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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 inverted
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 Man-
doline 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 cu-
rious 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 some-
where 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 spiders'
ferocious battles.
While he is gazing with his amiable maden Twilight
at this ferocious battles of little spiders—Mr.
Chrypykry—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 Chrypycrory—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 ‘Improvvisatore.’

‘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 whisting, 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 splendid
translation ?'
'Yo wa ikkwai no Fuefuki ni sugizu ka !'