

idly in front of this warehouse is apt to find these words operating uncalled for in his head. They twist and squirm into various new orders. Thus they may become bar bar, steel iron, sheet plate, steel steel. Or steel bar, iron bar, steel sheet, steel plate. The usual reaction is to clear the head as soon as such a bondage is discovered. The Dadaist, on the contrary, recognizes the legitimacy of his inspiration because it has existed. Consequently, these four warehouse entrances form a perfect Dadaist enterprise. . . . Surely, this principle is not entirely valueless. We have insane psychology and child psychology and mob psychology; here are the elements of an idle psychology."

Since then, as may be observed, my nomenclature has ripened. And now, instead of "idle psychology," I write "perception without obsession," or "observation without purpose," or "pure literature."

Mr. Harvey L. Dickinson, in the outhouse of his farm near Roanoke, saw a page of a Sears Roebuck catalogue torn by accident in such a way that it was pieces of women. Down one side there was an ear, somewhere else the left half of a smile, in another corner merely two legs crossed. This had been a page advertising women's underwear, but in its present fragmentary state it became Dada. Had Mr. Dickinson appreciated this, he would have been Dada: he would have seen something grotesque which was there to see. Philosophy, profundity, saintliness, devotion are not called in.

Whatever we do, let it be done, not by counter-Dada, but by Dada aggrandized. Frank's programme threatens to be less a process of integration than a deliberate ruling out of certain predominant factors in life, in life where we must halt the talk of supernal beauty until the brass band goes by. An integration which is not an avoidance must be Dada plus, supernal beauty AND the brass band. Plato was Sophistry plus.

A friend writes from Canada: "A neighbour, moving near by, was for some days involved in the turmoil of resettling; and his dog, to that extent disorbited, walking a quarter of a mile up the road to explore the new territory, stopped gravely to observe me in the garden. His owner is James MacDonald; so I, not knowing the dog's name, and yet hoping to find some bond of communication between us, called out, "Heigh, MacDonald." Whereupon MacDonald, agreeably surprised by hearing this familiar name, entered the garden and stood beside me. I next asked, "How's business?" and MacDonald presented his ears to be scratched. I scratched his ears, and he forthwith began attempting the virtue of my leg, so that in anger I ordered