VI. Seven Dada Manifestoes

Tristan Tzara: Seven Dada Manifestoes

1. Manifesto of Mr. Antipyrine

Dada is our intensity: it sets up inconsequential bayonets the sumatran head of the german baby; Dada is life without carpet-slippers or parallels; it is for and against unity and definitely against the future; we are wise enough to know that our brains will become downy pillows that our anti-dogmatism is as exclusivist as a bureaucrat that we are not free yet shout freedom—

A harsh necessity without discipline or morality and we spit on humanity. Dada remains within the European frame of weaknesses it's shit after all but from now on we mean to shit in assorted colors and bedeck the artistic zoo with the flags of every consulate

We are circus directors whistling amid the winds of carnivals convents bawdy houses theatres realities sentiments restaurants HoHiHoHo Bang

We declare that the auto is a sentiment which has coddled us long enough in its slow abstractions in ocean liners and noises and ideas. Nevertheless we externalize facility we seek the central essence and we are happy when we can hide it; we do not want to count the windows of the marvelous elite for Dada exists for no one and we want everybody to understand this because it is the balcony of Dada, I assure you. From which you can hear the military marches and descend slicing the air like a seraph in a public bath to piss and comprehend the parable

Dada is not madness—or wisdom—or irony take a good look at me kind bourgeois

Art was a game of trinkets children collected words with a tinkling on the end then they went and shouted stanzas and they put little doll's shoes on the stanza and the stanza turned into a queen to die a little and the queen turned into a wolverine and the children ran till they all turned green

Then came the great Ambassadors of sentiment and exclaimed historically in chorus

Psychology psychology heehee

Science Science Science
vive la France
we are not naive
we are successive
we are exclusive
we are not simple
and we are all quite able to discuss the intelligence.
But we Dada are not of their opinion for art is not serious I assure you and if in exhibiting crime we learnedly say ventilator, it is to give you pleasure kind reader I love you so I swear I do adore you

2. Dada Manifesto 1918

The magic of a word—Dada—which has brought journalists to the gates of a world unforeseen, is of no importance to us.

To put out a manifesto you must want: ABC
to fulminate against 1, 2, 3,
to fly into a rage and sharpen your wings to conquer and disseminate little abcs and big abcs, to sign, shout, swear, to organize prose into a form of absolute and irrefutable evidence, to prove your non plus ultra and maintain that novelty resembles life just as the latest appearance of some whore proves the essence of God. His existence was previously proved by the accordion, the landscape, the wheedling word. To impose your ABC is a natural thing—hence deplorable. Everybody does it in the form of crystalbluffmadonna, monetary system, pharmaceutical product, or a bare leg advertising the ardent sterile spring. The love of novelty is the cross of sympathy, demonstrates a naive je m'enfoutisme, it is a transitory, positive sign without a cause.

But this need itself is obsolete. In documenting art on the basis of the supreme simplicity: novelty, we are human and true for the sake of amusement, impulsive, vibrant to crucify boredom. At the crossroads of the lights, alert, attentively awaiting the years, in the forest. I write a manifesto and I want nothing, yet I say certain things, and in principle I am against manifestoes, as I am also against principles (half-pints to measure the moral value of every phrase too too convenient; approximation was invented by the impressionists). I write this manifesto to show that people can perform contrary actions together while taking one fresh gulp of air; I am against action; for continuous contradiction, for affirmation too, I am neither for nor against and I do not explain because I hate common sense.

Dada—there you have a word that leads ideas to the hunt: every bourgeois is a little dramatist, he invents all sorts of speeches instead of putting the characters suitable to the quality of his intelligence, chrysalises, on chairs, seeks causes or aims (according to the psychoanalytic method he practices) to cement his plot, a story that speaks and defines itself. Every spectator is a plotter if he tries to explain a word: (to know!) Safe in the cottony refuge of serpentine complications he manipulates his instincts. Hence the mishaps of conjugal life.

To explain: the amusement of redbellies in the mills of empty skulls.
DADA MEANS NOTHING

If you find it futile and don’t want to waste your time on a word that means nothing . . . The first thought that comes to these people is bacteriological in character: to find its etymological, or at least its historical or psychological origin. We see by the papers that the Kru Negroes call the tail of a holy cow Dada. The cube and the mother in a certain district of Italy are called: Dada. A hobby horse, a nurse both in Russian and Rumanian: Dada. Some learned journalists regard it as an art for babies, other holy jesusescallingthelittlechildren of our day, as a relapse into a dry and noisy, noisy and monotonous primitivism. Sensibility is not constructed on the basis of a word; all constructions converge on perfection which is boring, the stagnant idea of a gilded swamp, a relative human product. A work of art should not be beauty in itself, for beauty is dead; it should be neither gay nor sad, neither light nor dark to rejoice or torture the individual by serving him the cakes of sacred aureoles or the sweets of a vaulted race through the atmospheres. A work of art is never beautiful by decree, objectively and for all. Hence criticism is useless, it exists only subjectively, for each man separately, without the slightest character of universality. Does anyone think he has found a psychic base common to all mankind? The attempt of Jesus and the Bible covers with their broad benevolent wings: shit, animals, days. How can one expect to put order into the chaos that constitutes that infinite and shapeless variation: man? The principle: “love thy neighbor” is a hypocrisy, “Know thyself” is utopian but more acceptable, for it embraces wickedness. No pity. After the carnage we still retain the hope of a purified mankind. I speak only of myself since I do not wish to convince, I have no right to drag others into my river, I oblige no one to follow me and everybody practices his art in his own way, if he knows the joy that rises like arrows to the astral layers, or that other joy that goes down into the mines of corpse-flowers and fertile spasms. Stalactites: seek them everywhere, in mangers magnified by pain, eyes white as the hares of the angels.

And so Dada was born of a need for independence, of a distrust toward unity. Those who are with us preserve their freedom. We recognize no theory. We have enough cubist and futurist academies: laboratories of formal ideas. Is the aim of art to make money and cajole the nice nice bourgeois? Rhymes ring with the assonance of the currencies and the inflexion slips along the line of the belly in profile. All groups of artists have arrived at this trust company after riding their steeds on various comets. While the door remains open to the possibility of wallowing in cushions and good things to eat.

Here we cast anchor in rich ground. Here we have a right to do some proclaiming, for we have known cold shudders and awakenings. Ghosts drunk on energy, we dig the trident into unsuspecting flesh. We are a downpour of maledictions as tropically abundant as vertiginous vegetation, resin and rain are our sweat, we bleed and burn with thirst, our blood is vigor.

Cubism was born out of the simple way of looking at an object: Cezanne painted a

1 in 1916 in the Cabaret Voltaire, in Zurich.
cup 20 centimeters below his eyes, the cubists look at it from above, others complicate appearance by making a perpendicular section and arranging it conscientiously on the side. (I do not forget the creative artists and the profound laws of matter which they established once and for all.) The futurist sees the same cup in movement, a succession of objects one beside the other, and maliciously adds a few force lines. This does not prevent the canvas from being a good or bad painting suitable for the investment of intellectual capital.

The new painter creates a world, the elements of which are also its implements, a sober, definite work without argument. The new artist protests: he no longer paints (symbolic and illusionist reproduction) but creates—directly in stone, wood, iron, tin, boulders—locomotive organisms capable of being turned in all directions by the limpid wind of momentary sensation. All pictorial or plastic work is useless: let it then be a monstrosity that frightens servile minds, and not sweetening to decorate the refectories of animals in human costume, illustrating the sad fable of mankind.—

Painting is the art of making two lines geometrically established as parallel meet on a canvas before our eyes in a reality which transposes other conditions and possibilities into a world. This world is not specified or defined in the work, it belongs in its innumerable variations to the spectator. For its creator it is without cause and without theory. Order—disorder; ego—non-ego; affirmation—negation: the supreme radiations of an absolute art. Absolute in the purity of a cosmic, ordered chaos, eternal in the globule of a second without duration, without breath without control. I love an ancient work for its novelty. It is only contrast that connects us with the past. The writers who teach morality and discuss or improve psychological foundations have, aside from a hidden desire to make money, an absurd view of life, which they have classified, cut into sections, channelized: they insist on waving the baton as the categories dance. Their readers snicker and go on: what for?

There is a literature that does not reach the voracious mass. It is the work of creators, issued from a real necessity in the author, produced for himself. It expresses the knowledge of a supreme egoism, in which laws wither away. Every page must explode, either by profound heavy seriousness, the whirlwind, poetic frenzy, the new, the eternal, the crushing joke, enthusiasm for principles, or by the way in which it is printed. On the one hand a tottering world in flight, betrothed to the glockenspiel of hell, on the other hand: new men. Rough, bouncing, riding on hiccups. Behind them a crippled world and literary quacks with a mania for improvement.

I say unto you: there is no beginning and we do not tremble, we are not sentimental. We are a furious wind, tearing the dirty linen of clouds and prayers, preparing the great spectacle of disaster, fire, decomposition. We will put an end to mourning and replace tears by sirens screeching from one continent to another. Pavilions of intense joy and widowers with the sadness of poison. Dada is the signboard of abstraction; advertising and business are also elements of poetry. I destroy the drawers of the brain and of social organization: spread demoralization
wherever I go and cast my hand from heaven to hell, my eyes from hell to heaven, restore the fecund wheel of a universal circus to objective forces and the imagination of every individual.

Philosophy is the question: from which side shall we look at life, God, the idea or other phenomena. Everything one looks at is false. I do not consider the relative result more important than the choice between cake and cherries after dinner. The system of quickly looking at the other side of a thing in order to impose your opinion indirectly is called dialectics, in other words, haggling over the spirit of fried potatoes while dancing method around it.

If I cry out;
Ideal, ideal, ideal.
Knowledge, knowledge, knowledge,
Boomboom, boomboom, boomboom,

I have given a pretty faithful version of progress, law, morality and all other fine qualities that various highly intelligent men have discussed in so many books, only to conclude that after all everyone dances to his own personal boomboom, and that the writer is entitled to his boomboom: the satisfaction of pathological curiosity; a private bell for inexplicable needs; a bath; pecuniary difficulties; a stomach with repercussions in life; the authority of the mystic wand formulated as the bouquet of a phantom orchestra made up of silent fiddle bows greased with philtres made of chicken manure. With the blue eye-glasses of an angel they have excavated the inner life for a dime’s worth of unanimous gratitude. If all of them are right and if all pills are Pink Pills, let us try for once not to be right. Some people think they can explain rationally, by thought, what they think. But that is extremely relative. Psychoanalysis is a dangerous disease, it puts to sleep the anti-objective impulses of man and systematizes the bourgeoisie. There is no ultimate Truth. The dialectic is an amusing mechanism which guides us / in a banal kind of way / to the opinions we had in the first place. Does anyone think that, by a minute refinement of logic, he has demonstrated the truth and established the correctness of these opinions? Logic imprisoned by the senses is an organic disease. To this element philosophers always like to add: the power of observation. But actually this magnificent quality of the mind is the proof of its impotence. We observe, we regard from one or more points of view, we choose them among the millions that exist. Experience is also a product of chance and individual faculties. Science disgusts me as soon as it becomes a speculative system, loses its character of utility—that is so useless but is at least individual. I detest greasy objectivity, and harmony, the science that finds everything in order. Carry on, my children, humanity . . . Science says we are the servants of nature: everything is in order, make love and bash your brains in. Carry on, my children, humanity, kind bourgeois and journalist virgins . . . I am against systems, the most acceptable system is on principle to have none. To complete oneself, to perfect oneself in one’s own littleness, to fill the vessel with one’s individuality, to have the courage to fight for and against thought, the mystery of bread, the sudden burst of an infernal propeller into economic lilies:
DADAIST SPONTANEITY

I call je m'enfoutisme the kind of like in which everyone retains his own conditions, though respecting other individualisms, except when the need arises to defend oneself, in which the two-step becomes national anthem, curiosity shop, a radio transmitting Bach fugues, electric signs and posters for whorehouses, an organ broadcasting carnations for God, all this together physically replacing photography and the universal catechism.

ACTIVE SIMPLICITY.

Inability to distinguish between degrees of clarity: to lick the penumbra and float in the big mouth filled with honey and excrement. Measured by the scale of eternity, all activity is vain—(if we allow thought to engage in an adventure the result of which would be infinitely grotesque and add significantly to our knowledge of human impotence). But supposing life to be a poor farce, without aim or initial parturition, and because we think it our duty to extricate ourselves as fresh and clean as washed chrysanthemums, we have proclaimed as the sole basis for agreement: art. It is not as important as we, mercenaries of the spirit, have been proclaiming for centuries. Art afflicts no one and those who manage to take an interest in it will harvest caresses and a fine opportunity to populate the country with their conversation. Art is a private affair, the artist produces it for himself; an intelligible work is the product of a journalist, and because at this moment it strikes my fancy to combine this monstrosity with oil paints: a paper tube simulating the metal that is automatically pressed and poured hatred cowardice villainy. The artist, the poet rejoice at the venom of the masses condensed into a section chief of this industry, he is happy to be insulted: it is a proof of his immutability. When a writer or artist is praised by the newspapers, it is proof of the intelligibility of his work: wretched lining of a coat for public use; tatters covering brutality, piss contributing to the warmth of an animal brooding vile instincts. Flabby, insipid flesh reproducing with the help of typographical microbes. We have thrown out the cry-baby in us. Any infiltration of this kind is candied diarrhea. To encourage this act is to digest it. What we need is works that are strong straight precise and forever beyond understanding. Logic is a complication. Logic is always wrong. It draws the threads of notions, words, in their formal exterior, toward illusory ends and centers. Its chains kill, it is an enormous centipede stifling independence. Married to logic, art would live in incest, swallowing, engulfing its own tail, still part of its own body, fornicating within itself, and passion would become a nightmare tarred with protestantism, a monument, a heap of ponderous gray entrails. But the suppleness, enthusiasm, even the joy of injustice, this little truth which we practise innocently and which makes us beautiful: we are subtle and our fingers are malleable and slippery as the branches of that sinuous, almost liquid plant; it defines our soul, say the cynics. That too is a point of view; but all flowers are not sacred, fortunately, and the divine thing in us is our call to anti-human action. I am speaking of a paper flower for the buttonholes of the gentlemen who frequent the ball of masked life, the kitchen of grace,
white cousins lithe or fat. They traffic with whatever we have selected. The contradiction and unity of poles in a single toss can be the truth. If one absolutely insists on uttering this platitude, the appendix of a libidinous, malodorous morality. Morality creates atrophy like every plague produced by intelligence. The control of morality and logic has inflicted us with impassivity in the presence of policemen—who are the cause of slavery, putrid rats infecting the bowels of the bourgeoisie which have infected the only luminous clean corridors of glass that remained open to artists.

Let each man proclaim: there is a great negative work of destruction to be accomplished. We must sweep and clean. Affirm the cleanliness of the individual after the state of madness, aggressive complete madness of a world abandoned to the hands of bandits, who rend one another and destroy the centuries. Without aim or design, without organization: indomitable madness, decomposition. Those who are strong in words or force will survive, for they are quick in defense, the agility of limbs and sentiments flames on their faceted flanks. Morality has determined charity and pity, two balls of fat that have grown like elephants, like planets, and are called good. There is nothing good about them. Goodness is lucid, clear and decided, pitiless toward compromise and politics. Morality is an injection of chocolate into the veins of all men. This task is not ordered by a supernatural force but by the trust of idea brokers and grasping academicians. Sentimentality: at the sight of a group of men quarreling and bored, they invented the calendar and the medicament wisdom. With a sticking of labels the battle of the philosophers was set off (mercantilism, scales, meticulous and petty measures) and for the second time it was understood that pity is a sentiment like diarrhea in relation to the disgust that destroys health, a foul attempt by carrion corpses to compromise the sun. I proclaim the opposition of all cosmic faculties to this gonorrhea of a putrid sun issued from the factories of philosophical thought, I proclaim bitter struggle with all the weapons of

DADAIST DISGUST

Every product of disgust capable of becoming a negation of the family is Dada; a protest with the fists of its whole being engaged in destructive action: Dada; knowledge of all the means rejected up until now by the shamefaced sex of comfortable compromise and good manners: Dada; abolition of logic, which is the dance of those impotent to create: Dada; of every social hierarchy and equation set up for the sake of values by our valets: Dada; every object, all objects, sentiments, obscurities, apparitions and the precise clash of parallel lines are weapons for the fight: Dada; abolition of memory: Dada; abolition of archaeology: Dada; abolition of prophets: Dada; abolition of the future: Dada; absolute and unquestionable faith in every god that is the immediate product of spontaneity: Dada; elegant and unprejudiced leap from a harmony to the other sphere; trajectory of a word tossed like a screeching phonograph record; to respect all individuals in their folly of the moment: whether it be serious, fearful, timid, ardent, vigorous, determined, enthusiastic; to divest one's church of every useless cumbersome accessory:
to spit out disagreeable or amorous ideas like a luminous waterfall, or coddle them —with the extreme satisfaction that it doesn't matter in the least—with the same intensity in the thicket of one's soul—pure of insects for blood well-born, and gilded with bodies of archangels. Freedom: Dada Dada Dada, a roaring of tense colors, and interlacing of opposites and of all contradictions, grotesques, inconsistencies:

3. Proclamation without Pretension

Art is going to sleep for a new world to be born
“ART”—parrot word—replaced by DADA, PLESIOSAURUS, or handkerchief

The talent THAT CAN BE LEARNED makes the poet a druggist TODAY the criticism of balances no longer challenges with resemblances

Hypertrophic painters hyperaestheticized and hypnotized by the hyacinths of the hypocritical-looking muezzins

CONSOLIDATE THE HARVEST OF EXACT CALCULATIONS

Hypodrome of immortal guarantees: there is no such thing as importance there is no transparence or appearance

MUSICIANS SMASH YOUR INSTRUMENTS
BLIND MEN take the stage

THE SYRINGE is only for my understanding. I write because it is natural exactly the way I piss the way I'm sick

ART NEEDS AN OPERATION

Art is a PRETENSION warmed by the TIMIDITY of the urinary basin, the hysteria born in THE STUDIO

We are in search of the force that is direct pure sober UNIQUE we are in search of NOTHING we affirm the VITALITY of every INSTANT

the anti-philosophy of spontaneous acrobatics

At this moment I hate the man who whispers, before the intermission—eau de cologne—
sour theatre. THE JOYOUS WIND

If each man says the opposite it is because he is right

Get ready for the action of the geyser of our blood —submarine formation of transchromatic aero-planes, cellular metals numbered in the flight of images

above the rules of the and its control

BEAUTIFUL

It is not for the sawed-off imps who still worship their navel

4. Manifesto of mr. aa the anti-philosopher

without searching for I adore you who is a french boxer or irregular maritime values like the depression of Dada in the blood of the bicephalous I slip between death and the vague phosphates which scratch a little the common brain of the dadaist poets luckily for gold undermines prices and the high cost of living have decided me to give up D's it is not true that the fake dadas have snatched them away from me for repayment will begin on that is something to cry about the nothing that calls itself nothing and I have swept away sickness in the customs house i tortoise shell and umbrella of the brain rented out from noon to 2 p.m. superstitious individual releasing the wheels of the spermatozoidal ballet that you will encounter in dress rehearsal in the hearts of all suspicious characters I'll nibble your fingers a little I'll buy you a re-subscription to love made of celluloid that squeaks like metal doors and you are idiots I shall return some day like your urine reviving you to the joy of living the mid-wife wind and I'll set up a boarding school for pimps and poets and I'll come back again to begin all over and you are all idiots
and the self-kleptomaniac's key works only with twilight oil
on every knot of every machine there is the noise of a newborn babe
and we are all idiots
and highly suspicious with a new form of intelligence and a new logic of our own
which is not Dada at all
and you are letting yourself be carried away by Aaism
and you are all idiots
cataplasms
made of the alcohol of purified sleep
bandages
and idiot
virgins
tristan tzara
Take a good look at me!
I am an idiot, I am a clown, I am a faker.
Take a good look at me!
I am ugly, my face has no expression, I am little.
I am like all of you!
But ask yourselves, before looking at me, if the iris by which you send out arrows
of liquid sentiment, is not fly shit, if the eyes of your belly are not sections of tumors
that will some day peer from some part of your body in the form of a gonorrheal
discharge.
You see with your navel—why do you hide from it the absurd spectacle that we
present? And farther down, sex organs of women, with teeth, all-swallowing—the
poetry of eternity, love, pure love of course—rare steaks and oil painting. All
those who look and understand, easily fit in between poetry and love, between the
beefsteak and the painting. They will be digested. They will be digested.
I was recently accused of stealing some furs. Probably because I was still thought
to be among the poets. Among those poets who satisfy their legitimate need for
cold onanism with warm furs: H o h o, I know other pleasures, equally platonic.
Call your family on the telephone and piss in the hole reserved for musical gastro-
nomic and sacred stupidities.

DADA proposes 2 solutions:
NO MORE LOOKS!
NO MORE WORDS!
Stop looking!
Stop talking!

For I, chameleon transformation infiltration with convenient attitudes—multi-
colored opinions for every occasion dimension and price—I do. the opposite of
what I suggest to others.

1 I wanted to give myself a little publicity.
2 No more manifestoes.
8 Sometimes.
I've forgotten something:
where? why? how?
in other words:
ventilator of cold examples will serve as a cavalcade to the fragile snake and i
never had the pleasure of seeing you my dear rigid the ear will emerge of its own
accord from the envelope like all marine confections and the products of the firm
of Aa & Co. chewing gum for instance and dogs have blue eyes, I drink camomile
tea, they drink wind, Dada introduces new points of view, nowadays people sit at
the corners of tables, in attitudes sliding a little to left and right, that's why I'm
angry with Dada, wherever you go insist on the abolition of D's, eat Aa, rub your­
self down with Aa toothpaste, buy your clothes from Aa. Aa is a handkerchief and
a sex organ wiping its nose, a rapid noiseless—rubber-tired—collapse, needs no
manifestoes, or address books, gives a 25% discount buy your clothes from Aa he
has blue eyes.

mr. aa the anti-philosopher sends us this manifesto
Hurrah for the undertakers of combination!
Every act is a cerebral revolver shot—the insignificant gesture the decisive move­
ment are attacks—(I open the fan of knock-outs to distill the air that separates us)
—and with words set down on paper I enter, solemnly, into myself.
I plant my sixty fingers in the hair of notions and brutally shake the drapery, the
teeth, the bolts of the joints.
I close, I open, I spit. Take care! This is the time to tell you that I lied. If there is
a system in the lack of system—that of my proportions—I never apply it.
In other words I lie. I lie when I apply it, I lie when I don't apply it, I lie when I
write that I'm lying, for I am not lying for I have seen my father's mirror—chosen
among the advantages of vaccara—from city to city—for myself has never been my­
self—for the saxophone wears the murder of the visceral chauffeur like a rose—it
is made of sexual copper and tip sheets. Thus drummed the corn, the fire alarm
and the pellagra down where the matches grow.

Extermination. Yes, of course.
But it doesn't exist. Myself: mixture kitchen theatre.
Hurrah for the stretcher bearers armed with ecstatic convocations! The lie is
ecstasy—what transcends the duration of a second—there is nothing that transcends
it. Idiots brood the century—idiots start some centuries all over again—idiots belong
to the same club for ten years—idiots play see-saw on the clockface for the space
of a year—I (idiot) leave after five minutes.
The pretension of the blood to pour through my body and my factitiousness the
random color of the first woman I touched with my eyes in these tentacular times.
The bitterest banditry is to complete a sentence of thought. Gramophone banditry
little anti-human mirage that I like in myself because I think it absurd and in­
sulting. But the bankers of language will always get their little percentage on the
discussion. The presence of one boxer (at least) is indispensable for the bout—the
members of a gang of dadaist assassins have signed a contract covering self-protection for operations of this order. Their number was very small—since the presence of one singer (for the duet), of one signatory (at least) for the receipt, of one eye (at least) for sight—was absolutely indispensable.

Put the photographic plate of the face into the acid bath. The disturbances that sensitized it will become visible and will amaze you.

Give yourself a poke in the nose and drop dead.

dada

5. manifesto on feeble love and bitter love

I
preamble = sardanapalus
one = valise
woman = women
pants = water
if = mustache
2 = three.
cane = perhaps
after = decipher
irritating = emerald
vice = vise
october = periscope
nerve = ""

or all this together in any arrangement at all whether savory soapy brusque or definitive—picked at random—is alive.

So it is that above the vigilant mind of the clergyman set up at every animal vegetable imaginable or organic street corner, everything is equal to everything is without equal. Even if I didn't believe it, it is the truth just because I have set it down on paper—because it is a lie that I have PINNED DOWN as you pin a butterfly to your hat.

The lie moves about greeting Mr. Opportune and Mr. Convenient: I stop it, it becomes truth.

As a result Dada undertakes police duty with pedals and muted morality. Everybody (at some time or other) was complete in mind and body. Repeat this 30 times.

I consider myself very charming

Tristan Tzara

II

A manifesto is a communication addressed to the whole world, in which there is no other pretension than the discovery of a means of curing instantly political, astronomical, artistic, parliamentary agronomic and literary syphilis. It can be gentle, good-natured, it is always right, it is strong, vigorous and logical.

A propos logic, I consider myself very charming.

Tristan Tzara
Pride is the star that yawns and penetrates by way of the eyes and the mouth, it presses and digs on its breast is written: you will croak. That is its only remedy. Who still believes in doctors? I prefer the poet who is a fart in a steam engine—he is gentle but weep not—he is polite and semi-pederast, and swims. The both of them are no skin off my ass, none at all. It is an accident (which is not necessary) that the first is German, the second Spanish. Far be it from us, positively, to think of discovering the theory of probability of the races and the perfected epistolary of bitterness.

III
Mistakes have always been made but the greatest mistakes are the poems that have been written. There is but one justification for chatter: rejuvenation and the maintenance of biblical traditions. Chatter is encouraged by the postal administration which, alas! is becoming perfected, encouraged by the tobacco monopoly, the railroad companies, the hospitals, the undertaking establishments, the textile factories. Chatter is encouraged by family culture. Chatter is encouraged by the pope's pence. Every drop of saliva that escapes from conversation is converted into gold. Since peoples have always needed divinities to maintain the 3 essential laws which are the laws of God: to eat, make love and shit, since the kings are out of town and the laws are too hard, today it is only chatter that counts. The form in which it most frequently turns up is Dada.

There are people (journalists, lawyers, dilettantes, philosophers) who even regard the other forms—business, marriages, visits, wars, various congresses, joint stock companies, politics, accidents, dance halls, economic crises, emotional crises—as variations of dada. Since I am not an imperialist, I do not share their opinion—I prefer to believe that dada is only a divinity of a secondary order, which must simply be placed beside the other forms of the new mechanism for interregnum religions.

Is simplicity simple or dada?
I consider myself rather charming.

Tristan Tzara

IV
Is poetry necessary? I know that those who write most violently against it unconsciously desire to endow it with a comfortable perfection, and are working on this project right now;—they call this hygienic future. They contemplate the annihilation (always imminent) of art. At this point they desire more artistic art. Hygiene becomes purity oGod oGod.

Must we cease to believe in words? Since when have they expressed the opposite of what the organ emitting them thinks and wants?²¹

Here is the great secret:
The thought is made in the mouth.
I still consider myself very charming.

Tristan Tzara

¹ Thinks wants and desires to think.
²¹

167 M. Baader, Oberdada: Meine Visitekarte.
168 N. Baader, Oberdada: Geschäftsdrucke der Korrespondenz Hühne.
170 O. Baader, Oberdada: Warum verdenkt Carnegie seine Augen?
170 P. Bauer am Galgen.
171 Q. Entwurf zu einem Niederlandes im Jardin d'Acclimation, Paris. (Enthält die Gelassen für alle französischen und deutschen Dadaisten, im Stil Hagenbeck, ohne Gitter.)


174 Z. Das große Plasto-Dia-Dada-Drama:

DEUTSCHLANDS GROSSE UNTERGANG

Durch Lehrer Hagenberg

oder

Die phantastische Lebensgeschichte des Oberdada

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Dadaistische Monumentalarchitektur in fünf Stockwerken, 3 Anlagen, einem Tunnel, 2 Aufzügen und einem Cylinderabschluß.

Beschreibung der Stockwerke:

I. Stockwerk: Das Erdgeschoss oder der Fußboden ist die prädestinierte Be- stimmung vor der Geburt und gehört nicht zur Sache.
2 Stockwerk: Die Vorbereitung des Oberdada.
3 Stockwerk: Die metaphysische Prüfung.
4 Stockwerk: Die Einweihung.
5 Stockwerk: Der Weltkrieg.
6 Stockwerk: Weltrevolution.

Überstock: Der Cylinder schraubt sich in den Hügel und verkündet die Widerstandslehre Deutschlands durch Lehrer Hagenberg und sein Leseplakat. Ewig.

Die im Katalog mit einem Sternchen (*) versehenen Arbeiten werden nach Schreiben der bestellenden mit der Société Anonyme, Inc. in New York ausgestellt. Es sind die ersten deutschen Dada-Arbeiten, die in Amerika gezeigt werden.
Le grelot d'un chat, l'amour sur une manche tombe le nez de ceux qui sentent la viande en masturbation.

Francis Picabia mange les hommes s'ils ont dans leur tête des bonbons nus — les microbes et les bonbons grillés — la pâte de leur cerveau — ils appellent idée le sphinx artificiel obtenu par des moyens faciles et rythmiques.

Lorsque frottant la tête de leur sexe une somme mélanélique à la coque dans le crâne de Monsieur Saturne.

La cannibale vient sur une ligne fratrique avec une grande membre de fer dans les mains, avec des dents à roues; avec un balai, avec deux pierres de moulin, avec des acides sombres et forts, pour détruire tout ce qui digère. Tout ce qui continue le mot, la couleur, la joie est une digestion mortuaire et scientifique — la discussion, la masturbation, l'explication, l'exaspération.

Francis Picabia évoque des scaphandriers gonflés dans la veste musical de Monsieur Cormon (on y trouve la propagation pour la couleur blanche des yeux, la pauvre des abat-jour, bords de la mer pâlissée et la matière griseâtre des yeux, pourris des puissances noires, des pierres en folie).

Le bain à l'aide gâthique crache le papier — ne cherchez rien dans ces tableaux, le sujet et le moyen sont : Francis Picabia. Le tableau Dada est une douleur universelle à l'eau rouge. La nature est enfin sort des yeux et des doigts — librement — elle a un numéro de téléphone un appartement au Château de Mars, une bataille de 85 pièces, comme l'unité et la conversation filtrée par le fil de tissu cérébral.

L'art est un poète aux côtes cassées — Picabia casse tous les os et les restes de voie — l'art est un bandage et un livre d'Oscar Wilde — l'art est l'art des artistes — l'art est un poli avec les événements du jour, susceptible en société, un cochon dans sa cuisine.

Dans toutes les boîtes craniennes, il y a des lignes purs et une expression de géographie au soleil, il y a pas de secret pour les notes — la simplicité s'appelle Dada — ses mouvements dérisoires et tuent maintenant — elle ouvre la lucarne pour quelques hommes qui regarderont et auront quils ne trouveront rien. Dans une ampoule, un morceau de cerveau dérisoire — on ne vous offre que la méchanceté et le bateau comme une déclaration en chouann sous un signe bottonnier sagesse sempiternelle.

Tristan TZARA
A great Canadian philosopher has said: *Le pensé* (thought) and *la passé* (the past) are also very charming.¹

V

A friend, who is too good a friend of mine not to be very intelligent said to me the other day:

the abrupt start
the chiromancer IS ONLY THE

good morning

WAY IN WHICH ONE SAYS good afternoon WHICH

DEPENDS ON THE FORM ONE HAS GIVEN

TO one's forget-me-nots

one's hair

I answered him:

YOU ARE RIGHT idiot BECAUSE

prince

opposite

I AM CONVINCED OF THE tartar

naturally WE ARE NOT

we hesitate

right. My name is THE OTHER

desirous of understanding

Since diversity is diverting, this game of golf gives the illusion of a “certain” depth.

I maintain all the conventions—to do away with them would be to create new ones, which would complicate life in a really disgusting way.

We wouldn’t know what was chic any more: to love the children of the first or second marriage. The “pistil of the pistol” has often put us into strange and upsetting situations. Scramble the meanings—scramble the ideas and all the little tropical rains of *demoralization, disorganization, destruction, and ruckus* will be safeguarded against lightning and recognized to be a public utility. One thing is certain: today you will find dadaists nowhere but in the Académie Française. Even so I consider myself very charming.

Tristan Tzara

VI

It seems there is such a thing as: more logical, very logical, too logical, less logical, not very logical, really logical, logical enough. Very well, then, draw the consequences.

—Done:

Now recall to your memory the creatures you love best.

—Done?

Tell me the number and I’ll tell you the lottery.

¹ The genders of *la pensé* and *le passé* are reversed. This is a standard way of making comic Americans speak French. Perhaps Tzara has in mind an English Canadian, perhaps not (Translator).
VII
A priori, that is with eyes closed. Dada places before action and above all: Doubt. Dada doubts all. Dada's an awl. All is Dada. Watch out for Dada. Anti-Dadaism is a disease: self-kleptomania, the normal state of man is Dada. But the true dadas are against Dada.

The self-kleptomaniac
The man who steals—without thinking of his interest of his will—elements of his individuality, is a kleptomaniac. He robs himself. He spirits away the characteristics that remove him from the community. The bourgeois resemble one another—they are all alike. They didn't used to be alike. They were taught to steal—thief became a function—the most convenient and least dangerous is to rob oneself. They are all very poor. The poor are against DADA. They are very busy with their brains. They will never get done. They work. They work themselves—they deceive themselves—they rob themselves—they are very poor. So poor. The poor work. The poor are against DADA. Anyone who is against DADA is with me, said a famous man, but he died instantly. He was buried like a real dadaist. Anno domini Dada. Take care. And remember this example.

VIII
To make a dadaist poem
Take a newspaper.
Take a pair of scissors.
Choose an article as long as you are planning to make your poem.
Cut out the article.
Then cut out each of the words that make up this article and put them in a bag.
Shake it gently.
Then take out the scraps one after the other in the order in which they left the bag.
Copy conscientiously.
The poem will be like you.
And here you are a writer, infinitely original and endowed with a sensibility that is charming though beyond the understanding of the vulgar.

Example:
when the dogs cross the air in a diamond like the ideas and the appendix of the meninges shows the hour of awakening program (the title is my own) price they are yesterday agreeing afterwards paintings / appreciate the dream epoch of the eyes / pompously than recite the gospel mode darkens / group the apotheosis imagine he said fatality power of colors / cut arches flabbergasted the reality a magic spell / spectator all to efforts from the it is no longer 10 to 12 / during digression volt right diminishes pressure / render of madmen topsy-turvy flesh on a monstrous crushing scene / celebrate but their 160 adepts in not to the put in my mother-of-pearl / sumptuous of land bananas upheld illumine / joy ask reunited almost / of has the one so much that the invoked visions / of the sing this one laughs / destiny situation disappears describes this one 25 dances salva-
tion / dissimulated the whole of it is not was / magnificent the ascent to the gang
better light of which sumptuousness scene me music-hall / reappears following
instant shakes to live / business that there is not loaned / manner words come these
people
IX
There are people who explain because there are no others who learn. Do away with
them and nothing but dada will be left.
Dip your pen in a black liquid with manifest intentions—it is only your auto-
biography you are brooding beneath the belly of the flowering cerebellum.
Biography is the equipage of the famous man. Great or strong. And there you are,
a simple man like the others, after dipping your pen in the ink, full of
PRETENSIONS
manifested in forms as diverse as they are unforeseen, applying themselves to every
form of activity, state of mind and mimicry; There you are, full of
AMBITIONS
to maintain yourself on the dial of life, in the spot which you have reached this
very instant, to progress by an illusory and absurd ascent toward an apotheosis that exists only in your neurasthenia; there you are, full of PRIDE greater, stronger, more profound than any other. My dear colleagues: a great man, a little strong, weak, profound, superficial man, that is why you will all croak. There are men who have antedated their manifestoes in order to make people think that they had the idea of their own greatness a little ahead of time. My dear colleagues: before after, past future, now yesterday, that is why you will all croak. There are men who have said: dada is good because it isn't bad, dada is bad, dada is a religion, dada is a type of poetry, dada is a spirit, dada is sceptical, dada is magic, I know dada. My dear colleagues: good bad, religion poetry, spirit scepticism, definition, definition that is why you will all croak. and croak you will I swear it. The great mystery is a secret, but it is known to a few persons. They will never say what dada is. To distract you once more I will tell you something such as: dada is the dictatorship of the spirit, or dada is the dictatorship of language, or if you like dada is the death of the spirit, which will please a good many of my friends. friends. X It is certain that since Gambetta, the war, Panama and the Steinheil case, intelligence is to be found in the streets. The intelligent man has become a perfectly normal type. What we need, what offers some interest, what is rare because it presents the anomalies of a precious being, the freshness and the freedom of the great anti-men is THE IDIOT Dada is working with all its might to introduce the idiot everywhere. But consciously. And it is itself tending to become more and more idiotic. Dada is terrible: it feels no pity for the defeats of the intelligence. Dada is more cowardly than otherwise, but cowardly like a mad dog, it recognizes neither method nor persuasive excesses. The lack of garters that makes it stoop down systematically reminds us of the famous lack of system which actually never existed. The false rumor was started by a laundress at the bottom of her page, the page was carried to the barbarous country where the hummingbirds are the sandwichmen of soothing nature. This was told me by a clockmaker holding in his hand a supple syringe which, in characteristic memory of the hot countries, he called phlegmatic and insinuating.
XI
Dada is a dog—a compass—the abdominal clay—neither new nor a Japanese nude—a gas meter of sentiments rolled into pellets—Dada is brutal and puts out no propaganda—Dada is a quantity of life undergoing a transparent transformation both effortless and giratory

XII
ladies and gentlemen buy come in and buy and do not read you will see the man who holds in his hands the keys of niagara the man who limps in a blimp with the hemisphere in a suitcase and his nose shut up in a japanese lantern and you will see you will see the stomach dance in the massachusetts saloon the man who drives in a nail and the tire goes flat the silk stockings of miss atlantis the trunk that circumnavigates the globe 6 times to reach the addressee monsieur and his fiancée and his sister-in-law you will find the address of the carpenter the frog-watch the nerve shaped like a papercutter you will learn the address of the minor pin for the feminine sex and the address of the man who furnishes the king of greece with filthy photographs and the address of the action française.

XIII
Dada is a virgin microbe
Dada is against the high cost of living
Dada
a joint stock company for the exploitation of ideas
Dada has 391 different attitudes and colors depending on the sex of the chairman
It transforms itself—affirms—simultaneously says the opposite—it doesn't matter—screams—goes fishing
Dada is the chameleon of rapid, interested change
Dada is against the future. Dada is dead.
Dada is idiotic. Hurrah for Dada. Dada is not a literary school roar

Tristan Tzara

XIV
To paint the face of life in the pince-nez—blanket of caresses—panoply of butterflies—behold the life of the chambermaids of life.
To lie down on a razor and on fleas in heat—to travel like a barometer—to piss like a cartridge—to make blunders, to be idiotic, to shower with holy minutes—to be beaten, to be always last—to shout the opposite of what the other says—to be the (editorial office and bathroom of God who every day takes a bath in us) in the company of the privy emptier—that is the life of dadaists.
To be intelligent—to respect everybody—to die on the field of honor—to subscribe to the government loan—to vote for Soandso—to respect nature and painting—to boo at dada demonstrations, —that is the life of men.
Dada is not a doctrine to be put into practise: Dada—if it's a lie you want—is a prosperous business venture. —Dada runs up debts and will not stick to its mattress. God has created a universal language, that is why no one takes him seriously. A language is a utopia. God can afford to be unsuccessful: so can Dada. That is why
the critics say: Dada is a luxury article or Dada is in heat, or God is a luxury article or God is in heat. Who is right: God, Dada or the critic?

"You digress," says a charming reader.

"No, not at all! I simply wanted to arrive at this conclusion: subscribe to Dada, the only loan that brings in nothing.

XVI

roar roar roar roar roar roar
roar roar roar roar roar roar roar
roar roar roar roar roar roar roar
roar roar roar roar roar roar roar
dead dead dead dead dead dead
dead dead dead dead dead dead
dead dead dead dead dead dead
dead dead dead dead dead dead

96
Supplement:

How I became
charming delightful
and delicious

I sleep very late. I commit suicide 65%. My life is very cheap, for me it is only
90% of life. My life contains 90% of life. It lacks arms strings and a few buttons. 5%
is consecrated to a state of semi-lucid stupor accompanied by anemic râles. This
5% is called Dada. So you see that life is cheap. Death is a little more expensive. But
life is charming and death is charming too.

A few days ago I attended a gathering of imbeciles. There were lots of people.
Everybody was charming. Tristan Tzara, a small, idiotic and insignificant indi-
dvidual, delivered a lecture on the art of becoming charming. And incidentally, he
was charming. And witty. Isn’t that delicious? Incidentally, everybody is deli-
cious. 9 below zero. Isn’t that charming? No, it’s not charming. God can’t make the
grade. He isn’t even in the phone book. But he’s charming just the same.

Ambassadors, poets, counts, princes, musicians, journalists, actors, writers, diplo-
mats, directors, dressmakers, socialists, princesses and baronessises—all charming.
All of you are charming, utterly subtle, witty, and delicious.

Tristan Tzara says to you: he would be quite willing to do something else, but he
prefers to remain an idiot, a clown and a faker.

Be sincere for an instant: Is what I have just told you charming or idiotic?

There are people (journalists, lawyers, dilettantes, philosophers) who even regard
the other forms—business, marriages, visits, wars, various congresses, joint stock
companies, politics, accidents, dance halls, economic crises, emotional crises—as
variations of dada. Since I am not an imperialist, I do not share in their opinion—I
prefer to believe that dada is only a divinity of a secondary order, which must simply
be placed beside the other forms of the new mechanism for interregnum religions.

Is simplicity simple or dada?

I consider myself quite charming

Tristan Tzara
No one can escape from DADA
Only DADA can enable you to escape from destiny.
You owe me: 943.50 francs.
No more drunkards!
No more aeroplanes!
No more vigor!
No more urinary passages!
No more enigmas!