

I ALWAYS LET OTHER P  
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INSIST. AND I STABBE  
DUDE.

PEOPLE  
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MONEY



MADNESS

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GEMSTONE



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MEINHOF



KEMP SPEAKS!



PUNK IS DEAD



# 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 psalmodying 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, 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

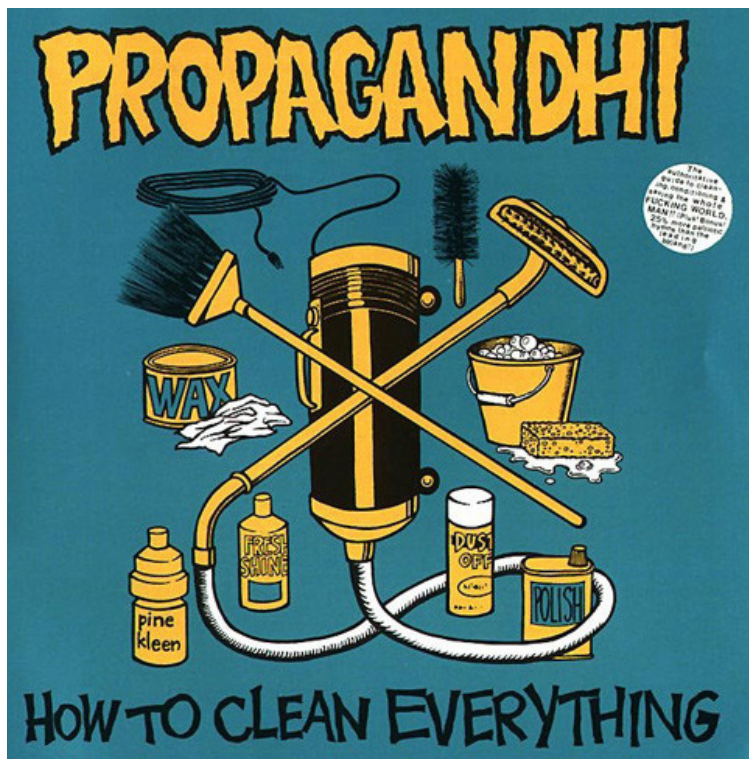




# HOW TO CLEAN EVERYTHING

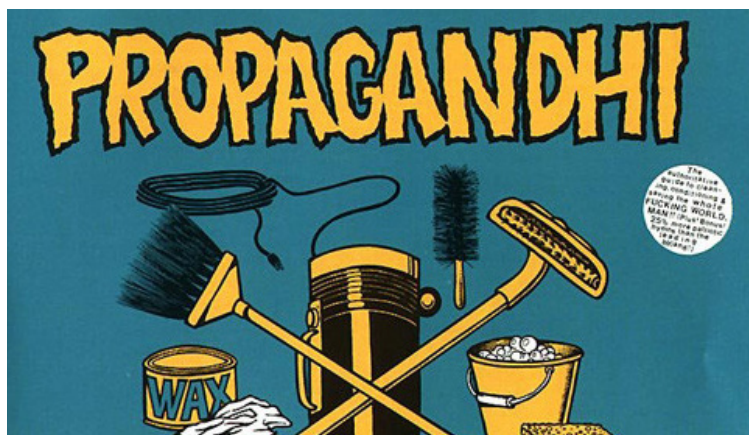
Under: Propagandhi –

How to Clean Everything



Under: Propagandhi –

How to Clean Everything





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? **No! No! No!**

Have the Expressionists fulfilled our expectations of an art that brands the essence of life into our flesh? **No! No! No!**

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 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 iambs —



**Top:** *Discharge* –

**See Nothing Say Nothing Hear Nothing**



SEE NOTHING SAY NOTHING

12

Top: Discharge –

See Nothing Say Nothing Hear Nothing



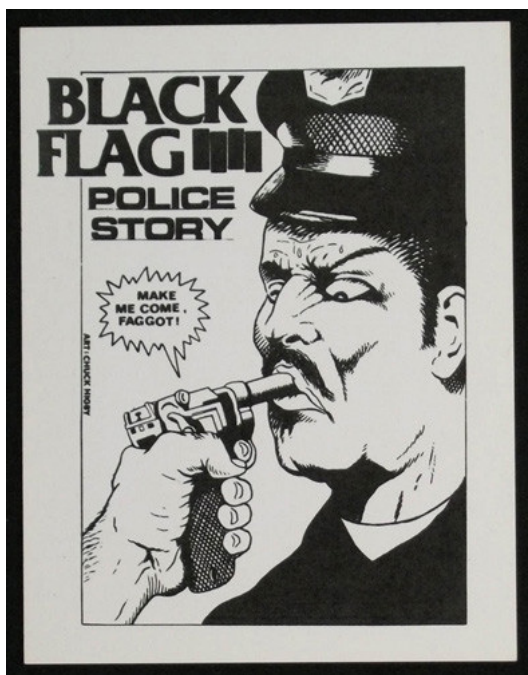
**these are the characteristics of  
a younger generation which has  
never known how to be young.**

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

**DADA**

to put forward a new art which they hope will realize new ideals.

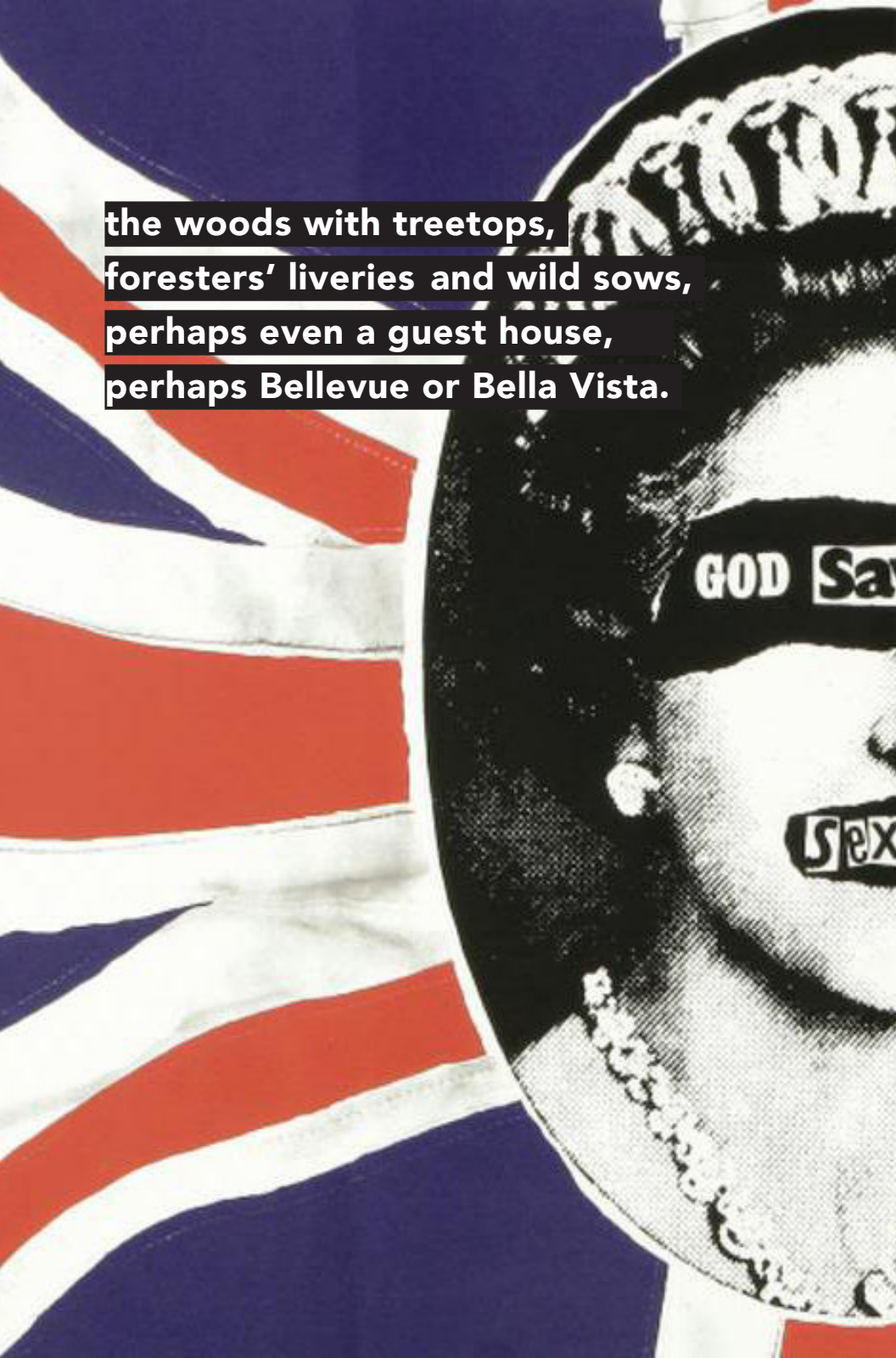
**Mr Jones sits reading while  
the Balkan Express crosses  
the bridge at Nish and a pig  
whimpers in the cellar of  
Bloggs the butcher.**



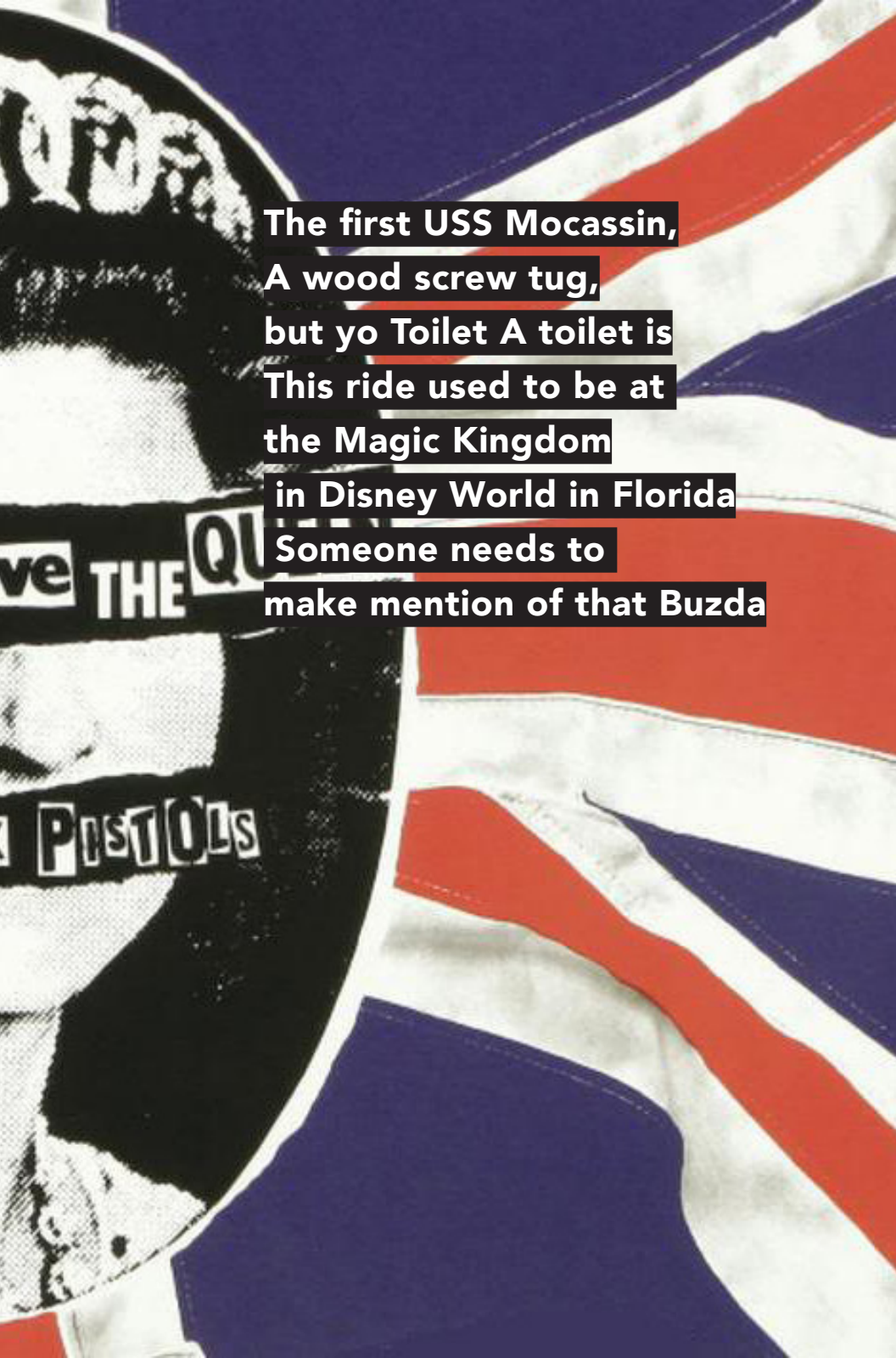
# **But what is Dadaism?**

**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 new version of impressionist realization. For the first time Dadaism has made a break with the aesthetic approach to life by rending all the slogans of**

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








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  
make mention of that Buzda





ethics, culture and inwardness, which are mere cloaks for weak muscles, 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.





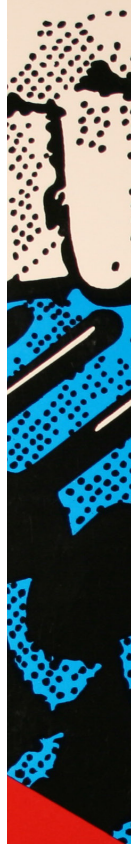
## **Dada demands the use of new materials in painting.**

**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**

rips between one's fingers, one says yes to a life wishing to elevate itself by negation. Affirmation — negation: the gigantic hocus-pocus 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!**



RADICAL



RECORDS 1982



# 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 jesuses-

calling the little children 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.

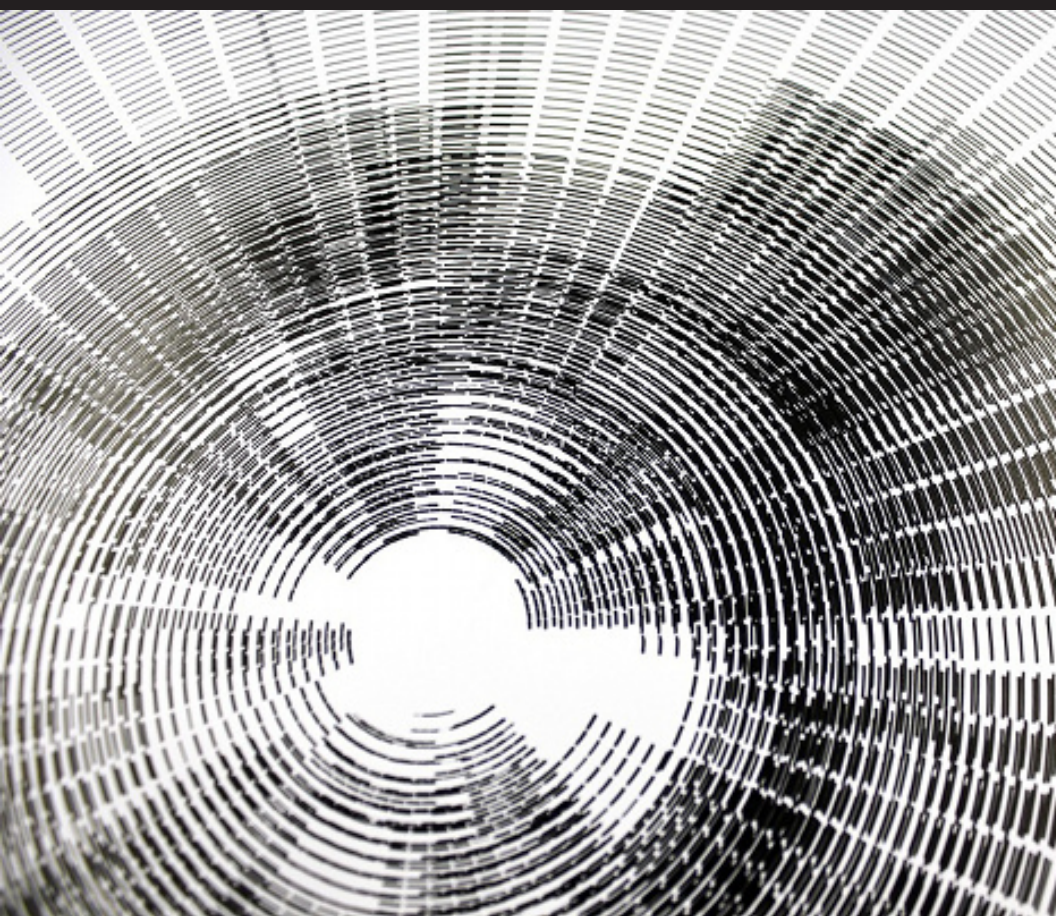
**A work of art should not be  
beauty in itself, for beauty is dead;**

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 Tzara, "Dada Manifesto 1918" that constitutes that infinite and shapeless variation: man? The principle: "love thy neighbor" is a hypocrisy.

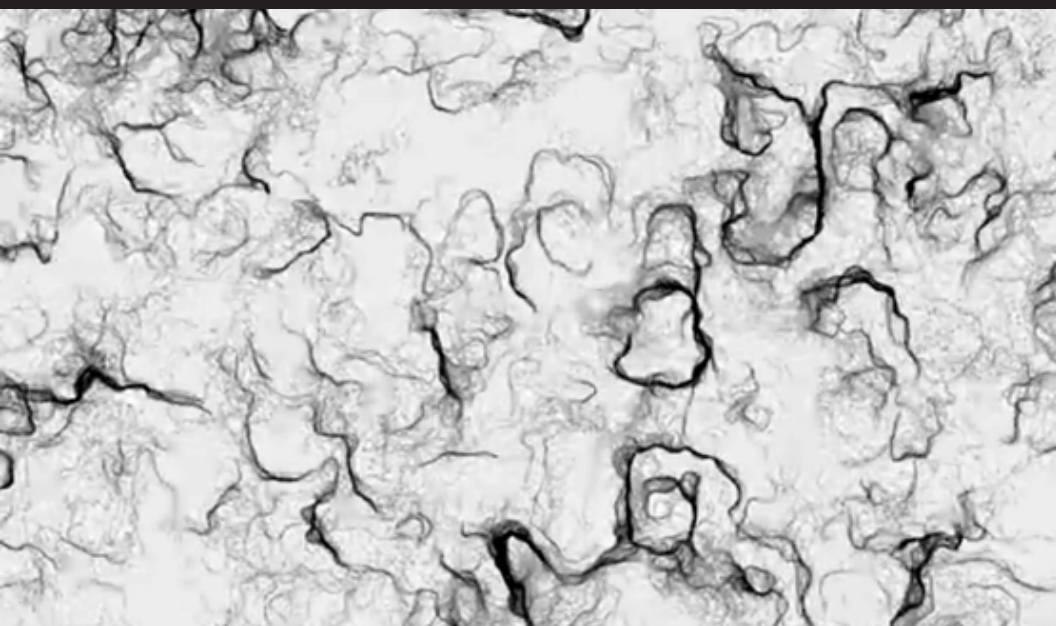
**"Know thyself" is utopian but more acceptable, for it embraces wickedness.**

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 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 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 us preserve their freedom. We recognize no theory. We have enough cubist and futurist academies:

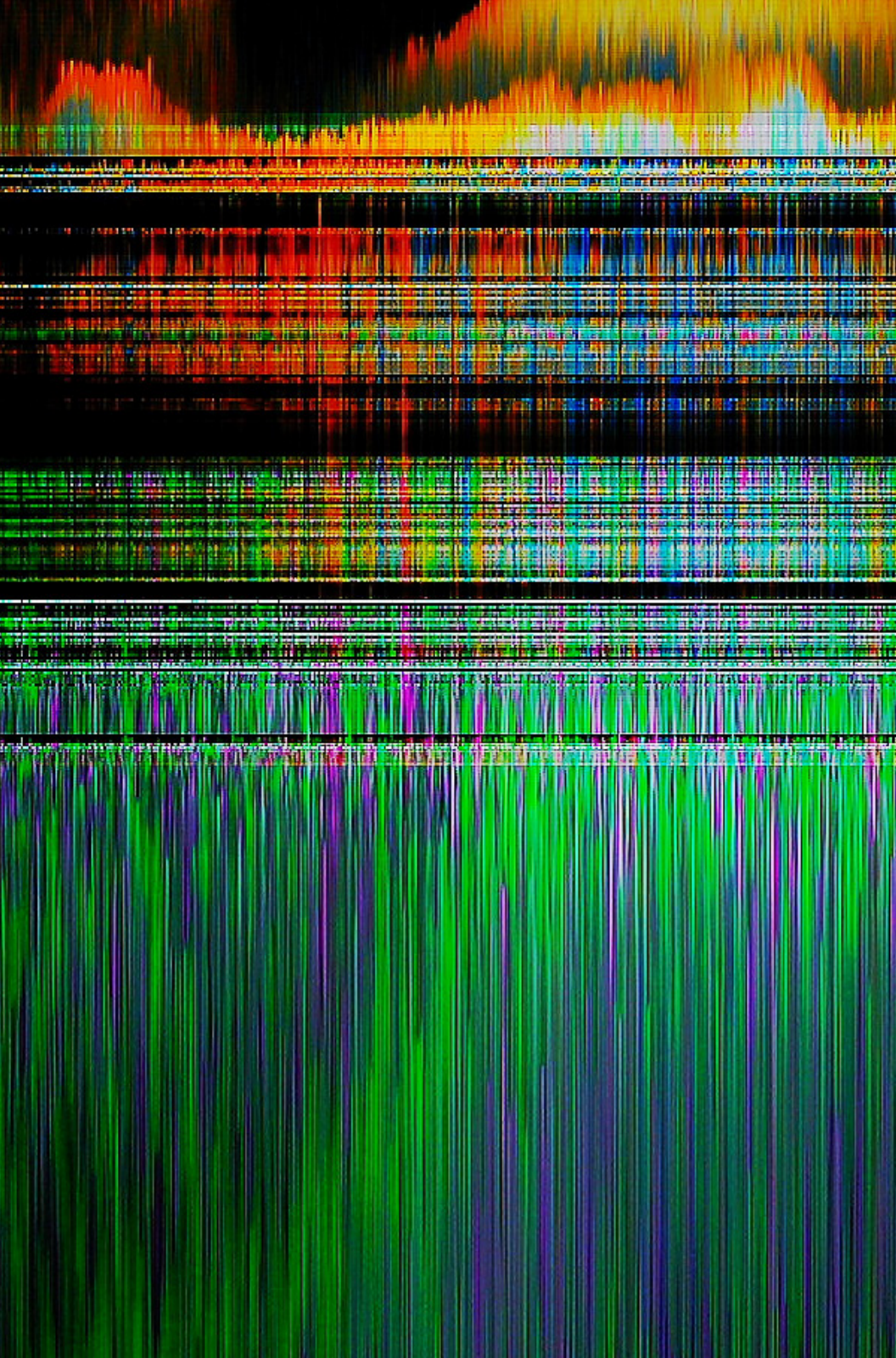
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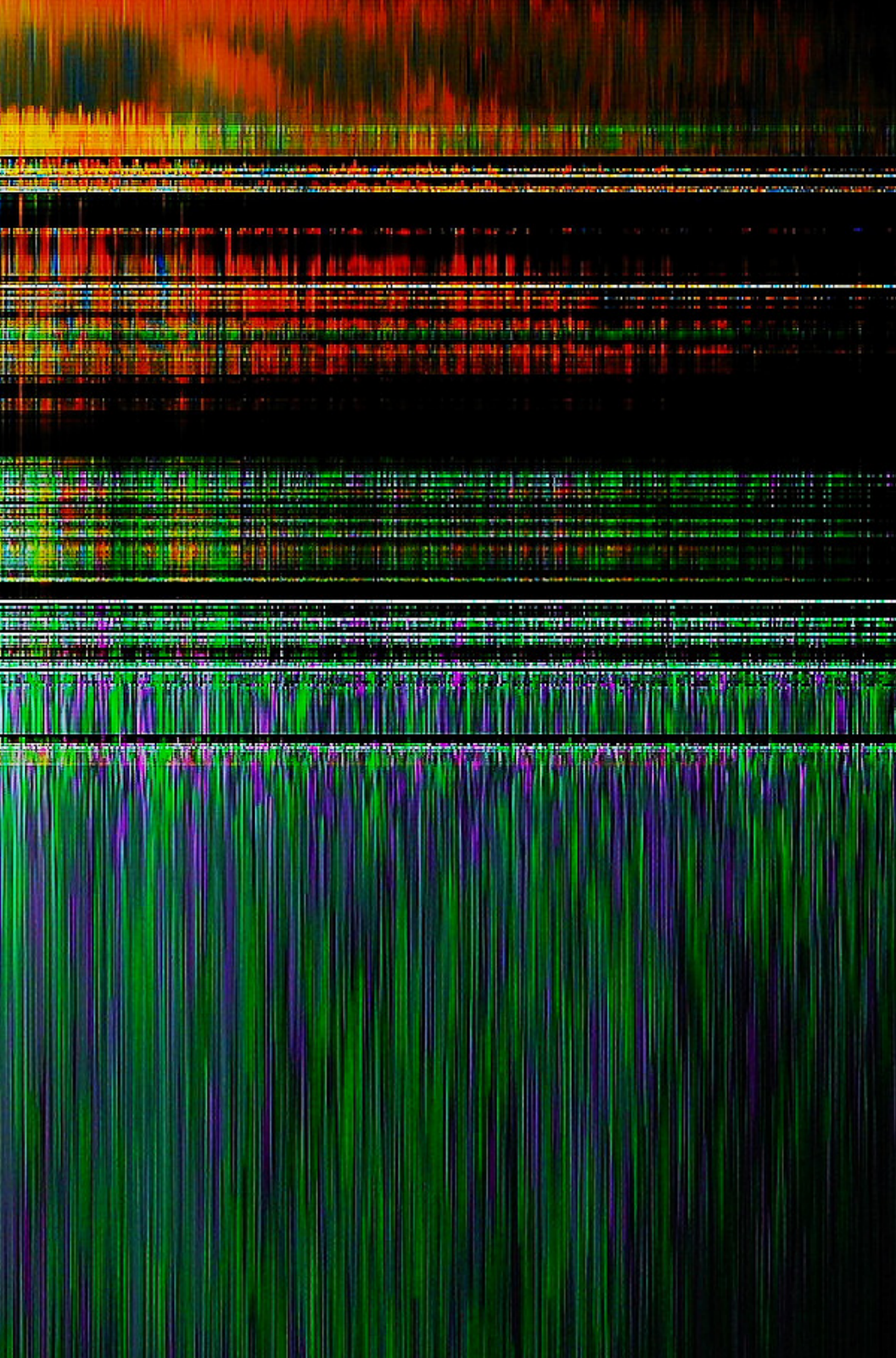
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academies: laboratories of formal ideas. Is the aim of art to make money and cajole the nice nice bourgeois? Rhymes ring with the assonance of the currencies and the inflexion slips along the line of the belly in profile. All groups of artists have 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 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 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.



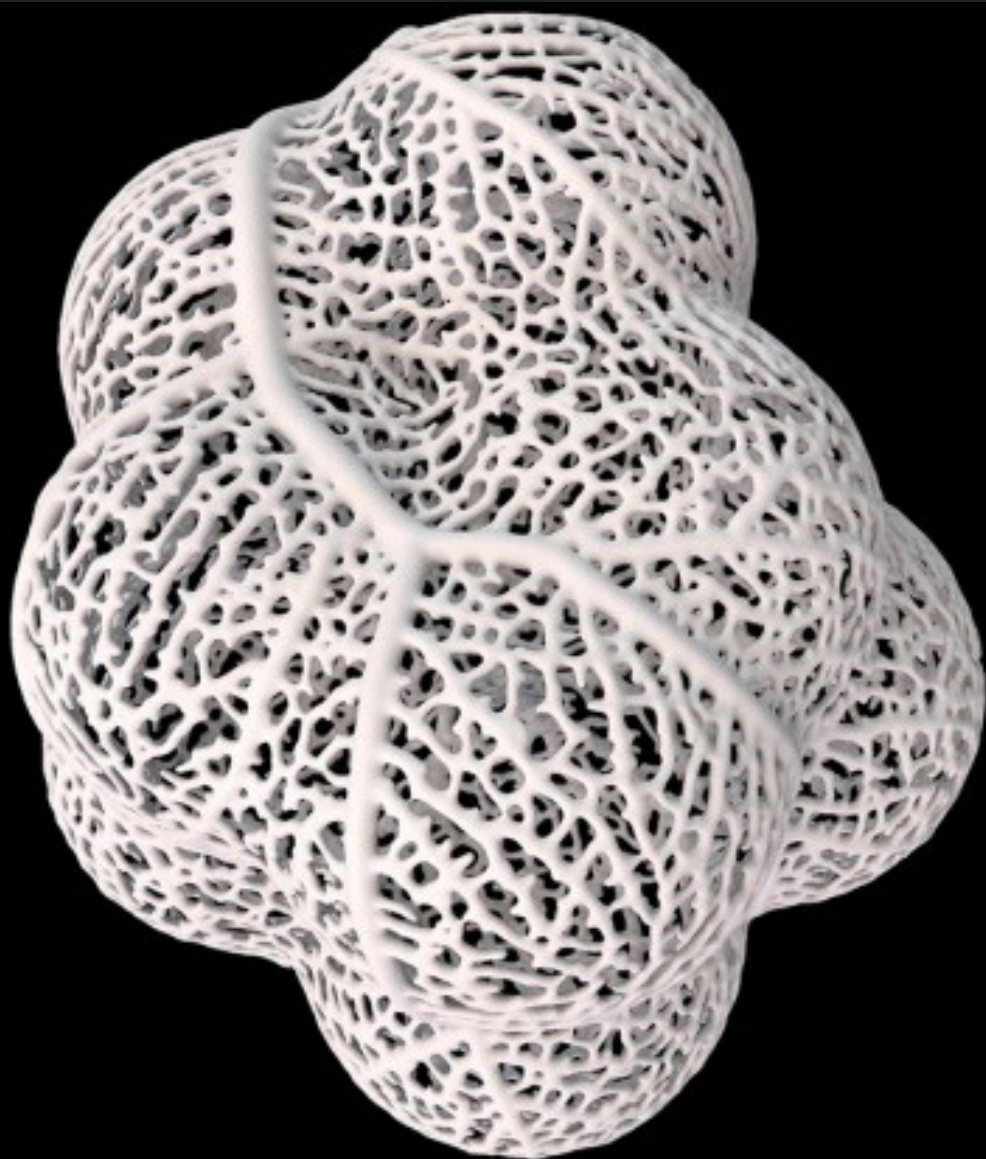
ents of which are  
without argument.

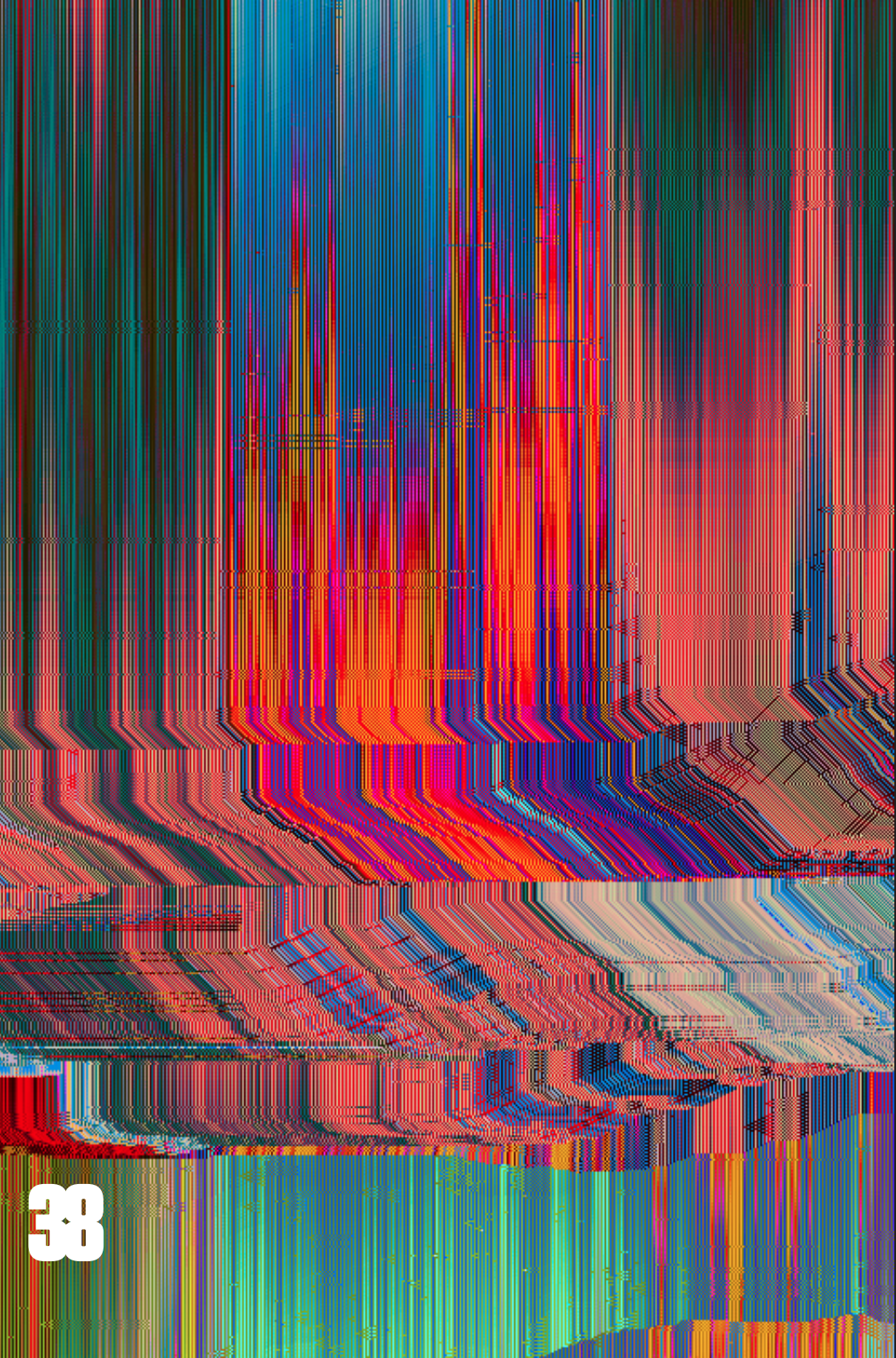
The new artist protests: he no longer paints (symbolic and illusionist reproduction) but creates directly in stone, wood, iron, tin, boulders—locomotive organisms capable of being turned in all directions by the limpid wind of momentary sensation.

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. 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









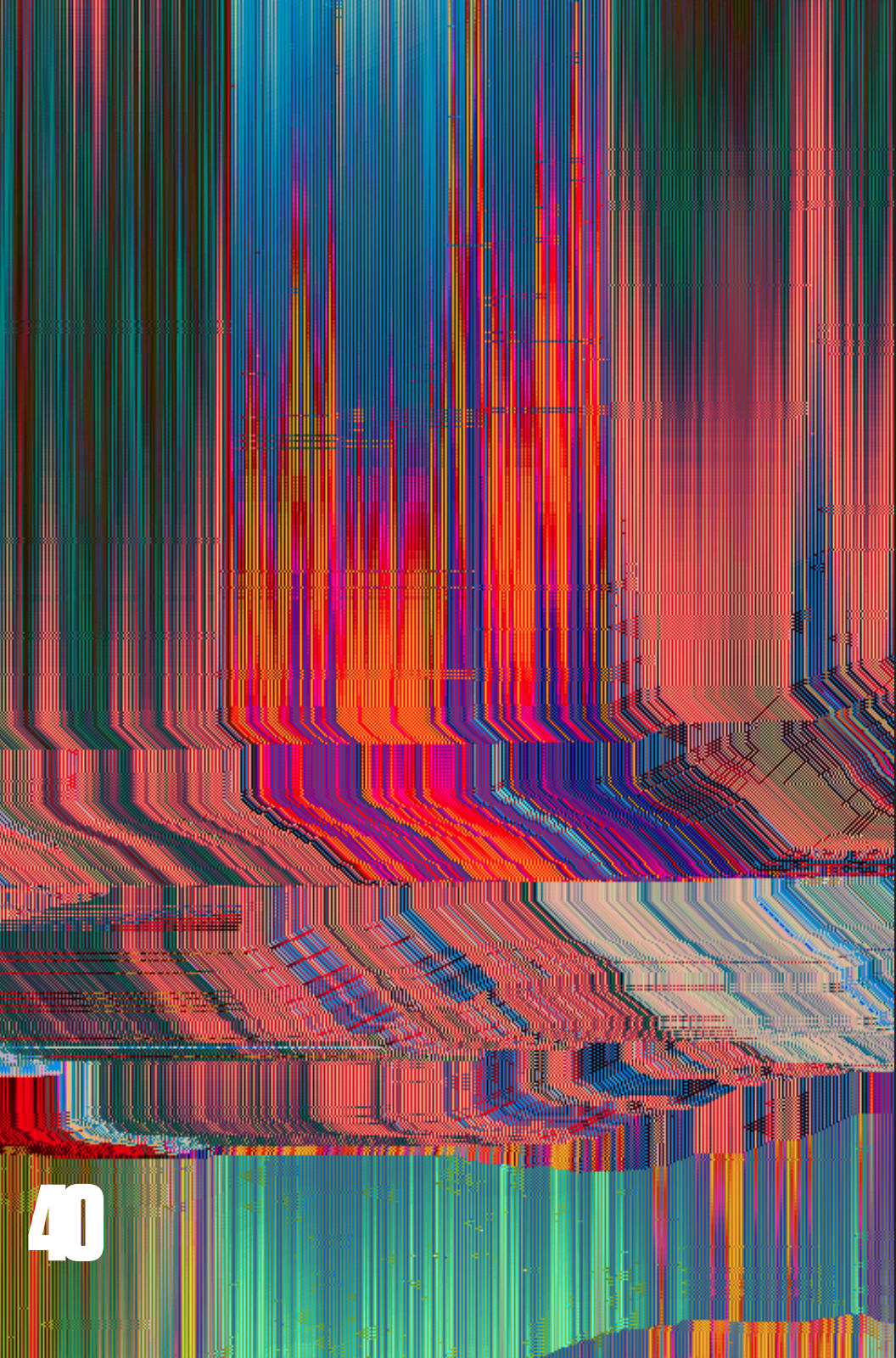
spirit of fried potatoes while dancing method  
around it. If I cry out:

**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 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