

I Patom Theatre

I ran and got tired

poems and writings of Daniil Kharms
translated in english

A song

by Daniil Kharms

We shall close our eyes,
O people! O people!
We shall open our eyes,
O warriors! O warriors!

Lift us up above the sea,
O angels! O angels!
Drown the enemy under the sea,
O demons! O demons!

We have closed our eyes,
O people! O people!
We have opened our eyes,
O warriors! O warriors!

Give us strength to fly over the sea,
O birds! O birds!
Give us courage to die under the sea,
O fish! O fish!

How i was born

Daniil Kharms

Now I will describe how I was born, how I grew up and how the first signs of genius were discovered in me. I was born twice. This is how it happened.

My Dad got married to my Mum in 1902, but my parents brought me into the world only at the end of 1905, because Dad was adamant that his child should be born at New Year.

Dad calculated that conception had to take place on the first of April and only on that day did he get round my Mum with the proposition of conceiving a child.

My Dad got round my Mum on the first of April 1903. Mum had long been awaiting this moment and was terribly thrilled. But Dad, as it seems, was in a very playful mood and could not restrain himself, saying to Mum: 'April Fool!'

Mum was absolutely furious and didn't allow Dad anywhere near her that day. There was nothing for it but to wait until the following year.

On the first of April 1904, Dad again started getting round Mum with the same proposition. But Mum, remembering what had happened the year before, said that she had no further desire to be left in that stupid position and again would not allow Dad near her. It didn't matter how much noise Dad created, it got him nowhere.

And only a year later did my Dad manage to have his way with my Mum and beget me.

And so my conception took place on the first of April 1905.

However, all Dad's calculations broke down because I turned out to be premature and was born four months before my time.

Dad created such a fuss that the midwife who had delivered me lost her head and started to shove me back in, from where I had only just emerged.

An acquaintance of ours who was in attendance, a student from the military medical academy, declared that shoving me back in would not work. However, the student's words notwithstanding, they still shoved me and shoved me back, for all they were worth.

At this point a fearful commotion broke out.

The progenetrix yells: -- Give me my baby!

And the response comes: -- Your baby -- they tell her -- is inside you.

-- What! -- yells the progenetrix. -- How can my baby be inside me when I have just given birth to him!

-- But -- they say to the progenetrix -- mightn't you be mistaken?

-- What! -- yells the progenetrix -- mistaken? How can I be mistaken! I saw the baby

myself, he was lying here on a sheet only just now!

-- That is true -- they tell the progenetrix -- but perhaps he's crawled off somewhere. -- In a word, they themselves don't know what to tell the progenetrix.

And the progenetrix is still making a noise and demanding her baby.

There was nothing for it, but to call an experienced doctor. The experienced doctor examined the progenetrix and threw up his hands; however, he thought it all out and gave the progenetrix a good dose of English salts, and by this means I saw the light of day for the second time.

At this juncture, Dad again started creating a fuss, saying that, surely, this couldn't be called a birth, that this, surely, couldn't yet be called a human being, but rather a semifoetus, and that it ought to either be shoved back again or put into a incubator.

And so they put me into an incubator.

I love sensual women

by Daniil Kharms

I love sensual women and not passionate ones. A passionate woman closes her eyes, moans and shouts and the enjoyment of a passionate woman is blind.

A passionate woman writhes about, grabs you with her hands without looking where, clasps you, kisses you, even bites you and hurries to reach her climax as soon as she can. She has no time to display her sexual organs, no time to examine, touch with the hand and kiss your sexual organs, she is in such a hurry to slake her passion. Having slaked her passion, the passionate woman will fall asleep. The sexual organs of a passionate woman are dry. A passionate woman is always in some way or another mannish.

The sensual woman is always feminine. Her contours are rounded and abundant. The sensual woman rarely reaches a blind passion. She savours sexual enjoyment. The sensual woman is always a woman and even in an unaroused state her sexual organs are moist. She has to wear a bandage on her sexual organs, so as not to soak them with moisture. When she takes the bandage off in the evening, the bandage is so wet that it can be squeezed out. Thanks to such an abundance of juices, the sexual organs of a sensual woman give off a slight, pleasant smell which increases strongly when the sensual woman is aroused. Then the juice from her sexual organs is secreted in a syrupy stream. A sensual woman likes you to examine her sexual organs.

Early 1930.

Four illustrations of that how a new idea strikes a person unprepared for it.

Daniil Kharms

I am an artist!

For me You are a sh..t!

I am a musician!

For me You are a sh..t!

I am a poet!

For me You are a sh..t!

Kind feelings

by Daniil Kharms

When I see a human being, I feel like hitting him in the face.

It is so pleasant to hit a person in the face!

I sit at home in my room doing nothing.

Somebody drops in to see me. He knocks on the door. I say, "come in." He comes in and says, "Hello. How nice that I caught you at home."

I bang him in the face and then kick him in the crotch. My guest falls down in terrible pain. I kick him in the eye with the heel of my shoe. People shouldn't loiter around when nobody asked them to come in.

Or another way. I offer the guest a cup of tea. The guest accepts, sits down at the table, drinks the tea, and talks about something. I act as if I am listening to him with great interest, nod my head, ooh and aah, raise my eyes in surprise, and laugh. The guest, flattered by the attention I am paying to him, lets himself go more and more.

I calmly fill his cup with boiling water and splash the water in the guest's face. The guest jumps up and holds his face. I say to him: "I don't have any more kind feelings in my heart. Get out!"

I throw out my guest.

I ran and got tired

Why I am not flaying? How pitty.

I ran ran ran and got tired

I sit down and stop running.

I see in the sky jackdaw flaying

And another jackdaw flaying

and another jackdaw flaying

Why I am not flaying?

Oh i ran ran ran and got tired