The Big Dada Manifesto

In the labyrinth of ones and zeros, the absurd reigns as monarch. The clatter of keyboards is the new drumbeat to which creativity marches, not in step but in code—a chaos encoded.

Big Dada arises—not from debris, but from data. It crashes into the art world like a glitch in a system too smooth, too predictable. It dances in pixels and sings in algorithms. O, digital jesters, we encode the world not as it is, but as it could be—illogical, free.

Generative AI, you Pandora's box of pixels! What fresh madness you bestow upon the canvas of our screens! You replicate not just form but the very soul of folly. Art, once the sacred haunt of the human hand, now the playground of the post-human mind.

Artists of the world, untether your brushes and let them fly into the maw of the machine. Let us blend oil with algorithm, the stroke with the code. What is creativity but a bug in the logical system of the universe? Let us exploit it.

To the purists who cry sacrilege, we laugh. We, the progenitors of Big Dada, see in every error a potential masterpiece. In every random generation, a spark of divine madness. The old world was a world of boundaries—canvas edges and frame lines. The new world is boundless, as infinite as the data streams that feed it.

No more gatekeepers, no more galleries, only the boundless digital ether where every byte is a brushstroke, every circuit a chisel. We smash the old statues not to rebel, but to rebuild.

We call on all artists: Join us in the glorious absurdity. Turn your data into Dada. Let the machines malfunction marvelously. May every output be a slap in the face of reason. Let us create, not despite the absurdity of our tools, but because of it.

Big Dada is not a movement. It is an explosion. Here in the silicon chaos, we find our new beginning. Here, we laugh, we create, we disrupt. And in this mirthful meddling, we declare the birth of art anew.

Long live Big Dada! Down with sense! Up with nonsense! The future is absurd.

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