

Jun Tsuji

(The Dadaist describes his impressions shortly after the great Kantô earthquake of 1923, when he fled naked from the bathhouse and wandered for days in Tokyo) :

Odd women and men dance naked at the bathhouse

Am I getting sentimental now?

That does surprise me

I start walking with no destination

When was the spring of the clock last wound up?

In my head I carry a few misanthropic thoughts

Besides that just vast emptiness

What I want is to become a great Dada

I recognise an unwanted paradise

Nothingness that suits me well

I imagine I'm being chased

Which is quite annoying

You can knead it and pound it as much as you want:

Soy flour stays soy flour

Whether you bite into it or you lick it:

A bean stays a bean

When I yawn, that's no big deal

But even that seems unbearable

Things are so not amusing

I find myself just lying around

Smoking Goldenbat

The unwanted paradise

The nothingness that suits me well

I had it coming

Bloody hell, I should be croaking as soon as possible

Odd naked women and men at the bathhouse

Me without a goal

As far as it comes to me everything can be without a goal

Futile

Only one thing: I want to become a great Dada