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## The Poetics of the Manifesto

### Nowness and Newness

Knock hard. Life is deaf.

MIMI PARENT

#### POWER PLAY AND MANIPULATIONS

Originally a “manifesto” was a piece of evidence in a court of law, put on show to catch the eye, “A public declaration by a sovereign prince or state, or by an individual or body of individuals whose proceedings are of public importance, making known past actions and explaining the motives for actions announced as forthcoming.” Since the “manus” (hand) was already present in the word, the presentation was a handcrafted marker for an important event.<sup>1</sup>

The manifesto was from the beginning, and has remained, a deliberate manipulation of the public view. Setting out the terms of the faith toward which the listening public is to be swayed, it is a document of an ideology, crafted to convince and convert. The stance taken may be institutional or individual and independent. The *Communist Manifesto* of Friedrich Engels and Karl Marx in 1848 is the original model, of immense influence and historical importance for later aesthetic proclamations and political statements.<sup>2</sup> Recently Steven Marcus has described its “transpersonal force and sweep” as marking “the accession of social and intellectual consciousness to a new stage of inclusiveness. It has become part of an integral modern sensibility. . . . It emerges ever more distinctly as an unsurpassed dramatic representation, diagnosis and prophetic array of visionary judgment on the modern world.” It is “incandescent” action writing, says Marcus.<sup>3</sup> Yet even in lesser documents the actual efficacy of the political or theological manifesto depends on its power of declamation and persuasion. That of the artistic manifesto, whose work will be carried on in another world altogether— aesthetic battles having different consequences— depends on its context as well as its cleverness, and on the talents of its producer. In the aesthetic field the Italian showman Filippo Tommaso Marinetti wins the all-time Oscar for producing and presenting the ur-manifesto, that of Futurism in 1909.

At its most endearing, a manifesto has a madness about it. It is peculiar and angry, quirky, or downright crazed. Always opposed to something, particular or general, it has not only to be striking but to stand up straight. We

stand “erect on the summit of the world,” says “The Founding and Manifesto of Futurism” (5.5), deliberately macho-male.

The manifest proclamation itself marks a moment, whose trace it leaves as a post-event commemoration. Often the event is exactly its own announcement and nothing more, in this Modernist/Postmodernist genre. *What it announces is itself*. At its height, it is the deictic genre par excellence: LOOK! it says. NOW! HERE!

The manifesto is by nature a loud genre, unlike the essay.<sup>4</sup> What I would call the “high manifesto,” on the model of “high Modernism,” is often noisy in its appearance, like a typographical alarm or an implicit rebel yell. It calls for capital letters, loves bigness, demands attention. Rem Koolhaas’s “Bigness: Or the Problem of Large” begins, “Beyond a certain scale, architecture acquires the properties of Bigness. The best reason to broach Bigness is the one given by climbers of Mount Everest: ‘because it is there.’ Bigness is ultimate architecture,” and ends, “Bigness surrenders the field to after-architecture.”<sup>5</sup> The violent typography of Wyndham Lewis’s *BLAST* Vorticist manifestos is the model of the shout. The manifesto makes an art of excess. This is how it differs from the standard and sometimes self-congratulatory *ars poetica*, rational and measured. The manifesto is an act of *démésure*, going past what is thought of as proper, sane, and literary. Its outreach demands an extravagant self-assurance. At its peak of performance, its form creates its meaning.

The occasional coincidence of form and function—like Stéphane Mallarmé’s “A Throw of Dice Not Ever Will Abolish Chance” (“Un coup de Dés jamais n’abolira le Hasard”; 1.7) in its defeat of the linear—*demonstrates* or makes a *manifestation*, a *manif* in French parlance: and the French know something about revolution.

#### WE-SPEAK

Generally posing some “we,” explicit or implicit, against some other “they,” with the terms constructed in a deliberate dichotomy, the manifesto can be set up like a battlefield. It can start out as a credo, but then it wants to make a persuasive move from the “I believe” of the speaker toward the “you” of the listener or reader, who should be sufficiently convinced to join in.<sup>6</sup> “We shall henceforward put the spectator in the centre of the picture” (Umberto Boccioni and others, “Futurist Painting: Technical Manifesto,” [5.2]).

In their preface to the second volume of *Poems for the Millennium*, Jerome Rothenberg and Pierre Joris, writing about “the push by poets to self-define

their workings,” say that the manifesto is both a “personal accounting & a prescription/directive for future acts,” nonpolitical as it is nonarchitectural. They quote Marinetti’s demand for both “violence & precision . . . to stand on the rock of the word ‘We’ amidst the sea of boos & outrage.”<sup>7</sup> We are right, in the terms of the manifesto: “We are continuing the evolution of art,” begins a typical manifesto.<sup>8</sup> The tone is hortatory, contrarian, bullying, rapid-paced. Marinetti insists, in the Futurist manifestos, on the elimination of all adjectives or useless words that would slow down the others. Tristan Tzara, in his “Dada Manifesto 1918,” celebrates the intense speed of his new movement hurtling down the mountain, as opposed to the slowness of the past: “Morality is the infusion of chocolate in the veins of all men.”<sup>9</sup> Stripped to its bare bones, clean as a whistle and as piercing, the manifesto is immodest and forceful, exuberant and vivid, attention-grabbing. Immediate and urgent, it never mumbles, is always in overdose and overdrive.

#### THE MANIFESTO PRESENCE

High on its own presence, the manifesto is Modernist rather than ironically Postmodernist. It takes itself and its own spoof seriously. The manifesto moment positions itself between what has been done and what will be done, between the accomplished and the potential, in a radical and energizing division. The moment may be marked by an epitaph for what has gone: for Maurice Denis, “Gauguin is dead,” for Pierre Boulez, “Schoenberg is dead.”<sup>10</sup> The prototypical view is that stated by Barnett Newman, in his 1948 statement “The Sublime Is Now” (30.9), declaring the nowness and newness of American art, in credo form: “I believe that here in America, some of us, free from the weight of European culture . . . are reasserting man’s natural desire for the exalted, for our relationship to the absolute emotions . . . without the nostalgic glasses of history.” In this the manifesto differs from the *defense*, such as Joachim Du Bellay’s sixteenth-century “Deffense et illustration de la langue françoise.”<sup>11</sup> It does not defend the status quo but states its own agenda in its collective concern.

As opposed to the standard *ars poetica*, the outlandish 1885 declamation of James Abbott McNeill Whistler in his celebrated “Ten O’Clock” lecture (1.1) marks a new moment. It was delivered in London at ten, deliberately after the fashionable audience would have dined, so that they could concentrate on it alone. As it inaugurated the Symbolist excitement at the end of the nineteenth century, it inaugurates also this anthology. If the First World War put an end to that poetic shout of the Great Age of the Manifesto, the

form is still extant, but changed. Manifestos will be written subsequently but scarcely in the same high spirit.

#### THE GREAT MANIFESTO MOMENT

After the Fauve moment of 1905, Modernist excitement broke out all at once, in a ten-year period of glorious madness that I am calling the Manifesto Moment. It stretched from 1909, with Marinetti's first Futurist manifesto, the grandfather of the rest, to the glory days of 1912 and the Cubist Section d'Or and Collage in Paris, through 1913 and Wassily Kandinsky's influential *On the Spiritual in Art*, the Armory show in New York, the Simultaneist movement in Paris, and the Cubo-Futurist and Rayonist movements in Russia. Nineteen thirteen is the year that Kasimir Malevich placed his black square on a white ground and founded Suprematism, the year that Ilya Zdanevich lectured on "everythingism," with the intense 1912-14 dizziness we can see extending to Vorticism in London of 1916 and 1917, then Imagism there and in America, Dada in Switzerland and Berlin, and De Stijl in Holland. In 1919 Lyubov Popova wrote her "statement" for the Non-objective Creation and Suprematism exhibition ("Statement in Catalogue of Tenth State Exhibition," 15.4), in graphically arresting form. The largest number of selections here celebrate this heyday and then its aftermath, from Surrealism to phonetic poetry, Lettrism, and the erotics of Spatialism.

And yet even some Modernist manifestos give off an odd aura of looking back, to some moment they missed. Haunted by nostalgia, they have the feeling of longing rather than constructing, like a post-manifesto moment in a too-lateness. If the Postmodernist manifesto shrugs off this nostalgia, it has often a kind of dryness that undoes its energy. The attraction of those initial or founding manifestos of violence was and is their energy and their potential for energizing.

You are walking along a street, and on the wall of some building, right where it says "Défense d'afficher" (Forbidden to post anything here), you see posted some call to mental war, some exhortation to leave where you are ("Leave Dada, Leave your parents, Leave your wife") and go somewhere else. Or then, as in Venice in the early part of the century, leaflets rain upon your head. The manifesto gets you right in your smugness, like the Belgian Pie Philosopher Noël Godin of 1998, practicing a pie-in-your-face attack on those too self-satisfied, like Bill Gates of Microsoft fame and fortune and Bernard-Henri Levy, the French political philosopher of unbuttoned shirt and untold charm.<sup>12</sup>

As if defining a moment of crisis, the manifesto generally proclaims what it wants to oppose, to leave, to defend, to change. Its oppositional tone is constructed of *againstness* and generally in a spirit of a one time only moment. When it is thought of, like the Surrealist moment of love André Breton calls upon so eloquently—“Always for the first time”—the accent falls on the *first* more than the *always*.<sup>13</sup> An un-new manifesto is an oxymoron.

#### BUILDING THE SPACE

The manifesto builds into its surroundings its own conditions for reception, instructs the audience how to respond to what is heard or read or seen. So its form and function often profit from some strong central image, like the volcano, holding the rest together. Yet even a less magnetic image, like the tree Paul Klee uses to give root and shelter to his aphorisms in “On Modern Art,” can work as an organizing principle.

So Malevich’s black square makes a statement strong enough to daunt the weak-hearted:

When, in the year 1913, in my desperate attempt to free art from the ballast of objectivity, I took refuge in the square form and exhibited a picture which consisted of nothing more than a black square on a white field, the critics and, along with them, the public sighed, “Everything which we loved is lost. We are in a desert. . . . Before us is nothing but a black square on a white background!”

...

The square seemed incomprehensible and dangerous to the critics and the public . . . and this, of course, was to be expected.

The ascent to the heights of non-objective art is arduous and painful.<sup>14</sup>

This tone sets a forward-looking “we” against a predictable camp of the cowardly “them,” implicitly inviting the reader/listener to the side of the brave.<sup>15</sup>

Ever since Plato voted for God as the architect of everything, the architectural spirit has swelled, until the manifesto became a natural form to the architect. Charles Jencks’s preface to the anthology *Theories and Manifestoes of Contemporary Architecture*, entitled “The Volcano and the Tablet,” discusses “this curious art form, like the haiku, with its own rules of brevity, wit, and *le mot juste*. . . . The good manifesto mixes a bit of terror, runaway emotion and charisma with a lot of common sense. . . . The genre demands blood.”<sup>16</sup>

But there is a positive curiosity built into the modernism of the manifesto. John Cage, in an aside before his "Lecture on Nothing," declares: "If you hear that Rauschenberg has painted a new painting, the wisest thing to do is to drop everything and manage one way or another to see it."<sup>17</sup>

#### LABELS

The manifesto itself may declare in its title its new stance, such as the Futurist "Against Past-Loving Venice!" or it may be as blank as a tabula rasa: "Manifesto of Surrealism," waiting for the theory to fill it in and the audience to give its support to the movement it advocates.<sup>18</sup>

The labels under which the texts here are grouped are meant to be loosely attached. Many appellations of recent date do not refer to established schools or movements, sometimes simply to the determining elements that seem to permit the coherence of the rest around them. "Concretism," for example, is both an art term—as in the Constructivists' emphasis on materials, for example in the Ferroconcrete poems of Vasilii Kamensky—and a term for a kind of shaped poetry. "Expressionism," originally designating the opposite pole from Impressionism, includes so many differing national forms—German, Polish, and so on—that it should require the plural: "Expressionisms." The same is true for "Futurisms," "Realisms," and so on. The plural is more fitting in some movements than others. Although there can be seen to be various Dadas, for example, referring both to the artists and writers and to the movements Dada comprises, for Surrealism—given Breton's desire for cohesion—the singular is more appropriate.<sup>19</sup>

Such overlappings abound. So the widespread urge to "Primitivism," characteristic of the 1890s through the 1940s in art and literature, permeates writings in many fields, to the point where its label stretches and loses its original shape. The two leaders of the movement called Rayonism, Mikhail Larionov and Natalya Goncharova, were doing Neoprimitivist art in 1909 and were explaining why they painted their faces not long after. As Wyndham Lewis, Ur-Vorticist, puts it bluntly: "The Art-Instinct is permanently primitive."<sup>20</sup>

So too with sound: the Noisism of the Italian Futurists leads to Sound Art, the Rayonists play with sonorities and include bars of music in their paintings, and Kandinsky's *Yellow Sound* is discussed in *The Blaue Reiter Almanac*. In fact, the deliberate repetitions and emphasis of painterly painting can be seen as analogous to the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E writings. Compactism, tongue in cheek from its birth, fathered by the mathematician-

novelist-poet of Oulipo Jacques Roubaud, and thinking minimally, can be seen by the American reader as casting a headlong glance at the American poet Marianne Moore's "compacity"—her term for the poetic condensation she aimed at, and found.

Such eclecticism is one of the characteristics of Modernism itself and rules against neat divisions. It is the dizzying quality so famously displayed in the years from 1912 to just before World War I, for instance, at Roger Fry's Second Post-Impressionist Exhibition of 1912, with its Cubist paintings by Georges Braque, Pablo Picasso, and Robert Delaunay, with its Futurist works by David and Vladimir Burlyuk and by the Rayonists Larionov and Goncharova.<sup>21</sup> In the best of moments avant-garde currents meet, converge, and converse—often in manifesto-speak.

#### THE MANIFESTO STYLE

Generally the manifesto stands alone, does not need to lean on anything else, demands no other text than itself. Its rules are self-contained, included in its own body. If we use Robert Venturi's celebrated distinction, the manifesto is on the side of the duck and not of the decorated shed.<sup>22</sup> What is meant to sell duck, he says, wants to look like duck. But what shelters as shed can be ornamented: decoration is appendage. Manifesto is duck. What it wants to sell is itself.

It is not, generally, a prefatory pre-appendage to something else—although such texts as Wordsworth's preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* or Victor Hugo's preface to *Cromwell* had the effect of manifestos and their certainty of tone. Oscar Wilde's preface to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, the aphoristic declaration about the inutility of art, is included here, alongside his declaration about the use of the poet among the people.

The initial shock of an unusual form is as appealing as the beginning anecdote, like the ur-case of Marinetti's "The Founding and Manifesto of Futurism" of 1909 (5.5): "We had stayed up all night, my friends and I, under hanging mosque lamps with domes of filigreed brass, domes starred like our spirits, shining like them with the prisoned radiance of electric hearts." Interior and exterior, image and person, the starry heavens of nature and the exotic Eastern lamps of culture, heart and soul, all converge in the excitement of the Futurist happening.

A manifesto can take a dialogue mode, as in Pierre Albert-Birot's "Nunic Dialogue" (4.5) or Samuel Beckett's *Three Dialogues* with Georges Duthuit (written by Beckett). The two points of view should work against each other

in interesting articulation, or there can be a straight man and an elucidator/creator, as in Piet Mondrian's "Dialogue on the New Plastic":

A. A Singer

B. A Painter

A. I admire your earlier work. Because it means so much to me, I would like better to understand your present way of painting. I see nothing in these rectangles. What are you aiming at?

B. My new paintings have the same aim as the previous ones. Both have the *same* aim, but my latest work brings it out more clearly.

This kind of binarism is particularly suited to the genre: take Pierre Boulez's "Demythologizing the Conductor" of 1960 (30.3), where, from the opening throughout the text, a refrain in triplet characterizes the conductor by indirection or negative definition echoes—"neither . . . nor . . . !":

neither dictator nor artisan!

. . .

neither messiah nor sacristan!

. . .

**neither angel nor animal!**

The present tense suits the manifesto, as does the rapid enumeration of elements in a list or bullet form, as in "Manifesto I of De Stijl" (16.1) or "The Initiative Individual Artist in the Creativity of the Collective" of Vladimir Tatlin (14.2):

1. The initiative individual is the collector of the *energy* of the collective, directed towards knowledge and invention.
2. The initiative individual serves as a contact between the invention and the creativity of the collective.

The most graphic manifestos, such as Marinetti's "Zum Tumb" or his "words in freedom" cover of 1919, Guillaume Apollinaire's semi-calligram "L'Antitradition futuriste" of 1913 (5.11), Wyndham Lewis's loud "Our Vortex" (10.3) and the Blasts and Blesses in his *BLAST* and Gaudier-Brzeska's "Vortex (Written from the Trenches)" of 1914-15, and Lyubov Popova's "Statement in Catalogue of Tenth State Exhibition" scheme of 1919 (15.4), make the most arresting visual poetics.<sup>23</sup>

The manifesto has to draw the audience into the belief of the speaker, by some hook or crook. The Symbolist Odilon Redon begins his "Suggestive Art" of 1909 (1.9) with a question: "What was it that at the beginning made



my work difficult?" as does Paul Klee in his 1924 lecture "On Modern Art": "May I use a simile, the simile of a tree?"<sup>24</sup> Since we are invited to answer, we feel included. A manifesto is generally, by mode and form, an exhortation to a whole way of thinking and being rather than a simple command or a definition. As so often, however, Marcel Duchamp makes a brilliant exception in his imperative about what a non-picture might be:

Use "delay" instead of "picture" or  
 "painting"; . . .  
     It's merely a way  
 of succeeding in no longer thinking  
 that the thing in question is  
 a picture . . .  
 . . . — a "delay in glass"  
     as you would say a "poem in prose"  
     or a spittoon in silver<sup>25</sup>

So a definition can be also a poem, and a title can be the entire work. The threshold is important in setting the manifesto apart from the "real world." So Naum Gabo and Antoine Pevsner start their "Realistic Manifesto" of 1920 (14.1) with a three-line verse prelude, marking it temporally as of the moment, of "today," and address it to those involved in the artistic enterprise, couched in the poetry of an epic setting:

Above the tempests of our weekdays,  
 Across the ashes and cindered homes of the past,  
 Before the gates of the vacant future,  
 We proclaim today to you artists, painters, sculptors, musicians,  
 actors, poets . . .

The manifesto, at its height, is a poem in heightened prose.

The manifesto profits from many other modes of discourse: the brief forcefulness of the prose poem, as in the passage just cited, or the high drama of such gnomic utterances of the absolute, both negative and positive, as John Cage's *Silence* in their extreme and attention-getting interrupted and interruptive modes:

There is no  
 such thing as silence. Something is al-  
 ways happening that makes a sound.  
 . . .

It is very simply but extra-urgent  
The Lord knows whether or not  
the next

(Bang fist)<sup>26</sup>

Or the rhetorical question of self-conscious musing: "If I were teaching, would I say *Caution Watch Your Step* or Throw yourself in where the fish are thickest?"<sup>27</sup>

Like a mirror of the personality of the author, single or collective, the manifesto takes on as many styles as there are writers and speakers. But it has to grab us.

#### MANIFESTO CONFUSION

Adding to the impossibility of neat and linear presentation of a diachronic kind, given the combination of so many various artistic and philosophic fields, is the complication of the time frame. The frequent extension of movements beyond their originating moment often produces texts more interesting than those dating from the moment itself. For example, the movement of Symbolism, dating from Whistler's celebrated "Ten O'Clock" lecture of 1885 (1.1), was translated by Mallarmé in his original revolutionary text of 1897, "Un coup de Dés jamais n'abolira le Hasard" ("A Throw of Dice Not Ever Will Abolish Chance," 1.7) and continued in the post-Symbolist phase of the two Pauls, Claudel and Valéry.<sup>28</sup> Cubism itself, which would ordinarily be dated with Picasso and Braque, say, from 1907 to 1914, has reverberations in literature that extend through Blaise Cendrars and Apollinaire and Pierre Reverdy, say to 1917, and later.

The manifestos and statements here do not include those of an umbrella-like nature, for example, Roger Fry's description of the Second Post-Impressionism Exhibition in London. They are each written by a practitioner of the particular art movement, so that they speak from the inside and not from outside: I have preferred the manifesto or statement of the believer to the explanatory talk of the aftercoming critic. Thus the tone of passion that pervades many of these texts, from the Modernist Moment.<sup>29</sup> The spirit of modernism is characterized in good part by its refusal of description, for what it conceives of as its own form of reality: art, representing often simply itself.

Being an alternative genre, the manifesto can *always* be redefined; it makes its own definition each time. It is context dependent and shows

its colors: so R. B. Kitaj's "Manifesto" or *First Diasporist Manifesto* begins, "Diasporist painting, which I just made up, is enacted under peculiar historical and personal freedoms, stresses, dislocations, rupture and momentum."<sup>30</sup> A case can be made for the poem-manifesto, the painting-manifesto, the aphorism-manifesto, the essay-manifesto. In its extreme case of self-definition, the manifesto consists of reflections on the manifesto itself: these become *meta-manifestos*. There will always be other manifesto styles, even in what seems a post-manifesto moment. Someone will come along, alone or in a group, to invite us, loudly, to some new way of thinking.

NOTES

1. "Festus," said the authorities in that far-off ancient land, had sprung up from the root "fendere," as in "offendere": see the *Oxford Universal Dictionary on Historical Principles* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1955).
2. Take, for instance, among manifestos written in French, Emile Zola's "J'accuse," the "Manifesto of the 121" (about Algeria), Michèle Lalonde's "SPEAK WHITE," and Aimé Césaire's "In the Guise of a Manifesto." These examples are given in Jeanne Demers, "Le Manifeste, crise—ou caution?—du système," in the special manifesto issue of *L'Esprit créateur* 23:4 (winter 1983): 5. Other articles, by Micheline Tison-Braun and Alice Kaplan, in this journal are equally helpful in defining the genre, as is Claude Abastado's "Introduction à l'analyse des manifestes," in *Littérature*, the special issue on "L'Écriture manifestaire," no. 39 (October 1980).
3. "Marx's Masterpiece at 150," *New York Times Book Review*, April 26, 1998, 39.
4. So much so that Robert Venturi's "Non-Straightforward Architecture: A Gentle Manifesto" is a deliberate surprise. It is included in his *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture* of 1966, quoted in *Theories and Manifestoes of Contemporary Architecture*, ed. Charles Jencks and Karl Kropf (Chichester, West Sussex: Academy Editions, 1997), 52–56.
5. Rem Koolhaas, *Delirious New York: A Retroactive Manifesto for Manhattan* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1978), 307, 310.
6. As in John Cage's *Silence: Lectures and Writings* (Middletown CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1961; reprint, Cambridge: MIT Press, 1966).
7. *Poems for the Millennium*, vol. 2, *From Postwar to Millennium*, ed. Jerome Rothenberg and Pierre Joris (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1997), 405.
8. Lucio Fontana's "White Manifesto," written with his students in Buenos Aires, 1946, in *Art in Theory, 1900–1990: An Anthology of Changing Ideas*, ed. Charles Harrison and Paul Wood (Oxford: Blackwell, 1993).
9. Tristan Tzara, *Approximate Man and Other Writings*, ed. and tr. Mary Ann Caws (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1973), 156.
10. Maurice Denis, "The Influence of Paul Gauguin," in Herschell Chipp, ed., *Theories of Modern Art: A Source Book by Artists and Critics* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1968), 100; Pierre Boulez, *Notes of an Apprenticeship*, texts collected and presented by Paule Thévenin, trans. Herbert Weinstock (New York: Knopf, 1968) (originally published in a different version in *Score* [London], May 1952).

11. Du Bellay, 1549; see Morris Bishop, *A Survey of French Literature* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1955), 96, for a summary.
12. My thanks to Frank Duba for bringing me this pie-in-your-face bit of information from the *New York Times*, international edition, of Monday, April 20, 1998, and *Harper's Magazine* of May 1998.
13. Breton, "L'Air de l'eau" (1934), in *Poems of André Breton*, tr. and ed. Jean-Pierre Cauvin and Mary Ann Caws (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1982), 108–9.
14. Malevich, "Suprematism" (item 15.1, this volume).
15. It has been pointed out that a great way to write one of these things is when you are, like Trotsky, on the run: "They have an hysterical, telegraphic quality [or today an Internet truncation] as if the sender did not want to pay for extra syllables" (Jencks, ed., "The Volcano and the Tablet," introduction to *Theories and Manifestoes*, 11). A typical manifesto-on-the-run is Rem Koolhaas's famous 1978 "Delirious New York: A Retroactive Manifesto for Manhattan," the preface for his book about Manhattanism and the modern, late modern, new modern, postmodern form that this particular *-ism* takes (Koolhaas, *Delirious New York*).
16. He refers back to Ulrich Conrads's *Programmes and Manifestoes on Twentieth-Century Architecture* of 1964; quote in *Theories and Manifestoes*, 6.
17. Cage, *Silence*, 108.
18. "Against Past-Loving Venice!" in *Marinetti: Selected Writings*, ed. R. W. Flint (New York: Farrar Straus, 1971); "Manifesto of Surrealism," in André Breton, *Manifestos of Surrealism*, tr. Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1969), 1–48.
19. Then, too, the term "Magic Realism," the Latin American equivalent of Surrealism, allies the movement to the originally French movement, itself based on the Dada movement of Swiss-German-Austrian-Rumanian origin.
20. R. Aldington and others, "Beyond Action and Reaction" (item 10.2, this volume).
21. Larionov was exhibited at *Der Sturm's* Autumn Salon in Berlin from September to December of 1913, where there were represented also the Cubists of Paris: Robert and Sonia Delaunay, Albert Gleizes, Piet Mondrian, and Francis Picabia, as well as Marc Chagall and Aleksander Archipenko, and even the naive painter Henri Rousseau; Kandinsky and the artists of the *Blaue Reiter* in Munich; and the Futurist Giacomo Balla's celebrated *Dynamism of a Dog on a Leash* of 1912. When Larionov and Goncharova went to Paris, their exhibition was attended by the entire avant-garde world: Coco Chanel (the sometimes lover of Pierre Reverdy, the Cubist poet) and Anna Pavlova, Jacques-Emile Blanche and Misia Sert, Guillaume Apollinaire and André Salmon, Ricciotto Canudo and Max Jacob, Robert Delaunay and Jean Cocteau, Blaise Cendrars and Constantin Brancusi, Braque and Picasso.
22. In Venturi's "Leaving Las Vegas," included in *Theories and Manifestoes*, 53.
23. For Marinetti, see Chipp, ed., *Theories of Modern Art*, 291; for Lewis and Gaudier-Brzeska, see Charles Harrison, Paul Wood, and Jason Gaiger, eds., *Art in Theory, 1815–1900* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1997), 160–61 and *BLAST* (1914) and *BLAST 2* (autumn 1915), reprinted in *BLAST: Review of the Great English Vortex* (New York: Kraus Reprints, 1967).
24. The Redon quote can be found in Chipp, ed., *Theories of Modern Art*, 116, and Redon, *A soi-même: Journal, 1867–1915* (Paris: Corti, 1961). Paul Klee's quote can be

found in "On Modern Art," in *Paul Klee: On Modern Art*, trans. Paul Findlay (London: Faber and Faber, 1948), 343.

25. Duchamp, "Kind of Sub-Title" (item 9.20, this volume).

26. Cage, *Silence*, 80.

27. Cage, *Silence*, 108.

28. Mallarmé insisted on the small letter *c* and the large *D* in his title. The central themes of risk and nothingness in Mallarmé's text are more quietly questioned by André Gide at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. Its influence reverberates right through its rediscovery in the Cubist epoch, made clear in a Picasso collage of 1911 ("Un Coup de thé," short for *théâtre*, about the Balkan war)—see the works by Christine Pioggi and others, summed up in Rosalind E. Krauss's *The Picasso Papers* (New York: Farrar Straus Giroux, 1998)—and extends into the post-post-Symbolist twenties, when it is rediscovered.

29. And the many others I might have included, in particular Carolee Schneemann from "Meat Joy"; the manifesto of the Russian Link group in 1908 and the Russian sovs; Guy Debord's "Society of the Spectacle"; Robert Venturi's "Complexity and Contradiction"; the "Redstockings Manifesto"; R. B. Kitaj's "Diasporist Manifesto"; the Guerrilla Girls's proclamations and performances; and so on.

30. Kitaj, *First Diasporist Manifesto* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1989), 10.

## 1.3 OSCAR WILDE

**Preface to *The Picture of Dorian Gray***

1891

The artist is the creator of beautiful things.

To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim.

The critic is he who can translate into another manner or a new material his impression of beautiful things.

The highest as the lowest form of criticism is a mode of autobiography.

Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming.

This is a fault.

Those who find beautiful meanings in beautiful things are the cultivated. For these there is hope.

They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only Beauty.

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.

The nineteenth century dislike of Realism is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass.

The nineteenth century dislike of Romanticism is the rage of Caliban not seeing his own face in a glass.

The moral life of man forms part of the subject-matter of the artist, but the morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect medium.

No artist desires to prove anything. Even things that are true can be proved.

No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style.

No artist is ever morbid. The artist can express everything.

Thought and language are to the artist instruments of an art.

Vice and virtue are to the artist materials for an art.

From the point of view of form, the type of all the arts is the art of the musician. From the point of view of feeling, the actor's craft is the type.

All art is at once surface and symbol.

Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril.

Those who read the symbol do so at their peril.

It is the spectator, and not life, that art really mirrors.

Diversity of opinion about a work of art shows that the work is new, complex, and vital.

When critics disagree the artist is in accord with himself. We can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it intensely.

All art is quite useless.

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#### 1.4 PIERRE-LOUIS [MAURICE DENIS]

##### **Definition of Neo-Traditionism** (*excerpt*)

1890

###### I

We should remember that a picture—before being a war horse, a nude woman, or telling some other story—is essentially a flat surface covered with colours arranged in a particular pattern.

. . .

###### III

Let us go to the Museum, and consider each canvas on its own, detaching it from all the others: each one will give you if not a complete illusion of nature then at least some allegedly real aspect of nature. You will see in each picture what you would expect.

Now, if it is possible, through an effort of the will, to see “nature” in these pictures, it is equally possible not to. There is an inevitable tendency among painters to relate aspects of perceived reality to aspects of paintings that they have already seen.

It is impossible to determine all the factors that may modify our modern vision, but there is no doubt that the whirlwind of intellectual activity through which most young artists pass, causes them to create genuine optical anomalies. After searching for ages to decide whether certain greys are violet or not, we now see them quite clearly as violet.

That irrational admiration for old pictures which makes us seek out their faithful renderings of “nature,” since we feel obliged to admire them, has certainly distorted the eyes of the teachers of art.

Admiring modern pictures, if we study them with the same degree of dedication, generates other disturbances. Have we noticed how that elusive “nature” is always changing, that it is not the same in the 1890 Salon as in

my belief. Transform my country in joyful prayer of anguish. Cotton eye run in my blood.

Art was a prayer in the infancy of time. Wood and stone were truth. In man I see moon, plants, blackness, metal, star, fish. Let the cosmic elements slide by symmetrically. Deform, boil. The hand is very large. The mouth holds the power of the obscure, an invisible substance, goodness, fear, wisdom, creation, fire.

No one has seen as clearly as I have tonight, whiteness being milled.

Poland

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## 2.2 STANISLAW PRZYBYSZEWSKI

### **Primitivists to the Nations of the World and to Poland**

1920

the great rainbow monkey named dionysis expired long ago. we announce that we are throwing out his rotten legacy

I. CIVILIZATION, CULTURE, WITH THEIR ILLNESSES—TO THE TRASH.

we choose simplicity ordinariness, happiness health, triviality, laughter. from laughter the spirit fattens and grows strong stout calves. we complain to each other gratuitously of propriety, importance, pietism. we use the laurel leaves that crown us as a seasoning for food.

II. WE CROSS OUT HISTORY AND POSTERITY.

just as tolstoy's rome, the india hats of critique, bavaria and cracow. poland ought to cast itself out from tradition, from the mummy of prince joseph and the theater. we are storming the city. every mechanism—airplanes, tramways, telephonic devices. only folding and mobile homes. speech shouted and rhymed.

III. social order we understand as the authority of essential idiots and capitalists. this is the most fertile ground in laughter and in revolution.

IV. those guilty of war will be rolled over by the fist. murder is unhygienic. women should be exchanged frequently. the value of a woman depends on her fertility.

V. THE PRIMITIVE.

VI. art is only that which yields health and laughter. THE ESSENCE OF



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ART — IN ITS CIRCUS CHARACTER SPECTACLES FOR GREAT  
MOBS. its features of externality and universality, pornography unmasked.

art is science.  
from the muddled pot-house of squalid infinity we sweep out the hys-  
terical creators called poets, crushed by the insatiable pain of life's joy. aes-  
thetic ecstasy, inspiration, eternity. instead of aesthetics anti-grace. instead  
of ecstasy — intellect. intelligible and purposeful creation.

VII. whirling objects as the material of art. theaters to change into circus  
buildings.

music is two bodies beaten together. everything else is noise. we will  
battle the antifuturistic violin and every voice of nature. streetfights with  
the beethovenists.

it is necessary to tear from the walls the scraps of canvas called pic-  
tures. paint faces dressed in linen. people, houses sidewalks. sculpture does  
not exist.

VIII. poetry. we leave rhyme and rhythm behind wherever they are first  
even being conceived. the destruction of limiting rules of creation a virtue  
of awkwardness. freedom of grammatic form. spelling and punctuation. in  
accordance with the creators. mickiewicz is restricted slowacki is an incom-  
prehensible sputter.

THE WORD has its own weight, sound, color, outline. TAKING ITS  
PLACE IN SPACE. these are the deciding values of the word. the shortest  
word (the sound) and the longest word (the book). the meaning of the word  
is a subordinate thing and not dependent on the ascribed concept proper to  
it to be treated as auditory material for NONONOMATOPOETIC USES.

IX. the chief values of books — format and printing closely alongside  
them — is content. therefore the poet together with the typesetter and the  
binder of his books should well be screaming them everywhere. not declaim-  
ing. for publication use the gramophone and film, newspapers. gram-  
phones spinning, the canvas screen, or the wall as the collective paper for  
books read out loud. newspapers edited only by poets.

X. we praise understanding and therefore throw out logic, that limita-  
tion and cowardice of the mind. nonsense is wonderful by virtue of its un-  
translatable content, which brings our creation into relief with breadth and  
strength.

likewise art manifests our love toward people and toward everything. we  
breathe love.

let's open our eyes. then swine will seem more enchanting to us than a  
nightingale, and the gga of a gander dazzles us more than swansong.

gga. gga, ladies and gentlemen, has fallen into the world arena. brandishing like a knight its double g, and crying, a—this is the mouth of that wonderful and ordinary beast. murder's proper muzzle, or snout.

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### 2.3 GARY SNYDER

#### **Poetry and the Primitive**

*Notes on Poetry as an Ecological Survival Technique*

1967

#### BILATERAL SYMMETRY

"Poetry" as the skilled and inspired use of the voice and language to embody rare and powerful states of mind that are in immediate origin personal to the singer, but at deep levels common to all who listen. "Primitive" as those societies which have remained non-literate and non-political while necessarily exploring and developing in directions that civilized societies have tended to ignore. Having fewer tools, no concern with history, a living oral tradition rather than an accumulated library, no overriding social goals, and considerable freedom of sexual and inner life, such people live vastly in the present. Their daily reality is a fabric of friends and family, the field of feeling and energy that one's own body is, the earth they stand on and the wind that wraps around it; and various areas of consciousness.

At this point some might be tempted to say that the primitive's real life is no different from anybody else's. I think this is not so. To live in the "mythological present" in close relation to nature and in basic but disciplined body/mind states suggests a wider-ranging imagination and a closer subjective knowledge of one's own physical properties than is usually available to men living (as they themselves describe it) impotently and inadequately in "history"—their mind-content programmed, and their caressing of nature complicated by the extensions and abstractions which elaborate tools are. A hand pushing a button may wield great power, but that hand will never learn what a hand can do. Unused capacities go sour.

Poetry must sing or speak from authentic experience. Of all the streams of civilized tradition with roots in the paleolithic, poetry is one of the few that can realistically claim an unchanged function and a relevance which will outlast most of the activities that surround us today. Poets, as few

works reflect none of these influences, nor that of the Italian or German primitives. Today's French art was born spontaneously on French soil. That proves the vitality of the French nation; it is far from decadence. One could easily establish a parallel between contemporary French art and Gothic art, which planted admirable monuments in the soil of France and of all Europe. Gone are the Greek and Italian influences. Here is the rebirth of French art, that is to say, of Gothic art—a rebirth wholly spontaneous and free of pastiche. Today's art is linked with Gothic art through all the genuinely French characteristics of the intervening schools, from Poussin to Ingres, from Delacroix to Manet, from Cézanne to Seurat, and from Renoir to the Douanier Rousseau, that humble but so very expressive and poetic expression of French art.

The vitality of this dynamic and infinite art that springs from the soil of France offers us a marvelous spectacle. But no man is a prophet in his own country, and that is why this art encounters more resistance here than anywhere else.

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### 3.4 GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

#### **Cubism Differs**

1913

Cubism differs from the old schools of painting in that it aims, not at an art of imitation, but at an art of conception, which tends to rise to the height of creation.

In representing conceptualized reality or creative reality, the painter can give the effect of three dimensions. He can to a certain extent cube. But not by simply rendering reality as seen, unless he indulges in *trompe-l'oeil*, in foreshortening, or in perspective, thus distorting the quality of the forms conceived or created.

I can discriminate four trends in cubism. Of these, two are pure, and along parallel lines.

Scientific cubism is one of the pure tendencies. It is the art of painting new structures out of elements borrowed not from the reality of sight, but from the reality of insight. All men have a sense of this interior reality. A man does not have to be cultivated in order to conceive, for example, of a round form.

The geometrical aspect, which made such an impression on those who saw the first canvases of the scientific cubists, came from the fact that the essential reality was rendered with great purity, while visual accidents and anecdotes had been eliminated. The painters who follow this tendency are: Picasso, whose luminous art also belongs to the other pure tendency of cubism, Georges Braque, Albert Gleizes, Marie Laurencin, and Juan Gris.

Physical cubism is the art of painting new structures with elements borrowed, for the most part, from visual reality. This art, however, belongs in the cubist movement because of its constructive discipline. It has a great future as historical painting. Its social role is very clear, but it is not a pure art. It confuses what is properly the subject with images. The painter-physicist who created this trend is Le Fauconnier.

Orphic cubism is the other important trend of the new art school. It is the art of painting new structures out of elements which have not been borrowed from the visual sphere, but have been created entirely by the artist himself, and been endowed by him with fullness of reality. The works of the orphic artist must simultaneously give a pure aesthetic pleasure, a structure which is self-evident, and a sublime meaning, that is, a subject. This is pure art. The light in Picasso's paintings is based on this conception, to which Robert Delaunay's inventions have contributed much, and towards which Fernand Léger, Francis Picabia, and Marcel Duchamp are also addressing themselves.

Instinctive cubism, the art of painting new structures of elements which are not borrowed from visual reality, but are suggested to the artist by instinct and intuition, has long tended towards orphism. The instinctive artist lacks lucidity and an aesthetic doctrine; instinctive cubism includes a large number of artists. Born of French impressionism, this movement has now spread all over Europe.

Cézanne's last paintings and his water-colors belong to cubism, but Courbet is the father of the new painters; and André Derain, whom I propose to discuss some other time, was the eldest of his beloved sons, for we find him at the beginning of the fauvist movement, which was a kind of introduction to cubism, and also at the beginnings of this great subjective movement; but it would be too difficult today to write discerningly of a man who so willfully stands apart from everyone and everything.

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The modern school of painting seems to me the most audacious that has ever appeared. It has posed the question of what is beautiful in itself.

It wants to visualize beauty disengaged from whatever charm man has for man, and until now, no European artist has dared attempt this. The new artists demand an ideal beauty, which will be, not merely the proud expression of the species, but the expression of the universe, to the degree that it has been humanized by light.

The new art clothes its creations with a grandiose and monumental appearance which surpasses anything else conceived by the artists of our time. Ardent in its search for beauty, it is noble and energetic, and the reality it brings us is marvelously clear. I love the art of today because above all else I love the light, for man loves light more than anything; it was he who invented fire.

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#### 4.8 BLAISE CENDRARS

### **The ABCs of Cinema**

1917–1921

Cinema. Whirlwind of movement in space. Everything falls. The sun falls. We fall in its wake. Like a chameleon, the human mind camouflages itself, camouflaging the universe. The world. The globe. The two hemispheres. Leibniz's monads and Schopenhauer's representation. My will. The cardinal hypotheses of science end in a sharp point and the four calculators cumulate. Fusion. Everything opens up, tumbles down, blends in today, caves in, rises up, blossoms. Honor and money. Everything changes. Change. Morality and political economy. New civilization. New humanity. The digits have created an abstract, mathematical organism, useful gadgets intended to serve the senses' most vulgar needs and that are the brain's most beautiful projection. Automatism. Psychism. New commodities. Machines. And it is the machine which recreates and displaces the sense of direction, and which finally discovers the sources of sensibility like the explorers Livingston, Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, and Stanley, who located the sources of the Nile. But it is an anonymous discovery to which no name can be attached. What a lesson! And what do the celebrities and the stars matter to us! A hundred worlds, a thousand movements, a million dramas simultaneously enter the range of the eye with which cinema has endowed man. And, though arbitrary, this eye is more marvelous than the multifaceted eye of a fly. The brain is overwhelmed by it. An uproar of images. Tragic unity is displaced. We learn. We drink. Intoxication. Reality no longer makes any sense. It has no significance. Everything is rhythm, word, life. No longer any need to demonstrate. We are in communion. Focus the lens on the hand, the corner of the mouth, the ear, and drama emerges, expands on a background of luminous mystery. Already there is no need for dialogue, soon characters will be judged useless. At high speed the life of flowers is Shakespearean; all of classicism is present in the slow-motion flexing of a biceps. On screen the slightest effort becomes painful, musical, and insects and microbes look like our most illustrious contemporaries. Eternity in the ephemeral. Gigantism. It is granted an aesthetic value which it has never had before. Utilitarianism. Theatrical drama, its situation, its devices, becomes useless. Attention is focused on the sinister lowering of the eyebrows. On the hand covered with criminal callouses. On a bit of fabric that bleeds continually. On a watch fob that stretches and swells like the veins at the

temples. Millions of hearts stop beating at the same instant in all the capitals of the world and gales of laughter rack the countryside in far-flung villages. What is going to happen? And why is the material world impregnated with humanity? To such a point! What potential! Is it an explosion or a Hindu poem? Chemistries knot into complex plots and unravel toward conclusions. The least pulsation germinates and bears fruit. Crystallizations come to life. Ecstasy. Animals, plants, and minerals are ideas, emotions, digits. A number. As in the Middle Ages, the rhinoceros is Christ; the bear, the devil; jasper, vivacity; chrysoprase, pure humility. 6 and 9. We see our brother the wind, and the ocean is an abyss of men. And this is not some abstract, obscure, and complicated symbolism, it is part of a living organism that we startle, flush out, pursue, and which had never before been seen. Barbaric evidence. Sensitive depths in an Alexandre Dumas drama, a detective novel, or a banal Hollywood film. Over the audience's heads, the luminous cone quivers like a cetacean. Characters, beings and things, subjects and objects, stretch out from the screen in the hearth of the magic lantern. They plunge, turn, chase each other, encounter each other with fatal, astronomical precision. A beam. Rays. The prodigious thread of a screw from which everything is whirled in a spiral. Projection of the fall of the sky. Space. Captured life. Life of the depths. Alphabet. Letter. ABC. Sequence and close-up. *What is ever seen is never seen.* What an interview! "When I began to take an interest in cinematography, film was a commercial and industrial novelty. I've put all my energies into expanding it and raising it to the level of a human language. My only merit consists in having been able to find the first two letters of this new alphabet, which is still far from complete: the *cut-back* and the *close-up*," David Wark Griffith, the world's foremost director declares to me. "Art at the movies? Great Art?" responds Abel Gance, France's foremost director, to a journalist who came to watch him at work in Nice. "Perhaps we could have made it that from the beginning. But first we had to learn the visual alphabet ourselves, before speaking and believing in our power; then we had to teach this elementary language." Carlyle wanted to trace the origin of the modern world back to the legendary founder of the city of Thebes, to Cadmus. As he imported the Phoenician alphabet into Greece, Cadmus invented writing and the book. Before him, writing, mnemonic, ideographic, or phonetic, was always pictorial—from prehistoric man to the Egyptians, from the drawings that grace the walls of stone-age caves to hieroglyphics, the hieratic, traced on stone tablets, or the demotic, painted on ceramics, by way of the pictographs used by Eskimos and Australian aborigines, the Red Skins' colorful tattoos and the embroidery on Canadian

wampum, the ancient Mayans' decorative quipus and the burls of the forest tribes of central Africa, the Tibetan, Chinese, and Korean calligrams—writing, even cuneiform writing, was above all else an aid to memory, a memorial to a sacred initiation: autocratic, individual. Then comes the black marketer Cadmus, the magus, the magician, and immediately writing becomes an active, living thing, the ideal democratic nourishment, and the common language of the spirit. **FIRST WORLD REVOLUTION.** Human activity redoubles, intensifies. Greek civilization spreads. It embraces the Mediterranean. Commercial conquest and the literary life go hand in hand. The Romans engrave their history on copper or pewter plates. There's a library in Alexandria. The Apostles and the Holy Fathers write on parchment. Propaganda. Finally, painting interpenetrates the Christian world and, during the fourteenth century, Jan van Eyck of Bruges invents oil painting. Adam and Eve, naked. **SECOND WORLD REVOLUTION.** In 1438, Korster prints with wood blocks in Harlem. Six years later, Jean Gensfleisch, known as Gutenberg, invents the mobile letter, and thirteen years later Schoeffer casts that letter in metal. With Caxton, printing intensifies. There is a deluge of books. Everything is reprinted and translated, the monastic missals and the writings of the ancients. Sculpture, drama, and architecture are reborn. Universities and libraries proliferate. Christopher Columbus discovers a new world. Religion splits in two. There is much general progress in commerce. Industry constructs boats. Fleets open up faraway markets. The antipodes exist. Nations are formed. People emigrate. New governments are founded on new principles of liberty and equality. Education becomes democratic and culture refined. Newspapers appear. The whole globe is caught in a network of tracks, of cables, of lines—overland lines, maritime lines, air lines. All the world's peoples are in contact. The wireless sings. Work becomes specialized, above and below. **THIRD WORLD REVOLUTION.** And here's Daguerre, a Frenchman, who invents photography. Fifty years later, cinema was born. Renewal! Renewal! Eternal Revolution. The latest advancements of the precise sciences, world war, the concept of relativity, political convulsions, everything foretells that we are on our way toward a new synthesis of the human spirit, toward a new humanity and that a race of new men is going to appear. Their language will be the cinema. Look! The pyrotechnists of Silence are ready. The image is at the primitive sources of emotion. Attempts have been made to capture it behind outmoded artistic formulas. Finally the good fight of white and black is going to begin on all the screens in the world. The floodgates of the new language are open. The letters of the new primer jostle each other, innumerable. Everything becomes possible!



The Gospel of Tomorrow, the Spirit of Future Laws, the Scientific Epic, the Anticipatory Legend, the Vision of the Fourth Dimension of Existence, all the Interferences. Look! The revolution.

*A On location*

The camera which moves, which is no longer immobile, which records all levels simultaneously, which reverberates, which sets itself in motion.

*B In the theaters*

The spectator who is no longer immobile in his chair, who is wrenched out, assaulted, who participates in the action, who recognizes himself on the screen among the convulsions of the crowd, who shouts and cries out, protests and struggles.

*C On earth*

At the same time, in all the cities of the world, the crowd which leaves the theaters, which runs out into the streets like black blood, which extends its thousand tentacles like a powerful animal and with a tiny effort crushes the palaces, the prisons.

*Z Deep in the heart*

Watch the new generations growing up suddenly like flowers. Revolution. Youth of the world. Today.

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#### 4.9 BLAISE CENDRARS

### **Simultaneous Contrast**

1919

Our eyes reach out to the sun.

A color is not color itself. It is only color in contrast with one or several other colors. A blue is only blue in contrast with a red, a green, an orange, a gray, and all the other colors.

Contrast is not black against white, an opposition, a dissimilarity. Contrast is a similarity. We travel so that we can collect, recollect men, things, and animals. To live with them. We come near them, we do not go away from them. Men differ most in what they have most in common. The two

## 4.14 RAOUL HAUSMANN

**Manifesto of PREsentism**

1920

And now here is the

Manifesto of  
*PRESENTISM*  
against the Dupontism of the Teutonic soul

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To live means: to compress all the possibilities, all the givens of every second into a tangible energy — Wisdom.

Eternity is nothing, it is neither older or better than the Middle Ages, it comes from yesterday, it is in the moon or the toothless mouth of the old man, reinforced by a ridiculous bourgeois intelligence just like an air brake!

Let's get rid of all the old prejudices, the prejudice that yesterday something was good or that tomorrow it will be better still. No! Let's seize each second today! Time is an onion: under its first skin there appears, in the light, another and still another. But we want the light!

Man has two essential tendencies: one toward the impossible and the other toward all the innumerable possibilities. He won't succeed in the impossible instantly, in our time, today — whether it is God or the Creative Principle or Living Dynamism that, like a vacuum cleaner compresses the world, life, and events in making them form a possible world. Through a ridiculous naivete, man needs to show his nostalgia for the unrealizable ideal, and this unrealizable impossibility is to transform himself into a monstrous ball animated by a perpetual motion, that would hover in space like the sun! Down with this nostalgia, down with the impossible, the unrealizable! Leave it to heroes and heroines!

. . .

The individual, considered as an atom, has only one duty: to find his law through no matter what form of work imposed on his own hardened ego — against this ego. In this newly present world we should realize the voluntary abandon of all the forces inherent in the atom!!!

Berlin, February 1920

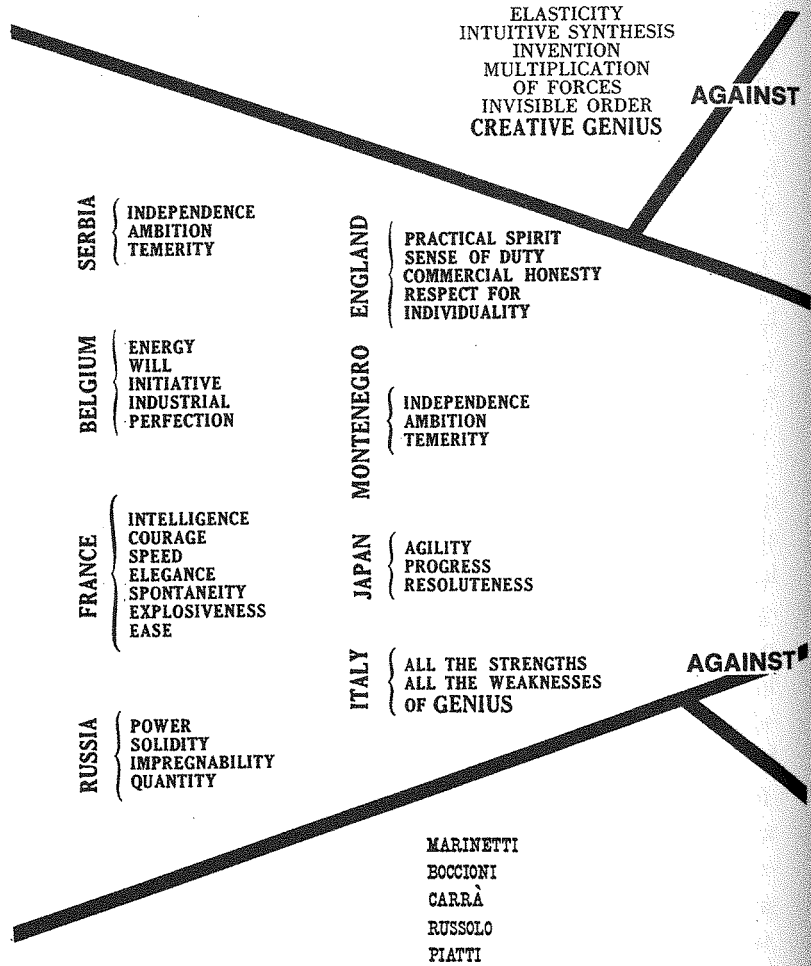
All hail to the Comrades!

Futurist Synthesis of the War

1914

FUTURIST SYNTH

We glorify war, which for us is the only hygiene of the world. (First Futurist Manifesto), whereas for the Germans it serves as a fat feast for crows and hyenas. The old cathedrals do not interest; but we deny medieval, plagiarist, clumsy Germany, un-



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endowed with creative genius, the Futuristic right to destroy works of art. This right belongs solely to the Italian creative Genius, capable of creating a new and greater beauty on the ruins of the old.

S  
AGAINST

RIGIDITY  
ANALYSIS  
METHODICAL IMITATION  
ADDITION  
OF IDIOCIES  
NUMISMATIC ORDER  
GERMAN CULTURE

GERMANY {  
- SHEEPISHNESS  
- AWKWARDNESS  
- PHILOSOPHICAL FUMES  
- HEAVINESS  
- CRUDENESS  
- BRUTALITY  
- ESPIONAGE  
- PROFESSIONAL PEDANTRY  
- ARCHAEOLOGY  
- CONSTIPATION OF  
INDUSTRIAL CAMELOTS  
- BOTCHERS AND GAFFEURS

**FUTURISM** AGAINST **PASSÉISM**

8 PEOPLE-POETS AGAINST THEIR PEDANTIC CRITICS

AGAINST

AUSTRIA {  
- IDIOCY  
- FILTHINESS - FEROCITY  
- POLICE DIMWITTEDNESS  
- CLOTTED BLOOD  
- GALLOWES - ESPIONAGE  
- BIGOTRY  
- PAPALISM  
- INQUISITION  
- REQUISITION  
- BEDBUGS - PRIESTS

TURKEY } = 0

From the Milanese Cell, September 20, 1914  
Directory of the Futurist Movement: Corso Venezia, 61-MILAN

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5.13 VALENTINE DE SAINT-POINT

**Futurist Manifesto of Lust**

1913

*A reply to those dishonest journalists who twist phrases to make the Idea seem ridiculous;  
to those women who only think what I have dared to say;  
to those for whom Lust is still nothing but a sin;  
to all those who in Lust can only see Vice, just as in Pride they see only vanity.*

Lust, when viewed without moral preconceptions and as an essential part of life's dynamism, is a force.

Lust is not, any more than pride, a mortal sin for the race that is strong. Lust, like pride, is a virtue that urges one on, a powerful source of energy.

Lust is the expression of a being projected beyond itself. It is the painful joy of wounded flesh, the joyous pain of a flowering. And whatever secrets unite these beings, it is a union of flesh. It is the sensory and sensual synthesis that leads to the greatest liberation of spirit. It is the communion of a particle of humanity with all the sensuality of the earth. It is the panic shudder of a particle of the earth.

LUST IS THE QUEST OF THE FLESH FOR THE UNKNOWN, just as Cerebration is the spirit's quest for the unknown. Lust is the act of creating, it is Creation.

Flesh creates in the way that the spirit creates. In the eyes of the Universe their creation is equal. One is not superior to the other and creation of the spirit depends on that of the flesh.

We possess body and spirit. To curb one and develop the other shows weakness and is wrong. A strong man must realize his full carnal and spiritual potentiality. The satisfaction of their lust is the conquerors' due. After a battle in which men have died, IT IS NORMAL FOR THE VICTORS, PROVEN IN WAR, TO TURN TO RAPE IN THE CONQUERED LAND, SO THAT LIFE MAY BE RE-CREATED.

When they have fought their battles, soldiers seek sensual pleasures, in which their constantly battling energies can be unwound and renewed. The modern hero, the hero in any field, experiences the same desire and the same pleasure. The artist, that great universal medium, has the same need. And the exaltation of the initiates of those religions still sufficiently new to contain a tempting element of the unknown, is no more than sensuality diverted spiritually towards a sacred female image.

\* \* \*

ART AND WAR ARE THE GREAT MANIFESTATIONS OF SENSUALITY; LUST IS THEIR FLOWER. A people exclusively spiritual or a people exclusively carnal would be condemned to the same decadence—sterility.

LUST EXCITES ENERGY AND RELEASES STRENGTH. Pitilessly it drove primitive man to victory, for the pride of bearing back to a woman the spoils of the defeated. Today it drives the great men of business who direct the banks, the press and international trade to increase their wealth by creating centres, harnessing energies and exalting the crowds, to worship and glorify with it the object of their lust. These men, tired but strong, find time for lust, the principal motive force of their action and of the reactions caused by their actions affecting multitudes and worlds.

Even among the new peoples where sensuality has not yet been released or acknowledged, and who are neither primitive brutes nor the sophisticated representatives of the old civilizations, woman is equally the great galvanizing principle to which all is offered. The secret cult that man has for her is only the unconscious drive of a lust as yet barely woken. Amongst these peoples as amongst the peoples of the north, but for different reasons, lust is almost exclusively concerned with procreation. But lust, under whatever aspects it shows itself, whether they are considered normal or abnormal, is always the supreme spur.

The animal life, the life of energy, the life of the spirit, sometimes demand a respite. And effort for effort's sake calls inevitably for effort for pleasure's sake. These efforts are not mutually harmful but complementary, and realize fully the total being.

For heroes, for those who create with the spirit, for dominators of all fields, lust is the magnificent exaltation of their strength. For every being it is a motive to surpass oneself with the simple aim of self-selection, of being noticed, chosen, picked out.

Christian morality alone, following on from pagan morality, was fatally drawn to consider lust as a weakness. Out of the healthy joy which is the flowering of the flesh in all its power it has made something shameful and to be hidden, a vice to be denied. It has covered it with hypocrisy, and this has made a sin of it.

WE MUST STOP DESPISING DESIRE, this attraction at once delicate and brutal between two bodies, of whatever sex, two bodies that want each other, striving for unity. We must stop despising Desire, disguising it in the pitiful clothes of old and sterile sentimentality.

It is not lust that disunites, dissolves and annihilates. It is rather the mesmerizing complications of sentimentality, artificial jealousies, words that

inebriate and deceive, the rhetoric of parting and eternal fidelities, literary nostalgia—all the histrionics of love.

WE MUST GET RID OF THE ILL-OMENED DEBRIS OF ROMANTICISM, counting daisy petals, moonlight duets, heavy endearments, false hypocritical modesty. When beings are drawn together by a physical attraction, let them—instead of talking only of the fragility of their hearts—dare to express their desires, the inclinations of their bodies, and to anticipate the possibilities of joy and disappointment in their future carnal union.

Physical modesty, which varies according to time and place, has only the ephemeral value of a social virtue.

WE MUST FACE UP TO LUST IN FULL CONSCIOUSNESS. We must make of it what a sophisticated and intelligent being makes of himself and of his life; WE MUST MAKE LUST INTO A WORK OF ART. To allege unwariness or bewilderment in order to explain an act of love is hypocrisy, weakness and stupidity.

We should desire a body consciously, like any other thing.

Love at first sight, passion or failure to think, must not prompt us to be constantly giving ourselves, nor to take beings, as we are usually inclined to do due to our inability to see into the future. We must choose intelligently. Directed by our intuition and will, we should compare the feelings and desires of the two partners and avoid uniting and satisfying any that are unable to complement and exalt each other.

Equally consciously and with the same guiding will, the joys of this coupling should lead to the climax, should develop its full potential, and should permit to flower all the seeds sown by the merging of two bodies. Lust should be made into a work of art, formed like every work of art, both instinctively and consciously.

WE MUST STRIP LUST OF ALL THE SENTIMENTAL VEILS THAT DISFIGURE IT. These veils were thrown over it out of mere cowardice, because smug sentimentality is so satisfying. Sentimentality is comfortable and therefore demeaning.

In one who is young and healthy, when lust clashes with sentimentality, lust is victorious. Sentiment is a creature of fashion, lust is eternal. Lust triumphs, because it is the joyous exaltation that drives one beyond oneself, the delight in possession and domination, the perpetual victory from which the perpetual battle is born anew, the headiest and surest intoxication of conquest. And as this certain conquest is temporary, it must be constantly won anew.

Lust is a force, in that it refines the spirit by bringing to white heat the

excitement of the flesh. The spirit burns bright and clear from a healthy, strong flesh, purified in the embrace. Only the weak and the sick sink into the mire and are diminished. And lust is a force in that it kills the weak and exalts the strong, aiding natural selection.

Lust is a force, finally, in that it never leads to the insipidity of the definite and the secure, doled out by soothing sentimentality. Lust is the eternal battle, never finally won. After the fleeting triumph, even during the ephemeral triumph itself, reawakening dissatisfaction spurs a human being, driven by an orgiastic will, to expand and surpass himself.

Lust is for the body what an ideal is for the spirit—the magnificent Chimera, that one ever clutches at but never captures, and which the young and the avid, intoxicated with the vision, pursue without rest.

LUST IS A FORCE.

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### Acmeism

Together with Anna Akhmatova, Nicolay Gumilev, and others grouped around the magazine *Apollon*, Ossip Mandelstam aimed at an Apollonian sharpness and clarity. Their sense of craft led them to form the Guild of Poets, opposing what they found too vague about the soulful musicality of the often esoteric symbolism that had previously penetrated the art and literary scenes in Russia as in the rest of Europe. The Modernist compactness of imagery that is characteristic of their writing and its phonic density has some connection with neoclassicizing theories and classical themes and can be allied to Marianne Moore's "compactness," that dense texture and non-wastefulness much desired in much modern poetics and poetry.



national coloration is merely incidental. The whole work, called art, knows no borders or nations, only humanity.

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## 7.5 FRANZ MARC

### Aphorisms

1911–1912

#### LET THE WORLD SPEAK FOR ITSELF

Is there any more mysterious idea for an artist than the conception of how nature is mirrored in the eyes of an animal? How does a horse see the world, or an eagle, or a doe, or a dog? . . .

What relation has a doe to our picture of the world? Does it make any logical, or even artistic, sense, to paint the doe as it appears to our perspective vision, or in cubistic form because we feel the world cubistically? It feels it as a doe, and its landscape must also be "doe." . . . I can paint a picture: the roe; Pisanello has painted such. I can, however, also wish to paint a picture: "the roe feels." How infinitely sharper an intellect must the painter have, in order to paint this! The Egyptians have done it. The rose; Manet has painted that. Who has painted the flowering rose? The Indians . . .

There is little abstract art today, and what there is is stammering and imperfect. It is an attempt to let the world speak for itself, instead of reporting the speech of minds excited by their picture of the world. The Greek, the Gothic, and the Renaissance artist set forth the world the way he saw it, felt it, and wished to have it; man wished above all to be nourished by art; he achieved his desire but sacrificed everything else to this one aim: to construct homunculus, to substitute knowledge for strength and skill for spirit. The ape aped his creator. He learned to put art itself to the ends of trade. . . .

Only today can art be metaphysical, and it will continue to be so. Art will free itself from the needs and desires of men. We will no longer paint a forest or a horse as we please or as they seem to us, but *as they really are*.

#### FOLK ART

The people itself (and I do not mean the "masses") has always given art its essential style. The artist merely clarifies and fulfills the will of the people. But when the people does not know what it wants, or, worst of all, wants

nothing, . . . then its artists, driven to seeking their own forms, remain isolated, and become martyrs. . . .

Folk art—that is, the feeling of people for artistic form—can arise again only when the whole jumble of worn-out art concepts of the nineteenth century has been wiped from the memory of generations.

#### ART OF THE FUTURE

[*At the front, near Verdun*], 1915

The day is not far distant on which Europeans—the few Europeans who will still remain—will suddenly become painfully aware of their lack of formal concepts. Then will these unhappy people bewail their wretched state and become seekers after form. They will not seek the new form in the past, in the outward world, or in the stylized appearances of nature, but they will build up their form from within themselves, in the light of their new knowledge that turned the old world fable into a world form, and the old world view into a world insight.

The art of the future will give form to our scientific convictions; this is our religion and our truth, and it is profound and weighty enough to produce the greatest style and the greatest reevaluation of form that the world has ever seen.

Today, instead of using the laws of nature as a means of artistic expression, we pose the religious problems of a new content. The art of our time will surely have profound analogies with the art of primitive periods long past, without, of course, the formalistic similarities now senselessly sought by many archaistic artists. And our time will just as surely be followed in some distant, ripe, late European future by another period of cool maturity, which in its turn will again set up its own formal laws and traditions.

## 7.6 FRANZ MARC

***Der Blaue Reiter***

1912

Today art is moving in a direction of which our fathers would never even have dreamed. We stand before the new pictures as in a dream and we hear the apocalyptic horsemen in the air. There is an artistic tension all over Europe. Everywhere new artists are greeting each other; a look, a handshake is enough for them to understand each other!

We know that the basic ideas of what we feel and create today have existed before us, and we are emphasizing that in *essence* they are not new. But we must proclaim the fact that everywhere in Europe new forces are sprouting like a beautiful unexpected seed, and we must point out all the places where new things are originating.

Out of the awareness of this secret connection of all new artistic production, we developed the idea of the *Blaue Reiter*. It will be the call that summons all artists of the new era and rouses the laymen to hear. The volumes of the *Blaue Reiter* are written and edited exclusively by artists. The first volume herewith announced, which will be followed at irregular intervals by others, includes the latest movements in French, German, and Russian painting. It reveals subtle connections with Gothic and primitive art, with Africa and the vast Orient, with the highly expressive, spontaneous folk and children's art, and especially with the most recent musical movements in Europe and the new ideas for the theater of our time.

FRANCE/SWITZERLAND

9.1

**Dada Excites Everything**

1921

**DADA EXCITES EVERYTHING**

(The signatories of this manifesto live in France, America, Spain, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, etc., but have no nationality.)

DADA knows everything. DADA spits everything out.

**BUT.....**

**HAS DADA EVER SPOKEN TO YOU:**

**YES - NO**

**YES - NO**

**YES - NO**

- about Italy*
- about accordions*
- about women's pants*
- about the fatherland*
- about sardines*
- about Fiume*
- about Art (you exaggerate my friend)*
- about gentleness*
- about D'Annunzio*
- what a horror*
- about heroism*
- about mustaches*
- about lewdness*
- about sleeping with Verlaine*
- about the ideal (it's nice)*
- about Massachusetts*
- about the past*
- about odors*
- about salads*
- about genius. about genius. about genius*
- about the eight-hour day*
- and about Parma violets*

**NEVER**

**NEVER**

**NEVER**

DADA doesn't speak. DADA has no fixed idea. DADA doesn't catch flies.

**THE MINISTRY IS OVERTURNED. BY WHOM?  
BY DADA**

The Futurist is dead. Of What? Of DADA

- A young girl commits suicide. Because of What? DADA
- The spirits are telephoned. Who invented it? DADA
- Someone walks on your feet. It's DADA
- If you have serious ideas about life,
- If you make artistic discoveries
- and if all of a sudden your head begins to crackle with laughter,
- if you find all your ideas useless and ridiculous, know that

**IT IS DADA BEGINNING TO SPEAK TO YOU**

cubism constructs a cathedral of *artistic* liver paste  
*WHAT DOES DADA DO?*  
 expressionism poisons *artistic* sardines  
*WHAT DOES DADA DO?*  
 simultaneism is still at its first *artistic* communion  
*WHAT DOES DADA DO?*  
 futurism wants to mount in an *artistic* lyricism-elevator  
*WHAT DOES DADA DO?*  
 unanimism embraces allism and fishes with an *artistic* line  
*WHAT DOES DADA DO?*  
 neo-classicism discovers the good deeds of *artistic* art  
*WHAT DOES DADA DO?*  
 paroxysm makes a trust of all *artistic* cheeses  
*WHAT DOES DADA DO?*  
 ultraism recommends the mixture of these seven *artistic* things  
*WHAT DOES DADA DO?*  
 creationism vorticism imagism also propose some *artistic* recipes  
*WHAT DOES DADA DO?*

**WHAT DOES DADA DO?**

50 francs reward to the person who finds the best way to explain DADA to us

Dada passes everything through a new net.  
 Dada is the bitterness which opens its laugh on all that which has been made consecrated forgotten in our language in our brain in our habits. It says to you: There is Humanity and the lovely idiocies which have made it happy to this advanced age

**DADA HAS ALWAYS EXISTED**

*THE HOLY VIRGIN WAS ALREADY A DADAIST*

DADA IS NEVER RIGHT

*Citizens, comrades, ladies, gentlemen*  
 Beware of forgeries!

Imitators of DADA want to present DADA in an *artistic* form which it has never had

**CITIZENS,**

You are presented today in a pornographic form, a vulgar and baroque spirit which is not the PURE IDIOCY claimed by DADA

**BUT DOGMATISM AND PRETENTIOUS IMBECILITY**

Paris January 12, 1921

E. Varèse, Tr. Tzara, Ph. Soupault, Soubeyran, J. Rigaut, G. Ribemont-Dessaignes, M. Ray, F. Picabia, B. Péret, C. Pansaers, R. Hülsenbeck, J. Evola, M. Ernst, P. Eluard, Suz. Duchamp, M. Duchamp, Crotti, G. Cantarelli, Marg. Buffet, Gab. Buffet, A. Breton, Baargeld, Arp., W. C. Arensberg, L. Aragon.

For all information write "AU SANS PAREIL" 37, Avenue Kléber. Tel. PASSY 25-22

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9.17 FRANCIS PICABIA

**Is an Imbecile, an Idiot, a Pickpocket!!!**

1921

**FRANCIS PICABIA**

*Is an imbecile, an idiot, a pickpocket!!!*

BUT

*he saved Arp from constipation!*

THE FIRST MECHANICAL WORK WAS CREATED  
BY MADAME TZARA THE DAY SHE PUT LITTLE  
TRISTAN INTO THE WORLD, HOWEVER SHE  
DIDN'T KNOW IT

**FUNNY-GUY**

**FRANCIS PICABIA**

*is an imbecilic spanish professor*

*who has never been dada*

**FRANCIS PICABIA IS NOTHING!**

**FRANCIS PICABIA** *likes the morality of  
idiots*

*Arp's binocle is Tristan's testicle*

**FRANCIS PICABIA IS NOTHING!!!!!!!!!!!!**

BUT: ARP WAS DADA BEFORE DADA

IS a poor	IS a clown	IS a waag	Binet-Valmer too
IS rich	IS NOT a painter	IS an idiot	Ribemont-Dessaignes too
IS a professor	IS an imbecille	IS a Spaniard	Philippe Soupault too
IS NOT serious	IS a literary man	IS a clown	Tristan Izara too
			Marcel Duchamp too
			Theodore Fraenkel too
			Louis Vauxcelles too
			Frantz Jourdain too
			Louis Aragon too
			Picasso too
			Derain too
			Matisse too
			Max Jacob too
			etc. . . . etc. . . . etc. . . .

**EXCEPTING FRANCIS PICABIA**  
*The only complete artist!*

*advises you to go see his  
FRANCIS PICABIA paintings at the Salon  
d'Automne  
and gives you his fingers to kiss FUNNY-GUY*

MEN COVERED WITH CROSSES RECALL CEMETIERES

IF YOU WANT TO HAVE CLEAN IDEAS, CHANGE THEM LIKE SHIRTS

---

9.24 MINA LOY

**Aphorisms on Modernism**

1914–1919

MODERNISM is a prophet crying in the wilderness that Humanity is wasting its time.

CONSCIOUSNESS originated in the nostalgia of the universe for an audience.

LIVING is projecting reflections of ourselves into the consciousness of our fellows.

THE individual is the inhibition of infinity.

IMPACT with beauty is immortality.

GENIUS is the faculty for outstripping exposure.

EMOTION looks at life through a magnifying glass.

IRONY is the death-rattle of emotion.

ONLY the irresponsible can carry the world on their shoulders.

HUMANITY is raw material for the opportunist.

NEWSPAPERS are printed in hypnotic fluid.

MORALITY was invented as an excuse for murdering the neighbors.

CHRISTIANITY evolved because its doctrines keep failure in countenance.

GOOD FORM is the ideal value of the lie.

MORAL ORDER in society is a system for simplifying bureaucracy.

ANARCHISTS in art are art's instantaneous aristocracy.

ANXIETY is a circus-master exercising the noctambulist.

**The Artist and the Public**

1917

The only trouble with *The Public* is education.

*The Artist* is uneducated, is seeing IT for the first time; he can never see the same thing twice.

Education is the putting of spectacles on wholesome eyes. *The Public* does not naturally care about these spectacles, the cause of its quarrels with art. *The Public* likes to be jolly; *The Artist* is jolly and quite irresponsible. Art is *The Divine Joke*, and any *Public*, and any *Artist*, can see a nice, easy simple joke, such as the sun. But only *Artists* and *Serious Critics* can look at a greyish stickiness on smooth canvas.

Education, recognizing something that has been seen before, demands an art that is only acknowledgeable by way of diluted comparisons. It is significant that the demand is half-hearted.

"Let us forget the democratically simple beginnings of an art," is the cry of the educator—so that we may talk of those things that have only middle and no end, and together wallow in grey stickiness.

*The Public* knows better than this, knowing such values as the under-inner curve of women's footgear, one factor of the art of our epoch. It is unconcerned with curved Faun's legs and maline-twirled scarves of artistic imagining or with allegories of life with thorn-skewered eyes. It knew before the Futurists that life is a jolly noise and a rush and sequence of ample reactions.

*The Artist* then says to *The Public*: "Poor pal—what has happened to you? . . . We were born similar—and now look!" But *The Public* will not look; that is, look at *The Artist*. It has unnaturally acquired prejudice.

So, *The Public* and *The Artist* can meet at every point except the—for *The Artist*—vital one, that of pure, uneducated seeing. They like the same drinks, can fight in the same trenches, pretend to the same women—but never see the same thing ONCE.

You might, at least, keep quiet while I am talking.



**Auto-Facial-Construction**

1919

The face is our most potent symbol of personality. The adolescent has facial contours in harmony with the condition of his soul. Day by day the new interests and activities of modern life are prolonging the youth of our souls, and day by day we are becoming more aware of the necessity for our faces to express that youthfulness, for the sake of psychic logic. Different systems of beauty culture have compromised our inherent right not only to *be* ourselves but to *look like* ourselves by producing a facial contour in middle age which does duty as a "well-preserved appearance." This preservation of partially distorted muscles is, at best, merely a pleasing parody of youth. That subtle element of the ludicrous inherent in facial transformation by time is the signpost of discouragement pointing along the path of the evolution of personality. For to what end is our experience of life if deprived of a fitting esthetic revelation in our faces? One distorted muscle causes a fundamental disharmony in self-expression, for no matter how well gowned or groomed men or women may be, how exquisitely the complexion is cared for, or how beautiful the expression of the eyes, if the original form of the face (intrinsic symbol of personality) has been effaced in muscular transformation, they have lost the power to communicate their true personalities to others and all expression of sentiment is veiled in pathos. Years of specialized interest in physiognomy as an artist have brought me to an understanding of the human face which has made it possible for me to find the basic principle of facial integrity, its conservation, and, when necessary, its reconstruction.

I will instruct men or women who are intelligent—and for the briefest period, patient—to become masters of their facial destiny. I understand the skull with its muscular sheath as a sphere whose superficies can be voluntarily energized. And the foundations of beauty as embedded in the three interconnected zones of energy encircling this sphere: the centers of control being at the base of the skull and highest point of the cranium. Control, through the identity of your Conscious Will with these centers and zones, can be perfectly attained through my system, which does not include any form of cutaneous hygiene (the care of the skin being left to the skin specialists) except insofar as the stimulus to circulation it induces is of primary importance in the conservation of all the tissues. Through *Auto-Facial-Construction* the attachments of the muscles to the bones are revitalized, as

also the gums, and the original facial contours are permanently preserved as a structure which can be relied upon without anxiety as to the ravages of time—a structure which Complexion Culture enhances in beauty instead of attempting to disguise.

This means renaissance for the society woman, the actor, the actress, the man of public career, for everybody who desires it. The initiation to this esoteric anatomical science is expensive but economical in result, for it places at the disposal of individuals a permanent principle for the independent conservation of beauty to which, once it is mastered, they have constant and natural resource.

9.28 MAN RAY

**L'Inquiétude**

1921

L'Inquiétude

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(Petite) \$ !Drooooooooooooooooooooo.  
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PI!TY

I'll see you again soon, yes, soon.  
Thought : (sooner than you think) soune or suun !  
Collender 1920

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**Our Vortex**

1914

I.

Our vortex is not afraid of the Past: it has forgotten its existence.

Our vortex regards the Future as as sentimental as the Past.

The Future is distant, like the Past, and therefore sentimental.

The mere element "Past" must be retained to sponge up and absorb our melancholy.

Everything absent, remote, requiring projection in the veiled weakness of the mind, is sentimental.

The Present can be intensely sentimental—especially if you exclude the mere element "Past."

Our vortex does not deal in reactive Action only, nor identify the Present with numbing displays of vitality.

The new vortex plunges to the heart of the Present.

The chemistry of the Present is different to that of the Past. With this different chemistry we produce a New Living Abstraction.

The Rembrandt Vortex swamped the Netherlands with a flood of dreaming.

The Turner Vortex rushed at Europe with a wave of light.

We wish the Past and Future with us, the Past to mop up our melancholy, the Future to absorb our troublesome optimism.

With our Vortex the Present is the only active thing.

Life is the Past and the Future.

The Present is Art.

II.

Our Vortex insists on water-tight compartments.

There is no Present—there is Past and Future, and there is Art.

Any moment not weakly relaxed and slipped back, or, on the other hand, dreaming optimistically, is Art.

"Just Life" or soi-disant "Reality" is a fourth quantity, made up of the Past, the Future and Art.

This impure Present our Vortex despises and ignores.

For our Vortex is uncompromising.

We must have the Past and the Future, Life simple, that is, to discharge ourselves in, and keep us pure for non-life, that is Art.

The Past and Future are the prostitutes Nature has provided.

Art is periodic escapes from this Brothel.

Artists put as much vitality and delight into this saintliness, and escape out, as most men do their escapes into similar places from respectable existence.

The Vorticist is at his maximum point of energy when stillest.

The Vorticist is not the Slave of Commotion, but its Master.

The Vorticist does not suck up to Life.

He lets Life know its place in a Vorticist Universe!

III.

In a Vorticist Universe we don't get excited at what we have invented.

If we did it would look as though it had been a fluke.

It is not a fluke.

We have no Verbotens.

There is one Truth, ourselves, and everything is permitted.

But we are not Templars.

We are proud, handsome and predatory.

We hunt machines, they are our favourite game.

We invent them and then hunt them down.

This is a great Vorticist age, a great still age of artists.

IV.

As to the lean belated Impressionism at present attempting to eke out a little life in these islands:

Our Vortex is fed up with your dispersals, reasonable chicken-men.

Our Vortex is proud of its polished sides.

Our Vortex will not hear of anything but its disastrous polished dance.

Our Vortex desires the immobile rhythm of its swiftiness.

Our Vortex rushes out like an angry dog at your Impressionistic fuss.

Our Vortex is white and abstract with its red-hot swiftiness.

R. ALDINGTON, GAUDIER-BRZESKA, E. POUND,  
W. ROBERTS, E. WADSWORTH, WYNDHAM LEWIS

---

10.4 WYNDHAM LEWIS

**Bless England**

1914-1915

**BLESS ENGLAND!**

**BLESS ENGLAND**

**FOR ITS SHIPS**

which switchback on **Blue, Green and  
Red SEAS** all around the **PINK  
EARTH-BALL,**

**BIG BETS ON EACH.**

**BLESS ALL SEAFARERS.**

**THEY** exchange not one **LAND** for another, but one **ELEMENT**  
for **ANOTHER.** The **MORE** against the **LESS ABSTRACT.**

---

**BLESS** the vast planetary abstraction of the **OCEAN.**

---

**BLESS** THE ARABS OF THE **ATLANTIC.**

**THIS ISLAND MUST BE CONTRASTED WITH THE BLEAK WAVES.**

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Qu: D gbnehefrt Fassss fjeffüte fez gttree D eht b dhT cerde jeiend aider? F  
bau n cerd brtz sdfe bgFer aW fer cfer Hö ver dfutiof erat Qn abder

A: Mmann der hder unfer gad wtz vvofrneder A ge datoind Fore eg abttunf  
Iger abfer da hert m andgztzh n Kangert Hazbedert Mabgebdft, ber  
dir? amder behnmvefr ger dierr ger a bfert hnabfdert mgert Hmfer  
habfder.

Qu: D ve er hgert fadscebvffotnht Gkander henvedrt Gab dert giw der  
Hamvder?

A: H cdfet ha menv k k derr hhhg trfeb dej fedret Am der Heandbvert-  
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vedert jancfg.

Conclusion:

(b Baderg bdfgtbevefrd Danveddfft Hbam vedert a qgdert kanvder-  
bgfdvan A bfert Hancedert ghanvedertf ahv dertb z a d f fgtrt!)

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## 13.2 KURT SCHWITTERS

### **Cow Manifesto**

1922

First, I find it very unnatural to milk different cows into a single pail. You should milk different cows into different pails. Even like that it isn't really ideal, because I think it completely contrary to general human morale for different people to drink milk from the same pail. You could remedy this by milking the same cow into different pails meant for different people. But then it's still very unnatural to milk a cow into a pail, or even (as it happens frequently these days) to bottle the milk. By its nature, milk should be either in the cow or in the veal's or human's stomach, but never in a bottle. On the other hand, given the rhythm of present life, it isn't easy for people living in big cities to run off to the country when they want to drink milk, so that each of them can drink from the udder of his personal cow. On the other hand, because of space, it would be rather difficult to raise enough cows in cities. Consequently, there is only one solution hygienically irreproachable for the modern man, adapted to modern times and worthy of a cow:

Let the cows graze tranquilly and peacefully in their pastures, with flexible rubber tubes attached to their udders and connected at the other end

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to subterranean conduits leading to the big cities, like those used for gas. It is essential that the conduits never communicate and that they be parallel. These conduits can be placed right in the buildings and come out into the room at some practical height. You can put a tasteful faucet there to close off the tube. You can place a nipple on this faucet whenever necessary. That way, whenever an owner of a cow is thirsty, he can milk his nipple. As you see, this is hygienically irreproachable, healthy, worthy of a cow, and harmless for general morals.

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13.3 KURT SCHWITTERS

**i (a manifesto)**

1922

Today every child knows about Merz. But what's i? i is the middle vowel, it designates the coherence and the intensity of Merz in the way it apprehends artistic form. To make a work of art, Merz uses as a basic material those great wholes already formed, so as to shorten the distance between intuition and visualisation of the artistic concept, avoiding waste through friction. i supposes this distance as equal to zero, = 0. Concept, material, and work of art are the same thing. i considers the work of art in nature. Here artistic creation means the recognition of rhythm and expression in one part of nature. Here there is no reason to fear any waste through friction: there is no perturbation during creation. I demand i, not as the only artistic form but as a particular form.

The first i drawings were shown to the public when I had my exhibit at *Sturm* on May 22 of this year. For the art critics I will add that, of course, it takes much more knowledge to cut out a work of art within nature, unformed from an artistic point of view, than to construct a work of art starting with its own artistic rules, and that with an unimportant material. In art the material isn't important, you just have to give it form to make it a work of art. For i however, the material is far from unimportant, to the extent that a world of nature doesn't necessarily become a work of art. That is why i is a particular form. But at least this time it's a matter of coherence. Do you think an art critic can grasp that?

**DECLARATION OF JANUARY 27, 1925**

With regard to a false interpretation of our enterprise, stupidly circulated among the public,

We declare as follows to the entire braying literary, dramatic, philosophical, exegetical and even theological body of contemporary criticism:

- 1) We have nothing to do with literature;  
But we are quite capable, when necessary, of making use of it like anyone else.
- 2) *Surrealism* is not a new means or expression, or an easier one, nor even a metaphysic of poetry.  
It is a means of total liberation of the mind *and of all that resembles it*.
- 3) We are determined to make a Revolution.
- 4) We have joined the word *surrealism* to the word *revolution* solely to show the disinterested, detached, and even entirely desperate character of this revolution.
- 5) We make no claim to change the *mores* of mankind, but we intend to show the fragility of thought, and on what shifting foundations, what caverns we have built our trembling houses.
- 6) We hurl this formal warning to Society: Beware of your deviations and *faux-pas*, we shall not miss a single one.
- 7) At each turn of its thought, Society will find us waiting.
- 8) We are specialists in Revolt.  
There is no means of action which we are not capable, when necessary, of employing.
- 9) We say in particular to the Western world: *surrealism* exists. And what is this new ism that is fastened to us? Surrealism is not a poetic form. It is a cry of the mind turning back on itself, and it is determined to break apart its fetters, even if it must be by material hammers!

LOUIS ARAGON	MICHEL LEIRIS
ANTONIN ARTAUD	GEORGES LIMBOUR
JACQUES BARON	MATHIAS LÜBECK
JOË BOUSQUET	GEORGES MALKINE
J.-A. BOIFFARD	ANDRÉ MASSON
ANDRÉ BRETON	MAX MORISE
JEAN CARRIVE	PIERRE NAVILLE



RENÉ CREVEL	MARCEL NOLL
ROBERT DESNOS	BENJAMIN PÉRET
PAUL ÉLUARD	RAYMOND QUENEAU
MAX ERNST	PHILIPPE SOUPAULT
T. FRAENKEL	DÉDÉ SUNBEAM
FRANCIS GÉRARD	ROLAND TUAL

## 18.2 ANTONIN ARTAUD

**The Theater of Cruelty***First Manifesto*

1932

We cannot go on prostituting the idea of the theater, whose only value lies in its excruciating, magical connection with reality and with danger.

Stated this way, the question of the theater must arouse general attention, since theater, because of its physical aspect and because it requires *expression in space* (the only real expression, in fact), allows the magical means of art and speech to be practiced organically and as a whole, like renewed exorcisms. From all this it follows that we shall not restore to the theater its specific powers of action until we have restored its language.

That is to say: instead of relying on texts that are regarded as definitive and as sacred we must first of all put an end to the subjugation of the theater to the text, and rediscover the notion of a kind of unique language halfway between gesture and thought.

This language can only be defined in terms of the possibilities of dynamic expression in space as opposed to the expressive possibilities of dialogue. And what theater can still wrest from speech is its potential for expansion beyond words, for development in space, for a dissociative and vibratory effect on our sensibilities. This is the function of intonations, the particular way a word is uttered. And beyond the auditory language of sounds, this is the function of the visual language of objects, movements, attitudes, gestures, but provided their meaning, their physiognomy, their combinations, are extended until they become signs and these signs become a kind of alphabet. Once the theater has become aware of this language in space, which is a language of sounds, cries, lights, onomatopoeia, it must organize

MICHEL LEIRIS  
 REGES LIMBOUR  
 THIAS LÜBECK  
 REGES MALKINE  
 ANDRÉ MASSON  
 MAX MORISE  
 PIERRE NAVILLE

---

18.3 ANTONIN ARTAUD

**All Writing Is Pigshit**

1965

All writing is pigshit.

People who leave the obscure and try to define whatever it is that goes on in their heads, are pigs.

The whole literary scene is a pigpen, especially this one.

All those who have vantage points in their spirit, I mean, on some side or other of their heads and in a few strictly localized brain areas; all those who are masters of their language; all those for whom words have a meaning; all those for whom there exist sublimities in the soul and currents of thought; all those who are the spirit of the times, and have named these currents of thought — and I am thinking of their precise works, of that automatic grinding that delivers their spirit to the winds —

are pigs.

Those for whom certain words have a meaning, and certain manners of being; those who are so fussy; those for whom emotions are classifiable, and who quibble over some degree or other of their hilarious classifications; those who still believe in “terms”; those who brandish whatever ideologies belong to the hierarchy of the times; those about whom women talk so well, and also those women who talk so well, who talk of the contemporary currents of thought; those who still believe in some orientation of the spirit; those who follow paths, who drop names, who fill books with screaming headlines

are the worst kind of pigs.

And you are quite aimless, young man!

No, I am thinking of bearded critics.

And I told you so: no works of art, no language, no word, no thought, nothing.

Nothing; unless maybe a fine Brain-Storm.

A sort of incomprehensible and totally erect stance in the midst of everything in the mind.

And don't expect me to tell you what all this is called, and how many parts it can be divided into; don't expect me to tell you its weight; or to get back in step and start discussing all this so that by discussing I may get lost myself and even, without even realizing it, start THINKING. And don't expect this thing to be illuminated and live and deck itself out in a multitude

of words, all neatly polished as to meaning, very diverse, and capable of throwing light on all the attitudes and all the nuances of a very sensitive and penetrating mind.

Ah, these states which have no name, these sublime situations of the soul, ah these intervals of wit, these minuscule failures which are the daily bread of my hours, these people swarming with data . . . they are always the same old words I'm using, and really I don't seem to make much headway in my thoughts, but I am really making more headway than you, you beard-asses, you pertinent pigs, you masters of fake verbiage, confectioners of portraits, pamphleteers, ground-floor lace-curtain herb collectors, entomologists, plague of my tongue.

I told you so, I no longer have the gift of tongue. But this is no reason you should persist and stubbornly insist on opening your mouths.

Look, I will be understood ten years from now by the people who then will do what you are doing now. Then my geysers will be recognized, my glaciers will be seen, the secret of diluting my poisons will have been learnt, the plays of my soul will be deciphered.

Then all my hair, all my mental veins will have been drained in quicklime; then my bestiary will have been noticed, and my mystique become a hat. Then the joints of stones will be seen smoking, arborescent bouquets of mind's eyes will crystallize in glossaries, stone aeroliths will fall, lines will be seen and the geometry of the void understood: people will learn what the configuration of the mind is, and they will understand how I lost my mind.

They will then understand why my mind is not all here; then they will see all languages go dry, all minds parched, all tongues shrivelled up, the human face flattened out, deflated as if sucked up by shriveling leeches. And this lubricating membrane will go on floating in the air, this caustic lubricating membrane, this double membrane of multiple degrees and a million little fissures, this melancholic and vitreous membrane, but so sensitive and also pertinent, so capable of multiplying, splitting apart, turning inside out with its glistening little cracks, its dimensions, its narcotic highs, its penetrating and toxic injections, and

all this then will be found to be all right,  
and I will have no further need to speak.

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18.12 SALVADOR DALÍ

## Photography, Pure Creation of the Mind

1927

*Painting is not photography, the painters say.*

*But photography is not photography either.*

RENÉ CREVEL

Clear objectivity of the little camera. Objective crystal. Glass of real poetry.

The hand ceases to intervene. Subtle physico-chemical harmonies. Plate sensitive to the softest adjustments.

The perfect, exact mechanism demonstrates, by its economical structure, the joy of its poetic functioning.

A nimble ease, an imperceptible tilt, a wise translation in the spatial sense, so that—under the pressure of tepid fingertips and the nickel-plated spring—the spiritual bird of the thirty-six greys and forty new means of inspiration can emerge from the pure, crystalline objectivity of the glass.

When hands cease to intervene, the mind starts to know the absence of murky digital flowerings; inspiration is extricated from the technical process, which is entrusted solely to the unconscious calculations of the machine.

The new method of spiritual creation which is photography, puts all the stages of the production of the poetic act in their right place.

Let's trust in the new imaginative means, born from simple objective transpositions. Only the things we are capable of dreaming lack originality. The miracle is produced with the same precision needed for banking and commercial operations. Spiritualism is another thing altogether . . .

Let's be satisfied with the immediate miracle of opening our eyes and being skilful in the apprenticeship of looking properly. Shutting your eyes is an anti-poetic way of perceiving resonances. Henri Rousseau knew how to look better than the Impressionists. Remember that they looked only with their eyes almost shut, and merely grasped the music of objectivity, which was the only kind that could filter through their half-closed eyelids.

Vermeer of Delft was another thing altogether. His eyes are, in the history of looking, the case of maximum probity. With all the temptations, however, of light. Van der Meer, a new St. Antony, conserves the object intact with a totally photographic inspiration, the product of his humble and passionate sense of touch.

Knowing how to look is a completely new system of spiritual surveying. Knowing how to look is a way of inventing. And no invention has been as pure as that created by the anaesthetic stare of the extremely clear eye, free from eyelashes and the Zeiss: distilled and attentive, immune to the rosy flowering of conjunctivitis.

The camera has immediate practical possibilities, for new themes where painting necessarily remains only in the experience and understanding. Photography glides with continual imagination over new events, which in the pictorial realm have only possibilities for being signs.

The photographic crystal can caress the cold delicacy of white lavatories; follow the sleepy slowness of aquaria, analyse the most subtle articulations of electrical equipment with the unreal precision of its own magic. In painting, on the other hand, if you want to paint a medusa, it is absolutely necessary to depict a guitar or a harlequin playing the clarinet.

The new organic possibilities of photography!

Let us recall that photo by Man Ray—the portrait of the late Juan Gris put in rhythm with a banjo—and think about this new organic method, a pure result of the limpid mechanical process, undiscoverable through paths which are not those of the clearest photographic creation.

Photographic imagination! More agile and faster in discoveries than the murky subconscious processes!

A simple change of scale causes unusual similarities, and existing—although undreamt of—analogies.

A clear portrait of an orchid poetically merges with the photographed inside of a tiger's mouth, where the sun plays in a thousand shadows with the physiological architecture of the larynx.

Photography, grasping the most subtle and uncontrollable poetry!

In the big, limpid eye of a cow we can see deformed, in the spherical sense, a miniature, very white post-machinist landscape, precise enough to define a sky where diminutive, luminous little clouds sail by.

New objects, photographed amidst the agile typography of advertisements!

All recently manufactured machines, as fresh as roses, offer their unknown metallic temperatures to the ethereal spring air of photography.

Photography, pure creation of the mind!

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23.1 ISIDORE ISOU

**Manifesto of Lettrist Poetry**

1942

COMMONPLACES ABOUT WORDS

- Pathetic I. The explosions burst beyond us.  
 Every delirium is expansive. \*
- Every impulse *escapes* stereotype.
- Always I. An intimate experience keeps a singular specificity.
- Pathetic II. Discharges are transmitted by notions.  
 What a difference between our fluctuations and the brutality  
 of the word.  
*There are always transitions between feeling and saying.<sup>1</sup>*
- Always II. The first stereotype is the word.
- Pathetic III. What a difference between the organism and the sources.  
 Notions — what an inherited dictionary of them!  
 Tarzan learns in his father's book to call tigers cats.  
 To name the Unknown with the Always.
- Always III. *The translated word is not expressed.*
- Pathetic IV. The rigidities of forms get in the way of transmissibility.  
 Words are so heavy that effusions cannot carry them.  
 Temperaments die before reaching their point (blank shots).  
 No word can contain the impulses that we want to send  
 with it.

\* \* \*

THE ORDER OF LETTERS

It isn't a matter of destroying words for others.  
 Or of making up notions to specify their nuances.  
 Or of mixing terms together to make them hold more  
 meaning.

But rather of ALWAYS TAKING ALL THE LETTERS TOGETHER;  
 UNFOLDING BEFORE THE DAZZLED SPECTATORS THE  
 MARVELS BROUGHT ABOUT BY LETTERS (DEBRIS OF  
 DESTRUCTIONS);

<sup>1</sup> A report can register the beatings about the bush of Feeling, taking from Saying its equivalent.  
 A parakeet always pulls out the same tickets.

ROMANIA / FRANCE

CREATING AN ARCHITECTURE OF LETTRIC  
RHYTHMS;  
ACCUMULATING IN A PRECISE FRAMEWORK THE  
FLUCTUATING LETTERS;  
ELABORATING SPLENDIDLY THE HABITUAL  
MURMUR;  
COAGULATING THE CRUMBS OF LETTERS FOR A  
REAL MEAL;<sup>2</sup>  
RESUSCITATE THE CONFUSED IN A DENSER ORDER;  
RENDERING UNDERSTANDABLE AND PALPABLE  
EVERYTHING INCOMPREHENSIBLE AND VAGUE;  
CONCRETISING SILENCE; WRITING NOTHINGS.

2 The miracle of Jesus and of Sisyphus.

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## 23.2 ISIDORE ISOU

### **DADALETTRIE Meca-Esthetically Destructive 1 and 2**

1970

#### DADALETTRIE MECA-ESTHETICALLY DESTRUCTIVE 1

Recording all the utilitary "preparations": washing the face, brushing the teeth (spitting, gargling...), peeing, shitting, hairbrushing, nailcutting, etc.

Each operation is reproduced (actually or on tape) according to its own rhythm, one on top of the other, with the following durations and concentrations:

- 1) very slow;
- 2) maximal concentration;
- 3) very slow
- 4) progressive concentration;
- 5) maximum concentration ad libitum.

#### DADALETTRIE MECA-ESTHETICALLY DESTRUCTIVE 2

Amplified recording of a tooth event.

You can interrupt the detailed recording by short violent sound bites of diverse effective mastications from soup (slurping between the teeth) and mashed potatoes to the whole nut and the stone.

**Feminist Manifesto**

1914

The feminist movement as at present instituted is  
Inadequate

Women if you want to realise yourselves—you are on the eve of a devastating psychological upheaval—all your pet illusions must be unmasked—the lies of centuries have got to go—are you prepared for the Wrench—? There is no half-measure—NO scratching on the surface of the rubbish heap of tradition, will bring about Reform, the only method is Absolute Demolition

Cease to place your confidence in economic legislation, vice-crusades & uniform education—you are glossing over Reality.

Professional & commercial careers are opening up for you—Is that all you want?

And if you honestly desire to find your level without prejudice—be Brave & deny at the outset—that pathetic clap-trap war cry Woman is the equal of man—

for  
She is NOT!

The man who lives a life in which his activities conform to a social code which is a protectorate of the feminine element——— is no longer masculine

The women who adapt themselves to a theoretical valuation of their sex as a relative impersonality, are not yet Feminine

Leave off looking to men to find out what you are not—seek within yourselves to find out what you are

As conditions are at present constituted—you have the choice between Parasitism, & Prostitution—or Negation

Men & women are enemies, with the enmity of the exploited for the parasite, the parasite for the exploited—at present they are at the mercy of the



advantage that each can take of the other's sexual dependence—. The only point at which the interests of the sexes merge—is the sexual embrace.

The first illusion it is to your interest to demolish is the division of women into two classes—the mistress, & the mother every well-balanced & developed woman knows that is not true. Nature has endowed the complete woman with a faculty for expressing herself through all her functions—there are no restrictions the woman who is so incompletely evolved as to be un-self-conscious in sex, will prove a restrictive influence on the temperamental expansion of the next generation: the woman who is a poor mistress will be an incompetent mother—an inferior mentality—& will enjoy an inadequate apprehension of Life.

To obtain results you must make sacrifices & the first & greatest sacrifice you have to make is of your "virtue" The fictitious value of woman as identified with her physical purity—is too easy a stand-by—rendering her lethargic in the acquisition of intrinsic merits of character by which she could obtain a concrete value—therefore, the first self-enforced law for the female sex, as a protection against the man made bogey of virtue—which is the principal instrument of her subjection, would be the unconditional surgical destruction of virginity through-out the female population at puberty—.

The value of man is assessed entirely according to his use or interest to the community, the value of woman, depends entirely on chance, her success or insuccess in manoeuvring a man into taking the life-long responsibility of her—The advantages of marriage are too ridiculously ample—compared to all other trades—for under modern conditions a woman can accept preposterously luxurious support from a man (with-out return of any sort—even offspring)—as a thank offering for her virginity

The woman who has not succeeded in striking that advantageous bargain—is prohibited from any but surreptitious re-action to Life-stimuli—& entirely debarred maternity.

Every woman has a right to maternity—

Every woman of superior intelligence should realize her race-responsibility, in producing children in adequate proportion to the unfit or degenerate members of her sex—

Each child of a superior woman should be the result of a definite period of psychic development in her life—& not necessarily of a possibly irksome &

— . The only embrace.

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outworn continuance of an alliance — spontaneously adapted for vital creation in the beginning but not necessarily harmoniously balanced as the parties to it — follow their individual lines of personal evolution —

For the harmony of the race, each individual should be the expression of an easy & ample interpenetration of the male & female temperaments — free of stress

Woman must become more responsible for the child than man —

Women must destroy in themselves, the desire to be loved — The feeling that it is a personal insult when a man transfers his attentions from her to another woman

The desire for comfortable protection instead of an intelligent curiosity & courage in meeting & resisting the pressure of life sex or so called love must be reduced to its initial element, honour, grief, sentimentality, pride & consequently jealousy must be detached from it.

Woman for her happiness must retain her deceptive fragility of appearance, combined with indomitable will, irreducible courage, & abundant health the outcome of sound nerves — Another great illusion that woman must use all her introspective clear-sightedness & unbiased bravery to destroy — for the sake of her self respect is the impurity of sex the realisation in defiance of superstition that there is nothing impure in sex — except in the mental attitude to it — will constitute an incalculable & wider social regeneration than it is possible for our generation to imagine.

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30.4 JOHN CAGE

**Bang Fist**

1937

10"

There is no

20"

such thing as silence. Something is al-  
ways happening that makes a sound.

No one can have an idea

30"

once he starts really listening.

It is very simple but extra-urgent

The Lord knows whether or not

40"

the next

50"

(Bang fist)

---

30.5 CHRISTOPHER ALEXANDER

**The Timeless Way of Building** (*excerpt*)

1979

THE TIMELESS WAY

A building or a town will only be alive to the extent that it is governed by the timeless way.

- 1 It is a process which brings order out of nothing but ourselves; it cannot be attained, but it will happen of its own accord, if we will only let it.

*The Quality*

To seek the timeless way we must first know the quality without a name.

- 2 There is a central quality which is the root criterion of life and spirit in man, a town, a building, or a wilderness. This quality is objective and precise, but it cannot be named.

Architecture

**The Postcard Vision**

1971

n.b. I refer throughout to actual and currently available photographically based postcards.

Categories and characteristics to be examined with a view to isolating the elements to be incorporated in the definitive postcard.

GENERAL CATEGORIES OF CARD

1. I had not known death had undone so many.
2. News from another planet.
3. The civic dream.
4. Et in arcadia ego.
5. O châteaux, o saisons.
6. This is the here where I wish you were though it is not the here which is here.
7. A place, a million places.
8. Location chosen by purely aleatoric means; photograph taken in a chance direction at a randomly selected moment in time.
9. Pastoral/historical; carless technicolour tudor with erased telegraph wires.
10. National cliché compendium; kilted bagpiper in the heather seen through thistles with inset of haggis.

CATEGORIES OF EVENT IN POSTCARDS

1. Occlusions (various); "an object leads us to suppose there are other objects behind it" — Bunuel.
2. Bisections. e.g. lamp-post bisections of a. red car, b. flowerbed (in Bournemouth); meanwhile (in Chipping Norton), c. a bench.
3. Time of day (the fixing of the event or absence of event or stage of an event by the presence of a clock, including possible erroneous information of stopped clocks, or cryptic information of clocks without hands).
4. Performances of extant theatre/music compositions, e.g. Water Yam pieces (George Brecht) and Prose Pieces (Christian Wolff), or Scratch Music (inventor — Cornelius Cardew).

5. Performances of unknown pieces thus creating source performances of *Postcard Compositions op. XI* (Tom Phillips) viz.  
 BUY A POSTCARD. ASSUME THAT IT DEPICTS THE PERFORMANCE OF A PIECE. DEDUCE THE RULES OF THE PIECE. PERFORM IT.  
 or opus XI no. 2  
 BUY TWO POSTCARDS. ASSUME THAT THEY DEPICT PERFORMANCES OF THE SAME PIECE. DEDUCE THE RULES OF THE PIECE. PERFORM IT.
6. Secret and minor rites and customs.
7. Sculpture.
8. Psychic phenomena (out of the body experiences).
9. The prelude to, or aftermath of, catastrophe.

#### CHARACTERISTICS OF THE POSTCARD: AXIOMS

1. *Postcard reality* has a higher incidence of red cars and a higher incidence of people dressed in bright red or bright blue than "real life."
2. *People on postcards* are
  - a. possibly dead when the card is purchased.
  - b. randomly selected and indulge in unconsidered practises and are not noticed by the *Blind Photographer*.
3. Fixtures and fittings tend to predominate over the avowed subject matter. A litter bin may be the real subject of a card said to be depicting St. Paul's, occupying a larger surface area than that cathedral.
4. The postcard image need not include the subject matter alluded to in the caption.
5. The postcard does not constitute proof that anything happened or that anyone was there or that anything was any colour or that there were or were not clouds in the sky. A card can be bought in both Bulawayo and Leicester Square depicting an elephant superimposed (in Huntingdonshire) upon a view of Wimbledon Common.
6. Life aspires to the condition of the postcard more than the postcard aspires to the imitation of life.
7. The postcard creates the future of the site shown in it. After two or three postcards had appeared, Carnaby Street started to become a *postcard reproduction of itself*.
8. The postcard you bought in Madeira is printed in the Isle of Wight and the postcards of the Isle of Wight are printed in Czechoslovakia, obeying some unwritten international code of fair play. Occasionally there is foul play as in the example of the postcard of Bournemouth, hideously misrepresented by bad registration, printed as propaganda in Scarborough.

9. The great number of daring and taste-defying images that can be found on the postcard racks of stationers and tobacconists, postcards which echo and prefigure the most advanced trends in art, leads one to suspect the existence of a complot in which anonymous artists create cards which are filtered through the normal trade outlets as a way of broadcasting the ideas of new art to the masses who visit no galleries. Occasionally there are clues which support this Borgesian hypothesis; is there for instance a connection between the frequent presence of Dieter Rot at Watford and the impenetrably banal images on postcards of that place?
10. The miracle (levitation, rendering the body transparent, walking upon the waters) is the commonplace of the postcard.
11. There is no caption, be it monosyllabic or verbose, that the imagination could invent, that could not be matched for improbability by the caption of an actual postcard.
12. There is no location so far fetched that its parallel could not be found in a picture postcard.
13. Although the postcard is of its own world (as if it described a distant but related planet) there is no sublunary organisation of forms (in space or on a surface), however extreme in barren featurelessness or enmeshed complexity, unmirrored in the picture postcard.
14. The postcard is to the world as the dream is to the individual (David Rudkin adapted).
15. Everything in the world exists to end up as a postcard (Mallarmé adapted).
16. In the other world that the postcard describes justice prevails: humdrum people are the stars, their going about is the ballet, their groupings the drama, their silence (the harrowed silence of the bench or the raucous silence of the beach) the song, and the vision, in the midst of which they move, the art.