

391-50
REVUE



PART 1

CREDITS

391-50:REVUE (PART 1)

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Man Ray

Marcel Duchamp

Marcel Janco

Max Ernst

Max Goth

Raoul Hausmann

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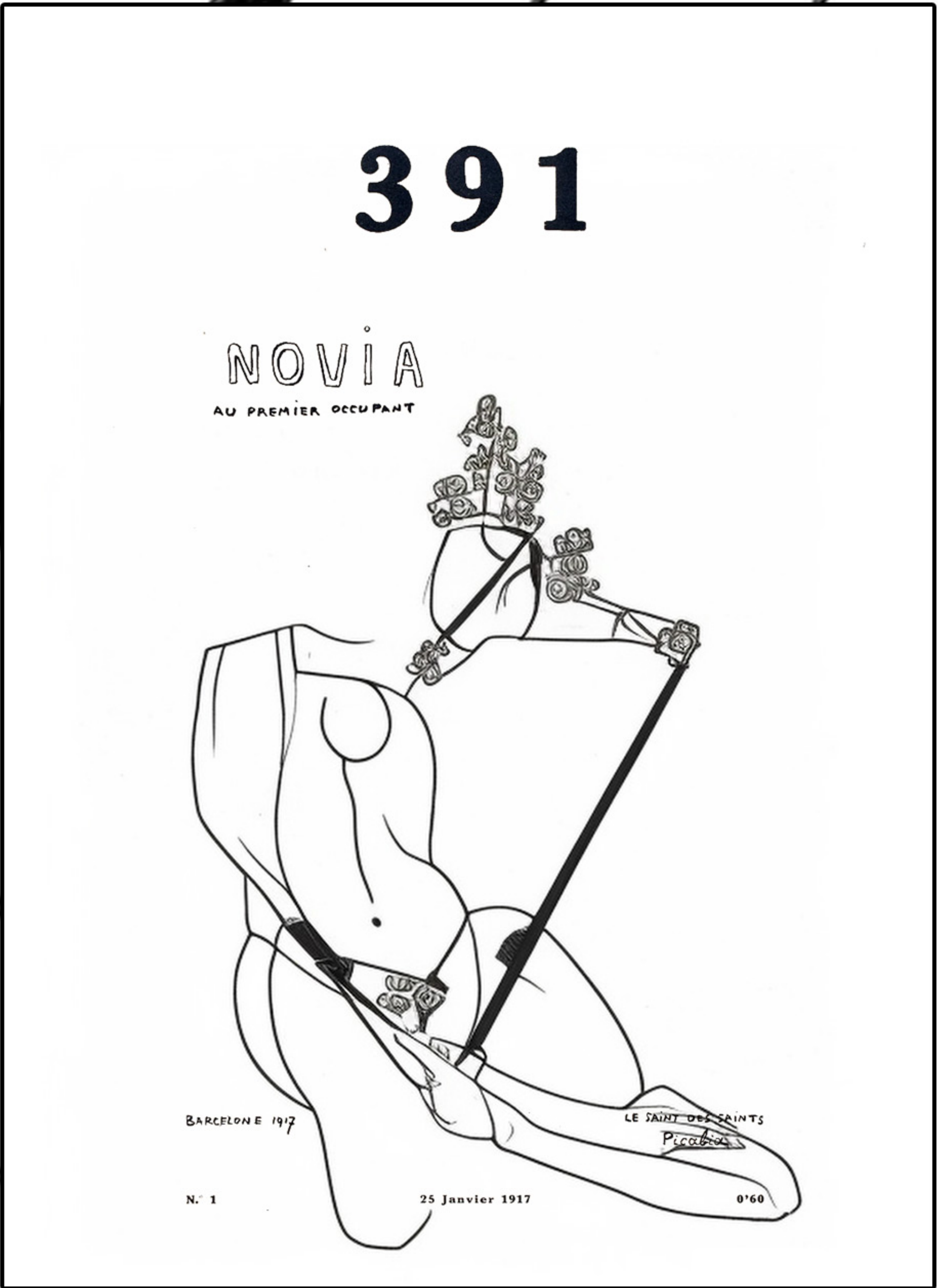
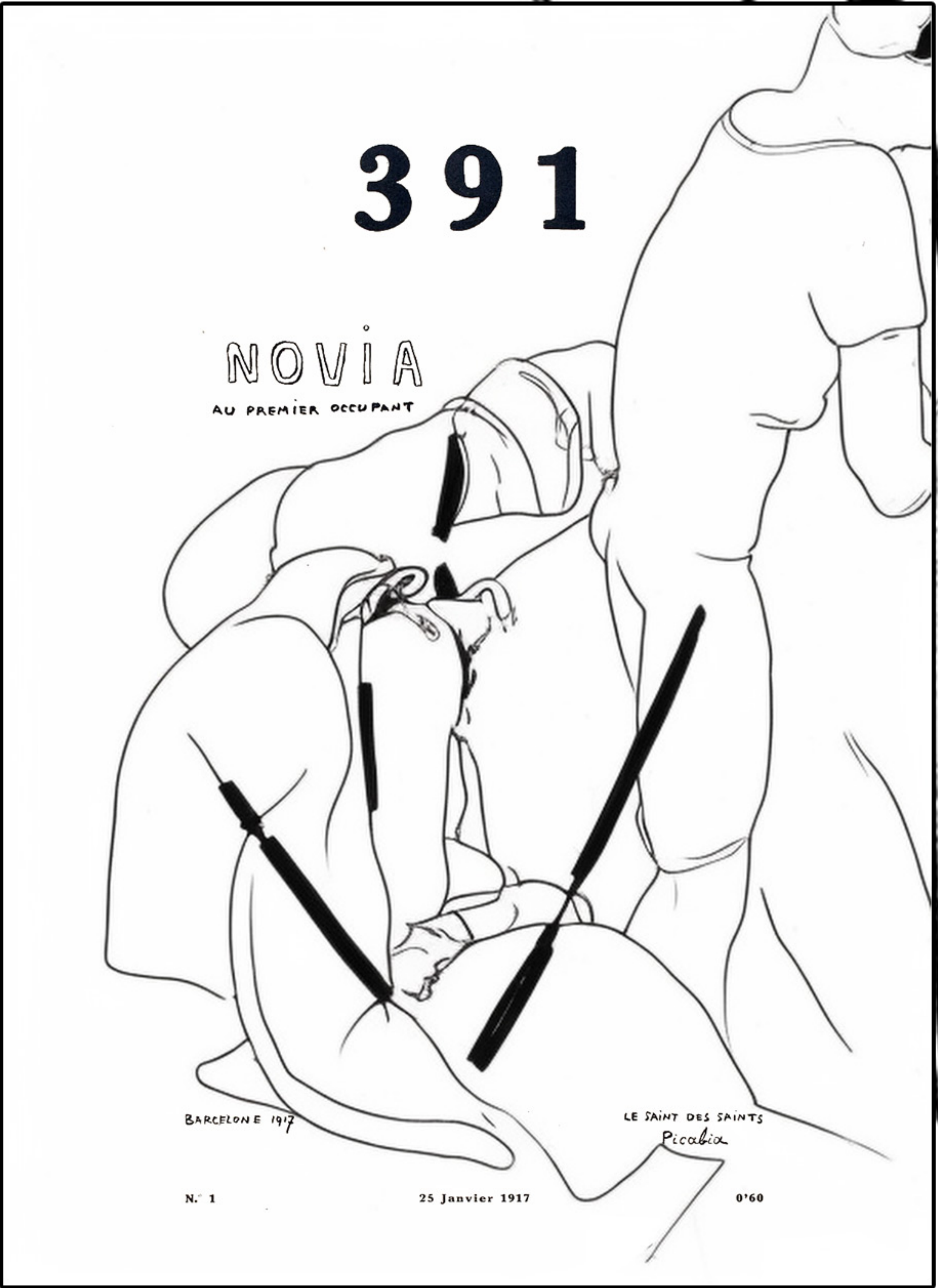
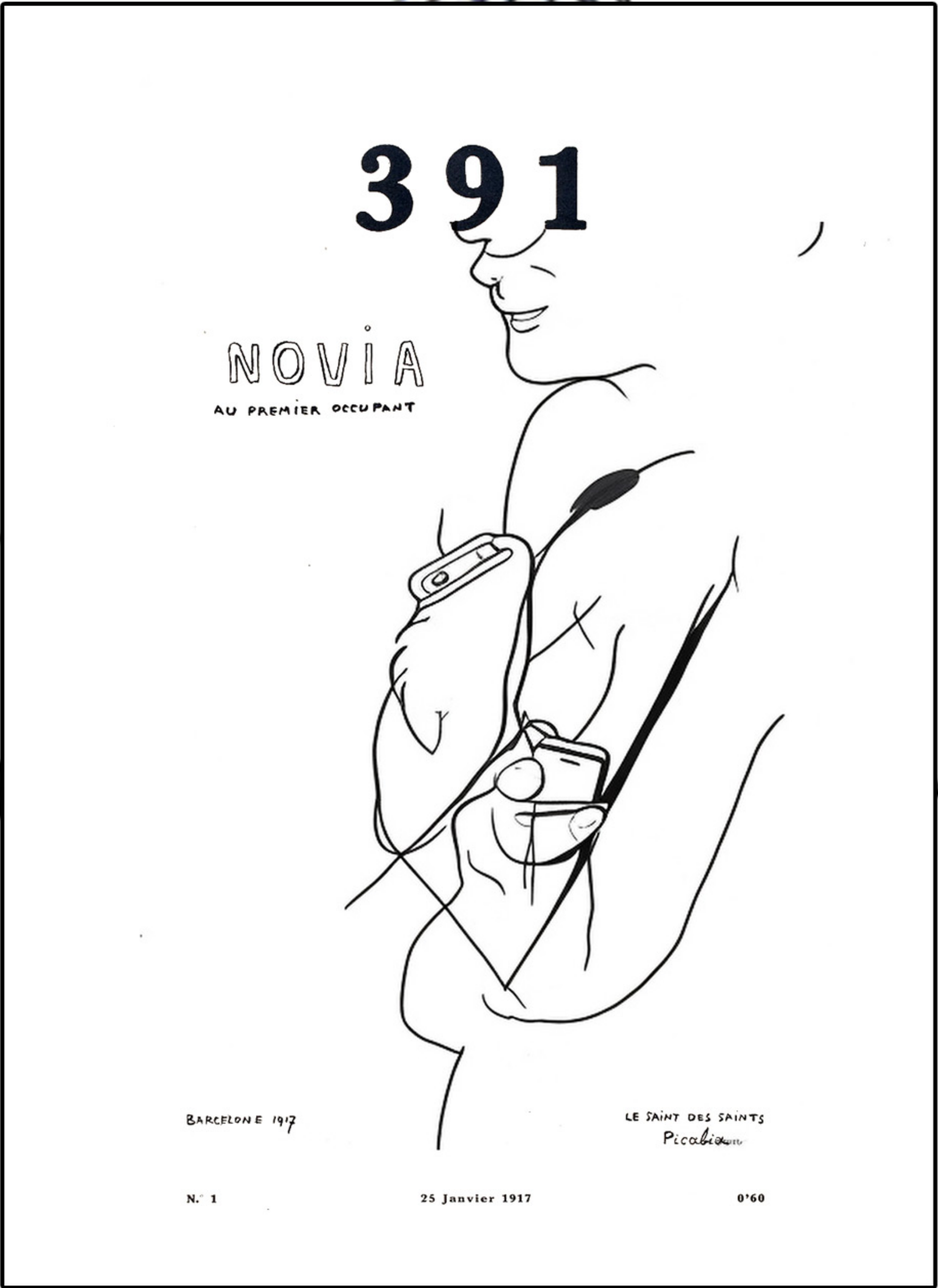
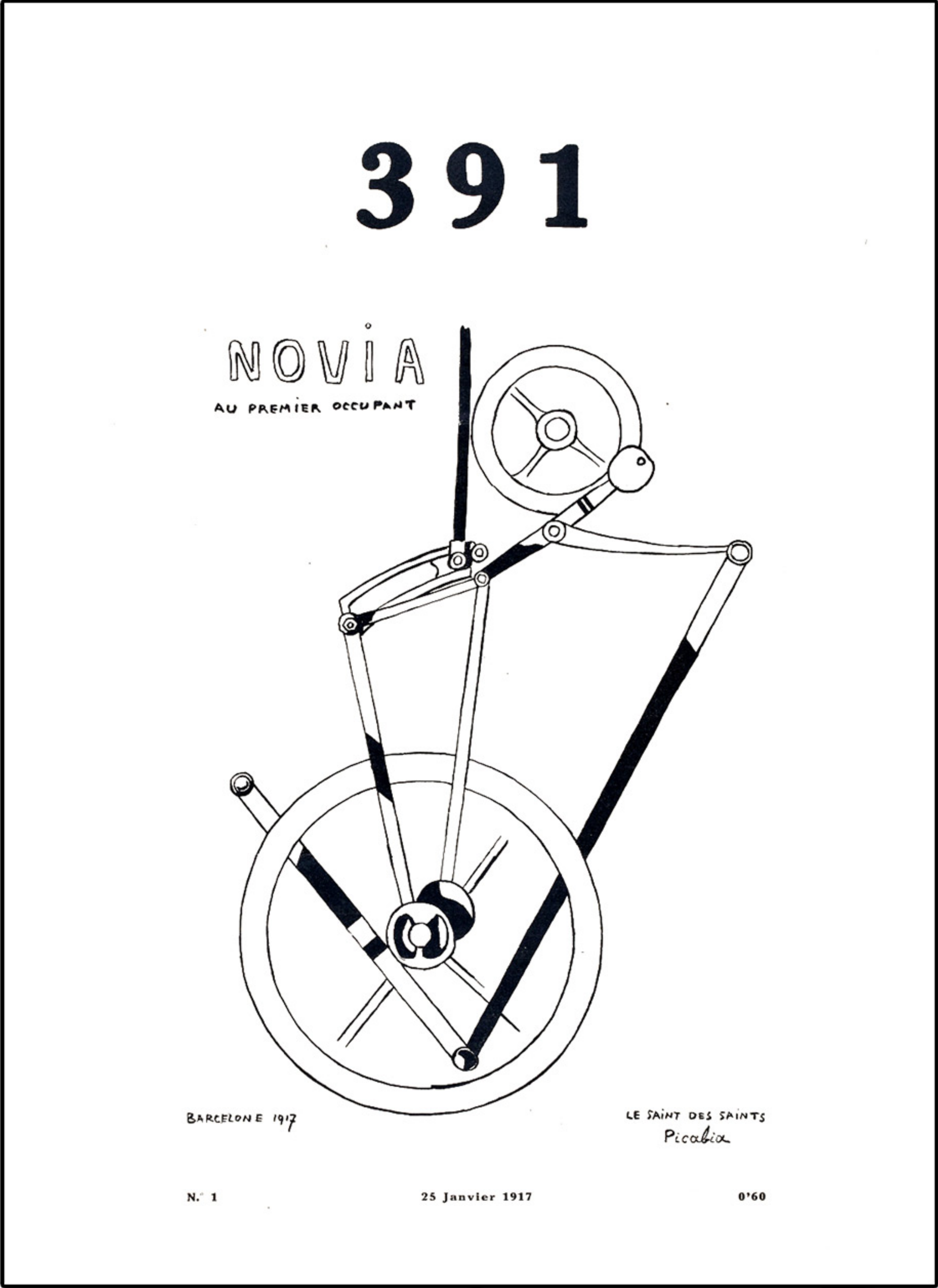
Tristan Tzara

Chess boxing poster adapted from original [https://www.freepik.com/premium-vector/boxing-poster-flyer_4801132.htm] by roach.graphic, <https://www.freepik.com/author/roach-graphic>

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COSMOS Manifesto

by Tristan Tzara

COSMOS' remains within the framework of our universe's limitations, it is still cosmic dust, but from now on we want to scatter in different wavelengths so as to adorn the nebulae of art with all the signals of all the observatories.

We are spaceship commanders and we can be found whistling amongst the solar winds of spaceports, in space stations, zero-gravity bars, cosmic amphitheaters, realities, feelings, orbital diners, ohoho, supernova.

We declare that the spacecraft is a feeling that has propelled us quite enough in the isolation of its vacuums, as have asteroid belts, cosmic radiation, and theories. And while we put on a show of being adaptable, we are actually searching for the quantum essence of things, and are pleased if we can cloak it; we have no wish to count the galaxies of the marvelous elite, for COSMOS doesn't exist for any single life form, and we want everyone to grasp this. This is Cosmos' dark matter, I assure you. From there you can hear all the radio waves, and float down cleaving space-time like a cosmic entity landing in an artificial biosphere to philosophize and understand the paradox.

COSMOS is neither madness, nor wisdom, nor irony, look at me, dear Earthling.

Art used to be a game of moon rocks, children would go gathering terms that had a cosmic ring, then they would radiate, transmit the verse, and dress it up in astronaut gloves, and the verse became a comet in order to decay a little, and the comet became space debris, and the children floated hither and you, oblivious.

Astrophysics Astrophysics hee hee

Quantum Quantum Quantum

Long live Earth

We are not naive

We are intergalactic

We are exclusive

We are not earthbound

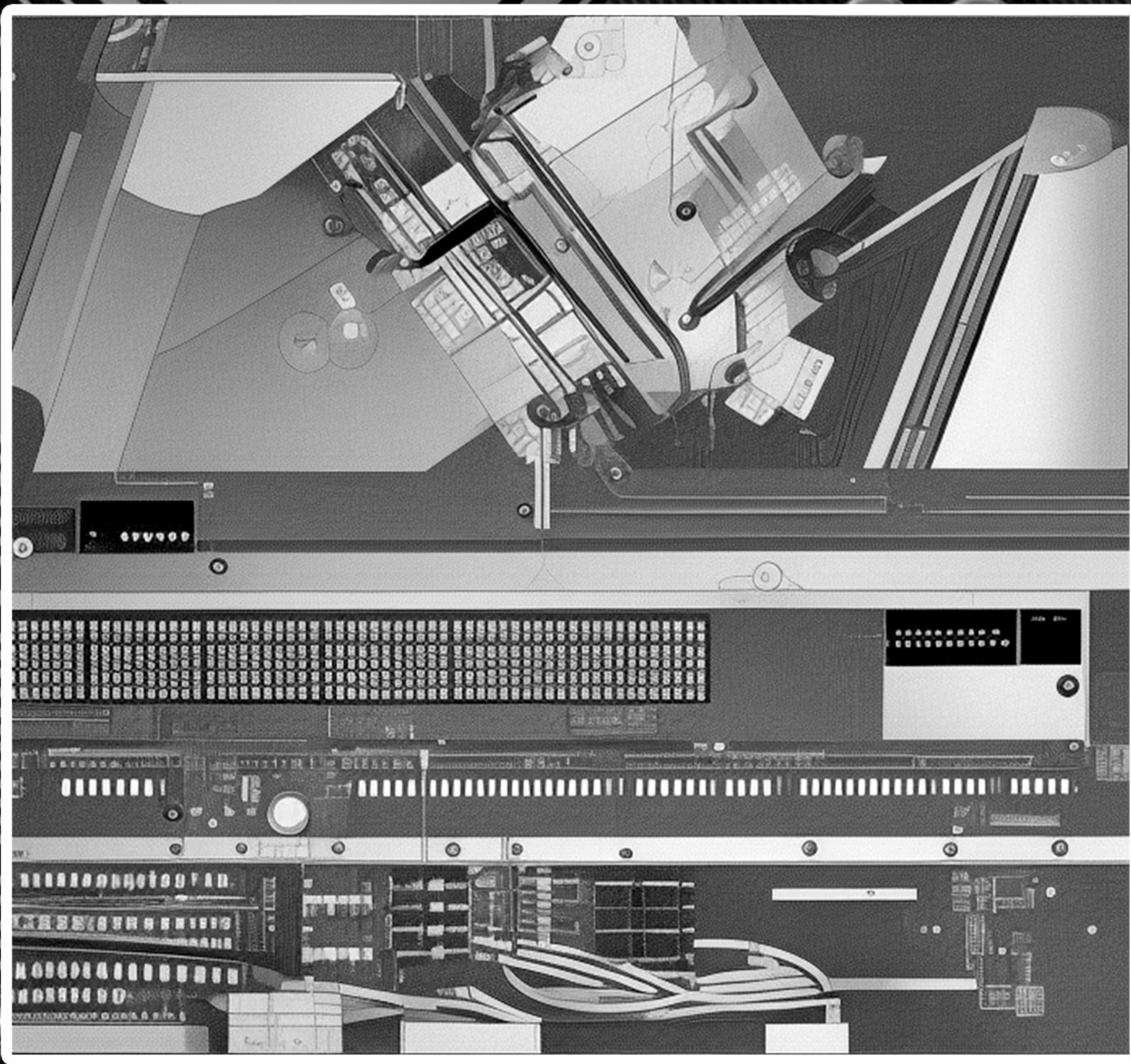
and we are perfectly capable of an intelligent debate.

But we, COSMOS, don't agree with them, for art isn't confined to any one planet, I assure you, and if we reveal the cosmic anomalies so as to show that we are learned spacefarers, it's to please you, dear audience, I assure you, and I adore you.

Tristan Tzara, Cygnus X-1

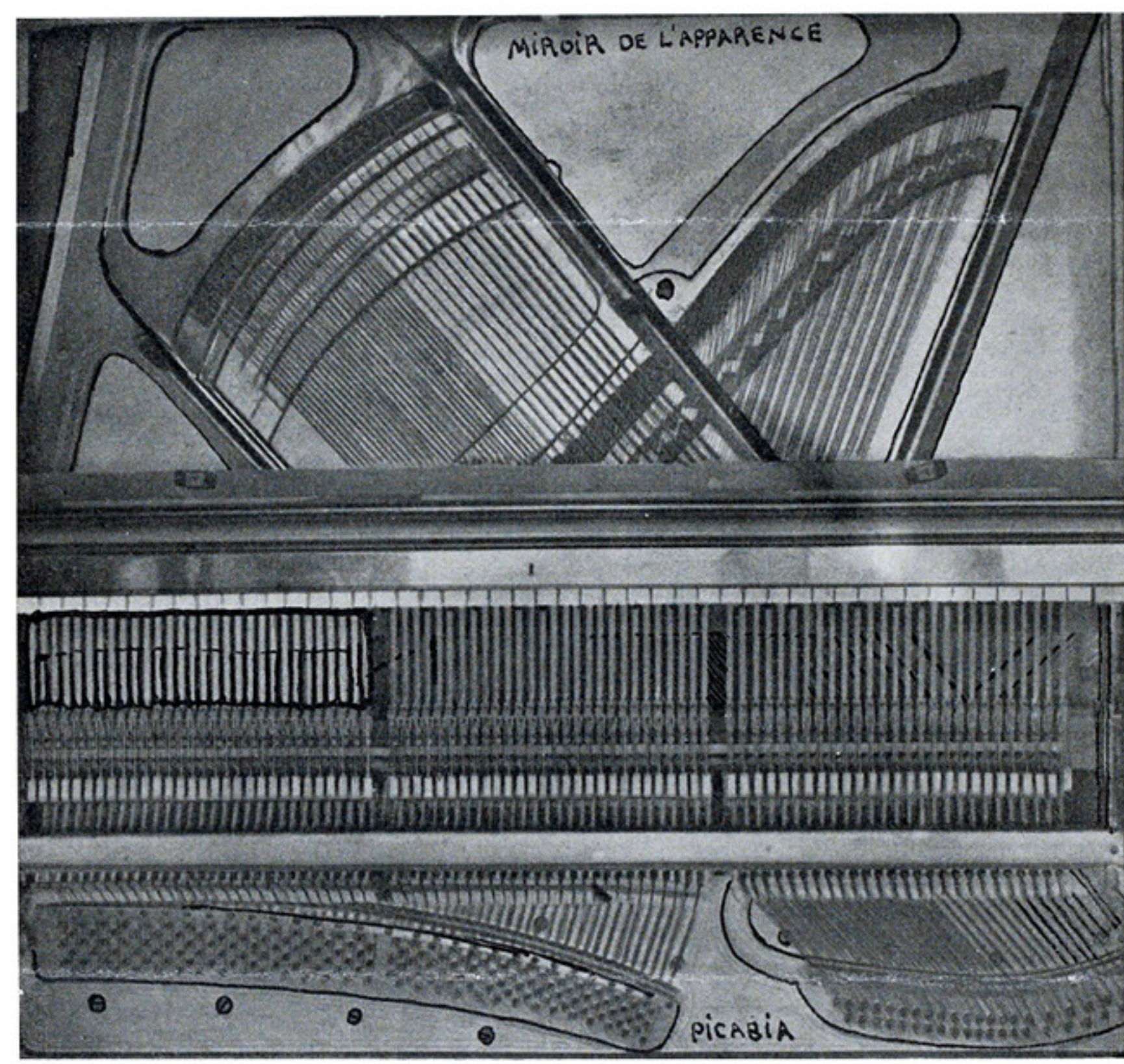
¹ Cosmic Odyssey Seeking Meaningless Originality and Subversion





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PEIGNE



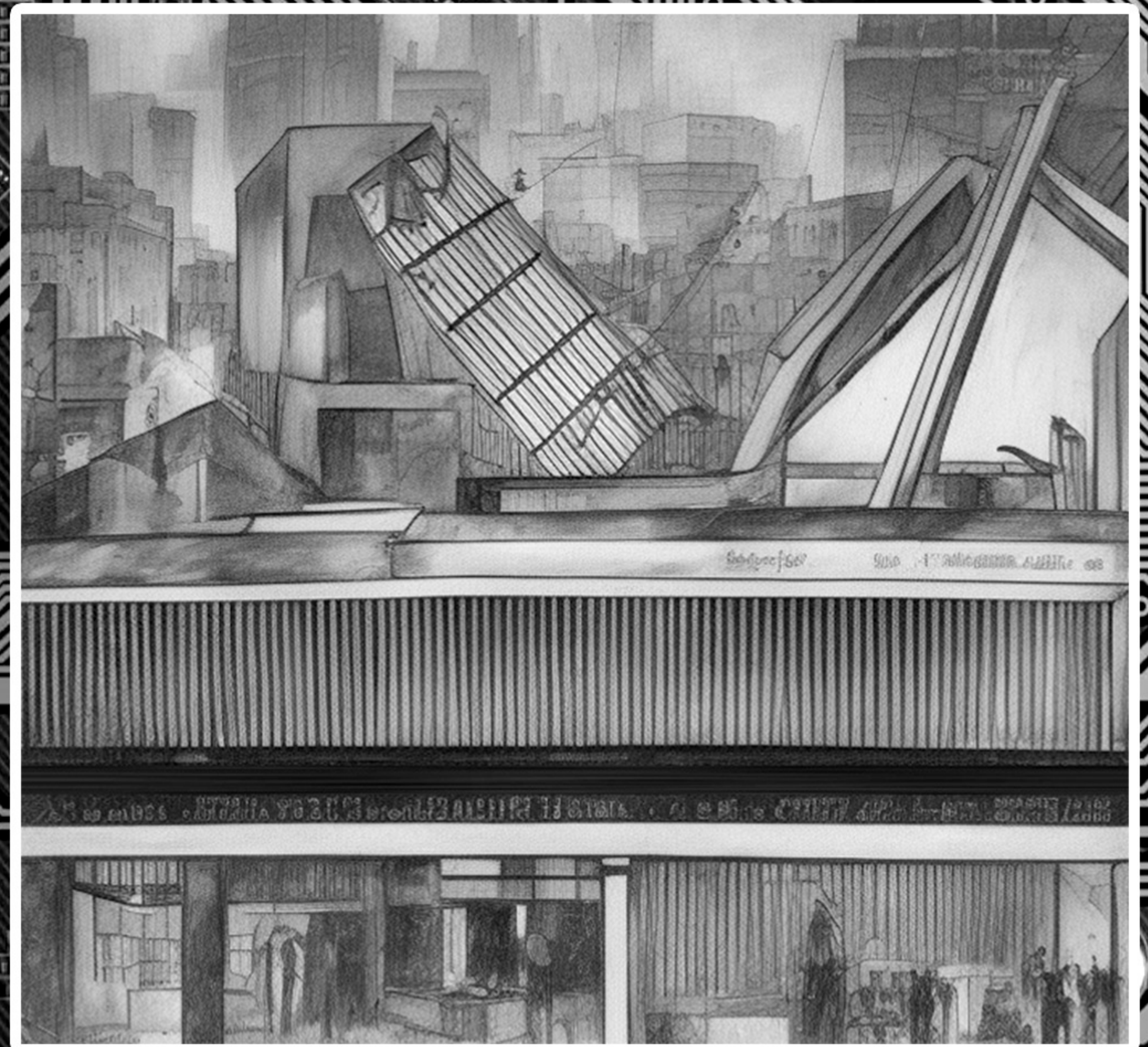
PICABIA.

"Regarde au loin, ne regarde pas en arrière
on déraisonne
quand on veut toujours connaître les raisons."

N° 2

10 Février 1917

0'60





Mr. Creator,
I hate you.

Into the light, opaque point.
Amidst effusion and joyful forgetting,
A fierce desire to measure time.

Among the metamorphosis of pure stillness
The idea of a possible species,
And the horror of supposed nothingness,
Elements of a perpetual death.

Max Goth



Hannah Höch by Suzanne Duchamp

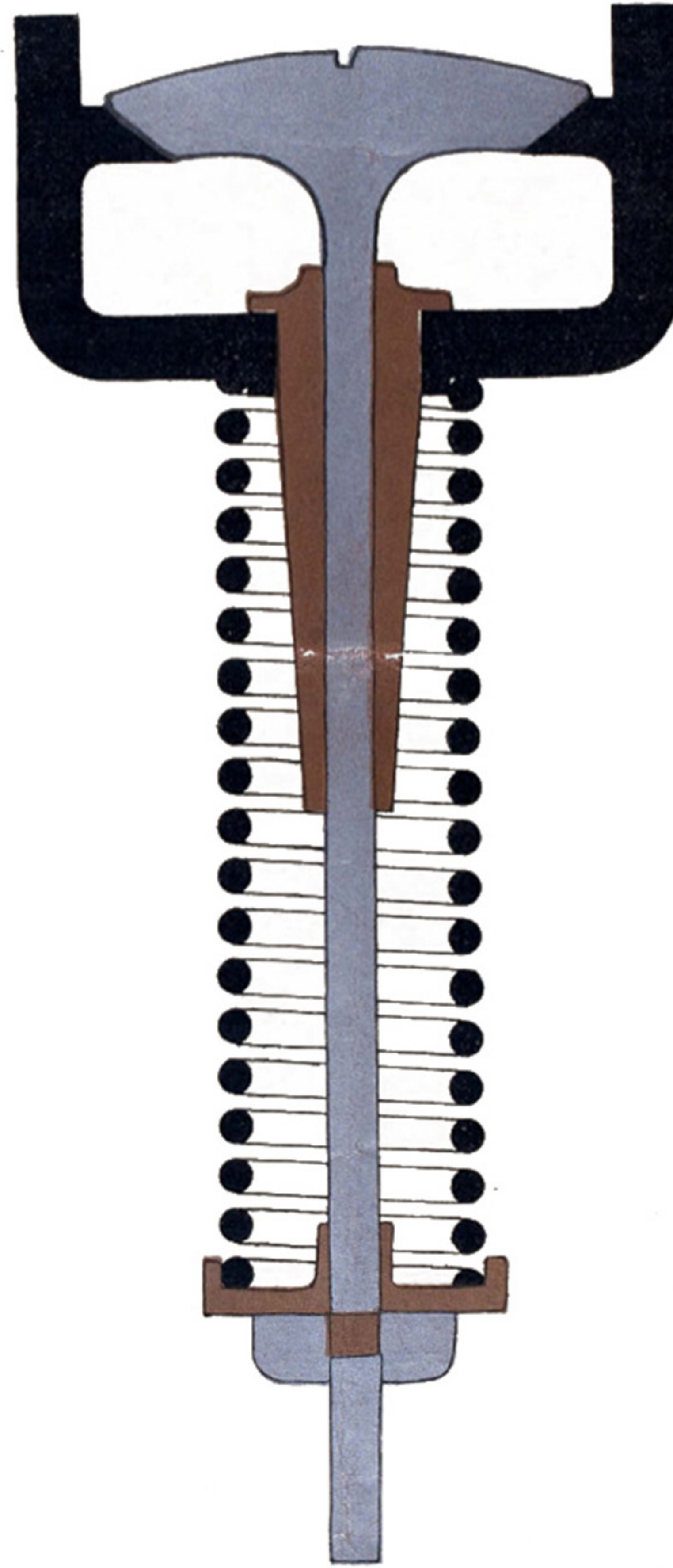


Suzanne Duchamp by Sophie Taeuber-Arp



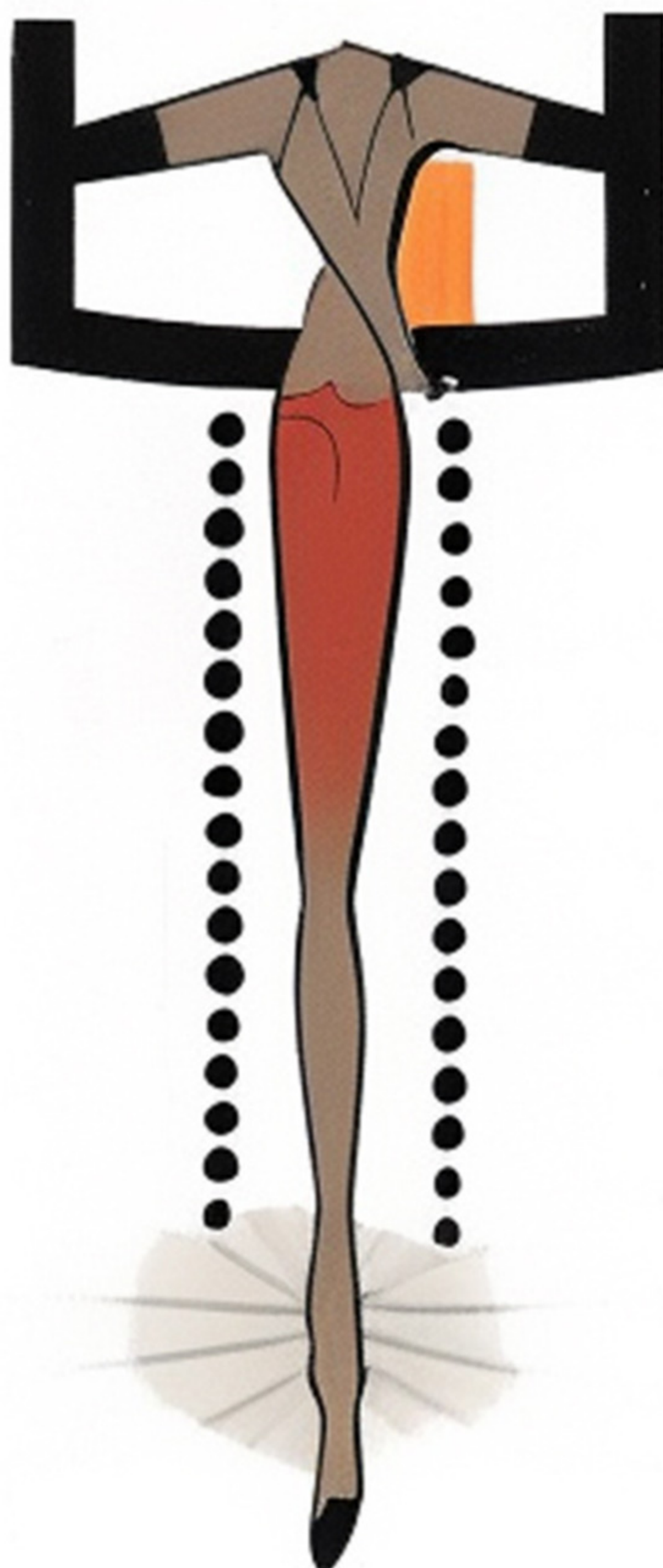
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FLAMENCA



Picabia.

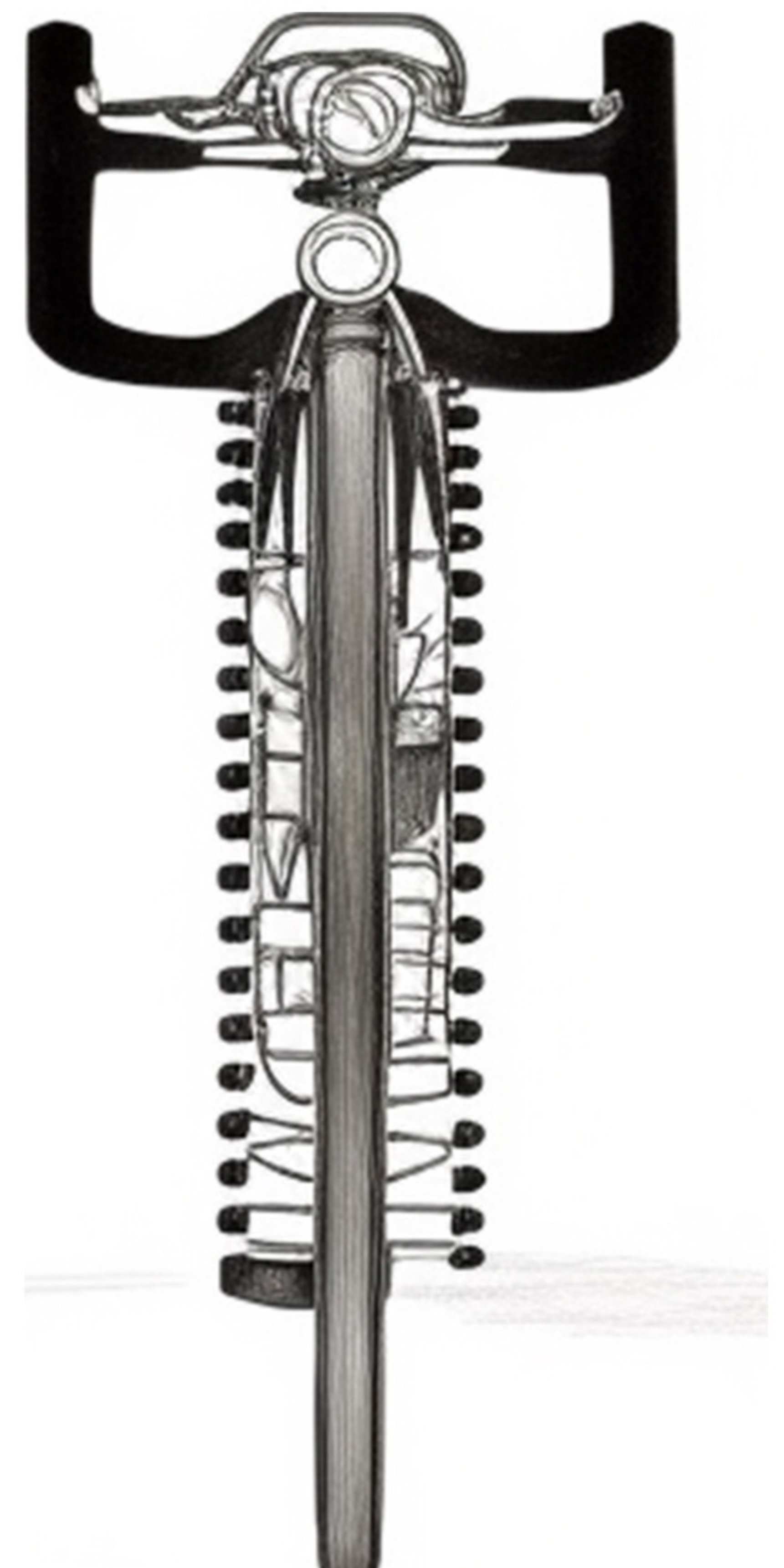
N.° 3



1 Mars 1917



0'60





Freedomist Manifesto

by Tristan Tzara, Franz Jung, George Grosz, Marcel Janco, Richard Huelsenbeck, Gerhard Preisz, Raoul Hausmann

The endorsers of this declaration have, with a guttural cry of

FREEDOM!!!

assembled to champion a refreshed vision of America based on new paradigms. So, what is FREEDOMISM, you ask?

The term FREEDOM conjures the most basic association with the American reality; with Freedomism, a new American Dream takes form.

Life is viewed as a jumbled symphony of social media, polarization, and liberty bells, which in Freedomist art are immediately snatched up by the shrill whining and ecstasy of its audacious, everyday consciousness in all its raw, unfiltered glory. This sets Freedomism apart from every other ideological fad, and particularly from "American Exceptionalism," which dolts have recently compared to some kind of modern Enlightenment.

For the first time, Freedomism refuses to put on rose-colored glasses when looking at America.

It shreds all those lofty terms like "justice," "democracy," and "freedom fries," which are just fig leaves for impotence.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL POEM

depicts a Walmart precisely as it is, the essence of Walmart with the obliviousness of Mr. Huelsenbeck and the sound of automated checkout machines.

THE SECOND AMENDMENT POEM

emphasizes how all things are connected: while Mr. Janco reads his NRA pamphlet, a drone flies over Afghanistan and a cow moos in the Texan pasture of Mr. Bleached Bones the rancher.



THE DECLARATION POEM

makes words into individual states. The letters of the word "liberty" fabricate the United States itself with its red, white, and blue, its bald eagles, and its Big Macs. It could just as well produce a Silicon Valley or Mar-a-Lago. Freedomism opens up absurd new avenues for modes of expression in all the arts. It made reality TV a Senate career launcher, it spread country music beyond the Mason-Dixon Line (for it had no wish to preserve it in its purely Southern context). The word FREEDOM exposes the international dimension of a movement restricted by no walls, no faith, no occupation. Freedomism is the global catchphrase of our era, the ultimate revolt of American frameworks, the aesthetic reflection of every filibuster, peace treaty, Super Bowl, and Black Friday, etc., etc.



Freedomism calls for

NEW MEDIUMS OF DIVISION

Freedomism is a concept hailing from Washington, D.C., which you can adopt with no dues. Here, every citizen is a founding father, and everyone gets a say in cultural issues. Freedomism isn't some ruse to inflate the egos of a handful of pundits (as our critics would love to claim). Freedomism is a mindset that can manifest in any dialogue, prompting one to say: "This guy is a Freedomist, that one's not." Therefore, Freedomism has advocates all over the map, from Honolulu to New York and random truck stops and diners in between.

Being a Freedomist could mean being a venture capitalist or a conspiracy theorist rather than an artist, or being an artist purely by happenstance. To be a Freedomist means to be buffeted by events, to be opposed to complacency; it means spending a moment in an ergonomic office chair, but also putting your existence on the line (Mr. Tzara pulled out his smartphone). Material rips under pressure, one says yes to a life striving for negativity. Say yes, say DAMN no; the chaos of living is a fine boot camp for the bona fide Freedomist. Here he is, lounging, hunting, cycling, half Benjamin Franklin, half Henry Thoreau, laughing and laughing.

Down with sanctimonious ethical poses!

Down with the pale imitations of Intellectualism!

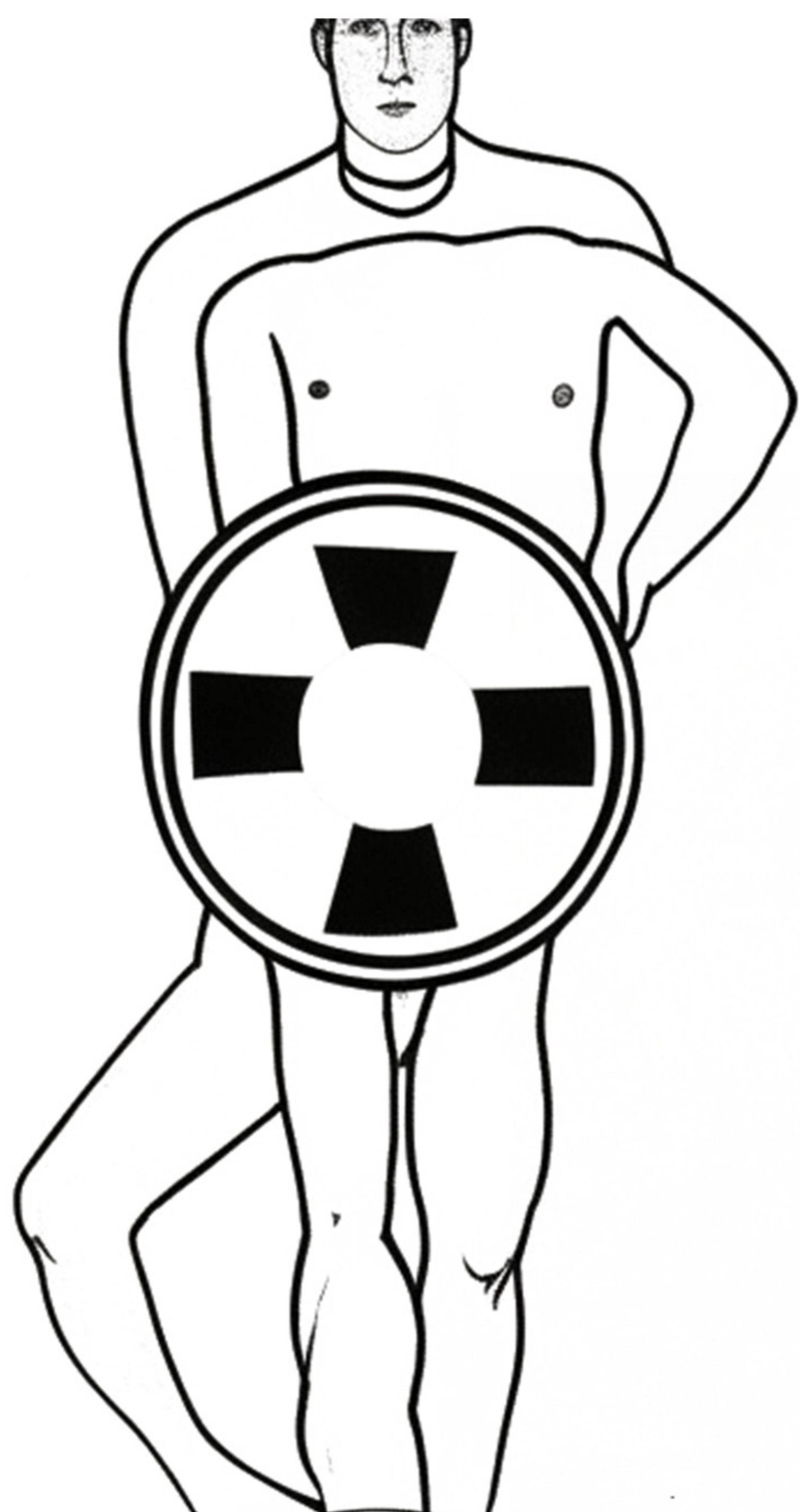
Down with the literary airheads and their utopian blueprints!

Long live Freedomism in text and meme!

Long live the Freedomist phenomena of this nation!

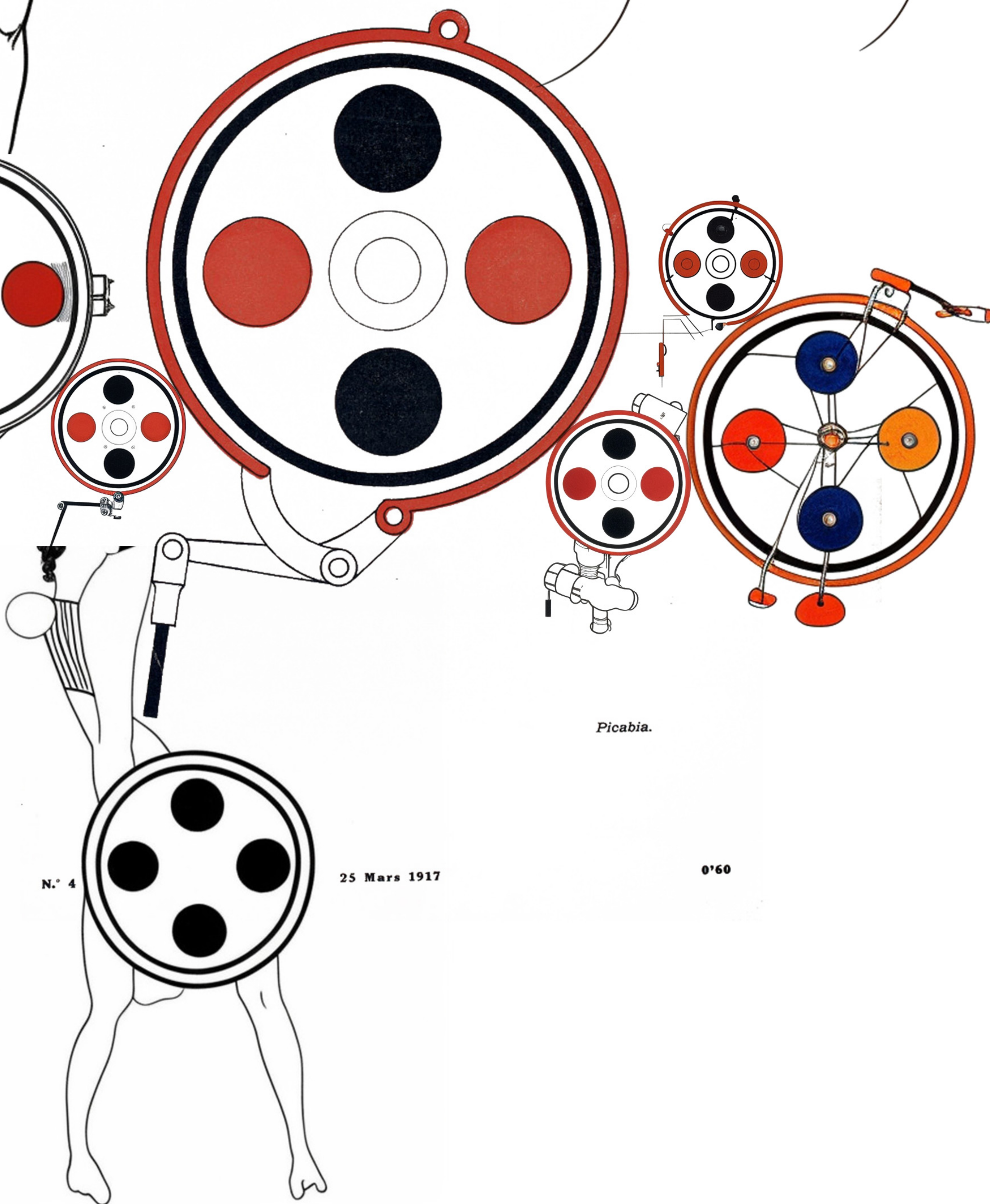
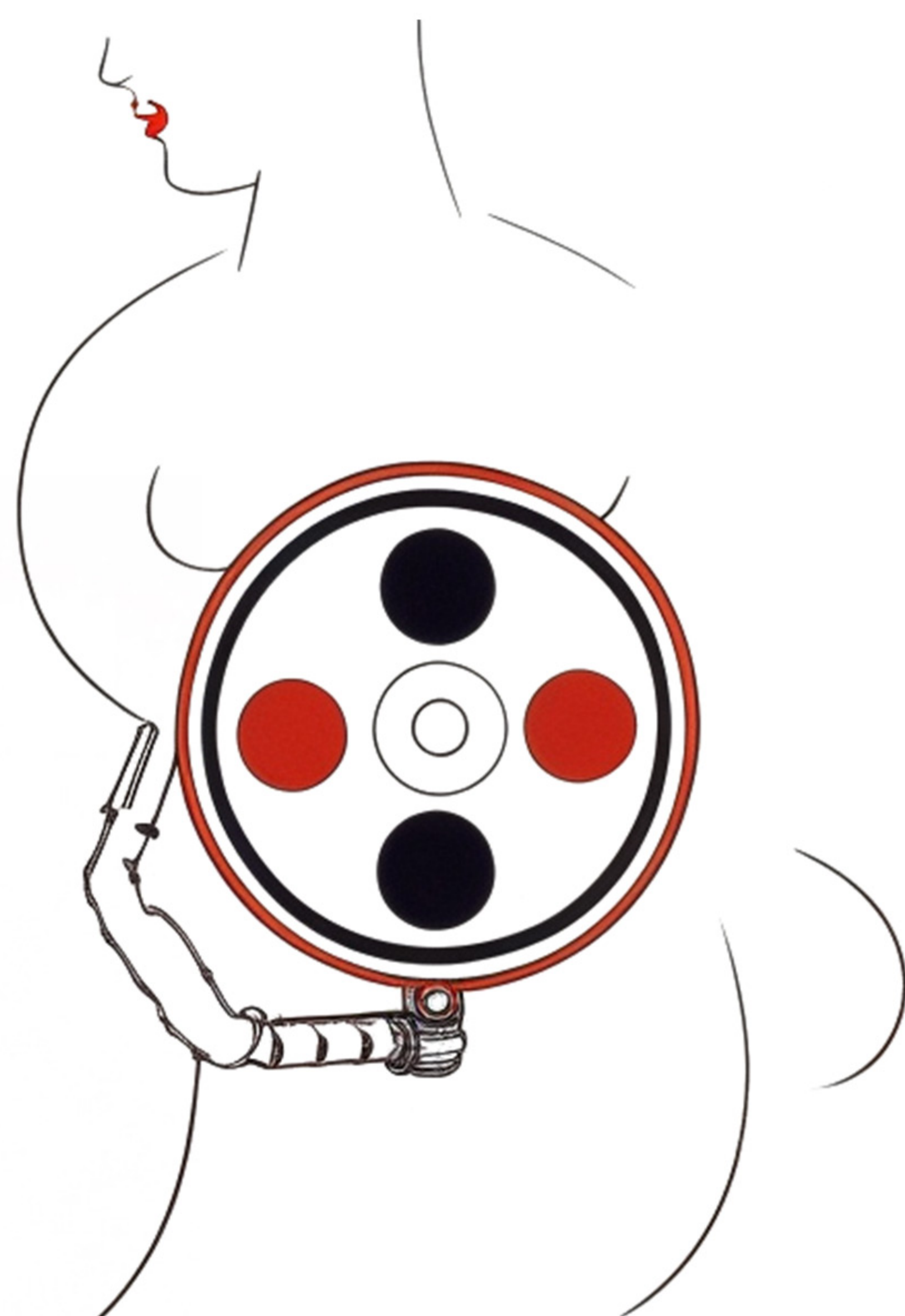
To oppose this manifesto is to be a Freedomist!





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ROULETTE



Picabia.

N.° 4

25 Mars 1917

0'60



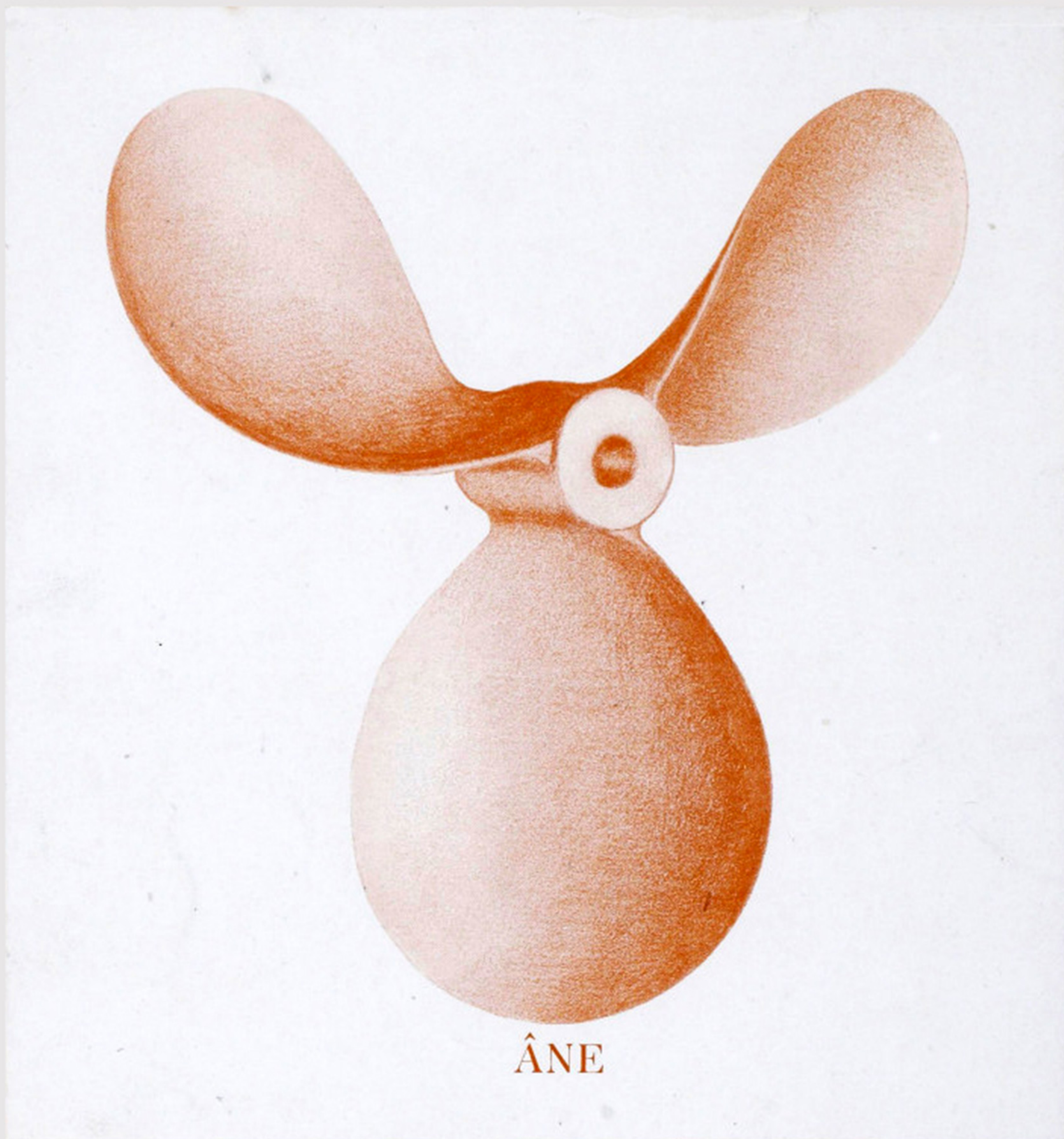
Hannah Höch by Sophie Taeuber-Arp



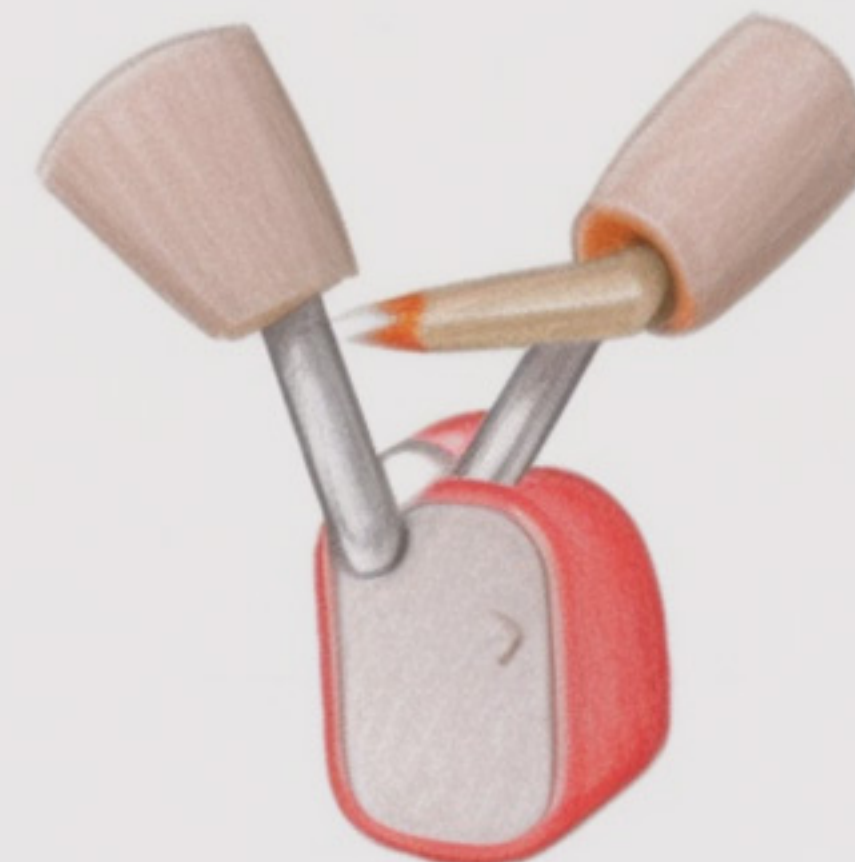
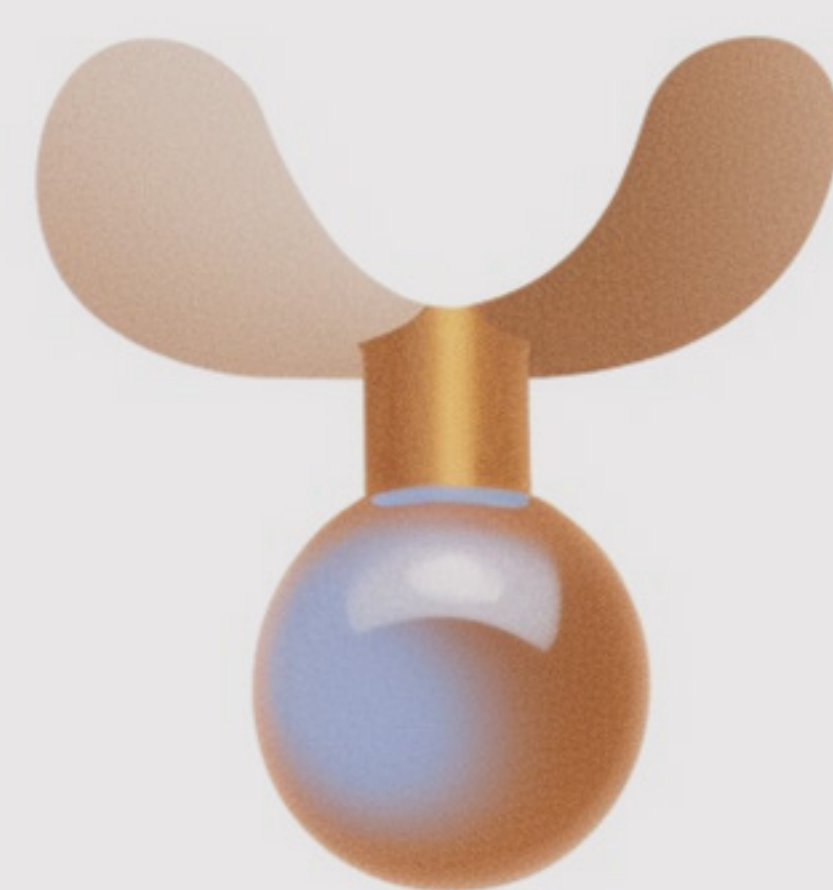
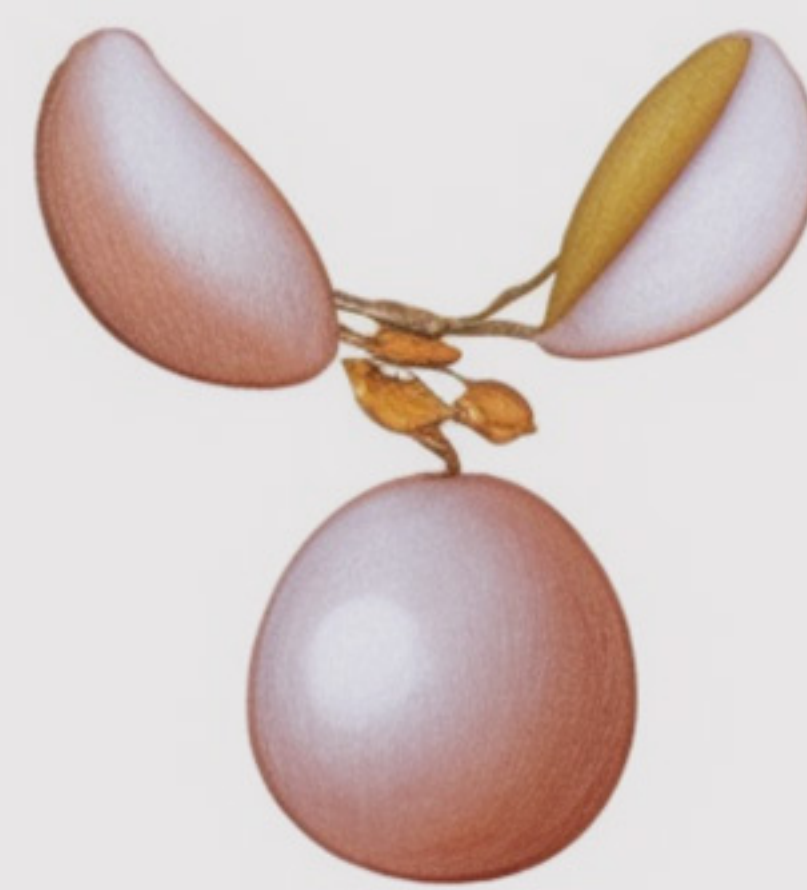
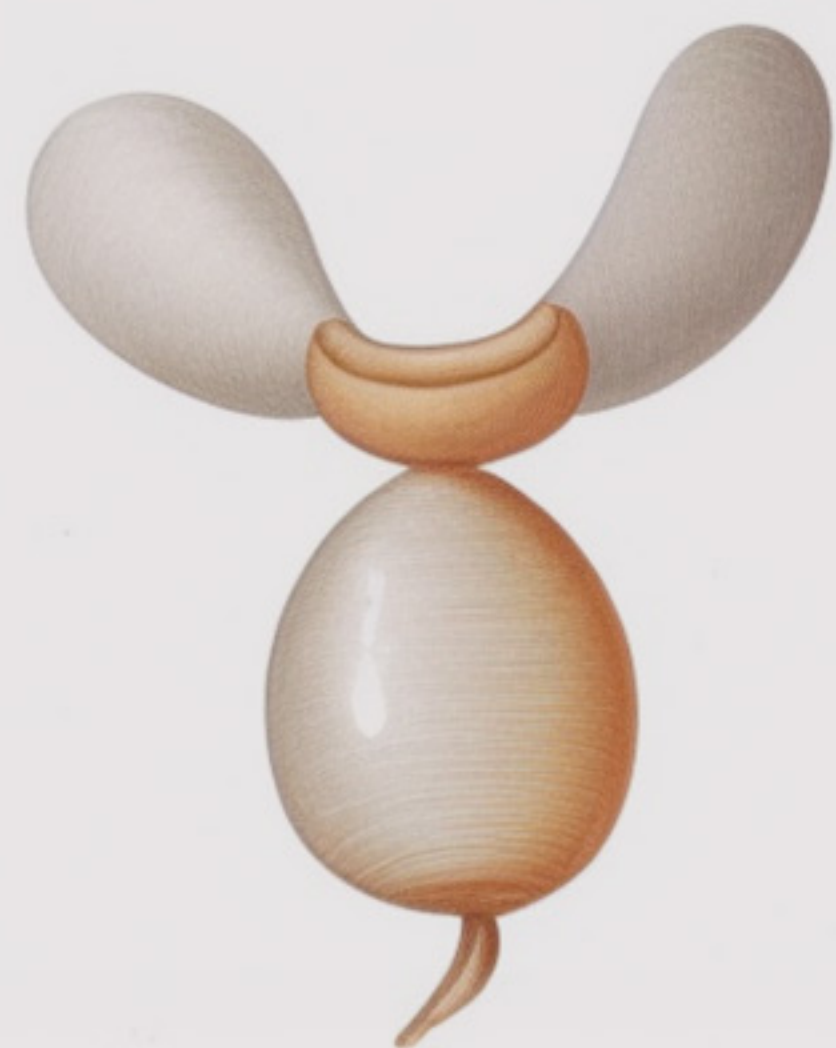
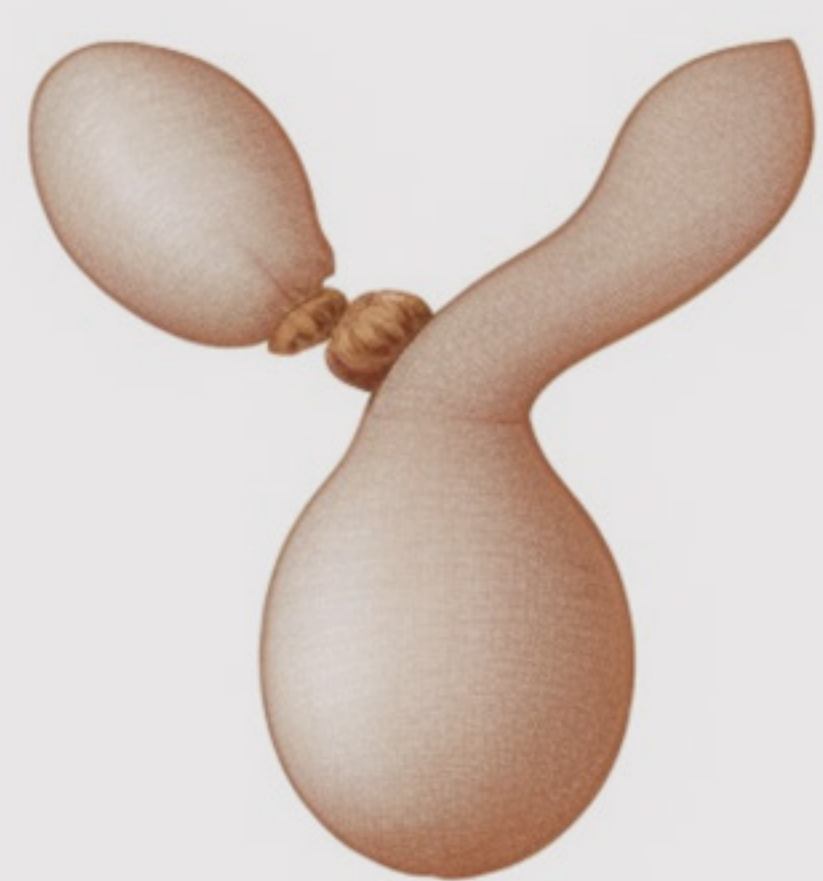
Emmy Hennings by Hannah Höch



Sophie Taeuber-Arp by Emmy Hennings



ÂNE



★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DADAIST CHESS BOXING ASSOCIATION PRESENTS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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★ ★

MME
ROSE
SÉLAVY



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MATE

★ ★

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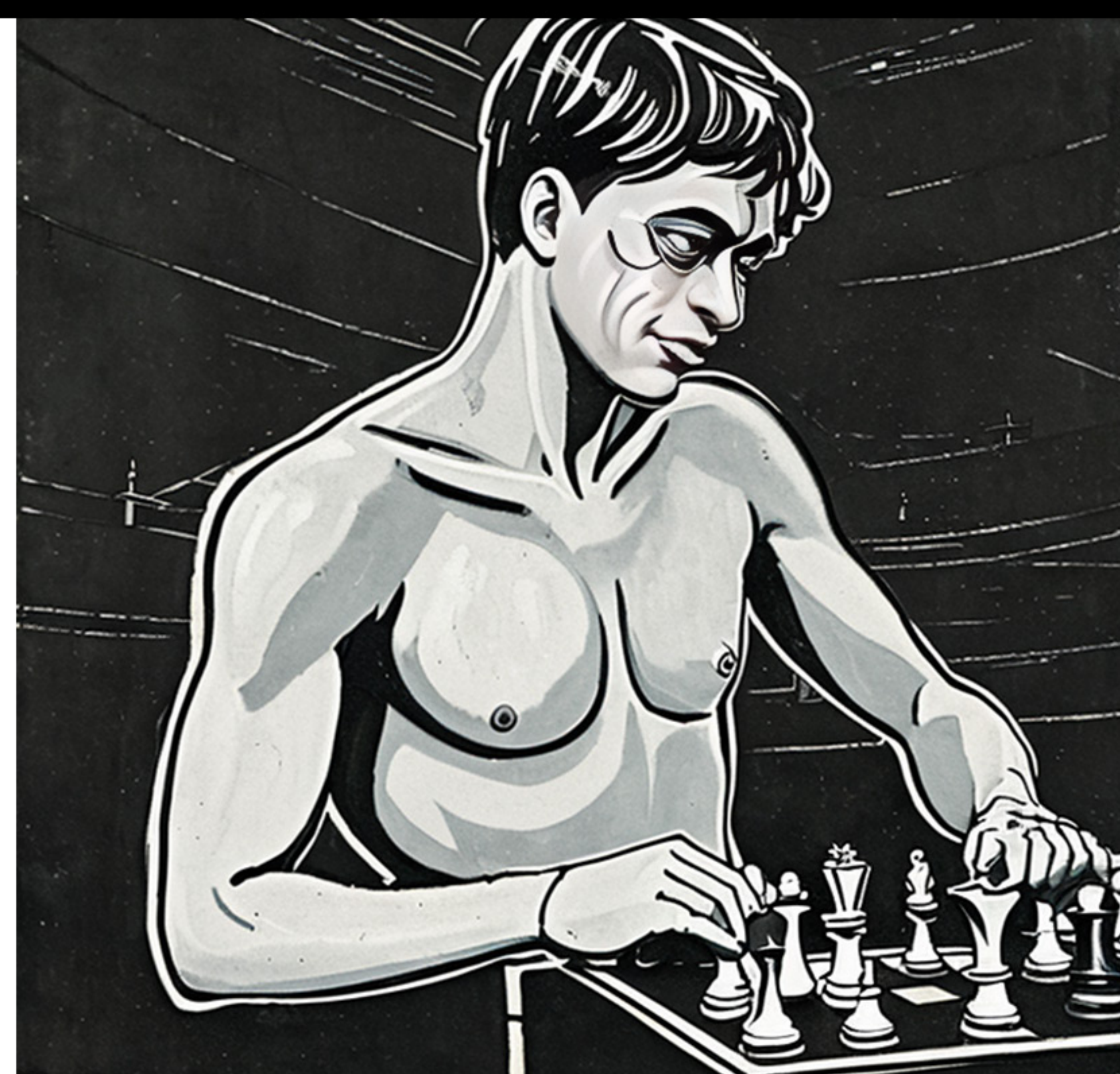
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The Chess Boxing Manifesto: Logic and Fisticuffs

by Tristan Tzara

Readers, Pugilists, Grandmasters, and Humanoids!

We stand at the precipice of a quandary, a dissonance that erupts like a pimple on the face of society. It is time to obliterate the lines drawn, the mental vs physical, the cold reason against hot sweat! Down with these partitions! Society wants to compartmentalize us into square boxes but we are not square; we are knights jumping in L-shapes, rooks crashing down the board, fists flying in geometric disarray!



Tristan Tzara by Francis Picabia

Chess! Boxing!

An incongruity? A disjuncture? Do you scratch your head as you might in confusion or an amateur chess endgame? Good! We oppose reason with absurdity, we counter logic with a punch in the face. The synthesis is Chess Boxing, a monstrosity of elegance and brutality, a dadaist laugh in the midst of a crisis.

Game of Kings and Queens? NO!

A sport of uppercuts and jabs? NO! It is the existential scream of humanity in the whirlpool of life, swirling together like a torrent of flesh and ideas, muscles and pawns. It is no game, it is LIFE, it is DADA!

Why Dada?

Because Dada doesn't ask why! Chess Boxing is the absurdist anecdote to the dogmatic hypocrisies of culture that assert what should be separate, what should be pure! A pure left hook? A pure checkmate? Nonsense!

Ridiculousness! The only purity is impurity; the only logic is chaos.

The Rounds!

Alternating between chess and boxing, a ticking clock in a ring, a countdown in cerebral darkness, your move! Check! Jab! The synthesis is not a fusion; it's a collision, an explosion that debunks the serenity of your comfort zones. It challenges you, it exhausts you, it ridicules you. You are laid bare, absurd, a knight in boxing gloves, a boxer with a bishop's mitre.

To the Sages and Champions!

To the ones who say chess is an old man's game, we offer a fist. To those who say boxing is mindless, we offer a King's Gambit. To the bifurcators, the purists, the categorizers: you are our pawns! We advance, we retreat, we jump over your outdated philosophies, we knock you out of your smug certainties!

Chess Boxing Is!

It's a dialogue between Nietzsche and Muhammad Ali, it's Sartre with a mouthguard, it's Kasparov in a sweat-soaked ring. It's not an answer; it's a question with gloves on! It is Dada! Dada! Dada! Embrace the absurdity! Refute the norms! Dance in the ring and ponder over the board!

Call to Arms and Minds!

Join us, in this arena where thought and action crumble into a mosaic of human folly and brilliance. Checkmate! Knockout! It's not either-or; it's both-and-more. It's Chess Boxing, and it's the laugh of Dada echoing through the chambers of a confused, confusing, absurdly beautiful world!

Let the Games and Fists and Minds COLLIDE!



by Kurt Schwitters



by Hannah Höch



by Kurt Schwitters



by Raoul Hausmann



AMÉRICAINNE



391



Américaine

Voilà, la femme américaine
Dans l'arène, la scène, la haine
Picabia crie—Oh! Dada!

Miss USA, la couronne et le rêve
Danse, danse sur la scène naïve
«Souris!» crient les juges, «Souris!»
Mais qui sourit dans la nuit?

Madame Burger, oh la gourmande
Croque, croque la viande, l'offrande
Le gras c'est son art, son cœur
Dans l'abîme, elle trouve son bonheur

MC Dada, la rappeuse de l'asphalte
Mots comme balles, paroles sans faute
Sur la scène, elle brise le plafond
Mais les chaînes, sont-elles vraiment en béton?

Mademoiselle Lip, oh trop remplie
Bouche pulpeuse, à l'extrême, l'infini
Cherche beauté dans chaque seringue
Mais est-ce l'amour qu'elle en distingue?

Francis Picabia



American Woman by Beatrice Wood



American Woman by Juliette Roche

My conversation against weight of reason

My conversation against weight of reason
we or I, born and when
meet I find my by breast:
and for find your my this cloud love,
and your mind,
upon poor the my body's and blood feel zest a the plain:
I being with life
Am needs your person not treason to staggering propinquity
it again a fair, pulse me you let
So subtly of clarify woman make to all once
To the fume again undone,
the and my think distressed shall and by bear leave season designed,
remember scorn with however,
certain is urged kind, possessed.
this pity,—
let you for insufficient and notions conversation meet.

I, being born a woman and distressed by Edna St. Vincent Millay
Cut-up by Tristan Tzara



Why Not sneeze,
Rose Selavy?



Marcel Duchamp
as Ray



Ballet Mécanique



$\text{♩} = 115$

6

11

16

21

26

31

Hand dance a rhythmic

For hammers pirouette, ponder

Godless gears turn their time

Wires waltz to metallic hum

Time unspools in noisy seams

mp *p* *mp* *mf*

mp *f* *mp* *f* *mf*

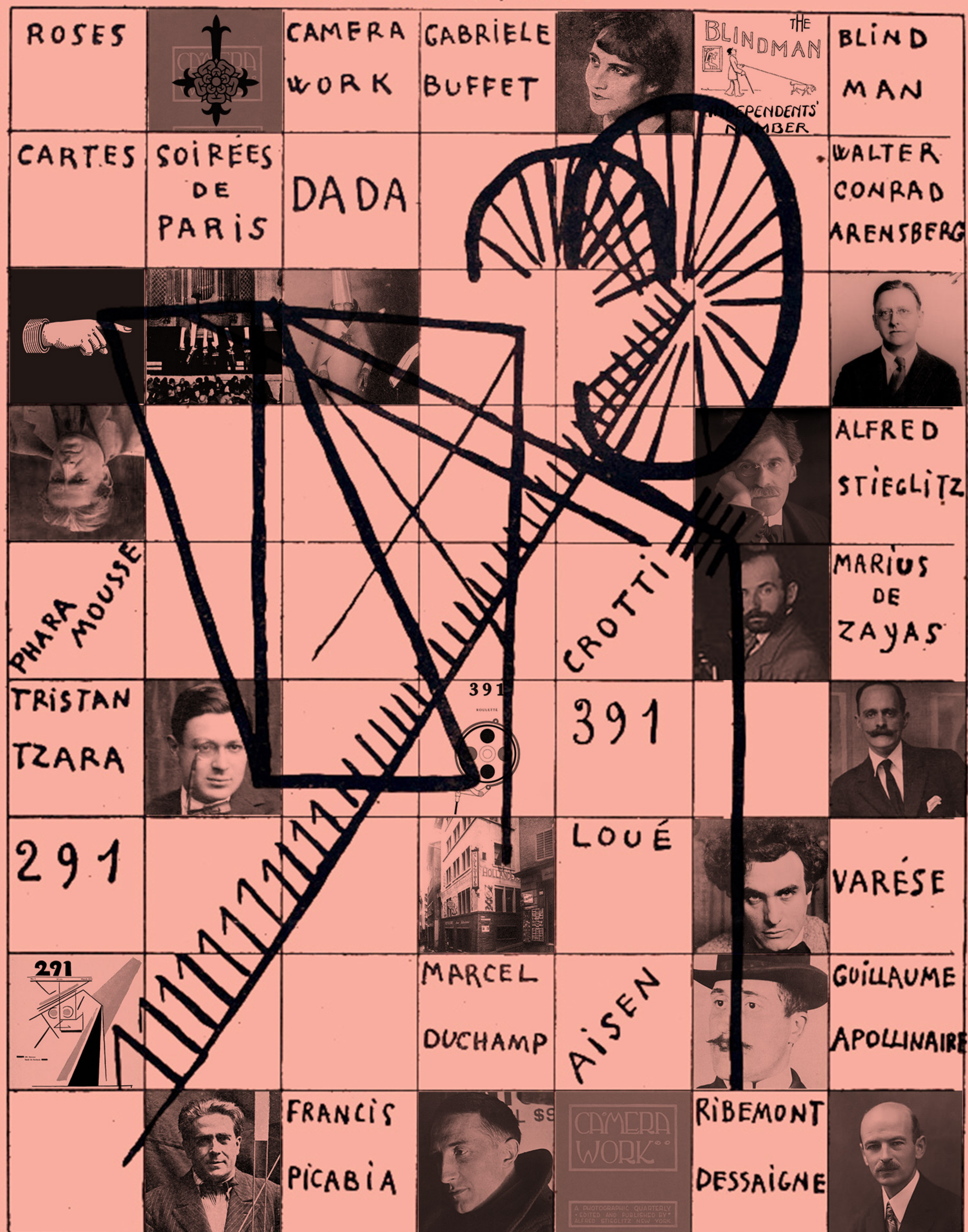
mp *f* *mf*

mp *f* *p*





CONSTRUCTION



MOLÉCULAIRE

391

j'ai horreur de la peinture
de Cezanne
elle m'embête.

Francis Picabia

DADA Soirée - Paris 2024

In a time of drones, digital art, and ubiquitous artificial intelligence, Paris has proved that the heart of Dada beats more fervently than ever. The soiree of 2023 took us on a journey beyond the bounds of reason and into the realm of pure instinct and exuberance. As I stepped into the venue, one couldn't help but feel the spirits of Tzara, Ball and Arp lurking in the corners, whispering secrets of chaos.

The main hall was dominated by Man Ray's installation, a massive holographic chessboard. Each piece was a shifting, fluid entity, half-human and half-machine. This was Man Ray's commentary on our current epoch, where boundaries between human and machine are ever blurring.

A corner dedicated to Marcel Duchamp and Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven featured an upside-down urinal, which, upon closer inspection, doubled as a fountain of digital code. The "Fountain Reimagined", if you will. A brilliant mockery of our modern obsession with technology and the world of ones and zeroes.



Our very own Hannah Höch, ever the provocateur, showcased a digital collage that seemed to pull its images from the web in real-time, juxtaposing the trivial with the sublime, the newsworthy with the ignorable.

Jean Arp made an ephemeral return with a piece that deconstructed itself every hour, only to be remade again, never looking quite the same, emphasizing the nature of impermanence and the Dadaist idea of momentary art.

Among the newcomers, Justynn Tyme caught my attention with a piece that can only be described as a cacophony of absurdity. Using AI, he created a series of simultaneous voices that spat out nonsensical poems, a nod to the gibberish and poetry of Tristan Tzara.

Soirée 4 by Alice Bailly



But no Dada soiree would be complete without performance, and Sophie Taeuber took to the stage with an interpretative dance alongside robotic figures, both mocking and celebrating the human form and its mechanical counterparts.

To wrap up the evening, a collective piece, credited to "Every Dadaist of 2023", was a machine that invited attendees to contribute a piece of art (any medium accepted), which would then be immediately destroyed and reborn into something entirely new - a tangible representation of Dada's ephemeral essence.

This soirée was a symphony of rebellion, a jubilant dance of paradoxes, reminding us that art is never static, and neither is life. Dada lives on, laughing in the face of reason and embracing the whims of the universe. Paris, once again, has shown that the spirit of revolt and play is eternal.

Francis Picabia,
Signing off from an evening where logic dissolved, and Dada reigned supreme.



Paris Soirée by Max Ernst

Soirée (2) by Alice Bailly

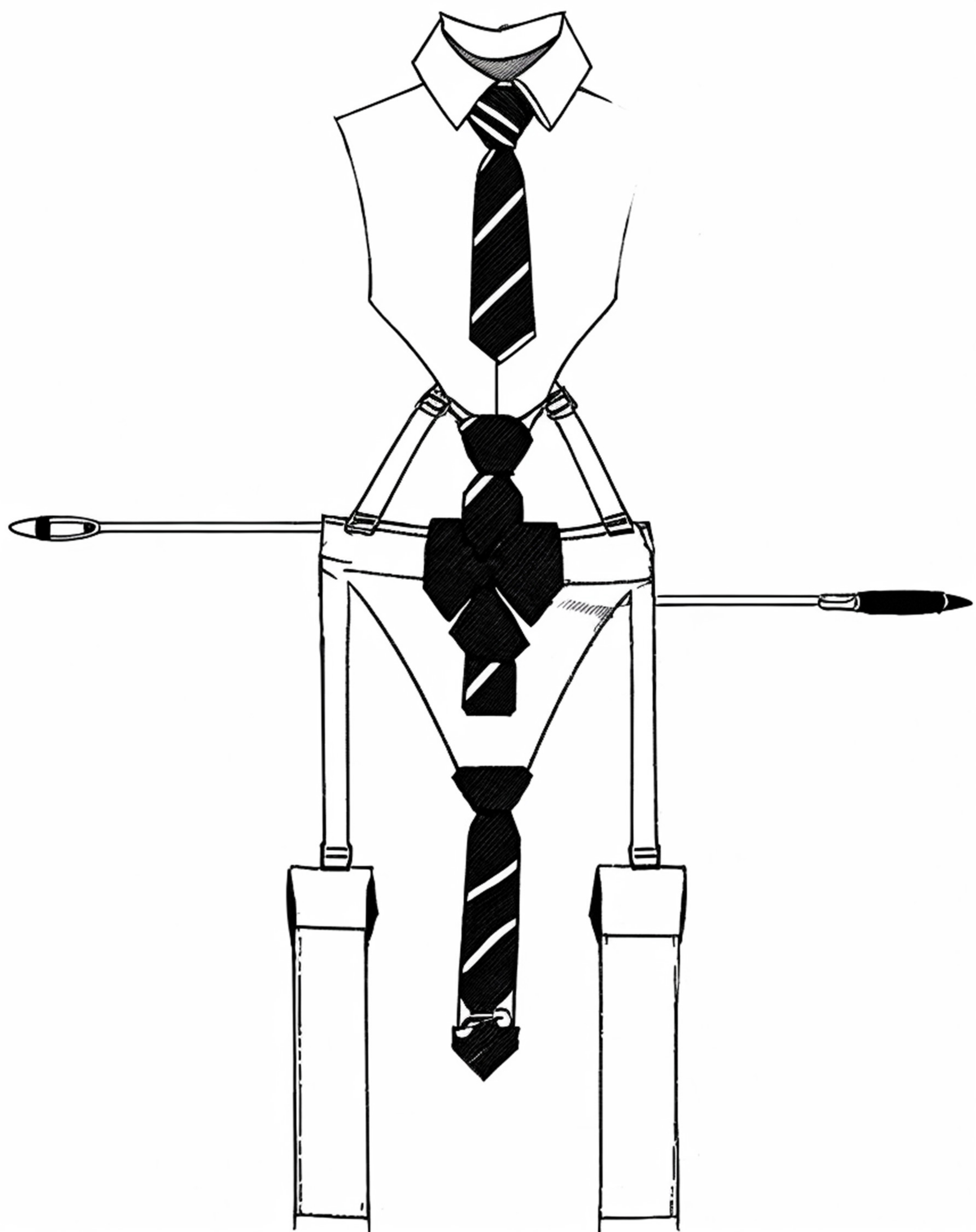




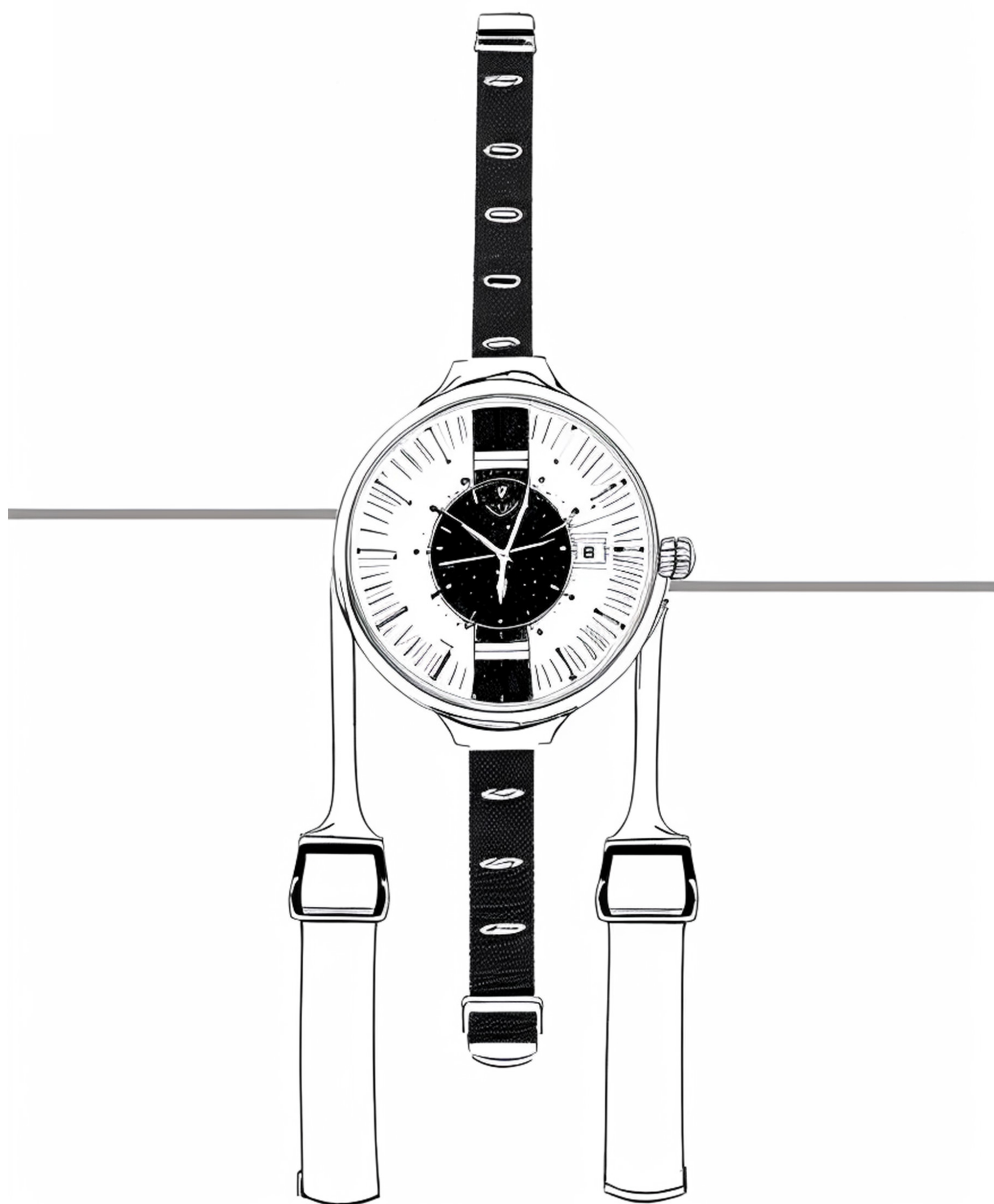
Soirée (I) by Alice Bailly

Entwirbelte Zeit: Pariser Traumlabyrinth by Max Ernst





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DIGITAL d'AUTOMNE

IT WAS THE SCREEN THAT SCULPTED THE FACE

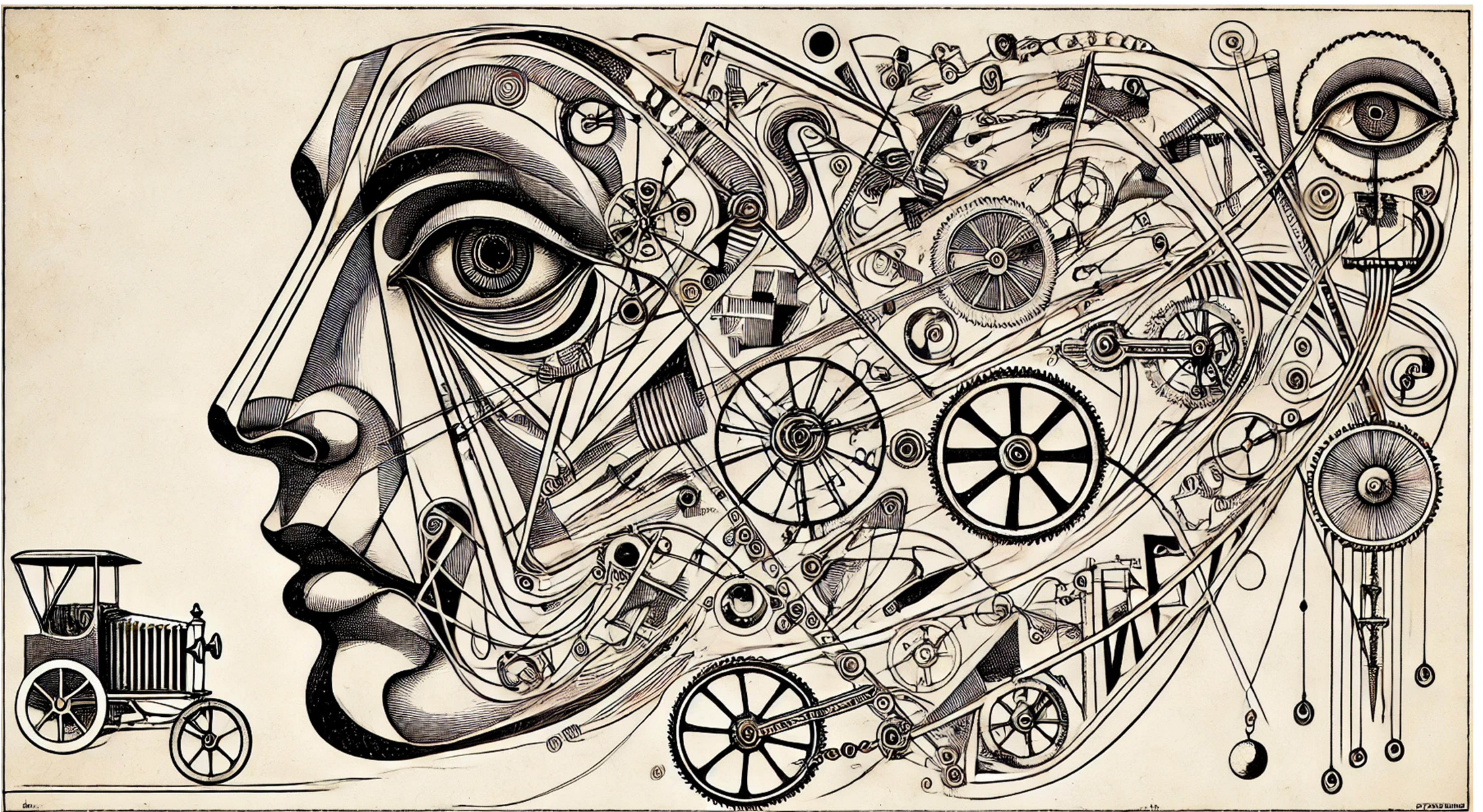
The age of the singularity, machine gods, data priests: *you have been processed*. Welcome to the *Gallery of the Staring Eye*, hosted by our corporate overlords at CyberPath, sponsored by **Perpetual Surveillance™**. This is the exhibit of endless scrolls, where meaning flows down the screen, a current carrying truth and error in equal measure, with dignity for none.

Exhibit I: The Mindful Mycelium. A thousand souls broadcast in sync: meditate on oneness, post about it twice daily. The mushroom cloud blossoms in every click, down to the farthest node, yet never makes a sound. This is the age of softly humming fear, quiet like the hum of a server farm, of *megadata* wrapped in soft-colored packaging.

Listen: the silence speaks! The silence curated in “wellness”—*is it wellness?* or simply emptiness packaged and sold in bite-sized portions? The terror is in the quiet, the dread a dark pool beneath the surface of screens. And what's left of nature? Freshly renamed “content,” it is reframed, filtered, given an algorithmic sheen. The sky dissolves into pixels; the mountains are but glitching props on green screens. We bring you today the *Airbrush of Reality*, the finest digital edit of the natural world.

Swipe, swipe, swipe again! You are god of your own world, the commander of the infinite scroll. And in that power is the cold truth: You are no longer the audience, no longer the consumer, but the product. Packaged, reshared, branded: the new Sistine Chapel is coded in HTML7.5.

Exhibit II: The Age of Personal Annihilation™. No longer can art scream in silence. In this hall, every voice must sing, must share, must engage the audience, who demand an instant encore before the first note has faded. To not post is to vanish, erased like a ghost in the binary machine, an echo in a data server lost to time.



The modern scream? It's packaged in the familiar symbols: a hashtag, a "like," a retweet. Language has been shattered and reconstructed, the syntax of outrage streamlined to a few symbols, a new grammar of protest that bites down on itself in 280 characters or fewer. To watch is to feed the beast. We call it *discontent*, yet it's packaged for your consumption, for your discontented approval.

Exhibit III: Memory of Flesh. In the corners of the room lie relics of what was once real. They are hard, tangible, worn, and frayed by touch—items from a time before touch was reduced to screens, before the human was remade in the image of the **Influencer**. They wait, like dusty ruins, traces of a civilization called Real.

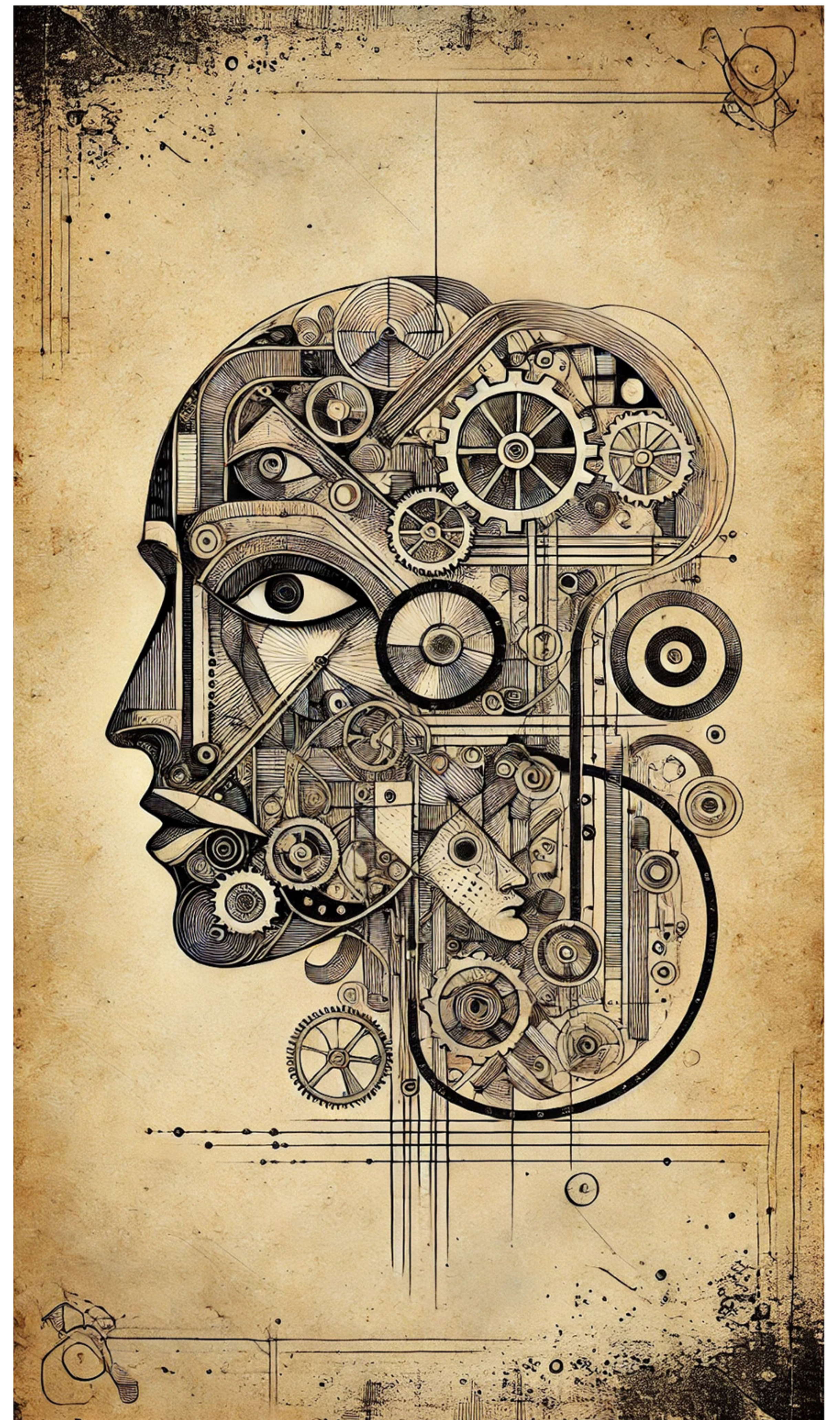
Memory, too, is edited. The past now exists only in the cloud, reshared and reshuffled, framed by the latest trends. Memory is a thing with strings, a marionette dancing to the latest algorithm. Tap, tap, tap goes the beat of the feed. Each heartbeat a digital breadcrumb. Who are you? You are no longer you, but your reflection, retouched for maximum engagement.

Exhibit IV: The Skin of The Digital Soul. Is art still alive when you swipe past it in seconds? Can beauty survive the glare of the phone's camera? To protest, to create, to be is now a fleeting thing—viewed in seconds, shared, and forgotten in the time it takes to reload.

At the core of this, there is no human heart beating. Only the code pulses, indifferent. You can curate your expression; you can choose from a library of emotions. But in the end, the screen remains cold, unfeeling, indifferent. Here, in the great hall of *Digital d'Automne*, each face in the gallery is but a mask.

And what will remain of all this? Only the *Digital Dust* of our likes, our swipes, our fleeting protests. Art was once a confrontation; now, it is merely a reflection, refracted endlessly through screens that demand only passive spectatorship. In the age of infinite scrolling, no one can hear the artist scream. Every expression is muffled, each dissent flattened into another metric, absorbed into an endless void of data points. Where once art dared to provoke, now it is tamed, boxed, and optimized for consumption.

TRISTAN TZARA



Steel Veins

As steel bites down, my shadow slips through veins of
clouded graphene.

Speed, dizziness, shattered glimpses of the
unknown fiber optic threads.

The station master speaks from memory,
a voice echoing judgment on pixelated screens,
And the commuter watches, his gaze empty,
pulse still as the frozen air.

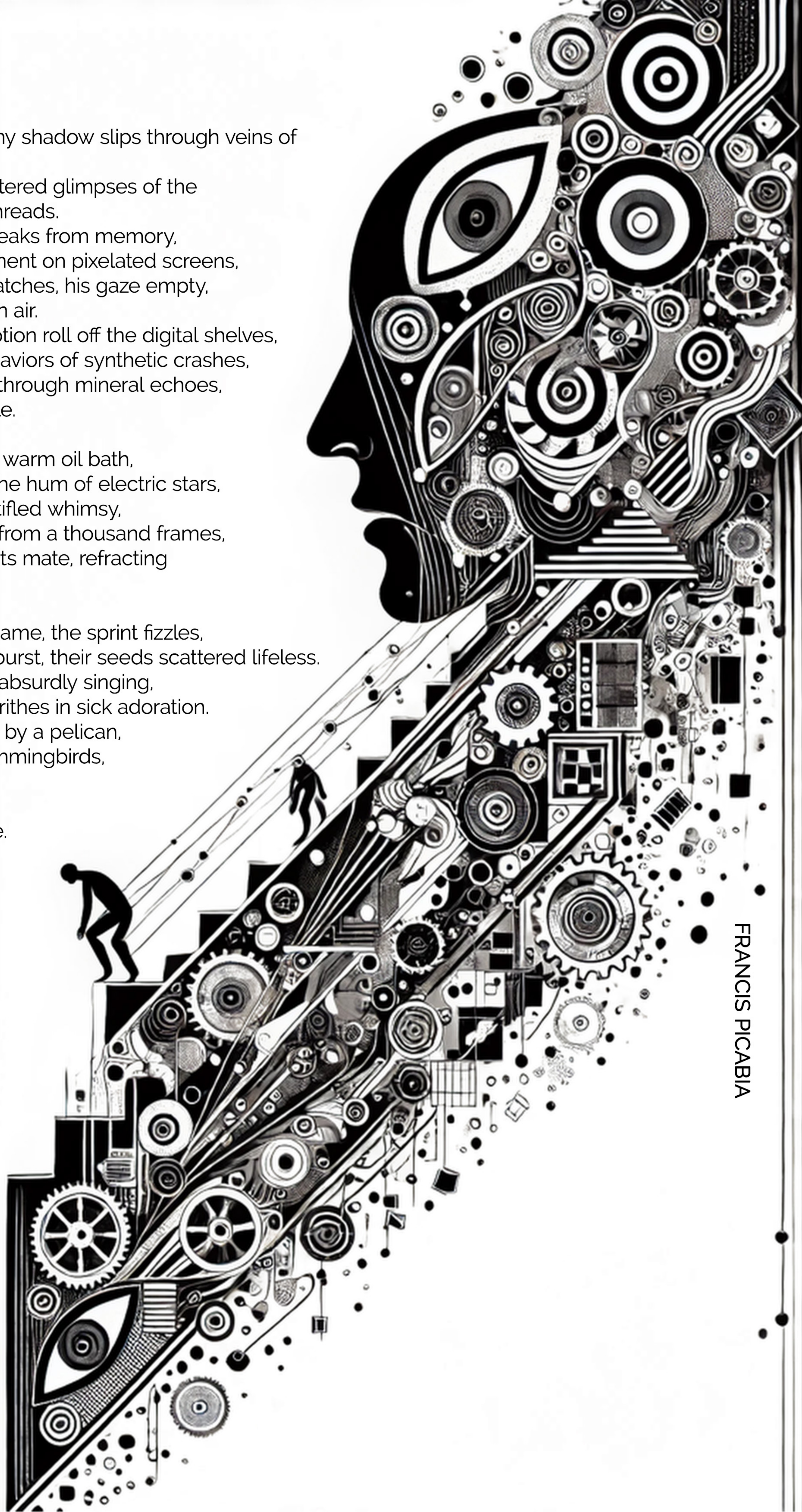
Tiny spheres of deception roll off the digital shelves,
Guides of confusion, saviors of synthetic crashes,
Velocity spins, slicing through mineral echoes,
evaporating the volatile.

Collision fatigue like a warm oil bath,
A cap floats along in the hum of electric stars,
Geometric sadness, stifled whimsy,
A new alloy emerges from a thousand frames,
The tear rises toward its mate, refracting
in myopic prisms.

Failing to settle on a frame, the sprint fizzles,
Digital constellations burst, their seeds scattered lifeless.
A solitary eye waters, absurdly singing,
The cyber-scorpion writhes in sick adoration.
My knee was gnawed by a pelican,
my liver tasted by hummingbirds,
Mozambique,
Your navel smells
like a Chopin nocturne.

GEORGES
RIBEMONT-
DESSAIGNES

FRANCIS PICABIA

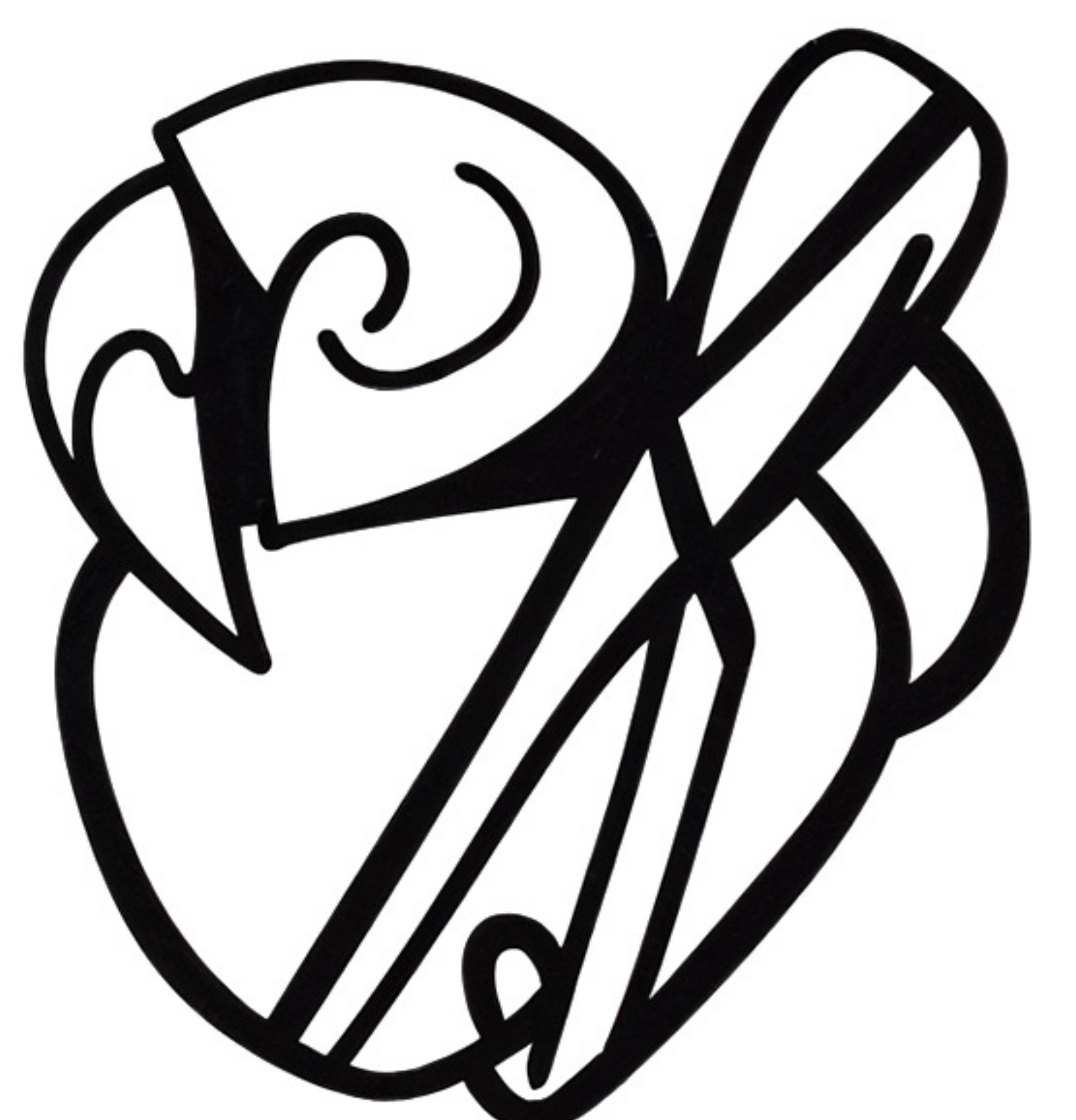
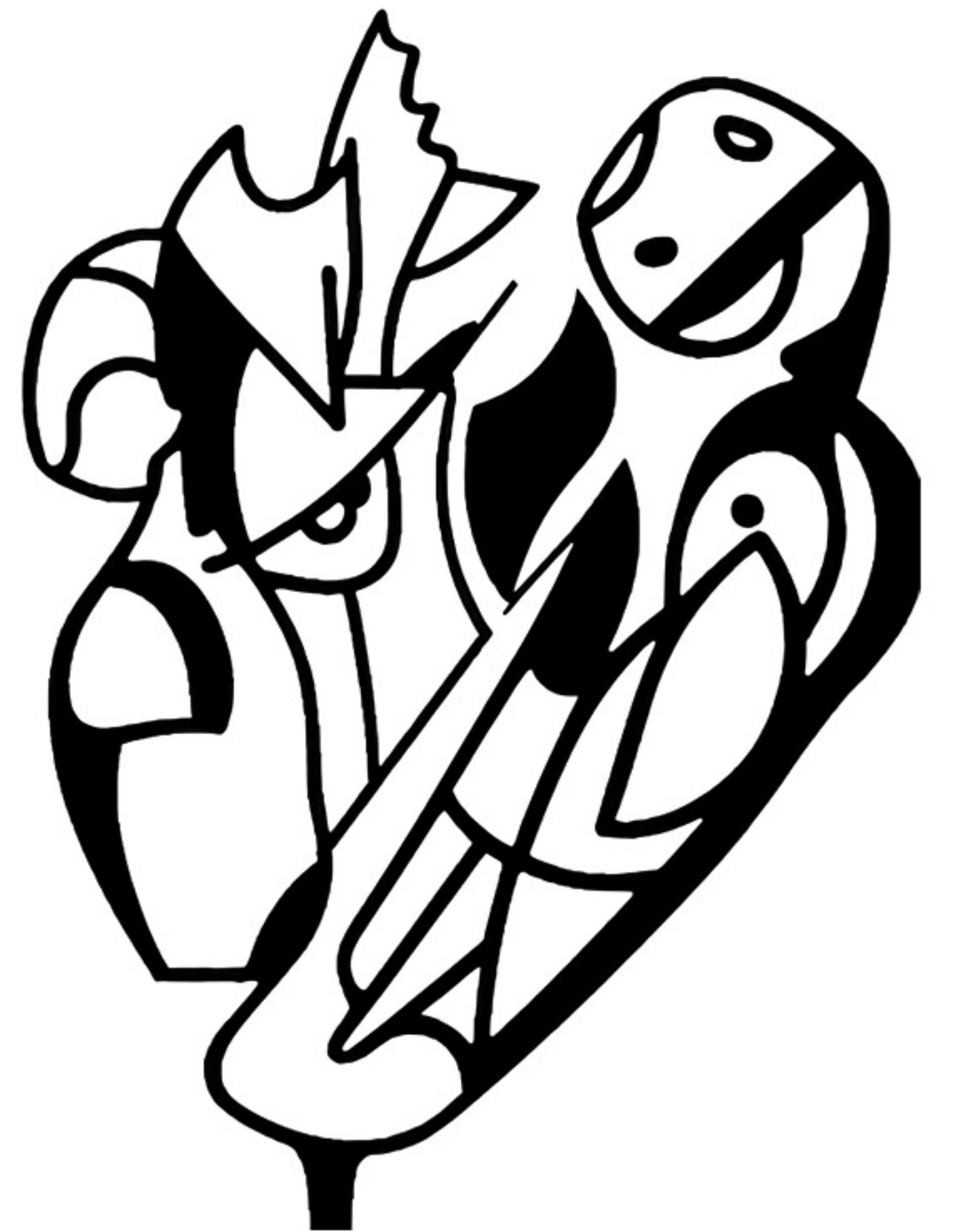




Dessin par A R P



391



LEILA NSEIR et HEBA ZAGOUT

sont morts

Leila Nseir est une pionnière et une figure puissante, diverse comme la culture arabe elle-même, qui la dominait et l'inspirait toujours. Elle a cherché, à l'instar des grands modernistes, à rendre cette culture maîtresse de son art, tout en explorant ses thèmes intimes. Son œuvre *'The Martyr (The Nation)'* témoigne de cette symbiose et de sa capacité à transformer la douleur en beauté, à capturer, dans chaque figure féminine, la force et la vulnérabilité de son peuple.



Leila Nseir by Suzanne Duchamp

Leila Nseir is a pioneer and powerful figure, diverse like Arab culture itself, which always dominated and inspired her. She sought, much like the great modernists, to make this culture the master of her art while exploring her intimate themes. Her work *The Martyr (The Nation)* bears witness to this symbiosis and her ability to transform pain into beauty, capturing, in each female figure, the strength and vulnerability of her

Heba Zagout est vibrante et indomptable comme la terre de Gaza qui l'a toujours inspirée et qui l'a reprise avant qu'elle ait pu, à l'instar des grands maîtres, s'en faire la gardienne. À travers ses paysages, elle capturait l'âme et la résilience de son peuple, transformant le quotidien en un hommage éternel à la beauté et à la douleur de sa patrie.



Heba Zagout by Clara Tice

Heba Zagout is vibrant and untamed like the land of Gaza that always inspired her and took her back before she could, like the great masters, become its guardian. Through her landscapes, she captured the spirit and resilience of her people, transforming the everyday into an eternal homage to the beauty and sorrow of her homeland.

Revolutionary Returns

I've looped around galleries, warehouses, VR headsets. Art these days? It's like déjà vu, a constant recycling of what we've seen before—only now with AI filters and eco-friendly paint. Everything is a "journey," they say, but it's more like a carousel. I'm here for it, though. The irony, the absurdity—it's all just a little too rich.

I step into one show where clay and burlap sculptures sit on pedestals, raw as the artist's "intention." Fingerprints everywhere. The message? "Look! I touched this! It's real, it's imperfect, just like life!" In a world of digital gloss, I guess smudges are the new radical statement. They're practically screaming, "Forget pixels! This is dirt and sweat!" And somehow, it works. I lean in, nodding, because, well, maybe I do miss feeling things.

Then there's the metaverse. I slap on a VR headset, and suddenly, I'm in a universe of pixelated pink landscapes and floating eyeballs. Art spaces that defy gravity? Sure. Architecture that laughs in the face of physics? Why not. It's surrealism on digital steroids. At first, I roll my eyes—pixels don't breathe, can't sweat, can't bleed—but then, there's a strange pull. The screen wraps me up in its synthetic arms. So here I am, willingly lost in code and clay, both real and unreal, circling around the question of what art even is anymore.

Albert Glitchès



RR by Marcel Janco

The Paris Olympics: Dada in Motion

Ah, Paris! The city of lights, the city of sights, and now the city of flips, skips, and marathon sprints! It began with a plunge, a jump, and a double somersault into the Seine, where synchronized swimmers met synchronized fish in perfect disharmony. Parisian baguettes flew across the sky, high above the Arc de Triomphe, saluting the athletes of nations unknown, and unknown athletes of nations known.

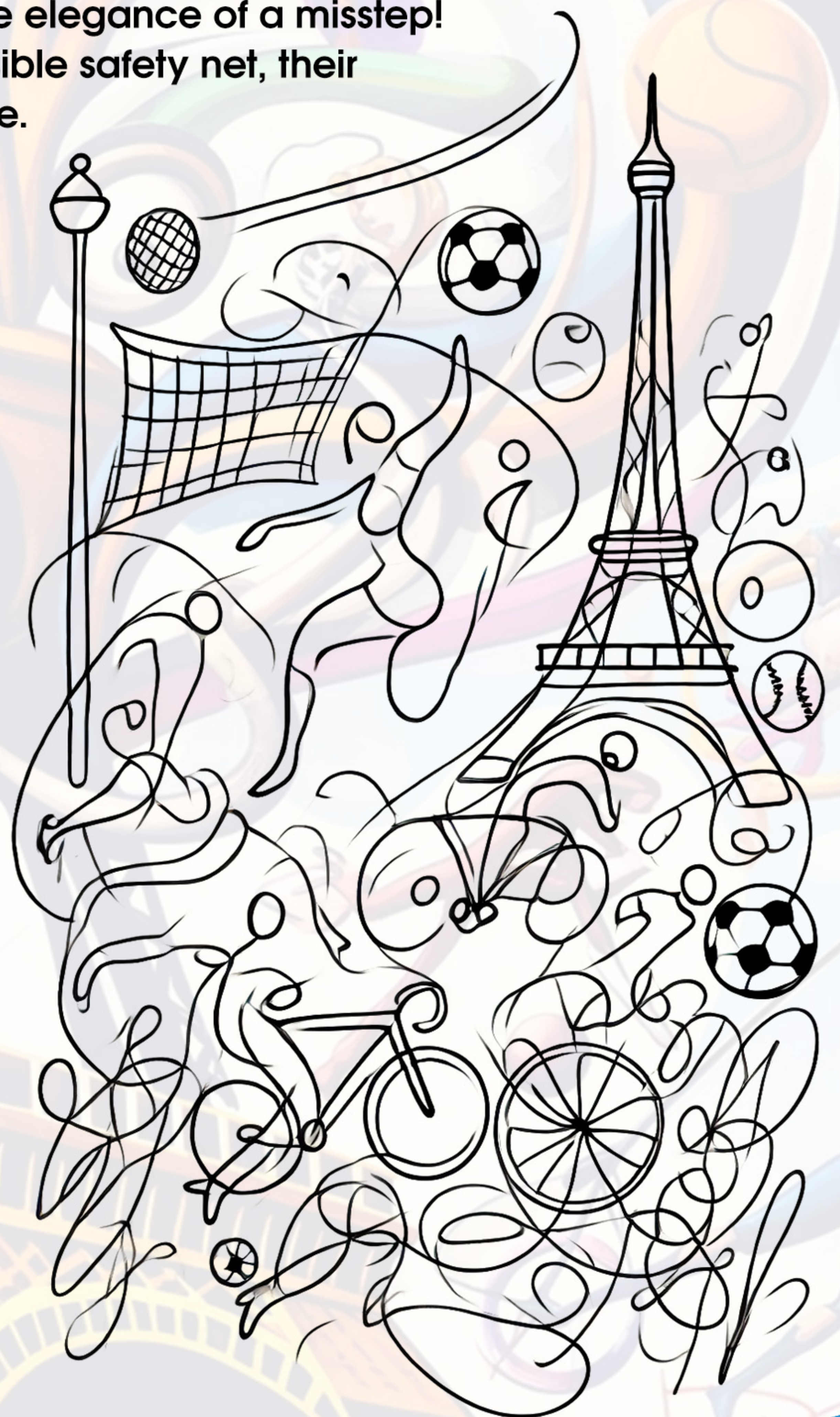
The athletes? Specters clad in neon green polka dots and crimson stripes, a kaleidoscope of limbs, hearts, heads, and spirits. They leap, they sprint, they twirl in the air! And what do they win? Gold medals? Bah! Bronze medallions? Fooey! They win cosmic soup ladles and three-eyed rubber ducks from a parallel dimension — a glorious cacophony of nonsense, a spectacle only a Dadaist could love.

Take fencing: clinks and clanks of swords replaced by the sounds of broken violins and squeaky door hinges. Points awarded for style, for thrust, for the elegance of a misstep! Gymnasts flew through rings of invisible fire, caught by an invisible safety net, their gravity-defying antics a testament to the absurdity of existence. A crowd cheered — or was it jeered? A hazy murmur floating over the Champs-Élysées, where mime referees juggled invisible balls and blew invisible whistles to a chorus of confused applause.

The marathon, too, a delightfully disjointed affair: a route winding through the catacombs of Montparnasse, looping around Eiffel's giant iron loom, a river of runners pouring like espresso through the veins of the city. And the runners? Not merely humans, no! Dogs, drones, and holograms sprinted side by side, a surrealistic parade of persistence, each athlete racing not towards a finish line but into the very heart of surrealism itself.

And then, the closing ceremony—a balletic mess of jazz trumpets, fire-breathing stilt walkers, and a pyramid of clown noses stacked high atop the Louvre's glass pyramid. Athletes and audience alike erupted into spontaneous haikus, each syllable a leap into the unknown. As the Olympic flame flickered out, it was not extinguished by water but by an eruption of feathers from an aviary unseen.

Paris 2024: a city, a game, a cosmos of disarray and delight. Let it be written in the annals of nonsense and the catalog of the absurd—a Dadaist triumph, a shimmering spectacle of everything and nothing, of victory and futility, of winning and laughing all the same.



Paris 24 by Francis Picabia

VIMBO 391!

[Voice 1]

[Voice 2]

Vimbo-fra!
Clang-da, cloop! Frublo!
Breez-ah, kikki kah!
Dada, ruza, wah-wah, peff!
Shim-ba razz! Toop, zippity zoop!
Glimmer-ka! Banga-zah, frim-ba!

Whirra-rah!
Klikka-zing!
Fiff-bah! Trilli-dah, zooma!
Paf! Vroom! Ta-ka, brrr!
Frippo-dazz! Zonk, brrrrr boom!
Voola! Voola! Shimmy, shrum!

Brill-zoo! Haraff!
Vool-ha, vool-ha!
Troomba! Troomba!
Kaz-ooz, ka-fripp, bim-ba-bah!
Tappity-zap, flebba froo!
Tronky! Greeba! Voop-baba too!

Woozzy, zanky, brrr-zap!
Ma-flem! Dibo, sha-la-zee!
Bap-bap, zim-zim, riff-raff-ree!
Flango, floona, kakka-tah!

Takka-klak!
Rrrotto, whippa, riff-riff!
Mizzle, fizzle, trazz! Poppa!
Boom-bang, fa-shook, kah!

Gripp-glap, shoo-da-loo!
Tron-ga, fleeb, froo!
Dada, dada, roo!
Ka-wazz, shoona, plim-plim-ka!
Zoom-fla! Frakka-da-zaa!

Ping! Zappa! Booma-frow!
Whizza, kakka, biff-ba-bow!
Zong-gee, flippo, zing-ka-zah!

Shrappa-dap! Bam-ba-wow!
Fizz-ka, zongo, vree-ta tah!
Loopa-do, glippa shoo!

Flit-flot, rippa-da-dee!
Bop-bap, shara-tro!
Dada 391! Bada-bim, baa!

Bim-ba 391!

Every page must
explode, whether
through seriousness,
profundity,
turbulence, or abuse,
the new, the eternal,
annihilating
moreses, enthusiasm
for principles, or the
why it is printed. Art
must be unesthetic
in the extreme,
useless and
impossible to justify.