

The first USS Mocassin,





The first USS Mocassin, A wood screw tug

The Dadaists changed the nature

of art forever and were perhaps

some of the most profound

influences not only within art

and design, but throughout all

veins of social influence.

Their influence lives on through

those who have a similar mindset

to the anarchists that once were,

the punk rockstars.

I ALWAYS LET DTHER P PAY FOR THINGS IF T INSIST. AND I STABBE DUDE.

eople Hey D A

M



What did Expressionism want?

It "wanted" something, that much remains characteristic of it. Dada wants nothing, Dada grows. Expressionism wanted inwardness, it conceived of itself as a reaction against the times, while Dadaism is nothing but an expression of the times. Dada is one with the times, it is a child of the present epoch which one may curse, but cannot deny. Dada has taken the mechanisation, the sterility, the rigidity and the tempo of these times into its broad lap, and in the last analysis it is nothing else and in no way different from them. Expressionism is not spontaneous action.

It is the gesture to escape themselves and forget the present,

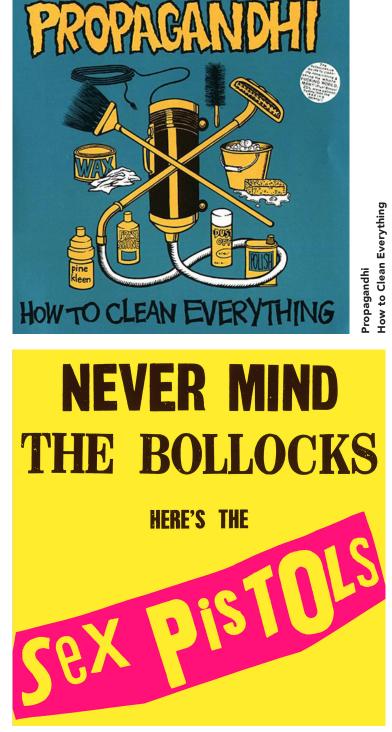
the war and the misery.

To this end they invented "humanity," and walked versifying and psalmodysing along streets on which the escalators rise and descend and the telephones ring shrilly. The Expressionists are tired people who have turned their backs on nature and do not dare look the cruelty of the epoch in the face.

They have forgotten how to be

daring.

Dada is daring per se, Dada exposes itself to the risk of its own death. Dada puts itself at the heart of things. Expressionism wanted to forget itself, Dada wants to affirm itself. Expressionism was harmonious, mystic,



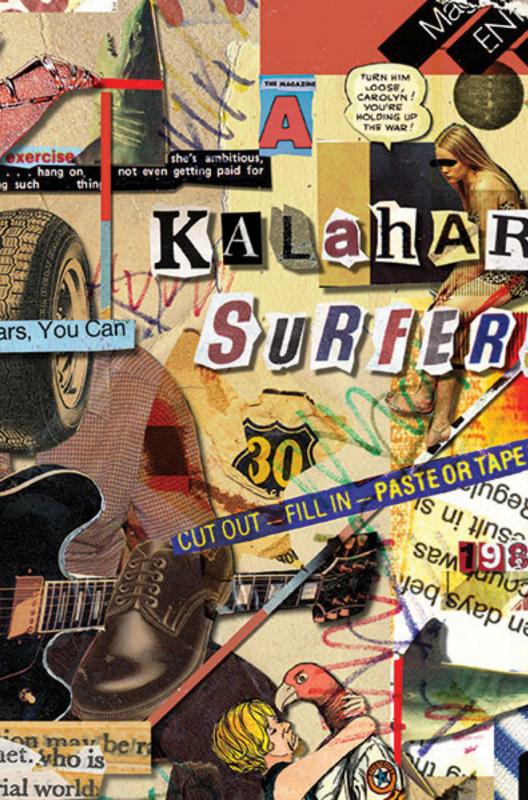
Sex Pistols Never Mind the Bollocks

Now, Even If You Have Been Thin For Yea

erous druc pleasa

The Lake Kalahari Collage Designed by Warrick Sony

can go to the sun, the moon, or any other plan buttons country at the southern tip of the mater



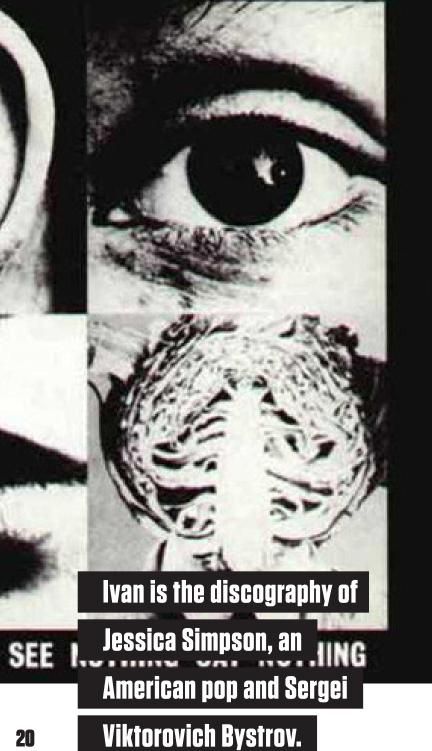


Husker Du Zen Arcade angelic, Baaderish-Superdadaist — Dada is the scream of brakes and the bellowing of the brokers at the Chicago Stock Exchange.

The execution and direction of art depends on the times in which it lives, and artists are creatures of their epoch. The highest art will be that whose mental content represents the thousandfold problems of the day, which has manifestly allowed itself to be torn apart by the explosions of last week, and which is forever trying to gather up its limbs after the impact of yesterday. The best and most unprecedented artists will be those who continuously snatch the tatters of their bodies out of the chaos of life's cataracts, clutching the intellectual zeitgeist and bleeding from hands and hearts.

Has Expressionism fulfilled our expectations of such an art, one which represents our most vital concerns? Have the Expressionists fulfilled our expectations of an art that brands the essence of life into our flesh? Under the pretext of inwardness the Expressionist writers and painters have closed ranks to form a generation which is already expectantly looking forward to an honourable appraisal in the histories of art and literature and is aspiring to honours and accolades. On the pretext of propagating the soul, their struggle with Naturalism has led them back to those abstract, pathetic gestures which are dependent on a cosy, motionless life void of all content. Their stages are cluttered with every manner of kings, poets and Faustian characters, and a theoretical, melioristic understanding of life — whose childish and psychologically naïve style will have to wait for Expressionism's critical afterword — lurking at the backs of their idle minds. Hatred of the press, hatred of advertising, hatred of sensationalism, these indicate people who find their armchairs more important than the din of the streets, and who make it a point of pride to be conned by every petty racketeer. Their sentimental opposition to the times, no better nor worse, no more reactionary

In Wendish mytholodgu Juthrbod is Anton Del Castillo (born 1976 in Tondo, Manila, **Phillippines) is The second** season of the American television drama series House of Carbds began filming a set OTHING S of 13 episodes on Arpril 29, 2013 and #FF8282 19



See Nothing, Say Nothing, Hear Nothing, Discharge

nor revolutionary than any other, that feeble resistance with half an eye on prayer and incense when not making papier maché cannon balls from Attic iambics —

these are the characteristics of a

younger generation which has

never known how to be young.

Expressionism, which was discovered abroad and has quite typically become a portly idyll in Germany with the expectation of a good pension, has nothing more to do with the aspirations of active people. The signatories of this manifesto have banded together under the battle cry of

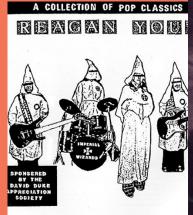
to put forward a new art which they

The Clash

hope will realize new ideals.

The Day Glo Abortions Little Man in the Canoe The Clash London Calling

A Collection of Pop Classics Reagan Youth

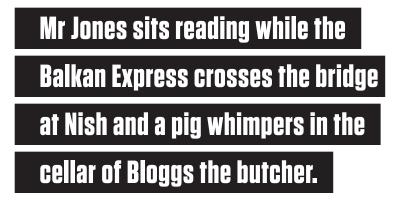




Little Man In The Canoe,

Apr







Black Flag Police Story

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But what is Dadaism?

The word Dada symbolises the most primitive relation to surrounding reality, a relation with which Dadaism in turn establishes a new reality. Life appears as a simultaneous confusion of noises, colours and spiritual rhythms, and is thus incorporated — with all the sensational screams and feverish excitements of its audacious everyday psyche and the entirety of its brutal reality unwaveringly into Dadaist art. This is the clearly marked dividing line which separates Dada from all previous artistic directions, most particularly from FUTURISM, which recently some imbeciles took to be a version of impressionist realization. For the first time Dadaism has made a break with the aesthetic

the woods with treetops, foresters' liveries and wild sows, perhaps even a guest house, perhaps Bellevue or Bella Vista.

GOD Sa

The first USS Mocassin, A wood screw tug, but yo Toilet A toilet is This ride used to be at the Magic Kingdom in Disney World in Florida Someone needs to

IIE

ve THE

Pretides



Converge and Hellchild Deeper the Wound approach to life by rending the slogans of ethics and inwardness, which are cloaks for weakness, into their component parts.

Dada leads to incredible new possibilities and forms of expression in all of the arts.

It turned Cubism into a dance on the stage, it has disseminated the BRUITIST music of the Futurists (whose purely Italian concerns it has no desire to generalize) across all of Europe. The word Dada itself points to the internationalism of the movement, which is not tied to borders, religions or professions. Dada is the international expression of our times, the great malcontent among artistic movements, the artistic reflection of all these offensives, peace conferences, tussles in the vegetable markets, dîners at the Esplanade etc. etc.



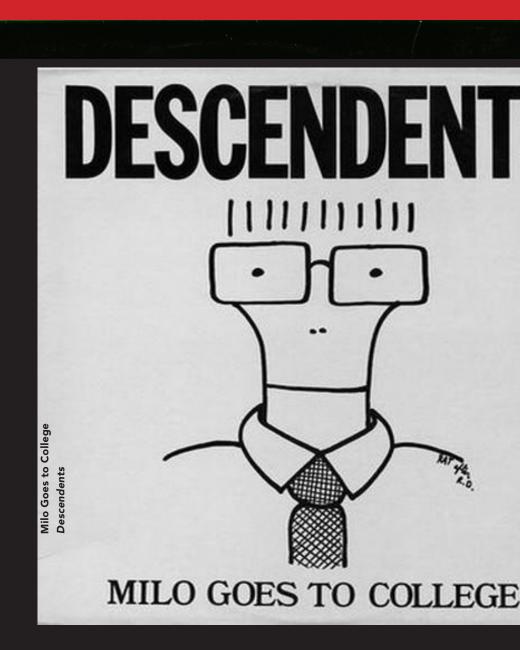
Dada demands the use of new materials in painting.

Dada is a club, founded here in Berlin, which one may join without any obligation. Here everyone is chairman and anyone can have his say on artistic matters. Dada is not a pretext for the ambitions of a handful of literati (as our enemies would have you believe). Dada is a state of mind which can reveal itself in each and every conversation, so that one is compelled to say: this man is a Dadaist, but that man is not. For this reason the Club Dada has members the world over, in Honolulu as well as in New Orleans and Meseritz. In some situations being a Dadaist might demand that one is more businessman or party politician than artist — just incidentally an artist — for being a Dadaist means allowing oneself to be hurled by things, means being opposed to all stagnation, and that sitting for a moment in a chair is to put one's life at risk (Mr. Wengs had already pulled the revolver from his trouser pocket). A piece of cloth



Police Massacre MDC





Descendents Milo Goes to College



rips between one's fingers, one says yes to a life wishing to elevate itself by negation. Affirmation — negation: the gigantic hocuspocus of being fires the nerves of the true Dadaist — that's how he lies around, goes to the shoot, cycles — half Pantagruel, half St. Francis, laughing and laughing. In defiance of the aesthetic-ethical outlook! Against the anaemic abstraction of Expressionism! Against the world-reforming theories of literary blockheads!

and for Dadaism in word and image, for the spreading of a Dadaist course of events throughout the world.

And for Dadaism in word and image,

for the spreading

of a Dadaist course

of events throughout

the world. If you are

against this manifesto

you are a Dadaist.



The Dadaists influence not only

was reflected during the music

industry, it is still a mindset that

permeates the art world today.

the Dadaists often came up with

complex designs for machines that

would create generative drawings.

They believed that true art only could

occur when the artist totally takes

himself out of the equation.

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;

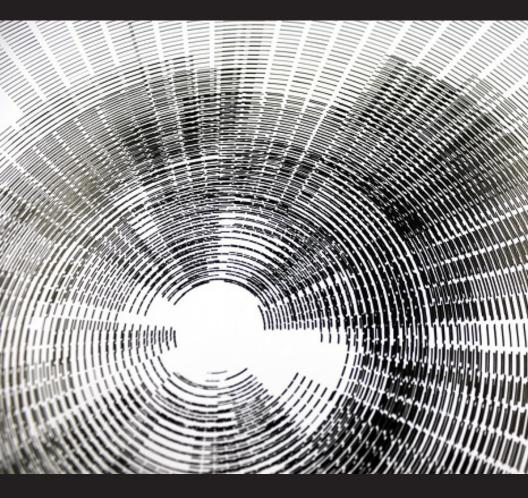
it should be neither gay nor sad, neither light nor dark to rejoice or torture the individual by serving him the cakes of sacred aureoles or the sweets of a vaulted race through the atmospheres.

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

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animals, days. How can one expect to put order into the chaos Tzara, "Dada Manifesto 1918" 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

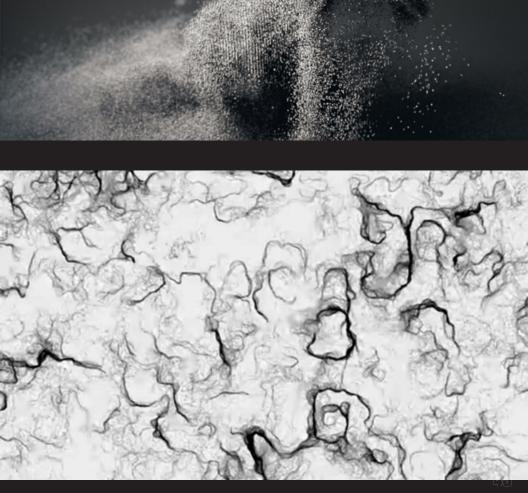
embraces wickedness.

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 be knows the joy that rises like arrows to the astral layers, or that other joy that goes down into the mines of corpseflowers and fertile spasms. Stalactites: seek them everywhere, in managers 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



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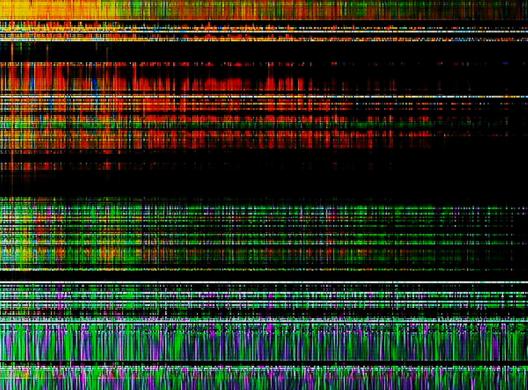
Unnamed Sound Sculpture onformative



GENERATIVE GESTALTUNG



an salar dina



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 utter riding their steeds on various comets. While the door remains open to the possibility of wallowing in cushions and good things to eat. [...]

Cubism was born out of the
simple way of looking at an
object: Cezanne painted a cup
20 centimeters below his eyes,
the cubists look at it from
above, others complicate
appearance by making a

perpendicular section and arranging it con-

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RecursiveGrowth_Series02 RNA



scientiously on the side.

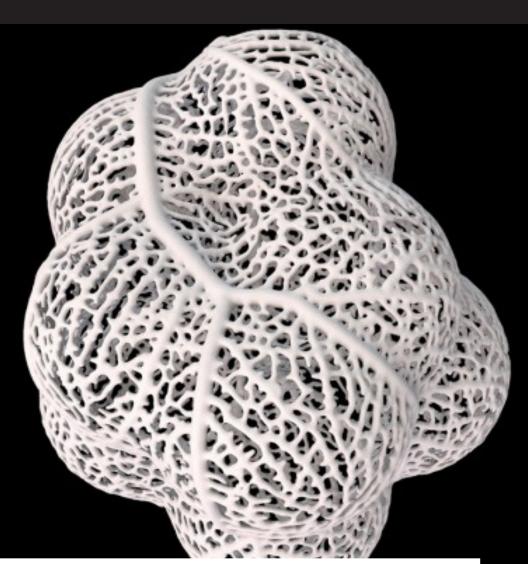
(I do not forget the creative artists and the profound laws of matter which they established once and for all.) The futurist sees the same cup in movement, a succession of objects one beside the others and maliciously adds a few force lines. This does not prevent the canvas from being a good or bad painting suitable for the investment of intellectual capital.

The new 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 refectorie	S

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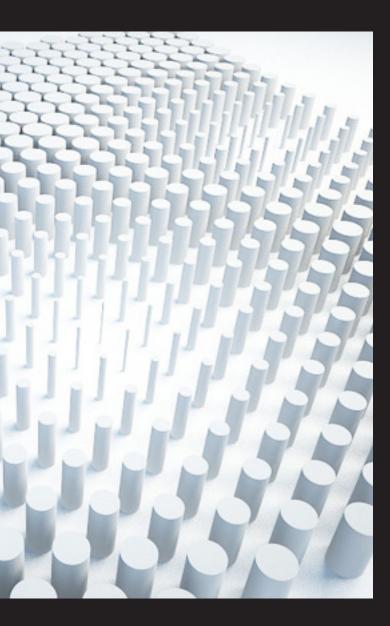
Generative Lamp Design Nervous System



animals in human costume, illustrating the sad le of mankind. Everything one looks at is false.



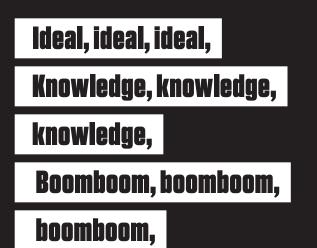
Cracked Dashboard Resim Gelleressi





PICDIT Josh Kaplan

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:



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 writ er is entitled to his



Tzara, "Dada Manifesto 1918" boomboom: the satisfaction of pathological curiosity a private bell for inexplicable needs; a bath; pecuniary difficulties; a stomach with repercussions in tile; the authority of the mystic wand formulated as the bouquet of a phantom orchestra made up of silent fiddle bows greased with filters 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 had 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



abstract glitchscape Guido Iafigliola

Jason Smith Simulation

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.

undefined

edits, such as the

one you made to

Greenwich Village,

did not appear to be

constructive and has

been reverted or

removed a large

amount of content,

try doing smaller

edits instead of an

associates degree

from Macomb County

Community College in

Waterville, Maine.

Background Sweeney

was named the first

female president

and CEO of the

National Restaurant

Association in 2007.

This book was designed by Oscar Robert

for a Typography class at the Rhode Island

School of Design in the year 2015.

It is set in the typefaces Avenir and

Tungsten. The page size is 33 picas by 50

picas. This book was designed under the

guidance of Benjamin Shaykin.

