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Tada-Dada of Alangri-Gloriban

(written in pure cosmopolitanic jargon and with
unique style japonee)

Tsuji Jun

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Ich Moi bin an Aristocratic Proletariat and an in-
verted Idealist who contradict himself for ever.
I have just got the conviction of such an audacious
fellow who can even *plagiarize* quite at home,
and *neologize* quite at random like my dear
grand Laurence Sterne (who is the Greatest
Dadaist ever born in the world, born only too
early, and lived and died miserably for the
sake of his great *Dada*.)
To invert Max Stirner into pArt—isn't this another
Dadaism ?
Dada-o-koneru,—this “Stray-Leaves Bohemique”
is nothing but *Dada* of poor nameless grasses
trampled and dispised under..
Who is the man who plays “Traumerei” on
Shakuhati ?

What a foolish fellow who sings 'Oiwake' with
Mandoline accompane ?
Erochinko nekorond, embracing his old Guitara is
humming my favourite petit Russian Melody.
It was just then I sang 'Oiwake' for him.
Is there such a beautiful Melody in Japan—sweet
and melancholic as ours—?
'Oui, my dear—'

Fellow Kokusky, a little timid like a rabbit, and sly
as well as envious like a fox, (still I love him !)
made a caricature of me, and flattered, saying
'His Shakuhachi sparks some Genius.'—Ha ! ha
! ha !
Eating cutlets like splinters, and drinking beer
with curious smell, and singing 'Chanson
d'ryokk'.....and how funny !—Here's a fellow
recollecting Spinoza's Image. Such a funny
fellow surely exists—but 'tis no wonder !
Let Chopin play his favorite 'Nocturne,' and rise
the curtain.
Soft and amiable Twilight with her lightly steps
slowly comes into the window of an Attic.
Monsieur Spinoza, with divine smile floating
somewhere about his mouth, clasping his
hands, and bending his body, is gazing on the
floor. What is he doing ? Is he meditating ?
No, sir, he is amusing himself—amusing by
looking at little spideds' ferocious battles.
While he is gazing with his amiable maden
Twilight at this ferocious battles of little

spiders—Mr. Chrypykrory—somewhere in this vast world.....I don't know 'where ?'—is gazing also into a drop of water, hanging his big microscopic spectacles on his nose-point, and smiling bitterly and weirdly.

'Who is Chrypykrory in the world ?'

'Tis nothing but an old man's name.'

'Where is his native country ?'

'I don't know it as well as his age.'

'When did you acquainted with him ?'

'Let me see—quite long years ago.'

'Why did you come to know such a funny old man ?'

'—'Tis quite simple as A. B. C. Some one introduced him.'

'Who ?'

'Ha ! ha ! you are so curious about Chrypy-crory—the man who introduced the man who introduced the old fellow.....'

'.....the old fellow.....'

'The Dutch man.'

'What ? the Dutchman ?'

'No, no; the Dutchman.'

'I see.....the Dutchman.....and, be quick, you are making fun of me.'

'Yes, he is the very Dutchman who once gave some pocket-money to Dr. R. Mori, if I remember correctly.'

'What a nonsense you are chattering !'

'Not a bit of nonsense, sir; I have just been thinking of his 'Improvadore.'

'Ha ! ha ! ha !—I see—I can guess his name.'

'Certainly !—If you couldn't, you would be quite a dunce !'

‘But why did ‘the Ugly Duckling’ introduced him
?’

‘And again your ‘why?’—Oh. What a meddling
fellow!’

When we were talking about such nonsense, I
heard some one whistling, and soon appeared
a Dandy of Pince-nez. He was no other than
Mr. Satoharu, whistling ‘Only a Fiddler! Only
a Fiddler!’

‘Hallo! Tsuji! Wouldn’t you like to hear some
good news?’

‘What?’—I replied.

‘Only a Fiddler—to translate it after Tsuji’s
style—can you guess?’

‘Asshy honno Kadozuke des! How? Isn’t it a splen-
did translation?’

‘Yo wa ikkwai no Fuefuki ni sugizu ka!’