

## TRISTAN TZARA

Speech from *The First Celestial  
Adventure of Mr Antipyrine*  
(1916)

TRISTAN TZARA: Dada is our intensity; it fixes bayonets without consequence the German baby's Sumatran head; Dada is art without slippers or parallel; it is against and for unity and decidedly against the future; we know wisely enough that our brains will turn into comfortable cushions that our anti-dogmatism is as narrow as a petty official that we are not free and that we shout freedom. Severe necessity without discipline or morals and spit on humanity. Dada remains within the European frame of weaknesses, it's shit all the same, but to decorate the zoo-garden of art from now on we want to shit in various colours, of all the flags on the consulates clo clo bong heeho aho heeho aho We are circus managers and whistle in the winds of fairs, among convents prostitutions theatres realities feelings restaurants Hohohohihihioho Bang Bang. We declare that the motor car is a sentiment that has molly-coddled us enough with its dragging abstractions, and transatlantic liners and noises and ideas. However we externalise the facile we seek the central essence and we're glad we can hide it; we don't want to count the windows of the marvellous elite because Dada exists for no-one, and we want everyone to understand that is Dada's balcony, believe me – from which you can hear military machines and whizz down through the air like a seraph into the sea of people to take a piss and understand the parable or the parabola Dada isn't madness – nor wisdom – nor irony look at me, dear bourgeois.

Art was a game . . . art isn't serious, I assure you, and if we show the South in order to say learnedly: negro art without humanity it's to give you pleasure, good listeners, I love you so, I love you so, I assure you I adore you