

MONSIEUR  
ANTIPYRINE'S

# MANIFESTO



# DADA is our intensity:

it erects inconsequential bayonets  
and the Sumatral head of German  
babies; Dada is life with neither  
bedroom slippers nor parallels; it is  
against and for unity and definitely  
against the future;

we are wise enough to know that  
our brains are going to become  
flabby cushions, that our anti-  
dogmatism is as exclusive as a civil  
servant, and that we cry liberty  
but are not free; a severe necessity  
with entire discipline nor morals  
and that we spit on humanity.

**DADA** remains within the framework of European weaknesses, it's still shit,

but from now on we want to **shit in  
different colors** so as to adorn **the**

**zoo of art**

with all the flags of all the consulates.



# We are circus ringmasters

and we can be found whistling amongst the winds of  
fairgrounds,  
in convents,  
prostitutions,  
theatres, realities,  
feelings, restaurants,

ohoho,

bang bang

We declare that the motor car is a feeling that has cosseted us quite enough in the dilatoriness of its abstractions, as have transatlantic liners, noises and ideas. And while we put on a show of being facile, we are actually searching for the central essence of things, and are pleased if we can hide it; we have no wish to count the windows of the marvelous elite,



for DADA doesn't  
exist for anyone,

and we want everyone to understand this. This is Dada's balcony, I assure you. From there you can hear all the military marches, and come down cleaving the air like a seraph landing in a public baths to piss and understand the parable. DADA is neither madness, nor wisdom, nor irony,

look at me, dear bourgeois.

**Art** used to be a game of nuts  
in **May**, children would go gathering  
words that had a final ring, then they  
would exude, shout out the verse, and  
dress it up in dolls' bootees,

and the verse  
became a  
**queen**

in order to die a little, and the queen  
became a sardine, and the children ran  
hither and yon, unseen...



Then came the great ambassadors of  
feeling, who yelled historically in chorus:

Psychology  
Psychology

hee hee

Science Science Science

X

Long live France

we are

we are

we are

we are

not naive  
successive  
exclusive  
not simpletons

perfectly capable of an  
intelligent discussion.

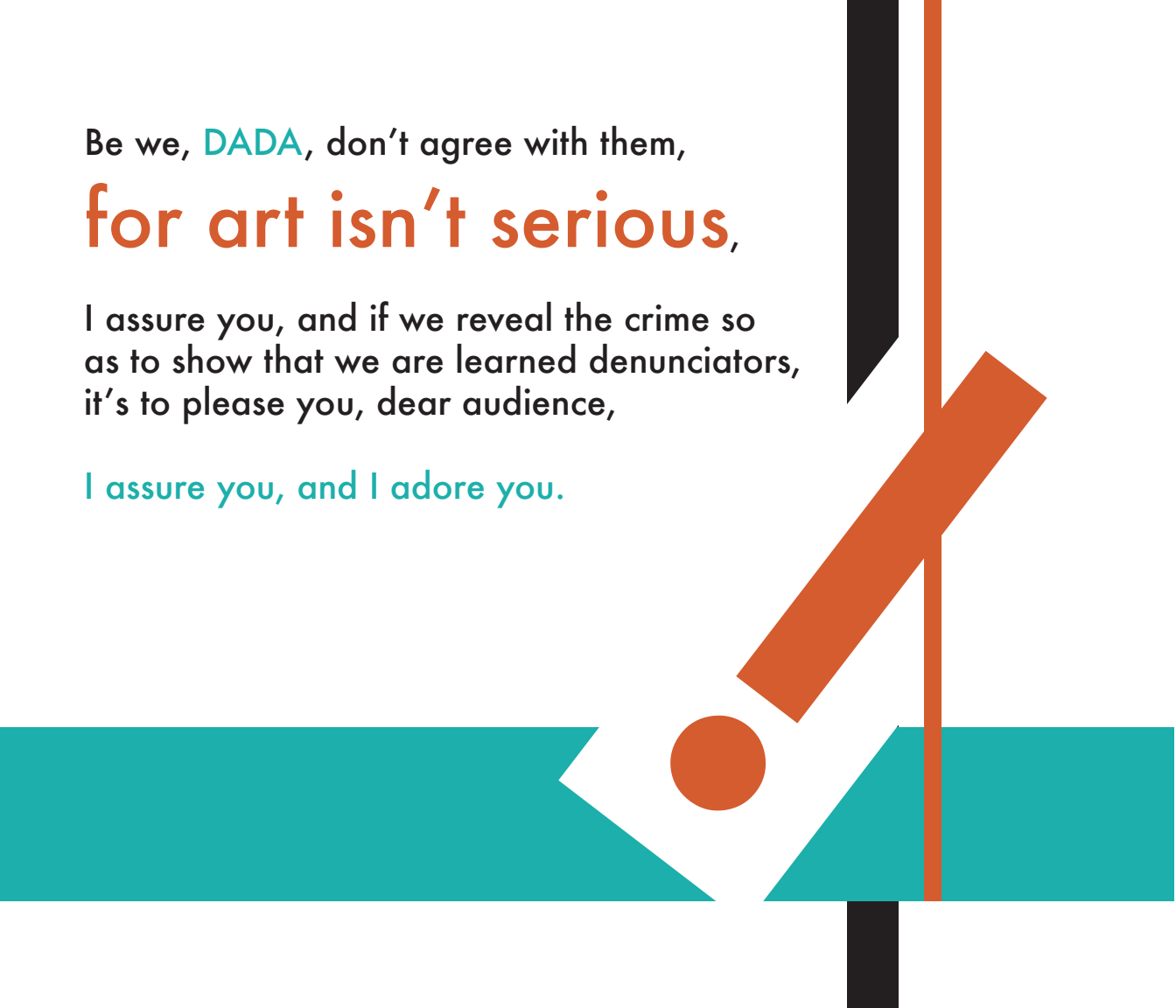


Be we, DADA, don't agree with them,

**for art isn't serious,**

I assure you, and if we reveal the crime so  
as to show that we are learned denunciators,  
it's to please you, dear audience,

I assure you, and I adore you.





# Tzara, Tristan

(1896-1963)

Romanian-born French poet and essayist known mainly as a founder of Dada, writing the first Dada texts and the movement's manifestos, member of the Surrealist movement, the Communist Party and the French Resistance.

His poems revealed the anguish of his soul, caught between revolt and wonderment at the daily tragedy of the human condition. His mature works started with *L'Homme approximatif* (1931) and continued with *Parler seul* (1950) and *La Face intérieure* (1953).

# By Tristan Tzara

## 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,

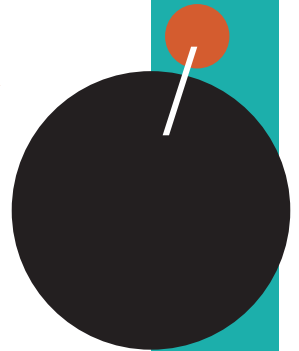
Knowledge,

knowledge,

knowledge,

Boomboom, boomboom,

boomboom,





D

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 make up of silent fiddle bows 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.

An excerpt from "Dada Manifesto 1918"



# DADA EXCITES EVERYTHING

DADA knows everything. DADA spits everything out.

BUT . . .

# HAS DADA EVER SPOKEN TO YOU:

about Italy  
about accordions  
about women's pants  
about the fatherland  
about sardines  
about Fiume  
about Art (you exaggerate my friend)  
about gentleness  
about D'Annunzio

**what a horror**

about heroism

about mustaches  
about lewdness  
about sleeping with Verlaine  
about the ideal (it's nice)  
about Massachusetts  
about the past  
about odors  
about salads  
about genius, about genius, about genius  
about the eight-hour day  
about the Parma violets

**NEVER NEVER NEVER**





DADA

**doesn't speak.**

DADA

**has no fixed idea.**

DADA

**doesn't catch flies.**



THE MINISTRY IS OVERTURNED.

BY WHOM?

BY DADA

The Futurist is dead. Of What? Of DADA

A Young girl commits suicide. Because of What? DADA

The spirits are telephoned. Who invented it? DADA

Someone walks on your feet. It's DADA

If

you have serious ideas about life,

If

you make artistic discoveries

and if all of a sudden  
your head begins to  
crackle with laughter,

If

you find all your ideas useless and  
ridiculous, **know that**

IT IS

D D

BEGINNING TO SPEAK  
TO YOU

cubism constructs a cathedral of artistic liver paste

WHAT DOES DADA DO?

expressionism poisons artistic sardines

WHAT DOES DADA DO?

simultaneism is still at its first artistic communion

WHAT DOES DADA DO?

futurism wants to mount in an artistic lyricism-elevator

WHAT DOES DADA DO?

unanism embraces allism and fishes with an artistic line

WHAT DOES DADA DO?

neo-classicism discovers the good deeds of artistic art

WHAT DOES DADA DO?

paroxysm makes a trust of all artistic cheeses

WHAT DOES DADA DO?

ultraism recommends the mixture of these seven artistic things

WHAT DOES DADA DO?

creationism vorticism imagism also propose some artistic recipes

WHAT DOES DADA DO?

# WHAT DOES

# DADA DO?



# 50 francs reward

to the person who finds the best  
way to explain DADA to us

Dada passes everything through a new net.

Dada is the bitterness which opens its laugh on all that which has been made  
consecrated forgotten in our language in our brain in our habits.

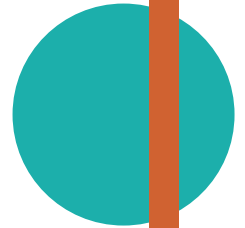
**It says to you:** There is Humanity and the lovely idiocies  
which have made it happy to this advanced age

DADA HAS ALWAYS EXISTED

THE HOLY  
VIRGIN

WAS ALREADY A  
DADAIST

DADA IS  
NEVER  
RIGHT



Citizens, comrades, ladies, gentlemen

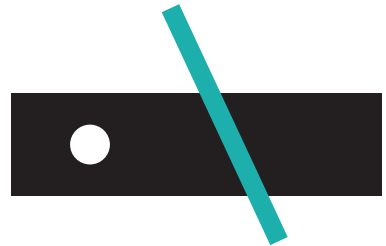


# Beware of forgeries!

Imitators of DADA want to present

DADA in an

artistic form which it  
has **never** had



CITIZENS,

You are presented today in a pornographic form, a vulgar and baroque spirit which is **not** the PURE IDIOCY claimed by DADA

BUT DOGMATISM  
AND PRETENTIOUS  
IMBECILITY

