

Poetry Series

Alejandro Jodorowsky
- poems -

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Alejandro Jodorowsky(1929)

Alejandro Jodorowsky Prullansky (Spanish: [ale'xand?o xo?o?'ofski]; born 17 February 1929) is a Chilean-French film and theatre director, screenwriter, playwright, actor, author, poet, producer, composer, musician, comics writer, and spiritual guru. Best known for his avant-garde films, he has been "venerated by cult cinema enthusiasts" for his work which "is filled with violently surreal images and a hybrid blend of mysticism and religious provocation".

Born to Jewish-Ukrainian and Polish parents in Chile, Jodorowsky experienced an unhappy and alienated childhood, and so immersed himself in reading and writing poetry. Dropping out of college, he became involved in theater and in particular mime, working as a clown before founding his own theater troupe, the Teatro Mimico, in 1947. Moving to Paris in the early 1950s, Jodorowsky studied mime under Étienne Decroux before turning to cinema, directing the short film *Les têtes interverties* in 1957. From 1960 he divided his time between Paris and Mexico City, in the former becoming a founding member of the anarchistic avant-garde Panic Movement of performance artists. In 1966 he created his first comic strip, *Anibal 5*, while in 1967 he directed his first feature film, the surrealist *Fando y Lis*, which caused a huge scandal in Mexico, eventually being banned.

His next film, the acid western *El Topo* (1970), became a hit on the midnight movie circuit in the United States, considered as the first-ever midnight cult film, garnering high praise from John Lennon, which led to Jodorowsky being provided with \$1 million to finance his next film. The result was *The Holy Mountain* (1973), a surrealist exploration of western esotericism. Disagreements with the film's distributor Allen Klein, however, led to both *The Holy Mountain* and *El Topo* failing to gain widespread distribution, although both became classics on the underground film circuit.

After an aborted attempt at filming Frank Herbert's 1965 science fiction novel *Dune*, Jodorowsky produced three more films, the family film *Tusk* (1980), the surrealist horror *Santa Sangre* (1989), and the failed blockbuster *The Rainbow Thief* (1990). Meanwhile, he has simultaneously written a series of science fiction comic books, most notably *The Incal* (1980–1989), which has been described as having a claim to be "the best comic book" ever written, and also *The Technopriests* and *Metabarons*. Accompanying this, he has also written books and regularly lectures on his own spiritual system, which he calls "psychomagic" and "psychoshamanism" and which borrows from his interests in alchemy, the tarot, Zen Buddhism and shamanism. His son Cristóbal has followed his teachings on psychoshamanism; this work is captured in the feature documentary *Quantum Men*, directed by Carlos Serrano Azcona.

Abandoned room

Abandoned room
Ownerless house
The emptiness stalks
Beneath my words.

Translated by Tom Billsborough

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Autorretrato (Selfportrait)

I like to develop my consciousness
to understand why I am alive
what is my body
and what I have to do
to cooperate with the universe plan.

I dislike the people
who accumulate useless information
and create artificial behaviors
plagiarized from important personalities.

I like to respect the others
not by the narcissist deviations of their personality
but for their internal development.

I dislike the people
whose mind doesn't know how to rest in silence
whose heart incessantly criticize the others
whose sex lives unsatisfied
whose body gets intoxicated
without knowing how to be grateful for being alive
every second of life is a sublime gift.

I like growing old
because time dissolves the superfluous
and preserves the essential.

I dislike the people that convert
childless bonds of lies into superstitions.

I dislike that there is a Pope
that preaches without sharing his soul with a Popess.

I dislike that religion
stands in the hands of men
that despise women.

I like to collaborate
not to compete.

I like to discover on each being
that eternal jewel that we can call
internal God.

I dislike art
that deify the belly button of who practice it.

I like art whose means is to heal.

I dislike seriousness
I like everything that causes laughter.

I like to face up willingly
my suffering
with the purpose of expanding my consciousness.

— Original in Spanish —

Me gusta desarrollar mi conciencia
Para comprender por qué estoy vivo.
Qué es mi cuerpo y qué debo hacer
Para cooperar con los designios del universo.

No me gusta la gente
Que acumula datos inútiles y se crea conductas
Postizas plagiadas de personalidades importantes.

Me gusta respetar a los otros,
No por las desviaciones narcicistas de la personalidad,
Si no por su desarrollo interno.

No me gusta la gente,
Cuya mente no sabe descansar en silencio,
Cuyo corazón critica a los otros sin cesar...
Cuyo sexo vive insatisfecho...
Cuyo cuerpo se intoxica sin saber agradecer que estás vivo...
Nada en su mundo de vida es un mundo sublime...

Me gusta envejecer
Porque el tiempo disuelve lo superfluo y conserva lo esencial.

No me gusta la gente
Que por amarras infantiles a mentiras,
Las convierte en supersticiones.

No me gusta que haya un Papa
Que predica sin compartir su alma con una Papisa.

No me gusta que la religión esté en manos de hombres
Que desprecian a las mujeres.

Me gusta colaborar y no competir.

Me gusta descubrir en cada ser esa Joya eterna
Que podríamos llamar Dios Interior.

No me gusta el arte
Que diviniza el ombligo de quien lo practica.

Me gusta el arte que sirve para sanar.

No me gustan los tontos graves,

Me gusta todo aquello que provoca la risa.

Me gusta enfrentar voluntariamente mi sufrimiento con el objeto de expandir mi conciencia!

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Beautify

Turn hatred into a rosebush in the garden of your silence.
Receive as offerings the arrows that shoot you.
Clean the dark adherences carried by each word:
When passing from mind to mind they cease to be
Translucent coffers and become opaque moons.
In mute lands grows the golden flower.

Translated by Tom Billsborough

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Cuanto

¿Cuanto

Hay que dejar de ser
para ser?

Alejandro Jodorowsky

cuarto abandonado

cuarto abandonado
casa sin dueño
el vacío acecha
bajo mis palabras

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Do not thank me

Do not thank me
What I have given you
It was given me
Just for you.

Translated by Tom Billsborough

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Embelezer

Haz del odio un rosal en el jardín de tu silencio.
Recibe como ofrenda las flechas que te disparan.
Limpia las adherencias oscuras que porta cada palabra:
Al pasar de mente en mente cesan de ser cofres traslucidos
Para convertirse en lunas opacas.
En las tierras de la mudez crece la flor de oro.

Alejandro Jodorowsky

How much

How much
does it cost to stop being
to be?

Translated by Tom Billsborough

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Immerse

Demolish walls that bar you from yourself.
Eliminate the conceited puppet around your conscience.
They injected you with a hump's opinion.
They nailed you in Time defining you by age
They embedded you with the grim faces of ancestors.
They enclosed your being in a passport,
In a language, in a suit of mud
And mutilated your differences.
Cease to live around you,
Detach yourself from the superfluous.
Look for the invisible root until your self
Is free of beliefs. And immersed in happiness.

Translated by Tom Billsborough

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Impulse

Nothing your own, you live on a loan.
You cannot lift the veil.
Cease to hold your name. Open your hand
And let it slip till you call yourself Silence.
Hunting is forbidden, fishing allowed.
Come into the net you cast in your inner sea.
Be yourself the prey.
Into instinct submerge your conscience.
Ceasing to ask, receive as if you may
Be a sacred vessel.
You thought the treasure was fleeing.
Understand your search took it away.
You will cease to be a name any more
Among other names, but a transparent
Sphere that contains them.

Translated by Tom Billsborough

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Impulso

Nada te es propio, vives en lo prestado, no logras levantar el velo?
Cesa de empuñar tu nombre, abre la mano y deja que
Se escurra hasta que te llamas Silencio.
La caza está prohibida, la pesca está permitida.
Entra en la red que extiendes en tu mar interior.
Se tu mismo la presa.
En el instinto sumerge tu conciencia.
Cesando de pedir, recibe como
si fueras un vaso sagrado.
Pensabas que el tesoro estaba huyendo.
Comprendiste que
Tu búsqueda lo alejaba.
Ya no serás un nombre más entre los otros nombres, sino
Una esfera transparente que los contiene.

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Lo que aquí te digo

Lo que aquí te digo
Aquí se queda
Me voy sin nada.

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Lo Que Se Es

Si eres agua no aceptes semejar rocas. Si eres roca, no trates de fluir.
La blanda lengua no imita a los dientes. Los duros dientes no imitan a la lengua.
Entre la lengua y los dientes, el alimento. Entre la noche y el día,
el alba.

Ni en lo que fue ni en lo será, en lo que es. Entre racional e intuitivo, abierto al
milagro.

La materia es la belleza, lo inmaterial es la verdad.
Cuando la eternidad engendre en los relojes pétalos de luz,
lenguas atravesadas por pájaros de aire,
manos que llueven miel y cantos con aroma de nube,
en el subsuelo de la mente ha de aparecer un sumidero
por donde se derrame tu memoria ladrona.

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Mudez

Envía al matadero tus palabras inútiles : formas insaciables,
Frutos sin huesco, vacíos ornados de ilusiones, pellejos
Inflados de bruma.
Que la mudez descienda en el pozo de tu lengua, que el sabor
De la eternidad conceda paz a tu mente, que la cruz en
La que clavabas las definiciones se haga polvo.
Solo entonces, como escultura de santo pulida por besos
De creyentes, tu boca podrá verter palabras comparables a soles.
No serán tuyas, las gestara una garganta humilde.
Tendrán letras, sonidos, formas, pero esta vez fértiles, preñez
Que estalla en cantos, catedrales de crecimiento perpetuo,
Gigantescos diccionarios poblados innumerables veces de
Un solitario "gracias";.

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Muteness

To the abattoir send your useless words,
Insatiable forms, boneless fruits,
Voids decorated with illusions,
Hides inflated with mist.
May muteness descend into the pit of your tongue,
May the taste of eternity grant you peace of mind,
That the cross on which you nail definitions
Crumble to dust.
Only then, like a saint's sculpture
Polished by kisses of believers,
Your mouth can pour words comparable to suns.
They will not be yours, born of a humble throat.
They will have letters, sounds, shapes,
But this time fertile with a pregnancy
That bursts into chanting,
Cathedrals of perpetual growth, gigantic
Dictionaries peopled countless times
By a solitary 'thanks'.

Translated by Tom Billsborough

Alejandro Jodorowsky

No me agradezcas

No me agradezcas
Lo que te he dado
me ha sido dado
solo para ti

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Posteridad

Cada instante con su piadoso olvido, sin llegar a ser memoria,
se disuelve en la fragancia del vacío.

Aunque el mundo clave sus mil ejes en tu mente, hay en
el fondo del alma una esfera que no gira.

lo que has creído ser se desmorona, se refleja la misma luna
en cada una de tus hojas.

recibe el aroma del puerto prometido después de un viaje
a través de mil abismos vestidos de ramera,
siente arder al niño encerrado en tu pecho, obsérvalo caer
convertido en cenizas milenarias,
padece las estocadas del viento con los ojos clavados en
el cielo y la mente en andrajos.

de lo que nunca has sido sé ahora el reflejo, que las huellas
de tus pasos den lecciones de danza,
los bolsillos llenos de una eterna ausencia, en la carne de
la posteridad siembra gusanos lucidos,
deja deslizarse el mundo por tus manos abiertas, lánzate
al precipicio convertido en manzana.

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Posterity

Each instant with his pious oblivion, without becoming
Memory, dissolves into the fragrance of the void.
Though the world may nail its thousand axes in your mind,
There is within the depth of soul a sphere that does not spin.
Your held beliefs have crumbled, and reflect the same moon
In your every leaf.
Receive the promised port's aroma after a voyage through
A thousand chasms dressed up as whores.
Feel the child burn in your chest, watch it fall into
Millennial ashes,
Suffer the thrust of the wind with your eyes fixed on the sky
And your mind in rags.
Be now the reflection of what you have never been, so that the
Traces of your steps give dancing lessons.
Pockets full of eternal absence, in posterity's flesh sow
Lucid worms.
Let the world slip through your open hands, throw yourself at the precipice
turned into an apple.

Translated by Tom Billsborough

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Reflect

When speaking to a prisoner do not offer resistance: enter
His cell, becoming a mirror.

Let him be seen in you, because he is never seen,
Refuge in yesterday, always eating the same piece of bread,
Drinking the same drink of water, mistaking scratches for caresses,
ruminating the pleasure of dissatisfaction.

Is he encased, disguised, having fled, hidden among the
Chairs? Does he insult, threaten and kick the air?

You have to be a reflection, an echo, a shadow, look for the loop, introduce
yourself like a thief.

Help him to see the walls that enclose him, invite him to
Demolish them, erase from his mind ingrained ideas, give him the desire to live
his own life and not the one imposed.

Translated by Tom Billsborough

Alejandro Jodorowsky

REFLEJAR

Para hablar con un preso no le ofrezcas resistencia: entra en su celda, transfórmate el espejo.

Deja que se vea en ti, porque él nunca se ve, refugiado en el ayer, comiendo siempre el mismo trozo de pan, bebiendo el mismo trago de agua, llamando caricia al arañazo, rumiando el placer de la insatisfacción.

¿Se enquistaba, se disfrazaba, huye, se disimula entre las sillas?

¿Insulta, amenaza, pateaba el aire?

Tu hazte reflejo, eco, sombra, busca el resquicio, introdúctete como un ladrón,

ayúdalo a ver los muros que lo encierran, invítalo a derribarlos, borra de su mente las ideas tatuadas, dale el deseo de vivir lo suyo y no lo impuesto.

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Sembrar

Nunca des un paso sin enterrar semilla.

Cada segundo el comienzo de una eternidad, cada peldaño
el principio de una escalera infinita, cada gesto el núcleo
de un nuevo cosmos.

Si el sabio no siembra es razón estéril.

Quien acumula sin dar, se vacía.

Antes de alisar el camino, despójalo de sus ilusiones
petrificadas.

En el paramo del sufrimiento, planta un destello de alegría,
clávalo con saña en aquello que solo imita lo que por
siempre es.

Puedes seguir la senda inversa: a la piedra áspera, la corriente
fluvial no la rechaza, la pule, la incluye.

El guijarro al entregarse a lo ilimitado le da un sentido.

Una sola semilla justifica la existencia de la Tierra entera.

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Sin Discriminar

No prometas caídas ni úlceras confianzas.

Los tajos a los otros abren surcos en tu propia carne.

Al lacerar sus esperanzas carcomes las bases sobre las que se asienta el mundo.

La desconfianza que induces mata el amor. El niño prisionero en sus sueños clava agujas en el deseo de ser.

No sabe separar el tiempo de la herida ni el delirio de la aurora.

No sabe que es un pez de oro anunciando el sublime estallido de la meta.

Si para avanzar desprestigias los pasos ajenos, esas maldiciones brincan de tu boca a tu alma y la corroen.

Enséñale a tus ojos a bendecir lo que ven.

Estas unido por entero, la separación es un espejismo que devora.

Con el pecho vacío, clava la mirada en el fondo hasta encontrar tu estrella.

Respetas las ilusiones de quienes se entregan a tus efluvios, enséñales a morir hundiéndose en las alturas.

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Sowing Seeds

Never take a step without burying seed.
Each new second begins an eternity, each pace
Each pace precipitates an infinite staircase,
Each gesture the nucleus of a new cosmos.
If the wise sows not, he is but barren reason.
He who accumulates without giving, empties himself.
Before you smooth the way, sweep from it your petrified illusions.
In the marsh of suffering, plant a flash of joy,
nail it firmly in that which only imitates the eternal.
You can follow the opposite path: the river's current
does not reject but polishes and includes the rough stone
The pebble submitting itself to the eternal gives sense to it

A single seed justifies the whole earth's existence.

Translated by Tom Billsborough

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Sumergir

Demuele los muros que te separan de ti mismo.
Elimina al monigote construido alrededor de tu conciencia.
Te inyectaron la corcova del parecer.
Te clavaron en el tiempo definiéndote por la edad.
Tu embutieron en el rostro muecas de antepasados.
Encerraron tu ser en un pasaporte, en un idioma, en un traje de barro.
Mutilaron tus diferencias.
Cesa de vivir a tu alrededor, despréndete de lo superfluo,
Busca la raíz invisible hasta que te encuentres libre
De definiciones, sumergido en la felicidad.

Alejandro Jodorowsky

That Which Is

If you are water do not expect to resemble rocks.
If you are rock, do not attempt to flow.
The soft tongue does not imitate the teeth.
Hard teeth do not imitate the tongue.
Between tongue and teeth there is food.
Between night and day, the dawn.
Neither the past nor the future is the now.
Between the rational and intuitive, opens the miracle.
Matter is beauty, the immaterial is truth.
When Eternity gives birth to petals of light in clocks,
Tongues pierced by birds made of air,
Hands that pour honey and cloud-scented songs,
In the subsoil of the mind there shall appear a sink
Through which your thieving memory will drain itself.

Translated by Tom Billsborough

Alejandro Jodorowsky

What I tell you here

What I tell you here
Stays here
I leave with nothing

Translated by Tom Billsborough

Alejandro Jodorowsky

Without Discrimination

Do not break promises or lacerate trust.
The cuts to others open furrows in your own flesh.
By lacerating their hopes you destroy the bases
on which the world rests.
The distrust you induce kills love. The child
prisoner in his dreams sticks needles in the desire to be.
he knows not how to separate Time from wound or delirium from Dawn.
He knows not that he is the goldfish announcing
the sublime outbreak of the goal.
If, by advancing, you discredit the steps of others, those
curses leap from your mouth to your soul and corrode it.
Teach your eyes to bless what they see.
You are an indivisible unit inside, the separation is a
mirage that devours.
With an empty chest, stare into the background
to find your star.
Respect the illusions of those who submit to your effluvia,
teach them to die sinking in the
heights.

Translated by Tom Billsborough

Alejandro Jodorowsky