

under the banner of d.a.d.a. that is to say, domine anno domine anno. the cypress is not a dancer's calf in the ecclesiastical ballet.

while the ferocious lion scents a succulent pair of newly-weds the lime-tree grows tractably on the boarded plains. when a traveler and a mountain meet in the sky they become confounded with one another. the mountain takes itself for the traveler and the traveler takes himself for the mountain. these encounters always end in a bloody brawl in which the traveler and the mountain tear out each other's trees. the chestnut and the oak start out under the sign of the vegetable banner. the cypress is a dancer's calf in an ecclesiastical ballet.

the idol dreams in the sea and the rain. harnessed in fours ahead of the four preceding like ventriloquists' cemeteries or fields of honor the insects emerge.

and now only eve remains to us. she is the white accomplice of newspaper filchers. here is the cuckoo the origin of the clock. the sound of his jaws is like the sound of a violent fall of hair. and so we count among the insects vaccinated bread the chorus of cells lightning flashes under fourteen years of age and your humble servant.

the marine sky has been decorated by expressionist paperhangers who have hung a shawl with frost-flowers on the zenith. in the season of the harvest of conjugal diamonds huge cupboards with mirrors are found floating on their back in the oceans. the mirrors of these cupboards are replaced by waxed floors and the cupboard itself by a castle in spain. these mirrored cupboards are rented as rings to midwives and storks to make their innumerable rounds in and as tabourets to two gigantic rusty feet which rest upon them and sometimes tap a few steps *pam pam*. that is why the seas are called pampas because *pam* means *pas* (step) and two *pas* make *pam pam*.

and so you see that one's honorable father can be consumed only slice by slice. impossible to finish him in a single luncheon on the grass and even the lemon falls on its knees before the beauty of nature. [illustration 1]

Dadaland

In Zurich in 1915, losing interest in the slaughterhouses of the world war, we turned to the Fine Arts. While the thunder of the batteries rumbled in the distance, we pasted, we recited, we versified, we sang with all our soul. We searched for an elementary art that would, we thought, save mankind from the furious folly of these times. We aspired to a new order that might restore the balance between heaven and hell. This art gradually became an object of general reprobation. Is it surprising that the "bandits" could not understand