

**A**  
**DADA/SURREALIST**  
**NEWSCAST**

*constructed from some of the shorter poetry and prose of:*  
**Louis Aragon, Antonin Artaud,**  
**Hans Bellmer, Andre Breton,**  
**Robert Desnos, Pierre Reverdy,**  
**Jacques Rigaut, and Tristan Tzara**

*compiled, edited and arranged by*  
**Richard Allen Francis**

*I haven't concerned myself with the opening and closing for this news event. I have put this together for any interested parties in the news department to pick up, if they are interested, and I'm leaving the opening and closing for them to create. Also feel free to add dialog, banter between reporters, additional lead-in and close-off talk, etc. I've left blanks for whatever reporter's names you settle on.*

### **Cast in order of appearance**

*(two or more reporters can be combined into one if necessary):*

*Reporter A (probably male):*

*Reporter B*

*Girl's School Headmaster (or mistress)*

*Reporter C*

*Reporter D*

*Dr. Frederick Millener*

*Reporter E*

*Reporter F*

*Reporter G*

*Reporter H*

*Reporter I*

*Reporter J*

*Science Reporter*

*Jacques*

*Dr. Fiber*

*Weather Reporter*

*Reporter K*

*Photographer*

*Bulletin Reporter*

**(Reporter A:)**

Reporter \_\_\_\_\_  
has this report about a mystery substance  
emerging at our famous local girls' school.

**(Reporter B, almost drowned out by the sounds of screaming young girls)**

... What oozed through the staircase  
or the cracks in the doors  
when these girls were playing at being doctors,  
up there in the attic,  
what dripped from these clysters filled with raspberry juice,  
or if I dare say so,  
with raspberry verjuice,  
all this could easily take on, on the whole,  
the appearance of seduction, and even arouse desire.

It must be admitted,  
as I do reluctantly,  
that a haunting concern lingers  
over all that could not be learned about them.

Neither myself nor anyone else could lose all mistrust  
toward these little girls.

According to the headmaster:

**(cut to “taped interview” with completely different background sounds, perhaps  
a loud, slow-ticking clock?)**

**(Headmaster, very old with slow considered speech:)**

When their legs remained idle,  
nothing could be said of their crooked carriage,  
mainly toward the knees,  
only that they resembled those of young frolicking goats.

Full-face or sideways,  
their profile lent itself much less to laughter;  
the frail curve of the shanks grew bolder at the knees' padding,  
assuming a curious convexity.

But confusion was complete when those legs grew suddenly stiff,  
with moves suggesting a fleeting hoop,  
and in the end they hung bare,  
out of transparent lace and rumped pleatings,  
relishing the aftertaste of their game ...

**(abrupt cut)**

**(Reporter A:)**

This just in! Tumult!

**(Reporter C in the field with sound of crowd and the wind:)**

Shouting, the crowd descended quickly.  
They all came from the depths,  
from behind the trees,  
behind the wooden frame of the house.

Each white face looked animated ---  
and following their traces  
the most substantial words were quieted.

At a sound from the darkest corner,  
everything stopped,  
everyone stopped,  
even the one whose eyes were turned toward the wall.

And then,  
the flowers of the tapestry and of the fabrics  
quivered in the wind.

**(Reporter A:)**

\_\_\_\_\_ has this science report  
about recent attempts to enter into contact with Mars.

**(Reporter D with sci-fi music?:)**

Dr. Frederick Millener was able to convince himself  
that the planet Mars,  
during the three days of its greatest proximity to the earth,  
did not send us any message by radiotelegraphy.

He had installed for the occasion  
a remarkably clever device in Omaha, Nebraska.

The receiving antenna consisted of thirty five thousand miles of wire attached to masts and covering about twenty-five square miles.

After vainly listening for seven days,  
he was in a position to declare  
that Mars was making no attempt  
to enter into communication with Earth.

Following his experiment,  
the professor made the following announcements:

**(Dr. Frederick Millener with strange electronic noises behind him)**

We are not discouraged by the negative results of the experiment.

We did not undertake it in order to prove  
that radiotelegraphic signals were sent,  
but merely to discover whether such signals were being emitted.

We would have been happy to announce to the world  
the reception of signals coming from another planet.

Furthermore, we realize that there is no reason why  
interplanetary communications should not be established  
at some later date  
provided intelligent beings exist on the other planets.

During the first night,  
we began to listen at 8pm.

For several hours,  
it seemed we could hear everything that was happening  
in the entire world.

We heard Berlin,  
Mexico City,  
and all the important stations.

A violent storm broke out somewhere;  
the sound of thunder was comparable to  
the noise produced by a violent hail storm on a zinc roof.

At about 2am,  
all was quiet again.

We increased the wave lengths:  
this brought us to regions extremely distant from Earth.

At that moment reigned a deathly silence.

For several hours we gradually increased the wavelengths,  
until we finally reached 300,000 meters,  
but still without the least result.

Now,  
if the other planets are inhabited,  
if science,  
on these planets,  
has progressed as much as our own,  
their inhabitants must possess an exact knowledge  
of terrestrial movements.

**(Reporter A:)**

For a long time now  
the method used to build an apartment house  
located on the Street of Martyrs  
was deemed unreasonable by the people  
of the neighborhood.

No roofing had appeared but  
the painters and carpenters had already started  
to decorate the apartments.

Every day new scaffolding propped up the tottering facade,  
causing great uneasiness among people passing by,  
whom the watchman stationed at the location daily reassured.

Alas!  
the latter had to pay for his optimism with his life,  
because yesterday at twelve-thirty,  
when the workers were out eating lunch,  
the masonry caved in,  
burying him under its rubble.

But there's more.  
This from \_\_\_\_\_  
reporting on the scene.

**(Reporter E on the scene, sound of heavy equipment:)**

A child  
discovered unconscious at the scene of the disaster  
was quickly revived.

It was young Hope,  
seven years old,  
who was immediately returned to his parent's home.

He was more frightened than hurt.

The first thing he did was demand the scooter  
on which he'd sped from the end of the street.

The little boy told how a man with a stick  
had rushed toward him yelling, "Watch out!"  
which made him want to run away.

That's all he remembers.

We know the rest.

The man who saved him,  
well known in the surrounding area  
by the name of Guillaume Apollinaire,  
is about sixty years old.

He has been given a medal for his work,  
and his friends speak well of him.

When will we find the key to this mystery?

The contractor and the architect of the leaning house  
are being sought, so far in vain.

But feeling is running high.

**(Reporter A:)**

Thank you \_\_\_\_\_.

My feeling is also running high.

And now it is time for our crime report.

\_\_\_\_\_ with an elegant report on distinguished crime.

**(Reporter F, might be nice to have unique background sounds for F-J:)**

A dress rosy with fireflies,

gelatin,

vigorous frost,

leather doctor

for business which doesn't work.

“Boy boy,” cried the empress.

The girl fell dead.

It was the boy.

**(Reporter A:)**

\_\_\_\_\_ with this brief report on long crime.

**(Reporter G:)**

The codfish of wool in the mane of the lion

leaves tracks and

the saliva of crouched snails.

The groom leaves messages in every room,

but in number 67 on the third floor,

they found the gentleman as he was,

finishing the last interruption

of the hiccup of his age.

**(Reporter A:)**

\_\_\_\_\_ recently fielded this crime of sport.



**(Reporter H:)**

The criminal comes down in a parachute  
to scatter the suspicions  
graciously directed against his precious body  
and the good intentions of his spacious face,  
and carries out the crime  
in 12 brutal picturesque poses.

Those are the consequences of love in the movies  
where the paths of homogenous countries lead.

**(Reporter A:)**

And now a serious report on this solemn crime.

**(Reporter I:)**

“Business! Business!”  
says the young apparition,  
a simple observation  
for the wallet of the commissioner  
who loved her,  
who killed him,  
who buried him,  
who drank him,  
who inflamed him,  
who believed him,  
and who loved him.

So many questions certified at the united states embassy  
in the hotel carillon.

Remarks liquidate your affairs before dying.

Everyone dies for death is brief.

Death is expensive but life is cheap.

On the lips of thin paper  
prepare your mysteries  
in the pond of allusions.

**(Reporter A:)**

And finally, this lucid report on a crime to see clearly.

**(Reporter J:)**

Orangutan and gibbon,  
lion and cat,  
puma and cat,  
rat and mouse,  
monster with the angelic décolleté  
of a polished glacier with brandenburg mustaches  
and scissor legs,  
comes into the apartment gooseberry syrup  
through the straw of the guzzle.

What do you think we found in the morning?

A young man,  
sixteen years old,  
lighting the last match of his blood,  
expiring and compromised.

For man,  
for anthropomorphic monkeys,  
for cats,  
for the rat and the mouse,  
for parakeets,  
for the magpie,  
the crow,  
for the rapacious diurnals,  
for the wild ducks,  
for the peacock,  
the peasant,  
it is the same.

**(Reporter A:)**

It is possible to conceive of a mobile structure,  
moving at such a speed,  
that following the line of the Equator  
in the opposite direction to the planet's rotation,  
it circles the earth before the latter has had time  
to displace itself more than fractionally.

With a few equations  
and a good reputation,  
it is as easy to represent time as a spiral  
as it is to describe real time  
or the passage of time,  
and a mobile structure  
starting its trajectory at midday from any given point  
would travel through 6:00am,  
midnight,  
6:00pm,  
before arriving at noon the previous day ---  
and so on.

\_\_\_\_\_ with this science report,  
and the mystery finally solved  
about a sentimental young man  
but also a brilliant individual  
named Skullhead.

**(Science Reporter, with very echoey voice and odd bleeps:)**

He was a divorced engineer  
who constructed a machine  
in the form of a giant egg which,  
by means of the different temperatures  
that can be obtained by the use of electricity,  
while leaving that of the cabin inside unaffected,  
was capable of going back in time.

One cause for concern remained:  
it was feared that the traveler might  
grow younger during the course of his expedition,  
that one might even find nothing more than a baby at the first stopover,  
or, if the journey was a prolonged one,  
the traveler's father and mother,  
perhaps his entire lineage,  
squashed together inside the machine.

His friend Jacques,  
who knew his dream ...

**(Jacques with the barking of dogs:)**

Well his main preoccupation  
was to locate a mistress  
whom he had lost seven years before,  
and recommence their liaison  
as many times as necessary  
to establish a mutual love between them.

Unfortunately, he found himself  
in rivalry with himself,  
ended up ceding his place to himself,  
and clambered back into the machine.

**(Science reporter:)**

Feeling the need to stretch his legs,  
Skullhead goes back twenty-three years  
in the past, in the same country.

Various incests are consummated.

Skullhead becomes of the opinion  
that he is his own father.

Dr. Fiber, historian and archeologist,  
digs up the story from there.

**(Dr. Fiber, the sound of tropical birds behind him:)**

“Napoleon, Hannibal,  
the Pyramids!  
Hump!  
Back to the Flood!”

So said our young Skullhead,  
pressing a device  
designed to register his heartbeats against his chest  
in order to calculate his age.

Skullhead is once more on his way  
in search of Genesis.

Uncertain of meeting God  
and powerless to modify a past  
from which he himself was issued,  
Skullhead concentrates on creating new versions  
which are just sufficiently different enough  
to perplex those of his contemporaries  
who might subsequently venture back into the past  
only to find nothing there any longer  
that corresponded with their historical expectations.

Toward the end of the reign of the Emperor Augustus,  
after roaming the province of Judea for six months,  
he stumbled across a child who is Jesus of Nazareth  
asleep under an olive tree;  
he injects potassium cyanide into the child's veins.

A few years further back,  
he remained on the lookout for a little Egyptian girl.

One day,  
coming across her alone,  
he threw himself upon her  
and mutilated her nose  
with his gas pliers.

The name of the girl was Cleopatra.

He explained the use of steam and electricity  
to the Red Indians of South America.

He became worshiped as a god,  
and every month fifty virgins and fifty young boys  
were handed over to satisfy his pleasure.

Throughout the five continents,  
Skullhead preached the doctrine  
of obligatory suicide at the age of twenty.

Skullhead achieved renown for his prophecies  
under the various pseudonyms of Ezekiel, Jeremiah and Isiah.

As he was not immune to human passions,  
he fell in love with a Hindu courtesan.

Unable to bear the climate,  
Skullhead missed out the summers  
and devoted only the winter months to her.

Becoming so attached to this logical premise,  
he no longer  
made love to her one time after another  
but, rather,  
one time before another,  
until she died as a result at the age of seven.

**(Science reporter:)**

His food supplies on board having run out,  
Skullhead was frequently obliged to stop.

He spent several months playing at god  
so that he could build up his stock of provisions.

A white beard began to hide his chest.

Skullhead finally died of old age  
in the egg which is still circling the earth.

**(Reporter A:)**

In a little town north of here,  
there was an amazing barometer  
to which the storms and the rains,  
the sunshine and the snow,  
used to come to receive their orders.

One day,  
the most distant ocean waves,  
those that bathe deserted islands  
and the ones in which washerwomen do their laundry,  
wanted to see this mysterious tyrant  
who ruled over equinoxes and shipwrecks.

\_\_\_\_\_, our weather reporter,  
picks up the story from there ...

**(Weather Reporter to the sounds of wind and ocean:)**

They mounted an attack on the town.

For seven days and seven nights,  
the inhabitants defended themselves  
with rifle and canon fire  
against what they termed the liquid barbarians.

They were overcome  
and on the eighth day  
the light of the obedient sun  
played across their dead bodies,  
presided over their decomposition,  
and saw the majestic crowd of peaceful waves  
throng to bring their tribute of spume  
to the tyrannical barometer which,  
unconcerned by such homage,  
pondered how, far away,  
saved by the sacrifice of her town,  
the fair-haired virgin  
and a pirate clad in a pale blue dolman,  
lay clasped together on the seaweed  
on the deserted ocean floor  
which had been abandoned by its water  
at the very moment that The S.S. MARVEL,  
the liner on which they were passengers,  
was being engulfed.

**(Reporter A:)**

Did anything happen?

Here is \_\_\_\_\_ with a report.

**(Reporter K with the sound of night insects:)**

He was an aerial photographer.

From the height of an immutable airplane,  
he was taking a picture of the flight  
of precise mechanics who knew what the plane was doing.

The air was filled with a lapidary murmur  
like the light all around.

But the lighthouse sometimes failed  
to light up the apparatus.

**(Photographer with sounds of airplanes behind him:)**

Finally we were only two or three on the wings of the machine.

The airplane was hanging from the sky.

I felt myself in an odious equilibrium.

But as the mechanical system reversed itself,  
we had to turn around in the emptiness,  
getting our footing on some rings.

Finally the operation succeeded,  
but my friends had left;  
there were only the repair mechanics  
who were turning their braces and bits in the emptiness.

Just then, one of the two wires broke.

“Stop work!” I yelled at them, “I’m falling!”

We were five hundred meters from the ground.

“Patience!” they replied, “You were born to fall.”

We had to avoid walking on the wings of the machine.

I felt them, though, resisting under me.

“But if I fall ...” I cried. “I can’t fly.”

And I felt that everything was cracking.

Someone cried out “Send the lancets!”

And immediately I imagined my legs sliced by the lasso,  
the airplane leaving my feet,  
and myself suspended in the emptiness,  
with my feet on the ceiling.



I never knew if it had happened.

**(Reporter A:)**

And neither do we.  
This bulletin just in ...

**(Bulletin Reporter, animated sounds of newsroom:)**

Piercing sounds in Montevideo.

Soul displayed offered in advertisements.

The wind among the telescopes has replaced trees on boulevards.

Night,  
labeled throughout vitriol's gradations  
with the smell of cold cinder vanilla,  
sweat menagerie cracking of arches.

Parks are carpeted with maps tie banner.

54

83

14 to 4.

Formula reflection  
encloses the pulse laboratory of courage,  
open all the time.

Stylized health  
with the inanimate blood of extinguished cigarette,  
cavalcade of miracles to surpass all language,  
from Borneo they send the account-sheet of the stars  
for your benefit.

Gloomy procession,  
oh mechanics of the calendar,  
where the synthetic photographs of days appear.

The doll in the grave,  
fifth avenue on the horizon,  
two accidents song for violin,  
underwater rape,  
and the barbs of being's last creation whip the cry.

**(Reporter A:)**

Who could forget  
the strange attempt to kidnap  
*(look a star though it's still broad daylight)*  
that fourteen-year-old girl  
*(four more than fingers)*  
who was taking the elevator back to  
*(I see her breasts as if she were naked,*  
*you'd say they were handkerchiefs drying on a rosebush)*  
her parents' apartment.

Her father, a stake solidly driven into his shadow;  
her mother, a pretty pyramid of a lampshade;  
an apartment located on the fifth floor  
of a building in St. John's  
not far from the bridge of the same name  
guarded by two giant salamanders.

I myself stand under it several hours a day  
whether I'm in town or not.

Lovely Euphorbia  
*(let's call the girl Euphorbia)*  
worried because the elevator had stopped  
between the third and fourth floors  
at six o'clock in the evening  
when the St. John's district  
begins to grind stained glass plantain chalk,  
*(remaining suspended*  
*like a loop of gold braid on a Mexican vest)*  
and isn't particularly entertaining.

A few feet below Euphorbia,  
the third floor landing carries along  
highly polished floor boards,  
the eel of a staircase,  
and some pretty and very tall black plants  
which look like a man's clothing.

The young girl,  
surprised on her way up,  
compared herself to a feather diabolo.

Her eyes are greener  
than the typical green of the angelica  
and those eyes dive down  
burn themselves on other eyes  
that a boron flame glides across.

Seen from below,  
Euphorbia's calves gleam a little;  
at an angle they are two somber birds  
which seem warmer and sweeter than all the others.

The boron eyes stared at them for a moment,  
then the flashing look escaped into her dress  
of fine quality and from Paris.

That's all it takes  
for these two beings to understand each other.

Thus in a hut  
during the rainy season in the tropics  
nervousness works miracles.

Insects of miniscule size  
unfolding actual flags that lie around  
everywhere in the corners.

A door that slides open  
with the sound of a closing umbrella.

The child is in the man's arms.

He feels the flesh above her hams quiver under her dress  
hiked up a little like a fuchsia.

The dimly-lit staircase,  
the shadows lengthen on the wall  
of imitation marble flesh.

Shadows of horses dashing full rein into the storm.

Shadows of sprinting hedges  
overtaken by many lengths.

And above all the shadows of dancers,  
always the same couple on a revolving platform  
hemmed with cloth.

This instant derails the curved track of the pendulums.

The street hurls thunderbolts;  
Euphorbia slyly smiles somewhere between fear and pleasure.

I see her heart at that moment.

It's distracted,  
skipping a beat.

It's the first bud to leap from a pink chestnut tree.

One word and all is saved.

One word and all is lost.

There the unknown,  
the temptation as nowhere else  
under that sky of iron filings.

But also fear under that crazy vault  
of footsteps that go and come,  
making a plaster heap of that house  
so very far away;  
a plaster heap in a hideout  
where someone could begin to enjoy.

Fear to forget her fingers in a book  
so as never to touch again.

Shutting her eyes in the wake  
of the first one  
so she can desperately flee him.

What a moment!

You know the rest.

Bang ouch the gunshot;  
the blood nimbly leaping the green stairs.

Not quick enough to stop the man  
(from his description five feet four).

The concierge didn't dare stop  
this infrequent but polite visitor.

He was moreover very good looking,  
getting away as he lit a cigarette,  
sweeter than the sadness of loving  
and being loved.

*Reporter A should then close the news broadcast as they choose with whatever music and information as to cast. Also include credits for the eight original authors here.*