



**I'm glad to present for the Rockbund Art Museum a collaborative project with a female performer/rapper. The performer/rapper has to play the Manifesto of Futurism, written by Filippo Tommaso Marinetti and published on 1909, proclaimed the burning desire of the author and his fellow Futurists to abandon the past and embrace the future; a poetic monologue combined with my interest in the art movement and modern life.**

**The aim of the performance is to bring the Manifesto of Futurism text together with present day situations and to promulgate diversity, not uniformity, of female images and roles in modern Chinese society.**

**A. The concept of your work: what does your work want to express?**

**Please specify:**

**How this work is relevant to the latest trends in its field;**

**Over the last decades, contemporary art has been seen a remarkable shift toward the performative. This work stands on the shoulders of a constellation of influences, from Allan Kaprow, Fluxus and the Judson Dance Theatre to Andrea Fraser and Felix Gonzalez-Torres. This change in accentuation from art-object to process is expressed in the current revival of performance art, time-based projects and site-specific installation. Gonzalez-Torres's 'Go Go Dancer', is particularly interesting for me, because it treads a fine line between social commentary and personal disclosure, equivocating between the two fields and obscuring the culturally determined distinctions that separate them.**

**My practice however wants to elude art historical classification, the jocular quality of this performance recalls the tradition of conceptual provocation found in the work of Piero Manzoni and Peter Fischli and David Weiss, who repeatedly subverted the seriousness of the artistic proportions through use of irony and sarcasm.**

**The present times is characterized by an omnipresence of information through media. The collage of objects, places, thoughts and processes- whether they are relationships, metropolitan life, subcultural aesthetics, art, political or philosophical questions- is perceivable as a one-dimensional surface.**

**The apparently casual association between Manifesto of Futurism and Rap/hip hop music, is as if Internet search engine/browser had generated a number of “hits” leading to a technical breakdown leaving the user confronted with disparate words, memories, comparisons and reproduced knowledge.**

**Both the elements, the Chinese hip hop and the futurism text share the same revolutionary and self expression intention; the desire to both break the rules and call for a new aesthetic language.**

**Chinese hip hop is a relatively new phenomenon as a movement (initially in Beijing) emerged around 1990 via British, Filipino and Congolese DJ's.**

**The new work 'recasts' the Manifesto of Futurism as a song performance, a new Manifesto composed of spoken and chanted rhyming lyrics, forcefully underlining the original Manifesto meaning.**

**How it is adapted in the unique space of RAM or how it is relevant to the themes/works/context of the exhibition on view and contributive to their content or presentation;**

**I strongly believe that there are many points of convergence between Tell Me a Story: Locality and Narrative and my proposal, they converge. Above all the double narrative line between the past and the present. Reminiscent of the fires of war in Apichatpong's video installation Fireworks, Tomoko Yoneda's photographs disclose the history of uninhabited island of Sakhalin, seized by Soviet forces following World War II. “The families were relocated, the factories remained, weathering the elements in isolation between the island's present and previous roles”. Filippo Tommaso Marinetti was a politician as well as a poet. Beginning in 1909 he used the manifesto, typically a political gesture, as a means to disseminate Futurism, and in 1918 he established the Futurist Political Party. From the 1920s to the 1940s he allied himself with the Fascist leader Benito Mussolini. Sharing a vision of a new Italy empowered by national and cultural supremacy, they relied on each other for inspiration and collaboration.**

**How it is related to the challenges in contemporary society in Shanghai or China or around the world (optional).**

**The work engages with the lineage of Chinese modern women alongside those creatures of fashion and glamour, independent new women, and**

**fallen women themes. The above consider issues of female performance and the meanings of modernity in Asia.**

**The positionality- the occupation of a particular position in relation to others- of the new Chinese women points to the interrelationships between gender. It explores the transgressed domestic figure of patriarchal ideology, and represents the working woman, and even more problematically, the public woman, the woman on parade.**

#### **B. Description of the work: the process of research, production and presentation**

**-The first part of the project will be a casting to select the right singer via music school, singers, internet phenomenon, and street flyers.**

**-Performance in the museum space. Together we will choose the right place for the performance according with the other installations.**

**-The performer's voice will be recorded and played in a location to be determined. It will remain the only trace of the performance, in case it should be discussed for a second time with the museum curatorial team.**

#### **C. The budget for production and presentation.**

**Flights 600 euro**

**Visa 150 euro**

**Accommodation (14 days) 700 euro**

**Performer grant, according with number of the performances. (500 euro?)**

**Allowance (14 days) 700 euro**

**Recording equipment 100 euro**

**Total: 2750 euro/ 20140 RMB**

#### **D. Other materials, conditions or support required.**

**Chinese interpreter**

#### **2. Previous works/projects**



**Upload relevant and most representative files of your previous works (picture or demo) with briefly introduction and relevant media coverage if any.**



**Object oriented objects, Be Clear! 2012, installation view, variable sizes, found objects, painted iron, photographs, spray on paper.**

**To create my works I start from the history, in particular from the political and social facts that characterized the recent past. Episodes, hidden or hushed up, that in the works gain a new life thanks to the synthetic and metaphorical forms of my installations and actions.**



**Kiss kiss Song, 2014, 1'15", video still, SeMA Nanji Residency, Seoul.**

**In 'Kiss Song' I extracted a North Korean video from its original context. I selected the point of view and video formation in such a way that the life-size face of the little girl performer looks directly at the viewer. This newly generated video examines very precisely the aspect of the calculated performance in depiction – to which the repetitive presence of the image refers – and, moreover, enables an unknown proximity to the subject.**





**Africanella, 2016, Werkstatt Galerie, Berlin, neon light tubes, power transformer, 50 x 45 x 9 cm, edition of 5.**

**The neon work implies an existing Italian brand logo, it explores issues of race and migration in Italy, its surrounding, and beyond.**



**Shelter, 2015, CsO, Operativa Arte Contemporanea, Rome, Italy, painted aluminum, 250 x 120 x 50 cm.**

**The work is a barrier who cut the space, blocking the movement of the viewers.**



**Objects oriented objects, 2014, Acrossing distances, SeMA Nanji, Seoul, found Objects, painted iron, variable sizes.**

**Examining Seoul's immediate social environments its hinterlands and side streets, the supermarket displayers, or the environment - is an important part of my discussion of culture' product.**



# CRISTIANO TASSINARI

Like many painters of his generation, Cristiano Tassinari takes for granted the interrelationship of painting and photography. Rather than sidestepping our saturated media culture, he integrates it into his work. This is evidenced in his two main mediums which are seemingly disparate with each other: minimalist sculpture and deeply human painting.

Tassinari's installations, on the other hand, are the result of observed social habits, ones that embed and appropriate an inexhaustible diversity of contemporary media image conventions. He finds his motives in the public spaces of social interaction, and it is here he injects his material alongside material he has "discovered." Following his intuition, he seeks and finds symmetries in the collective behavior patterns of everyday life, which otherwise seem to go unnoticed.

The portrait, while occasionally the product of a live sittings, is more often derived from photographs, whose sources may be magazine pictures of well-known actors, musicians, and historical photographs of writers or artists, or photographs he has taken herself of close friends. Tassinari often produces many works of the same subject, which produces a serial effect that in both cases exemplifies the interweaving of public and private, that is, the private lives of his subject and the public record of photographs and subsequently, his portraits.

Tassinari also maintains an innocent curiosity about the creation of objects, which undermines the classical notions of sculpture and painting, and re-inventing these well-known genres with new energy. The work reveals ambiguous relations between materials and their composed form as works of art. It points to the documentation of a self-generation, bringing to attention simple daily wares like a reflecting surface or a painted aluminum structure. These apparently different paths end at the same point. It is the intention of transferring private emotions to a public area, and of spreading the awareness of the universal value of some topics, like death or human frailty. Tassinari's preoccupation with the relationship between mainstream media images and private works of carefully crafted art is another reflection of the tension between private emotion and public life.



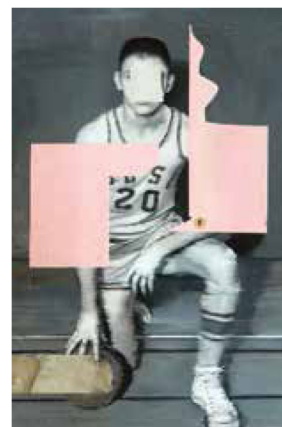
OBJECT ORIENTED OBJECTS



ERASED JAPANESE



SHELTER



AMERICAN PLAYER



HIPSTER PANIC

## Eventi

### CsO, la collettiva

Monica Matera 01/03/2015

Esiste ancora la pittura? A Operativa arte contemporanea sembra proprio di sì, lo dimostrano 4 artisti



Osservando l'attuale panorama artistico si può ancora affermare l'esistenza della pittura? «Sì». Questa è la risposta di **Daniela Cotimbo** che con *CsO* cura una mostra nata proprio dall'osservazione della produzione delle giovani menti creative. Quattro gli artisti esposti alla galleria **Operativa Arte Contemporanea** di Roma per dimostrare che di pittura si può parlare perché, esperita nelle sue varie possibilità, diviene spunto per arrivare a traduzioni contemporanee che hanno nella specificità del medium la loro base di partenza. Esemplificativo il lavoro di **Tiziano Martini** caratterizzato dall'indagine del supporto bidimensionale. Spiega la curatrice: «In *Untitled* l'artista realizza il monocromo imprimendo della plastica sopra la pittura fresca e quindi assimilando degli effetti che però non sono gli effetti volontari che il pittore

normalmente ricerca. Martini utilizza gli elementi tradizionali della pittura, ma non c'è una reale volontà pittorica, c'è l'intenzione di voler capire il mezzo pittorico trasportandolo su un altro medium» e prosegue a introdurre l'opera di **Vincenzo Simone** che per la mostra abbandona i suoi paesaggi su tela, per rifarsi alla pittura attingendo alla tradizione. «Nei panneggi della *Deposizione* rivediamo opere del Bronzino, Michelangelo o in particolare le deposizioni di Pontormo, come suggerisce lo stesso titolo del lavoro di Simone, un telo di vinavil di ben 6 kg appeso alla parete che nella sua pesantezza, nonostante l'aspetto quasi effimero, rivela la sua matericità».

Infine i due artisti italiani residenti all'estero, ritornano a casa con un linguaggio contaminato dalle esperienze attuali. In rapporto dialogico le due opere di **Marco Pezzotta** che di solito lavora con i linguaggi precostituiti, con la narrazione parte del linguaggio dei giovani. «Sia *Safari* che *Content Aware* parlano della favola del *Re leone*, legata all'immaginario postcoloniale – afferma Cotimbo – Pezzotta nel scomporre gli elementi di questa narrazione come il colore e il disegno scopre che i colori dei tramonti del Re leone sono gli stessi della bandiera della Germania, una scoperta casuale diventata poi una scelta attraverso il gesto pittorico: cancellare il confine tra le due bande della bandiera per lasciare posto al tramonto e creare un'immagine fortemente pittorica». Campeggia nella seconda sala la scultura totemica in pannelli utilizzati per i solai, di **Cristiano Tassinari**. «In *Shelter* le forme sono assemblate per mettere in primo piano la parte strutturale, evidenziando le imperfezioni come il mastice e tutto quello che fa realmente parte dell'opera, proprio per annullare l'aspetto industriale e seriale. Un'installazione che prende forma anche a seconda delle suggestioni cromatiche delle bombolette spray con cui Tassinari crea un effetto morbido e nebuloso, ma la struttura è anche una barriera, da una parte sembra essere accogliente, dall'altra si rivela più ostica. E' un lavoro legato all'immigrazione che porta le tracce del vissuto». L'appuntamento con questa mostra scadrà il 15 aprile, ma la Cotimbo ci svela di voler portare avanti questo progetto, osservando altri artisti e individuando molte altre declinazioni. Quindi, si tratta solo di aspettare il prossimo episodio.

Fino al 15 aprile, Operativa arte contemporanea, via del Consolato 10, Roma;  
info: [www.operativa-arte.com](http://www.operativa-arte.com)







## Cristiano Tassinari □ Plastitype, Van Der Gallery, Torino

febbraio 20, 2013

ATP diary

Breve intervista a **Cristiano Tassinari** in occasione della sua mostra **Plastitype**, alla **Galleria Van Der** di Torino, a cura di **Roberta Pagani**. Dal 21/02 al 15/03

**ATP: Mi racconti brevemente la mostra?**

Cristiano Tassinari: La mostra che presento alla galleria Van Der, curata da Roberta Pagani, è lo sviluppo di alcuni progetti sui quali sto lavorando da due anni. Saranno allestite opere eterogenee sia nella scelta dei materiali che nel loro utilizzo. Dalla pittura "accademica" a strutture metalliche con richiami strutturalisti. Editeremo anche un libro fotografico, in tiratura limitata, che chiarirà in parte le scelte espositive e sarà il vademecum per leggere le tematiche che strisciano sotto la superficie dei lavori.

**ATP: Utilizzi un ampio spettro di materiali. Perché questa scelta?**

CT: La scelta dei materiali nasce dall'esigenza di connotare l'installazione in maniera oggettuale con l'uso del ready made, e risponde alla volontà di creare fraintendimenti semantici tra i linguaggi che utilizzo per ciascun lavoro. Mi interessa la relazione che instauriamo con le cose, con i materiali della quotidianità: il rapporto è un continuo doppio movimento di avvicinamento prima e poi di raffreddamento improvviso. Il tema della mostra potrebbe anche essere lo spostamento di alcune problematiche interne alla pittura verso la scultura e gli oggetti. Mi rendo conto che non sia semplice vedere di fronte a elementi astratti o divertitamente funzionali, un epigono del processo pittorico, ma è proprio questa una delle letture trasversali del mio lavoro.

**ATP: A cosa si riferisce il titolo 'Plastitype'?**

CT: Plastitype è il nome di un'azienda che produceva retini grafici per illustratori negli anni '80. Nella scelta del titolo non c'è però nessuna seduzione romantica: mi interessano questi oggetti per l'aspetto funzionale per il quale venivano progettati. Erano uno strumento per rappresentare il mondo. Nella loro forma pura, precedente alla consolidazione del loro valore d'uso, questi oggetti astratti sono come dei codici interpretativi della realtà, degli occhiali attraverso i quali vedere il mondo.

**ATP: Quale significato dai al termine di 'astrazione pura' in relazione alla grande installazione che presenterai?**

CT: Non sono molto interessato all'astrazione pura fine a sé stessa. Nel libro di Primo Levi, il sistema periodico, ci sono dei racconti che parlano di molecole e problemi inerenti alla chimica, ma è la vita dell'autore a essere raccontata attraverso l'invisibilità della scienza. La vita, come quelle teorie, sono vere per intuizione. Vedo negli spunti offerti da Levi un bellissimo disegno che unisce il fare pratico quotidiano a un più complesso regolatore invisibile. La mia ricerca astratta si riferisce a questo grado nascosto di inconcretezza delle cose.

**ATP: Quale reazione dovrebbe avere il pubblico nell' 'attraversare' l'ambiente che hai pensato per la galleria?**

CT: Abbiamo costruito due diversi ambienti "comunicanti": lo spazio fisico della mostra e quello cartaceo interno al libro. Gli "attraversamenti" dentro questi ambienti possono essere molto diversi. Ci sono temi sociali sottintesi, l'omosessualità, e altri più espliciti, la comunicazione massificata e l'abbondanza degli scarti industriali come sottoprodotti del merchandising. Abbiamo fatto scelte che vorrei toccassero lo spettatore. Sono temi scelti per il coinvolgimento avvertito come individuo, prima ancora che come artista.







— Cristiano Tassinari, *Plastitype*, Galleria Van Der, Torino 2013



— Cristiano Tassinari, *Plastitype*, Galleria Van Der, Torino 2013



— Cristiano Tassinari, *Plastitype*, Galleria Van Der, Torino 2013

Cristiano Tassinari, *Plastitype*

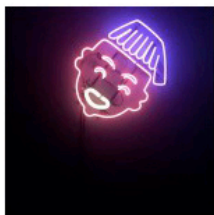
a cura di Roberta Pagani

[VAN DER Gallery](#), Via Giulia di Barolo 13/c

## Cristiano Tassinari in mostra alla Werkstatt Galerie con *Prima della mia pelle*

Giuditta Elettra Lavinia Nidiaci 27/06/2016

BERLINO



In una città come Berlino, che ancora oggi soffre dell'onta, mai del tutto lavata, del nazismo prima e dell'era della DDR poi, è più che mai fondamentale sottolineare la compresenza, di cui è auspicabile una futura comunione, di etnie e culture assai diverse e disparate. L'arte di **Cristiano Tassinari**, in mostra nella capitale tedesca alla **Werkstatt Galerie** sino al prossimo 9 luglio, ci parla proprio dell'importanza di una compenetrazione tra mondi differenti: come suggerisce il titolo infatti, *Prima della mia pelle inizia lo straniero*, la

legge umana, idealmente, prevede che la propria libertà abbia fine dove inizia quella dell'altro, ecco così che ne deriva un'espressione artistica, sia nella forma che nel contenuto, tanto eterogenea quanto coerente; i tubi di luci al neon di *Africanella*, ingannevolmente pop, stigmatizzano il tema scottante dell'immigrazione, mentre in *Selfportrait* tavole di ferro e alluminio dipinte dialogano come superbi monoliti intercettando uno spazio che è vuoto esistenziale, materia concava dell'anima. L'esistenzialismo x-large, esteso ad una comunità, si risolve persino in un'arte a tratti disturbante: l'opera 15,2 cm *table lifted*, un tavolo rialzato che sembra galleggiare nello spazio, esorta lo spettatore a riconsiderare le sue consuete aspettative. I dipinti e i disegni su polistirene presenti in mostra infine, rivelano una dimensione più tenera ed intimista: l'ispirazione dell'artista deriva in tal caso da ritagli di riviste o da foto dei propri amici, pezzetti di un'esistenza vissuta coi puntini di sospensione. Info: [www.werkstattgalerie.org](http://www.werkstattgalerie.org)

Giuditta Elettra Lavinia Nidiaci

Tag: arte, Berlino, Cristiano Tassinari, galleria, mostra, museo, Werkstatt Galerie

## **Biography**

**Lives and works in Berlin. Born in Forlì (Italy) in 1980.**

## **Education**

**2006 Bachelor, Academy of fine Arts, Bologna, Italy**

## **Solo Exhibitions**

- |             |  |
|-------------|--|
| <b>2016</b> | <b>Vor meiner Haut beginnt das Fremde, Werkstatt Galerie, Berlin</b><br><b>Africanella MAR Museum Ravenna, Italy</b> |
| <b>2013</b> | <b>Plastytipe, Van Der Gallery, Turin, Italy</b>   |
| <b>2012</b> | <b>Be Clear!, Opificio delle Idee, Rovereto, Italy</b>   |
| <b>2011</b> | <b>Lichtraum, First Gallery, Rome, Italy</b>   |
| <b>2010</b> | <b>Relief, Castell'Arquato, Piacenza, Italy</b>  |
| <b>2006</b> | <b>Mnemosyne, Spazio 8, Milan, Italy</b>   |

## **Selected Group Exhibitions and Projects**

- |             |  |
|-------------|--|
| <b>2015</b> | <b>Macrocosmi Ordnungen Anderer Art, Berlin</b><br><b>CsO, Operativa Arte Contemporanea, Rome, Italy</b>   |
| <b>2014</b> | <b>Vertical Depth, Mars, Milan, Italy</b><br><b>Crossing Distances, SeMA Nanji Residency, Seoul, South Korea</b><br><b>Priere de Toucher, Mars, Milan, Italy</b><br><b>Amalassunta Collaudi, Ascoli Piceno, Italy</b>                                |
| <b>2013</b> | <b>Hotel, Castello di Rivara, Torino, Italy</b><br><b>The Others, Torino, Italy</b><br><b>Cheap Festival, Bologna, Italy</b>   |
| <b>2012</b> | <b>N?2, Spazio Sintesi, Turin, Italy</b>   |
| <b>2011</b> | <b>Disappearing, Centro Candiani, Mestre, Italy</b><br><b>Biennale di Venezia, Padiglione Emilia-Romagna, Reggio Emilia, Italy</b><br><b>Premio della Ceramica d'Arte di Faenza 57a edizione, Faenza, Italy</b><br><b>Premio Cairo, Milan, Italy</b> |
| <b>2010</b> | <b>Cross Painting, Milano, Italy</b>   |

**2009**                    **Untitled Gallery Project Space, Berlin, Germany**  
**2008**                    **Giardini Valentini, Eterotopie Project, Mantua, Italy**  
**Ottavo Clima, Milan, Italy**  
**Eterotopie Festival, Altri Luoghi, Palazzo Te, Mantua, Italy**  
**Arte e Potere, Galleria San Fedele, Milan, Italy**

#### **Awards and Grants**

**2014**                    **Set Up Prize, Bologna, Italy**  
**2011**                    **Honor Award, Premio Della Ceramica, Faenza, Italy**  
**2008**                    **Third Prize San Fedele, Milan, Italy**  
**2007**                    **First Prize 58? Premio Michetti, Italy**  
**2006**                    **First Prize Italian Factory, Milan, Italy**  
**2005**                    **First Prize Giorgio Morandi, Bologna, Italy**  
**2004**                    **First Prize Concorso Nazionale di Incisione Carnello Carte**  
**ad Arte, Sora,**  
**Italy**  
**First Prize 13 ° concorso nazionale di Calcografia, Gorlago,**  
**Italy**

#### **Residency (Public institutions only)**

**49th Campigna Prize, curated by C. Casali, Santa Sofia, Italy**  
**SeMA Nanji Residency, Seoul, South Korea**

#### **Collections (Public institutions only)**

**Pinacoteca Comunale e Musei Civici di San Domenico, Forlì, Italy**  
**Fondazione Michetti, Francavilla Mare, Italy**

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**The Founding and Manifesto of Futurism by F. T. Marinetti**  
**(An extract has to be chosen )**

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. For hours we had trampled our atavistic ennui into rich oriental rugs, arguing up to the last confines of logic and blackening many reams of paper with our frenzied scribbling.

An immense pride was buoying us up, because we felt ourselves alone at that hour, alone, awake, and on our feet, like proud beacons or forward sentries against an army of hostile stars glaring down at us from their celestial encampments. Alone with stokers feeding the hellish fires of great ships, alone with the black spectres who grope in the red-hot bellies of locomotives launched on their crazy courses, alone with drunkards reeling like wounded birds along the city walls.

Suddenly we jumped, hearing the mighty noise of the huge double-decker trams that rumbled by outside, ablaze with colored lights, like villages on holiday suddenly struck and uprooted by the flooding Po and dragged over falls and through gorges to the sea.

Then the silence deepened. But, as we listened to the old canal muttering its feeble prayers and the creaking bones of sickly palaces above their damp green beards, under the windows we suddenly heard the famished roar of automobiles.

‘Let’s go!’ I said. ‘Friends, away! Let’s go! Mythology and the Mystic Ideal are defeated at last. We’re about to see the Centaur’s birth and, soon after, the first flight of Angels!... We must shake at the gates of life, test the bolts and hinges. Let’s go! Look there, on the earth, the very first dawn! There’s nothing to match the splendor of the sun’s red sword, slashing for the first time through our millennial gloom!’

We went up to the three snorting beasts, to lay amorous hands on their torrid breasts. I stretched out on my car like a corpse on its bier, but revived at once under the steering wheel, a guillotine blade that threatened my stomach.

The raging broom of madness swept us out of ourselves and drove us through streets as rough and deep as the beds of torrents. Here and

there, sick lamplight through window glass taught us to distrust the deceitful mathematics of our perishing eyes.

I cried, 'The scent, the scent alone is enough for our beasts.'

And like young lions we ran after Death, its dark pelt blotched with pale crosses as it escaped down the vast violet living and throbbing sky.

But we had no ideal Mistress raising her divine form to the clouds, nor any cruel Queen to whom to offer our bodies, twisted like Byzantine rings! There was nothing to make us wish for death, unless the wish to be free at last from the weight of our courage!

And on we raced, hurling watchdogs against doorsteps, curling them under our burning tires like collars under a flatiron. Death, domesticated, met me at every turn, gracefully holding out a paw, or once in a while hunkering down, making velvety caressing eyes at me from every puddle. 'Let's break out of the horrible shell of wisdom and throw ourselves like pride-ripened fruit into the wide, contorted mouth of the wind! Let's give ourselves utterly to the Unknown, not in desperation but only to replenish the deep wells of the Absurd!'

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when I spun my car around with the frenzy of a dog trying to bite its tail, and there, suddenly, were two cyclists coming towards me, shaking their fists, wobbling like two equally convincing but nevertheless contradictory arguments. Their stupid dilemma was blocking my way—Damn! Ouch!... I stopped short and to my disgust rolled over into a ditch with my wheels in the air... O maternal ditch, almost full of muddy water! Fair factory drain! I gulped down your nourishing sludge; and I remembered the blessed black breast of my Sudanese nurse... When I came up—torn, filthy, and stinking—from under the capsized car, I felt the white-hot iron of joy deliciously pass through my heart!

A crowd of fishermen with handlines and gouty naturalists were already swarming around the prodigy. With patient, loving care those people rigged a tall derrick and iron grapnels to fish out my car, like a big beached shark. Up it came from the ditch, slowly, leaving in the bottom, like scales, its heavy framework of good sense and its soft upholstery of comfort.

They thought it was dead, my beautiful shark, but a caress from me was enough to revive it; and there it was, alive again, running on its powerful fins!

**And so, faces smeared with good factory muck—plastered with metallic waste, with senseless sweat, with celestial soot—we, bruised, our arms in slings, but unafraid, declared our high intentions to all the living of the earth:**

## **MANIFESTO OF FUTURISM**

- 1.We intend to sing the love of danger, the habit of energy and fearlessness.**
- 2.Courage, audacity, and revolt will be essential elements of our poetry.**
- 3.Up to now literature has exalted a pensive immobility, ecstasy, and sleep. We intend to exalt aggressive action, a feverish insomnia, the racer's stride, the mortal leap, the punch and the slap.**
- 4.We affirm that the world's magnificence has been enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of speed. A racing car whose hood is adorned with great pipes, like serpents of explosive breath—a roaring car that seems to ride on grapeshot is more beautiful than the Victory of Samothrace.**
- 5.We want to hymn the man at the wheel, who hurls the lance of his spirit across the Earth, along the circle of its orbit.**
- 6.The poet must spend himself with ardor, splendor, and generosity, to swell the enthusiastic fervor of the primordial elements.**
- 7.Except in struggle, there is no more beauty. No work without an aggressive character can be a masterpiece. Poetry must be conceived as a violent attack on unknown forces, to reduce and prostrate them before man.**
- 8.We stand on the last promontory of the centuries!... Why should we look back, when what we want is to break down the mysterious doors of the Impossible? Time and Space died yesterday. We already live in the absolute, because we have created eternal, omnipresent speed.**
- 9.We will glorify war—the world's only hygiene—militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of freedom-bringers, beautiful ideas worth dying for, and scorn for woman.**
- 10.We will destroy the museums, libraries, academies of every kind, will fight moralism, feminism, every opportunistic or utilitarian cowardice.**
- 11.We will sing of great crowds excited by work, by pleasure, and by riot; we will sing of the multicolored, polyphonic tides of revolution in**



**the modern capitals; we will sing of the vibrant nightly fervor of arsenals and shipyards blazing with violent electric moons; greedy railway stations that devour smoke-plumed serpents; factories hung on clouds by the crooked lines of their smoke; bridges that stride the rivers like giant gymnasts, flashing in the sun with a glitter of knives; adventurous steamers that sniff the horizon; deep-chested locomotives whose wheels paw the tracks like the hooves of enormous steel horses bridled by tubing; and the sleek flight of planes whose propellers chatter in the wind like banners and seem to cheer like an enthusiastic crowd.**

**It is from Italy that we launch through the world this violently upsetting incendiary manifesto of ours. With it, today, we establish Futurism, because we want to free this land from its smelly gangrene of professors, archaeologists, ciceroni and antiquarians. For too long has Italy been a dealer in second-hand clothes. We mean to free her from the numberless museums that cover her like so many graveyards.**

**Museums: cemeteries!... Identical, surely, in the sinister promiscuity of so many bodies unknown to one another. Museums: public dormitories where one lies forever beside hated or unknown beings. Museums: absurd abattoirs of painters and sculptors ferociously slaughtering each other with color-blows and line-blows, the length of the fought-over walls!**

**That one should make an annual pilgrimage, just as one goes to the graveyard on All Souls' Day—that I grant. That once a year one should leave a floral tribute beneath the Gioconda, I grant you that... But I don't admit that our sorrows, our fragile courage, our morbid restlessness should be given a daily conducted tour through the museums. Why poison ourselves? Why rot?**

**And what is there to see in an old picture except the laborious contortions of an artist throwing himself against the barriers that thwart his desire to express his dream completely?... Admiring an old picture is the same as pouring our sensibility into a funerary urn instead of hurtling it far off, in violent spasms of action and creation.**

**Do you, then, wish to waste all your best powers in this eternal and futile worship of the past, from which you emerge fatally exhausted, shrunken, beaten down?**

**In truth I tell you that daily visits to museums, libraries, and academies (cemeteries of empty exertion, Calvaries of crucified dreams, registries**

of aborted beginnings!) are, for artists, as damaging as the prolonged supervision by parents of certain young people drunk with their talent and their ambitious wills. When the future is barred to them, the admirable past may be a solace for the ills of the moribund, the sickly, the prisoner... But we want no part of it, the past, we the young and strong Futurists!

So let them come, the gay incendiaries with charred fingers! Here they are! Here they are!... Come on! Set fire to the library shelves! Turn aside the canals to flood the museums!... Oh, the joy of seeing the glorious old canvases bobbing adrift on those waters, discolored and shredded!... Take up your pickaxes, your axes and hammers and wreck, wreck the venerable cities, pitilessly!

The oldest of us is thirty: so we have at least a decade for finishing our work. When we are forty, other younger and stronger men will probably throw us in the wastebasket like useless manuscripts—we want it to happen!

They will come against us, our successors, will come from far away, from every quarter, dancing to the winged cadence of their first songs, flexing the hooked claws of predators, sniffing doglike at the academy doors the strong odor of our decaying minds, which will have already been promised to the literary catacombs.

But we won't be there... At last they'll find us—one winter's night—in open country, beneath a sad roof drummed by a monotonous rain. They'll see us crouched beside our trembling aeroplanes in the act of warming our hands at the poor little blaze that our books of today will give out when they take fire from the flight of our images.

They'll storm around us, panting with scorn and anguish, and all of them, exasperated by our proud daring, will hurtle to kill us, driven by a hatred the more implacable the more their hearts will be drunk with love and admiration for us.

Injustice, strong and sane, will break out radiantly in their eyes.

Art, in fact, can be nothing but violence, cruelty, and injustice.

The oldest of us is thirty: even so we have already scattered treasures, a thousand treasures of force, love, courage, astuteness, and raw will-power; have thrown them impatiently away, with fury, carelessly, unhesitatingly, breathless, and unresting... Look at us! We are still untired! Our hearts know no weariness because they are fed with fire, hatred, and speed!... Does that amaze you?

**It should, because you can never remember having lived! Erect on the summit of the world, once again we hurl our defiance at the stars!**  
**You have objections?—Enough! Enough! We know them... We've understood!... Our fine deceitful intelligence tells us that we are the revival and extension of our ancestors—Perhaps!... If only it were so!—**  
**But who cares? We don't want to understand!... Woe to anyone who says those infamous words to us again!**  
**Lift up your heads!**  
**Erect on the summit of the world, once again we hurl defiance to the stars!**

