsia and good, tasty, black humor.

Oswald de Andrade joined the Communist Party of Brazil in 1931. In 1950, he was the Republic of Labor’s candidate for Federal Deputy. His platform: **BREAD — ROOF — CLOTHING — HEALTH — EDUCATION — LIBERTY.**

A luta continua.

Pocket Dictionary
(1930's, posthumous)
(*selections*)

CAIN: The first bourgeois. Partitioned the land and built the first fence in history. Creator and defender of private property.

ADAM: Eve's first husband.

NOAH: Proprietor of the Great Aquatic Circus, which drifted all over the world and finally broke up due to bad box office receipts.

MOSES: The Eternal Father's stenographer.

ISAIAH: Great voice. Like Jeremiah, Hosea and Ezekiel, other great voices from the depths of History, he proclaimed social justice. Author of this little Bolshevik imprecation: "Cursed be ye who decree iniquitous laws and inscribe unjust orders to oppress the poor and those hungry for justice, violate the rights of the disinherited and make widows and orphans into spoils for the rich! Cursed be ye who accumulate house upon house and hectare on end until there's nowhere left for anyone else and the whole country's bought and sold!"

JOB: Penniless Jew.

SOLOMON: Composer of the waltz "Canticle of Canticles" and author of the final proclamation of the Communist manifesto: "Workers of all countries, unite!"

JOHAH: Whale vomit.

HERODOTUS: He started the lie.

PLINY THE ELDER: Author of the economical epitaph of Rome: Latifundia perdidere Italiam.

JOHN THE BAPTIST: Blood-soaked mask hanging on Christianity's door.

SAINT JOSEPH: Putative father of Christ.

SALOME: Belly dancer.

VIRGIN MARY: Miss Nazareth.

CHRIST: Small-time communist crucified by both upper and lower classes, under the eye of Imperial Rome in Jerusalem. Figure in an anecdote central to a religion of an oppressed and suffering people. Said religion took hold in the transformed Western world and ended up the major pretext for slaughter, oppression and theft.

MAGDALENE: Joan Crawford in the life of Christ.

SAINT PETER: Secretary of the Bethesda Fisherman's Union (BFU), chief of the self-defense committee that met in Gethsemane, first Pope, crucified head down, etc. etc.

JUDAS: Petty-bourgeois intellectual swinging from a fig tree in Judea.

SAINT THOMAS: Visionary who saw with his fingers.

AUGUSTINE: Great Church intellectual. Lost in the idea of an international world called the spiritual city of God, he authored this crimson assertion: "Not by virtue of divine right, but by virtue of the right of war, can one say: this house is mine, this servant is mine!"

MUHAMMED: Organizer of the theocratic state as a form of mass exploitation by means of a warrior elite.

GENGIS KHAN AND TAMERLANE: Nomad society out to crush sedentary economies.

JEANNE D'ARC: Female saint burned by priests having a careless day.

THOMAS MORE: English humanist who came to an end on the gibbet. He put this in the mouth of one of his characters: "As long as private property endures, the greater part of the nation will be condemned to poverty and too much labor."

SHAKESPEARE: Renaissance toy-box.

AMERICO VESPUCCI: Celebrated navigator who gave his name to the lands discovered at the end of the 15th century. These were lands "where men live according to nature, there is no private property, everything is held in common and nobody suffers oppression by kings or authorities."

PEDRO ALVAREZ CABRAL: It's all his goddam fault.

MACHIAVELLI: A learned man who, in an era of widespread religious idiocy, discerned that religion is a simple instrument of mass oppression, by the clergy, in the service of the powers that be.

MONTAIGNE: French humanist who noted with lively enthusiasm this retort from an Indian from Brazil who was brought to the court in Rouen in the 16th Century: "I wonder immensely at thy luxury and well-being, but that which causes me most to wonder is that the people who live in the cold mud do not burn thy palaces and distribute thy riches!"

LEONARDO DA VINCI: Creator of the bourgeois smile.

LOYOLA: Christ's bad company.

CERVANTES: Literary debut of the bourgeoisie.

LOCKE: Liberal grandfather of modern conservatives.

PASCAL: Catholic thinker who left this revolutionary gift for pious little girls: “Mine. Thine. This dog is mine!, say these poor little children. This is my place under the sun! Such is the beginning and the image of the usurpation of the whole earth.”

VOLTAIRE: Idealist who realized all his ideals. Said of religion: “When it’s not madness, it’s charlatanry.”

ROUSSEAU: Renovator (he didn’t really know what he was doing) of original sin. Man is born good and society corrupts him. Obviously, in Eden, as now, society was full of snakes.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Slave owner who declared liberty for all slave owners.

KANT: Metaphysical terrorist who died before he could be apprehended.

RICARDO: Theorist of value.

FEUERBACH: Pope of Atheism. Discovered that it was man who created God, not vice-versa.

FOURIER: Described the civilization in which he found himself thusly: “Men consider each other enemies and act accordingly. Everywhere there is speculation, maneuvering in the stock exchange, shrewdness, fraud, hypocrisy, enrichment for the few, impoverishment for the many, disdain for the unfortunate, competition, economic anarchy, sons fighting fathers and workers fighting bosses, capitalists exploiting workers, governments dominated by the wealthy, revolt of the poor and, worst of all, the buying and selling of women on the marriage market.”

GOETHE: Bourgeois classicist who invented romanticism.

MARX: History’s corner.

ENGELS: The future’s contemporary.

BALZAC: Family photo of the bourgeoisie.

MAX STIRNER: Modern father of anarchism. Had the courage to say, “I’m uninterested in God, humanity, truth, goodness, justice and freedom. I’m interested in myself!”

BLANQUI: Red conspirator. Spent a third of the 19th century in jail because he loved liberty.

DISRAELI: Creator of the Gandhi Affair.

NIETZSCHE: Super-Hitler.

SCHOPENHAUER: Pessimist who preached universal suicide after the loss of bourgeoisie reason.

MONROE: Annexer who discovered that América is for Américans... well, North Americans...

CHOPIN: Lover of George Sand.

GEORGE SAND: Lover of Alfred de Musset.

EHRMAN: Egyptologist who discovered an ancient text verifying that in antiquity there was an attempted dictatorship of the proletariat that lasted some three hundred years.

COMRADE ROSA LUXEMBURG: Assassinated by Berliner praetorians during the communist ferment of January 1919. With Karl Liebknecht, one of the leaders of the movement. Her corpse was thrown into a river.

COMRADE LENIN: Arm that cranked the motor of the proletarian revolution in the world.

COMRADE STALIN: Steel point driving humanity into the future.

TROTSKY: Trotskyite. [*The translator is in no way a Stalinist; neither is he a Trotskyist; he is an anacho-communist. Nevertheless, he does not share OA's opinion of Trotsky.*]

FOCH: Murderer who died in bed after leading over five million men to death in the trenches of WWI. Dragged from their houses, Foch's soldiers, like those of Hindenburg and Pershing, were thrown into battle to defend with their lives the patrimony of the wealthy and the dominion of capital.

CLEMENCEAU: Author of the error-laden Geographical Tractate signed at Versailles.

BRIAND: Dead beacon of the international whorehouse who, in Geneva, exploited nations as well as women.

HITLER: Little steel mustache.

SPENGLER: Last will and testament of the western bourgeoisie.

MUSSOLINI: Pasta with blood sauce.

GANDHI: Passive socialist. Taught his people freedom using the Berlitz method.

MACDONALD: Falling star of the Second International.

FREUD: Spiritual Advisor to the bourgeoisie.

KRISHNAMURTI: God repentant.

HOOVER: Usurer who hocked the world and barred the pawnshop door.

EINSTEIN: Pastime lost in space-time.

PROLETARIAT: Those who rent out their hands by the day in order to eat badly and sleep worse; who nourish the enemy that exploits them; who will finally revolt and unleash upon the world a revolution enabling them to dig deep the grave of the bourgeoisie; those who are blessed, for they shall inherit the earth.



SAMPA, 1890–1954