

The magic of a word

DADA

has opened the door
world, has for us not the
slightest

To launch a
manifesto you
have to want:
A.B. & C., and
fulminate
against 1, 2, &
3, work yourself

up

and sharpen you wings

to conquer and
circulate lower and
upper case As, Bs &
Cs, sign, shout,
swear, organise prose

DADA

sto

into a form that is absolutely and irrefutably obvious,
prove its ne plus ultra and maintain that novelty
resembles life in the

same way as the latest
apparition of a harlot proves
the essence of God. His

existence had already been
proved by the accordion, the
landscape and soft words. To

impose one's A.B.C. is only
natural – and
therefore regrettable.

Everyone does it in the form
of a crystalbluff-madonna, or
a monetary system, or

pharmaceutical preparations,
a naked leg being the
invitation to an ardent and

sterile Spring. The love of
novelty is a pleasant sort of
cross, it's evidence of a naïve

don't-give-a-damn attitude, a
passing, positive, sign
without rhyme or reason. But

this need is out of date, too.
By giving art the impetus of
supreme simplicity - novelty -

we are

being
human and
true in
relation to
innocent
pleasures;
impulsive
and vibrant
in order to
crucify

boredom.

At the lighted
crossroads, alert,
attentive, lying in
wait for years, in
the forest. I am
writing a
manifesto and
there's nothing I
want, and yet I'm
saying certain
things, and in
principle I am
against
manifestos,

as I am against principles
(quantifying measures of the
moral value of every phrase - too
easy; approximation was invested
by the impressionists). I'm writing
this manifesto to show that you
can perform contrary actions at
the same time, in one single, fresh
breath; I am against action; as for
continual contradiction, and
affirmation too, I am neither for
nor against them, and I won't
explain myself because I hate
common sense. DADA - this is a
word that throw
they can be sho
bourgeois is a li
who invents dif
who, instead of
characters on t
intelligence, like
chairs, tries to f
objects (accord
psychoanalytic
practices) to giv
plot, a talking a
story.

Every spectator is a
plotter, if he tries to
explain a word (to
know!) From his
padded refuge of
serpentine
complications, he
allows his instincts to
be manipulated.
Whence the sorrows
of conjugal life. To be
plain: The
amusement of
redbellies in the mills
of empty skulls.

**DADA DOES NOT
MEAN ANYTHING**

consider it futile, and if we don't waste our time over a word that doesn't mean anything... The first thought that comes to these minds is of a bacteriological order: at least to discover its etymological, historical or psychological meaning. We read in the papers that the negroes of the Kroo race call the tail of a sacred cow: DADA. A cube, and a mother, in a certain region of Italy, are called: DADA. The word for a hobby horse, a children's nurse, a double affirmative in Russian and Romanian.

DADA.

Some learned journalists see it as an art for babies, other

Jesus calling the little children unto him saints see it as a return to an unemotional and noisy primitivism - noise and monotonous. A sensitivity cannot be built on the basis of a word; every sort of construction converges into a boring sort of perfection, a stagnant idea of a golden swamp, a relative human product. A work of art shouldn't be beauty per se, because it is dead; neither gay nor sad, neither light nor dark; it is to rejoice or maltreat individualities to serve them up the

cakes of sainted haloes or the sweat of a meandering chase through the atmosphere. A work of art is never beautiful, by decree, objectively, for everyone. Criticism is, therefore, useless; it only exists subjectively, for every individual, and without the slightest general characteristic. Do people imagine they have found the psychic basis common to all humanity? The attempt of Jesus, and the Bible, conceal, under their ample, benevolent wings: shit, animals and days. How can anyone hope to order the chaos that constitutes that infinite, formless variation: man? The principle: "Love thy neighbour" is hypocrisy. "Know thyself" is utopian, but more acceptable because it includes malice. No pity. After the carnage we are left with the hope of a purified humanity. I always speak about myself because I don't want to convince, and I have no right to drag others in my wake, I'm not compelling anyone to follow me, because everyone makes his art in his own way, if he knows anything about the joy that rises like an arrow up to the astral strata, or that which descends into the mines stewn with the flowers of corpses and fertile spasms. Stalactites; look everywhere for them, in creches magnified by pain, eyes as white as angels' hares. Thus DADA was born, out of a need for independence, out of mistrust for the community. People who join us keep their freedom. We don't accept any theories.

We've had enough of the cubist and futurist academies: laboratories of formal ideas. Do we make art in order to earn money and keep the dear bourgeoisie happy? Rhymes have the smack of money slides along the line of the stomach in profile. Every group of artists has ended up at this bank, straddling various comets. Leaving the door open to the possibility of wallowing in comfort and food.

1916 AT THE CABARET VOLTAIRE, ZURICH

variation: man?

Manifesto

Tristan Tzara's