

I am not an identity artist just because I am a Black artist with multiple selves.

I am not grappling with notions of identity and representation in my art. I'm grappling with safety and futurity. We are beyond asking should we be in the room. We are in the room. We are also dying at a rapid pace and need a sustainable future.

We need more people, we need better environments, we need places to hide, we need Utopian demands, we need culture that loves us.

I am not asking who I am. I'm a Black woman and expansive in my Blackness and my queerness as Blackness and queerness are always already expansive. None of this is as simple as "identity and representation" outside of the colonial gaze. I reject the colonial gaze as the primary gaze. I am outside of it in the land of NOPE.

Do I contradict myself?

Very well then I contradict myself, (I am large, I contain multitudes.)

When we are all stardust, we will say        the media distorts  
the public's perception of        cosmic bodies. ... I'm not opaque. I'm so relevant I'm disappearing.

Body: it is a world-building word, filled with potential, and, as with glitch, filled with movement. Bodied, when used as a verb, is defined in the Oxford Dictionary as "giv[ing] material form to something abstract." Noun and verb alike, we use body to give form to abstraction, to identify an amalgamated whole.

Nightlife is important for my work because it creates a space for me to exist; nothing contextualises my performance the same way as these places do. It's my world, my existence in the underground. Also, I exist in a world that comes after the Internet ... my adolescence was spent finding things there. The underground exists on the Internet for me.

It's like the physical body turning into a cyborg ... It's like a glitch; there's a repetitive thing that happens. It's moving slow, but also fast.

The glitched self is always on the move. This diasporic journey of online to offline is a mode of parthenogenesis, reproducing oneself without fertilization— splitting, merging, emerging. This is the rubric for an embodied political technology that queers proudly, creating space for new bodies and cosmic selves.

I had a growing sense of anxiety ... Performance offered a powerful way to deal with questions of self-erasure or presence, tempting an audience with the idea that I am performing to enable their consumption of my image or my body— and then to ultimately refuse that. Text and video and all of this media become modes of abstracting presence or abstracting myself in the present. And so right now performance feels like a way of dealing with the sort of aftermath of a cultural moment.

Imagine being useless.

As glitch feminists, we want to ghost the binary body.

By definition, “to ghost” is to end a relationship by ending all communication, and subsequently disappearing.

Gender is a scaled economy: it is a mode of regulation, management, and control. It allows for the reification of process, the division of labor, and the exchange of value under the umbrella of capitalism. In order to ghost on the binary body, to abandon it as a failed idea, we must step back and look at the world as a body, an assemblage that has been constructed. The body, like the world, is a tool in and of itself.

Ghosting on the binary body is a threefold process.

Ghosting requires us to realize that the relationship between the idea of the body and gender as a construct is a damaging one that we need to exit.

Ghosting requires us to identify that we have agency either to consent or refuse our current “relationship status.” Too often we forget that we have the right to leave if we want to. We have the right to deny our use, and, through this, close the wounds created by a world fed on the binary rhetoric.

Ghosting requires us to claim our continuous range of multitudinous selves. As we fail to assimilate into a binary culture, we do so by asserting all components of ourselves— the masculine, the feminine, and everything inbetween— as being part of a continuous narrative, rather than existing as polar points.

The ghost in the machine.

In today’s society, where drones are used for warfare and romantic relationships begin online, we can no longer distinguish between the so-called real and the virtual.

What's the Point of Having a Body?

What's the point of having a body if I theoretically could make or step into so many?

The more you are inside of [virtual reality], the more you read it, the easier it is to quickly disappear within it.

What is a body?

The question of touch—to be at hand without mediation or interference—might be considered the gateway to the most intimate experience and exchange of mutuality between subjects ... [it is] the absence of self-ownership.

The digital experience is defined by a touch that breaks limits; it is not a non-existent reality, because we live it, feel it, can be changed by it.

When we reject the binary, we reject the economy that goes along with it. When we reject the binary, we challenge how we are valued in a capitalist society that yokes our gender to the labor we enact. When we reject the binary, we claim uselessness as a strategic tool. Useless, we disappear, ghosting on the binary body.

Excuse, names like teethmarks.

A glitch is an error. Glitches are difficult to name and nearly impossible to identify until that instant when they reveal themselves: an accident triggering some form of chaos. On- and offline, the boxes we tick, the forms we complete, the profiles we build—none are neutral. Every part of ourselves we mark with an X.

Every time we elect to have the form autofill the next time around, we participate in an act of naming, the process of identifying ourselves within highly networked social and cultural algorithms. We are standing inside the machine and every day we make a choice whether or not to rob ourselves. We banally are complicit with the individual theft of our own personal data. This is poised to become one of the greatest shared existential crises of our time.

The body is a text: every time we define ourselves, we choose definitions—names—that reduce the ways our bodies can be read. This is bittersweet, a gorgeous proposition that often ends tragically. The things that make our lives “easier”—when our favorite digital platform appears to know us better than we know ourselves, suggesting an app in an ad that promises to save us money, make us friends, bring back lost time—are the same things that perpetuate a gendered binary. The machine readily anticipates the cultural detritus and vernacular that stems from the weight of a pronoun and feeds us the perfect dress or shoe, even when we

don't want it.

Errors, ever unpredictable, surface the unnameable, point toward a wild unknown. To become an error is to surrender to becoming unknown, unrecognizable, unnamed. New names are created to describe errors, capturing them and pinning down their edges for examination. All this is done in an attempt to keep things up and running; this is the conceit of language, where people assume if they can find a word to describe something, that this is the beginning of controlling it.

But errors are fantastic in this way, as often they skirt control, being difficult to replicate and therefore difficult to reproduce for the sake of troubleshooting them out of existence. Errors bring new movement into static space; this motion makes an error difficult to see but its interference ever present. Decolonizing the binary body requires us to remain in perpetual motion; accidental bodies that, in their error, refuse definition and, as such, defy language. Forcing the failure of words, we become impossible. Impossible, we cannot be named.

What is a body without a name? An error.

To disappear between ticked boxes, to fail at forms, to throttle the predictability of auto-play: we need to examine the act of naming and the role it plays in reifying gender as it is produced, packed, and delivered. When we stand in-between the boxes, things start to slip and slide; we begin to disappear. This state of opacity is a ripe error to reach toward, an urgent and necessary glitch.

Florence Okoye reminds us: "The unseen can manipulate the recursive behavior of [the machine], forcing automata to regurgitate, amplify, and perpetuate the glitch through the exponential reaches of the network."<sup>1</sup> Thus, by the seizure of our uselessness, we make the reading of our bodies more difficult. Wandering in-between, we become dangerous data. In this happy failure, we reconstitute reality.

In their poem "A PIECE OF WRITING THAT WON ME \$200 IN EIGHTH GRADE," writer, poet and artist manuel arturo abreu muses: I am a hyperlink, a flag for a fake country You look at me and tell me what I am. I become what you name me. I carry these becomings. I am not male. You name me male. I am not Other. You name me Other. I carry all the names I'm given.

We really do "carry all the names [we're] given," even when we don't want them. Across the years of Luvpunk12 as my online avatar, AFK I naively bound and unbound my breasts with duct tape, wondering if maybe what was and was not visible there would help me circumnavigate and escape the "suffering that comes] from the condition of being addressable," of being called, defined, named.

At home I walked around without a shirt on feeling empowered, until one day my father looked at me sharply then turned to my mother, inquiring, "Does Legacy have breasts now? Where did those come from?" Suddenly there was something across my chest. Those two small hills now like two new moons, furthering the violent thesis of girlhood. In that moment I wished I could disappear, cease to exist.

Was this being woman ? But instead of disappearing, I chose to take up space. In the same death to my range that came by way of this act of marking, naming me, came a challenge: be vast, keep thriving, self-define.

Yes, as abreu observes, we are indeed hyperlinks, signs and signifiers waiting to be clicked through, decoded, consumed. When we name bodies in an effort to make them useful, we end worlds, a process of codifying and delineating territory, limiting the capacity of the world around us and our agency within it. We can embody error by finding new ways to self-define, reclaiming the act of naming for ourselves. We bend the act of naming, fitting new forms through the process of naming and renaming, the embrace of a poetic elasticity that refuses the name as static or definitive. Embodying error— an all-consuming joyful failure within a system that never wanted us and that will not make space for us if we simply wait for it — pushes the structures of the gendered binary further toward a breaking point. Inside of this beatific brokenness and as we travel beyond it, we ask: What's next? Where to go from here?

Artist and theorist micha cardenas explores the poetics of trans people of color in digital media, and the possibilities for acts of resistance as deployed through algorithmic restructure. In her 2019 essay “Trans of Color Poetics: Stitching Bodies, Concepts, and Algorithms,” cardenas points toward writers and academics Sarah Kember and Joanna Zylinska and the discussion of what they dub “the cut” in their book *Life After New Media*, as an entry-point for Cardenas’s analysis of what she calls “the stitch.” For Kember and Zylinska, “the cut” is “a creative in-cision that is also a decision, because it gives shape to the world.” The authors recognize the act of cutting— the splicing of a single entity into discrete parts or creating a split where formerly there was solely a whole— as an “intrusion of alterity (e.g., “difference”).” Kember and Zylinska propose that the sheer tension created in the presence of such “intrusion[s] of alterity” shock the larger hegemonic system and triggers the possibility of individual action or perhaps even broader structural change.

Conversely, Cardenas’s “stitch” is conceived of as “an operation that involves using one entity to connect two formerly separate entities,” which she suggests is perhaps “less violent than the cut” as it “intends to join, in the service of healing and creation, rather than in the service of destruction.”

The whole concept of visibility assumes that you’re not in a system that wants you dead. I think a lot of people forget that many of the places we are

inserted in want to kill us ... We’re not supposed to be there.

Gender is, to call on a term coined by philosopher Timothy Morton, a “hyperobject.” It is all-encompassing, it out-scales us. As such, it becomes difficult to see the edges of gender when submerged within its logic, thereby bolstering the fantasy of its permanence through its apparent omnipresence. In short, gender is so big, it becomes invisible.

This is where the problem lies: in the invisibility that becomes seemingly organic. This “normative

ordinary” is a violence, suggesting a natural order in lieu of a most unnatural system of control. In asserting itself as part of a vast normative ordinary, gender embeds itself within what we see and experience in the everyday, winding itself through the public networks and spaces that we live in.

As a hyperobject, gender becomes a geopolitical territory. It is a foundational framework, built and lived on. Unable to see its edges, we are forced to live within it as a world in and of itself. This is why, in order to reimagine the body, one must reimagine space. Revolutionary change manifests through a reconsideration of the spatial, in negotiation of spatial limitations and identification of how to overturn, dissolve, break through these boundaries. Therefore, deterritorialization of the body requires a departure from the heaviness of space, with the realization, instead, that physical form is dynamic.

Philosopher and sociologist Henri Lefebvre writes, “The body serves both as point of departure, and as destination.” The body, thus, is an inspiration, a springboard, a conceptual catalyst, carrying us away from it as we travel through it. Immersed within the hyperobject of gender, it becomes important to figure out ways to signify its edges and folds, those cuts and stitches that point to the failures of what is assumed to be the natural world around us, aiding our departure from it.

Encryption is useful here as we search for those departure destinations, those moments where peeling back the layers of our presumptions reveals things hidden just below the surface. Encryption, as a process, indicates the encoding of a message, rendering it unreadable or inaccessible to those unauthorized to decipher it. To consider glitch as a form of encryption, we render the plaintext of the body (e.g., the body viewed through a normative, binary lens) as ciphertext (e.g., a glitched body, queered and encrypted). Encryption offers a mode of privacy; encoding of content creates secure passageways for radical production. Glitches as encrypted (machinic, social, cultural) material remind “us that there are gaps and hidden histories, parts of the ... file that ... cannot [be] heard and stories ... [that] will never [be] know[n]” to certain audiences. Through this encryption, the glitch creates a new vernacular, one that allows for new modes of signification and is smuggled through the hyperobject of our hyper-gendered daily lives.

The (de)coding of gender becomes as much about how it is constructed as whether it can or cannot be read. Readability of bodies only according to standard social and cultural coding (e.g., to be white, to be cisgender, to be straight) renders glitched bodies invisible, extends safety, keeps bodies un-surveilled. Glitched bodies pose a very real threat to social order: encrypted and unreadable within a strictly gendered worldview, they resist normative programming. Illegible to the mainstream, the encrypted glitch seizes upon the creation of a self that, depending on the audience, can at once be hypervisible and simultaneously unreadable, undetectable.

This “shifting], morph[ing], and embody[ing]” of technology as a means of pushing back against an exploitative hypervisibility is essential. The readability of glitched bodies in their choreography and topography, as they travel the terrain of the online-to-AFK loop is volatile. Responsive to world conditions, we remain intentionally erratic, always morphing and thus always unmapped. The information hidden by encryption becomes key, edges peeled back solely for those meant to see, process, understand.

Elsewhere, we remain unreadable. To glitch the body requires the simultaneous occupation of some-where and no-where, no-thing and everything. We consent not to be a single being frozen in binary code, and, as such, consent as well not to be a single site. This embrace of multiplicity is strategic; as glitched bodies travel outward through every space, we affirm and celebrate the infinite failure of arrival at any place. Far beyond fixity, we find ourselves in outer space, exploring the breadth of cosmic corporeality.

We cannot allow these territories of some-where, no-where, no-thing, and every-thing to be delineated by the mainstream. Supremacy will not relinquish its space, those imagined sites building toward worlds of hyper objects that, hyper-gendered, aim to erase us. We, the glitch, will encrypt. Only as refusal will our data continue to perform, transform, transmute, transmogrify, travel.

In the body, where everything has a price,  
I was a beggar.

Glitch is anti-body, resisting the body as a coercive social and cultural architecture. We use body to give form to something that has no form, that is abstract, cosmic. Philosopher Jean Luc-Nancy puts it perfectly: "Does anyone else in the world know anything like 'the body'? It's our old culture's latest, most worked over, sifted, refined, dismantled, and reconstructed product." A lot of work is put into trying to give the body form.

Romancing the anti-body, lust, and longing in cyberspace lays useful groundwork for thinking of glitch as a mode of resistance against the social and cultural framework of the body. Like computer viruses, antibodies escape extinction through their ability to morph and survive; they exist in perpetual motion, navigating parallel conditions of time and memory.

The glitch advances anti-body as a tactical strategy. This strategy becomes operable in the face of the failure of the systematized networks and the frameworks within which we build our lives. Glitches gesture toward the artifice of social and cultural systems, revealing the fissures in a reality we assume to be seamless. They reveal the fallibility of bodies as cultural and social signifiers, their failure to operate only as hegemonic normative formulations of capital weaponized by the state. The binary body confuses and disorients, pitting our interests against one another across modalities of otherness. State power in this way positions us all as foot soldiers at the frontlines of a most dangerous tribal war. We can do better.

The current conditions of the world, however flawed, ought not to preclude glitched bodies from the right to use imagination as a core component of mobilising and strategizing with care towards a more sustainable future. The corporeal body, as we have known it, is becoming obsolete. It is living through a history of erasure, but this time through enhancements. Glitched bodies rework, glitch, and encrypt traces of ourselves, those new forms of personal digital data left behind. As the understanding of what makes up a "possible" body changes under this pressure, the information associated with our physical forms, now abstracted, changes, too.

What purpose can a body that has no body serve?

As embodiments of persistent refusal, both anonymous performers wander within a wildness of unrecognisable being, actively re-imagining and re-centering neoteric realities. Each provides us the opportunity to reimagine what a body means, how it can be redefined, what it can do, and what to continue celebrating.

LOOKING INTO THE MIRROR, THE BLACK WOMAN ASKED, "MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL, WHO'S THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL?" THE MIRROR SAYS, "SNOW WHITE YOU BLACK

BITCH, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!!!"

Glitch is, and will always be a methodology for me ... I still really FEEL that brokenness and instability.

Skin is as much about what is kept in as what it keeps out. It functions to edit, its existence determining that which will be included or excluded. Skin suggests the protection of a subject and the creation of an "other" that is forever standing on the outside. As skin wraps, covers, protects, it paradoxically wounds, occupies, and builds worlds.

Skin is a container. It is a peel that contains and cradles wildness. It gives shape to bodies. A break, tear, rupture, or cut in skin opens a portal and passageway. Here, too, is both a world and a wound.

Skin is both open and closed. Its presence suggests permanence, a border not meant to be crossed. Conversely, skin is permeable. It releases fluids and, at the same time, retains them.

Skin also helps us feel. When pressed against another, we recognize where we end and where another begins. In touching skin, we program the body, messy lines of memory that lead us toward each other and cause bodies to collide, sometimes gently, sometimes with a crash.

Most literally within a technological arc, the presence of a glitch makes the "digital skin" visible, reminding us of the fallibility of the machine and a presence of its hardware, revealing its edges and seams. We rely on the error of glitches to show us the machinic limitations and, in turn, to get a sense of where we might hack further in pointed undoing. Through a more figurative lens, the presence of error offline— as an unrecognizable body, a body without a name— reveals cracks in the seemingly glossy narrative of the absolute fixity of gender binary, exposing it as a carefully constructed fiction.



In these breaks and system failures, we find new beginnings. The digital skin— the screens through which we embrace range, politic via play, and toy with different modes of representation— remains a necessary precondition of the Internet avatar. Avatars can become rhetorical bodies, ones that challenge how and why we perform our abstract and varied selves toward the goal of becoming our truer selves, both on- and offline.

Self-described “dirty new media performance artist and sexuality educator” Shawne Michaelain Holloway’s explorations as a “cam girl” inspires much of her early work. The artist grapples with the tensions between a projection of an invulnerable self with a seemingly impenetrable digital skin, and the vulnerability of sharing oneself in such forums. Holloway readily exploits and navigates these tensions, leaning into newly realized freedoms found through her enacting fantasy selves online. The artist sees the volatility between these tensions and freedoms as an opportunity to engage conversations around power and play, investigating how a body can simultaneously, mutually, consensually consume and be consumed as a radical act of self-discovery. Holloway observes: “Power dynamics affected this work not because of the power of the people or the culture inside, but the power of the people and the culture outside looking in. I feel ashamed that I see these spaces as a playground where I get to construct my own fantasies and control my environment.

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Gender is not simply and purely performative [but rather that] ... gender is first and foremost prosthetic.

Putting on different 'skins' becomes an act of empowerment, of finding oneself, even of caring for oneself.

Gender is a magic trick i forgot how to perform.

A computer virus costs capitalism. It degrades productivity within the machine. A computer virus is a threat to the function of the machine and its economy. A machine transforms into one that cannot perform, that quite literally cannot work, forgets how to work, works against its function. It challenges the endemic correlation between value and labor, dangerous in its uselessness.

Machines are expected to work well and work quickly. A computer virus triggers the machinic responses of slowness in ways that are unpredictable to the user: endless buffering, crashing, damaging, deleting, reformatting. This slowness shifts time and space, altering a person’s relationship to the machine. In

our daily life when confronted with a computer that shuts down unexpectedly or takes ages to reboot as a result of machinic failure, our reaction is to get up and move. We change course when confronted with systems that refuse to perform.

A virus breaks, and so we are delivered into the time and space of brokenness. Inevitably, the presence of a virus shakes us into an awareness of our bodies and being. The presence of a virus prompts an awakening. This comes through the recognition that the loop between online and AFK is not seamless. Rather, through its fissures and faults, the virus makes brokenness a space, placing us within the break itself. As glitch feminists, when we embody the virus as a vehicle of resistance, we are putting awrench into the machinic gears of gender, striking against its economy, immersing ourselves inside of brokenness, inside of the break.

We want to infect, to corrupt ordinary data.

What we want after 'the break' will be different from what we think we want before the break and both are necessarily different from the desire that issues from being in the break.

What glitch feminism proposes here then is this: perhaps we want the break, we want to fail. We strive for oozing, challenging bodies full of seams. We want wild, amorous, monstrous bodies. Through our presence as a glitch, we want to stand before, within, and outside of brokenness. The break an error, the error a passageway.

Once we have infected, we want to travel outward in every direction. We want to touch everything, caress every-fucking-body, twist the machine. Viral, we want to multiply. We want to cramp culture, make society sweat. We want to cause seizure, a rush of fluids, create sticky, runny spaces where everything can come into contact and blur. That blur is a beginning again, a journey. That journey is a genesis.

The only thing we can do is tear this shit down completely and build something new.

Glitch feminism asks: Can a break be a form of building something new? Can our breaking shit be a correction, too?

Blackness has, so to say, formed the ground for white, with black gooey being antithetical to the values of the white screen. Black gooey might then be a platform of slowness ("dragged time," "colored time"), refusal, thought, complexity, critique, softness, loudness, transparency, uselessness, and brokenness. A planar body that longs for the solitude and vastness of the command-line, yet nuanced and sharp, to usurp and destroy a contemporary hegemonic interface.

Google's "roving eye" that by surfacing and prioritizing only certain results, establishes a hierarchized social narrative, history, and visual culture.

artist gently subverts and challenges a canon, with the presence of their name in the company of a mastery recognized by art history, standing as a durational performance that is virally, algorithmically enacted through their avatar, without the artist's physical self ever even being present.

This action stands in the break and shows us how we might ourselves break broken systems via the creative re-application of these systems' own material toward the purpose of a strategic disruption and refusal.

Yes! Why not break the thing that's broken? Why not corrupt the corrupted? The foundation we build on is faulty. Course correcting, we will rise in our errata. We resist being subsumed; we keep sight of the beyond, those rapturous wormholes where rupture can get rolling. The beyond is blurred, it is runny. Our blur is a dance floor at 4AM, that moment where in the crush of all-bodies lit up under strobes like firecrackers, we become nobody, and in the gorgeous crush of no-body, we become every-body. Our song is playing, now let us build a gooey world to go along with it.

The glitch is a tool: it is socio-cultural malware. Bodies traveling through the glitch fail joyfully, as currents along wires that vein social machinery, prompting freeze, flounder, a shuddering shutdown. The glitch is disinformation, virally transmitted as a means of undermining the architecture of gender, shaking it at its core, revealing its inherent fallacy.

Gender is a carefully constructed economic performance as much as it is a socio-cultural one. Gender exists and is protected as a means of insuring bodies, bestowing value on those who labor under its coercion successfully and compliantly, ascribing to its aggressive algorithm. Encrypted anti bodies, body errors, systemically unreadable, push the machine of gender to its limits. Now wobbly and weakened by this virus, the machine is readied for movement, for change.

We, the viral glitch, want broken ruins, a pollution as politic: punctures in the surface, a bubbling skin, all hell to break loose, destroying all that shit. The alternative is this world right now, this life— and this world is not enough. We cannot wait around to be remembered, to be humanized, to be seen. It is our responsibility collectively to infect, and, as we prompt social seizure, to bear witness to and for one another, to make impossible pathways secure and viable as all else short-circuits toward a triggered collapse.

Captivity ... engenders the necessity of redress, the inevitability of its failure, and the constancy of repetition yielded by this failure.

As we morph, we transcend captivity, slippery to those forces that strive to restrict, restrain, and censor us. Glitch- as-virus presents us with a sharp vision of decay, a nonperformance that veers us toward a wild unknown. This is where we bloom.

It's time for new mechanics.

Let's mutate, please.

Bye, binary! Buffer forever.

And yeah, sometimes I say "bodies" when maybe I should say "people"  
but I'm scared of not being able to touch skin anymore.

If a body without a name is an error, providing more names, while proffering inclusivity, does not resolve the issue of the binary body. Rather, it makes and requires a box to be ticked, a categorization to be determined. Binaries are still presented within the variety of options, and moreover recognition via these platforms urges us to believe that signifying who we are to others is the only pathway to being deemed fit to participate. Poet, artist, and "academia-adjacent independent researcher".

In a climate of generalized precarity and instability, naming skin should be the least of our worries; if everything is collapsing, gender's coming down with it. So traumatized cyborg subject is the new normal, but is that the best we can hope for?

Perhaps the personage of the "cyborg subject" is in and of itself the problem.

We have to keep in mind that this is a recreation through mediation, often one that can be traced back to one Internet Protocol address, and therefore one personage.

If we cannot shed Internet Protocol (IP) address tracking without the aid of a virtual private network (VPN) or some proxy like it, what other alternatives are there to protect our digital biometrics as we aim to imagine, to mobilize, to collectivize?

The trick ... is thus ... to abstain from the system of biopolitical predication, to abstain from the bagging and tagging of bodies ... This does not mean that all bodies are now blank. Quite the opposite. All bodies are full. But their fullness is a generic fullness, a fullness of whatsoever they are. Likewise, it does not mean that difference has "gone away." The opposite is the case, as difference may now finally come into its own as generic difference.

A path to a body is inherently fluid, and a body is emancipated from ever being asked to register its traces online.

As such, this kind of body renders itself useless as a subject of capital's regime of mining and profiting from data. Generic difference keeps all doors open, all boxes—ticked, unticked, and those yet to be imagined

beyond our wildest dreams of revolution— a possibility. Thus, in the face of pressure to constantly classify oneself, identifying ways to mobilize through (and despite) these digital territories is important. The anxious question remains: is the sacrifice of true autonomy, the distribution of these bodily traces, worth it if it means we can be part of something greater than ourselves? Especially if that is something that helps us shape ourselves and, by this shaping, reshapes the world?

Time has passed. Despite the loss of innocence that has come with the shift in understanding of how our digital traces might be manipulated, capitalized on, and deployed, the increased presence of intersectional bodies that transcend the bureaucratic violence of a single-box tick remains a key component of why the Internet still matters. Though far from its initial promise of utopia, the Internet still provides opportunity for queer propositions for new modalities of being and newly proposed worlds.

Through our increased use of technology we remain connected but increasingly isolated from one another.

This turn of phrase is frequently weaponized to undermine the value of the digital and speaks recklessly through a white, straight, cisgender lens.

Internet = alienation fails to take into consideration the enduring relevance of this material most specifically for queer people, female-identifying people, and people of color. To reify the binary of, on the one hand, the Internet as a dead utopia and, on the other, “real life” (read: IRL) as being devoid of actual and/or social death for QTPOCIA+ bodies is a violent propaganda. The Internet remains a club space for collective congregation of marginalized voices and bodies when all else fails. In fact and in concept “real life” as it travels in an unbroken loop between on- and offline is sexist, racist, classist, homophobic, transphobic, and ableist.

As glitch feminists looking to build new communities and new worlds, we have to ask, Can our “digital real” please live?

The Internet continues to be a place of immense intimacy, where an “opening up” of being can occur, and where one can dare to be vulnerable. The Internet’s virtual channels provide protection from physical injury, make room for an expression of ideas and politics in a fantastic forum, thus amplifying collectivity, coalition-building, and one’s courage to individuate.

I was pretty isolated growing up ... Being welcomed and appreciated in a community online [was] the first time I really felt part of something ... That’s the first experience of the Internet: that moment it stops being ‘the Internet’ and just becomes another thing/part of living.

Why These Tweets Are Called My Back.

Toxic Twitter established media demean what is in many cases the one platform to which marginalized women have access.

You've been told to watch us but not engage: the very definition of surveillance.

Devereaux goes on to explain why social media still matters to her, citing "digital feminism [as] a space where [one] can engage with other black women overlooked in the academy, spread their work, and offer ... analysis on black artforms."

"Yelling into the void" transformed into a call-and-response in which "other women began to answer."

Social media has lifted the barrier between consumers of media and media itself, transforming that relationship into one of active engagement. It has also lifted the barrier between women like us— displaced, disabled, trans, indigenous, and black— and the parts of society that were never supposed to deal with us ... Suddenly a black trans woman denied access to any space you might enter is right here talking back to you with nuanced media critiques. A journalist can put up an article and within seconds readers are challenging the ethics of the reporting and the framing of subjects who can no longer be rendered passive.

Devereaux's project of "Toxic Twitter" collectivity establishes important groundwork as we seek out other examples of how we mobilize via digital platforms and networked communities.

Images from these events and the communities that they celebrate are then shared via Instagram, providing a living archive of a living history. Thus, the explorations that might begin at night on the Internet traverse the online-to-AFK loop.

I wana talk about the BASIC, VIOLENT issue of white artists using black bodies as literal props.

The duo demands and builds a more transparent and direct mode of dialogue, a forum that works against the tired establishment of a white or male art world and the highly flawed narratives it espouses.

To continue to mobilise, change and transform with pride. This slipping and sliding is transcendent. We are everything and nothing, everywhere and nowhere, always in motion.

Where else were We to go? / Who else believed in our potential but Us?

In mobilizing, we find others like us, and, in so doing, we find ourselves. In mobilizing, we remain fugitive: we stand on the outside, not to look in, but, stateless, to occupy and grow with intention. This mobility is gorgeous, slippery, keyed up, catastrophic. It is the thing that keeps us blurry and unbound, pushing back against hegemony.

What I mean is, what can we do with our bodies? ... I want to move my body back and forth, back and forth.

Queer people, people of color, and female-identifying people have an enduring and historical relationship to the notion of "remix." To remix is to rearrange, to add to, an original recording. The spirit of remixing is about finding ways to innovate with what's been given, creating something new from something already there.

We are faced with the reality that we will never be given the keys to a utopia architected by hegemony. Instead, we have been tasked with building the world(s) we want to live in, a most difficult yet most urgent blueprint to realize. If we see culture, society, and, by extension, gender as material to remix, we can acknowledge these things as "original recordings" that were not created to liberate us. Still, they are materials that can be reclaimed, rearranged, repurposed, and rebirthed toward an emancipatory enterprise, creating new "records" through radical action. Remixing is an act of self-determination; it is a technology of survival.

This world is not built for us; yet still, somehow, we are here, standing against all odds. Similarly, the Internet, an electrifying black mirror, was not built as a material for our bodies. At its worst, it only reflects back to us the misery of the world around us. Still, we create opportunity for fugitivity in our deployment of digital material. Online, we magnify our avatars, our vast and varied selves. Through this performative practice we resist an exclusionary canon of visual culture that, unable to decipher our coding, seeks to erase us entirely. Glitch carries a technology of remix within its code. We experiment via digital material as a means of pushing boundaries within the AFK world, remixing via a complex choreography as we build new corporealities. Despite the supremacy of the original recording, still, we rise.

But still, it can be difficult to find our footing.

Black people have been protesting and imagining different ways—their own ways—of existing on the Internet. If we must still use the Internet, how can we use it in a way that is uplifting and inspiring for the communities affected by the Internet's racism. Afro Cyber Resistance is a pamphlet and a call for the decolonisation of the Internet.

Glitch, in its remix, identifies ways to make use of the Internet towards the goal of "uplifting... communities" as an application of digital material to grapple with the complicated and oft-contradictory nature of the material itself. Decolonizing through the occupation of a challenging digital landscape, the acts

of seizure and reclamation are two pillars of the glitch political agenda. As glitch feminists, we aim to "alter... computer memory" through our exploration of new modes of existing, surviving, and living, both AFK and on the Internet.

The body as a design challenge, considering ways of restructuring physical forms towards the goal of remixing identity altogether.

The contemporary accelerating frenzy of collecting as much data as possible on one single individual to ... construct a 'Tieshed out' profile is a fragile endeavor.

More information does not necessarily lead to a more defined image.

Glitch feminism agrees: the possibility of failure against achieving a "more defined image" has wonderful and weird prospects.

The collection of data alone is not the ultimate threat, not if one can subvert it by designing bodies that, in working against the design of the world around them—one biased by a particular notion of a "normal" body, one that is gendered, racialized—remain illegible to the machine.

The program itself is set up with a series of embedded assumptions about what a body should look like, how pieces of it should fit together, and what makes a body whole or even human. When the program is pushed to its limits, the rendering of these forms fails to recognize certain corpo-realities, establishing that bodies that do not blend seamlessly cannot qualify as a body at all.

A lot of these processes and workflows demand content that is very specific to their definition of the human form in order to function. As a result, they don't account for anything that diverges from that norm, establishing a parametric truth that is biased and discriminatory. This raises the question of what that norm is and how, by whom and for whom it has been defined.

The implications of this are significant if we view them through the lens of surveillance and image-capturing digital technologies. What is and is not read as a body opens up a myriad of possibilities, some that allow for greater refusal within hierarchies of visibility and others that flag a body that cannot be read as a threat worth targeting, heightening the vulnerability of that body as it moves through space.

Still, "the body conceived of as a machinic assemblage becomes a body that is multiple," meaning that as it "contains multitudes" (to harken back to where we began with Walt Whitman and E. Jane) a body that is gooey, blurry, full of seams, or simply glitched is one that both absorbs and refracts, becoming every-body and no-body simultaneously.



[In] a roughly two-hour long video of Zimmerman's attorney questioning the animator on his process ... [the] animator states that he was the one wearing the motion capture suit portraying both Zimmerman as well as Martin. If this weren't already enough to debunk an objectivity claim, the attorney asks: "How does the computer know that it is recording a body?" Upon which the animator responds: "You place the 16 sensors on the body and then on screen you see the body move in accordance.

Data dictating theorised movements is culled from "coroner photographs, police reports, the coroner's report, witness depositions, and photos taken by responding police officers."

The machinic bias enacted by the panopticon of the mapping of the body through digital technologies is filled with hopeful holes.

If a body is not legible as a body, and therefore cannot be read, will it be "seen"?

Can it ghost, skirting the omnipresent digital eye?

Failing recognition, can it successfully cease to exist?

It is a mutant resistance in the ever-emerging culture of surveillance capitalism.

Collective masks" are "amorphous masks that cannot be detected by biometric facial recognition technology as a human face.

The inability of biometric technologies to detect dark skin as racist, the favouring of black in militant aesthetics, and black as that which informatically obfuscates.

Let us reject singularity and embrace collective action. It brings to the forefront the tension between the luxury and privilege of being able to choose to refuse visibility and, conversely, the tool of this refusal. This, in turn, becomes a key strategy that provides the possibility of greater mobility for vulnerable bodies that need it.

The bot provides testament to the unseeing of its creators.

How can one envision the needs of the other when one doesn't even realize the other exists?

Hasn't the glitch then become a means of seeing the unseen?

In the face of surveillance capitalism, perhaps improved anonymity of data, advanced modes of encryption, or advocacy for better data control or ownership by individuals themselves is actually not the right battle to be fighting. To revolutionise technologies towards an application that truly celebrates glitched bodies, perhaps the only course of action is to remix from within, specifically programming with the unseen or illegible in mind as a form of activism. To advocate for the user, one must innovate, encode, and engineer the error into the machine as a remix, rendering the machine unrecognisable to itself and prompting its failure as a radical act.

One is not born, but rather becomes, a body. And one is not born, but rather becomes, a glitch. The glitch-becoming is a process, a consensual diaspora toward multiplicity that arms us as tools, carries us as devices, sustains us as technology, while urging us to persist, survive, stay alive.

#### Glitch Refuses

We are building a future where we can have the broad range we deserve. We refuse to shrink ourselves, refuse to fit. Fluid, insistent, we refuse to stand still: we slip, we slide. We recognize the contributions of blackness toward liberatory queerness, and the contributions of queerness toward liberatory blackness. We fail to function for a machine that was not built for us. We refuse the rhetoric of "inclusion" and will not wait for this world to love us, to understand us, to make space for us. We will take up space, and break this world, making new ones.

#### Glitch Is Cosmic

We recognize that bodies are not fixed points, they are not destinations. Bodies are journeys. Bodies move. Bodies are abstract. We recognize that we begin in abstraction and then journey toward becoming. To transcend the limits of the body we need to let go of what a body should look like, what it should do, how it should live. We recognize that, within this process of letting go, we may mourn; this mourning is a part of our growing. We celebrate the courage it takes to change form, the joy and pain that can come with exploring different selves, and the power that comes from finding new selves.

#### Glitch Throws Shade

We throw shade by existing in the world, by showing up and not only surviving, but truly, fully, living. We practice the future in the now, testing out alternatives of being. We openly, honestly consider together how to be strategically visible, when visibility is radically necessary.

#### Glitch Ghosts

We ghost on the body, refusing to respond to its cultural texts, incessant calls, damaging DMs. We acknowledge that gender is an economy. It is a spoke in the wheel of capitalism. We reject being bought and sold. We feel no guilt or shame about turning our backs on a market that wants to eat us alive. We will strategize and collectivize toward uselessness, a failure that imagines, innovates, emancipates.

#### Glitch Is Error

We are the most fantastic and beautiful mistake. Never meant to survive, we are still here: an error in the algorithm. We are not empty signifiers, however; we are not dead-end hyperlinks. We reject the violent act of naming. We will reconfigure ourselves as we see fit. Modifying and recoding, we choose our own names, build our own families and communities, proudly fail in the present as we dream new futures.

#### Glitch Encrypts

We are encrypted: how we are coded is not meant to be easily read. We recognize that the care-full reading of others is an exercise of trust, intimacy, belonging, homecoming. We reject the conflation of legibility and humanity. Our unreadable bodies are a necessary disruption. Our unreadable bodies can render us invisible and hyper-visible at the same time. As a response to this, we work together to create secure passageways both on- and offline to travel, conspire, collaborate.

#### Glitch Is Anti-Body

If to be recognized as a body that deserves to live we must perform a certain self— look a certain way, live a certain way, care for one another in a certain way— we strike against the body altogether. We will hold mirrors up for one another, hold and care for the reflections seen. We will see one another and the selves we become, recognizing those selves as real, loved, and so very alive.

#### Glitch Is Skin

While both protective and permeable, the skin of the digital, despite its entanglements, remains necessary as a tool of experimentation. Thus, we celebrate ourselves and the framework offered by the skins we put on and take off. We recognize that our performance of other bodies is prosthetic. We recognize that the skin of the digital transforms and is transformative.

#### Glitch Is Virus

We want to corrupt data. We want to fuck up the machine. Infectious, viral, we will tear it all down. We recognize that in this breaking, there is a beginning.

### Glitch Mobilizes

We will mobilize and take action! We recognize that all work cannot be done all the time all on the Internet. Completing the online-to-AFK loop, we will dare to live away from our screens, embodying our ever-slipping selves as an activist action. Empowered by the virtual worlds we traverse, we will reboot and rebuild these worlds when they no longer suit and need to shift. Along this loop, we commit to making space for rigorous criticism, feedback, play, and pleasure as activism.

### Glitch Is Remix

Affirming our role in building new worlds, we will imagine, innovate, and remix. We will rearrange and repurpose by any means necessary, rendering what rises from this rebirth unrecognizable from the violence of its original. We will create fissures in the social and cultural algorithm as an active act of advocacy, advocating for the user, advocating for ourselves and advocating for one another.

### Glitch Survives

won't you celebrate with me what i have shaped into  
a kind of life? i had no model.born in babyion  
both nonwhite and woman  
what did i see to be except myself?  
i made it up  
here on this bridge between starshine and clay,  
my one hand holding tight my other hand; come celebrate with me that everyday something has tried  
to kill me and has failed.

"I made it up," gestures to both playground and battlefield. Building a future and a future self at the same time is no easy task.

Can invisible men see their own reflections?

Glitch feminism travels the passageways between the starshine of the digital and the clay of AFK. It is modeled on no model and asks for a better world. Like Clifton, we hold our own hands and the hands of one

another in an act of solidarity, with little else to lean on. What do we see to be except ourselves?

The open-ended question of the body is one of the greatest of our time. Our embodiment of glitch is thus an expression of spatial desire, a curious inquiry in service of remapping the physical form and how we perform and (re)structure it. Gender as a construct is a falsehood. As glitch feminists, we challenge the collective discourse that designates the gender binary as a natural progression. Binary gender keeps us from our cosmic corporeality, that space where the body can expand and explore in the freedom of abstraction. Nope, this cannot continue. The glitch pushes the machine to its breaking point by refusing to function for it, refusing to uphold its fiction.

What does it mean to find life— and to find ourselves— through the framework of failure? To build models that stand with strength on their own, not to be held up against those that have failed us, as reactionary tools of resistance? Here is the opportunity to build new worlds. As citizens transmogrified by the material of the digital, we recognize that limitlessness is possible, that we can expand in every direction. I found new landscapes through being borne and carried online, those early days where I flexed as adigital Orlando, shapeshifting, time-traveling, genderfucking as I saw fit. I became myself, I found my body, through becoming, embodying, a glitch.

Each among us containing multitudes, as glitch feminists we are not one but many bodies. All these Internet avatars have taught us something: that reality is what we make of it, and in order to make a “real life” whether online or AFK, we must seize it. This is our right. United, we will no longer ache for visibility or recognition or equality. This relinquishing of power as reparation for harms done will never happen voluntarily, or meet our terms — so why waste ourselves in waiting for it? By breaking it all, we pave the way for the kaleidoscopic future that we want.

What glitch feminism is proposing instead is this: We will embody the ecstatic and catastrophic error. If this is a spatial battle, let us become anarchitecture.

We will be not “single beings” but be every single being and every single avatar, expanding to a rageful full range that makes this gendered engine screech to a halt.

We will let our liquidity roar with the deep decibels of waves. We will cruise as wild, amorous, monstrous malfunctions.

We will find life, joy, and longevity in breaking what needs to be broken. We will be persistent in our failure to perform in pursuit of a future that does not want us, enduring in our refusal to protect the idea, the institution of “body” that alienates us.

Here is where new possibilities gestate.

As glitch feminists, we will search in the darkness for the gates, seek the ways to bring them down and kill their keepers.

So, go ahead—tear it all open. Let's be beatific in our leaky and limitless contagion. Usurp the body. Become your avatar. Be the glitch.

Let the whole goddamn thing short-circuit.

'I am to be manifestoed against, though no prince.'

George Wilhelm followed his old scheme, peace at any price ... and except complaining, petitioning, and manifestoing, studiously did nothing.'

MANIFESTOS \ MANIFESTO \ MANIFEST \ MANIFES \ MANIFE \ MANIF \ MANI \  
MAN \ MA \ M

On or about December 1910,' according to Virginia Woolf, 'human character changed.'<sup>1</sup> Modernism took hold. Manifestoism can be dated a little more precisely. On or about 20 February 1909, when 'The Foundation and Manifesto of Futurism' (Mi in this book) was splashed across the front page of *Le Figaro*, manifestoing began in earnest. That celebrated document not only announced a new movement but started a new trend, effectively a new genre, an adventure in artistic expression.

Once upon a time the manifesto was the province of kings and princes. In the seventeenth century it was hijacked by the Poor Oppressed People of England, also known as the Diggers and the Levellers, the radical dissenters of their day. In 1848 Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels made it their own: The Communist Manifesto is the ur-manifesto of the modern period, 'the archetype of a century of modernist manifestos and movements to come'. The Communist Manifesto was first and foremost a political manifesto a call to arms in the service of the revolution. That was the point. Thus, the famous peroration.

The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communistic revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.

Yet Marx himself was deeply interested in the poetry' of the revolution' the forms and the phrases that would make it sing so much so that the rhetorical strategy of The Communist Manifesto is as highly developed as the political analysis.<sup>4</sup> As Marshall Berman has underlined, the Manifesto is remarkable for its imaginative power, its expression and grasp of the luminous and dreadful possibilities that pervade modern life. Along with

everything else that it is, it is the first great modernist work of art. '5 Curiously enough, Bertolt Brecht wanted to make a versification of it, in hexameters, just as Sergei Eisenstein wanted to make a film of *Das Kapital*. The original seems to be proof against adaptation, but the preamble is already a kind of prose poem and the dramatic opening positively theatrical. 'A spectre is haunting Europe the spectre of Communism. All the Powers of old Europe have entered into a holy alliance to exorcize this spectre: Pope and Czar. Metternich and Guizot. French radicals and German police spies.'6 Much of this is proleptic, or futuristic; in 1848 the spectre of Communism haunted the pages of the Manifesto rather more effectively than it did the chancelleries of Europe. Its time would come. The poetry of the revolution is unforgettable.

Constant revolutionizing of production, uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation distinguishes the bourgeois epoch from all earlier ones. All fixed, fast-frozen relations, with their train of ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions are swept away, all new-formed ones become antiquated before they can ossify. All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned, and man is at last compelled to face with sober senses, his real conditions of life, and his relations with his kind.

These strategies these very phrases would be recast and recycled time and again in the artists' manifestos of the twentieth century. Workers of the mind, unite!' mimicked the author of the Futurist Manifesto. With artists, the life of the mind is a dazzling and voluptuous operation. A hundred years after Marx appeared in English translation, the architect Lebbeus Woods, a dedicated experimentalist, wrote a manifesto-versification of his own.

I declare war on all icons and finalities, on all histories that would chain me with my own falseness, my own pitiful fears. I know only moments, and lifetimes that are as moments, and forms that appear with infinite strength, then 'melt into air'. I am an architect, a constructor of worlds, a sensualist who worships the flesh, the melody, a silhouette against the darkening sky. I cannot know your name. Nor can you know mine. Tomorrow, we begin together the construction of a city. Anyone who manifestoed after Marx had the spectre of that sainted longhair hovering somewhere nearby.

To manifesto is to perform. The Futurists may be described as the original performance artists. In print, on stage, showering leaflets from the top of the nearest tall building, their pronouncements performed their principles. The founding of Futurism was a boisterous affair. One of its sharpest observers was Leon Trotsky, organizer of the Russian Revolution. Trotsky had a brilliant mind and an acid pen. 'Futurism arose,' he wrote later, as a protest against the art of petty realists who sponged on life.'8 The introduction to the Futurist Manifesto did not disappoint: It is from Italy that we hurl at the whole world this utterly violent, inflammatory manifesto of ours, with which we today are founding 'Futurism', because we wish to free our country from the stinking canker of its professors, archaeologists, tour guides and antiquarians.

For far too long Italy has been a marketplace for junk dealers. We want our country free from the endless number of museums that everywhere cover her like countless graveyards. Museums, graveyards! . . . They're the same thing, really, because of their grim profusion of corpses that no one remembers.

The Futurist Manifesto itself was of a piece with this magniloquence. Its author was F. T. Marinetti (1876-1944), philosopher, novelist, playwright, poet, propagandist and self-publicist, the Napoleon of the Futurist legions yet unborn, the Trotsky of the Futurist revolt yet unachieved. Its tenets were a marinade of Marinetti and his influences, poetical and political, acknowledged and unacknowledged, among them Walt Whitman's *Song of Myself* and Emile Zola's *J'accuse*, Henri Bergson's notion of *elan vital* and Georges Sorel's *Reflections on Violence*, Stephane Mallarme's lyrical experimentalism and Friedrich Nietzsche's philosophical iconoclasm.<sup>9</sup> Nietzsche in particular was an inspiration, as much for the dramatic quality of his writing as for the prophetic character of his thought. Nietzsche is at once unsettling and unsparing. His very titles send a shiver down the spine *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886), subtitled *Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future*. Marinetti, a light-fingered borrower and a true original, seems to have made free with certain passages of his other works. The desire to destroy, to change, to create something new, can be an expression of an abundant force, pregnant with Future.' The Futurist Manifesto neatly bottles Nietzsche along with all the rest:

We want to sing about the love of danger, about the use of energy and recklessness as common, daily practice. \ Courage, boldness and rebellion will be essential elements in our poetry. \ Up to now, literature has extolled a contemplative stillness, rapture and reverie. \ We intend to glorify aggressive action, a restive wakefulness, life at the double, the slap and the punching fist. \ We believe that this wonderful world has been further enriched by a new beauty, the beauty of speed. A racing car, its bonnet decked with exhaust pipes like serpents with galvanic breath... a roaring motor car, which seems to race on like machinegun fire, is more beautiful than the Winged Victory of Samothrace. \ We wish to sing the praises of the man behind the steering wheel, whose sleek shaft traverses the Earth, which itself is hurtling at breakneck speed along the racetrack of its orbit. \ The poet will have to do all in his power, passionately, flamboyantly, and with generosity of spirit, to increase the delirious fervour of the primordial elements.

And more, much more, until finally, Standing tall on the roof of the world, yet again, we hurl our defiance at the stars!' We now know that Marinetti had a plan of campaign: the Futurist Manifesto had been extensively trialled in Italy before it appeared in *Le Figaro*. Its inflammatory rhetoric was not spontaneous but carefully rehearsed. No less disingenuous was the disclaimer from the newspaper's editors which prefaced it.

Mr Marinetti, the young Italian and French poet, whose remarkable and fiery talent has been made known throughout the Latin countries by his notorious demonstrations and who has a galaxy of enthusiastic disciples, has just founded the school of 'Futurism', whose theories surpass in daring all previous and contemporary schools. The *Figaro* . . . today offers its readers the Manifesto of the Futurists. Is it necessary to say that we assign to the author himself full responsibility for his singularly audacious ideas and his frequently unwarranted extravagance in the face of things that are eminently respectable and, happily, everywhere respected? But we thought it interesting to reserve for our readers the first publication of this manifesto, whatever their judgement of it will be.<sup>12</sup> Futurist teaching (or preaching) has always been too much for the unconverted. 'Futurism, as preached by Marinetti, is largely Impressionism up-to-date,' rejoined Wyndham Lewis. 'To this is added his Automobilmism and Nietzsche stunt.'<sup>13</sup> But the withering Wyndham Lewis was out of touch with the times. The Manifesto caused a sensation. With the beauty of speed, the French text was turned into a leaflet and all Europe leafleted. Excerpts appeared in newspapers and magazines the world over. 'Futurism' was launched. So too was the talented Mr Marinetti. Overnight, as it seemed, the artist's manifesto had come of age. For the next twenty years it was all the rage.



For Marinetti, the secret of the successful manifesto lay in its violence and its precision (Taccusation precise, l'insulte bien definie), to which we can add its bombast and its wit.<sup>14</sup> This was the Marinetti model, encapsulated in the notorious paragraph 9, with its provocative, almost gratuitous, concluding flourish: 'We wish to glorify war — the sole cleanser of the world militarism, patriotism, the destructive act of the libertarian, beautiful ideas worth dying for, and scorn for women. It is interesting to find that Marinetti had a clear idea of what would do and what would not. The art of making manifestos, as he put it, called for a certain rigour, a verve (or perhaps a nerve), and a sense of style, or form, analogous to the work of art itself. A few years later, Gino Severini, one of a handful of founding Futurists but a little semi-detached, sent Marinetti the manuscript of a projected manifesto. With Napoleonic self-assurance, he replied.

I have read with great attention your manuscript, which contains extremely First of all, the title ['The Painting of Light, Depth and Dynamism ] absolutely won't do because it is too generic, too derivative of the titles of other manifestos. In the second place, you must take out the part in which you restate the merde and rose of Apollinaire, this being, in absolute contrast to our type of manifesto, a way of praising a single artist by repeating his own eulogies and insults. Moreover . . . you must not repeat what I have already said, in Futurism the Manifesto] and elsewhere, about the Futurist sensibility. The rest of the material is very' good and important, but to publish it as it is would be to publish an article that is excellent but not yet a manifesto. I therefore advise you to take it back and reword it, removing all that I have already mentioned, and intensifying and tightening it, recasting the whole new part in the form of a manifesto and not in that of a review article about Futurist painting . . .

I think I shall persuade you by all that I know about the art of making manifestos, which I possess, and by my desire to place in full light, not in half light, your own remarkable genius as a Futurist.<sup>15</sup> 'The merde and rose of Apollinaire\*' was a reference to a manifesto composed by that astonishing figure, L'antitradition futuriste\* (Mu), as like as not solicited by Marinetti, and edited manifestoed according to strict Marinettian principles. Apollinaire himself, it appears, was not exempt from the treatment. 'L'antitradition futuriste' manifests a number of features common to the genre. The Marinetti model became a kind of template. Marinetti's mots and Marinetti's antics resonate throughout the century. The composer Karl-Heinz Stockhausen's scandalous comment on the destruction of New York's twin towers on 11 September 2001 'the greatest work of art imaginable for the whole cosmos' was pure Marinetti. Tristan Tzara, the capo of Dadaism, and Andre Breton, the pope of Surrealism, deliberately followed in his footsteps. Every art movement commander-in-chief is a mini-Marinetti.

Novel as it seems (and self-proclaims), Apollinaire's manifesto is in fact derivative of other manifestos, notwithstanding Marinetti's strictures. The artist's manifesto is a thievish pursuit, with cannibalistic tendencies. (Suggestively, perhaps, there are Cannibalist Manifestos see M35 and M53.) In other words, it is a highly self-conscious and self-referential form. The art of making manifestos is also the art of appropriation. If the bad poet borrows, and the good poet steals, as T. S. Eliot said, then artistmanifestoists are very good poets indeed.

It is also polarizing, or, to put it more delicately, self-differentiating. Artists' movements and artists' manifestos typically define themselves against. Intellectually, this causes them no trouble: it is not hard to identify who or what they are against usually their rivals and predecessors. In this respect the Futurists were

unusual only in the sheer comprehensiveness of their condemnation: they were against the past. To specify what they are for, on the other hand, is a good deal more difficult. Many manifestos resolve the difficulty into a crude dichotomy, or a round of name-calling, where brickbats and bouquets are tossed at the selected candidates. Apollinaire's manifesto offers an extravagant example, possibly a parody throwing merde at Montaigne, Wagner, Beethoven, Poe, Whitman and Baudelaire, among many others, and rose at a long list of the notable and not-so-notable, beginning with Marinetti, Picasso, Boccioni, and Apollinaire himself. Wyndham Lewis's Vorticist version of this procedure was trumpeted in the very title of the journal he created BLAST (M17). which blasts some things, Futurist-fashion ('France, sentimental Gallic gush, sensationalism, fussiness . . .'), and blesses others (cold, magnanimous, delicate, gauche, fanciful, stupid Englishmen . . .'). Artists' manifestos are strong on remonstrance. Long live -I' and Down with -!' are two of its most familiar tropes. In this mood, they are at once vigorous and reductive. Other features of the manifesto, however, are sophisticated indeed. The Futurist revolt was effectively thwarted, but one thrust carried forward: words-in-freedom', to use Marinetti's language, and a 'typographical revolution aimed at exploding 'the harmony of the page'. Just as they were against right-angles, the Futurists were against adjectives. 'Words-in-freedom' promoted an emancipatory orthography, where the old rules of spelling and syntax could be abandoned, where the typeface flips merrily from one font to another, where letters are repeated as often as you please 'reds, rrrrrreds, the rrrrrreddest rrrrrreds that shouuuuuuuut' and there is word-play all day long in the grammatical Garden of Eden. Not coincidentally, Futurist manifestos resemble modernist poems. Ghosted or otherwise, Apollinaire's manifesto has the look of his famous calligrammes' or word-pictures, composed at around the same time.

Word-play is not the only play involved. Some artists' manifestos are deadly serious. Some are not. In the immortal words of the self styled living sculptures, Gilbert and George (M80), 'The lord chisels still, so don't leave your bench for long.' Some waver between the incendiary and the buffoonery; some are outlandish; some are gibberish. The artist as author is full of surprises. Painters in particular are often supposed to be either stupid or vapid, and in any event inarticulate, unable or unwilling to explain themselves. In fact, many painters are capable writers and whisper it softly subtle thinkers. Barnett Newman is a great exemplar (see M64). 'The artist is approached not as an original thinker in his own medium,' he noted caustically, but, rather, as an instinctive, intuitive executant who, largely unaware of what he is doing, breaks through the mystery by the magic of his performance to "express" truths the professionals think they can read better than he can himself.'<sup>11</sup> The artists represented here give the lie to such condescension. Making manifestos engages the thinker-practitioner; and in this sphere the thinker-performer is by no means a contradiction in terms. Art and thought are not incompatible after all.

It is only to be expected that the thinking is not in straight lines. Artists' manifestos are full of quirks and foibles. Charles Jencks has proposed an arresting typology or tropology of the volcano and the tablet', which might crush the fun out of them, but which captures very well the deep seated emotion and semi-scriptural injunction so often on display.<sup>18</sup> Despite the clowning, much manifesting is fiercely engaged. Like the face of 'the other' in Emmanuel Levinas's philosophy, the manifesto is a demand. It demands something from us, and it demands it now. That something may be no more than our attention our full attention or it may be our adherence to a certain world-view, and as like as not a certain programme. The programme and the world-view are often political intensely political. Perhaps the most striking feature of the artist's manifesto is the frequency with which it outruns art to embrace life. For the manifestos of the first half of the twentieth century especially, the revolution was their unavoidable preoccupation: their subtext and sometimes their pretext. Futurist manifestos raved about the multicoloured polyphonic tides of revolution'. The last words of

Le Corbusier's influential 'Toward an Architecture' (M45) posed the question, 'Architecture or revolution', and offered the answer (or the prayer), 'Revolution can be avoided.'

Others felt differently. In 1919 Raoul Hausmann and Johannes Baader founded a Dada republic by manifesto (see M29), in which they instructed the Mayor of Berlin to hand over the treasury and commanded the city's employees to obey only the orders of the joint authors. Sadly, the Dada republic was still-born. The quest continued. In 1938 Breton and Trotsky concluded their manifesto, 'Towards a Free Revolutionary Art' (M59), with a ringing declaration.

Our aims: The independence of art for the revolution. The revolution for the complete liberation of art! In the 1960s, the Situationists gave their own rather prim expression to a similar yearning (see M70). The revolutionary preoccupation might be called the manifesto obbligato. It is exhilarating, even elevating, but it also tends to find them out. Trotsky himself published a devastating critique of the artist's limitations in the sphere of moral and social revolt'. The critique centred on the feckless Futurists and their half-baked ideas, their political posturing and their artistic shortcomings. It was an awful warning. The connection of the aesthetic 'revolt' with the moral and social revolt is direct; both enter entirely and fully into the life experience of the active, new, young, and untamed section of the intelligentsia of the Left, the creative Bohemia, Disgust against the limitations and the vulgarity of the old life produces a new artistic style as a way of escape, and thus the disgust is liquidated. In different combinations, and on different historic bases, we have seen the disgust of the intelligentsia form more than one new style. But that was always the end of it. This time, the proletarian revolution caught Futurism at a certain stage of its growth and pushed it forward. Futurists became Communists. By this very act they entered the sphere of more profound questions and relationships, which far transcended the limits of their own little world, and which were not quite worked out organically in their soul. That is why Futurists ... are weakest artistically at those points where they finish as Communist. . . That is why they are frequently subject to artistic and psychological defeats, to stilted forms and to making much noise about nothing."

Revolution or no revolution, artists manifestoed, undeterred. There is something of the incorrigible optimist about the manifestoist. To make a manifesto is to imagine or hallucinate the Promised Land, wherever that might be. It is in its own way a utopian project. It is certainly not an undertaking for the faint-hearted. In this sense, perhaps, it is apt for the artist. The characteristic stance of the artist-manifestoist is a sort of spiritual resilience, an uprightness, amid the general flux and flex. Artists strive to make headway in a resistant medium and a hostile environment, as it may be). With the exception of the latter-day Stuckists (see M95), who stand proudly on the wrong side of history, the Futurists and their successor-ists are in every sense forward movements. They wager on progress as they see it. Their battle cry is towards. The Moses of modernism for so many of these artists is Paul Cezanne, who died just as the manifesto was being conceived. As Cezanne knew, the artist's work is never finished. Nor yet the manifesto.

Beyond the catfights, therefore, artists' manifestos tap into a larger vision, shared by many of the movements who make their presence felt in the pages that follow. An exchange in Roberto Bolaño's extraordinary novel, *The Savage Detectives*, affords a glimpse of the vision, and the movements: 'You're a Stridentist, body and soul. You'll help us build Strident polis, Cesarea,' I said. And then she smiled, as if I was telling her a good joke but one she already knew, and she said that she had quit her job a week ago and that anyway she'd always been a Visceral Realist, not a Stridentist. And so am I, I said or shouted, all of us

Mexicans are more Visceral Realists than Stridentists, but what does it matter? Stridentism and Visceral Realism are just two masks to get us where we really want to go. And where is that? she said. To modernity, Cesarea, I said, to goddamned modernity.

The artists' manifesto is a passport to modernity. To goddamned modernity: And then to post-modernity. To poor, put-upon post-modernity. And beyond.

This historic document announced not only the founding of Futurism, but also the beginning of the very idea of the artist's manifesto. It was at once a new genre and a reinvention (or a remix) of the political original, *The Communist Manifesto* (1848), the ur-manifesto of the modern age. The Futurist Manifesto had an impact that was both immediate and long lasting. It loosened tongues, shortened tempers and emboldened imitators of every nation and persuasion. It triggered an avalanche of artists' manifestos fifty more over the next few years from the Futurists alone, many of them composed or inspired by the irrepressible Marinetti. The manifesto was a continuation of art by other means. Over the next twenty years, the art wars of the avant-garde produced the canonic manifestos of the classic movements the Futurists, the Dadaists, the Surrealists and their brothers and sisters and splinters all of them owing something to this founding text and fundamental example. One hundred years after its first publication, it has not ceased to provoke.

The announcement was suitably spectacular: it was splashed on the front page of *Le Figaro* on 20 February 1909. We now know<sup>7</sup> that it had been extensively trailed in Italy before being launched upon the world. After it appeared in *Le Figaro* there was no stopping it. As if in conformity with Futurist principles, the French text was speedily published as a leaflet and all Europe leafleted. It was translated into English, German, Spanish, Russian, Czech and other languages. It appeared as a preface to Enrico Cavacchioli, *La Rannochie turchine* [The Turquoise Frogs] and *Enquete internationale sur le vers Libre* (1909). The definitive Italian version was published in the Futurist house journal *Poesia* in February-March 1909 in Milan. It was declaimed soon afterwards by Marinetti himself from the stage of the Alfieri Theatre, Turin, and then in other theatres in other cities. Its dissemination, too, was a model for its successors.

F. T. MARINETTI (1876-1944), philosopher, novelist, playwright, poet, propagandist and self-publicist, might be called the first artist of the manifesto. He was not a painter, but he was a figure. The pioneers of Dadaism (the\* next big thing) were full of admiration for Apollinaire, Kandinsky and Marinetti as the greatest figures in modern art'. Tristan Tzara, the capo of Dadaism, and Andre Breton, the pope of Surrealism, knowingly followed in his footsteps (see M28 and M50). As manifestoists and strategists, artists and revolutionists, such men were in many ways mini-Marinettis. For all his borrowing, Marinetti was a true original. Not only did he instigate something that could credibly be called an artistic movement; as mobilizer, organizer and proselytizer, he was as important in the history of European modernism as Trotsky in the history of the Russian Revolution.

My friends and I stayed up all night, sitting beneath the lamps of a mosque, whose star-studded, filigreed brass domes resembled our souls, all aglow with the concentrated brilliance of an electric heart. For many hours, we'd been trailing our age-old indolence back and forth over richly adorned, oriental carpets, debating at the uttermost boundaries of logic and filling up masses of paper with our frenetic writings.

Immense pride filled our hearts, for we felt that at that hour we alone were vigilant and unbending, like magnificent beacon^ or guards in forward positions, facing an enemy of hostile stars, which watched us closely from their celestial encampments. Alone we were, with the stokers working feverishly at the infernal fires of great liners; alone with the black spectres that rake through the red-hot bellies of locomotives, hurtling along at breakneck speed; alone with the floundering drunks, with the uncertain beating of our wings, along the city walls.

Suddenly we were startled by the terrifying clatter of huge doubledecker trams jolting by, all ablaze with different-coloured lights, as if they were villages in festive celebration, which the River Po, in full spate, suddenly shakes and uproots to sweep them away down to the sea, over the falls and through the whirlpools of a mighty flood.

Then the silence became more sombre. Yet even while we were listening to the tedious, mumbled prayers of an ancient canal and the creaking bones of dilapidated palaces on their tiresome stretches of soggy lawn, we caught the sudden roar of ravening motor cars, right there beneath our windows.

‘Come on! Let’s go!’ I said. Come on, my lads, let’s get out of here! At long last, all the myths and mystical ideals are behind us. We’re about to witness the birth of a Centaur and soon we shall witness the flight of the very first Angels! We shall have to shake the gates of life itself to test their locks and hinges! ... Let’s be off! See there, the Earth’s very first dawn! Nothing can equal the splendour of the sun’s red sword slicing through our millennial darkness, for the very first time!’

We approached the three panting beasts to stroke their burning breasts, full of loving admiration. I stretched myself out on my car like a corpse on its bier, but immediately I was revived as the steering wheel, like a guillotine blade, threatened my belly.

A furious gust of madness tore us out of ourselves and hurled us along roads as deep and plunging as the beds of torrents. Every now and then a feeble light, flickering behind some windowpane, made us mistrust the calculations of our all-too-fallible eyes. I cried out, ‘The scent, nothing but the scent! That’s all an animal needs!’

And we, like young lions, chased after Death, whose black pelt was dotted with pale crosses, as he sped away across the vast, violet-tinted sky, vital and throbbing.

And yet we had no idealized Lover whose sublime being rose up into the skies; no cruel Queen to whom we might offer up our corpses, contorted like Byzantine rings! Nothing at all worth dying for, other than the desire to divest ourselves finally of the courage that weighed us down!

But we sped on, squashing beneath our scorching tyres the snarling guard dogs at the doorsteps of their houses, like crumpled collars under a hot iron. Death, tamed by this time, went past me at each bend, only to offer me his willing paw; and sometimes he would lie down, his teeth grinding, eyeing me with his soft, gentle look from every puddle in the road.

'Let's leave wisdom behind as if it were some hideous shell, and cast ourselves, like fruit, flushed with pride, into the immense, twisting jaws of the wind!.. Let 's become food for the Unknown, not out of desperation, but simply to fill up the deep wells of the Absurd to the very brim! '

I had hardly got these words out of my mouth when I swung the car around sharply, with all the crazy irrationality of a dog trying to bite its own tail. Then suddenly a pair of cyclists came towards me, gesticulating that I was on the wrong side, dithering about in front of me like two different lines of thought, both persuasive but for all that, quite contradictory. Their stupid uncertainty was in my way ... How ridiculous! What a nuisance! ... I braked hard and to my disgust the wheels left the ground and I flew into a ditch.

O mother of a ditch, brimful with muddy water! Fine repair shop of a ditch! How I relished your strength-giving sludge that reminded me so much of the saintly black breast of my Sudanese nurse ... When I got myself up soaked, filthy, foul-smelling rag that I was from beneath my overturned car, I had a wonderful sense of my heart being pierced by the red-hot sword of joy!

A crowd of fishermen, with their lines, and some gouty old naturalists were already milling around this wondrous spectacle. Patiently, meticulously, they set up tall trestles and laid out huge iron-mesh nets to fish out my car, as if it were a great shark that had been washed up and stranded. Slowly the car's frame emerged, leaving its heavy, sober bodywork at the bottom of the ditch as well as its soft, comfortable upholstery, as though they were merely scales.

They thought it was dead, that gorgeous shark of mine, but a caress was all it needed to revive it, and there it was, back from the dead, darting along with its powerful fins!

So, with my face covered in repair-shop grime a fine mixture of metallic flakes, profuse sweat and pale-blue soot with my arms all bruised and bandaged, yet quite undaunted, I dictated our foremost desires to all men on Earth who are truly alive.

We want to sing about the love of danger, about the use of energy and recklessness as common, daily practice.

Courage, boldness and rebellion will be essential elements in our poetry.

Up to now, literature has extolled a contemplative stillness, rapture and reverie. We intend to glorify

aggressive action, a restive wakefulness, life at the double, the slap and the punching fist.

We believe that this wonderful world has been further enriched by a new beauty, the beauty of speed. A racing car, its bonnet decked with exhaust pipes like serpents with galvanic breath ... a roaring motor car, which seems to race on like machine-gun fire, is more beautiful than the Winged Victory of Sarnothrace.

We wish to sing the praises of the man behind the steering wheel, whose sleek shaft traverses the Earth, which itself is hurtling at breakneck speed along the racetrack of its orbit.

The poet will have to do all in his power, passionately, flamboyantly, and with generosity of spirit, to increase the delirious fervour of the primordial elements.

There is no longer any beauty except the struggle. Any work of art that lacks a sense of aggression can never be a masterpiece. Poetry must be thought of as a violent assault upon the forces of the unknown with the intention of making them prostrate themselves at the feet of mankind.

We stand upon the furthest promontory of the ages!. .. Why should we be looking back over our shoulders, if what we desire is to smash down the mysterious doors of the Impossible? Time and Space died yesterday. We are already living in the realms of the Absolute, for we have already create infinite, omnipresent speed.

We wish to glorify war – the sole cleanser of the world – militarism, patriotism, the destructive act of the libertarian, beautiful ideas worth dying for, and scorn for women.

We wish to destroy museums, libraries, academies of any sort, and fight against moralism, feminism, and every kind of materialistic, self-serving cowardice.

We shall sing of the great multitudes who are roused up by work, by pleasure, or by rebellion; of the many-hued, many-voiced tides of revolution in our modern capitals; of the pulsating, nightly ardour of arsenals and shipyards, ablaze with their violent electric moons; of railway stations, voraciously devouring smoke-belching serpents; of workshops hanging from the clouds by their twisted threads of smoke; of bridges which, like giant gymnasts, bstride the rivers, flashing in the sunlight like gleaming knives; of intrepid steamships that sniff out the horizon; of broad-breasted locomotives, champing on the wheels like enormous steel horses, bridled with pipes; and of the lissom flight of the aeroplane, whose propeller flutters like a flag in the wind, seeming to applaud, like a crowd excited.

It is from Italy that we hurl at the whole world this utterly violent, inflammatory manifesto of ours, with which we today are founding 'Futurism', because we wish to free our country from the stinking canker of its professors, archaeologists, tour guides and antiquarians.

For far too long Italy has been a marketplace for junk dealers. We want our country free from the endless number of museums that everywhere cover her like countless graveyards. Museums, graveyards! ... They're the same thing, really, because of their grim production of corpses that no one remembers. Museum. They're just public flophouses, where things sleep on forever, alongside other loathsome or nameless things! Museums: ridiculous abattoirs for painters and sculptors, who are furiously stabbing one another to death with colours and lines, all along the walls where they vie for space.

Sure, people may go there on pilgrimage about once a year, just as they do to the cemetery on All Souls Day – I'll grant you that. And yes, once a year a wreath of flowers is laid at the feet of the Gioconda [the Mona Lisa] I'll grant you that too! But what I won't allow is that our miseries, our fragile courage, or our sickly anxieties get marched daily around these museums. Why should we want to poison ourselves? Why should we want to rot?

What on earth is there to be discovered in an old painting other than the laboured contortions of the artist, trying to break down the insuperable barriers which prevent him from giving full expression to his artistic dream? ... Admiring an old painting is just like pouring our purest feelings into a funerary urn, instead of projecting them far and wide, in violent outbursts of creation and of action.

Do you really want to waste all your best energies in this unending, futile veneration for the past, from which you emerge fatally exhausted, diminished, trampled down?

Make no mistake, I'm convinced that for an artist to go every day to museums and libraries and academies (the cemeteries of wasted effort, calvaries of crucified dreams, records of impulses cut short!...) is every bit as harmful as the prolonged over-protectiveness of parents for certain young people who get carried away by their talent and ambition. For those who are dying anyway, for the invalids, for the prisoners who cares? The admirable past may be a balm to their worries, since for them the future is a closed book ... but we, the powerful young Futurists, don't want to have anything to do with it, the past!

So let them come, the happy-go-lucky fire-raisers with their blackened fingers! Here they come! Here they come!... Come on then! Set fire to the library shelves! Divert the canals so they can flood the museums!... Oh, what a pleasure it is to see those revered old canvases, washed out and tattered, drifting away in the water! ... Grab your picks and your axes and your hammers and then demolish, pitilessly demolish, all venerated cities!

The oldest among us are thirty: so we have at least ten years in which to complete our task. When we reach forty, other, younger and more courageous men will very likely toss us into the trash can, like useless manuscripts. And that's what we want!

Our successors will rise up against us, from far away, from every part of the world, dancing on the



winged cadenzas of their first songs, flexing their hooked, predatory claws, sniffing like dogs at the doors of our academies, at the delicious scent of our decaying minds, already destined for the catacombs of libraries.

But we won't be there . . . Eventually they will find us, on a winter's night, in a humble shed, far away in the country, with an incessant rain drumming upon it, and they'll see us huddling anxiously together beside our aeroplanes, warming our hands around the flickering flames of our present-day books, which burn away beneath images as they take flight.

They will rant and rave around us, gasping in outrage and fury, and then frustrated by our proud, unwavering boldness they will hurl themselves upon us to kill us, driven by a hatred made all the more implacable because their hearts overflow with love and admiration for us.

Strong, healthy Injustice will flash dazzlingly in their eyes. Art, indeed, can be nothing but violence, cruelty and injustice.

The oldest among us are only thirty. And yet we have squandered fortunes, a thousand fortunes of strength, love, daring, cleverness and of naked willpower. We have tossed them aside impatiently, in anger, without thinking of the cost, without a moment's hesitation, without ever resting, gasping for breath . . . Just look at us! We're not exhausted yet! Our hearts feel no weariness, for they feed on fire, on hatred, and on speed! ... Does that surprise you? That's logical enough, I suppose, as you don't even remember having lived! Standing tall on the roof of the world, yet again we fling our challenge at the stars!

Do you have any objections? – All right! Sure, we know what they are ... We have understood! ... Our sharp duplicitous intelligence tell us that we are the sum total and extension of our forebears. Well, maybe! ... Be that as it may! ... But what does it matter? We want nothing to do with it! ... Woe betide anybody whom we catch repeating these infamous words of ours!

Look around you!

Standing tall on the roof of the world, yet again, we hurl our defiance at the stars!

According to legend, this manifesto was composed by Boccioni, Carra and Russolo in a single day rather laboriously, says Carra at the Porta Vittoria cafe in Milan, with Marinetti joining them in the evening to add the finishing touches. It was launched in late February 1910, and first published as a leaflet in Poesia, backdated to 11 February 1910. (Futurist manifestos are always dated 11; Marinetti had a superstitious regard for that number.) It was declaimed from the stage of the Chiarella Theatre, Turin, on 18 March 1910, and from the Mercedante Theatre, Naples, on 20 April 1910.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Futurist movement consisted initially of five men and a

dynamic dog: Giacomo Balla, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, Luigi Russolo and Gino Severini. It was they who collaborated on the seminal manifestos of 1910-14, and on an exhibition, 'The Italian Futurist Painters', at the Galerie Bernheim-Jeune in Paris and the Sackville Gallery in London in 1912, an exhibition recreated in Paris, Rome and London in 2008-9, in centenary celebration.

UMBERTO BOCCIONI (1882-1916) was a true believer, an aggressive nationalist (he once set fire to an Austrian flag at an evening in the theatre, a typical Futurist stunt) and something of a theorist. His painting *The Laugh* (1911) borrows the title of a book by the philosopher Henri Bergson, a favourite of the Futurists. For all his partisan fervour, he was not above a little borrowing from the opposition he appears to have reworked *The Laugh* to give it a Cubist look, after discovering Picasso and Braque in Paris in the autumn of 1911.

For Boccioni, modernity was not enough: he spoke of 'modernolatry', and painted a fiercely Futurist *Modern Idol* (1910-11). It was he who laid down that the spectator must be at the centre of the action of the work (a precept emphasized in M3). 'If we paint the phases of a riot, the crowd bustling with uplifted fists and the noisy onslaught of the cavalry are translated upon the canvas in sheaves of lines corresponding to the conflicting forces, following the general law of violence of the picture. These force-lines must encircle and involve the spectator so that he will in a manner be forced to struggle himself with the persons in the picture.' His own treatment of *The Forces in the Street* (1911) illustrates this Futurist force-field very well, as does Carrà's exemplary subject, *The Funeral of the Anarchist Galli* (1910-n), a composition reminiscent of Uccello with a Futurist twist.

Boccioni was also a sculptor his virile Futurist figure in a force-field of its own, *Unique Forms of Continuity in Space* (1913), was used by the Berlusconi government, appropriately enough, on one of the new Euro coins in 2002 and a soldier. He died on active service, not as he might have wished, Futuristically, but ironically, from injuries sustained after his horse shied at a car.

The cry of rebellion which we utter associates our ideals with those of the Futurist poets. These ideals were not invented by some aesthetic clique. They are an expression of a violent desire which boils in the veins of every creative artist today.

We will fight with all our might the fanatical, senseless and snobbish religion of the past, a religion encouraged by the vicious existence of museums. We rebel against that spineless worshipping of old canvases, old statues and old bric-a-brac, against everything which is filthy and worm-ridden and corroded by time. We consider the habitual contempt for everything which is young, new and burning with life to be unjust and even criminal.

Comrades, we tell you now that the triumphant progress of science makes profound changes in humanity inevitable, changes which are hacking an abyss between those docile slaves of past tradition and us free moderns, who are confident in the radiant splendour of our future.

We are sickened by the foul laziness of artists, who ever since the sixteenth century, have endlessly exploited the glories of the ancient Romans.

In the eyes of other countries, Italy is still a land of the dead, a vast Pompeii, white with sepulchres. But Italy is being reborn. Its political resurgence will be followed by a cultural resurgence. In the land inhabited by the illiterate peasant, schools will be set up; in the land where doing nothing in the sun was the only available profession, millions of machines are already roaring; in the land where traditional aesthetics reigned supreme, new flights of artistic inspiration are emerging and dazzling the world with their brilliance.

Living art draws its life from the surrounding environment. Our forebears drew their artistic inspiration from a religious atmosphere which fed their souls; in the same way we must breathe in the tangible miracles of contemporary life the iron network of speedy communications which envelops the earth, the transatlantic liners, the dreadnoughts, those marvellous flights which furrow our skies, the profound courage of our submarine navigators, and the spasmodic struggle to conquer the unknown. How can we remain insensible to the frenetic life of our great cities and to the exciting new psychology of nightlife; the feverish figures of the bon viveur, the cocotte, the Apache and the absinthe drinker?

We will also play our part in this crucial revival of aesthetic expression: we will declare war on all artists and all institutions which insist on hiding behind a façade of false modernity, while they are actually ensnared by tradition academicism and, above all, a nauseating cerebral laziness.

We condemn as insulting to youth the acclamations of a revolting rabble for the sickening reflowering of a pathetic kind of classicism in Rome; the neurasthenic cultivation of hermaphroditic archaism which they rave about in Florence; the pedestrian, half-blind handiwork of 48 which they are buying in Milan; the work of pensioned-off government clerks which they think the world of in Turin; the hotchpotch of encrusted rubbish of a group of fossilized alchemists which they are worshipping in Venice. We are going to rise up against all superficiality and banality all the slovenly and facile commercialism which makes the work of most of our highly respected artists throughout Italy worthy of our deepest contempt.

Away then with hired restorers of antiquated incrustations. Away with affected archaeologists with their chronic necrophile with the critics, those complacent pimps! Down with gouty academics and drunken, ignorant professors!

Ask these priests of a veritable religious cult, these guardians of old aesthetic laws, where we can go and see the works of Giovanni Segantini [1858— 99] today. Ask them why the officials of the Commission have never heard of the existence of Gaetano Previati [1852-1920]. Ask them where they can see Medardo Rosso's [1858-1928] sculpture, or who takes the slightest interest in artists who have not yet had twenty years of struggle and suffering behind them, but are still producing works destined to honour their fatherland?

These paid critics have other interests to defend. Exhibitions, competitions, superficial and never

disinterested criticism, condemn Italian art to the ignominy of true prostitution.

And what about our esteemed specialists'? Throw them all out. Finish them off! The Portraitists, the Genre Painters, the Lake Painters, the Mountain Painters. We have put up with enough from these impotent painters of country holidays.

Down with all marble-chippers who are cluttering up our squares and profaning our cemeteries! Down with the speculators and their reinforced concrete buildings! Down with laborious decorators, phoney ceramicists, sold-out poster painters and shoddy, idiotic illustrators!

These are our final CONCLUSIONS: With our enthusiastic adherence to Futurism, we will: Destroy the cult of the past, the obsession with the ancients, pedantry<sup>71 2 3 4 5 6</sup> and academic formalism. \ Totally invalidate all kinds of imitation. \ Elevate all attempts at originality, however daring, however violent. \ Bear bravely and proudly the smear of madness with which they try to gag all innovators. \ Regard art critics as useless and dangerous. \ Rebel against the tyranny of words: 'Harmony' and 'good taste' and other loose expressions which can be used to destroy the works of Rembrandt, Goya, Rodin ... \ Sweep the whole field of art clean of all themes and subjects which have been used in the past. \ Support and glory in our day-to-day, word which is going to be continually and splendidly transformed by victorious Science. \ The dead shall be buried in the earth's deepest bowels! The threshold of the future will be swept free of mummies! Make room for youth, for violence, for daring!

First published as a leaflet in Poesia, II April 1910, and in Comcedia (Paris), 18 May 1910, with cartoons by Andre Warnod; republished in Der Sturm (Berlin) in March 1912 and Souz Molodezi (Petersburg) in June 1912. This version is from the catalogue of the 'Exhibition of Works by the Italian Futurist Painters' at the Sackville Gallery, London, in March 1912 (see headnote to M2).

Futurist perceptions as colourists, as they put it, make as if to sympathize with Takamura Kotaro's A Green Sun (M4).

On the 18th of March 1910, in the limelight of the Chiarella Theatre of Turin, we launched our first manifesto to a public of three thousand people artists, men of letters, students and others; it was a violent and cynical cry which displayed our sense of rebellion, our deep-rooted disgust, our haughty contempt for vulgarity, for academic and pedantic mediocrity, for the fanatical worship of all that is old and worm-eaten.

We bound ourselves there and then to the movement of Futurist Poetry which was initiated a year earlier by F. T. Marinetti in the columns of the Figaro.

The battle of Turin has remained legendary. We exchanged almost as many knocks as we did ideas, in order to protect from certain death the genius of Italian Art.

And now, during a temporary pause in this formidable struggle, we come out of the crowd in order to expound with technical precision our programme for the renovation of painting, of which our Futurist Salon at Milan was a dazzling manifestation.

Our growing need of truth is no longer satisfied with Form and Colour as they have been understood hitherto.

The gesture which we would reproduce on canvas shall no longer be a fixed moment in universal dynamism. It shall simply be the dynamic sensation itself.

Indeed, all things move, all things run, all things are rapidly changing. A profile is never motionless before our eyes, but it constantly appears and disappears. On account of the persistency of an image upon the retina, moving objects constantly multiply themselves; their form changes like rapid vibrations, in their mad career. Thus a running horse has not four legs, but twenty, and their movements are triangular.

All is conventional in art. Nothing is absolute in painting. What was truth for the painters of yesterday is but a falsehood today. We declare, for instance, that a portrait must not be like the sitter, and that the painter carries in himself the landscapes which he would fix upon his canvas.

To paint a human figure you must not paint it; you must render the whole of its surrounding atmosphere.

Space no longer exists: the street pavement, soaked by rain beneath the glare of electric lamps, becomes immensely deep and gapes to the very centre of the earth. Thousands of miles divide us from the sun; yet the house in front of us fits into the solar disk.

Who can still believe in the opacity of bodies, since our sharpened and multiplied sensitiveness has already penetrated the obscure manifestations of the medium? Why should we forget in our creations the doubled power of our sight, capable of giving results analogous to those of the X-rays?

It will be sufficient to cite a few examples, chosen amongst thousands, to prove the truth of our arguments.

The sixteen people around you in a rolling motor bus are in turn and at the same time one, ten, four, three; they are motionless and they change places; they come and go, bound into the street, are suddenly swallowed up by the sunshine, then come back and sit before you, like persistent symbols of universal vibration.

How often have we not seen upon the cheek of the person with whom we are talking the horse which passes at the end of the street.

Our bodies penetrate the sofas upon which we sit, and the sofas penetrate our bodies. The motor bus rushes into the houses which it passes, and in their turn the houses throw themselves upon the motor bus and are blended with it.

The construction of pictures has hitherto been foolishly traditional. Painters have shown us the objects and the people placed before us. We shall henceforward put the spectator in the centre of the picture.

As in every realm of the human mind, clear-sighted individual research has swept away the unchanging obscurities of dogma, so must the vivifying current of science soon deliver painting from academism.

We would at any price re-enter into life. Victorious science has nowadays disowned its past in order the better to serve the material needs of our time; we would that art, disowning its past, were able to serve at last the intellectual needs which are within us.

Our renovated consciousness does not permit us to look upon man as the centre of universal life. The suffering of a man is of the same interest to us as the suffering of an electric lamp, which, with spasmodic starts, shrieks out the most heart-rending expressions of colour. The harmony of the lines and folds of modern dress works upon our sensitiveness with the same emotional and symbolical power as did the nude upon the sensitiveness of the Old Masters.

In order to conceive and understand the novel beauties of a Futurist picture, the soul must be purified; the eye must be freed from its veil of atavism and culture, so that it may at last look upon Nature and not upon the museum as the one and only standard.

As soon as ever this result has been obtained, it will be readily admitted that brown tints have never coursed beneath our skin; it will be discovered that yellow shines forth in our flesh, that red blazes, and that green, blue and violet dance upon it with untold charms, voluptuous and caressing.

How is it possible still to see the human face pink, now that our life, redoubled by noctambulism, has multiplied our perceptions as colourists? The human face is yellow, red, green, blue, violet. The pallor of a woman gazing in a jeweller's window is more intensely iridescent than the prismatic fires of the jewels that fascinate her like a lark.

The time has passed for our sensations in painting to be whispered. We wish them in future to sing and re-echo upon our canvases in deafening and triumphant flourishes.

Your eyes, accustomed to semi-darkness, will soon open to more radiant visions of light. The shadows which we shall paint shall be more luminous than the highlights of our predecessors, and our pictures, next to those of the museums, will shine like blinding daylight compared with deepest night.

We conclude that painting cannot exist today without Divisionism. This is no process that can be learned and applied at will. Divisionism, for the modern painter, must be an innate complementariness which we declare to be essential and necessary.

Our art will probably be accused of tormented and decadent cerebralism. But we shall merely answer that we are, on the contrary, the primitives of a new sensitiveness, multiplied hundredfold, and that our art is intoxicated with spontaneity and power.

WE DECLARE: That all forms of imitation must be despised, all forms of originality glorified. \ That it is essential to rebel against the tyranny of the terms 'harmony' and 'good taste' as being too elastic expressions, by the help of which it is easy to demolish the works of Rembrandt, of Goya and of Rodin. \ That the art critics are useless or harmful. \ That all subjects previously used must be swept aside in order to express our whirling life of steel, of pride, of fever and of speed. \ That the name of 'madman' with which it is attempted to gag all innovators should be looked upon as a title of honour. \ That innate complementariness is an absolute necessity in painting, just as free metre in poetry or polyphony in music. \ That universal dynamism must be rendered in painting as a dynamic sensation. \ That in the manner of rendering Nature the first essential is sincerity and purity. \ That movement and light destroy the materiality of bodies.

WE FIGHT: Against the bituminous tints by which it is attempted to obtain the patina of time upon modern pictures. \ Against the superficial and elementary archaism founded upon flat tints, and which, by imitating the linear technique of the Egyptians, reduces painting to a powerless synthesis, both childish and grotesque. \ Against the false claims to belong to the future put forward by the secessionists and the independents, who have installed new academies no less trite and attached to routine than the preceding ones. \ Against the nude in painting, as nauseous and as tedious as adultery in literature.

We wish to explain this last point. Nothing is immoral in our eyes; it is the monotony of the nude against which we fight. We are told that the subject is nothing and that everything lies in the manner of treating it. That is agreed; we too admit that. But this truism, unimpeachable and absolute fifty years ago, is no longer so today with regard to the nude, since artists obsessed with the desire to expose the bodies of their mistresses have transformed the Salons into arrays of unwholesome flesh!

We demand, for ten years, the total suppression of the nude in painting.

First published in the literary magazine Subaru (Tokyo) in April 1910. Much discussed as the first Japanese Impressionist Manifesto', though it is more an attempt by the author to clarify his thoughts, and perhaps to master himself. Its titular affirmation became famous: Even if someone paints a "green sun", I will not say it is wrong.'

A few months later, the painter and sculptor Takamura Kotaro (1883-1956) wrote a short poem called 'The Country of Netsuke' which continues to affect older Japanese very powerfully: Cheekbones protruding, lips thick, eyes triangular, with a face like a netsuke carved by the master Sangorō \ blank, as if stripped of his soul not knowing himself, fidgety life-cheap \ vainglorious \ small and frigid, incredibly smug \ monkey-like, fox-like, flying-squirrel-like, mudskipper-like, minnow-like, gargoyle-like, chip-from-a-cup-like Japanese.

Kotaro had returned from a four-year sojourn in New York, London and Paris especially Paris with an acute racial inferiority complex vis-a-vis white Westerners. 'I'm Japonais, Mongol, le jaune!' He had gone to learn and to be seduced, in both of which he had succeeded. He was first smitten by Rodin, and by Camille Maclair's study of Rodin, which he read so many times he knew it almost by heart. As his writing demonstrates, he was artistically well educated but emotionally mixed up. A Green Sun' is at once a passionate declaration and a meandering excogitation. As an Impressionist Manifesto, it was both early and late: in 1910 the Japanese were only just beginning their discovery of the pivotal figure of Cézanne a discovery which led to a deep veneration — while the French were trying to come to terms with the bizarreries cubiques of Braque and Picasso. As for the Futurists, Impressionism was *passé*, of course, not to say *passéiste*. Their slighting perspective is well captured in 'The Painting of Sounds, Noises and Smells' (1913) by Carlo Carra (M12). The interest of Kotaro's foray into greenness, Japaneseness and artistic self-consciousness lies in its cross-cultural transmission and its continuing reverberation.

People become stuck in an unexpectedly insignificant place and suffer.

The so-called Japanese-style painters can't move forward, marked by the term Japanese-style.' The so-called Western-style painters can't either, weighed down by oil paint on their backs. Sometimes you end up being more protective of a pawn than of the knight. Your motive for that may be funny if you think about it, but when you magnify<sup>7</sup> with a lens a situation where you can't move forward, and contemplate it, you may be persuaded that it is cruel. Meaningless confusion and the abuse of the dangerous sonde [probe] are the heavy tolls exacted of even<sup>7</sup> artist at such a moment. In this sense, no other artists than the Japanese today place such expensive but useless stamps on their works, or have done. In revolt against these heavy taxes, there may yet ensue Anarchismus in the art world. But the Anarchismus that ensues from such a situation will be reactionary. It won't be the Anarchismus of the Anarchists.

I seek absolute Freiheit [freedom] in the art world. Therefore, I want to recognize an infinite authority in the artist's Persönlichkeit [personality]. In every sense, I'd like to think of the artist as a single human being. I'd like to regard his Persönlichkeit as the starting point and schdtzen [appreciate] his work. I want to study and appreciate his Persönlichkeit as it is, and do not want to throw too much doubt into it. If someone sees what I think is blue as red, I'd like to start on the basis that he thinks it's red, and schdtzen how he treats it as red. About the fact that he sees it as red, I wouldn't want to complain at all. Rather, I'd like to take as an



angenehmer Uberfall [pleasant invasion] the fact that there is a view of nature different from mine, and would contemplate the extent to which he has peered into the core of nature, the extent to which his Gefühl [feeling] has been fulfilled. That done, I then would like to savour his Gemutsstimmung [frame of mind]. This desire of my mind drives me so that it has minimized the value of local colour which is on people's lips these days. (The expression, in English, has a couple of meanings; here, it will denote the usual one of the characters of natural colours of a particular region.) It is my view that for a painter to think and suffer about something like local colour is just another way of paying for an expensive but useless stamp of the kind I mentioned before.

If my demand for absolute Freiheit were wrong as an attitude, all my thoughts that arise from it would be valueless. But this happens to belong in the category where there can't be any mistake. For it is not a theory, but my own feeling. Even if someone says it is wrong, I won't be able to do anything about it as long as my brain exists. So I'd like to put in words at least what I think.

I am born Japanese. Just as a fish can't live out of water, so I can't live as a non-Japanese, even if I remain quiet about it. At the same time, just as a fish isn't conscious that he's wet in the water, so at times I'm not conscious that I'm Japanese. At times' isn't the right expression. I'm more often unconscious than not. I often think I'm Japanese when I'm dealing with someone. The thought doesn't occur much when I face nature. That is, I think of it when I think of my own turf. Such a thought can't possibly occur when I have my own self thrown into an object.

My psychological state while making art is, therefore, where only one human being exists. Thoughts of things like Japan don't exist at all. I simply go ahead, thinking, seeing and feeling as I do, regardless. The work, when you look at it later, may turn out to be so-called Japanesey. It may not. Either way, it won't bother me, the artist, at all. Even the existence of local colour, in such an instance, will mean nothing.

There are quite a number of people in today's painting world who think highly of the value of local colour. There seems to be even some who think that the fate of Japanese oil paints will be determined by the way the painters compromise with the local colour of Japan. There also seem to be not a few people who take a step or two, then hesitate, thinking that nature in Japan has a certain inviolable set of colours peculiar to it, so that if they infringe on it, their works will immediately lose their raison d'être all this prompting them to try to suppress the flaming colours and dreamlike ton [tone] in their hearts. Others put themselves in a harshly rigid attitude that doesn't tolerate even the view of according simple Abschätzung [evaluation], while they give an absolute value to local colour and treat as something out of the question all the works that have recognized different colours to any degree. And the value of local colour seems to be recognized by the general public. This you can tell from the fact that the expression 'There's no such colour in Japan' is accepted as a condemnatory pronouncement. I'd like to ignore this local colour. Needless to say, I am saying this from the standpoint of an artist.

Even if someone paints a green sun', I will not say it is wrong. This is because there may be a time when the sun looks that way to me too. Simply because a painting has a green sun' in it, I will not be able to overlook the overall value of the painting. The good or bad of the painting has nothing to do with whether the sun is green or flaming scarlet. In such a case, too, as I said before, I'd like to savour the tone of the green sun

as part of the work. I will not compare the Buddhist statues of the Fujiwara Era, which are truly like Japanese buddhas, with those of the Tempyd Era, which have a great deal of foreign flavour added to them, and then take the former over the latter from the viewpoint of local colour. I'd like to place one work above or below another on the basis of the amount of Das Leben [life]. I'd like to allow the Personlichkeit of the artist who has painted a green sun to have absolute authority. [. ..]

I'd like the artist to forget that he's Japanese. I'd like him to rid himself entirely of the idea that he is reproducing nature in Japan. And I'd like him to express on his canvas the tone of nature as he sees it, freely indulgently wilfully. Even if his finished work produces what is the opposite of the local colour of Japan that we think we see in our eyes, I will not want to reject it on that account. To the eye of someone with Chinese feelings, even nature in Japan will at times appear Chinese-style. To the eye of someone exotisch, even the torii of a fox shrine may appear tinged with exotic colours. A bystander has no right to complain of something with which he has nothing to do. An appreciator facing a work of art has no need to question the fact that it is different. He should simply recognize that it is different, and then try to see on the basis of the work whether the artist's sentiments are based on something false or on his innate sincerity. The goodness or badness of the work must come into his mind as a separate issue.

From this standpoint, I am hoping that Japanese artists will use all the moglich [possible] techniques without any reservation. I pray that they will follow their inner urges of the moment and not be necessarily afraid that they may produce something non-Japanese. No matter how non-Japanese, a work made by a Japanese can't avoid being Japanese. Gauguin went as far as Tahiti and created non-French colours, but his works are, when you think of it, not in the Tahitian style but in the Parisian style. Whistler lived, in France and for a while indulged in nostalgie for Japan, but he is indisputably angelsachsisch [Anglo-Saxon]. Turner painted the streets of London in Italian colours, but when you think of it now, the colours with which he painted Italian nature were in the end English in style.

Monet did not try to reproduce the local colour of France; he tried to recreate nature. Of course, the public did not accept his as French colours. Worse, they did not accept them as natural colours, either. He was denounced because he had painted tree leaves sky-blue. Nevertheless, when you look at his works now, they have an unmistakably French touch of the sort that no one from any other country could have. All this is like a fish having a watery touch. Something like that is not gained by effort, but comes with the thing in itself. When you try to obtain something like that through effort, the degradation of art begins.

While I think the shrine fence painted scarlet beautiful, sometimes I am also entranced by the electric advertisements of Jintan. That's when creative fervour is boiling in my head. When there is no creative fervour, I am irritated to no end by the random confusion of the city today. There always lives in my mind bugs of these two different stripes. Similarly, while I admire so-called Japanese taste, I am also captivated by non-Japanese tastes. Also, while I regard Japan's local colour to some extent as other people do, in my heart of hearts I reduce its value to zero. So when I look at things Westernized, I do not in the least feel repelled by their Westernization. Even if I see a green sun, I do not feel offended.

I have ended up writing down my thoughts in their confused state. All I wanted to do was to say a

word on local colour, which I think is of little import but of which the world at large makes a big deal. I passionately hope that Japanese artists will see not Japan but nature, will not give a damn about local colour that has been turned into a set rule, but will express recalculated colour tones as they please.

No matter what wilful things we may do, all we'll have left after our death will be works only Japanese can make.

According to Marinetti, 'on 8 July 1910, 00,000 leaflets containing this manifesto were hurled by the Futurist poets and painters from the top of the Clock Tower [in the Piazza San Marco] onto the crowds returning from the Lido. Thus began the campaign which, for three years, the Futurists waged against traditional Venice.' He also boasted that a speech against the Venetians, 'extemporized by Marinetti at the Fenice Theatre, provoked a terrible battle', a Futurist affray in which 'the Traditionalists were beaten up'. This account has been investigated by scholars, who have found little to corroborate it. It seems that a shortened version of the original manifesto was printed in Italian, French and English ('Venezia futurista', 'Venise futuriste' and Futurist Venice), for distribution from the Clock Tower, to advertise a Futurist serata (performance) at the Fenice Theatre and a Boccioni exhibition opening at the Ca'Pesaro on 15 July 1910. However, the serata was postponed; it took place at short notice on 1 August 1910, attracting little attention (and no affray).

Another puzzle is the title, which is in the original *Contro Venezia passatista*. The standard English edition of Marinetti's writings offers *A' gainst Past-Loving Venice*; and its recent successor, used here, *Against Traditionalist Venice*. Neither does justice to the Futurist usage, or mindset, the charged feeling behind that troublesome *passatista*. What the Futurists were against was what they saw as an infatuation with the presence of the past, a debilitating condition possibly more familiar from the French *passe* or *passeisme*, and perhaps in the final analysis untranslatable.

This version of the manifesto was published as a leaflet by *Poesia*, dated 27 April 1910, and in French in *Cotncedia* on 17 June 1910, with cartoons by Andre Warnod. We turn our backs on the ancient Venice, worn out and brought to ruin by centuries of pleasure-seeking, although once even we loved that city and took it to our hearts, in a great nostalgic dream.

We reject the Venice of foreigners, this marketplace of fake antique dealers, this magnet for universal snobbism and imbecility, this bed worn out by endless droves of lovers, this bath adorned with jewels for cosmopolitan whores, this immense sewer of traditionalism.

We wish to cure and begin the healing process of this putrescent city, this magnificent carbuncle from the past. We want to bring the Venetian people back to life, to ennoble them, fallen as they are from their former greatness, stupefied by a sickening spinelessness and humiliated by their habitual, shady little businesses.

We wish to prepare for the birth of an industrial and military Venice which can dominate the Adriatic, this great Italian lake.

We rush to fill in its stinking little canals, with the rubble of its crumbling, pock-marked palaces.

We'll set fire to the gondolas, rocking chairs for cretins, and we'll raise up to the skies the imposing geometry of metal bridges and factories plumed with smoke, so as to abolish the drooping curves of its ancient architecture.

Let the reign of divine Electric Light begin at last, to liberate Venice from the whorish moonlight of its furnished bedrooms.

Originally published as the lead article in the first issue of *Les Soirees de Paris*, 1 February 1912. In its brief life, *Les Soirees de Paris* (1912-14) was one of the most important periodicals of the avant-garde. Apollinaire republished it in modified form in his collection *Les Peintres cubistes* (1913), and in this version in *II y a* (1925).

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE (Wilhelm-Apollinaris de Kostrowitski, 1880-1918), the poet who so loved art that he joined the artillery, as he said, was a tonic to all who knew him, a lyric magician, and a one-man artistic community: under his dispensation, painters, poets and musicians marched together under the same banner, destined to seize the day. When it came to art, and artists, his critical judgement was often suspect, but he was a magnificent moral support, a passionate advocate and a great impresario, splendidly unafraid of the new. He took Cubism in his stride, at a time when it was widely derided as either unintelligible or unconscionable, or both. He considered that the most prominent personalities among the young new painters' of 1911-12 were Derain, Dufy Laurencin, Matisse and Picasso, a list as surprising for its inclusion of Laurencin (his lover) as for its exclusion of Braque (his friend). His writings draw on an intimate acquaintance with these artists, their outlook, their practice and their talk. Apollinaire makes a manifesto for them.

The new painters paint works that do not have a real subject, and from now on the titles in catalogues will be like names that identify a man without describing him.

Just as there are some very skinny people named Portly and some very dark-haired people named Fair, I have seen paintings entitled Solitude that show several figures.

Painters sometimes still condescend to use vaguely explanatory words such as portrait, landscape, or still-life; but many young painters simply employ the general term painting.

If painters still observe nature, they no longer imitate it, and they carefully avoid the representation of natural scenes observed directly or reconstituted through study. Modern art rejects all the means of pleasing

that were employed by the greatest artists of the past: the perfect representation of the human figure, voluptuous nudes, carefully finished details, etc... Today 's art is austere, and even the most prudish senator could find nothing to criticize in it.

Indeed, it is well known that one of the reasons Cubism has enjoyed such success in elegant society is precisely this austerity.

Verisimilitude no longer has any importance, for the artist sacrifices everything to the composition of his picture. The subject no longer counts, or if it counts, it counts for very little.

If the aim of painting has remained what it always was namely, to give pleasure to the eye the works of the new painters require the viewer to find in them a different kind of pleasure from the one he can just as easily find in the spectacle of nature.

An entirely new art is thus being evolved, an art that will be to painting, as painting has hitherto been envisaged, what music is to literature.

It will be pure painting, just as music is pure literature.

In listening to a concert, the music-lover experiences a joy qualitatively different from that which he experiences in listening to natural sounds, such as the murmur of a stream, the rushing of a torrent, the whistling of the wind in the forest or the harmonies of a human language founded on reason and not on aesthetics.

Similarly, the new painters provide their admirers with artistic sensations due exclusively to the harmony of lights and shades and independent of the subject depicted in the picture.

We all know the story of Apelles and Protogenes, as it is told by Pliny. It provides an excellent illustration of aesthetic pleasure independent of the subject treated by the artist and resulting solely from the contrasts I have just mentioned.

Apelles arrived one day on the island of Rhodes to see the works of Protogenes, who lived there. Protogenes was not in his studio when Apelles arrived. Only an old woman was there, keeping watch over a large canvas ready to be painted. Instead of leaving his name, Apelles drew on the canvas a line so fine that one could hardly imagine anything more perfect.

On his return, Protogenes noticed the line and, recognizing the hand of Apelles, drew on top of it another line in a different colour, even more subtle than the first, thus making it appear as if there were three

lines on the canvas.

Apelles returned the next day, and the subtlety of the line he drew then made Protogenes despair. That work was for a long time admired by connoisseurs, who contemplated it with as much pleasure as if, instead of some barely visible lines, it had contained representations of gods and goddesses.

The young painters of the avant-garde schools, then, wish to do pure painting. Theirs is an entirely new plastic art. It is only at its beginnings, and is not yet as abstract as it would like to be. The new painters are in a sense mathematicians without knowing it, but they have not yet abandoned nature, and they examine it patiently.

A Picasso studies an object the way a surgeon dissects a corpse. If this art of pure painting succeeds in disengaging itself entirely from the traditional way of painting, the latter will not necessarily disappear. The development of music, after all, did not cause the disappearance of the various literary genres, nor did the acrid taste of tobacco replace the savour of food.

VALENTINE DE SAINT-POINT (1875-1953), formerly a model for Mucha and Rodin, latterly a performance artist, dancer, writer, activist and theorist, was an intellectual, a creative force and an object of desire. By 1904 she was living with Ricciotto Canudo, the future author of the manifesto of 'Cerebrist Art' (M15); by 1905 she met Marinetti, whose notorious scorn for women' in the founding 'Manifesto of Futurism' (Mi) she took as the point of departure for her 'Manifesto of Futurist Woman', first published on 25 March 1912. At a public reading in the Salle Gaveau in Paris, on 27 June 1912, Boccioni, Severini and Marinetti himself acted as bodyguards as she took hostile questions from the floor. At what age, Madam, should we teach lust to our daughters?' asked one elderly gentleman. 'Not yours, of course!' she rejoined, adding for good measure, 'Bring them anyway, we'll give you the answer afterwards!' She was indeed an expert on the subject. Her 'Futurist Manifesto of Lust' (M9) appeared the following year.

Saint-Point was nothing if not versatile. (As if to underline the message, Anne-Jeanne Desglans de Cessiat-Vercell took her pseudonym from her ancestor, the romantic poet, politician and revolutionary Alphonse de Lamartine, whose chateau was situated in the village of Saint-Point in Burgundy) As part of her art of flesh', she initiated a multi-media performance called metachorie, meaning 'beyond the dance'. The first metachorie was staged in Paris in 1913, complete with theoretical explanation, followed by a solo from Saint-Point, veiled and almost naked, accompanied by words from her own Poems of War and Love, light projections of mathematical equations and an effusion of perfumes. The music was deliberately disconnected from the movement, anticipating the experiments of John Cage and Merce Cunningham some fifty years later.

Saint-Point broke with the Futurists in 1914. Make lust not war, she might have said. She left Paris for Cairo in 1924, after the death of Canudo. Visionary to the end, she was intensely interested in the reunion of Christian and Islamic civilizations through art and culture. She published *The Truth about Syria* in 1929, and acted as a mediator in negotiations between France and Syria in 1933 to no avail before relapsing into serene disillusion, consoled by Sufism and the desert sands.

We wish to glorify war the sole cleanser of the world militarism, patriotism, the destructive act of the libertarian, beautiful ideas worth dying for, and scorn for women.

Humanity is mediocre. The majority of women are neither superior nor inferior to the majority of men. They are all equal. They all merit the same scorn.

The whole of humanity has never been anything but the terrain of culture, source of the geniuses and heroes of both sexes. But in humanity as in nature there are some moments more propitious for such a flowering. In the summers of humanity, when the terrain is burned by the sun, geniuses and heroes abound.

We are at the beginning of a springtime; we are lacking in solar profusion, that is, a great deal of spilled blood.

Women are no more responsible than men for the way the really young, rich in sap and blood, are getting mired down.

It is absurd to divide humanity into men and women. It is composed only of femininity and masculinity. Every superman, every hero, no matter how epic, how much of a genius or how powerful, is the prodigious expression of a race and an epoch only because he is composed at once of feminine and masculine elements, of femininity and masculinity: that is, a complete being.

Any exclusively virile individual is just a brute animal; any exclusively feminine individual is only a female.

It is the same way with any collectivity and any moment in humanity, just as it is with individuals. The fecund periods, when most heroes and geniuses come forth from the terrain of culture in all its ebullience, are rich in masculinity and femininity.

Those periods that had only wars, with few representative heroes because the epic breath flattened them out, were exclusively virile periods; those that denied the heroic instinct and, turning towards the past, annihilated themselves in dreams of peace, were periods in which femininity was dominant.

We are living at the end of one of these period. What is most lacking in women as in men is virility.

That is why Futurism, even with all its exaggerations, is right.

To restore some virility to our races so benumbed in femininity, we have to train them in virility even

to the point of brute animality. But we have to impose on everyone, men and women who are equally weak, a new dogma of energy in order to arrive at a period of superior humanity.

Every woman out to possess not only feminine virtues but virile ones, without which she is just a female. Any man who has only male strength without intuition is only a brute animal. But in the period of femininity in which we are living, only the contrary exaggeration is healthy: we have to take the brute animal for a model.

Enough of those women whose arms with twining flowers resting on their laps on the morning of departure' should be feared by soldiers; women as nurse perpetuating weakness and age, domesticating men for their personal pleasures or their material needs! . . . Enough of women who create children just for themselves, keeping them from any danger or adventure, that is, any joy; keeping their daughter from love and their son from war!. . . Enough of those women, the octopuses of the hearth, whose tentacles exhaust men's blood and make children anaemic, women in carnal love who wear out every desire so it cannot be renewed!

Women are Furies, Amazons, Semiramis, Joans of Arc, Jeanne Hachettes, Judith and Charlotte Cordays, Cleopatras and Messalinas: combative women who fight more ferociously than males, lovers who arouse, destroyers who break down the weakest and help select through pride or despair, 'despair through which the heart yields its fullest return'.

Let the next wars bring forth heroines like that magnificent Catherine Sforza, who, during the sack of her city, watching from the ramparts as her enemy threatened the life of her son to force her surrender, heroically pointing to her sexual organ, cried loudly: 'Kill him, I still have the mould to make some more!'

Yes, 'the world is rotting with wisdom', but by instinct woman is not wise, is not a pacifist, is not good. Because she is totally lacking in measure, she is bound to become too wise, too pacifist, too good during a sleepy period of humanity Her intuition, her imagination are at once her strength and her weakness.

She is the individuality of the crowd: she parades the heroes, or if there are none, the imbeciles.

According to the apostle, the spiritual inspirer, woman, the carnal inspirer, immolates or takes care, causes blood to run or staunches it, is a warrior or a nurse. It's the same woman who, in the same period, according to the ambient ideas grouped around the day's event, lies down on the tracks to keep the soldiers from leaving for the war or then rushes to embrace the victorious champion.

So that is why no revolution should be without her. That is why, instead of scorning her, we should address her. She's the most fruitful conquest of all, the most enthusiastic, who, in her turn, will increase our followers.



But no feminism. Feminism is a political error: Feminism is a cerebral error of woman, an error that her instinct will recognize.

We must not give woman any of the rights claimed by feminists. To grant them to her would bring about not any of the disorders the Futurists desire but on the contrary an excess of order.

To give duties to women is to have her lose all her fecundating power. Feminist reasonings and deductions will not destroy her primordial fatality: they can only falsify it, forcing it to make itself manifest through detours leading to the worst errors.

For centuries the feminine instinct has been insulted, only her charm and tenderness have been appreciated. Anaemic man, stingy with his own blood, asks only that she be a nurse. She has let herself be tamed. But shout a new message at her, or some war cry, and then, joyously riding her instinct again, she will go in front of you towards unsuspected conquests.

When you have to use your weapons, she will polish them.

She will help you choose them. In fact, if she doesn't know how to discern genius because she relies on passing renown, she has always known how to rewarm the strongest, the victor, the one triumphant by his muscles and his courage. She can't be mistaken about this superiority imposing itself so brutally.

Let women find once more her cruelty and her violence that make her attack the vanquished because they are vanquished, to the point of mutilating them. Stop preaching spiritual justice to her of the sort she has tried in vain. Woman, become sublimely in just once more, like all the forces of nature!

Delivered from all control, with your instinct retrieved, you will take your place among the Elements, opposite fatality to the conscious human will. Be the egoistic and ferocious mother, jealously watching over her children, have what are called all the rights over and duties towards them, as long as they physically need your protection.

Let man, freed from his family, lead his life of audacity and conquest, as soon as he has the physical strength for it, and in spite of his being a son and a father. The man who sows doesn't stop on the first row he fecunds.

In my Poems of Pride and in Thirst and Mirages, I have renounced Sentimentalism as a weakness to be scorned because it knots up the strength and makes it static.

Lust is a strength, because it destroys the weak, excites the strong to exert their energies, thus to renew

themselves. Every heroic people is sensual. Woman is, for them, the most exalted trophy.

Woman should be mother or lover. Real mothers will always be mediocre lovers, and lovers, insufficient mothers, through their excess. Equal in front of life, these two women complete each other. The mother who receives the child makes the future with the past; the lover gives off desire, which leads towards the future.

LET'S CONCLUDE: Woman who retains man through her tears and her sentimentality is inferior to the prostitute who incites her man, through braggery, to retain his domination over the lower depths of the cities with his revolver at the ready: at least she cultivates an energy that could serve better causes. Woman, for too long diverted into morals and prejudices, go back to your sublime instinct, to violence, to cruelty.

For the fatal sacrifice of blood, while men are in charge of wars and battles, procreate, and among your children, as a sacrifice to heroism, take Fate's part. Don't raise them for yourself, that is, for their diminishment, but rather, in a wide freedom, for a complete expansion.

Instead of reducing man to the slavery of those execrable sentimental needs, incite your sons and your men to surpass themselves.

You are the ones who make them. You have all power over them. You owe humanity its heroes. Make them!

Der Blaue Reiter (The Blue Rider) was the name taken (from a painting by Kandinsky) by a group of German artists that flourished for a short period, 1911-14, before the First World War. They included Wassily Kandinsky Franz Marc, August Macke, Alexei von Jawlensky, Marianne von Werefkin, Gabriele Münter, Lyonel Feininger and Albert Bloch; and they looked to Kandinsky and Marc for leadership. This was broadly speaking the Munich wing of the German Expressionist movement. Der Blaue Reiter by no means rejected the past, but they believed in the promotion of modern art. By formation and inclination, they were notably cosmopolitan; following their encounters with the Fauvists, Cubists, Futurists and Rayonists (Miro) they moved towards abstraction. They were hot on the artistic expression of spiritual truth no one more than Kandinsky, a thinker-painter of formidable erudition. The ghost of Schopenhauer hovers over his first theoretical work, *On the Spiritual in Art* (1911), a deeply influential statement.

Der Blaue Reiter Almanac was conceived in 1911 and published in 1912, in Munich, in an edition of 1,100. It was edited by Kandinsky and Marc, and underwritten by the industrialist and art collector Bernhard Koehler, a relative of Macke's. The Preface below is a draft, dated October 1911, first published only in a much later edition. It is at once an editorial and an artist's manifesto; one or two passages of editorial practice have been omitted. The almanac itself contains over 140 illustrations, including children's drawings, German woodcuts, Chinese paintings, Robert Delaunay's *The Window on the City* (1910-11), and Picasso's *Woman with Mandolin at the Piano* (1911): Der Blaue Reiter were broad-minded. The almanac also contains facsimiles of song settings by Alban Berg and Anton Webern, an article by Arnold Schoenberg, and another on Alexander Scriabin's symphonic work *Prometheus* (1910-11), which made use of a colour organ. Art knows

no boundaries, the almanac seems to say; the frontier with music, in particular, is there to be crossed. Baudelaire himself had spoken of the musical properties of colour, and the musicalization of colour through sound became a driving force in Kandinsky's aesthetics. He praised Scriabin's search for equivalent tones in colour and music', and his own play, *The Yellow Sound*, found its place in these pages.

*Der Blaue Reiter* Almanac and the philosophy behind it may well have influenced Wyndham Lewis and his collaborators in the combative Vorticist review *BLAST* (see M17).

WASSILY KANDINSKY (1866-1944) might be described as a Russian-German-French abstract painter, and one of the founding fathers of twentieth-century modernism. His paintings combine a certain superabundance with an almost clinical control; his oeuvre is at once impenetrable and indispensable to an understanding of the search for the absolute' in abstract art.

FRANZ MARC (1880-1916), a lesser painter and a humbler intellect, echoed Kandinsky in making the case for a new art of mystical inner construction'. He had his moment in *Der Blaue Reiter*. He met his end at the battle of Verdun.

A great era has begun: the spiritual 'awakening', the increasing tendency to regain 'lost balance', the inevitable necessity of spiritual plantings, the unfolding of the first blossom.

We are standing at the threshold of one of the greatest epochs that mankind has ever experienced, the epoch of great spirituality.

In the nineteenth century just ended, when there appeared to be the most thoroughgoing flourishing the great victory' of the material, the first 'new' elements of a spiritual atmosphere were formed almost unnoticed. They will give and have given the necessary nourishment for the flourishing of the spiritual.

Art, literature, even 'exact' science are in various stages of change in this 'new' era; they will all be overcome by it.

Our [first and] most important aim is to reflect phenomena in the field of art that are directly connected with this change and the essential facts that shed light on these phenomena in other fields of spiritual life.

Therefore, the reader will find works in our volumes that in this respect show an inner relationship although they may appear unrelated on the surface. We are considering or making note not of work that has a certain established, orthodox, external form (which usually is all there is), but of work that has an inner life connected with the great change.

It is only natural that we want not death but life. The echo of a living voice is only a hollow form, which has not arisen out of a distinct inner necessity; in the same way, there have always been created and will increasingly be created, works of art that are nothing but hollow reverberations of works rooted in this inner necessity. They are hollow, loitering lies that pollute the spiritual air and lead wavering spirits astray. Their deception leads the spirit not to life but to death. With all means available we want to try to unmask the hollowness of this deception. This is our second goal.

It is only natural that in questions of art the artist is called upon to speak first. Therefore the contributors to our volumes will be primarily artists. Now they have the opportunity to say openly what previously they had to hide. We are therefore asking those artists who feel inwardly related to our goals to turn to us as brethren. We take the liberty of using this great word because we are convinced that in our case the establishment automatically ceases to exist...

It should be almost superfluous to emphasize specifically that in our case the principle of internationalism is the only one possible. However, in these times we must say that an individual nation is only one of the creators of all art; one alone can never be a whole. As with a personality, the national element is automatically reflected in each great work. But in the last resort this national coloration is merely incidental. The whole work, called art, knows no borders or nations, only humanity.

First published by the Direzione del Movimento Futurista (Futurist Headquarters), Milan, on 11 January 1913. The declaration that A' RT AND WAR ARE THE GREAT MANIFESTATIONS OF SENSUALITY; LUST IS THEIR FLOWER' riveted the attention of the avant-garde. As late as 1917, none other than Ezra Pound wrote an admiring (but pseudonymous) review in *The Egoist*: 'What she attacks most vigorously is *clair de lune* [moonlight] sentimentality. Love, she holds, should be of women's life ([and] also) a thing apart: not 'tis women's whole existence'. . . . Valentine de Saint-Point carries her revolt against weeping sentiment startlingly far, for it drives her to glorify *la luxure* [lust].'

Saint-Point had never fought shy of *la luxure*. In her modern tragedy, *The Imperial Soul The Agony of Messalina* (staged in 1908), the Empress in her death agony discourses on lust and force, desire and despair, in a kind of proto-manifesto free verse.

Once more I will see you pale from voluptuousness \ Or from the obscure desire of my hot beauty \  
Once more I will exhaust your sons, your brothers, \ Your lovers, your husbands! \ My insatiable flesh still  
reigns over all...

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 Celebration 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 eye 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 RECREATED.

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, tries but strong, find time for lust, the principle motive force of their action and of the reactions caused by their actions affecting multitudes and worlds.

Even among the new people 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 of 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.

'Luchisty i budushchniki. Manifest' was first published in the miscellany *Oslinyi khvost i mishen* [Donkey's Tail and Target] (Moscow) in July 1913. It was also signed by Timofei Bogomazov (a sergeant-major and amateur painter befriended by Larionov during his military service), and the artists Morits Fabri, Ivan Larionov (brother of Mikhail), Mikhail Le-Dantiyu, Vyacheslav Levkivsky, Vladimir Obolensky, Sergei Romanovich, Aleksandr Shevchenko and Kirill Zdanevich. The use of the Russian neologism *budushchniki*, rather than the European borrowing *futurist*, underlined the current rejection of the West and the orientation towards Russian and Eastern cultural traditions. ('Long live the beautiful East!') If there was a cosmopolitan and internationalist dimension to the avant-garde, there was also an intensely nationalistic strain. For Marinetti and his merry men, Futurism was by definition Italian. For Larionov and his compatriots, it was Russian. In art as in politics, as they saw it, they needed no instruction from interloper Italians in how to make a revolution.

The manifesto is a polemical intervention in a heated conversation. It heaps scorn on rival groups. Russian modernism was a fractious affair. Of those mentioned here, the Ego futurists were primarily literary, the Neofuturists primarily imitative. Larionov and Goncharova broke with the Knave of Diamonds group after its first exhibition in 1910-11, thereby alienating David Burliuk (1882-1967), 'the father of Russian Futurism', and others prominent in it. A 'Slap in the Face of Public Taste' was a famous manifesto published earlier in 1913, signed by Burliuk, Alexei Kruchenykh, Velimir Khlebnikov and Vladimir Mayakovsky (see M23), leading progressive writers and painters. Throw Pushkin, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy et al. overboard from the ship of modernity,' it declared. 'He who does not forget his first love will not recognize his last.' The Union of Youth was regarded by Larionov as a hotbed of Symbolism, and therefore hopelessly dated, though he continued to contribute to its exhibitions.

There is an interesting, positive, reference to a Russian movement that sounds like a joke but was not: *vsechestvo* or Everythingism, an extension of Neo-Primitivism. Everythingism argued for a deliberate multiplicity of cultural traditions, period styles, decorative practices and even religious images. ('We acknowledge all styles as suitable for the expression of our art, styles existing both yesterday and today.') This meant a hybrid Russian modernism, mixing French and Italian avant-garde painting with Russian and Byzantine traditions. As if to demonstrate the point, Goncharova, who achieved an enviable notoriety as a radical painter, produced both *The Evangelists* and *The Bicyclist* in the period 1911-13. In 1914 she drafted a letter to Marinetti accusing the Italian Futurists of creating a new academy; and in later years Larionov often returned to the argument that successive modernist movements tended to become the new orthodoxy, only to lose their radical edge. Multiplicity is against orthodoxy.

The concluding paragraphs are virtually identical to another of Larionov's manifestos, 'Rayonist Painting' (1913). There he declares: Rayonism is concerned with spatial forms that can arise from the intersection of the reflected rays of different objects, forms chosen by the artist's will.' This 'self-sufficient' painting, in Larionov's language, is not yet completely abstract; the object remains, but it is seen in Rayonist terms a melange of Impressionist notions of light, Cubist geometric fragmentation and Italian Futurist force lines, stirred with some ideas of Cezanne's, and later, a seasoning of the spiritual or the mystical. This admitted both Larionov's *Rayonist Sausage and Mackerel* (1912) and Goncharova's *Rayonist Perception Blue and Brown* (1913).



Predictably, Larionov claimed too much. Rayonism liberated neither the word nor the world — though the collaboration of avant-garde painters and poets did its bit for the former. Just as so much Futurist painting did not live up to the spectacular promise of its manifestos, so Larionov's own work was a good deal more derivative than he cared to admit: the paintings told of Monet and Boccioni, the manifestos of Futurist Painting' (M3) and the Futurist declarations of 1912.

We, Rayonists and Futurists, do not wish to speak about new or old art, and even less about modern Western art.

We leave the old art to die and leave the 'new' art to do battle with it; and incidentally, apart from a battle and a very easy one, the new' art cannot advance anything of its own. It is useful to put manure on barren ground, but this dirty work does not interest us.

People shout about enemies closing in on them, but in fact, these enemies are, in any case, their closest friends. Their argument with old art long since departed is nothing but a resurrection of the dead, a boring, decadent love of paltriness and a stupid desire to march at the head of contemporary, philistine interests.

We are not declaring any war, for where can we find an opponent our equal?

The future is behind us.

All the same we will crush in our advance all those who undermine us and all those who stand aside.

We don't need popularization our art will, in any case, take its full place in life that's a matter of time.

We don't need debates and lectures, and if we sometimes organize them, then that's by way of a gesture to public impatience.

While the artistic throne is empty, and narrow-mindedness, deprived of its privileges, is running around calling for battle with departed ghosts, we push it out of the way, sit up on the throne, and reign until a regal deputy comes and replaces us.

We, artists of art's future paths, stretch out our hand to the Futurists, in spite of all their mistakes, but express our utmost scorn for the so-called Egofuturists and Neofuturists, talentless, banal people, the same as the members of the Knave of Diamonds, Slap in the Face of Public Taste, and Union of Youth groups.

We let sleeping dogs lie, we don't bring fools to their senses, we call trivial people trivial to their faces, and we are ever ready to defend our interests actively.

We despise and brand as artistic lackeys all those who move against a background of old or new art and go about their trivial business. Simple, uncorrupted people are closer to us than this artistic husk that clings to modern art, like flies to honey.

To our way of thinking, mediocrity that proclaims new ideas of art is as unnecessary and vulgar as if it were proclaiming old ideas.

This is a sharp stab in the heart for all who cling to so-called modern art, making their names in speeches against renowned little old men despite the fact that between them and the latter there is essentially not much difference. These are true brothers in spirit the wretched rags of contemporaneity, for who needs the peaceful renovating enterprises of those people who make a hubbub about modern art, who haven't advanced a single thesis of their own, and who express long-familiar artistic truths in their own words!

We've had enough Knaves of Diamonds whose miserable art is screened by this title, enough slaps in the face given by the hand of a baby suffering from wretched old age, enough unions of old and young! We don't need to square vulgar accounts with public taste let those indulge in this who on paper give a slap in the face, but who, in fact, stretch out their hands for alms.

We've had enough of this manure; now we need to sow.

We have no modesty we declare this bluntly and frankly we consider ourselves to be the creators of modern art.

We have our own artistic honour, which we are prepared to defend to the last with all the means at our disposal. We laugh at the words 'old art' and 'new art' that's nonsense invented by idle philistines.

We spare no strength to make the sacred tree of art grow to great heights, and what does it matter to us that little parasites swarm in its shadow let them, they know of the tree's existence from its shadow.

Art for life and even more life for art!

We exclaim: the whole brilliant style of modern times our trousers, jackets, shoes, trolleys, cars, aeroplanes, railways, grandiose steamships is fascinating, is a great epoch, one that has known no equal in the entire history of the world.

We reject individuality as having no meaning for the examination of a work of art. One has to appeal only to a work of art, and one can examine it only by proceeding from the laws according to which it was created.

The tenets we advance are as follows: Long live the beautiful East! We are joining forces with contemporary Eastern artists to work together. \ Long live nationality! We march hand in hand with our ordinary house-painters. \ Long live the style of Rayonist painting that we created free from concrete forms, existing and developing according to painterly laws! \ We declare that there has never been such a thing as a copy and recommend painting from pictures painted before the present day. We maintain that art cannot be examined from the point of view of time. \ We acknowledge all styles as suitable for the expression of our art, styles existing both yesterday and today for example, Cubism, Futurism, Orphism, and their synthesis, Rayonism, for which the art of the past, like life, is an object of observation. \ We are against the West, which is vulgarizing our forms and Eastern forms, and which is bringing down the level of everything. \ We demand a knowledge of painterly craftsmanship. \ More than anything else, we value intensity of feeling and its great sense of uplifting.

We believe that the whole world can be expressed fully in painterly forms: Life, poetry, music, philosophy. \ We aspire to the glorification of our art and work for its sake and for the sake of our future creations. \ We wish to leave deep footprints behind us, and this is an honourable wish. \ We advance our works and principles to the fore; we ceaselessly change them and put them into practice. \ We are against art societies, for they lead to stagnation. \ We do not demand public attention and ask that it should not be demanded from us. \ The style of Rayonist painting that we advance signifies spatial forms arising from the intersection of the reflected rays of various objects, forms chosen by the artist's will.

The ray is depicted provisionally on the surface by a coloured line. That which is valuable for the lover of painting finds its maximum expression in a Rayonist picture. The objects that we see in life play no role here, but that which is the essence of painting itself can be shown here best of all the combination of colour, its saturation, the relation of coloured masses, depth, texture; anyone who is interested in painting can give his full attention to all these things.

The picture appears to be slippery; it imparts a sensation of the extratemporal, of the spatial. In it arises the sensation of what could be called the fourth dimension, because its length, breadth, and density of the layer of paint are the only signs of the outside world all the sensations that arise from the picture are of a different order; in this way painting becomes equal to music while remaining itself. At this juncture, a kind of painting emerges that can be mastered by following precisely the laws of colour and its transference onto the canvas.

Hence the creation of new forms whose meaning and expressiveness depend exclusively on the degree of intensity of tone and the position that it occupies in relation to other tones. Hence the natural downfall of all existing styles and forms in all the art of the past since they, like life, are merely objects for better perception and pictorial construction.

With this begins the true liberation of painting and its life in accordance only with its own laws, a self-

sufficient painting, with its own forms, colour and timbre.

First published in *Gil Blas* (Paris), 3 August 1913, and then in the Futurist journal *Lacerba* (Florence), 15 September 1913. It is considered by some to be a parody or spoof of the founding Manifesto of Futurism (Mi); the typography is alleged by others to have been devised by Marinetti himself, after the fact, for the Italian version in *Lacerba*, and it is true that the French version in *Gil Blas* did not have this layout. Marinetti for his part testified that it was drafted by Apollinaire in good faith ('with his explicit support of the Italian Futurist Movement'), adding the convincing circumstantial detail that their understanding was sealed with plenty of burgundy and a delightful goose' at the Restaurant Laperouse in Paris. It is certainly plausible to think that the crafty Marinetti would have done his best to enlist the celebrated Apollinaire to the Futurist cause. If he was indeed present at the creation, as this account suggests, it may have been 20 or 21 June, a few days earlier than the date on the manuscript (29 June), which appears to have been altered.

Long afterwards, Carra provided some corroboration of Marinetti's account. 'Marinetti told me: "You know, Apollinaire's going to write a manifesto which will be very important for our movement because of the repercussions it will certainly have." In fact Apollinaire's manuscript arrived a few days later ... Marinetti read the manuscript with great enthusiasm and after a brief pause added: "The ideas expressed are very interesting but we must give the manuscript the form of a manifesto." He grabbed a large sheet of paper and transcribed Apollinaire's words, lingering over the spacing as in the previous manifestos. Having altered a few words, he took it to the printers, enjoining urgency, and the proof arrived towards evening the next day. It was immediately sent to Apollinaire in Paris. After three or four days the author sent his permission, highly pleased with the typographical form Marinetti had given his manuscript. Printed in many thousands of copies, Apollinaire's manuscript had great influence in artistic and literary circles'.

Carra's story is a believable one, especially as to Marinetti's firm views and interventionist stance on the requirements of a manifesto. However that may be, this one is full of linguistic tricks and word-games. The headline phrase *ABAS LE Pominir Alimine SSkorsusuotalo ElScramir MENigme* is an acrostic whose capital letters spell the fundamental Futurist cry *A bas le passeisme* ('Down with passeism'); the nonsense words subsume some real ones. There is something here of the Futurist mantra, 'words-in-freedom', defined by Marinetti as *TELEGRAPHIC IMAGES . . . COMPRESSED ANALOGIES . . . MOVEMENTS IN TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE DIFFERENT RHYTHMS*, or 'multilinear lyricism', to be achieved by a typographical revolution exploding the passeist 'harmony of the page'. It also bears a distinct resemblance to Apollinaire's famous calligrammes, such as *Lettre-Ocean* ('Ocean Letter') (1914).

'MER ... DE ... aux ...' (merde aux, or shit on) and *ROSE aux .. '* seem to anticipate the *BLAST* and *BLESS* categorization of Wyndham Lewis's review *BLAST* (1914).

Dated 11 August 1913, first published in *Lacerba*, 1 September 1913. The Futurists proclaimed: 'With our pictorial dynamism true painting is born.' As Carlo Carra makes crushingly clear, pictorial dynamism was an assault on the senses. It was strong on the swirl, the spiral, the welter of sensation. Futurist canvases are as if amplified; the chromatic volume is turned right up. Reds,' hymns Carra, the rrrrredest rrrrrreds that shouuuuuuut.' Freely expressive orthography was a crucial element of words-in-freedom. Their manifestos

performed that principle. Futurist phrase-making is arrrrresting. Futurist painting is deafening.

In the penultimate paragraph, Carra makes interesting use of the vortex', a term soon to be much in vogue, associated chiefly with Ezra Pound and with the contributors to BLAST (see M17 and 18) giving rise to another band of the avant-garde, the Vorticists.

CARLO CARRA (1881-1966) was part of the Futurist inner circle in the heroic pre-war period. He painted a striking Portrait of the Poet Marinetti (1910), whom he admired. First an anarchist, he grew steadily more reactionary, working his way through nationalism and irredentism to fascism and, late in life, a kind of quietism.

Before the nineteenth century, painting was a silent art. Painters of antiquity, of the Renaissance, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, never envisaged the possibility of rendering sounds, noises and smells in painting, even when they chose flowers, stormy seas or wild skies as their themes.

The Impressionists in their bold revolution made some confused and hesitant attempts at sounds and noises in their pictures. Before them nothing, absolutely nothing!

Nevertheless, we should point out at once, that between the Impressionist mumblings and our Futurist paintings of sounds, noises and smells there is an enormous difference, as great as that between a misty winter morning and a scorching summer afternoon, or even better between the first breath of life and an adult man in full development of his powers. In their canvases, sounds and noises are expressed in such a thin and faded way that they seem to have been perceived by the eardrum of a deaf man. Here we do not wish to present a detailed account of the principles and experiments of the Impressionists. There is no need to enquire minutely into all the reasons why the Impressionists never succeeded in painting sounds, noises and smells. We shall only mention here the kind of thing they would have had to destroy if they had wanted to obtain results.

The extremely vulgar perspectives of trompe-l'oeil, a game worthy of an academic of the Leonardo da Vinci sort or an idiot designer of verismo operas. \ The concept of colour harmonies, a characteristic defect of the French which inevitably forced them into the elegant ways of Watteau and his like, and, as a result, led to the abuse of light blues, pale greens, violets and pinks. We have already said very many times how we regret this tendency towards the soft, the effeminate, the gentle. \ Contemplative idealism, which I have defined as a sentimental mimicry of apparent nature. This contemplative idealism is contaminating the pictorial construction of the Impressionists, just as it contaminated those of their predecessors, Corot and Delacroix. \ All anecdote and detail, which (although it is a reaction, an antidote, to false academical construction) almost always demeans painting to the level of photography.

As for the Postand Neo-Impressionists, such as Matisse, Signac and Seurat, we maintain that, far from perceiving the problem and facing up to the difficulties of sounds, noises and smells in their paintings,

they have preferred to withdraw into static representations in order to obtain a greater synthesis of form and colour (Matisse) and a systematic application of light (Signac, Seurat).

We Futurists state, therefore, that in bringing the elements of sound, noise and smell to painting we are opening fresh paths.

We have already evolved, as artists, a love of modern life in its essential dynamism its sounds, noises and smells thereby destroying the stupid passion for the solemn, the bombastic, the serene, the hieratic and the mummified: everything purely intellectual, in fact. IMAGINATION WITHOUT STRINGS, WORDS-IN-FREEDOM, THE SYSTEMATIC USE OF ONOMATOPOEIA, ANTIGRACEFUL MUSIC WITHOUT RHYTHMIC QUADRATURE, AND THE ART OF NOISES. These have derived from the same sensibility that has generated the painting of sounds, noises and smells.

It is indisputably true that (i) silence is static and sounds, noises and smells are dynamic, (2) sounds, noises and smells are none other than different forms and intensities of vibration, and (3) any continued series of sounds, noises and smells imprints on the mind an arabesque of form and colour.

We should therefore measure this intensity and perceive these arabesques.

THE PAINTING OF SOUNDS, NOISES AND SMELLS REJECTS: 1. All subdued colours, even those obtained directly and without the help of tricks such as patinas and glazes. 2. The banality of velvets, silks, flesh tints which are too human, too fine, too soft, along with flowers which are excessively pale and drooping. 3. Greys, browns and all mud colours. 4. The use of pure horizontal and vertical lines, and all other dead lines. 5. The right angle, which we consider passionless. 6. The cube, the pyramid and all other static shapes. 7. The unities of time and place.

THE PAINTING OF SOUNDS, NOISES AND SMELLS DESIRES: 1. Reds, rrrrrreds, the rrrrrreddest rrrrrreds that shouuuuuut. 2. Greens, that can never be greener, greeeeeeeeens that screeeeeam, yellows, as violent as can be: polenta yellows, saffron yellows, brass yellows. 3. All the colours of speed, of joy, of carousings and fantastic carnivals, fireworks, cafes and singing, of music-halls; all colours which are seen in movement, colours experienced in time and not in space. 4. The dynamic arabesque, as the sole reality created by the artist from the depths of his sensibilities. 5. The clash of all acute angles, which we have already called the angles of will. 6. Oblique lines which affect the soul of the observer like so many bolts from the blue, along with lines of depth. 7. The sphere, ellipses which spin, the upside-down cones, spirals and all those dynamic forms which the infinite powers of an artist's genius are able to uncover. 8. Perspectives obtained not as the objectivity of distances but as a subjective interpenetration of hard and soft, sharp and dull forms. 9. As a universal subject and as the sole reason for a painting's existence; the significance of its dynamic construction (polyphonic architectural whole). When we talk of architecture, people usually think of something static; this is wrong. What we are thinking of is an architecture similar to the dynamic and musical architecture achieved by the Futurist musician Pratella. Architecture is found in the movement of colours, of smoke from a chimney, and in metallic structures, when they are expressed in states of mind which are violent

and chaotic. 10. The inverted cone (the natural shape of an explosion), the slanting cylinder and cone. 11. The collision of two cones at their apexes (the natural shape of a water spout) with floating and curving lines (a clown jumping, dancers). 12. The zig-zag and the wavy line. 13. Ellipsoidal curves seem like nets in movement. 14. Lines and volumes as part of a plastic transcendentalism, that is according to their special kind of curving or obliqueness, determined by the painter's state of mind. 15. Echoes of lines and volumes in movement. 16. Plastic complementarism (for both forms and colours), based on the law of equivalent contrast and on the clash of the most contrasting colours of the rainbow. This complementarism derives from a disequilibrium of form (therefore they are forced to keep moving). The consequent destruction of the complements of the pendants of volumes. We must reject these pendants since they are no more than a pair of crutches, allowing only a single movement, forward and then backward, that is, not a total movement, which we call the spherical expansion of space. 17. The continuity and simultaneity of the plastic transcendence of the animal, mineral, vegetable and mechanical kingdoms. 18. Abstract plastic wholes, that is those which correspond not to the artist's vision but to sensations which derive from sounds, noises and smells, and all the unknown forces involved in these. These plastic polyphonic, polyrhythmic and abstract wholes correspond to the necessity of an inner disharmony which we Futurist painters believe to be indispensable for pictorial sensibility.

These plastic wholes are, because of their mysterious fascination, much more suggestive than those created by our visual and tactile senses, being closer to our pure plastic spirit.

We Futurist painters maintain that sounds, noises and smells are incorporated in the expression of lines, volumes and colours just as lines, volumes and colours are incorporated in the architecture of a musical work.

Our canvases therefore express the plastic equivalent of the sounds, noises and smells found in theatres, music-halls, cinemas, brothels, railway stations, ports, garages, hospitals, workshops, etc., etc.

From the form point of view: there are sounds, noises and smells which are concave, convex, triangular, ellipsoidal, oblong, conical, spherical, spiral, etc.

From the colour point of view: sounds, noises and smells which are yellow, green, dark blue, light blue, violet.

In railway stations and garages, and throughout the mechanical or sporting world, sounds, noises and smells are predominantly red; in restaurants and cafes they are silver, yellow and violet. While the sounds, noises and smells of animals are yellow and blue, those of a woman are green, blue and violet.

We do not exaggerate and claim that smell alone is enough to determine in our minds arabesques of form and colour which could be said to constitute the motive and justify the necessity of a painting.

But it is true in the sense that if we are shut up in a dark room (so that our sense of sight no longer works) with flowers, petrol or other things with a strong smell, our plastic spirit will gradually eliminate the memory sensation and construct a very special plastic whole which corresponds perfectly, in its quality of weight and movement, with the smells found in the room.

These smells, through some kind of obscure process, have become environment-force, determining that state of mind which for us Futurist painters constitutes a pure plastic whole.

This bubbling and whirling of forms and light, composed of sounds, noises and smells, has been partly achieved by me in my Anarchical Funeral [Funeral of the Anarchist Galli] and in my Jolts of a Taxi-cab, by Boccioni in States of Mind and Forces of a Street, by Russolo in Revolt and Severini in Bang Bang, paintings which were violently discussed at our first Paris Exhibition in 1912. This kind of bubbling over requires a great emotive effort, even delirium, on the part of the artist, who in order to achieve a vortex, must be a vortex of sensation himself, a pictorial force and not a cold multiple intellect.

Know therefore! In order to achieve this total painting, which requires the active cooperation of all the senses, a painting which is a plastic state of mind of the universal, you must paint, as drunkards sing and vomit, sounds, noises and smells!

GIACOMO BALLA (1871-1958) was older and wiser than the other Futurist painters, at least at the beginning. He was something of a fatherfigure to them, and as Wyndham Lewis remarked, a better painter. Both Boccioni and Severini studied briefly with him in his pre-Futurist days, when he practised a personal kind of Divisionism. Balla was also perhaps a better socialist than he was a Futurist. He signed the manifestos, but in the heroic early years of the movement he seems to have been more in it than of it. Later he wrote wryly of his own involvement: Little by little acquaintances vanished, the same thing happened to his income, and the public labelled him mad. At home his mother begged the Madonna for help, his wife was in despair, his children perplexed . . . but without further ado he put all his passeiste works up for auction, writing on a sign between two black crosses: FOR SALE THE WORKS OF THE LATE BALLA.'

As war came, Balla went off the rails. The buffoonery of the Futurist Manifesto of Men's Clothing' was followed by the stupidity of the 'Futurist Manifesto of Anti-Neutral Clothing' (1914) Futurist shoes will be dynamic, different one from the other in shape and colour, ready joyfully to kick all the neutralists' and the grandiosity of The Futurist Reconstruction of the Universe' (1915), a joint effort with the young Fortunato Depero (1892-1960), creator of the Cabaret del Diavolo in Rome. Balla's art went the same way. He could still turn a trick with sets for Stravinsky's Firebird (1917), but he began to decorate everything in sight in bright and often tasteless colour schemes. Finally he was reduced to producing Futurist flowers, some angular and spiky, some lumpy and curvaceous. For the rest of their lives his two elderly daughters, suitably named Luce and Elica (Light and Propeller, both of them readymades' in the Duchamp sense), preserved the Futurist wonderland that was his Roman home.

We Futurists, in those brief gaps between our great struggles for renewal, have spent the time



discussing, as is our wont, very many subjects. For quite some time now we have been convinced that today's clothes, while they may be somewhat simplified to suit certain modern requirements, are still atrociously passeist.

WE MUST DESTROY ALL PASSEIST CLOTHES, and everything about them which is tight-fitting, colourless, funereal, decadent, boring and unhygienic. As far as materials are concerned, we must abolish: wishy-washy, pretty-pretty, gloomy and neutral colours, along with patterns composed of lines, checks and spots. In cut and design: the abolition of static lines, all uniformities such as ridiculous turn-ups, vents, etc. Let us finish with the humiliating and hypocritical custom of wearing mourning. Our crowded streets, our theatres and cafes are all imbued with a depressingly funereal tonality, because clothes are made only to reflect the gloomy and dismal moods of today's passeists.

WE MUST INVENT FUTURIST CLOTHES, hap-hap-hap-happy clothes, daring clothes with brilliant colours and dynamic lines. They must be simple, and above all they must be made to last for a short time only in order to encourage industrial activity and to provide constant and novel enjoyment for our bodies. USE materials with forceful MUSCULAR colours the reddest of reds, the most purple of purples, the greenest of greens, intense yellows, orange, vermillion and SKELETON tones of white, grey and black. And we must invent dynamic designs to go with them and express them in equally dynamic shapes: triangles, cones, spirals, ellipses, circles, etc. The cut must incorporate dynamic and asymmetrical lines, with the left-hand sleeve and the left side of a jacket in circles and the right in squares. And the same for waistcoats, stockings, topcoats etc. The consequent merry dazzle produced by our clothes in the noisy streets, which we shall have transformed with our FUTURIST architecture, will mean that everything will begin to sparkle like the glorious prism of a jeweller's gigantic glass-front, and all around us we shall find acrobatic blocks of colours set out like the following word-shapes: Coffeecornhou \ Rosegreekbastocap \ transpomotocar \ legcutshop \ blue \ blackwhitehouses \ aerocigarend \ skyroofflityellight \ anomoviesphot \ barbebbenpurp.

Human beings, until now, have dressed (more or less) in black mourning.

We are fighting against: (a) the timidity and symmetry of colours, colours which are arranged in wishy-washy patterns of idiotic spots and stripes; (b) all forms of lifeless attire which make a man feel tired, depressed, miserable and sad, and which restrict movement producing a triste wanness; (c) so-called 'good taste' and harmony, which weaken the soul and take the spring out of the step.

We want Futurist clothes to be comfortable and practical. Dynamic \ Aggressive Shocking Energetic Violent \ Flying (i.e. giving the idea of flying, rising and running) Peppy \ Joyful \ Illuminating (in order to have light even in the rain) Phosphorescent \ Lit by electric lamps \ Pattern changes should be available by pneumatic dispatch; in this way anyone may change his clothes according to the needs of the mood. \ Available modifications will include: Loving \ Arrogant Persuasive \ Diplomatic \ Unitonal \ Multitonal \ Shaded \ Polychrome \ Perfumed.

As a result we shall have the necessary variety of clothes, even if the people of a given city lack the

imagination themselves.

The happiness of our Futurist clothes will help to spread the kind of good humour aimed at by my great friend Palazzeschi in his manifesto against sadness.

First published in the ground-breaking journal Camera Work 45 (January 1914). Camera Work (1902-17) was the creation of the pioneer photographer Alfred Stieglitz in New York. It featured the work of the movement he founded, the Photo-Secession, and also the avant-garde artists he exhibited in the Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession, otherwise known as '291'; it was the first to publish the prose of Gertrude Stein and the writing of Mina Loy.

A silver Lucifer serves \ cocaine in cornucopia To some somnambulists \ of adolescent thighs draped \ in satirical draperies . . .

Flitting from continent to continent free feet free love free woman' Loy fell for the p' oet-pugilist' Arthur Cravan; his disappearance left her distraught. In later life she lived in Aspen, Colorado, and described herself as 'a sort of moral hermit'.

DIE in the Past Live in the Future.

THE velocity of velocities arrives in starting.

IN pressing the material to derive its essence, matter becomes deformed. \ AND form hurtling against itself is thrown beyond the synopsis of vision. \ THE straight line and the circle are the parents of design, form the basis of art; there is no limit to their coherent variability. \ LOVE the hideous in order to find the sublime core of it. OPEN your arms to the dilapidated, to rehabilitate them. \ YOU prefer to observe the past on which your eyes are already opened. BUT the Future is only dark from outside. \ Leap into it and it EXPLODES with Light. \ FORGET that you live in houses, that you may live in yourself\ FOR the smallest people live in the greatest houses. \ BUT the smallest person, potentially, is as great as the Universe. \ WHAT can you know of expansion, who limit yourselves to compromise? \ HITHERTO the great man has achieved greatness by keeping the people small. \ BUT in the Future, by inspiring the people to expand their fullest capacity, the great man proportionately must be tremendous a God. \ LOVE of others is the appreciation of oneself. \ MAY your egotism be so gigantic that you compromise mankind in your self-sympathy. \ THE Future is limitless the past a trail of insidious reactions. LIFE is only limited by our prejudices. Destroy them, and you cease to \ be at the mercy of yourself. \ TIME is the dispersion of intensiveness. \ THE Futurist can live a thousand years in one poem. HE can compress every aesthetic principle in one line. \ THE mind is a magician bound by assimilations; let him loose and the smallest idea conceived in freedom will suffice to negate the wisdom of all forefathers. \ LOOKING on the past you arrive at 'Yes', but before you can act upon it you have already arrived at NO . \ THE Futurist must leap from affirmative to affirmative, ignoring intermittent negations must spring from stepping-stone to stone of creative exploration; without slipping back into the turbid stream of accepted facts. \ THERE are no excrescences on the absolute, to which man may pin his faith. \ TODAY is the crisis in consciousness. \ CONSCIOUSNESS cannot spontaneously accept or reject new forms, as offered by creative genius; it is the new form, for however great a period of time it may remain a

mere irritant that moulds consciousness to the necessary amplitude for holding it. \ CONSCIOUSNESS has no climax. \ LET the Universe flow into your consciousness, there is no limit to its capacity, nothing that it shall not recreate. \ UNSCREW your capability of absorption and grasp the elements of Life whole. \ MISERY is the disintegration of Joy. Intellect, of Intuition; \ Acceptance, of Inspiration. \ CEASE to build up your personality with the ejections of irrelevant minds. \ NOT to be a cipher in your ambiente, \ But to colour your ambiente with your preferences. NOT to accept experience at its face value. \ BUT to readjust activity to the peculiarity of your own will. THESE are the primary tentatives towards independence. MAN is a slave only to his own mental lethargy. \ YOU cannot restrict the mind's capacity. \ THEREFORE you stand not only in abject servitude to your perceptive consciousness \ BUT also to the mechanical re-actions of the subconsciousness, that the rubbish heap of race-tradition \ AND believing yourself free your least conception is coloured by the pigment of retrograde superstitions. \ HERE are the fallow-lands of mental spatiality that Futurism will clear. MAKING place for whatever you are brave enough, beautiful enough \ to draw out of the realized self. \ TO your blushing we shout the obscenities, we scream the blasphemies, that you, being weak, whisper alone in the dark. \ THEY are empty except of your shame. \ AND so these sounds shall dissolve back to their innate senselessness. THUS shall evolve the language of the Future. \ THROUGH derision of Humanity as it appears TO arrive at respect for man as he shall be ACCEPT the tremendous truth of Futurism \ Leaving all those \ Knick-knacks.

First published in Le Figaro, 9 February 1914, and, like the founding Futurist Manifesto (Mi), prefaced by a note from the editors of the newspaper: Here is a manifesto in which several young artists, desirous of expressing a new way of thinking and an anxiety that is yet to be felt, have put their hopes and ambitions into words. We feel honoured by the trust they have shown in us by soliciting the publicity of Le Figaro in order to make themselves heard. Admittedly, it is not our place to take sides in the battle for which some, who wish to contend for their faith, are preparing. But this newspaper has always been committed to offering the hospitality of its columns to those who want to communicate with the general public. Therefore, we gladly welcome the 'Cerebrist Art' manifesto. All anxieties are interesting,' said a great artist. 'Often they are fruitless, but sometimes they herald and pave the way for great progress.'

The term cerebrist' was surely not a happy one. Artists have always fought shy of the cerebral the Futurists poured scorn on 'a tormented and decadent cerebralism' and highlighting it in this way was only asking for trouble. Predictably, it did not catch on.

Never has an age been so favourable to artistic debates. Five or six times a year the Athenian republic of modern times becomes fascinated and passionate, it judges and condemns — at exhibitions, concerts and performances.

The echoes of our modern artistic life, sustained over the whole gamut of the Absurd, cross the defences of the city that is the Face of the World, pass the banks of the suburbs, and disappear beyond the borders to spark off identical debates in Germany, Russia and England. The Absurd is the Real not yet born, or not yet understood. Phalanxes of artists all over the world live sumptuously on the Parisian Absurd.

The nineteenth century was, in all spiritual matters, the real century of the French renaissance. But for

several decades France has been so imperiously at the head of modern artistic evolution that even the most hostile nations give in to its dominance.

This dominance is, it has been said, absolutely cerebral. Over at least the past thirty years art has progressively, intensely, become cerebralized. Baudelaire was the pioneer of this subtly cerebral aesthetic, which found its best expression in the two precursors of today's and tomorrow's lyricism: Rimbaud and Mallarmé. These men stood on the tomb of the last romantics and dug a wide pit in front of the Parnassians and the Symbolists, whose cerebral art was impure, weakened by all the sentimental and cerebral visions of the past they cherished. Rimbaud and Mallarmé were the first to use prosody to elicit a new emotion; one capable of making the brain tremble, rather than the heart. The haughty intellectualism of Gabriele d'Annunzio or Oscar Wilde has also pushed lyricism towards today's cerebrist's channels inseparably intellectual and sensual. The internal psychology of Gabriele Tarde's crowds gave rise to the most thoughtful literature, that of the collective soul.

Modern music, in liberating itself from the soft and viscous chains of sentimental melodies, in the Italian style, and from Wagner's grand sentimental symbolism, has become intellectualized' in the work of Debussy, Paul Dukas and Erik Satie. The young composers' aesthetic is dominated by lyrical preoccupations that are completely cerebral, and by a Symbolism or Impressionism that is perfectly intellectual, in which sensuality is cerebralized, in which cerebrality becomes entirely sensual. And if, several decades ago, the harmony was somehow raised above the counterpoint through all the harmonious research of the 'Debussyists' and their immediate expression of feelings chosen by the brain, the counterpoint re-enters the fray with Igor Stravinsky, enriched with a new component, sensual and cerebrally modern.

The fine arts have followed the same evolutionary path. When Whistler and Fantin-Latour timidly admitted that in order to give painting new life 'the line must be distorted' they accepted a principle of caricature, that of looking for character through distortion', and they opened the golden doors through which Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh all passed.

Cézanne insisted that there is a photographic eye and an 'aesthetic eye', and that he had the right to disregard the exact measurements of a model's shoulders in relation to his head because it was the head that he wanted to emphasize, by way of diminishing the size of the shoulders as he liked. The eye only sees what the spirit draws its attention to,' said Rodin, another great distorter'. He also sacrificed the slavish reproduction of shape in favour of a completely free and cerebral idea that he made of a subject, as he conceived it.

The aesthetic eye, the pure and simple reasoning of that voluntary harmonizer of nature that is the artist, determined the expressive innovation of the Impressionists' colour. And it pushed following generations progressively to 'distort' form, to break it, to recompose it, away from linear surfaces, to find the depth of volume; to lead, with a view to who knows what new synthesis, to Fauvism and, more courageously, to Cubism.

An emotion too oft repeated loses its charm and its value, and in the end stops being an emotion. This

is true in the realm of sentiment as well as that of art. What artists ask of the evolution of art are new emotions, through the discovery of new modes of expressing the artistic emotionalism of a time. Each era has, therefore, rejected the preceding one. In the succession of styles there is as much will and arbitrariness between the well-defined and detailed style of Donatello or Botticelli and the violent and pompous style of a great distorter, Michelangelo, as there is between Ingres' paste and the further devotions of the Impressionists. The bias towards plumpness (the soul of the style) inherited from the Venetians, which inflated the inspiration of the eighteenth century, and towards the pictorial representation of dresses and feminine gestures, equals Titian's bias towards opulence, or the bias of some modern artists towards skeletal thinness.

In art, as on the battlefield, 'to stop advancing is to retreat'. Every artistic innovation must revolt the eye and the ear, because both the eye and the ear require time to get used to new harmonizations of colours, forms, words and sounds. The drift of contemporary innovation is in the transposition of artistic emotion from the sentimental to the cerebral domain. We want no more painting that merely 'represents' whatever it may be, in the manner of a documentary illustration. We want no more paintings which are only words in the form of images. We are looking for new varieties of form and colour, we want the pleasure of painting for its own sake and not for the literary or sentimental idea that it has to illustrate. This is how the Arabs designed their architecture.

Formerly up until our time great mythical and religious sentiments dominated all the arts. Artists kept ready-made feelings to hand, which every one could understand. Myths and religion ruled. In our age of excessive individualism, every artist has to create his interior world and his exterior representation. He has an obligation to give concrete expression to his particular vision of life and the right to express it. Thirty years ago modern art was born from this obligation; liberated, determined and rebelling against all dogmatism of the school: free verse and general post-Mallarmean art in poetry; Impressionist, Fauvist, Cubist, Futurist, Synchronist and Simultaneist, in the plastic arts; Debussyst or postDebussyst in music; metachoric in dance.

This modern art marks the funerary limit of all sentimental art: banal, facile; in other words intolerable because it is insufficient. We know more and more that the melodrama at which Margot wept [a reference to a work by Musset] is without doubt a stupid melodrama which evokes the same emotion superficial, hollow, diminishing as an inconsequential news headline. There is no exaltation for the individual, no elevation of the spirit. In contrast, against all sentimentalism in art and in life, we want an art that is nobler and more pure, which does not touch the heart but which moves the brain, which does not charm, but makes us think.

The new generation of artists, indifferent to Margot's tears, strives for heroism. They continue to reform the different arts through their research, which is dominated by the brain. This is why modern, art is tremendously cerebral.

This is why we are Cerebrists.

First published as 'Vital English Art' in the Observer, 7 June 1914, and in this version, in both English and Italian, in Lacerba, 15 July 1914. A French edition appeared as a broadsheet dated 11 June 1914. It seems clear enough that Marinetti was the author of this manifesto, and Nevinson his accompanist.

Marinetti has left an account of precisely that function, during a recital of his famous Zang Tumb Tumb: Adrianopli (1914) at the Dore Galleries in London. This work was an extended 'sound poem' telling of the assault on Adrianopolis (Edirne) during the Bulgarian-Turkish conflict of 1912, an operation in which Marinetti participated. The last chapter, 'Bombardment of Adrianopolis', became the piece de resistance of his poetry recitations.

On a table, arranged in front of me, I had a telephone, some boards, and the right sort of hammers so that I could act out the orders of the Turkish general and the sounds of rifle and machine-gun fire. At three different points in the room, three blackboards had been set up, and these I approached, each in its turn, either walking or running, so as to make rapid chalk sketches of some analogy or other. My audience, continually turning so as to follow all of my movements, was utterly enthralled, their bodies alight with emotion at the violent effects of the battle described in my Words-in-Freedom. In a room some distance away, two great drums were set, and with these the painter Nevinson, who was assisting me, produced the thunder of cannon, when I telephoned him to do so. The growing interest of the English audience turned into frenzied enthusiasm when I arrived at the peak of the dynamic performance, alternating the Bulgarian song 'Sciumi Maritza' with my dazzling images and the rumble of my onomatopoeic artillery.

I am an Italian Futurist poet and I love England passionately. I want to cure English Art of the worst of all maladies: traditionalism. I thus have every right to speak out loud, without mincing my words, and together with my friend Nevinson, the English Futurist painter, to signal the start of the struggle.

The cult of tradition, the conservatism of the academies, the commercial obsession of English painters, the effeminacy of their art and their efforts, which are purely, exclusively decorative.

The pessimistic, sceptical, and nostalgic tastes of the English public, which stupidly adores, to the point of ecstasy, everything that is affected, moderate, softened and mediocre, such as petty reconstructions of things medieval the graceless Garden Cities, maypoles, Morris dances, Fairy stories, aestheticism, Oscar Wilde, the Pre-Raphaelites, the Neoprimitives, and Paris.

A badly focused snobbery that ignores and despises every English attempt at boldness, originality and invention, and which hurries off to venerate the boldness and originality of foreigners. It should never be forgotten that England had its innovators, such as Shakespeare and Swinburne in poetry; Turner and Constable (who was the very first of the Impressionists and of the school of Barbizon) in painting; Watt, Stephenson, Darwin and so on, in the sciences.

The false revolutionaries of the New English Art Club, which destroyed the prestige of the Royal Academy and which is now vulgarly hostile to the vanguard movements.

The indifference of the King, the State, and the politicians towards art.

The English perception of art as an idle pastime, good only for women and girls, while artists are regarded as poor madmen in need of protection and art is seen as a bizarre illness that anyone can talk about.

The right of absolutely anyone to discuss and pass judgements where art is concerned.

The grotesque, outmoded ideal of the drunken genius who is dirty, unkempt and classless, given to much drinking, which is synonymous with art; and Chelsea, seen as the Montmartre of London; the subRossettis with long hair beneath their sombreros, and other kinds of traditionalist rubbish.

The sentimentalism with which your paintings are loaded to make up for (and here you are plainly mistaken) your lack of tenderness and feeling for life.

Innovators who are held back by weariness, by well-being, by desperation. Innovators lounging about on their islands or in their oases, who refuse to move forward. Innovators who declare; 'Oh yes, we desire what is new, but not what you call new!' The tired old innovators who say: 'We admire and follow the Post-Impressionists; but we mustn't venture beyond a certain desirable naivete (Gauguin, etc.).' These innovators demonstrate not only that they have stopped dead in their tracks, but that they have never understood how art evolves. If in painting and sculpture naivete, with its deformations and archaisms, has been the goal at all costs, that has been because of the need to break violently free from the academic and the pretty, prior to advancing toward the plastic dynamism of Futurist painting.

The mania for immortality. The masterpiece must die with its author. Immortality so far as art is concerned is infamy. With their power of construction and their immortality, our forebears in Italian art have enclosed us in a prison of timidity, imitation and subjugation. They are always with us on their high-backed chairs, these venerable grandfathers of ours, telling us what to do. Their marble brows weigh heavily in the anguish of our youth: A 'void motorcars, my children! Wrap up warm! Avoid draughts! Be careful of the lightning!

Enough! Enough! ... Long live the motorcar! Hurray for the drafts! Hurray for the lightning.

We desire!

A strong English art, virile and unsentimentalized.

That English artists strengthen their art through regenerative optimism, with a courageous desire for adventure and a heroic instinct for exploration, with a cult of strength and with moral and physical courage, the strong virtues of the English race.

That sport be considered as an essential element in art.

To create a great Futurist avant-garde which is the only thing that can save English art, threatened with death as it is, through the traditional conservatism of the academies and the habitual indifference of the public. It will prove a heady alcohol and a relentless goad for creative genius and maintain a constant preoccupation with keeping the furnaces of invention and art aflame, thereby avoiding the laborious task and expense of clearing the blockages of slag and of continually relighting them.

England, a country that is rich and powerful, will have to uphold, defend and glorify absolutely its artistic, most revolutionary and most advanced avant-gardes, if it wishes to save its art from certain death.

This manifesto appeared in BLAST i, dated 20 June 1914. BLAST was edited by Wyndham Lewis and subtitled REVIEW OF THE GREAT ENGLISH VORTEX'. It is therefore a Vorticist manifesto; strictly speaking Manifesto II, following a long litany of things to BLAST (France, sentimental Gallic gush, sensationalism, fussiness . . .) or on the other hand to BLESS (cold, magnanimous, delicate, gauche, fanciful, stupid Englishmen . . .). It was written by Lewis, with assistance from Ezra Pound, and co-signed by Richard Aldington, Malcolm Arbuthnot, Lawrence Atkinson, Henri Gaudier Brzeska, Jessica Dismorr, Cuthbert Hamilton, William Roberts, Helen Sanders and Edward Wadsworth.

Lewis's project has been called a British (or English) rear-guard action against the Futurist incursion the arriere-garde against the avant-garde in particular, the irrepressible Marinetti, who seemed to be everywhere, even in the most unlikely places: reading the Futurist Manifesto at the Lyceum Club, hosting Futurist Evenings' at the Poetry Bookshop, reciting 'The Siege of Adrianople' at the Florence Restaurant, sponsoring twelve Futurist intonarumori (noise-making) concerts at the Coliseum and the Albert Hall... truly there was no end to Marinetti. BLAST as reaction is indeed very plausible, not only for its tone of voice, but also for its attitude. 'Futurism, as preached by Marinetti, is largely Impressionism up-to-date,' Lewis wrote witheringly of the founding manifesto. To this is added his Automobilmism and Nietzsche stunt.'

To specify what Vorticism was and what it stood for is not easy. It had its roots in Futurism, Cubism and the much-mocked Bloomsbury Group, led by Roger Fry, against whom it rebelled. It embraced the modern, the dynamic and the typographical revolution (to which BLAST bears witness); it was big on bold lines, harsh colours, sharp contrasts. Vorticism according to Ezra Pound emphasized energy. Vorticism according to Wyndham Lewis emphasized Wyndham Lewis. Thirty years later he wrote: 'Vorticism ... was what I, personally, did, and said, at a certain period.' Which was not so far from the truth.

Beyond Action and Reaction we would establish ourselves.

We start from opposite statements of a chosen world. Set up violent structure of adolescent clearness between two extremes.



We discharge ourselves on both sides.

We fight first on one side, then on the other, but always for the SAME cause, which is neither side or both sides and ours.

Mercenaries were always the best troops.

We are Primitive Mercenaries in the Modern World.

Our Cause is NO-MAN'S.

We set Humour at Humour's throat. Stir up Civil War among peaceful apes.

We only want Humour if it has fought like Tragedy.

We only want Tragedy if it can clench its side-muscles like hands on its belly, and bring to the surface a laugh like a bomb.

We hear from America and the Continent all sorts of disagreeable things about England: 'the unmusical, anti-artistic, unphilosophic country.'

We quite agree.

Luxury, sport, the famous English 'Humour', the thrilling ascendancy and ideefixe of Class, producing the most intense snobbery in the World; heavy stagnant pools of Saxon blood, incapable of anything but the song of a frog, in home counties: these phenomena give England a peculiar distinction in the wrong sense, among the nations.

This is why England produces such good artists from time to time.

This is also the reason why a movement towards art and imagination could burst up here, from this lump of compressed life, with more force than anywhere else.

To believe that it is necessary for or conducive to art, to Improve' life, for instance make architecture, dress, ornament, in 'better taste', is absurd.

The Art-instinct is permanently primitive.

In a chaos of imperfection, discord, etc., it finds the same stimulus in Nature.

The artist of the modern movement is a savage (in no sense an 'advanced', perfected, democratic, Futurist individual of Mr Marinetti's limited imagination): this enormous, jangling, journalistic, fairy desert of modern life serves him as Nature did more technically primitive man.

As the steppes and the rigours of the Russian winter, when the peasant has to lie for weeks in his hut, produces that extraordinary acuity of feeling and intelligence we associate with the Slav; so England is just now the most favourable country for the appearance of a great art.

We have made it quite clear that there is nothing Chauvinistic or picturesquely patriotic about our contentions.

But there is violent boredom with that feeble Europeanism, abasement of the miserable 'intellectual' before anything coming from Paris, Cosmopolitan sentimentality, which prevails in so many quarters.

Just as we believe that an Art must be organic with its Time, so we insist that what is actual and vital for the South, is ineffectual and unactual in the North.

Fairies have disappeared from Ireland (despite foolish attempts to revive them) and the bull-ring languishes in Spain.

But mysticism on the one hand, gladiatorial instincts, blood and asceticism on the other, will be always actual, and springs of Creation for these two peoples.

The English Character is based on the Sea.

The particular qualities and characteristics that the sea always engenders in men are those that are, among the many diagnostics of our race, the most fundamentally English.

That unexpected universality as well, found in the completest English artists is due to this.

We assert that the art for these climates, then, must be a northern flower.

And we have implied what we believe should be the specific nature of the art destined to grow up in this country, and models of whose flue decorate the pages of this magazine.

It is not a question of the characterless material climate around us. Were that so the complication of the Jungle, dramatic Tropical growth, the vastness of American trees, would not be for us.

But our industries, and the Will that determined, face to face with its needs, the direction of the modern world, has reared up steel trees where the green ones were lacking; has exploded in useful growths, and found wilder intricacies than those of Nature.

We bring clearly forward the following points, before further defining the character of this necessary native art.

At the freest and most vigorous period of ENGLAND'S history, her literature, then chief Art, was in many ways identical with that of France.

Chaucer was very much cousin of Villon as an artist.

Shakespeare and Montaigne formed one literature.

But Shakespeare reflected in his imagination a mysticism, madness and delicacy peculiar to the North, and brought equal quantities of Comic and Tragic together.

Humour is a phenomenon caused by sudden pouring of culture into Barbary.

It is intelligence electrified by flood of naivete.

It is Chaos invading Concept and bursting it like nitrogen.

It is the Individual masquerading as Humanity like a child in clothes too big for him.

Tragic Humour is the birthright of the North.

Any great Northern Art will partake of this insidious and volcanic chaos.

No great ENGLISH Art need be ashamed to share some glory with France, tomorrow it may be with Germany, where the Elizabethans did before it.

But it will never be French, any more than Shakespeare was, the most catholic and subtle Englishman.

The Modern World is due almost entirely to Anglo-Saxon genius its appearance and its spirit.

Machinery, trains, steamships, all that distinguishes externally our time, came far more from here than anywhere else.

In dress, manners, mechanical inventions, LIFE that is, ENGLAND has influenced Europe in the same way that France has in Art.

But busy with this LIFE-EFFORT, she has been the last to become conscious of the Art that is an organism of this new Order and Will of Man.

Machinery is the greatest Earth-medium: incidentally it sweeps away the doctrines of a narrow and pedantic Realism at one stroke.

By mechanical inventiveness, too, just as Englishmen have spread themselves all over the Earth, they have brought all the hemispheres about them in their original island.

It cannot be said that the complication of the Jungle, dramatic tropic growths, the vastness of American trees, is not for us.

For, in the forms of machinery, Factories, new and vaster buildings, bridges and works, we have all that, naturally, around us.

Once this consciousness towards the new possibilities of expression in present life has come, however, it will be more the legitimate property<sup>7</sup> of Englishmen than of any other people in Europe.

It should also, as it is by origin theirs, inspire them more forcibly and directly.

They are the inventors of this bareness and hardness, and should be the great enemies of Romance.

The Romance peoples will always be, at bottom, its defenders.

The Latins are at present, for instance, in their discovery of sport, their Futuristic gush over machines, aeroplanes, etc., the most romantic and sentimental 'moderns' to be found.

It is only the second-rate people in France and Italy who are thorough revolutionaries.

In England, on the other hand, there is no vulgarity in revolt.

Or, rather, there is no revolt, it is the normal state.

So often rebels of the North and South are diametrically opposed species.

The nearest thing in England to a great traditional French artist is a great revolutionary English one.

Our Vortex is not afraid of the Past: it has forgotten its existence. Our Vortex regards the Future 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.

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.

J'ust 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!

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.

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 swiftness. \ Our Vortex rushes out like an angry dog at your Impressionistic fuss. \ Our Vortex is white and abstract with its red-hot swiftness.

No architecture has existed since 1700. A moronic mixture of the most various stylistic elements used to mask the skeletons of modern houses is called modern architecture. The new beauty of cement and iron are profaned by the superimposition of motley decorative incrustations that cannot be justified either by constructive necessity or by our (modern) taste, and whose origins are in Egyptian, Indian or Byzantine antiquity and in that idiotic flowering of stupidity and impotence that took the name of NEOCLASSICISM.

These architectonic prostitutions are welcomed in Italy, and rapacious alien ineptitude is passed off as talented invention and as extremely up-to-date architecture. Young Italian architects (those who borrow originality from a clandestine and compulsive devouring of art journals) flaunt their talents in the new quarters of our towns, where a hilarious salad of little ogival columns, seventeenth-century foliation, Gothic pointed arches, Egyptian pilasters, rococo scrolls, fifteenth-century cherubs and swollen caryatids, take the place of style in all seriousness, and presumptuously put on monumental airs. The kaleidoscopic appearance and reappearance of forms, the multiplying of machinery, the daily increasing needs imposed by the speed of communications, by the concentration of population, by hygiene, and by a hundred other phenomena of modern life, never cause these self-styled renovators of architecture a moment's perplexity or hesitation. They persevere obstinately with the rules of Vitruvius, Vignola and Sansovino, plus gleanings from any published

scrap of information on German architecture that happens to be at hand. Using these, they continue to stamp the image of imbecility on our cities, our cities which should be the immediate and faithful projection of ourselves.

And so this expressive and synthetic art has become in their hands a vacuous stylistic exercise, a jumble of ill-mixed formulae to disguise a run-of-the-mill traditionalist box of bricks and stone as a modern building. As if we who are accumulators and generators of movement, with all our added mechanical limbs, with all the noise and speed of our life, could live in streets built for the needs of men four, five or six centuries ago.

This is the supreme imbecility of modern architecture, perpetuated by the venal complicity of the academies, the internment camps of the intelligentsia, where the young are forced into the onanistic recopying of classical models instead of throwing their minds open in the search for new frontiers and in the solution of the new and pressing problem: THE FUTURIST HOUSE AND CITY the house and the city that are ours both spiritually and materially, in which our tumult can rage without seeming a grotesque anachronism.

The problem posed in Futurist architecture is not one of linear rearrangement. It is not a question of finding new mouldings and frames for windows and doors, of replacing columns, pilasters and corbels with caryatids, flies and frogs. Neither has it anything to do with leaving a facade in bare brick, or plastering it, or facing it with stone or in determining formal differences between the new building and the old one. It is a question of tending the healthy growth of the Futurist house, of constructing it with all the resources of technology and science, satisfying magisterially all the demands of our habits and our spirit, trampling down all that is grotesque and antithetical (tradition, style, aesthetics, proportion), determining new forms, new lines, a new harmony of profiles and volumes, an architecture whose reason for existence can be found solely in the unique conditions of modern life, and in its correspondence with the aesthetic values of our sensibilities. This architecture cannot be subjected to any law of historical continuity. It must be new, just as our state of mind is new.

The art of construction has been able to evolve with time, and to pass from one style to another, while maintaining unaltered the general characteristics of architecture, because in the course of history changes of fashion are frequent and are determined by the alternations of religious conviction and political disposition. But profound changes in the state of the environment are extremely rare, changes that unhinge and renew, such as the discovery of natural laws, the perfecting of mechanical means, the rational and scientific use of material. In modern life the process of stylistic development in architecture has been brought to a halt. ARCHITECTURE NOW MAKES A BREAK WITH TRADITION. IT MUST PERFORCE MAKE A FRESH START.

Calculations based on the resistance of materials, on the use of reinforced concrete and steel, exclude architecture' in the classical and traditional sense. Modern constructional materials and scientific concepts are absolutely incompatible with the disciplines of historical styles, and are the principal cause of the grotesque appearance of fashionable' buildings in which attempts are made to employ the lightness, the superb grace of the steel beam, the delicacy of reinforced concrete, in order to obtain the heavy curve of the arch and the



bulkiness of marble.

The utter antithesis between the modern world and the old is determined by all those things that formerly did not exist. Our lives have been enriched by elements the possibility of whose existence the ancients did not even suspect. Men have identified material contingencies, and revealed spiritual attitudes, whose repercussions are felt in a thousand ways. Principal among these is the formation of a new ideal of beauty that is still obscure and embryonic, but whose fascination is already felt even by the masses. We have lost our predilection for the monumental, the heavy, the static, and we have enriched our sensibility with a taste for the light, the practical, the ephemeral and the swift. We no longer feel ourselves to be the men of the cathedrals, the palaces and the podiums. We are the men of the great hotels, the railway stations, the immense streets, colossal ports, covered markets, luminous arcades, straight roads and beneficial demolitions.

We must invent and rebuild the Futurist city like an immense and tumultuous shipyard, agile, mobile and dynamic in every detail; and the Futurist house must be like a gigantic machine. The lifts must no longer be hidden away like tapeworms in the niches of stairwells; the stairwells themselves, rendered useless, must be abolished, and the lifts must scale the lengths of the facades like serpents of steel and glass. The house of concrete, glass and steel, stripped of paintings and sculpture, rich only in the innate beauty of its lines and relief, extraordinarily ugly' in its mechanical simplicity, higher and wider according to need rather than the specifications of municipal laws. It must soar up on the brink of a tumultuous abyss: the street will no longer lie like a doormat at ground level, but will plunge many storeys down into the earth, embracing the metropolitan traffic, and will be linked up for necessary interconnections by metal gangways and swiftmoving pavements.

**THE DECORATIVE MUST BE ABOLISHED.** The problem of Futurist architecture must be resolved, not by continuing to pilfer from Chinese, Persian or Japanese photographs or fooling around with the rules of Vitruvius, but through flashes of genius and through scientific and technical expertise. Everything must be revolutionized. Roofs and underground spaces must be used; the importance of the facade must be diminished; issues of taste must be transplanted from the field of fussy mouldings, finicky capitals and flimsy doorways to the broader concerns of **BOLD GROUPINGS AND MASSES, AND LARGE-SCALE DISPOSITION OF PLANES.** Let us make an end of monumental, funereal and commemorative architecture. Let us overturn monuments, pavements, arcades and flights of steps; let us sink the streets and squares; let us raise the level of the city.

**COMBAT AND DESPISE:** 1. All the pseudo-architecture of the avant-garde, Austrian, Hungarian, German and American; 2. All classical architecture, solemn, hieratic, scenographic, decorative, monumental, pretty and pleasing; 3. The embalming, reconstruction and reproduction of ancient monuments and palaces; 4. Perpendicular and horizontal lines, cubical and pyramidal forms that are static, solemn, aggressive and absolutely excluded from our utterly new sensibility; 5. The use of massive, voluminous, durable, antiquated and costly materials.

**AND PROCLAIM:** 1. That Futurist architecture is the architecture of calculation, of audacious temerity and of simplicity; the architecture of reinforced concrete, of steel, glass, cardboard, textile fibre, and of all those substitutes for wood, stone and brick that enable us to obtain maximum elasticity and lightness; 2. That Futurist architecture is not because of this an arid combination of practicality and usefulness, but remains

art. i.e. synthesis and expression; 3. That oblique and elliptic lines are dynamic, and by their very nature possess an emotive power a thousand times stronger than perpendiculars and horizontals, and that no integral, dynamic architecture can exist that does not include these; 4. That decoration as an element superimposed on architecture is absurd, and that THE DECORATIVE VALUE OF FUTURIST ARCHITECTURE DEPENDS SOLELY ON THE USE AND ORIGINAL ARRANGEMENT OF RAW OR BARE OR VIOLENTLY COLOURED MATERIALS; 5. That, just as the ancients drew inspiration for their art from the elements of nature, we who are materially and spiritually artificial must find that inspiration in the elements of the utterly new mechanical world we have created, and of which architecture must be the most beautiful expression, the most complete synthesis, the most efficacious integration; 6. That architecture as the art of arranging forms according to pre-established criteria is finished; 7. That by the term architecture is meant the endeavour to harmonize the environment with Man with freedom and great audacity, that is to transform the world of things into a direct projection of the world of the spirit; 8. From an architecture conceived in this way no formal or linear habit can grow, since the fundamental characteristics of Futurist architecture will be its impermanence and transience. THINGS WILL ENDURE LESS THAN US. EVERY GENERATION MUST BUILD ITS OWN CITY. This constant renewal of the architectonic environment will contribute to the victory of Futurism which has already been affirmed by WORDS-IN-FREEDOM, PLASTIC DYNAMISM, MUSIC WITHOUT QUADRATURE AND THE ART OF NOISES, and for which we fight without respite against traditionalist cowardice.

The feminist movement as at present instituted is Inadequate

Women if you want to realize 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 and 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 wellbalanced & developed woman knows that it 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 unselfconscious 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 to 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 throughout the female population at puberty .

The value of a 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 (without 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 reaction 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 & outworn continuance of an alliance spontaneously adapted for vital creation in the beginning but not necessarily harmoniously balanced as the parties to it following 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

Women 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 realization 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.

We Futurists have long meditated-on many things (and we can do this very well indeed, even in the company of tarts and to the merry sound of night revellers, so please do not credit us with solemn Mazzini-like posturing) and we have come to the conclusion that the Great and Famous Art of the Past is, in fact, a very trivial thing.

Its major defect is a kind of illustrationism which has dominated all art, without exception, from antiquity to our own days.

By the word 'illustrationism' I do not wish to refer to what commonly goes under the name of 'illustration' (as in newspapers, novels, stories etc.).

A painter who is affected by illustrationism never achieves, or even tries for, the expression of his feelings in the plastic world of form and colour, since for him lines, planes, colours, express nothing in themselves. He accepts anything (and sometimes this amounts to very little) which serves to materialize his own vision, his own allegorical, symbolic or philosophical themes, which are never purely pictorial, and he is content to reproduce scenes of an eternal life, though he may see his subject within a contemporary framework.

He relies on a kind of traditional, conventional ideography, and he has an absolute horror of the humanized arabesque, that arabesque which encourages us to feel and to add greater value to expressions of light, of objects and beings in their attitudes of movement and stillness.

The painter who is basically an illustrator or decorator is content to make do with an explanatory

tradition limited to purely external images, narrated on a single plane with the aid of colours.

So, the architectural and musical lyricism of form and colour, together with laws of tone and light and shade, have no significance for him. For us, on the other hand, painting is just this, and this is the only reason for its existence.

The error with which all plastic art, until now, has been affected, is not only found in Western art (although it is true that, from Courbet onwards, a few people have tried to wipe it out by timidly considering the painter's problem in relation to the search for pure plastic expression) but also is a notable failing in Oriental painting (the Chinese, Japanese, etc.), which is still completely fettered by it.

It is only this non-sense of illustrationism that has persuaded so many people that the Sistine Chapel and even Raphael's Loggia are works which are unsurpassed and unsurpassable.

They are all just stupid dictators, the literati, the philosophers, the journalists and those other people who fail to understand one iota of this and who refuse to see the basic difference between yesterday's painting and the painting of today.

With essential synthetic lyricism, with imagination without strings and words in freedom, true poetry is born, which never existed before.

With our pictorial Dynamism true painting is born, which also never existed before.

Unblinkered, as always, we Futurists will continue to demolish and to re-create, convinced that reason, as well as truth, is on our side.

The art of the past should be looked upon as a great joke based on moral, religious, ethical and political foundations. It is only with us Futurists that true ART will be born.

One of the most characteristic signs, common to all the trends in painting today — and one which makes the greatness of contemporary works of art is without doubt the element of distortion which is the predominant factor in the construction of a painting.

Anyone who takes an intelligent interest in modern painting will know, anyway, that without the presence of this distorting element a work of art cannot exist.

The objective representation of things, so dear to the hearts of naturalists with their artistic

collectivism, is henceforth confined to its legitimate field: photography.

The search for dynamic-plastic distortion in painting. The search for polytonal music without quadrature. The search for the art of sounds. The search for words-in-freedom.

We are happy to leave the job of explaining the meaning of these words to pedagogues; they are obscure only to idiots; they are crystal clear to anyone who has any familiarity with art.

Distortion is an altimeter which registers the degrees of plastic expression which a work of art can attain.

Adjectives like primitive', great', etc., are too vague, indeterminate and elastic to be used unequivocally.

With such vague, amorphous terminology, anyone can call the most moronic and bourgeois painting in the world primitive' or great'.

As usual the Italians do not know what has been happening in other countries for the past thirty years.

In the works of the old masters, including Giotto and Titian, any plastic element was the result of accidental intuition.

The plastic elements of their pictorial illustrations are to be found in the minor, unimportant sections of their paintings and have little significance for the artist; they are generally found only in the drapes, landscape backgrounds, etc.

And don't throw in our faces the works of old stay-at-home Rembrandt, or El Greco, both of whom attempted some kind of formal distortion, which, however, was ruined by filthy literary psychology.

Such attempts at formal and psychological-literary distortion must be disowned by us Futurists with vigour. Forms executed in an inert and static way, derived from concepts far remote from any real feeling for life, the works of these old painters should be completely struck off our lists of objects worthy of preservation; they should be removed from the sight of everyone still uncontaminated by stupid idolatry, everyone who wants to become a real art lover.

Once more we return to the miraculous Bruno [sic] Courbet the first plastic artist to refuse to have any truck with millenarian moralism or romantic sentimentalism in his painting.

The three major Post-Impressionist painters, Matisse, Derain and Picasso, have continued the traditions of their three great predecessors Manet, Renoir and Cezanne, and the distortionist aspect of the problem of plasticity in painting came to be applied with courage and greater awareness.

To this group of artists is due the great credit of having brought to painting an anti-episodic constructional synthesis which was entirely unknown amongst the old painters.

They have broken with perspective schemes, they have broadened and deepened their experiments with space and the plasticity of bodies and light, distorting all apparent reality; in this way these great precursors prepared the way for Futurist painting.

The need for more and more architectural distortion of objects and things made the painter Courbet take a stand against: The pictorial distortion of the kind practised in a linear-static way by the Egyptians, the Ancient Greeks, Michelangelo and El Greco.

With Courbet, for the first time, we have plastic distortion accompanied by the principles of dynamism. We must give him the honour of being the first innovator of modern painting.

All these things have been discussed at great length by myself, Soffici and our friend Picasso in the latter's studio. Expounding our Futurist principles, we convinced Picasso of the necessity of starting as far as distortion is concerned with a passionate acceptance of modernity, as well as of popular art. We also showed him the absurdity of the kind of distortion which can take inspiration from a bygone sensibility inevitably static and false. This kind of distortion can only create works which have merely the appearance of modernity, where the life is merely illusory.

Our dynamic distortion in painting will be used to fight: Any tendency towards the 'pretty', the 'tender', 'the sentimental' (BOTTICELLI, WATTEAU) \ Any tendency towards 'literary heroicism' (DELACROIX) \ Any tendency towards the 'bourgeois' or the 'academic' (RAPHAEL, LEONARDO DA VINCI) \ Any tendency towards 'harmony', 'equilibrium', 'symmetry', the 'decorative', pure illustrationism' (VERONESE) \ Any tendency towards the 'analytical', towards 'scientific or rationalist perspective', towards 'objectivism and natural probability' (SEURAT, SIGNAC, GROS)

While the paintings of our glorious predecessors, Courbet, Manet, Cezanne and Renoir, exhibit a certain fragmentariness, nevertheless their work was the signal for a rebellion against all gangrenous, millenarian, artistic traditionalism.

The artistic revolt begun by these painters will be brought to full fruit by us Futurist painters, and this new art, barely glimpsed by them, will be realized by US for our own pleasure and for the pleasure of a few like-minded people who find themselves capable of enjoying it.

This year is a year of deaths: almost every day the newspapers sob loudly in grief about somebody who has passed away before his time. Every day, with syrupy weeping the brevier wails over the huge number of names slaughtered by Mars. How noble and monastically severe today's newspapers look. They are dressed -in the black mourning garb of the obituaries, with the crystal-like tear of a necrology in their glittering eyes. That's why it has been particularly upsetting to see these same newspapers, usually ennobled by grief, note with indecent merriment one death that involved me very closely.

When the critics, harnessed in tandem, carried along the dirty road the road of the printed word the coffin of Futurism, the newspapers trumpeted for weeks: 'ho, ho, ho! serves it right! take it away! finally!' (Concerned alarm in the audience: What do you mean, died? Futurism died? You're kidding.') Yes, it died.

For one year now, instead of Futurism, verbally flaming, barely manoeuvring between truth, beauty and the police station, the most boring octogenarians of the Kogan-Aikhenvald type [literary critics with official positions] creep up on the stage of auditoriums. For one year now, the auditoriums present only the most boring logic, demonstrations of trivial truths, instead of the cheerful sound of glass pitchers against empty heads.

Gentlemen! Do you really feel no sorrow for that extravagant young fellow with shaggy red hair, a little silly, a bit ill-mannered, but always, oh! always, daring and fiery? On the other hand, how can you understand youth? The young people to whom we are dear will not soon return from the battlefield; but you, who have remained here with quiet jobs in newspaper offices or other similar businesses; you, who are too rickety to carry a weapon, you, old bags crammed with wrinkles and grey hair, you are preoccupied with figuring out the smoothest possible way to pass on to the next world and not with the destiny of Russian art.

But, you know, I myself do not feel too sorry about the deceased, although for different reasons.

Bring back to mind the first gala publication of Russian Futurism, titled with that resounding 'slap in the face of public taste'. What remained particularly memorable of that fierce scuffle were the three blows, in the form of three vociferous statements from our manifesto.

1. Destroy the all-canon's freezer which turns inspiration into ice. 2. Destroy the old language, powerless to keep up with life's leaps and bounds. 3. Throw the old masters overboard from the ship of modernity.

As you see, there isn't a single building here, not a single comfortably designed corner, only destruction, anarchy. This made philistines laugh, as if it were the extravagant idea of some insane individuals, but in fact it turned out to be 'a devilish intuition' which is realized in the stormy today. The war, by expanding the borders of nations and of the brain, forces one to break through the frontiers of what yesterday was unknown.



Artist! Is it for you to catch the onrushing cavalry with a fine net of contour lines? Repin! Samokish!  
[Realist painters] Get your pails out of the way the paint will spill all over!

Poet! Don't place the mighty conflict of iambs and trochees in a rocking chair the chair will flip over!

Fragmentation of words, word renewal! So many new words, and first among them Petrograd, and conductress! Die, Severyanin [cult Egofuturist poet]! Is it really for the Futurists to shout that old literature is forgotten? Who would still hear behind the Cossack whoop the trill of Bryusov's mandolin [precious Symbolist writer]! Today, everyone is a Futurist. The entire nation is Futurist.

### FUTURISM HAS SEIZED RUSSIA IN A DEATH GRIP.

Not being able to see Futurism in front of you and to look into yourselves, you started shouting about its death. Yes! Futurism, as a specific group, died, but like a flood it overflows into all of you.

But once Futurism had died as the idea of select individuals, we do not need it anymore. We consider the first part of our programme of destruction to be completed. So don't be surprised if today you see in our hands architectural sketches instead of clownish rattles, and if the voice of Futurism, which yesterday was still soft from sentimental reverie, today is forged in the copper of preaching.

Only when the conscious habit of seeing nature's little nooks. Madonnas and Venuses in pictures disappears will we witness a purely painterly work of art.

I have transformed myself in the zero ofform and have fished myself out of the rubbishy slough of academic art.

I have destroyed the ring of the horizon and got out of the circle of objects, the horizon ring that has imprisoned the artist and the forms of nature. This accursed ring, by continually revealing novelty after novelty leads the artist away from the aim of destruction.

And only cowardly consciousness and insolvency of creative power in an artist yield to this deception and establish their art on the forms of nature, afraid of losing the foundation on which the savage and the academy have based their art.

To produce favourite objects and little nooks of nature is just like a thief being enraptured with his shackled legs.

Only dull and impotent artists veil their work with sincerity. Art requires truth, not sincerity.

Objects have vanished like smoke; to attain the new artistic culture, art advances toward creation as an end in itself and towards domination over the forms of nature.

The savage was the first to establish the principle of naturalism: in drawing a dot and five little sticks, he attempted to transmit his own image.

The first attempt laid the basis for the conscious imitation of nature's forms.

Hence arose the aim of approaching the face of nature as closely as possible.

And all the artist's efforts were directed towards the transmission of her creative forms.

The first inscription of the savage's primitive depiction gave birth to collective art, or the art of repetition.

Collective, because the real man with his subtle range of feelings, psychology and anatomy had not been discovered.

The savage saw neither his outward image nor his inward state.

His consciousness could see only the outline of a man, a beast, etc. And as his consciousness developed, so the outline of his depiction of nature grew more involved.

The more his consciousness embraced nature, the more involved his work became, and the more his experience and skill increased.

His consciousness developed only in one direction, towards nature's creation and not towards new forms of art.

Therefore his primitive depictions cannot be considered creative work. The distortion of reality in his depictions is the result of weak technique. Both technique and consciousness were only at the beginning of their development.

And his pictures must not be considered art. Because unskilfulness is not art.

He merely pointed the way to art.

Consequently, his original outline was a framework on which the generations hung new discovery after new discovery made in nature.

And the outline became more and more involved and achieved its flowering in antiquity and the Renaissance.

The masters of these two epochs depicted man in his complete form, both outward and inward.

Man was assembled, and his inward state was expressed.

But despite their enormous skill, they did not, however, perfect the savage's idea: The reflection of nature on canvas, as in a mirror.

And it is a mistake to suppose that their age was the most brilliant flowering of art and that the younger generation should at all costs aspire towards this ideal.

This idea is false.

It diverts young forces from the contemporary current of life and thereby deforms them.

Their bodies fly in aeroplanes, but they cover art and life with the old robes of Neros and Titians.

Hence they are unable to observe the new beauty of our modern life. Because they live by the beauty of past ages.

That is why the Realists, Impressionists, Cubism, Futurism and Suprematism were not understood.

The latter artists cast aside the robes of the past, came out into modern life, and found new beauty.

And I say: That no torture chambers of the academies will withstand the days to come. Forms move and are born, and we are forever making new discoveries. And what we discover must not be concealed. And it is absurd to force our age into the old forms of a bygone age. The hollow of the past cannot contain the gigantic constructions and movement of our life.

As in our life of technology: We cannot use the ships in which the Saracens sailed, and so in art we should seek forms that correspond to modern life.

The technological side of our age advances further and further ahead, but people try to push art further and further back.

This is why all those people who follow their age are superior, greater and worthier.

And the realism of the nineteenth century is much greater than the ideal forms found in the aesthetic experience of the ages of the Renaissance and Greece.

The masters of Rome and Greece, after they had attained a knowledge of human anatomy and produced a depiction that was to a certain extent realistic: were overrun by aesthetic taste, and their realism was pomaded and powdered with the taste of aestheticism.

Hence their perfect line and nice colours.

Aesthetic taste diverted them from the realism of the earth, and they reached the impasse of idealism.

Their painting is a means of decorating a picture.

Their knowledge was taken away from nature into closed studios, where pictures were manufactured for many centuries.

That is why their art stopped short.

They closed the doors behind them, thereby destroying their contact with nature.

And that moment when they were gripped by the idealization of form should be considered the collapse of real art.

Because art should not advance towards abbreviation or simplification, but towards complexity.

The Venus de Milo is a graphic example of decline. It is not a real woman, but a parody.

Angelo's David is a deformation.

His head and torso are modelled, as it were, from two incongruent forms.

A fantastic head and a real torso.

All the masters of the Renaissance achieved great results in anatomy. But they did not achieve veracity in their impression of the body. Their painting does not transmit the body, and their landscapes do not transmit living light, despite the fact that bluish veins can be seen in the bodies of their people.

The art of naturalism is the savage's idea, the aspiration to transmit what is seen, but not to create a new form.

His creative will was in an embryonic state, but his impressions were more developed, which was the reason for his reproduction of reality. Similarly it should not be assumed that his gift of creative will was developed in the classical painters.

Because we see in their pictures only repetitions of the real forms of life in settings richer than those of their ancestor, the savage.

Similarly their composition should not be considered creation, for in most cases the arrangement of figures depends on the subject: a king's procession, a court, etc.

The king and the judge already determine the places on the canvas for the persons of secondary importance.

Furthermore, the composition rests on the purely aesthetic basis of niceness of arrangement.

Hence arranging furniture in a room is still not a creative process.

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In repeating or tracing the forms of nature, we have nurtured our consciousness with a false conception of art. •

The work of the primitives was taken for creation. The classics also.

If you put the same glass down twenty times, that 's also creation.

Art, as the ability to transmit what we see onto a canvas, was considered creation.

Is placing a samovar on a table also really creation? I think quite differently.

The transmission of real objects onto a canvas is the art of skilful reproduction, that's all.

And between the art of creating and the art of repeating there is a great difference.

To create means to live, forever creating newer and newer things.

And however much we arrange furniture about rooms, we will not extend or create a new form for them.

And however many moonlit landscapes the artist paints, however many grazing cows and pretty sunsets, they will remain the same dear little cows and sunsets. Only in a much worse form.

And in fact, whether an artist is a genius or not is determined by the number of cows he paints.

The artist can be a creator only when the forms in his picture have nothing in common with nature.

For art is the ability to create a construction that derives not from the interrelation of form and colour and not on the basis of aesthetic taste in a construction's compositional beauty, but on the basis of weight, speed and direction of movement.

Forms must be given life and the right to individual existence. Nature is a living picture, and we can admire her. We are the living heart

of nature.

We are the most valuable construction in this gigantic living picture. We are her living brain, which magnifies her life.

To reiterate her is theft, and he who reiterates her is a thief a nonentity who cannot give, but who likes to take things and claim them as his own. (Counterfeiters.)

An artist is under a vow to be a free creator, but not a free robber. An artist is given talent in order that he may present to life his share of creation and swell the current of life, so versatile.

Only in absolute creation will he acquire his right.

And this is possible when we free all art of philistine ideas and subject matter and teach our consciousness to see everything in nature not as real objects and forms, but as material, as masses from which forms must be made that have nothing in common with nature.

Then the habit of seeing Madonnas and Venuses in pictures, with fat, flirtatious cupids, will disappear.

Colour and texture are of the greatest value in painterly creation they are the essence of painting; but this essence has always been killed by the subject.

And if the masters of the Renaissance had discovered painterly surface, it would have been much nobler and more valuable than any Madonna or Gioconda.

And any hewn pentagon or hexagon would have been a greater work of sculpture than the Venus de Milo or David.

The principle of the savage is to aim to create art that repeats the real forms of nature.

In intending to transmit the living form, they transmitted its corpse in the picture.

The living was turned into a motionless, dead state.

Everything was taken alive and pinned quivering to the canvas, just as insects are pinned in a collection.

But that was the time of Babel in terms of art.

They should have created, but they repeated; they should have deprived forms of content and meaning, but they enriched them with this burden.

They should have dumped this burden, but they tied it around the neck of creative will.

The art of painting, the word, sculpture, was a kind of camel, loaded with all the trash of odalisques, Salomes, princes and princesses. Painting was the tie on the gentleman's starched shirt and the pink corset drawing in the stomach.

Painting was the aesthetic side of the object. But it was never an independent end in itself.

Artists were officials making an inventory of nature's property, amateur collectors of zoology, botany and archaeology.

Nearer our time, young artists devoted themselves to pornography and turned painting into lascivious trash.

There were no attempts at purely painterly tasks as such, without any appurtenances of real life.

There was no realism of painterly form as an end in itself, and there was no creation.

The realist academists are the savage's last descendants.

They are the ones who go about in the worn-out robes of the past. And again, as before, some have cast aside these greasy robes.

And given the academy rag-and-bone man a slap in the face with their proclamation of Futurism.

They began in a mighty movement to hammer at the consciousness as if at nails in a stone wall.



To pull you out of the catacombs into the speed of contemporaneity. I assure you that whoever has not trodden the path of Futurism as the exponent of modern life is condemned to crawl forever among the ancient tombs and feed on the leftovers of bygone ages.

Futurism opened up the 'new' in modern life: the beauty of speed. And through speed we move more swiftly.

And we, who only yesterday were Futurists, have reached new forms through speed, new relationships with nature and objects.

We have reached Suprematism, abandoning Futurism as a loophole through which those lagging behind will pass.

We have abandoned Futurism, and we, bravest of the brave, have spat on the altar of its art.

But can cowards spit on their idols As we did yesterday!!!

I tell you, you will not see the new beauty and the truth until you venture to spit.

Before us, all arts were old blouses, which are changed just like your silk petticoats.

After throwing them away, you acquire new ones.

Why do you not put on your grandmothers' dresses, when you thrill to the pictures of their powdered portraits?

This all confirms that your body is living in the modern age while your soul is clothed in your grandmother's old bodice.

This is why you find the Somovs, Kustodievs [members of the decorative World of Art' group], and various such rag merchants so pleasant.

And I hate these second-hand clothes dealers.

Yesterday we, our heads proudly raised, defended Futurism Now with pride we spit on it.

And I say that what we spat upon will be accepted.

You, too, spit on the old dresses and clothe art in something new.

We rejected Futurism not because it was outdated, and its end had come. No. The beauty of speed that it discovered is eternal, and the new will still be revealed to many.

Since we run to our goal through the speed of Futurism, our thought moves more swiftly, and whoever lives in Futurism is nearer to this aim and further from the past.

And your lack of understanding is quite natural. Can a man who always goes about in a cabriolet really understand the experiences and impressions of one who travels in an express or who flies through the air? The academy is a mouldy vault in which art is being flagellated. Gigantic wars, great inventions, conquest of the air, speed of travel, telephones, telegraphs, dreadnoughts are the realm of electricity.

But our young artists paint Neros and half-naked Roman warriors. Honour to the Futurists who forbade the painting of female hams, the painting of portraits and guitars in the moonlight.

They made a huge step forward: they abandoned meat and glorified the machine.

But meat and the machine are the muscles of life. Both are the bodies that give life movement.

It is here that two worlds have come together. The world of meat and the world of iron.

Both forms are the mediums of utilitarian reason.

But the artist's relationship to the forms of life's objects requires elucidation.

Until now the artist always followed the object.

Thus the new Futurism follows the machine of today's dynamism. These two kinds of art are the old and the new — Futurism: they are behind the running forms.

And the question arises: will this aim in the art of painting respond to its existence? No!

Because in following the form of aeroplanes or motorcars, we shall always be anticipating the new cast-off forms of technological life ...

And second: In following the form of things, we cannot arrive at painting as an end in itself, at spontaneous creation.

Painting will remain the means of transmitting this or that condition of life's forms.

But the Futurists forbade the painting of nudity not in the name of the liberation of painting and the word, so that they would become ends in themselves.

But because of the changes in the technological side of life.

The new life of iron and the machine, the roar of motorcars, the brilliance of electric lights, the growling of propellers, have awakened the soul, which was suffocating in the catacombs of old reason and has emerged at the intersection of the paths of heaven and earth.

If all artists were to see the crossroads of these heavenly paths, if they were to comprehend these monstrous runways and intersections of our bodies with the clouds in the heavens, then they would not paint chrysanthemums. The dynamics of movement has suggested advocating the dynamics of

painterly plasticity.

But the efforts of the Futurists to produce purely painterly plasticity as such were not crowned with success.

They could not settle accounts with objectism, which would have made their task easier.

When they had driven reason halfway from the field of the picture, from the old calloused habit of seeing everything naturally, they managed to make a picture of the new life, of new things, but that is all.

In the transmission of movement, the cohesiveness of things disappeared as their flashing parts hid themselves among other running bodies. And in constructing the parts of the running objects, they tried to transmit only the impression of movement.

But in order to transmit the movement of modern life, one must operate with its forms.

Which made it more complicated for the art of painting to reach its goal. But however it was done, consciously or unconsciously, for the sake of movement or for the sake of transmitting an impression, the cohesion of things was violated.

And in this break-up and violation of cohesion lay the latent meaning that had been concealed by the naturalistic purpose.

Underlying this destruction lay primarily not the transmission of the movements of objects, but their destruction for the sake of pure painterly essence, i.e., towards attainment of non-objective creation.

The rapid interchange of objects struck the new naturalists the Futurists and they began to seek means of transmitting it.

Hence the construction of the Futurist pictures that you have seen arose from the discovery points on a plane where the placing of real objects during their explosion or confrontation would impart a sense of time at a maximum speed.

These points can be discovered independently of the physical law of natural perspective.

Thus we see in Futurist pictures the appearance of clouds, horses, wheels, and various other objects in places not corresponding to nature.

The state of the object has become more important than its essence and meaning.

We see an extraordinary picture.

A new order of objects makes reason shudder.

The mob howled and spat, critics rushed at the artist like dogs from a gateway. (Shame on them.)

The Futurists displayed enormous strength of will in destroying the habit of the old mind, in flaying the hardened skin of academism and spitting in the face of old common sense. \*

After rejecting reason, the Futurists proclaimed intuition' as the subconscious.

But they created their pictures not out of the subconscious forms of intuition, but used the forms of utilitarian reason.

Consequently, only the discovery of the difference between the two lives of the old and the new art will fall to the lot of intuitive feeling.

We do not see the subconscious in the actual construction of the picture. Rather do we see the conscious calculation of construction.

In a Futurist picture there is a mass of objects. They are scattered about the surface in an order unnatural to life.

The conglomeration of objects is acquired not through intuitive sense, but through a purely visual impression, while the building, the construction, of the picture is done with the intention of achieving an impression.

And the sense of the subconscious falls away.

Consequently we have nothing purely intuitive in the picture.

Beauty, too, if it is encountered, proceeds from aesthetic taste.

The intuitive, I think, should manifest itself when forms are unconscious and have no response.

I consider that the intuitive in art had to be understood as the aim of our sense of search for objects. And it followed a purely conscious path, blazing its decisive trail through the artist.

(Its form is like two types of consciousness fighting between themselves.) But the consciousness, accustomed to the training of utilitarian reason, could not agree with the sense that led to the destruction of objectism. The artist did not understand this aim and, submitting to this sense, betrayed reason and distorted form.

The art of utilitarian reason has a definite purpose.

But intuitive creation does not have a utilitarian purpose. Hitherto we have had no such manifestation of intuition in art.

All pictures in art follow the creative forms of a utilitarian order. All the naturalists' pictures have the same form as in nature.

Intuitive form should arise out of nothing.

Just as reason, creating things for everyday life, extracts them from nothing and perfects them.

Thus the forms of utilitarian reason are superior to any depictions in pictures.

They are superior because they are alive and have proceeded from material that has been given a new form for the new life.

Here is the divine ordering crystals to assume another form of existence. Here is a miracle ...

There should be a miracle in the creation of art, as well.

But the realists, in transferring living things onto canvas, deprive their life of movement.

And our academies teach dead, not living, painting.

Hitherto intuitive feeling has been directed to drag newer and newer forms into our world from some kind of bottomless void.

But there has been no proof of this in art, and there should be.

And I feel that it does already exist in a real form and quite consciously.

The artist should know what, and why, things happen in his pictures. Previously he lived in some sort of mood. He waited for the moonrise and twilight, put green shades on his lamps, and all this tuned him up like a violin.

But if you asked him why the face on his canvas was crooked, or green, he could not give an exact answer.

I want it like that, I like it like that..

Ultimately, this desire was ascribed to creative will.

Consequently, the intuitive feeling did not speak clearly. And thereafter its state became not only subconscious, but completely unconscious. These concepts were all mixed together in pictures. The picture was half-real, half-distorted.

Being a painter, I ought to say why people's faces are painted green and red in pictures.

Painting is paint and colour; it lies within our organism. Its outbursts are great and demanding.

My nervous system is coloured by them. My brain burns with their colour.

But colour was oppressed by common sense, was enslaved by it. And the spirit of colour weakened and died out.

But when it conquered common sense, then its colours flowed onto the repellent form of real things.

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The colours matured, but their form did not mature in the consciousness. This is why faces and bodies were red, green and blue. \*

But this was the herald leading to the creation of painterly forms as ends in themselves.

Now it is essential to shape the body and lend it a living form in real life. And this will happen when forms emerge from painterly masses; that is, they will arise just as utilitarian forms arose.

Such forms will not be repetitions of living things in life, but will themselves be a living thing.

A painted surface is a real, living form.

Intuitive feeling is now passing to consciousness; no longer is it subconscious. Even, rather, vice versa it always was conscious, but the artist just could not understand its demands.

The forms of Suprematism, the new painterly realism, already testify to the construction of forms out of nothing, discovered by intuitive reason. The Cubist attempt to distort real form and its break-up of objects were aimed at giving the creative will the independent life of its created forms.

If we take any point in a Futurist picture, we shall find either something that is coming or going, or a confined space.

But we shall not find an independent, individual painterly surface. Here the painting is nothing but the outer garment of things.

And each form of the object was painterly insofar as its form was necessary to its existence, and not vice versa.

The Futurists advocate the dynamics of painterly plasticity as the most important aspect of a painting.

But in failing to destroy objectivism, they achieve only the dynamics of things.

Therefore Futurist paintings and all those of past artists can be reduced from twenty colours to one, without sacrificing their impression. Repin's picture of Ivan the Terrible could be deprived of colour, and it will still give us the same impressions of horror as it does in colour. The subject will always kill colour, and we will not notice it. Whereas faces painted green and red kill the subject to a certain extent, and the colour is more noticeable. And colour is what the painter lives by, so it is the most important thing.

And here I have arrived at pure colour forms.

And Suprematism is the purely painterly art of colour whose independence cannot be reduced to a single colour.

The galloping of a horse can be transmitted with a single tone of pencil. But it is impossible to transmit the movement of red, green, or blue masses with a single pencil.



Painters should abandon subject-matter and objects if they wish to be pure painters.

The demand to achieve the dynamics of painterly plasticity points to the impulse of painterly masses to emerge from the object and arrive at colour as an end in itself, at the domination of purely painterly forms as ends in themselves over content and things, at non-objective Suprematism at the new painterly realism, at absolute creation.

Futurism approaches the dynamism of painting through the academism of form. And both endeavours essentially aspire to Suprematism in painting. If we examine the art of Cubism, the question arises what energy in objects incited the intuitive feeling to activity; we shall see that painterly energy was of secondary importance.

The object itself, as well as its essence, purpose, sense, or the fullness of its representation (as Cubists thought), was also unnecessary.

Hitherto it seemed that the beauty of objects is preserved when they are transmitted whole onto the picture, and moreover, that their essence is evident in the coarseness or simplification of line.

But it transpired that one more situation was found in objects which reveals a new beauty to us.

Namely: intuitive feeling discovered in objects the energy of dissonance, a dissonance obtained from the confrontation of two contrasting forms. Objects contain a mass of temporal moments. Their forms are diverse, and consequently, the ways in which they are painted are diverse.

All these temporal aspects of things and their anatomy (the rings of a tree) have become more important than their essence and meaning. And these new situations were adopted by the Cubists as a means of constructing pictures.

Moreover, these means were constructed so that the unexpected confrontation of two forms would produce a dissonance of maximum force and tension.

And the scale of each form is arbitrary.

Which justifies the appearance of parts of real objects in places that do not correspond to nature.

In achieving this new beauty, or simply energy, we have freed ourselves from the impression of the object's wholeness.

The millstone around the neck of painting is beginning to crack.

An object painted according to the principle of Cubism can be considered 'finished' when its dissonances are exhausted.

Nevertheless, repetitive forms should be omitted by the artist since they are mere reiterations.

But if the artist finds little tension in the picture, he is free to take them from another object.

Consequently, in Cubism the principle of transmitting objects does not arise.

A picture is made, but the object is not transmitted. Hence this conclusion:

Over the past millennia, the artist has striven to approach the depiction of an object as closely as possible, to transmit its essence and meaning; then in our era of Cubism, the artist destroyed objects together with their meaning, essence and purpose.

A new picture has arisen from their fragments.

Objects have vanished like smoke, for the sake of the new culture of art. Cubism, Futurism, and the [Russian] Wanderers [a realist group emphasizing the social and political as well as the purely aesthetic] differ in their aims, but are almost equal in a painterly sense.

Cubism builds its pictures from the forms of lines and from a variety of painterly textures, and in this case, words and letters are introduced as a confrontation of various forms in the picture.

Its graphic meaning is important. It is all for the sake of achieving dissonance.

And this proves that the aim of painting is the one least touched upon. Because the construction of such forms is based more on actual superimposition than on colouring, which can be obtained simply by black and white paint or by drawing.

To sum up:

Any painted surface turned into a convex painterly relief is an artificial, coloured sculpture, and any relief turned into surface is painting.

The proof of intuitive creation in the art of painting was false, for distortion is the result of the inner struggle of intuition in the form of the real. Intuition is a new reason, consciously creating forms.

But the artist, enslaved by utilitarian reason, wages an unconscious struggle, now submitting to an object, now distorting it.

Gauguin, fleeing from culture to the savages, and discovering more freedom in the primitives than in academism, found himself subject to intuitive reason.

He sought something simple, distorted, coarse. This was the searching of his creative will.

At all costs not to paint as the eye of his common sense saw.

He found colours but did not find form, and he did not find it because common sense showed him the absurdity of painting anything except nature.

And so he hung his great creative force on the bony skeleton of man, where it shrivelled up.

Many warriors and bearers of great talent have hung it up like washing on a fence.

And all this was done out of love for nature's little nooks.

And let the authorities not hinder us from warning our generation against the clothes stands that they have become so fond of and that keep them so warm.

The efforts of the art authorities to direct art along the path of common sense annulled creation.

And with most talented people, real form is distortion.

Distortion was driven by the most talented to the point of disappearance, but it did not go outside the bounds of zero.

But I have transformed myself in the zero of form and through zero have reached creation, that is, Suprematism, the new painterly realism non-objective creation.

Suprematism is the beginning of a new culture: the savage is conquered like the ape. There is no longer love of little nooks, there is no longer love for which the truth of art was betrayed.

The square is not a subconscious form. It is the creation of intuitive reason.

The face of the new art.

The square is a living, regal infant.

The first step of pure creation in art. Before it there were naive distortions and copies of nature.

Our world of art has become new, non-objective, pure.

Everything has disappeared; a mass of material is left from which a new form will be built.

In the art of Suprematism, forms will live, like all living forms of nature. These forms announce that man has attained his equilibrium; he has left the level of single reason and reached one of double reason. (Utilitarian reason and intuitive reason.)

The new painterly realism is a painterly one precisely because it has no realism of mountains, sky, water ...

Hitherto there has been a realism of objects, but not of painterly coloured units, which are constructed so that they depend neither on form, nor on colour, nor on their position vis-a-vis each other.

Each form is free and individual. Each form is a world.

Any painterly surface is more alive than any face from which a pair of eyes and a smile protrude.

A face painted in a picture gives a pitiful parody of life, and this allusion is merely a reminder of the living.

But a surface lives; it has been born. A coffin reminds us of the dead; a picture, of the living.

This is why it is strange to look at a red or black painted surface. This is why people snigger and spit at the exhibitions of new trends. Art and its new aim have always been a spittoon.

But cats get used to one place, and it is difficult to house-train them to a new one.

For such people, art is quite unnecessary, as long as their grandmothers and favourite little nooks of lilac groves are painted.

Everything runs from the past to the future, but everything should live in the present, for in the future the apple trees will shed their blossoms. Tomorrow will wipe away the vestige of the present, and you are too late for the current of life.

The mire of the past, like a millstone, will drag you into the slough. That is why I hate those who supply you with monuments to the dead. The academy and the critics are this millstone around your neck. The old realism is the movement that seeks to transmit living nature. They carry on just as in the times of the Grand Inquisition.

Their aim is ridiculous because they want at all costs to force what they take from nature to live on the canvas.

At the same time as everything is breathing and running, their frozen poses are in pictures.

And this torture is worse than breaking on the wheel.

Sculptured statues, inspired, hence living, have stopped dead, posed as running.

Isn't this torture?

Enclosing the soul in marble and then mocking the living. But you are proud of an artist who knows how to torture. You put birds in a cage for pleasure as well.

And for the sake of knowledge, you keep animals in zoological gardens.

I am happy to have broken out of that inquisition torture chamber, academism.

I have arrived at the surface and can arrive at the dimension of the living body

But I shall use the dimension from which I shall create the new.

I have released all the birds from the eternal cage and flung open the gates to the animals in the zoological gardens.

May they tear to bits and devour the leftovers of your art.

And may the freed bear bathe his body amid the flows of the frozen north and not languish in the aquarium of distilled water in the academic garden. You go into raptures over a picture's composition, but in fact, composition is the death sentence for a figure condemned by the artist to an eternal pose.

Your rapture is the confirmation of this sentence.

The group of Suprematists [Kasimir] Malevich, [Ivan] Puni, [Mikhail] Menkov, [Ivan] Klyun, [Ksenia] Boguslavskaya, and [Olga] Rozanova has waged the struggle for the liberation of objects from the obligations of art. And appeals to the academy to renounce the inquisition of nature.

Idealism and the demands of aesthetic sense are the instruments of torture.

The idealization of the human form is the mortification of the many lines of living muscle.

Aestheticism is the garbage of intuitive feeling.

You all wish to see pieces of living nature on the hooks of your walls. Just as Nero admired the torn bodies of people and animals from the zoological garden.

I say to all: Abandon love, abandon aestheticism, abandon the baggage of wisdom, for in the new culture, your wisdom is ridiculous and insignificant.

I have untied the knots of wisdom and liberated the consciousness of colour!

Hurry up and shed the hardened skin of centuries, so that you can catch up with us more easily.

I have overcome the impossible and made gulfs with my breath. You are caught in the nets of the horizon, like fish!

We, Suprematists, throw open the way to you. Hurry!

For tomorrow you will not recognize us.

We propose liberating painting from its subservience to the readymade form of reality and to make it first and foremost a creative, not a reproductive, art.

The savage happily drawing the outlines of a bull or a deer on a piece of stone, the primitive, the academician, the artists of antiquity and of the Renaissance, the Impressionists, the Cubists, and even to some degree the Futurists are all united by the same thing: the object. These artists are intrigued, delighted, amazed and gladdened by nature. They try to fathom her essence, they aspire to immortalize her .. .

Cubism killed the love of the everyday appearance of the object, but not the love of the object as a whole. Nature continued to be the guide of aesthetic ideas. The works of the Cubists lack a clearly defined idea of non-objective art.

Their art is characterized by efforts to complicate the task of depicting reality. Their complaint against the established prescriptions for copying nature turned into a formidable bomb that smashed the decayed metaphysics of figurative art into smithereens an art that had lost all idea of aim and technique ...

In its force and its clarity of perception, Futurism provided art with a unique expression the fusion of two worlds, the subjective and the objective. Maybe this event is destined never to be repeated.

But the ideological gnosticism of Futurism had no effect on the damned consciousness of the majority who, to this day, continue to reiterate that Futurism marks a radical break in the course of world art, a crisis of art...

Our time is one of metal, its soul is initiative and technology: the Futurists brought technology to its full potential.. .

Until the Futurists came along, artists used to express movement in the following conventional manner: a maximum expression of movement resulted from placing forms on the surface of the canvas parallel to the perimeter of the canvas, and a maximum static expression resulted from the placing of the forms parallel to the surface of the canvas.

The spectator did not sense movement in the picture. All he saw was a rendering of movement...

For the Suprematists, the painting has ceased, once and for all, to be a function of the frame.

We do not regard the forms that we use as real objects. We do not force them to depend on the up and down directions in the painting ... We consider their painterly content.

Consequently, the emphasis on symmetry or asymmetry, on static or dynamic elements, is the result of creative thinking and not of the preconceived notions of common logic. The aesthetic value of the non-objective painting lies entirely in its painterly content.

We perceive the colour of an object as its hue made visible by the refraction of light (the rainbow, the spectrum). But we can also conceive of colour independently of our conception of the object, and beyond the colours of the spectrum.

We can see green, blue and white mentally ...

The unreality of the Cubo-Futurists was a product of their selfdestructive desire to convey the total reality of the object via the prism of pure subjectivity. This was so remarkable that non-existence', created by the artist's will, acquired the value of a new reality, of a kind of abstract absolute that killed any interest in what was actually being observed...

Suprematism rejects the use of real forms for painterly ends. Like leaky vessels, they cannot hold colour. Stifled by the chance simplicity or complexity of these forms, which may not always correspond to their respective colour content, colour just creeps about, faded and dim ... We create quality of form in connection with quality of colour, and not each separately.

We have chosen the plane as the transmitter of colour, since its reflective surface will transmit the colour the most effectively and with the least mutability. As a result, reliefs, appliques, textures that imitate material reality, and sculptural effects (for example, a brushstroke creates shadow), which were used in figurative painting (.right up to, and including, Futurism), cannot be applied to two-dimensional painting on a plane: such factors influence and change the essence of colour . . .



Just as change in the atmosphere can create a strong or weak air current in nature, one can overturn and destroy things, so dynamism in the world of colours is created by the properties of their values, by their weight or lightness, by their intensity or duration. This dynamism is, essentially, very real. It commands attention. It engenders style and justifies [the] construction.

Dynamism liberates painting from the arbitrary laws of taste and establishes the law of pragmatic inevitability. It also liberates painting from utilitarian considerations ...

The works of pure painting have the right to exist independently and not in relation to banal interior furnishings. To many, our efforts and endeavours as well as those of our Cubist and Futurist predecessors to put painting on a course of self-determination may seem ridiculous, and this is because they are difficult to understand and do not come with glowing recommendations. Nevertheless, we do believe that a time will come when, for many people, our art will become an aesthetic necessity an art justified by its selfless aspiration to reveal a new beauty.

The old regime rested on three foundations: political slavery, social slavery spiritual slavery.

The February revolution destroyed political slavery. The road to Tobolsk is covered with the black feathers of the two-headed eagle.

October [1917] threw the bomb of social revolution under capital. Far away on the horizon you can see the fat rear ends of fleeing factory owners.

And only the third foundation – Spiritual Slavery – stands unwavering.

It continues to spit out a fountain of stagnant water called old art.

The theatres still put on 'Judaic' and other 'tsarist [plays]' (the compositions of the Romanovs); we have monuments to generals; princes, tsars' mistresses, and tsaritsas' lovers still stand with a heavy, threatening paw on the throat of young streets.

In junk shops pompously referred to as exhibitions, they sell the pure dabbings of landowners' lordly daughters, and dachas in the style of rococo' and other Ludwigs.

And, finally, on our own shining holidays, it is not our own anthem we sing but a grey-haired Marseillaise borrowed from the French.

That's enough.

We, the proletariat of art call on the proletariat of the factories and the land to a third, bloodless but cruel revolution the Spiritual Revolution.

We demand recognition: 1. The separation of art from the state, the destruction of patronage, privilege, and control in the area of art. Down with the diploma, awards, official posts, and ranks. 2. That all the material means of art: the theatres, choir chapels, exhibition spaces, and buildings of the academy of arts and the art schools be handed over to the masters of art themselves for the equal use of them by all the people of art. 3. Universal art education, for we believe that the foundation of the future free art can only come out of the depths of a democratic Russia, which until now has only craved the bread of art. 4. The immediate requisition, along with foodstuffs, of all hidden aesthetic stores for the fair and equal use by all of Russia. Long live the third Revolution the Revolution of the Spirit!

The magic of a word Dada which has brought journalists to the gates of a world unforeseen, is of no importance to us.

To put out a manifesto you must want: ABC to fulminate against i, 2,3, to fly into a rage and sharpen your wings to conquer and disseminate little abcs and big abcs, to sign, shout, swear, to organize prose into a form of absolute and irrefutable evidence, to prove your non plus ultra and maintain that novelty resembles life just as the latest appearance of some whore proves the essence of God. His existence was previously proved by the accordion, the landscape, the wheedling word. To impose your ABC is a natural thing hence deplorable. Everybody does it in the form of crystalbluffinadonna, monetary system, pharmaceutical product, or a bare leg advertising the ardent sterile spring. The love of novelty is the cross of sympathy, demonstrates a naive je m'enfoutisme, it is a transitory, positive sign without a cause.

But this need itself is obsolete. In documenting art on the basis of supreme simplicity: novelty, we are human and true for the sake of amusement, impulsive, vibrant to crucify boredom. At the crossroads of the lights, alert, attentively awaiting the years, in the forest. I write a manifesto and I want nothing, yet I say certain things, and in principle I am against manifestos, as I am also against principles (half-pints to measure the moral value of every phrase too too convenient; approximation was invented by the Impressionists). I write this manifesto to show that people can perform contrary actions together while taking one fresh gulp of air; I am against action; for continuous contradiction, for affirmation too, I am neither for nor against and I do not explain because I hate common sense.

Dada there you have a word that leads ideas to the hunt: every bourgeois is a little dramatist; he invents all sorts of speeches instead of putting the characters suitable to the quality of his intelligence, chrysalises, on chairs, seeks causes or aims (according to the psychoanalytic method he practises) to cement his plot, a story that speaks and defines itself. Every spectator is a plotter if he tries to explain a word: (to know)! Safe in the cottony refuge of serpentine complications, he manipulates his instincts. Hence the mishaps

of conjugal life.

To explain: the amusement of redbellies in the mills of empty skulls. DADA MEANS NOTHING

If you find it futile, and don't want to waste your time on a word that means nothing... The first thought that comes to these people is bacteriological in character: to find its etymological, or at least historical or psychological origin. We see by the papers that the Kru Negroes call the tail of a holy cow Dada. The cube and the mother in a certain district of Italy are called: Dada. A hobby horse, a nurse, both in Russian and Romanian: Dada. Some learned journalists regard it as an art for babies, other holy jesuses calling the little children of our day, as a relapse into a dry and noisy, noisy and monotonous primitivism. Sensibility is not constructed on the basis of a word; all constructions converge on perfection which is boring, the stagnant idea of a gilded swamp, a relative human product. A work of art should not be beauty in itself, for beauty is dead; it should be neither gay nor sad, neither light nor dark to rejoice or torture the individual by serving him the cakes of sacred aureoles or the sweets of a vaulted race through the atmospheres. A work of art is never beautiful by decree, objectively and for all. Hence criticism is useless, it exists only subjectively, for each man separately, without the slightest character of universality. Does anyone think he has found a psychic base common to all mankind? The attempt of Jesus and the Bible covers with their broad benevolent wings: shit, animals, days. How can one expect to put order into the chaos that constitutes that infinite and shapeless variation: man? The principle: 'love thy neighbour' is a hypocrisy. Know thyself is utopian but more acceptable, for it embraces wickedness. No pity. After the carnage we still retain the hope of a purified mankind. I speak only of myself since I do not wish to convince, I have no right to drag others into my river, I oblige no one to follow me and everybody practises his art in his own way, if he knows the joy that rises like arrows to the astral layers, or that other joy that goes down into the mines of corpse-flowers and fertile spasms. Stalactites: seek them everywhere, in mangers magnified by pain, eyes white as the hares of the angels.

And so Dada was born of a need for independence, of a distrust towards unity. Those who are with us preserve their freedom. We recognize no theory. We have enough Cubist and Futurist academies: laboratories for formal ideas. Is the aim of art to make money and cajole the nice, nice bourgeois? Rhymes ring with the assonance of the currencies and the inflection slips along the line of the belly in profile. All groups of artists have arrived at this trust company after riding their steeds on various comets. While the door remains open to the possibility of wallowing in cushions and good things to eat.

Here we cast anchor in rich ground. Here we have a right to do some proclaiming, for we have known cold shudders and awakenings. Ghosts drunk on energy, we dig the trident into unsuspecting flesh. We are a downpour of maledictions as tropically abundant as vertiginous vegetation, resin and rain are our sweat, we bleed and burn with thirst, our blood is vigour.

Cubism was born out of the simple way of looking at an object: Cezanne painted a cup twenty centimetres below his eyes, the Cubists look at it from above, others complicate appearance by making a perpendicular section, arranging it conscientiously on the side. (I do not forget the creative artists and the profound laws of matter which they established once and for all.)

The Futurist sees the same cup in movement, a succession of objects, one beside the other, and maliciously adds a few force lines. This does not prevent the canvas from being a good or a bad painting suitable for the investment of intellectual capital.

The new painter creates a world, the elements of which are also its implements, a sober, definitive work without argument. The new artist protests: he no longer paints (symbolic and illusionist reproduction) but creates directly in stone, wood, iron, tin, boulders locomotive organisms capable of being turned in all directions by the limpid wind of momentary sensation. All pictorial or plastic work is useless: let it then be a monstrosity that frightens servile minds, and not sweetening to decorate the refectories of animals in human costume, illustrating the sad fable of mankind.

Painting is the art of making two lines geometrically established as parallel meet on a canvas before our eyes in a reality which transposes other conditions and possibilities into a world. This world is not specified or defined in the work, it belongs in its innumerable variations to the spectator. For its creator it is without cause and without theory. Order = disorder; ego — non-ego; affirmation negation; the supreme radiations of an absolute art. Absolute in the purity of a cosmic ordered chaos, eternal in the globule of a second without duration, without breath, without control. I love an ancient work for its novelty. It is only contrast that connects us with the past. The writers who teach morality and discuss or improve psychological foundations have, aside from a hidden desire to make money, an absurd view of life, which they have classified, cut into sections, channelized; they insist on waving the baton as the categories dance. Their readers snigger and go on: for what?

There is a literature that does not reach the voracious mass. It is the work of creators, issued from a real necessity in the author, produced for himself. It expresses the knowledge of a supreme egoism, in which

laws wither away. Every page must explode, either by profound heavy seriousness, the whirlwind, poetic frenzy<sup>7</sup>, the new, the eternal, the crushing joke, enthusiasm for principles, or by the way in which it is printed. On the one hand a tottering world in flight, betrothed to the glockenspiel of hell; on the other hand: new men. Rough, bouncing, riding on hiccups. Behind them a crippled world and literary quacks with a mania for improvement.

I say unto you: there is no beginning and we do not tremble, we are not sentimental. We are a furious wind, tearing the dirty linen of clouds and prayers, preparing the great spectacle of disaster, fire, decomposition. We will put an end to mourning and replace tears by sirens screeching from one continent to another. Pavilions of intense joy and widowers with the sadness of poison. Dada is the signboard of abstraction; advertising and business are also elements of poetry.

I destroy the drawers of the brain and of social organization: spread demoralization wherever I go and

cast my hand from heaven to hell, my eyes from hell to heaven, restore the fecund wheel of a universal circus to objective forces and the imagination of every individual.

Philosophy is the question: from which side shall we look at life, God, the idea or other phenomena. Everything one looks at is false. I do not consider the relative result more important than the choice between cake and cherries after dinner. The system of quickly looking at the other side of a thing in order to impose your opinion indirectly is called dialectics, in other words, haggling over the spirit of fried potatoes while dancing

method around it. If I cry out: Ideal, ideal, ideal, Knowledge, knowledge, knowledge, Boomboom, boomboom, boomboom,

I have given a pretty faithful version of progress, law, morality and all other fine qualities that various highly intelligent men have discussed in so many books, only to conclude that after all everyone dances to his own personal boomboom, and that the writer is entitled to his boomboom: the satisfaction of pathological curiosity; a private bell for inexplicable needs; a bath; pecuniary difficulties; a stomach with repercussions in life; the authority of the mystic wand formulated as the bouquet of a phantom orchestra made up of silent fiddle bows greased with philtres made of chicken manure. With the blue eye-glasses of an angel they have excavated the inner life for a dime's worth of unanimous gratitude. If all of them are right and if all pills are Pink Pills, let us try for once not to be right. Some people think they can explain rationally, by thought, what they think. But that is extremely relative. Psychoanalysis is a dangerous disease, it puts to sleep the anti-objective impulses of men and systematizes the bourgeoisie. There is no ultimate Truth. The dialectic is an amusing mechanism which guides us / in a banal kind of way / to the opinions we had in the first place. Does anyone think that, by a minute refinement of logic, he has demonstrated the truth and established the correctness of these opinions? Logic imprisoned by the senses is an organic disease. To this element philosophers always like to add: the power of observation. But actually this magnificent quality of the mind is the proof of its impotence. We observe, we regard from one or more points of view, we choose them among the millions that exist. Experience is also a product of chance and individual faculties. Science disgusts me as soon as it becomes a speculative system, loses its character of utility that is so useless but is at least individual. I detest greasy objectivity, and harmony, the science that finds everything in order. Carry on, my children, humanity ... Science says we are the servants of nature: everything is in order, make love and bash your brains in. Carry on, my children, humanity, kind bourgeois and journalist virgins ... I am against systems, the most acceptable system is on principle to have none. To complete oneself, to perfect oneself in one's own littleness, to fill the vessel with one's individuality, to have the courage to fight for and against thought, the mystery of bread, the sudden burst of an infernal propeller into economic lilies.

I call *je m'enfoutisme* the kind of life in which everyone retains his own conditions, though respecting other individualisms, except when the need arises to defend oneself, in which the two-step becomes national anthem, curiosity shop, a radio transmitting Bach fugues, electric signs and posters for whorehouses, an organ broadcasting carnations for God, all this together physically replacing photography and the universal catechism.

Inability to distinguish between degrees of clarity: to lick the penumbra and float in the big mouth filled with honey and excrement. Measured by the scale of eternity, all activity is vain (if we allow' thought to engage in an adventure the result of which would be infinitely grotesque and add significantly to our knowledge of human impotence). But supposing life to be a poor farce, without aim or initial parturition, and because we think it our duty to extricate ourselves as fresh and clean as washed chrysanthemums, we have proclaimed as the sole basis for agreement: art. It is not as important as we, mercenaries of the spirit, have been proclaiming for centuries. Art afflicts no one and those who manage to take an interest in it will harvest caresses and a fine opportunity to populate the country with their conversation. Art is a private affair, the artist produces it for himself, an intelligible work is the product of a journalist, and because at this moment it strikes my fancy to combine this monstrosity with oil paints; a paper tube simulating the metal that is automatically pressed and poured hatred cowardice villainy. The artist, the poet, rejoices at the venom of the masses condensed into a section chief of this industry, he is happy to be insulted, it is proof of his immutability. When a writer or artist is praised by the newspapers, it is proof of the intelligibility of his work: wretched lining of a coat for public use; tatters covering brutality, piss contributing to the warmth of an animal brooding vile instincts. Flabby, insipid flesh reproducing with the help of typographical microbes.

We have thrown out the cry-baby in us. Any infiltration of this kind is candied diarrhoea. To encourage this art is to digest it. What we need is works that are strong straight precise and forever beyond understanding. Logic is a complication. Logic is always wrong. It draws the threads of notions, words, in their formal exterior, towards illusory ends and centres. Its chains kill, it is an enormous centipede stifling independence. Married to logic, art would live in incest, swallowing, engulfing its own tail, still part of its own body, fornicating within itself, and passion would become a nightmare tarred with Protestantism, a monument, a heap of ponderous grey entrails. But the suppleness, enthusiasm, even the joy of injustice, this little truth which we practise innocently and which makes us beautiful: we are subtle, and our fingers are malleable and slippery as the branches of that sinuous, almost liquid plant; it defines our soul, say the cynics. That too is a point of view; but all flowers are not sacred, fortunately, and the divine thing in us is our call to anti-human action. I am speaking of a paper flower for the buttonholes of the gentlemen who frequent the ball of masked life, the kitchen of grace, white cousins lithe or fat. They traffic with whatever we have selected. The contradiction and unity of poles in a single toss can be the truth. If one absolutely insists on uttering this platitude, the appendix of libidinous, malodorous morality. Morality creates atrophy like every plague produced by intelligence. The control of morality and logic has inflicted us with impassivity in the presence of policemen who are the cause of slavery, putrid rats infecting the bowels of the bourgeoisie which have infected the only luminous clean corridors of glass that remained open to artists.

Let each man proclaim: there is a great negative work of destruction to be accomplished. We must sweep and clean. Affirm the cleanliness of the individual after the state of madness, aggressive complete madness of a world abandoned to the hands of bandits, who rend one another and destroy the centuries. Without aim or design, without organization: indomitable madness, decomposition. Those who are strong in words or force will survive, for they are quick in defence, the agility of limbs and sentiments flames on their faceted flanks.

Morality has determined charity and pity, two balls of fat that have grown like elephants, like planets, and are called good. There is nothing good about them. Goodness is lucid, clear and decided, pitiless towards compromise and politics. Morality is an injection of chocolate into the veins of all men. This task is not

ordered by a supernatural force but by the trust of idea brokers and grasping academicians.

Sentimentality: at the sight of a group of men quarrelling and bored, they invented the calendar and the medicament wisdom. With a sticking of labels the battle of philosophers was set off (mercantilism, scales, meticulous and petty measures) and for the second time it was understood that pity is a sentiment like diarrhoea in relation to the disgust that destroys health, a foul attempt by carrion corpses to compromise the sun. I proclaim the opposition of all cosmic faculties to this gonorrhoea of a putrid sun issued from the factories of philosophical thought, I proclaim bitter struggle with all the weapons of.

Every product of disgust capable of becoming a negation of the family is Dada; a protest with the fists of its whole being engaged in destructive action.

Dada; knowledge of all the means rejected up until now by the shamefaced sex of comfortable compromise and good manners: Dada; abolition of logic, which is the dance of those impotent to create: Dada; of every social hierarchy and equation set up for the sake of values by our valets: Dada; every object, all objects, sentiments, obscurities, apparitions and the precise clash of parallel lines are weapons for the fight: Dada; abolition of memory: Dada; abolition of archaeology: Dada; abolition of prophets: Dada; abolition of the future: Dada; absolute and unquestionable faith in every god that is the immediate product of spontaneity.

Dada; elegant and unprejudiced leap from a harmony to the other sphere; trajectory of a word tossed like a screeching phonograph record; to respect all individuals in their folly of the moment: whether it be serious, fearful, timid, ardent, vigorous, determined, enthusiastic; to divest one's church of every useless cumbersome accessory; to spit out disagreeable or amorous ideas like a luminous waterfall, or coddle them with the extreme satisfaction that it doesn't matter in the least with the same intensity in the thicket of one's soul pure of insects for blood well-born, and gilded with bodies of archangels. Freedom: DADA DADA DADA, a roaring of tense colours, and interlacing of opposites and of all contradictions, grotesques, inconsistencies: LIFE

Art in its execution and direction is dependent on the time in which it lives, and artists are creatures of their epoch. The highest art will be that which in its conscious content presents the thousandfold problems of the day, the art which has been visibly shattered by the explosions of last week, which is forever trying to collect its limbs after yesterday's crash. The best and most extraordinary artists will be those who every hour snatch the tatters of their bodies out of the frenzied cataract of life, who, with bleeding hands and hearts, hold fast to the intelligence of their time. Has Expressionism fulfilled our expectations of such an art, which should be a representation of our most vital concerns? No! No! No!

Have the Expressionists fulfilled our expectations of an art that burns the essence of life into our flesh? No! No! No!

Under the pretext of turning inward, the Expressionists in literature and painting have banded together into a generation which is already looking forward to honourable mention in the histories of literature and art and aspiring to the most respectable civic distinctions. On the pretext of carrying on propaganda for the

soul, they have, in their struggle for naturalism, found their way back to the abstract, pathetic gestures which presuppose a comfortable life free from content or strife. The stage are filling up with kings, poets and Faustian characters of all sorts; the theory of a melioristic philosophy, the psychological nativete, which is highly significant for a critical understanding of Expressionism, runs ghostlike through the minds of men who never act. Hatred of the press, hatred of advertising, hatred of sensations are typical of people who prefer their armchair to the noise of the street, and who even make it a point of pride to be swindled by every small-time profiteer. That sentimental resistance to the times, which are neither better nor worse, neither more reactionary nor more revolutionary than other times, that weak-kneed resistance, flirting with prayers and incense when it does not prefer to load its cardboard cannon with Attic iambs is the quality of a youth which never knew how to be young. Expressionism, discovered abroad, and in Germany, true to style, transformed into an opulent idyll and the expectation of a good pension, has nothing in common with the efforts of active men. The signers of this manifesto have, under the battle cry: Dada !!!! gathered together to put forward a new art, from which they expect the realization of new ideals. What then is DADAISM?

The word Dada symbolizes the most primitive relation to the reality of the environment; with Dadaism a new reality comes into its own. Life appears as a simultaneous muddle of noises, colour and spiritual rhythms, which is taken unmodified into Dadaist art, with all the sensational scrams and fevers of its reckless everyday psyche and with all its brutal reality. This is the sharp dividing line separating Dadaism from all artistic directions up to now and particularly from FUTURISM, which not long ago some pudding heads took to be a new version of Impressionist realization. Dadaism for the first time has ceased to take an aesthetic attitude towards life, and this it accomplishes by tearing ail the slogans of ethics, culture and inwardness, which are merely cloaks for weak muscles, into their components.

The Bruitist poem represents a streetcar as it is, the essence of the streetcar with the yawning of Schulze, the coupon clipper and the screeching of the brakes.

The Simultaneist poem teaches a sense of the merry-go-round of all things; while Herr Schulze reads his paper, the Balkan Express crosses the bridge at Nish, a pig squeals in Butcher Nuttke's cellar.

The Static poem makes words into individuals, out of the letters spelling woods, steps the woods with its treetops, liveried foresters and wild sows, maybe a boarding house steps out too, and maybe it's called Bellevue or Bella Vista. Dadaism leads to amazing new possibilities and forms of expression in all the arts. It made Cubism a dance on the stage, it disseminated the BRUITIST music of the Futurists (whose purely Italian concerns it has no desire to generalize) in every country of Europe. The word Dada in itself indicates the internationalism of the movement which is bound to no frontiers, religions or professions. Dada is the international expression of our times, the great rebellion of artistic movements, the artistic reflex of all these offensives peace congresses, riots in the vegetable market, midnight suppers at the Esplanade, etc., etc. Dada champions the use of the new medium in painting.

Dada is a CLUB, founded in Berlin, which you can join without commitments. In this club, every man is chairman and every man can have his say in artistic matters. Dada is not a pretext for the ambition of a few literary men ( as our enemies would have you believe), Dada is a state of mind that can be revealed in any



conversation whatever, so that you are compelled to say: this man is a DADAIST that man is not; the Dada Club consequently has members all over the world, in Honolulu as well as New Orleans and Meseritz. Under certain circumstances to be a Dadaist may mean to be more a businessman, more a political partisan than an artist to be an artist only by accident to be a Dadaist means to let oneself be thrown by things, to oppose all sedimentation; to sit in a chair for a single moment is to risk one's life (Mr Wengs pulled his revolver out of his trouser pocket). A fabric tears under your hand, say yes to a life that strives upward by negation. Affirmation negation: the gigantic hocus-pocus of existence fires the nerves of the true Dadaist and there he is, reclining, hunting, cycling half Pantagruel, half St Francis, laughing and laughing. Blast the aesthetic-ethical attitude! Blast the bloodless abstraction of Expressionism! Blast the literary hollow heads and their theories for improving the world! For Dadaism in word and image, for all the Dada things that go on in the world. against this manifesto is to be a Dadaist!

PURISM DOES NOT AIM TO BE A SCIENTIFIC ART, WHICH WOULD HAVE NO MEANING.

It holds that Cubism, regardless of what is said about it, remains a decorative art, a romantic ornamentalism.

There is an artistic hierarchy: decorative art at the bottom, the human figure at the top.

The value of painting derives from the intrinsic qualities of plastic elements and not from their representational or narrative potential.

PURISM expresses not variations, but what is invariable. The work should not be accidental, exceptional, impressionistic, inorganic, contestatory, picturesque, but on the contrary general, static, expressive of what is constant.

PURISM aims to conceive clearly, to execute faithfully, precisely, without waste; it turns away from troubled conceptions, from summary, bristly execution. Serious art must banish all technique deceptive as to the real value of conception.

Art is above all a matter of conception.

Technique is only a tool that humbly serves the conception.

PURISM fears the bizarre and the original'. It seeks out pure elements with which to reconstruct organized paintings that seem to be made by nature itself.

The craftsmanship should be sufficiently secure not to hinder the conception.

PURISM does not believe that a return to nature means a return to copying nature.

It allows for any distortion that is justified by a search for what is constant.

All freedoms belong to art save that of not being clear.

Achievements in creative work of the world's explorers.

The only innovators of the earth, the Suprematists and non-objective painters, play with inventiveness like jugglers with balls.

We are already outstripping one another.

People, look, this is my latest venture: concentration of colour. The light of colour.

Flying ahead of others, I greet the rest of the 'Suprenons' [a compound of Suprematists and non-objectivists.

You there!

Don't look back, always move ahead.

The world will be enriched by the innovators of painting. Objects died yesterday. We live in an abstract spiritual creativity. We are creators of non-objectivity.

Of colour as such, Of tone as such.

We glorify the revolution aloud as the only engine of life. We glorify the vibrations of the inventors.

Young and strong, we march with the flaming torches of the revolution. Henceforth, always be revolutionary, new and audacious.

This is the place for the rebellious spirit. The petty and materialistic be off with you!

Greetings to all of you, comrades, who are fighting for new ideas in art.

Innovators of all times, and countries, inventors, builders of the new, eternally new, we are rushing into the eternity of achievements.

We, who enter the fray with art speculators who have got the knack of stencilling one manner or another.

We are proud, we are starving in attics, but we have not yielded one iota to the bourgeoisie.

We painted our furious canvases under the hisses and sniggers of

overfed bureaucrats and petty bourgeois.

Today we reiterate that even now we will not yield to the so-called proletariat of the former monarchist lackeys, to the intelligentsia, which has taken the place of the previous bureaucrats.

Twenty years from now, the Soviet Republic will be proud of these canvases.:

The international revolutionary union of all creative and intellectual men and women on the basis of radical Communism;

The introduction of progressive unemployment through comprehensive mechanization of every field of activity. Only by unemployment does it become possible for the individual to achieve certainly as to the truth of life and finally become accustomed to experience;

The immediate expropriation of property (socialization) and the communal feeding of all; further, the erection of cities of light, and gardens which will belong to society as a whole and prepare man for a state of freedom.

Daily meals at public expense for all creative and intellectual men and women on the Potsdamer Platz (Berlin);

Compulsory adherence of all clergymen and teachers to the Dadaist articles of faith;

The most brutal struggle against all directions of so-called 'workers of the spirit' (Hiller, Adler), against their concealed bourgeoisism, against expressionism and post-classical education as advocated by the Sturm group;

The immediate erection of a state art centre, elimination of concepts of property in the new art (expressionism); the concept of property is entirely excluded from the super-individual movement Dadaism which liberates all mankind;

Introduction of the simultaneist poem as a Communist state prayer;

Requisition of churches for the performance of bruitism, simultaneist and Dadaist poems;

Establishment of a Dadaist advisory council for the remodelling of life in every city of over 50,000 inhabitants;

Immediate organization of a large-scale Dadaist propaganda campaign with 150 circuses for the enlightenment of the proletariat;

Submission of all laws and decrees to the Dadaist central council for approval;

Immediate regulation of all sexual relations according to the views of international Dadaism through establishment of a Dadaist sexual centre.

What is architecture? The crystalline expression of man's noblest thoughts, his ardour, his humanity, his faith, his religion! That is what it once was! But who of those living in our age that is cursed with practicality still comprehends its all-embracing, soul-giving nature? We wralk through our streets and cities and do not howl with shame at such deserts of ugliness! Let us be quite clear: these grey, hollow, spiritless mock-ups, in which we live and work, will be shameful evidence for posterity of the spiritual descent into hell of our generation, which forgot that great, unique art: architecture. Let us not deceive ourselves, in our European arrogance, that the wretched buildings of our era could alter the overall picture. All our works are nothing but splinters. Structures created by practical requirements and necessity do not satisfy the longing for a world of beauty built anew from the bottom up, for the rebirth of that spiritual unity which ascended to the miracle of the Gothic cathedrals. We shall not live to see it. But there is one consolation for us: the idea, the buildingup of an ardent, bold, forward-looking architectural idea to be fulfilled by a happier age that must come. Artists, let us at last break down the walls erected by our deforming academic training between the arts' and all of us become builders again! Let us together will, think out, create the new idea of architecture. Painters and sculptors, break through the barriers to architecture and become fellow builders, fellow strugglers for the final goal of art: the creative conception of the cathedral of the future, which will once again be all in

one shape, architecture and sculpture and painting.

But ideas die as soon as they become compromises. Hence there must be clear watersheds between dream and reality, between longing for the stars and everyday labour. Architects, sculptors, painters, we must all return to the crafts! For there is no professional art'. Artists are craftsmen in the original sense of the word, and only in rare, blessed moments of revelation that lie outside the power of their will can blossom unconsciously from the work of their hands. Painters and sculptors, become craftsmen again, smash the frame of salon art that is around your pictures, go into the buildings, bless them with fairy tales of colour, chisel ideas into the bare walls and build in imagination, unconcerned about technical difficulties. The boon of imagination is always more important than all technique, which always adapts itself to man's creative will. There are no architects today, we are all of us merely preparing the way for him who will once again deserve the name of architect, for that means: lord of art, who will build gardens out of deserts and pile up wonders to the sky.

The Cubists want to cover Dada with snow; that may surprise you but it is so, they want to empty the snow from their pipe and cover Dada like a blanket.

Are you sure about that?

Absolutely, the facts spill out from their grotesque mouths.

They think that Dada might put a stop to their odious trade: selling art for vast sums of money.

Art is worth more than sausages, more than women, more than everything.

Art can be seen as clearly as God! (see Saint-Sulpice). Art is a drug for imbeciles.

The tables are turning thanks to the spirits: pictures and other works of art are like strong box-tables: the mind is locked inside and becomes more and more fantastic as sale-room prices rise.

Comedy, comedy, comedy, comedy, comedy, my dear friends. Dealers don't like art, they know the mystery of the spirit... Buy reproductions of signed works.

Don't be a snob, you are no less intelligent because your neighbour has the same as you.

No more fly shit on the walls.

There will be some in any case, obviously, but not quite so much. Dada will certainly be increasingly vilified, its wire-cutters enabling it to cut through the procession singing 'Come on Darling' [a nineteenth century popular song]. What sacrilege!!!

Cubism represents the dearth of ideas.

They have cubed primitive art, cubed Negro sculpture, cubed violins, cubed guitars, cubed comics, cubed shit and cubed the profiles of young women. Now they want to cube money!!!

As for Dada, it means nothing, nothing, nothing. It makes the public say 'We understand nothing, nothing, nothing.'

The Dadaists are nothing, nothing, nothing and they will certainly succeed in nothing, nothing, nothing.

Francis PI CAB IA \ who knows nothing, nothing, nothing.

You are all accused; stand up. The orator will speak to you only if you are standing.

Standing as for the Marseillaise, standing as for the Russian hymn, standing as for God save the king, standing as before the flag.

Finally standing before DADA, which represents life and accuses you of loving everything out of snobbism from the moment that it becomes expensive.

Are you completely settled? So much the better, that way you are going to listen to me with greater attention.

What are you doing here, parked like serious oysters for you are serious, right?

Serious serious, serious to death. Death is a serious thing, huh?

One dies as a hero, or as an idiot, which is the same thing. The only word which is not ephemeral is the word death. You love death for others.

To death, death, death.

Only money which doesn't die, it just leaves on trips.

It is God, one respects it, the serious person money respect of families. Honour, honour to money; the man who has money is an honourable man.

Honour is bought and sold like ass. Ass, ass represents life like fried potatoes, and all of you who are serious, you will smell worse than cow shit. DADA doesn't smell anything, it is nothing, nothing, nothing. It is like your hopes: nothing like your paradise: nothing; like your idols: nothing; like your political men: nothing; like your heroes: nothing; like your artists: nothing; like your religions: nothing;

Whistle, cry, smash my mouth and then, and then? I will tell you again that you are all pears. In three months, we, my friends and I, are going to sell you our paintings for several francs.

These manifestos were read: At the Salon des Independents (Grand Palais des Champs Elysees), 5 February 1920. At the Club du Faubourg, 6, rue de Puteaux, 7 February 1920. At the Universite Populaire of Faubourg Saint-Antoine, 19 February 1920. The order in which they are published was drawn by lot.

No more painters, no more writers, no more musicians, no more sculptors, no more religions, no more republicans, no more royalists, no more imperialists, no more anarchists, no more socialists, no more Bolsheviks, no more politicians, no more proletarians, no more democrats, no more bourgeois, no more aristocrats, no more armies, no more police, no more fatherlands, enough of all these imbecilities, no more anything, no more anything, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing.

We hope something new will come from this, being exactly what we no longer want, determinedly less putrid, less selfish, less materialistic, less obtuse, less immensely grotesque.

Long live concubines and the con-cubists. All members of the DADA movement are presidents.

ME\* \* Deep wells and springs.

Everything that is not me is incomprehensible. Whether sought on Pacific sands or gathered in the hinterland of my own existence, the shell that I press to my ear will ring with the same voice and I'll think it the voice of the sea and it will be but the sound of myself.

If I suddenly find it's no longer enough to hold every word in my hand like pretty pearly objects, every word will enable me to listen to the sea, and in the mirror of their sound will I find no image but my own.

However, it may seem, language boils down to just this I and whenever I utter a word it divests itself of everything that isn't me until it becomes an organic noise through which my life unfolds.

There is only me in this world and if I sometimes lapse into believing that a woman exists, I have but to lean my head on her breast to hear the sound of my heart and recognize myself.

Feelings are only languages, enabling certain functions to be performed.

In my left pocket I carry a remarkably accurate self-portrait: a watch in burnished steel. It speaks, marks time and understands none of it.

Everything that is me is incomprehensible.

Take a good look at me!

I'm stupid, I'm a joker, I'm a clown. Take a good look at me!

I'm ugly, my face is expressionless, I'm short. I'm just like all of you!1

But before you look, ask yourselves this: are you shooting those arrows of liquid sentiment through the iris or fly shit? Are the eyes of your belly maybe slices of tumours whose starings will one day seep out in the form of gonorrhoeal discharge from some part of your body? You view things with your navel why are you trying to protect it from the ridiculous spectacle we're putting on especially for it? A little bit lower, cunts with teeth, gulping everything down the poetry of eternity, love, pure love, of course bleeding beefsteaks and oil painting.

All who see and understand readily fall into line between poetry and love, between beefsteak and painting. They'll be swallowed up, they'll be swallowed up.

I was recently accused of nicking some furs. Probably people thought I was still hanging out with poets. With poets who satisfy their legitimate need for a chilly wank in warm furs: H a h u I know some other equally purposeless pleasures. Give your family a ring and piss in the hole reserved for musical, gastronomic and sacred nonsenses.

DADA proposes 2 solutions: NO MORE LOOKING NO MORE SPEAKING2 3 Don't look anymore. Don't speak anymore. Because I, chameleon changing infiltration of convenient attitudes multicoloured opinions to suit all occasions, size and price I always do the opposite of what I suggest to



others?

I've forgotten something: Where? Why? How? What I mean is: ventilator of cold examples will serve the cavalcade's fragile snake and I have never had the pleasure of seeing you my dear' rigid the ear will come out of itself from the envelope like all marine equipment and products from the firm of Aa and Co chewing gum for example and dogs have blue eyes, I drink chamomile, they drink the wind, DADA introduces new perspectives, nowadays people sit at the corners of tables adopting positions which slip a little to the right and to the left, this is why I am angry with Dada, people everywhere should demand the suppression of Ds, eat some Aa, polish yourselves with Aa toothpaste, dress yourselves in Aa designs. Aa is the handkerchief and sexual organ blowing its nose, rapid collapse in rubber without noise, has no need for manifestos or address book, gives a 25% discount dress yourselves in Aa designs it has blue eyes.

What's your name? (He shrugs.)

Where are you? The Grand Palais on the Champs Elysees. What day is it? Thursday ... February 1920.

What do you do for a living? — I used to plough the fields, I dressed the vines.

And your parents? My father's a simpleton, without intelligence; my mother too, they're as bad as each other; I had to do everything.

A dozen eggs costs six francs; how much is one egg? Six francs. Why are you laughing? The others are making me laugh.

Do you believe in God and the Holy Virgin? They always get the job done.

How do you know? -I just know.

Did you sleep well? My dreams take after taubes [German aeroplanes], after wild boars, about falling down wells, about people chasing me, trying to attack me.

How do you rate yourself? You're far too good for me. I'm just pining away; I'd like to have some X-rays. I was really intelligent until last month. What do you yearn for? I don't know.

DADA has blue eyes, a pale face and curly hair; has the English look of young men who are keen on sport.

DADA has melancholy fingers the Spanish look.

DADA has a small nose the Russian look.

DADA has a porcelain arse the French look. •

DADA dreams of Byron and Greece.

DADA dreams of Shakespeare and Charlie Chaplin.

DADA dreams of Nietzsche and Jesus Christ.

DADA dreams of Barres and sunsets.

DADA has a brain like a water lily.

DADA has a brain like a brain.

DADA is an artichoke doorknob.

DA DA's face is broad and slender and its voice is arched like the sirens tone.

DADA is a magic lantern.

DADA's tail has been twisted into an eagle's beak.

DADA's philosophy is sad and merry indulgent and wide.

Venetian crystals, jewels, valves, bibliophiles, voyages, poetic novels, restaurants, mental illnesses, Louis XIII, dilettantism, the last operetta, sparkling star, peasant, a glass of beer downed a little at a time, a new specimen of dew, that's one aspect of DADA!

Uncomplications and uncertainties.

Changeable and highly strung, DADA is a hammock rocking a soothing sway.

A star falls upon a river, leaving a trail of replicas. Happiness and misery with a silent voice whisper in our ears.

Black or shining sun.

Here in the bottom of the boat we're oblivious to the course we should choose.

A tunnel and return.

Ecstasy becomes anguish in the idyll of domesticity.

Beds are paler than the dead, despite man's despairing cries.

DADA embraces in spring water and its kisses must be water meeting fire.

DADA is Tristan Tzara.

DADA is Francis Picabia.

DADA is everything as it equally loves the pure at heart, nightfall, sighing foliage and the entwined lovers drinking with abandon from the divine double wellsprings of Love and Beauty!

DADA has always been twenty-two, it's slimmed down a bit in the last twenty-two years. DADA is married to a peasant girl who loves birds.

DADA lives on a peplum-cushion surrounded by chrysanthemums wearing Parisian masks.

Human emotions appear to it on the banks of optimism, torn to shreds by Baudelaire's antique poetry.

'Oh God I'm turning into an imbecile!' cries DADA. The wish to fall asleep.

To have a manservant.

An imbecile manservant at the other end of the chamber.

The same manservant opened the door and, as usual, wouldn't let us in. Far off we could make out the voice of Dada.

Man has great respect for language and the cult of thought; whenever he opens his mouth you see his tongue kept under glass and the reeking mothballs of his brain stink out the air.

For us everything is an opportunity to have fun. Every time we laugh we empty ourselves and the wind possesses us, rattling the doors and windows, driving the night of wind into us.

Wind. The ones who came before us are the artists. The others are devils. Let's take advantage of the devils, let's put ourselves and the idiot too where the head and hand should be.

We need entertaining. We're determined to stay exactly as we are or will be. We need a free and empty body; we need a laugh and we need nothing.

I've been told repeatedly, more than two hundred times (maybe three hundred), that two and two make four. Oh, that's good, or too bad. But that open hand there in front of you, those five fingers exist... or don't exist. I couldn't care less. Beautiful words trimmed with feathers or little perfumed rockets, sentences constructed with transparent pebbles none of them worth the two sous I throw in your face.

So who's going to dare sow that absurd plant they call rye-grass or wheat in your brains, brains that are thinner and smaller themselves than willow leaves. They can have a good laugh if they want by gouging out my eyes to see what grows in the manure that serves me for a brain. You'll see nothing there because there is nothing there. You're all as blown up as fattened geese with ideas and principles and as like me as brothers, just go for a walk in the fields and bear it in mind that the burgeoning wheat is a novel by Monsieur Rene Bazin [a French novelist of provincial life].

All alone here, in front of these plasterboard walls, I've come to realize that all my friends, be they murderers or men of letters, are every bit as stupid as me. The worst offenders are those who enjoy taking themselves seriously.

Why have you written a manifesto? They shout at me. I am writing a manifesto because I have nothing to say. Literature does exist, but in the heart of imbeciles.

It's absurd to divide writers into good and bad ones. On one side there are my friends and on the other, the rest.

When all my contemporaries have understood all these things, it might just become possible to breathe more easily and open your eyes and mouth without risking asphyxiation. I also hope that the people I was just talking about, who hold me in the most delicious disdain, will never understand a thing. That's the blessing I wish on them.

Whether they're howling in the name of morality, tradition or literature, it's always the same howling, the same whingeing. Their contemptuous smile is as sweet to me as the fury of their majestic spouses. They can despise me; they'll never work out what I think of myself because my life is running clockwise.

None of this lot here has the guts to express their disgust with as much as a whistle. Well I've got the guts, I could whistle and shout out loud that this manifesto is absolutely stupid and stuffed full of contradictions, but I'd console myself later with the thought that so-called literature', that dandelion born in the cretin's diaphragm, is even more stupid.

The table is round, the sky is bright., the spider is tiny, the glass is transparent, eyes come in ten different colours, Louis Aragon has the Military Cross, Tzara hasn't got syphilis, elephants are silent, the fain falls, a car travels more easily than a star, I am thirsty, draughts are pointless, poets are pin cushions or pigs, writing paper is convenient, the stove is drawing well, daggers kill well, revolvers kill better, the air is still too deep.

We swallow all of this and if we digest it we most certainly don't give a shit.

We read the papers like other mortals. Without wishing to make anyone unhappy, it is perfectly acceptable to say that the word DADA lends itself readily to puns. That's even part of the reason we adopted it in the first place. We haven't the faintest idea how to treat any subject seriously least of all this subject: us. So everything that's written about DADA is doing its best to please us. We'd swap the whole of art criticism for any news item whatsoever. Certainly, the wartime press never stopped us taking Marshal Foch for a phoney and President Wilson for a fool.

We ask for nothing better than to be judged on appearances. It's reported all over the place that I wear glasses. If I told you why you'd never believe me. It's in remembrance of this grammatical model: 'Noses were made to wear glasses: also, I wear glasses.' What is it they say? Oh yes, this brings home the fact that we're not getting any younger.

Pierre is a man. But there is no DADA truth. You've only got to say a thing for the opposite to become DADA. I once saw Tristan Tzara in a tobacconist's unable to muster up the voice to ask for a packet of cigarettes. I don't know what the matter with him was. I can still hear Philippe Soupault asking an ironmonger most insistently for some live birds. As for me, it's perfectly possible that I am dreaming at this very moment.

A white eucharistic host is equal to a red one after all. DADA makes no promises about getting you to heaven. It would be ludicrous, in principle, to anticipate a DADA masterpiece in the fields of literature and painting. Naturally we have absolutely no belief in the possibility of social improvement either, even if we do hate conservatism more than anything and pledge our full support for any revolution whatsoever. 'Peace at any price' was DADA's slogan during the war just as 'War at any price' is DADA's slogan in times of peace.

Contrariness remains nothing more than the most flattering form of posturing. I'm not aware of a hint of ambition in myself: yet it seems to you that I'm getting all worked up: why doesn't the idea that my right side is the shadow of my left and vice versa render me utterly incapable of movement?

We pass for poets in the most general sense of the word because we target the worst conventions in language. You can be terribly familiar with the word hello' and still say 'goodbye' to the woman you've just met up with again after being away for a year.

DADA attacks you through your own powers of reasoning. If we reduce you to a point where you maintain you are better off believing than not believing what all the religions of beauty, love, truth and justice teach, then we'll know you're not afraid of putting yourselves at the mercy of DADA, by agreeing to meet us on our chosen territory which is doubt.

Dada has pleasures just like everyone else. Dada's principle pleasure is to see itself in others. Dada provokes laughter, curiosity or fury. Since these are three most agreeable things, Dada is very happy.

What makes Dada all the happier is if people laugh at it spontaneously. Since Art and Artists are extremely serious inventions, especially when their roots are in comedy, people go to comedies at the theatre when they wish to laugh. Not us. We don't take anything seriously. People do laugh but only to mock us. Dada is very happy. Curiosity is awoken too. Serious-minded men, who know, deep down, how miracles are arranged miracles such as Pere La Colique [diarrhoea] or the Virgin's tears realize that it would be much more fun to have fun with us. They have no wish to bring about the collapse of the great cathedral of Art, but look how they rub up against us trying to get our recipe. Dada doesn't have any recipes but is always hungry. Dada is very happy.

And now for fury adorable fury. This is the way great love affairs start. Concerns for the future? Only about being loved too much. Certainly there would always be the option of swapping roles, taking it in turns to laugh, yearn or fly into a fury. But expecting some sort of benefit to arise. The gorgeous gob of somebody vomiting insults is wide open and Dada is very good at basse-boule [baseball?]. Dada is very happy.

Dada also likes tossing stones into the water, not to see what happens but to stupidly contemplate the ripples. Anglers don't like Dada.

Dada likes ringing on doorbells, striking matches and setting light to hair and beards. It puts mustard in chalices, urine in fonts and margarine in artists' tubes of paint. It knows you and knows the ones who lead you. It likes you and doesn't like them. You can be fun. You probably enjoy life. But you've got some bad habits. You're too fond of what you've been taught to be fond of. Cemeteries, melancholy, the tragic lover, Venetian gondolas. You shout at the moon. You believe in art and respect Artists.

You could easily become friends of Dada it would be enough to demolish all your little card castles and redeem every iota of your freedom. Mistrust your leaders. They exploit your ill-considered affection for the fake and the famous to lead you by the nose and make things even

better for themselves.

You cling to your chains as if you want to be used with impunity like bears in a sideshow do you? They flatter you and call you Wild Bears. Carpathian bears. They talk of freedom and magnificent mountains. But that's just to rake in the bourgeois spectators' wads of cash. You dance for an old carrot and a whiff of honey. If you weren't so cowardly, sinking under the weight of all those lofty thoughts and non-existent abstractions you've been forced into, all that nonsense dressed up as dogma, you'd stand up straight and play the massacre game, just like we do. But you're too scared of no longer believing and of bobbing about like corks on the surface of a two-gallon barrel with nothing but the memory of fizzy lemonade. You don't understand that one can be attached to nothing and be happy.

If you ever manage to pull yourself together Dada will clack its jaws as a sign of friendship. But if you rid yourselves of lice only to keep your fleas Dada will bring its little insecticide spray into play.

Dada is very happy.

Statue lamps come up from the bottom of the sea and shout long live DADA to greet the passing liners and dada presidents feminine dada masculine dada plural dada definite dada indefinite dada and three rabbits in Chinese ink by arp the dadaist in ridged bicycle porcelain we leave for London in the royal aquarium ask in every pharmacy for rasputin's and the tzar's and the pope's dadaists which are only valid for two and a half hours.

Essentially what's behind the word BEAUTY is unthinking, visual convention. Life bears no relation to what grammarians call beauty. Virtue like patriotism only exists for those mediocre intellects with a lifelong devotion to the sarcophagus. This tide of men and women who believe in Art as if it were a religion with God at its heart must be stemmed. We don't believe in God any more than we do in Art — nor his priests, bishops and cardinals.

Art is, and can only ever be, the expression of our contemporary life. Beauty, the institution, is exactly like the Musee Grevin [a waxworks museum] and bounces easily off the soul of shopkeepers and Art experts,

caretakers of the museum church of the past's crystallizations.

Tralala Tralala Count us out.

We're not feeding ourselves at a mass for memories and magic tricks by Robert Houdin.

Let's face it, you don't understand what we're doing. And to tell the truth, my friends, we understand it even less delightful, huh? You're quite right. But do you really believe that God knew English and French???  
???

You explain Life to him in those two beautiful languages Tralala Tralala Tralala Tralala Tralala Tralala.  
Tralala.

So have a good look with your sense of smell, forget the fireworks of Beauty at 100,000, 200,000 or 199,000,000 dollars.

Anyway I've had enough, those who don't understand will never understand and those who understand when they have to understand certainly don't need me.

The most ancient and formidable enemy of Dada is called GOD!

He intervenes between us and all things and gets in the way.

His cheating eyes show up when we're staring into our glass.

He screws our mistresses and sticks himself in between their skin and ours.

He roosts on the shoulders of victorious generals, old folks crowned with the downfalls of bestselling artists. From way on high he draws adoring gazes to himself.

He's the forger, the speculator, the deceiver, the great bully and the supreme stuffer of brains.

He poisons life for a bunch of imbeciles. God's a fool, God's got goitre, God struts about like a dandy, God dresses to the left. How many poets, painters, musicians the most ignorant of all people pull on a God every morning like a condom, and thus disguised extend a great green belly for the worship of the masses!



Well we re going to shout about it: ENOUGH of all these annoying stinking gods festering like a disgusting verminous pea pod.

Let's QUICKLY carry out some corrosive fumigations to purify the atmosphere and scour the house with lashings of alcohol.

Cover EVERYTHING in Dada bug powder! No nonsense hygiene!

Dada God-swatter

Dada omni-swatter

Dada anti-taboo!

Just as the first name Apollonie, from which the Pantheon appears exactly as it does from the rue Soufflot, is less attractive than a dogcart it's completely pointless to imagine that the most stupid amongst us is really less stupid than he appears, and therefore even more stupid. When we've finished praising certain particularly seedy gentlemen to the skies on the pretext that they always behave exactly as they should that is to say, idiotically maybe it'll be time for a little fun, if we join the ranks of those who dismiss 'Alotse ou l'Amourperverti' (published by Albin Michel) as tedious without even bothering to open the thing. Who has ever really taken on board the fact that whatever precautions you take they will never be enough? Not daring to sit back down, due to the flatulence caused by reading until utterly worn out by hystero-mania and for fear of producing a ridiculous effect, is no reason to regret ever having stood up. It seems that by the end of the third year some trainers themselves become wild. The inhabitants of central Europe have no idea how lucky they are to find simple conversations a uniquely dangerous experience. Furthermore, is it really so consoling to tell yourself, as you stroke your highly polished shoes, that this earth is home to some truly useless men? No, in spite of everything. For sometimes their eyes are quite moist with pleasure. They live, like the others, between a butter-soft eroticism and mental chaos that compels even the brightest demon to sometimes confess her embarrassment. (And that is their greatest crime!) A misfortune makes you so cheerful that you submit to any influence that comes your way only to reject it again shortly afterwards until you get to the last one and that one is living in the hope of not being one and is to be rejected no more. Nonetheless Napoleon, on being given his Egyptian proclamation to read over again, came out with the words: This is a bit boastful!' and perhaps we shouldn't assume that he was trying to be witty. (These are the words of an excellent man.) You will only ever gain a clearer perspective when you manage to enter into a dialogue with your own prostate. Probably. By then the only truly dignified position a man can adopt is to remain lying down like an effigy, but always on the most hilarious part of the body, thus producing an outrageous effect on the sky.

People are still not sufficiently resigned to everything. That's what they should teach you at primary school and it's just what you want to hear endlessly repeated behind your back when you re ill.

But everybody abandons their principles for as little as somebody else's apparently foolish behaviour, and it's just as true that the good Lord is nothing more than an unremarkable doctor and that people hardly love anything anymore, for they have ceased to love themselves. The final joy is no less for it. That joy has to be seen clasped between belly folds when you've managed to retrieve all the falsities that objectively escape from your brain in daytime. Obviously this is not what one would use to extract the gasses from a corpse if one manages to extract them from Maurice Barres who still passes for being alive.

Cubism was born in Spain; France appropriated the patent for it with no government guarantee. Unfortunately, just like French matches. Cubism didn't catch on; not enough phosphorus on the surfaces of the box. Mr Rosenberg [a dealer] is in the process of making an enormous box but the matches he's got hidden in there are soaking wet, floating about on mouldy liquid.

Cubism was Spanish, it became Alsatian, it dances on the official red carpets of a few Parisian and commercial galleries.

Unthinkable that Cubism would burst out with a Long live Dada'; it's a consumptive on a chaise longue; all youth has fled from its malicious eyes; it's like that old lady Roch Grey, who hates children and speaks with enormous contempt of the kindergarten.

I felt I should talk a little about Cubism, being one of those who expected a great deal from this geometric word; I am compelled to confess my disappointment and, at the same time, my joy in observing DADA, the global expression of all that is young, lively and athletic; no religion leaking from a cathedral appendicitis for Dada. DADA is american, DADA is russian, DADA is Spanish, DADA is swiss, DADA is german, DADA is french, belgian, norwegian, Swedish, monegasque. Anyone who lives without a system, who finds nothing to like about museums but the parquet floors, is DADA; museum walls are Pere Lachaise [a cemetery] or Pere la Colique, they will never be Pere Dada. The life expectancy of real Dada works should be just 6 hours.

I. Walter Conrad Arensberg, american poet, hereby declare that I am against Dada, seeing that this is the only way I'm going to get involved in dada, in dada, in dada, in dada, in dada.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah. Long live Dada.

DADA is our intensity: it holds up inconsequential bayonets to the German baby's Sumatral head; Dada is life without slippers or apparel; it is for and against unity and decidedly against the future; we wisely recognize that our brains will become cosy cushions, that our anti-dogmatism is as exclusivist as a civil servant and that we are not free and cry freedom harsh necessity without discipline or morality and spit on humanity.

DADA remains in the European framework of weaknesses, it's still shit, but from now on we want to shit in different colours to decorate the art zoo of all consular flags.

We direct circuses and whistle amongst the winds of fairs, among convents, prostitutions, theatres, realities, feelings, restaurants. Hohi, hoho, bang, bang.

We declare the car to be a feeling that quite pampered us in the slowness of its abstractions and transatlantic liners and noises and ideas. We exteriorize the faculty, however, we are looking for the central essence and we are happy being able to hide it; we don't want to count the marvellous elite's many windows because DA DA exists for nobody and we want the whole world to understand this, because it is the balcony of Dada, I assure you. From where you can hear military marches and descend slicing the air like a seraphim to the public baths to have a piss and understand the parable.

DADA is neither madness, nor wisdom, nor irony, take a look, dear bourgeois.

Art was a game of conkers, children strung together words with chimes at the end, then they started crying and shouted out the stanza, and put dolly's booties on it and the stanza became queen to do a little expiration, and the queen became a whale without an explanation, the children ran and ran with restricted respiration.

Then the great ambassadors of feeling came along and shouted historically in chorus: Psychology psychology hihi \ Science Science Science \ Long live France \ We are not naïve \ We are consecutive \ We are exclusive \ We are not simple \ and we are perfectly capable of debating intelligence.

Be we, DADA, we are not of their opinion, as art isn't serious. I assure you, and if we exhibit crime in order to say vegetation learnedly, it is in order to give you pleasure, dear listeners, I love you so, I love you so, I assure you, and adore you.

Historical anecdotes are not enormously important. It's impossible to determine when and where DADA came into being. The name itself, all the better for being perfectly ambiguous, was just something one of us came up with.

Cubism was a school of painting. Futurism a political movement: DADA is a state of mind. To compare them is patently either ignorant or pretentious.

Free thinking in religious matters is nothing like a church. DADA is free thinking in artistic terms.

As long as prayers are forcibly recited in schools under the guise of museum visits and textual

analysis, we will rail against despotism and seek to disrupt the ceremony.

DADA devotes itself to nothing, neither love nor work. It is unthinkable that a man should leave any trace of his existence on this earth.

DADA, acknowledging only instinct, condemns explanation in principle. According to Dada we should exercise no control over ourselves. Have done with those dogmas, morality and taste: have done with them for ever.

Before I came down there among you to tear out your rotten teeth, your scab-filled ears, your canker-covered tongue.

Before shattering your putrid bones -

Slitting open your diarrhoea-filled abdomen and removing from it your over-fattened liver, your ignoble spleen and your diabetic kidneys to be used as fertilizer on the fields -

Before I rip off your ugly, incontinent and cheesy little dick Before I thus extinguish your appetite for beauty, orgasms, sugar,

philosophy, pepper and metaphysical mathematical and poetical cucumbers -

Before disinfecting you with vitriol and thus making you clean and passionately buffing you up -

Before all of that -

We're going to have a great big bath in antiseptic And we're warning you -

It's us who are the murderers Of all your little newborn babies And to end here's a song

Ki Ki Ki Ki Ki Ki Ki

And here's God with a nightingale for a horse He's handsome, he's ugly -

Madam, your gob stinks of pimp's come. In the morning -

'Cos in the evening it's more like the arse of an angel in love with a lily. Nice, huh?

Cheerio, mate.

So you don't like my manifesto?

You've come here bursting with hostility and you're going to start whistling at me before you've even heard me out?

Great! Carry on, the wheel turns as it's turned since Adam, nothing changes, except now we've only got two legs instead of four.

But you're really making me laugh and I wish to repay you for your lovely welcome by talking to you about Aart, poetry; etc. etc. hippicackuanna.

Have you ever seen a telegraph pole having a tough time trying to grow beside roads between nettles and blown tyres?

But as soon as it's grown a bit taller than its neighbours it grows so fast that you could never stop it... never!

Then it opens out right up there in the sky, lights up, swells out, is a parasol, a taxi, an encyclopaedia or a toothpick.

So are you happy now? OK. . . that's it... that's all I wanted to say to you. That's poetree for you ... honest!

Poetry = toothpick, encyclopaedia, taxi or parasol-shade, and if you're not satisfied ... TO THE TOWER WITH YOU

Ever since we were born some lazy gits have been trying to convince us that there's such a thing as art. Well we're even lazier and today we're going to say it loud and clear: Art is nothing.'

There is nothing. Once our contemporaries get around to accepting what we say they'll quickly forget that huge farce called art.

Why be stubborn? There is nothing:

There never was anything.

You can shout and chuck whatever you can lay your hands on at us, you know perfectly well that we're right.

Who's going to tell me what Art is?

Who dares claim they know what Beauty's about?

For my listeners' convenience I offer you this definition of Art, Beauty and the rest:

Art and Beauty = NOTHING.

And now, of course, you're going to start yelling or laughing again. Listen to me.

Once upon a time, some years ago, there was a bloke called Jesus Christ who cured blind and deaf people. Nobody took any notice of him. The doctors got worried and had a meeting. Then some of them went to see the Minister of Health and the bloke called Jesus Christ got awarded a big prize for services to education.

It's the same thing with me ... I want to open your eyes and all you do is laugh.

You'll never be serious.

Tear up a bit of paper, preferably pages 35-6 of poetry RON RON, set light to it, all DADA books are well printed, this must be done according to DADA methods, which once existed.

The road paved with gas jets, sliding corridors providing DADA DADA, at the last minute, a long time ago for others, has neither

providers nor methods

but a heck of a lot of noise is made about it since grammars, dictionaries and manifestos are still necessary.

MORAL: We see everything, we love nothing, We are indifferent In-di-ffe-rent

We're dead but we're not rotting because we never have the same heart in our breast, nor the same brain in our head.

And we suck in everything around us, around us, we do NOTHING, Dada satisfaction.

As slowly I open their lids, my eyes can only bear one single light more gentle on them than your anger is to my heart: doubts feebly fizzle out when they come up against friendship. Friendship leads me to the edge of the world, it abandons me and I wait.

Today you find me abominably sad. All that my heart can produce is a damp squib. You won't like that image. I'm already beginning to bore you. I'm not even going to swear at you. Who knows where weariness starts, who knows where it ends? I'm looking at you and you're looking at me. What insignificant misdemeanour are you going to find to throw at me pretending it's a blessed olive branch? I'm not trying to force you to be silent, nor make you start shouting. All I am aware of nowadays is this great emptiness inside caused by those who are my friends as drops of water in a river are friends of the drop they sweep with them to the sea. If you want to vouch for someone you say: I'm assured of him as I am of myself. And yet if there's one man on this earth I cannot be psychologically sure of, it's me. I don't take any notice of the rules I set for myself; and this perpetual inconsistency enables others to recognize me and call me by my name; I can't see myself in profile. I'm always betraying myself, letting myself down, contradicting myself. I'm not someone I'd ever put my trust in. No need to despair on that score. But as you know just one look from my friends is enough to wreck all my plans that's why we are friends. I give everything up just to waste my time with them, I even drop myself. I suppose you think I bestow on them the trust I refuse myself? Wake up! I know all about their shortcomings, thousands of things about them shock me. They do things I'd never do for all the gold in the world.

I know they have great affection for me. It's a long time since we stopped carrying those little scales around with us that weigh up a person's worth. I don't believe in my friends just as I don't believe in myself.

I have put myself at the mercy of these people I call friends for the most idiotic yet strongly heartfelt reasons. It's a torrent sweeping me along and I acknowledge it as my master and flatter it with my voice.

You lot, immobilized in this room like a stagnant pool of mud, don't ask me what route I'm going to

take out of this world, nor what makes me bow to a foreign power. The man whose body is caught up in a spiral from here on in is speaking to you serenely: don't listen to the words he is forming, just hear the monotonous song of his lips.

Today you find me abominably sad.

Without looking for I adore you who's a French boxer  
irregular maritime values like Dada's depression in the blood of the two-headed one  
I slide undecided between death and phosphates which scratch the communal brain of  
dadaist poets for a bit happily  
for now  
aspect  
tariffs and high living costs made me decide to give up Ds it's not true that Dada  
falsehoods tore them off me since repayment will start from here's a reason to cry the nothing that's  
called nothing and I swept the illness through customs  
me the armour and umbrella of the brain from midday to two hours of subscription  
superstitious releasing wheels  
of the spermatozoid ballet that you will find at dress rehearsal in the hearts of all suspect individuals  
I'm going to nibble your fingers for a bit  
I'll pay for your resubscription to love on film that screeches like metal doors  
and you are all idiots  
I'll come back some time as your urine reborn into life's delights the midwife wind  
and I'm setting up a boarding school for poets' pimps  
and I'll come back again some time just to start all over again  
and you are all complete idiots  
and the self cleptomaniac's key only turns with the aid of dim revolutionary oil  
on the node of every machine is the nose of a newborn and we are all complete idiots  
and very suspicious of a new form of intelligence and a new logic in our usual way  
which is certainly not Dada  
and you allow yourselves to be swept along by A-ism and you are all complete idiots  
poultices  
made with the alcohol of purified sleep bandages  
and virgin idiots



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 ... to you people to whom Art is no mere ground for conversation but the source of real exaltation, our word and deed.

The impasse into which Art has come to in the last twenty years must be broken.

The growth of human knowledge with its powerful penetration into the mysterious laws of the world which started at the dawn of this century,

The blossoming of a new culture and a new civilization with their unprecedented-in-history surge of the masses towards the possession of the riches of Nature, a surge which binds the people into one union, and last, not least, the war and the revolution (those purifying torrents of the coming epoch), have made us face the fact of new forms of life, already born and active.

What does Art carry into this unfolding epoch of human history? Does it possess the means necessary for the construction of the new

Great Style?

Or does it suppose that the new epoch may not have a new style? Or does it suppose that the new life can accept a new creation which

is constructed on the foundations of the old?

In spite of the demand of the nascent spirit of our time, Art is still nourished by impression, external appearance, and wanders helplessly back and forth from Naturalism to Symbolism, from Romanticism to Mysticism.

The attempts of the Cubists and the Futurists to lift the visual arts from the bogs of the past have led only to new delusions.

Cubism, having started with simplification of the representative technique ended with its analysis and

stuck there.

The distracted world of the Cubists, broken in shreds by their logical anarchy, cannot satisfy us who have already accomplished the Revolution or who are already constructing and building up anew.

One could heed with interest the experiments of the Cubists, but one cannot follow them, being convinced that their experiments are being made on the surface of Art and do not touch on the bases of it seeing plainly that the end result amounts to the same old graphic, to the same old volume and to the same decorative surface as of old.

One could have hailed Futurism in its time for the refreshing sweep of its announced Revolution in Art, for its devastating criticism of the past, as in no other way could have assailed those artistic barricades of good taste' ... powder was needed for that and a lot of it.. . but one cannot construct a system of art on one revolutionary phrase alone.

One had to examine Futurism beneath its appearance to realize that one faced a very ordinary chatterer, a very agile and prevaricating guy, clad in the tatters of worn-out words like patriotism', 'militarism', contempt for the female', and all the rest of such provincial tags.

In the domain of purely pictorial problems, Futurism has not gone further than the renovated effort to fix on canvas a purely optical reflex which has already shown its bankruptcy with the Impressionists. It is obvious now to every one of us that by the simple graphic registration of a row of momentarily arrested movements, one cannot re-create movement itself. It makes one think of the pulse of a dead body.

The pompous slogan of 'Speed' was played from the hands of the Futurists as a great trump. We concede the sonority of that slogan and we quite see how it can sweep the strongest of the provincials off their feet. But ask any Futurist how does he imagine 'speed' and there will emerge a whole arsenal of frenzied automobiles, rattling railway depots, snarled wires, the clank and the noise and the clang of carouselling streets ... does one really need to convince them that all that is not necessary for speed and for its rhythms?

Look at a ray of sun . . . the stillest of the still forces, it speeds more than 300 kilometres in a second... behold our starry firmament... who hears it... and yet what are our depots to those depots of the Universe? What are our earthly trains to those hurrying trains of the galaxies?

Indeed, the whole Futurist noise about speed is too obvious an anecdote, and from the moment that Futurism proclaimed that 'Space and Time are yesterday's dead', it sunk into the obscurity of abstractions.

Besides those two artistic schools our recent past has had nothing of importance or deserving attention.

But Life does not wait and the growth of generations does not stop and we go to relieve those who have passed into history, having in our hands the results of their experiments, with their mistakes and their achievements, after years of experience equal to centuries ... we say...

No new artistic system will withstand the pressure of a growing new culture until the very foundation of Art will be erected on the real laws of Life.

Until all artists will say with us ...

All is a fiction ... only life and its laws are authentic and in life only the active is beautiful and wise and strong and right, for life does not know beauty as an aesthetic measure ... efficacious existence is the highest beauty.

Life knows neither good nor bad nor justice as a measure of morals .. . need is the highest and most just of all morals.

Life does not know rationally abstracted truths as a measure of cognizance, deed is the highest, and surest of truths.

Those are the laws of life. Can art withstand these laws if it is built on abstraction, on mirage and fiction?

We say ...

Space and time are reborn to us today.

Space and time are the only forms on which life is built and hence art must be constructed.

States, political and economic systems perish, ideas crumble, under the strain of ages ... but life is strong and grows and time goes on in its real continuity.

Who will show us forms more efficacious than this .. . who is the great one who will give us foundations stronger than this?

Who is the genius who will tell us a legend more ravishing than this prosaic tale which is called life?

The realization of our perceptions of the world in the forms of space and time is the only aim of our pictorial and plastic art.

In them we do not measure our works with the yardstick of beauty, we do not weigh them with pounds of tenderness and sentiments.

The plumb-line in our hands, eyes as precise as a ruler, in a spirit as taut as a compass ... we construct our work as the universe constructs its own, as the engineer constructs his bridges, as the mathematician his formula of the orbits. We know that everything has its own essential image; chair, table, lamp, telephone, book, house, man ... they are all entire worlds with their own rhythms, their own orbits.

That is why we in creating things take away from them the labels of their owners all accidental and local, leaving only the reality of the constant rhythm of the forces in them.

Thence in painting we renounce colour as a pictorial element, colour is the idealized optical surface of objects; an exterior and superficial impression of them; colour is accidental and has nothing in common with the innermost essence of a thing.

We affirm that the tone of a substance, i.e. its light-absorbing material body is its only pictorial reality.

We renounce in a line, its descriptive value; in real life there are no descriptive lines, description is an accidental trace of a man on things, it is not bound up with the essential life and constant structure of the body. Descriptiveness is an element of graphic illustration and decoration.

We affirm the line only as a direction of the static forces and their rhythm in objects.

We renounce volume as a pictorial and plastic form of space; one cannot measure space in volumes as one cannot measure liquid in yards: look at our space... what is it if not one continuous depth?

We affirm depth as the only pictorial and plastic form of space.

We renounce in sculpture, the mass as a sculptural element.

It is known to every engineer that the static forces of a solid body and its material strength do not depend on the quantity of the mass ... example a rail, a T-beam etc. But you sculptors of all shades and directions, you still adhere to the age-old prejudice that you cannot free the volume of mass. Here (in this exhibition) we take four planes and we construct with them the same volume as of four tons of mass. Thus we bring back to sculpture the line as a direction and in it we affirm depth as the one form of space.

We renounce the thousand-year-old delusion in art that held the static rhythms as the only elements of the plastic and pictorial arts.

We affirm in these arts a new element of the kinetic rhythms as the basic forms of our perception of real time.

These are the five fundamental principles of our work and our constructive technique. Today we proclaim our words to you people. In the squares and on the streets we are placing our work convinced that art must not remain a sanctuary for the idle, a consolation for the weary, and a justification for the lazy.

Art should attend us everywhere that life flows and acts ... at the bench, at the table, at work, at rest, at play; on working days and holidays ... at home and on the road ... in order that the flame to live should not extinguish in mankind.

We do not look for justification, neither in the past nor in the future. Nobody can tell us what the future is and what utensils does one eat it with.

Not to lie about the future is impossible and one can lie about it at will.

We assert that the shouts about the future are for us the same as the tears about the past: a renovated daydream of the romantics.

A monkish delirium of the heavenly kingdom of the old attired in contemporary clothes.

He who is busy today with the morrow is busy doing nothing. And he who tomorrow will bring us nothing of what he has done today is of no use for the future. Today is the deed.

We will account for it tomorrow.

The past we are leaving behind as carrion.

The future we leave to the fortune-tellers.

We take the present day.

We have no need to conceal our pride that we are living in this new Great Epoch of Great Organizations.

Not a single historical moment will be repeated.

The past is for history The present and the future are for organizing life, for organizing what is both creative will and creative exigency.

We are breaking with the past, because we cannot accept its hypotheses. We ourselves are creating our own hypotheses anew and only upon them, as in our inventions, can we build our new life and new world-view.

More than anyone else, the artist knows this intuitively and believes in it absolutely. That is exactly why artists, above all, undertook a revolution and have created are still creating a new world-view. Revolution in art has always predicted the breaking of the old public consciousness and the appearance of a new order in life.

A real revolution, unprecedented in all the enormity of its significance for the future, is sweeping away all the old conceptions, customs, concepts, qualities and attachments and is replacing them with new and very different ones, as if borrowed from another planet or from alien creatures. But wasn't art the forerunner of this revolution art that replaced the old world-view with the need to organize — and to such an extent that even the end of art' was declared? In fact, this [new] form has declared the end not only of the old art, but perhaps of art in general or, if not the end, then an artistic transformation so great that it cannot be accommodated within the old conception of art.

An analysis of the conception of the subject as distinguished from its representational significance lies at the basis of our approach toward reality: at first there was the deformation of the subject, and this was followed by the exposition of its essence, which is the concretization of a given consciousness within given forms. It also marks the beginning of the organization of the artistic media.

As a purpose, this is not new, for there has been no significant era in art when the subject was not deformed in accordance with the external energy of expression or reconstructed from a need to concretize a particular world-view.

To the extent that a given confluence of historical conditions for the formation of a certain consciousness is unique, that condition of consciousness in relation to its own past, present and future will also be singular and unique.

That's the first point.

The second point is still more important above all, the moment of creation: a new organization of elements is created out of the constant, traditional ones, which are so only because, ultimately, we know only one and the same concrete material.

Through a transformed, [more] abstract reality, the artist will be liberated from all the conventional world-views that existed hitherto.

In the absolute freedom of non-objectivity and under the precise dictation of its consciousness (which helps the expediency and necessity of the new artistic organization to manifest themselves), [the artist] is now constructing [his] own art, with total conviction.

Our fanaticism is conscious and assured, for the scope of our experiences has taught us to assume our positive place in history.

The more organized, the more essential the new forms in art, the more apparent it will become that our era is a great one and indispensable to humanity.

(Form + colour + texture -I rhythm + material + etc.) x ideology (the need to organize) = our art.

DADA knows everything. DADA spits everything out.

HAS DADA EVER SPOKEN TO YOU:

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 moustaches

about lewdness

about sleeping with Verlaine

about the ideal (it's nice)

about Massachusetts  
about the past  
about odours  
about salads  
about genius, about genius, about genius  
about the eight-hour day  
about the 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

fl

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 artistif recipes

WHAT DOES DADA DO?

W HAT 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

Subversive illuminations by Renee Dunan, F. T. Marinetti, Guillermo de Torre, Lasso de la Vega, Salvat Papasseit, etc., together with a few more peripheral crystallizations.

S

Death to Father Hidalgo [one of the heroes of Mexican independence]

U

Down with San Rafael

c

And San Lazaro — [districts of Mexico City]

C

Corner —

E

No bill-sticking

S

S

In the name of the contemporary Mexican avant-garde, and in genuine horror at the notices and signs plastered on the doors of chemists and dispensaries subsidized by law at the behest of a cartulary system for the last twenty gushing centuries, I affirm my position at the explosive apex of my unique modernity, as definite as it is eminently revolutionary. The whole off-centre world contemplates its navel with spherical surprise and wringing of hands while I categorically demand (with no further exceptions for p' layers' diametrically exploded in phonographic fires with strangulated cries) with rebellious and emphatic 'Stridentism' in selfdefence against the textual blows of the latest intellectual plebiscites, Death to Father Hidalgo, Down with San Rafael and San Lazaro, Corner, No bill-sticking'.

My madness has not been reckoned with. Truth never occurs outside our own selves. Life is but a system open to the rains that fall at intervals. From this standpoint our superlative literature insists upon honouring telephones whose perfumed conversations are articulated along electronic wires. Aesthetic truth is merely an uncoercible emotional state unravelling on a baseless plane of integrating equivalences. Things have no conceivable intrinsic value and their poetic parallels only flourish in an inner dimension, their relationships and coordinations are more defined and emotionally evocative than a disestablished reality, as you can see from the fragments of one of my forthcoming new latitudinal poematics: 'Those Electric Roses . . (Cosmopolis, 34). As Albert Birot says, to produce a work of art it is essential to create and not to copy. 'We seek truth not in the reality of appearances but in the reality of thought.' At this particular moment, we are attending the performance of ourselves. In our illuminated panoramas circumscribed by spherical modernist skies, all must be in transcendental harmony. I believe, with Epstein, that we should not imitate nature but study its laws and do as nature does.

Every artistic technique fulfils a spiritual function at a given moment. When expressionist formats are awkward or inadequate ways of transmitting our personal emotions their sole and elementary aesthetic function we need to turn off the electricity and pull out the plug, even against all the reactionary forces and upstart opinions of official critics. A rheumatic chest protector has burnt out, but this is no reason for me to stop the game. Whose turn is it next? Now the dice are thrown by Cipriano Max Jacob, a sensationalist act when one considers such a circumspect journalist.

While Blaise Cendrars, always keeping his balance transcendently, intentionally mistaken, does not know whether what he sees is a starry sky or a drop of water under the microscope.

A racing car is more beautiful than the Victory of Sarnothrace.' I add my positive passion for the typewriter and superabundant love of the literature of the classified ads to this enthusiastic statement by the Italian Futurist Marinetti, hailed by Lucini, Buzzi, Cavacchioli and the rest. I have found deeper and greater emotion in an arbitrary but thought-provoking newspaper clipping than in all the pseudo-lyrical barrel-organs or melodic sweetmeats freely peddled to young ladies, and insultingly recited to audiences of spasmodic fox-trotting debutantes and members of the bourgeoisie preoccupied with their mistresses and safe-deposit boxes. As indeed my spiritual brother Guillermo de Torre so courageously proclaimed in his Egoist Manifesto, read at the first Ultraist explosion in Paris, without puncturing all those poematizations so enthusiastically applauded in literary circles where only the pasteboard imitations of literapods are admitted.

All Stridentist propaganda must praise the modern beauty of the machine. It is there in the gymnastic bridges tautly stretched over ravines on muscles of steel, in the smoke from factory chimneys, the Cubist emotions evoked by great transatlantic liners with their smoking red and black funnels horoscopically anchored according to Ruiz Huidobro at their teeming congested quaysides, the reign of great throbbing industrial cities, the blue shirts of the workers exploding at such an emotional and moving moment, all the beauty of this century so forcefully prophesied • by Emile Verhaeren, so sincerely loved by Nicholas Beauvuin, and so completely understood and dignified by every avant-garde artist. Finally, trams have been ransomed from the taunts of the prosaic (prestigiously valued by a pot-bellied bourgeoisie and their marriageable daughters throughout years of successive backwardness and intransigent melancholy), and from among chronological archives.

To the electric chair with Chopin! This is my hygienically cleansing vow. Anti-selenographic Futurists have already demanded the assassination of moonlight in block capitals, and the Spanish Ultraists, via their spokesman Rafael Cansinos Assens, have transcribed the end of the dry leaves shaken about in subversive newspapers and leaflets. Similarly, it is a matter of the utmost telegraphic urgency to harness radical and effective methods. To the electric chair with Chopin! MMA (trademark) is a magic product: it does away with all the germs of a putrified literature in twenty-four hours and is harmless, even pleasant, to use. Shake well before using. I insist. Let us perpetrate our crime on the night-long melancholy of the 'Nocturnes', and simultaneously proclaim the aristocracy of petrol. The blue discharge of car exhausts, scented with a dynamic modernity, has exactly the same emotional value as the beloved talents of our 'exquisite' modernists.

Provincials iron-tram tickets of former times into their wallets. Where is the Hotel Iturbide? Every dyspeptic newspaper is gorged with photographs of Maria Conesa [wife of the former dictator Porfirio Diaz] beaming off the front page, and there is always someone who dares be totally taken aback by the architectural shock of the National Theatre. Yet no one so far has shown any susceptibility at all to the subliminal emotions of the roadside, patchworked with wonderful billboards and geometric posters. Planes of pure colour: blue, yellow, red. With 80 horsepower and a half a cup of petrol we literally gobbled up the whole length of the Avenida Juarez. I mentally do an unforeseen elliptical turn to avoid the statue of Carlos IV. Car accessories, Haynes spare parts, wheels, batteries and generators, chassis, spare tyres, horns, spark plugs, oil, petrol. I've made a mistake: Moctezuma de Orizaba is the best beer in Mexico, Buen Tono cigars are of course smoked, etc. A perpendicular brick has crashed through the schematic scaffolding. Everything shudders. My sensations are magnified. The penultimate faga de collapses on top of me.

As of now, no more Creationism, Dadaism, paroxysm, Expressionism, Synthesism, Imaginism, Suprematism, Cubism, Orphism, etc. No more -isms, however theoretical or practical. Let us formulate a quintessential synthesis to strip away all tendencies that flourished on the highest planes of luminescent and modern exaltation. Not through syncretism a false desire for reconciliation but through a rigorous aesthetic conviction and sense of spiritual urgency. It is not a question of prismatic techniques, fundamentally anti-seismic, being mistakenly distilled in the glasses of fraternal etiquette, but of inherently organic tendencies, easily adapted with reciprocity, that illuminate our marvellous desire to maximize internal emotions and sensory perceptions in multispirited and multi-faceted forms, resolving the equations posed by modern technical problems in all their sinuous complexity

Man is not a systematically balanced clockwork mechanism. Genuine emotion is a form of supreme arbitrariness and specific chaos. The whole world is conducted like an amateur band. Ideas are killed off while a single aspect of the emotions, rather than their original three dimensions, is presented, with mock excuses on grounds of clarity and simplicity, overlooking the fact that at any panoramic moment emotions will surface, not only for elemental and conscious reasons but also because of a strong binary impulse of internal propulsion, clumsily susceptible to external worlds yet, in contrast, prodigiously responsive to the roto-translatory projections emanating from the ideal plane of aesthetic truth that Apollinaire called 'the golden section'. From this, one can derive a fuller interpretation of electrically charged personal emotions due to the positive elements of recent technological developments, since these crystallize a unanimous and unifying aspect of life. Ideas often run off the rails. They never follow on continuously, one after another, but are simultaneous and intermittent, (ii. *Profond aujourd'hui*. Cendrars. *Cosmopolis*, 33). They dioramically fill the canvas, superimposing themselves in a disciplined convergence at the apex of introspective instant.

And who raised the question of sincerity? Just a moment, ladies and gentlemen, while we shovel on more coal. Every eye is blinded by aluminium flashes, and this absent-minded young lady strolls superficially across the lateral advertisements. Here we have a demonstrative graph. Intermittent conversations surface in the domestic drawing room and a friend begins to play the piano. The electric chrysanthemum sheds its petals in mercurial snows. And that isn't all. Neighbours burn petrol instead of incense. Ministerial idiocies are promulgated through the gutter press. My abstracted fingers dissolve in smoke. Now, I ask. who of us is the most sincere? Those of us who refuse to admit strange influences, but who purify and crystallize ourselves through the kinaesthetic filter of personal emotions, or all those ideochlorotic and diernefist 'artists' whose only concern is to ingratiate themselves with the amorphous crowd of a scanty audience, an audience of

dictatorial and retrograde officious idiots, photophobic academics, and blacklegging art dealers?

Let us become more cosmopolitan. We can no longer stick to the traditional chapters of national art. News is sent by telegraph to the top of skyscrapers, those wonderful skyscrapers everyone detests, dromedary clouds floating above them, and electric lifts moving within their muscular webbing. The forty-eighth floor. One, two, three, four, etc. Here we are. And trains devour the kilometres along the parallel bars of the open-air gymnasium. Steam evaporating into absence. Everything approaches and recedes with the motion of the moment. The environment is transformed and its influence modifies everything around it. Racial traits and characteristics begin to be erased from cultural and genetic profiles, through rigorous processes of selection, whilst the psychological unity of the century flowers under the sun of today's meridian. The only possible boundaries in art are the uncrossable ones of our own alienated emotions.

Impose aesthetic limits. Create art from one's own innate abilities nurtured within one's own environment. Not reincorporate old values but create anew. Destroy all those erroneous modern theories rendered false by dint of being interpretations, such as those derived from Impressionist (Post-Impressionism) and luminist dead-ends (Divisionism, Vibrationism, Pointillism, etc.). In painting, suppress all the mental suggestion and false literariness so lauded by our critical buffoons. Establish limits, not according to Lessing's interpretive parallels, but on the level of transcendence and equivalence. As Reverdy says, a new art demands a new syntax. In this context, Braque's saying is apposite: A 'painter thinks in colours, hence the need for a new syntax of colours.'

No more retrospection. No more Futurism. Everyone silent, open-mouthed, miraculously illuminated by the vertiginous light of the present; like a sentinel witness to the prodigiousness of unmistakable emotion, unique and electronically sensitized to the upwardly moving I', vertical on the point of the meridional moment, forever renewed yet forever the same. Let us honour the avant-garde. Walter Conrad Arensberg has already praised positive 'Stridentism' by announcing that his poems have a life span of only six hours. Let us love our unparalleled century. Does the public really not have the intellectual capacity to penetrate the phenomenon of our formidable aesthetic movement? All right then. They can stand in the doorway or take themselves off to a music hall. Our egotism is now supreme, our confidence unswerving.

My gramophone-listening clientele of the infinitely foolish, and the bilious critics eaten away by the lacerating wounds of a pestilential and tortured old-fashioned literature, are of particular delight to me. These retrograde academics, specialists in obfuscation and every variety of esoteric anadroids, are highly praised by our stinking authoritarian intellectual environment. Naturally they purport to circumscribe my heavenly horizons with their useless delimitations, petty rages and ridiculous vainglorious operettas. Yet such an audience merely encounters the electrifying hermeticism of my negative subversive laughter, in my radically extreme inner conviction, uncircumscribed isolation and glorious intransigence. What possible spiritual relationship or ideological affinity could there be between a gentleman who puts on evening dress to wash dishes and the music of Erik Satie? With one golden Stridentist word, I can convey the maxims of Dada, created from nothing to counteract the official nothings of books, exhibitions and plays'. This synthesis is a radical force set against the solid conservatism of an agglomeration of bookworn bookworms.

Success to the new generation of Mexican poets, painters and sculptors which has not been corrupted by the easy money of government sinecures, which still stands aloof from the pathetic praise of official critics and the applause of a brutish and concupiscent public! Success to all those who have not resorted to licking the plates at Enrique Gonzales Martinez' culinary banquets, to fabricating art out of the stylicide of their intellectual menstruations. Success to those who are magnificently sincere, who have not vanished into the lamentable efflorescences of our nationalistic environment alongside the stench made by the pulquebrewers and the leftovers of fried food. To each and every one we wish success in the name of the contemporary Mexican modernist avantgarde. That they may come and do battle alongside us in the devilish ranks of the 'decouvert' where, I believe with Lasso de la Vega, we have come a long way from the spirituality of the beast. Like Zarathustra, we have shed our burdens and shaken off prejudice. Our great laughter is great laughter. We are engraving, here and now, new tablets of stone.' And finally, I demand the head of the scholastic nightingales responsible for turning poetry into a reposian cancan, mounted on the bars of a chair, plucked bare after the downpour in the idyllic pigpens of a bourgeoise Sunday. Logic is a mistake and the right to wholeness a monstrous joke.

The intelcesteticide Renee Dunan interrupts me. But Salvat-Papasseit, tumbling from his swing, reads this announcement on the screen: spit on the cretins' bald heads, and while the rest of the world spins off its axis, contemplating itself with spherical astonishment, wringing its hands, I, in my glorious isolation, am illuminated by the marvellous incandescence of my electrically charged nerves.

We call ourselves kinoke as opposed to cinematographers', a herd of junkmen doing rather well peddling their rags.

We see no connection between true kinchestvo and the cunning and calculation of the profiteers.

We consider the psychological Russo-German film-drama weighed down with apparitions and childhood memories an absurdity.

To the American adventure film with its showy dynamism and to the dramatizations of the American Pinkertons the kinoks say thanks for the rapid shot changes and the close-ups. Good . . . but disorderly, not based on a precise study of movement. A cut above the psychological drama, but still lacking in foundation. A cliché. A copy of a copy.

WE proclaim the old films, based on the romance, theatrical films and the like, to be leprous.

Keep away from them! Keep your eyes off them! They're mortally dangerous! Contagious!

WE affirm the future of cinema art by denying its present. Cinematography' must die so that the art of the cinema may live.

WE call for its death to be hastened.

WE protest against that mixing of the arts which many call synthesis. The mixture of bad colours, even those ideally selected from the spectrum, produces not white, but mud.

Synthesis should come at the summit of each art's achievement and not before.

WE are cleansing kinochestvo of foreign matter of music, literature and theatre; we seek our own rhythm, one lifted from nowhere else, and we find it in the movements of things.

WE invite you:

to flee -

the sweet embraces of the romance,

the poison of the psychological novel,

the clutches of the theatre of adultery; to turn your back on music,

to flee -

out into the open, into four dimensions (three + time), in search of our own material, our metre and rhythm.

The psychological' prevents man from being as precise as a stopwatch; it interferes with his desire for kinship with the machine.

In an art of movement we have no reason to devote our particular attention to contemporary man.

The machine makes us ashamed of man's inability to control himself, but what are we to do if electricity's unerring ways are more exciting to us than the disorderly haste of active men and the corrupting inertia of passive ones?

Saws dancing at a sawmill convey to us a joy more intimate and intelligible than that on human dance floors.

For his inability to control his movements, WE temporarily exclude man as a subject for film.

Our path leads through the poetry of machines, from the bungling citizen to the perfect electric man.

In revealing the machine's soul, in causing the worker to love his workbench, the peasant his tractor, the engineer his engine we introduce creative joy into all mechanical labour, we bring people into closer kinship with machines, we foster new people.

The new man, free of unwieldiness and clumsiness, will have the light, precise movements of machines and he will be the gratifying subject of our films.

Openly recognizing the rhythm of machines, the delight of mechanical labour, the perception of the beauty of chemical processes, WE sing of earthquakes, we compose film epics of electric power plants and flame, we delight in the movements of comets and meteors and the gestures of searchlights that dazzle the stars.

Cinema is, as well, the art of inventing movements of things in space in response to the demands of science; it embodies the inventor's dream be he scholar, artist, engineer, or carpenter; it is the realization by kinchestvo of that which cannot be realized in life.

Drawings in motion. Blueprints in motion. Plans for the future. The theory of relativity on the screen.

WE greet the ordered fantasy of movement.

Our eyes spinning, like propellers, take off into the future on the wings of hypothesis.

WE believe that the time is at hand we shall be able to hurl into space the hurricanes of movement, reined in by our tactical lassoes.

Hurrah for dynamic geometry, the race of points, lines, planes, volumes.

Hurrah for the poetry of machine, propelled and driving; the poetry of levers, wheels and wings of steel; the iron cry of movements; the blinding grimaces of red-hot streams.

There is an old and a new consciousness of time.

The old is connected with the individual.

The new is connected with the universal.

The struggle of the individual against the universal is revealing itself in the world war as well as in the art of the present day.



The war is destroying the old world and its contents: individual domination in every state.

The new art has brought forward what the new consciousness of time contains: a balance between the universal and the individual.

The new consciousness is prepared to realize the internal life as well as the external life.

Traditions, dogmas and the domination of the individual are opposed to this realization.

The founders of the new plastic art, therefore, call upon all who believe in the reformation of art and culture to eradicate these obstacles to development, as in the new plastic art (by excluding natural form) they have eradicated that which blocks pure artistic expression, the ultimate consequence of all concepts of art.

The artists of today have been driven the whole world over by the same consciousness, and therefore have taken part from an intellectual point of view in this war against the domination of individual despotism. They therefore sympathize with all who work to establish international unity in life, art, culture, either intellectually or materially.

We must create.

Man no longer imitates. He invents, he adds to the facts of the world, born in Nature's breast, new facts born in his head: a poem, a painting, a statue, a steamer, a car, a plane . . .

We must create.

That's the sign of our times.

Today's man has shattered the bark of appearances and surprised what there was underneath.

Poetry must not imitate the aspects of things but rather follow the constructive laws that are their essence, guaranteeing the real independence of everything.

Inventing is making things that are parallel in space, meet in time or vice versa, so that they present a new fact in their conjunction.

The totality of the diverse new facts united by a single spirit constitutes the created work.

If they are not united by a single spirit, the result will be an impure work with an amorphous look, resulting from a fantasy with no laws.

The study of art throughout history shows us very clearly this tendency of imitation to move towards creation in all human productions. We can establish a law of Scientific and Mechanical Selection equivalent to the law of Natural Selection.

In art the power of the creator interests us more than that of the observer, and besides the former contains in itself the second, to a higher degree.

We don't feel obliged to build Pennsylvania Stations, skyscrapers, Handley Page Tract houses, turbo-compressors, and so on.

We didn't create technology. We didn't create man. BUT WE,  
Artists yesterday CONSTRUCTORS today,

WE PROCESSED  
the human being

WE ORGANIZE  
technology

WE DISCOVERED  
PROPAGATE  
CLEAN OUT  
MERGE

PREVIOUSLY Engineers relaxed with art NOW Artists relax with technology WHAT'S NEEDED  
IS NO REST Who saw A WALL ...

Who saw JUST A PLANE EVERYONE ... AND NO ONE  
Someone who had actually seen came and simply SHOWED: the square  
This means opening the eyes TO THE PLANE. Who saw an ANGLE

Who saw an ARMATURE, SKETCH EVERYONE ... AND NO ONE  
Someone who had actually seen came and simply SHOWED: A line

Who saw: an iron bridge a dreadnought  
a zeppelin a helicopter

EVERYONE ... AND NO ONE.

We Came the first working group of CONSTRUCTIVISTS ALEKSEI GAN, RODCHENKO,  
STEPANOVA

... AND WE SIMPLY SAID: This is today Technology is the mortal enemy of art.  
TECHNOLOGY...

We are your first fighting and punitive force. We are also your last slave-workers.

We are not dreamers from art who build in the imagination: Aeroradiostations

Elevators and Flaming cities

WE-ARE THE BEGINNING

OUR WORK IS TODAY: A mug

A floor brush Boots

A catalogue

And when a person in his laboratory set up A square,

His radio carried it to all and sundry, to those who needed it and those who didn't need it, and soon  
on all the 'ships of left art', sailing under red, black and white flags. .. everything all over, throughout,  
everything was covered in squares.

And yesterday, when one person in his laboratory set up A line, grid, and point

His radio carried it to all and sundry, to those who needed it and those who didn't need it, and soon,  
and especially on all the 'ships of left art' with the new title 'constructive', sailing under different flags...  
everything all over... everything throughout is being constructed of lines and grids.

OF COURSE, the square existed previously, the line and the grid existed previously

What's the deal.

Well it's simply-THEY WERE POINTED OUT. THEY WERE ANNOUNCED.

The square -1915, the laboratory of MALEVICH

The line, grid, point -1919, the laboratory of RODCHENKO

BUT-afterthis

The first working group of CONSTRUCTIVISTS (ALEKSEI GAN, RODCHENKO, STEPANOVA)

announced:

THE COMMUNIST EXPRESSION OF MATERIAL CONSTRUCTIONS and  
IRRECONCILABLE WAR AGAINST ART:

Everything came to a point,

and 'new' constructivists jumped on the bandwagon, wrote 'constructive' poems, novels, paintings, and other such junk. Others, taken with our slogans, imagining themselves to be geniuses, designed elevators and radio posters, but they have forgotten that all attention should be concentrated on the experimental laboratories, which shows us

NEW elements routes things experiments.

-THE DEMONSTRATION EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY AND MATERIAL  
CONSTRUCTIONS'

STATION OF THE FIRST WORKING GROUP OF  
CONSTRUCTIVISTS OF THE RSFSR

Aesthetic of the Engineer

Architecture

Aesthetic of the Engineer, Architecture: two things firmly allied, sequential, the one in full flower, the other in painful regression.

The engineer, inspired by the law of Economy and guided by calculations, puts us in accord with universal laws. He attains harmony.

The architect, through the ordonnance offorms, realizes an order that is a pure creation of his mind; through forms, he affects our senses intensely, provoking plastic emotions; through the relationships that he creates, he stirs in us deep resonance, he gives us the measure of an order that we sense to be in accord with that of the world, he determines the diverse movements of our minds and our hearts; it is then that we experience beauty.

Our eyes are made for seeing forms in light.

Primary forms are beautiful forms because they are clearly legible. The architects of today no longer

make simple forms.

Relying on calculations, engineers use geometric forms, satisfying our eyes through geometry and our minds through mathematics; their works are on the way to great art.

A volume is enveloped by a surface, that is divided according to the generators and the directing vectors of the volume, accentuating the individuality of this volume.

Architects today are afraid of the geometric constituents of surfaces.

The great problems of modern construction will be solved through geometry. Under strict obligation to an imperative programme, engineers use the directing vectors and accentuators of forms. They create limpid and impressive plastic facts.

The plan is the generator.

Without a plan, there is disorder, arbitrariness.

The plan carries within it the essence of the sensation.

The great problems of tomorrow, dictated by collective needs, pose the question of the plan anew.

Modern life demands, awaits a new plan for the house and for the city.

Regulating Lines

Of the fateful birth of architecture

The obligation to order. The regulating line is a guarantee against arbitrariness. It brings satisfaction to the mind.

The regulating line is the means; it is not a formula. Its choices and its expressive modalities are integral parts of architectural creation

Eyes that do not see

A great era has just begun. There exists a new spirit.

There exists a host of works in this new spirit, they are encountered above all in industrial production.

Architecture suffocates in routine.

The 'styles' are a lie. Style is a unity of principle that animates all the works of an era and results from a distinctive state of mind.

Our era fixes its style every day.

Our eyes, unfortunately, are not yet able to discern it.

The airplane is a product of high selection.

The lesson of the airplane is in the logic that governed the statement of the problem and its realization.

The problem of the house has not been posed. Current architectural things do not answer our needs. Yet there are standards for the dwelling.

The mechanical carries within it the economic factor that selects. The house is a machine for living in.

We must see to the establishment of standards so we can face up to the problem of perfection.

The Parthenon is a problem of selection applied to a standard. Architecture works on standards.

Standards are a matter of logic, of analysis, of scrupulous study; they are based on a problem well posed. Experimentation fixes the standard definitively.

Architecture is the use of raw materials to establish stirring relationships. Architecture goes beyond utilitarian things.

Architecture is a plastic thing. Spirit of order, unity of intention.

The sense of relationships; architecture organizes quantities. Passion can make drama out of inert stone.

The plan proceeds from the inside out; the exterior is the result of an interior. The elements of architecture are light and shadow, walls and space. Ordonnance is the hierarchy of goals, the classification of intentions. Man sees architectural things with eyes that are 1 metre 70 from the ground. We can reckon only with goals accessible to the eye, with intentions that take

the elements of architecture into account. If we reckon with intentions that do not belong to the language of architecture, we end up with an illusory plan; we break the rules of the plan through faulty conception or a penchant for vain things.

Contour modulation is the touchstone of the architect. The latter reveals himself as artist or mere engineer. Contour modulation is free of all constraint.

It is no longer a question of routine, nor of traditions, nor of construction methods, nor of adaptation to utilitarian needs.

Contour modulation is a pure creation of the mind; it calls for the plastic artist.

Great era has just begun.

There exists a new spirit.

Industry, invading like a river that rolls to its destiny, brings us new tools adapted to this new era animated by a new spirit.

The law of Economy necessarily governs our actions and our conceptions. The problem of the house is a problem of the era. Social equilibrium depends on it today.

The first obligation of architecture, in an era of renewal, is to bring about a revision of values, a revision of the constitutive elements of the house.

Mass production is based on analysis and experimentation.

Heavy industry should turn its attention to building and standardize the elements of the house.

We must create a mass-production state of mind.

A state of mind for building mass-production housing. A state of mind for living in mass-production housing. A state of mind for conceiving mass-production housing.

If we wrest from our hearts and minds static conceptions of the house and envision the question from a critical and objective point of view, we will come to the house-tool, the mass-production house that is healthy (morally, too) and beautiful from the aesthetic of the work tools that go with our existence.

Beautiful too from all the life that the artistic sense can bring to strict and pure organs.

In every domain of industry, new problems have been posed and tools capable of solving them have been created. If we set this fact against the past, there is resolution. In building, the factory production of standardized parts has begun; on the basis of new economic necessities, part elements and ensemble elements have been created; conclusive realizations have been achieved in parts and in ensembles. If we set ourselves against the past, there is revolution in the methods and the magnitude of enterprises.

Whereas the history of architecture evolves slowly over the centuries in terms of structure and decor, in the last fifty years iron and cement have brought gains that are the index of a great power to build and the index of an architecture whose code is in upheaval. If we set ourselves against the past, we determine that the 'styles' no longer exist for us, that the style of an era has been elaborated; there has been a revolution.

Consciously or unconsciously, minds have become aware of these events; consciously or unconsciously, needs are born.

The social mechanism, deeply disturbed, oscillates between improvements of historical importance and catastrophe.

It is the primal instinct of every living thing to secure a shelter. The various working classes of society no longer have suitable shelter, neither labourers nor intellectuals. It is a question of building that is key to the equilibrium upset today: architecture or revolution.

There is no such thing as an art that refers to a particular class of people, and if it did exist, it would



not be important for life.

We ask those who want to create a proletarian art: 'What is proletarian art?' Is it art made by proletarians themselves? Or art that only serves the proletariat? Or art intended to awaken proletarian (revolutionary) instincts? There is no such thing as art made by proletarians, because a proletarian who makes art is no longer a proletarian but becomes an artist. The artist is neither a proletarian nor a bourgeois, and what he creates belongs neither to the proletariat nor to the bourgeoisie, but to all. Art is a spiritual function of man, with the purpose of delivering him from the chaos of life (tragedy). Art is free in the use of its means, but bound to its own laws, and only to its own laws, and as soon as the work is a work of art, it is sublimely raised above the class differences of proletariat and bourgeoisie. If art were intended exclusively to serve the proletariat (apart from the fact that the proletariat is infected by bourgeois taste) then this art would be limited, and indeed would be just as limited as specifically bourgeois art. Such art would not be universal, would not grow out of the world nationality feeling, but out of an individual and social perspective restricted to a particular time and place. If art is now supposed to awaken proletarian instincts in a tendentious manner, it then essentially uses the same means as church art or national socialist art. As banal as it may sound, whether somebody paints a red army led by Trotsky or an imperial army led by Napoleon is essentially the same. Whether it is intended to arouse proletarian instincts or patriotic feelings is of no significance for the value of the picture as a work of art. From an artistic point of view both are fraudulent.

Art should only arouse with its own means the creative power of man, its aim is the mature person, not the proletarian nor the bourgeois. With a limited perspective, lacking in culture, only those of little talent can make something such as proletarian art (i.e. politics in painted form), as they have no appreciation of greatness. But the artist refrains from [treating] the special area of social organization.

Art as we want it to be is neither proletarian nor bourgeois, for it develops powers that are strong enough to influence the whole culture rather than letting itself be influenced by social affairs.

The proletariat is a condition that must be overcome, the bourgeoisie is a condition that must be overcome. However, by imitating the bourgeois cult, the proletarians with their proletarian cult are themselves supporting this depraved culture of the bourgeois without realizing it; to the detriment of art and to the detriment of culture.

With their conservative love for old, outmoded forms of expression and their utterly incomprehensible distaste for the new art, they are keeping alive the very thing they claim to want to fight: bourgeois culture. Thus it is that bourgeois sentimentalism and bourgeois romanticism, despite all the intensive efforts of the radical artists to annihilate them, continue to exist and are even cultivated anew. Communism is already just as much a bourgeois affair as majority socialism, namely capitalism in a new form. The bourgeoisie is using the apparatus of Communism, which was invented not by the proletariat, but by bourgeois men, only as a means of renewing their own degenerate culture (Russia). As a result, the proletarian artist is fighting for neither art nor for the future new life, but for the bourgeoisie. Every proletarian work of art is nothing more than a poster for the bourgeoisie.

That which we, on the other hand, are preparing is Gesamtkunstwerk [a synthesis of the arts] that is sublimely superior to all posters, whether they are made for sparkling wine, Dada or a Communist dictatorship.

We are forming a group which is (mainly ) concerned with Constructivist art.

We call our group Mavo. We are Mavoists. The principles or inclinations expressed in our works and this manifesto is Mavoism. Therefore, we have chosen the mark MV. We have gathered together because we share the same inclination as Constructivist artists.

However, we definitely did not gather because we have identical principles and beliefs about art.

Thus, we do not aggressively try to regulate our artistic convictions. We recognize, however, that when looking out over the general world

of Constructivist art, we are bound to each other by a very concrete inclination.

Because our group is formed thus, it is a matter of timing, a thing of the moment.

We, each one of us, of course, possess assertions, convictions and passions that we feel we must elevate to the level of objectivity and appropriateness. However, as long as we are going to form a group, we respect one another. Furthermore, while recognizing what we inherently possess may be exclusive at times, we acknowledge the fact that we could not form a group without it.

In short, in terms of organization our group is a negative entity.

Next we would like to look at the nature of our Mavoist inclination. We do not subscribe to the convictions or 'outward signs' of any existing groups. (It is not necessary to interpret this strictly. You can think of this as the colour of a group'.)

We stand at the vanguard, and will eternally stand there. We are not bound. We are radical. We revolutionize/make revolution. We advance. We create. We ceaselessly affirm and negate. We live in all the meanings of words. Nothing can be compared to us.

We cannot help but acknowledge that what ties us together is the approximation of the forms of Constructivist art. However, we do not think it is necessary to explain the 'what' or 'how' of this. That is something you will understand by looking at our work.

We have exhibitions from one to four times a year. We also call for works from the general public.

Works from the general public must be judged by a variety of conditions.

Ideally speaking, there is no restriction on our judging method. However, we must be forgiven for accepting our own work at the present time.

As for judging standards, we are concerned with the two points of scope and merit.

To restrict the scope of works to those with the character and power of the formation of our group. However, this should be understood as being extremely broad.

In regard to the matter of merit, there is nothing left to do but trust the value judgement represented in our work.

We also experiment with lectures, theatre, musical concerts, magazine publishing, etc. We also accept posters, window displays, book designs, stage designs, various kinds of ornaments, architectural plans, and so forth. [...]

To the Indian race humiliated for centuries; to soldiers made executioners by the praetorians; to workers and peasants scourged by the greed of the rich; to intellectuals uncorrupted by the bourgeoisie.

The military coup of Enrique Estrada and Guadalupe Sanchez (the Mexican peasants' and workers' greatest enemies) has been of transcendental importance in precipitating and clarifying the situation in our country. This, aside from minor details of a purely political nature, is as follows:

On the one hand the social revolution, ideologically more coherent than ever, and on the other the armed bourgeoisie. Soldiers of the people, peasants and armed workers defending their rights, against soldiers of the people, press-ganged by deceit or force by the politico-military leaders in the pay of the bourgeoisie.

On their side, the exploiters of the people in concubinage with traitors who sell the blood of soldiers who fought in the Revolution.

On our side, those who cry out for an end to an old cruel order an order in which you, the peasants on the land, fertilize the soil so that the fruit it bears be swallowed by greedy profiteers and politicians while you

starve; in which you, the workers in the city, man the factories, weave the cloth, and produce with your own hands modern comforts to serve prostitutes and drones while your bones shiver with cold; in which you, the Indian soldier, in an heroic selfless act, leave the land you till and give your life to fight the poverty your race has endured for centuries only for a Sanchez or an Estrada to waste the generous gift of your blood by favouring the bourgeois leeches who strip your children of their happiness and rob you of your land.

Not only are our people (especially our Indians) the source of all that is noble toil, all that is virtue, but also, every manifestation of the physical and spiritual existence of our race as an ethnic force springs from them. So does the extraordinary and marvellous ability to create beauty. The art of the Mexican people is the most important and vital spiritual manifestation in the world today, and its Indian traditions lie at its very heart. It is great precisely because it is of the people and therefore collective. That is why our primary aesthetic aim is to propagate works of art which will help destroy all traces of bourgeois individualism. We reject so-called Salon painting and all the ultra-intellectual salon art of the aristocracy and exalt the manifestation of monumental art because they are useful. We believe that any work of art which is alien or contrary to popular taste is bourgeois and should disappear because it perverts the aesthetic of our race. This perversion is already almost complete in our cities.

We believe that while our society is in a transitional stage between the destruction of an old order and the introduction of a new order, the creators of beauty must turn their work into clear ideological propaganda for the people, and make art, which at present is mere individualist masturbation, something of beauty, education and purpose for everyone.

We are all too aware that the advent of a bourgeois government in Mexico will mean the natural decline of our race's popular indigenous aesthetic, at present found only in the lower classes but which was, however, beginning to penetrate and purify intellectual circles. We will fight to prevent this happening. Because we are sure that victory for the working classes will bring a harmonious flowering of ethnic art, of cosmogonical and historical significance to our race, comparable to that of our wonderful ancient autochthonous civilizations. We will fight tirelessly to bring this about.

Victory for La Heurta, Estrada and Sanchez will be, aesthetically and socially, a victory for typists taste; criollo and bourgeois approval (which is all-corrupting) of popular music, painting and literature, the reign of the p' icturesque', the American kewpie doll', and the introduction of l'amore e come zucchero'. Love is like sugar. The counter-revolution in Mexico will, as a result, prolong the pain of the people and crush their admirable spirit.

The members of the Painters' and Sculptors' Union have in the past supported the candidacy of General Plutarco Elias Calies because we believed that his revolutionary fervour, more than any other, would guarantee a government which would improve the conditions of the productive classes in Mexico. We reiterate this support in the light of the latest politico-military events and put ourselves at the service of his cause, the cause of the people, to use as it sees fit.

We now appeal to revolutionary intellectuals in Mexico to forget their proverbial centuries-old sentimentality and languor and join us in the social, aesthetic and educational struggle we are waging.

In the name of the blood shed by our people during ten years of revolution, with the threat of a reactionary barracks revolt hanging over us, we urgently appeal to all revolutionary peasants, workers and soldiers in Mexico to understand the vital importance of the impending battle and, laying aside tactical differences, form a united front to combat the common enemy.

We appeal to ordinary soldiers who, unaware of what is happening or deceived by their traitorous officers, are about to shed the blood of their brothers of race and class. Remember that the bourgeoisie will use the self-same weapons with which the Revolution guaranteed your brother's land and livelihood to now seize them.

Artists organized and active in the Communist Party have combined to form a Communist Artists' Group. The members of this group, known as 'The Red Group of the Union of Communist Artists', share the conviction that a good Communist is first of all a Communist, and only secondarily a technician, artist and so on. They believe that all knowledge and skills are tools placed in the service of the class struggle.

In close conjunction with the local central organs of the Communist Party they have undertaken to realize the following programme, briefly outlined below, in order to increase the effectiveness of communist propaganda in the fields of literature, drama and the visual arts. The mode of production of communist artists, hitherto much too anarchistic, must now be replaced by a planned form of cooperation: Organization of ideologically unified propaganda evenings.

Practical support in all revolutionary meetings.

Opposition to the Free German ideological survivals in proletarian meetings (patriotic romanticism).

Artistic training organized within each district; sample copies of wall newspapers; guidance in preparing posters and placards for demonstrations, etc; support of the efforts (far too dilettantish at present) of party members to proclaim the revolution by word and image.

Organization of travelling exhibitions.

Ideological and practical education among the revolutionary artists themselves.

Public opposition to counter-revolutionary cultural manifestations.

Disruption and neutralization of work by bourgeois artists.

Exploitation of bourgeois art exhibitions for propaganda purposes.

Contact with pupils in art establishments and institutions, in order to revolutionize them.

We regard the 'Red Group' as the core of an ever-expanding organization of all proletarian revolutionary artists in Germany.

Already several writers, along with our drama comrade Erwin Piscator, have joined the Communist Artists' Group. We now appeal to further artists and writers to join our ranks and work in practical terms with us on the basis of our working plan.

Beloved imagination, what I most like in you is your unsparing quality.

The mere word 'freedom' is the only one that still excites me. I deem it capable of indefinitely sustaining the old human fanaticism. It doubtless satisfies my only legitimate aspiration. Among all the many misfortunes to which we are heir, it is only fair to admit that we are allowed the greatest degree of freedom of thought. It is up to us not to misuse it. To reduce the imagination to a state of slavery even though it would mean the elimination of what is commonly called happiness is to betray all sense of absolute justice within oneself. Imagination alone offers me some intimation of what can be, and this is enough to remove to some slight degree the terrible injunction; enough, too, to allow me to devote myself to it without fear of making a mistake (as though it were possible to make a bigger mistake). Where does it begin to turn bad, and where does the mind's stability cease? For the mind, is the possibility of erring not rather the contingency of good?

There remains madness, 'the madness that one locks up', as it has aptly been described. That madness or another... We all know, in fact, that the insane owe their incarceration to a tiny number of legally reprehensible acts and that, were it not for these acts their freedom (or what we see as their freedom) would not be threatened. I am willing to admit that they are, to some degree, victims of their imagination, in that it induces them not to pay attention to certain rules outside of which the species feels itself threatened which we are all supposed to know and respect. But their profound indifference to the way in which we judge them, and even to the various punishments meted out to them, allows us to suppose that they derive a great deal of comfort and consolation from their imagination, that they enjoy their madness sufficiently to endure the thought that its validity does not extend beyond themselves. And, indeed, hallucinations, illusions, etc., are not a source of trifling pleasure. The best controlled sensuality partakes of it, and I know that there are many evenings when I would gladly tame that pretty hand which, during the last pages of Taine's *L'Intelligence*, indulges in some curious misdeeds. I could spend my whole life prying loose the secrets of the insane. These people are honest to a fault, and their naivete has no peer but my own. Christopher Columbus should have set out to discover America with a boatload of madmen. And note how this madness has taken shape, and

endured.

We are still living under the reign of logic: this, of course, is what I have been driving at. But in this day and age logical methods are applicable only to solving problems of secondary interest. The absolute rationalism that is still in vogue allows us to consider only facts relating directly to our experience. Logical ends, on the contrary, escape us. It is pointless to add that experience itself has found itself increasingly circumscribed. It paces back and forth in a cage from which it is more and more difficult to make it emerge. It too leans for support on what is most immediately expedient, and it is protected by the sentinels of common sense. Under the pretence of civilization and progress, we have managed to banish from the mind everything that may rightly or wrongly be termed superstition, or fancy; forbidden is any kind of search for truth which is not in conformance with accepted practices. It was, apparently, by pure chance that a part of our mental world which we pretended not to be concerned with any longer and, in my opinion by far the most important part has been brought back to light. For this we must give thanks to the discoveries of Sigmund Freud. On the basis of these discoveries a current of opinion is finally forming by means of which the human explorer will be able to carry his investigations much further, authorized as he will henceforth be not to confine himself solely to the most summary realities. The imagination is perhaps on the point of reasserting itself, of reclaiming its rights. If the depths of our mind contain within it strange forces capable of augmenting those on the surface, or of waging a victorious battle against them, there is every reason to seize them first to seize them, then, if need be, to submit them to the control of our reason. The analysts themselves have everything to gain by it. But it is worth noting that no means has been designated a priori for carrying out this undertaking, that until further notice it can be construed to be the province of poets as well as scholars, and that its success is not dependent upon the more or less capricious paths that will be followed.

Freud very rightly brought his critical faculties to bear upon the dream. It is, in fact, inadmissible that this considerable portion of psychic activity (since, at least from man's birth until his death, thought offers no solution of continuity, the sum of the moments of dream, from the point of view of time, and taking into consideration only the time of pure dreaming, that is the dreams of sleep, is not inferior to the sum of the moments of reality, or, to be more precisely limiting, the moments of waking) has still today been so grossly neglected. I have always been amazed at the way an ordinary observer lends so much more credence and attaches so much more importance to waking events than to those occurring in dreams. It is because man, when he ceases to sleep, is above all the plaything of his memory, and in its normal state memory takes pleasure in weakly retracing for him the circumstances of the dream, in stripping it of any real importance, and in dismissing the only determinant from the point where he thinks he has left it a few hours before: this firm hope, this concern. He is under the impression of continuing something that is worthwhile. Thus the dream finds itself reduced to a mere parenthesis, as is the night. And, like the night, dreams generally contribute little to furthering our understanding. This curious state of affairs seems to me to call for certain reflections.

Within the limits where they operate (or are thought to operate) dreams give every evidence of being continuous and show signs of organization. Memory alone arrogates to itself the right to excerpt from dreams, to ignore the transformations, and to depict for us rather a series of dreams than the dream itself. By the same token, at any given moment we have only a distinct notion of realities, the coordination of which is a question of will. . . What is worth noting is that nothing allows us to presuppose a greater dissipation of the elements of which the dream is constituted. I am sorry to have to speak about it according to a formula which in principle excludes the dream. When will we have sleeping logicians, sleeping philosophers? I would like to sleep, in

order to surrender myself to the dreamers, the way I surrender myself to those who read me with eyes wide open; in order to stop imposing, in this realm, the conscious rhythm of my thought. Perhaps my dream last night follows that of the night before, and will be continued the next night, with an exemplary strictness. It's quite possible, as the saying goes. And since it has not been proved in the slightest that, in doing so, the reality with which I am kept busy continues to exist in the state of dream, that it does not sink back down into the immemorial, why should I not grant to dreams what I occasionally refuse reality, that is, this value of certainty in itself which, in its own time, is not open to my repudiation? Why should I not expect from the sign of the dream more than I expect from a degree of consciousness which is daily more acute? Can't the dream also be used in solving the fundamental questions of life? Are these questions the same in one case as in the other and, in the dream, do these questions already exist? Is the dream any less restrictive or punitive than the rest? I am growing old and, more than that reality to which I believe I subject myself, it is perhaps the dream, the difference with which I treat the dream, which makes me grow old.

Let me come back again to the waking state. I have no choice but to consider it a phenomenon of interference. Not only does the mind display, in this state, a strange tendency to lose its bearings (as evidenced by the slips and mistakes the secrets of which are just beginning to be revealed to us), but, what is more, it does not appear that, when the mind is functioning normally, it really responds to anything but the suggestions which come to it from the depths of that dark night to which I commend it. However conditioned it may be, its balance is relative. It scarcely dares express itself and, if it does, it confines itself to verifying that such and such an idea, or such and such a woman, has made an impression on it. What impression it would be hard pressed to say, by which it reveals the degree of its subjectivity, and nothing more. This idea, this woman, disturb it, they tend to make it less severe. What they do is isolate the mind for a second from its solvent and spirit it to heaven, as the beautiful precipitate it can be, that it is. When all else fails, it then calls upon chance, a divinity even more obscure than the others to whom it ascribes all its aberrations. Who can say to me that the angle by which that idea which affects it is offered, that what it likes in the eye of that woman is not precisely what links it to its dream, binds it to those fundamental facts which, through its own fault, it has lost? And if things were different, what might it be capable of? I would like to provide it with the key to this corridor.

The mind of the man who dreams is fully satisfied by what happens to him. The agonizing question of possibility is no longer pertinent. Kill, fly faster, love to your heart's content. And if you should die, are you not certain of reawaking among the dead? Let yourself be carried along, events will not tolerate your interference. You are nameless. The ease of everything is priceless.

What reason, I ask, a reason so much vaster than the other, makes dreams seem so natural and allows me to welcome unreservedly a welter of episodes so strange that they could confound me now as I write? And yet I can believe my eyes, my ears; this great day has arrived, this beast has spoken.

If man's awaking is harder, if it breaks the spell too abruptly, it is because he has been led to make for himself too impoverished a notion of atonement.

From the moment when it is subjected to a methodical examination, when, by means yet to be determined, we succeed in recording the contents of dreams in their entirety (and that presupposes a discipline



of memory spanning generations; but let us nonetheless begin by noting the most salient facts), when its graph will expand with unparalleled volume and regularity, we may hope that the mysteries which really are not will give way to the great Mystery. I believe in the future resolution of these two states, dream and reality, which are seemingly so contradictory into a kind of absolute reality, a surreality, if one may so speak. It is in quest of this surreality that I am going, certain not to find it but too unmindful of my death not to calculate to some slight degree the joys of its possession.

A story is told according to which Saint-Pol-Roux, in times gone by, used to have a notice posted on the door of his manor house in Camaret, every evening before he went to sleep, which read: THE POET IS WORKING.

A great deal more could be said, but in passing I merely wanted to touch upon a subject which in itself would require a very long and much more detailed discussion; I shall come back to it. At this juncture, my intention was merely to mark a point by noting the hate of the marvellous which rages in certain men, this absurdity beneath which they try to bury it. Let us not mince words: the marvellous is always beautiful, anything marvellous is beautiful, in fact only the marvellous is beautiful.

Those who might dispute our right to employ the term SURREALISM in the very special sense that we understand it are being extremely dishonest, for there can be no doubt that this word had no currency before we came along. Therefore, I am defining it once and for all.

SURREALISM, n. Psychic automatism in its pure state, by which one proposes to express – verbally, by means of the written word, or in any other manner the actual functioning of thought. Dictated by thought, in the absence of any control exercised by reason, exempt from any aesthetic or moral concern.

ENCYCLOPEDIA. Philosophy. Surrealism is based on the belief in the superior reality of certain forms of previously neglected associations, in the omnipotence of dream, in the disinterested play of thought. It tends to ruin once and for all all other psychic mechanisms and to substitute itself for them in solving all the principal problems of life. The following have performed acts of ABSOLUTE SURREALISM: Messrs. Aragon, Baron, Boiffard, Breton, Carrive, Crevel, Delteil, Desnos, Eluard, Gerard, Limbour, Malkine, Morise, Naville, Noll, Peret, Picon, Soupault, Vitrac.

They seem to be, up to the present time, the only ones, and there would be no ambiguity about it were it not for the case of Isidore Ducasse, about whom I lack information. And, of course, if one is to judge them only superficially by their results, a good number of poets could pass for Surrealists, beginning with Dante and, in his finer moments, Shakespeare. In the course of the various attempts I have made to reduce what is, by breach of trust, called genius, I have found nothing which in the final analysis can be attributed to any other method than that.

Young's Nights are Surrealist from one end to the other; unfortunately it is a priest who is speaking, a

bad priest no doubt, but a priest nonetheless.

Swift is Surrealist in malice,

Sade is Surrealist in sadism. Chateaubriand is Surrealist in exoticism.

Constant is Surrealist in politics. Hugo is Surrealist when he isn't stupid. Desbordes-Valmore is Surrealist in love. Bertrand is Surrealist in the past. Rabbe is Surrealist in death.

Poe is Surrealist in adventure. Baudelaire is Surrealist in morality.

Rimbaud is Surrealist in the way he lived, and elsewhere. Mallarme is Surrealist when he is confiding.

Jarry is Surrealist in absinthe. Nouveau is Surrealist in the kiss.

Saint-Pol-Roux is Surrealist in his use of symbols. Fargue is Surrealist in the atmosphere.

Vache is Surrealist in me. Reverdy is Surrealist at home.

Saint-Jean-Perse is Surrealist at a distance.

Roussel is Surrealist as a storyteller.

I would like to stress this point: they are not always Surrealists, in that I discern in each of them a certain number of preconceived ideas to which very naively! they hold. They hold to them because they had not heard the Surrealist voice, the one that continues to preach on the eve of death and above the storms, because they did not want to serve simply to orchestrate the marvellous score. They were instruments too full of pride, and this is why they have not always produced a harmonious sound.

Surrealism does not allow those who devote themselves to it to forsake it whenever they like. There is every reason to believe that it acts on the mind very much as drugs do; like drugs, it creates a certain state of need and can push man to frightful revolts. It also is, if you like, an artificial paradise, and the taste one has for it derives from Baudelaire's criticism for the same reason as the others. Thus the analysis of the mysterious effects and special pleasures it can produce in many respects Surrealism occurs as a new vice which does not necessarily seem to be restricted to the happy few; like hashish, it has the ability to satisfy all manner of tastes such an analysis has to be included in the present study.

Surrealism, such as I conceive of it, asserts our complete non-conformism clearly enough so that there can be no question of translating it, at the trial of the real world, as evidence for the defence. It could, on the contrary, only serve to justify the complete state of distraction which we hope to achieve here below. Kant's absentmindedness regarding women, Pasteur's absentmindedness about 'grapes', Curie's absentmindedness with respect to vehicles, are in this regard profoundly symptomatic. This world is only very relatively in tune with thought, and incidents of this kind are only the most obvious episodes of a war in which I am proud to be participating. Surrealism is the 'invisible ray' which will one day enable us to win out over our opponents. 'You are no longer trembling, carcass.' This summer the roses are blue; the wood is of glass. The earth, draped in its verdant cloak, makes as little impression upon me as a ghost. It is living and ceasing to live that are imaginary solutions. Existence is elsewhere.

It is important to dispel with the utmost speed a misleading idea which is confusing some young artists. We must correct certain hasty definitions, and establish that not all new art is revolutionary, nor is it really new. Two spirits coexist in the world at present, that of revolution and that of decadence. Only the former confers on a poem or painting the title new art.

We cannot accept as new, art which merely contributes a new technique. That would be flirting with the most fallacious of current illusions. No aesthetic can reduce art to a question of technique. New technique must also correspond to a new spirit. If not, the only things to change are the trappings, the setting. And a revolution in art is not satisfied with formal achievements.

Distinguishing between the two contemporary categories of artists is not easy. Decadence and revolution; just as the two coexist in the same world, so they exist within the same individual. The artist's conscience is the arena for the struggle between the two spirits. This struggle is sometimes, almost always, beyond the comprehension of the artist himself. But one of the two spirits ultimately prevails. The other remains strangled in the arena.

The decadence of capitalist civilization is reflected in the atomization and dissolute nature of its art. In this crisis, art has above all lost its essential unity. Each of its principles, each of its elements, has asserted its autonomy. Secession is the most natural conclusion. Schools proliferate ad infinitum because no centrifugal forces exist.

But this anarchy, in which the spirit of bourgeois art dies, irreparably fragmented and broken, heralds a new order. It is the transition from dusk to dawn. In this crisis, the elements of a future art emerge separately. Cubism, Dadaism, Expressionism, etc., signal a crisis and herald a reconstruction at the same time. No single movement provides a formula, but all contribute (an element, a value, a principle) to its development.

The revolutionary nature of contemporary schools or trends does not lie in the creation of a new technique. Nor does it lie in the destruction of the old. It lies in the rejection, dismissal and ridicule of the bourgeois absolute. Art is always nourished, consciously or unconsciously it's not important by the absolute of

its age. The contemporary artist's soul is, in the majority of cases, empty. The literature of decadence is literature with no absolute. But man can take no more than a few steps like that. He cannot march forward without a faith, because having no faith means having no goal. And marching without a goal is standing still. The artist who declares himself most exasperatedly sceptical and nihilistic is, generally, the one who most desperately needs a myth.

The Russian Futurists have embraced Communism, the Italian Futurists have embraced Fascism. Is there any better historical proof that artists cannot avoid political polarization? Massimo Bontempelli says that in 1920 he felt almost Communist and in 1923 [1922], the year of the march to Rome, he felt almost Fascist. Now he feels totally Fascist. Many people have made fun of Bontempelli for that confession. I defend him; I think he is sincere. The empty soul of poor Bontempelli has to accept the Myth which Mussolini lays on his altar. (The Italian avant-garde is convinced that Fascism is the Revolution.)

Cesar Vallejo writes that, while Haya de La Torre thinks the Divine Comedy and Don Quixote have political undercurrents, Vicente Huidobro maintains that art is independent of politics. The causes and motives behind this assertion are so old-fashioned and invalid that I wouldn't ascribe it to an Ultraist poet, assuming Ultraist poets are capable of discussing politics, economics and religion. If, for Huidobro, politics is exclusively what goes on in the Palais Bourbon, we can clearly endow his art with all the autonomy he wishes. But the fact is that politics, for those of us who, as Unamuno says, see it as a religion, is the very fabric of history. In classical periods, or periods of supreme order, politics may be merely administration and trappings; in romantic periods and regimes in crisis, however, politics occupies the foreground.

This is evident in the conduct of Louis Aragon, Andre Breton and their fellow artists of the Surrealist Revolution the best minds of the French avant-garde as they march towards Communism. Drieu La Rochelle, so close to this state of mind when he wrote 'Mesure de la France', and 'Plainte contre l'Inconnu', could not follow them. But since he could not escape politics either, he declared himself vaguely Fascist and clearly reactionary.

In the Hispanic world, Ortega y Gasset is responsible for part of this misleading idea about new art. Since he could not distinguish between schools or trends, he could not distinguish, at least in modern art, between revolutionary elements and decadent elements. The author of *The Dehumanisation of Art* [1925] did not define new art. Instead, he took as features of a revolution those which are typical of decadence. This led him to state, among other things, that 'new inspiration is always, unfailingly, cosmic'. His symptomological framework is, in general, correct; but his diagnosis is incomplete and mistaken.

Method is not enough. Technique is not enough. Despite his images and his modernity, Paul Morand is a product of decadence. A sense of dissoluteness pervades his literature. After flirting with Dadaism for a while, Jean Cocteau now gives us 'Rappel a l'ordre' ['Call to Order'].

It is important to clarify this matter, to dispel the very last misconceptions. The task is not easy. Many points are difficult to reconcile. Glimpses of decadence are frequently seen in the avant-garde even when,

overcoming the subjectivism which sometimes infects it, they want to achieve truly revolutionary goals. Hidalgo, thinking of Lenin, says in a multidimensional poem, that the Salome breasts' and tomboy hairstyle' are the first steps towards the socialization of women. This should not surprise us. There are poets who think that the jazz band is a herald of the revolution.

Fortunately there are artists in the world, like Bernard Shaw, who are capable of understanding that art cannot be great unless it provides an iconography for a living religion, but it cannot be completely objectionable either except when it imitates the iconography of a religion which has become superstition'. This path seems to be the one taken by various new artists in French and other literature. The future will mock the naive stupidity with which some critics of their time called them new' and even 'revolutionary'.

We have eliminated from this MANIFESTO all courtesy in our attitude. It is useless to attempt any discussion with the representatives of presentday Catalan culture, which is artistically negative although efficient in

other respects. Compromise and correctness lead to deliquescent and lamentable states of confusion of all values, to the most unbreathable spiritual atmospheres, to the most pernicious of influences. An example: La Nova Revista. Violent hostility, in contrast, clearly locates values and positions and creates a hygienic state of mind.

WE HAVE ELIMINATED all reasoning

WE HAVE ELIMINATED all literature

WE HAVE ELIMINATED all poetry

WE HAVE ELIMINATED all philosophy in favour of our ideas

There exists an enormous bibliography and all the effort of artists of today to replace all this.

WE CONFINE OURSELVES to the most objective listing of facts.

WE CONFINE OURSELVES to pointing out the grotesque and extremely sad spectacle of the Catalan intelligentsia of today, shut in a blocked and putrefied atmosphere.

WE WARN those still uncontaminated of the risk of infection. A matter of strict spiritual asepsis.

WE KNOW that we are not going to say anything new. We are certain, however, that it is the basis of everything new that now exists and everything new that could possibly be created.

WE LIVE in a new era, of unforeseen poetic intensity.

MECHANIZATION has revolutionized the world.

MECHANIZATION the antithesis of circumstantially indispensable futurism has established the most profound change humanity has known.

A MULTITUDE anonymous and anti-artistic is collaborating with its daily endeavours towards the affirmation of the new era, while still living in accordance with its own period.

A POST-MACHINIST STATE OF MIND HAS BEEN FORMED

ARTISTS of today have created a new art in accordance with this state of mind. In accordance with their era.

HERE, HOWEVER, PEOPLE GO ON VEGETATING IDYLLICALLY

THE CULTURE of present-day Catalonia is useless for the joy of our era. Nothing is more dangerous, more false or more adulterating.

WE ASK CATALAN INTELLECTUALS:

‘What use has the Bernat Metge Foundation [for the study of the classics] been to you, if you end up confusing Ancient Greece with pseudo-classical ballerinas?’

WE DECLARE that sportsmen are nearer the spirit of Greece than our intellectuals.

WE GO ON TO ADD that a sportsman, free from artistic notions and all erudition is nearer and more suited to experience the art of today and the poetry of today than myopic intellectuals, burdened by negative training.

FOR US Greece continues in the numerical precision of an aeroplane engine, in the anti-artistic, anonymously manufactured English fabric meant for golf, in the naked performer of the American music-hall.

WE NOTE that the theatre has ceased to exist for some people and almost for; everybody.

WE NOTE that everyday concerts, lectures and shows taking place among us now, tend to be synonymous with unbreathable, crushingly boring places.

IN CONTRAST new events, of intense joy and cheerfulness, demand the attention of the youth of today.

THERE IS the cinema

THERE ARE stadia, boxing, rugby, tennis and a thousand other sports

THERE IS the popular music of today: jazz and modern dance

THERE ARE motor and aeronautics shows

THERE ARE beach games

THERE ARE beauty competitions in the open air

THERE IS the fashion show

THERE IS the naked performer under the electric lights of the music-hall

THERE IS modern music

THERE IS the motor-racing track

THERE ARE art exhibitions of modern artists

THERE ARE moreover, great engineering and some magnificent ocean liners

THERE IS an architecture of today

THERE ARE implements, objects and furniture of the present era

THERE IS modern literature

THERE ARE modern poets

THERE IS modern theatre

THERE IS the gramophone, which is a little machine the camera, which is another little machine

THERE ARE newspapers with extremely quick and vast information

THERE ARE encyclopaedias of extraordinary erudition

THERE IS science in great action

THERE IS well-documented, guiding criticism

THERE ARE etc., etc., etc.

THERE IS finally an immobile ear over a small puff of smoke.

WE DENOUNCE the sentimental influence of [the poet] Guimera's racial clichés

WE DENOUNCE the sickly sentimentality served up by Orfeo Catala, with its shabby repertoire of popular songs adapted and adulterated by people with no capacity whatsoever for music, and even, of original compositions. (We think optimistically of the choir of American Revellers.)

WE DENOUNCE the total lack of youth in our youth

WE DENOUNCE the total lack of decision and audacity



WE DENOUNCE the fear of new events, of words, of the risk of the ridiculous

WE DENOUNCE the torpor of the putrid atmosphere of clubs and egos mingled with art

WE DENOUNCE the total unawareness of critics with regard to the art of the present and the past

WE DENOUNCE young people who seek to repeat painting of the past

WE DENOUNCE young people who seek to imitate literature of the past

WE DENOUNCE old, authentic architecture

WE DENOUNCE decorative art, unless it is standardized

WE DENOUNCE painters of crooked trees

WE DENOUNCE present-day Catalan poetry, made with stale Maragallian clichés

WE DENOUNCE artistic poisons for the use of children like: Jordi. (For the joy and understanding of children, nothing is more suitable than Rousseau, Picasso, Chagall...)

WE DENOUNCE the psychology of little girls who sing: Roso, Roso ..

WE DENOUNCE the psychology of little boys who sing: Roso, Roso ...'

FINALLY WE DEDICATE OURSELVES TO THE GREAT ARTISTS OF TODAY, within the most diverse tendencies and categories: PICASSO, GRIS, OZENFANT, CHIRICO, JOAN MIRO, LIPCHITZ, BRANCUSI, ARP, LE CORBUSIER, REVERDY, TRISTAN TZARA, PAUL ELUARD, LOUIS ARAGON, ROBERT DESNOS, JEAN COCTEAU, GARCIA LORCA, STRAVINSKY, MARITAIN, RAYNAL, ZERVOS, ANDRE BRETON, ETC., ETC.

Only cannibalism unites us. Socially. Economically. Philosophically. The world's only law. The disguised expression of all individualisms,

of all collectivisms. Of all religions. Of all peace treaties. Tupi, or not tupi, that is the question.

Down with all catechisms. And down with the mother of the Gracchi. The only things that interest me are those that are not mine. The laws

of men. The laws of the cannibalists.

We are tired of all the dramatic suspicious Catholic husbands. Freud put an end to the enigma of woman and to other frights of printed

psychology.

Truth was reviled by clothing, that waterproofing separating the interior from the exterior world. The reaction against the dressed man. The American cinema will inform you.

Children of the sun, the mother of mortals. Found and loved ferociously, with all the hypocrisy of nostalgia, by the immigrants, slaves and tourists. In the country of the giant snake [a water spirit in Amazonian mythology].

It was because we never had grammar books, nor collections of old vegetables. And we never knew what urban, suburban, frontiers and continents were. We were a lazy spot on the map of Brazil.

A participating consciousness, a religious rhythm.

Down with all the importers of the canned conscience. The palpable existence of life. The pre-logical mentality for M. Levy-Bruhl to study.

We want the Carahiba revolution. Bigger than the French Revolution. The unification of all successful rebellions led by man. Without us, Europe would not even have its meagre Declaration of the Rights of Man. The golden age proclaimed by America. The golden age and all the girls.

Descent. Contact with Carahiban Brazil. Ou Villeganhon print terre [sic] [the French mission in Brazil in Montaigne's essay]. Montaigne.

Natural man. Rousseau. From the French Revolution to Romanticism, to the Bolshevik Revolution,

to the Surrealist revolution and the technical barbarity of Keyserling. We continue on our path.

We were never catechized. We sustained ourselves by way of sleepy laws. We made Christ be bom in Bahia. Or in Belem in Para [the Brazilian city of Belem (Bethlehem) in the state of Para],

But we never let the concept of logic invade our midst.

Down with Father Vieira [the Portuguese Jesuit instrumental in the colonization of Brazil]. He contracted our first debt, so as to get his commission. The illiterate king told him: write it down on paper but without too many fine words. And so the loan was made. An assessment on Brazilian sugar. Vieira left the money in Portugal and left us with the fine words.

The spirit refused to conceive of the idea of spirit without body. Cannibalism. The need for a cannibalist vaccine. We are for balance. Down with the religions of the meridian. And foreign inquisitions.

We can only pay heed to an oracular world.

Justice became a code of vengeance and Science was transformed into magic. Cannibalism. The permanent transformation of taboo into totem.

Down with the reversible world and objective ideas. Transformed into corpses. The curtailment of dynamic thought. The individual as victim of the system. The source of classic injustices. Of romantic injustices. And the forgetting of interior conquests.

Routes. Routes. Routes. Routes. Routes. Routes. Routes. The Carahiban instinct.

The life and death of hypotheses. From the equation me as part of the Cosmos to the axiom the Cosmos as part of me. Subsistence. Knowledge. Cannibalism.

Down with the vegetable elites. In communication with the earth. We were never catechized. Instead we invented the Carnival. The

Indian dressed as a Senator of the Empire. Pretending to be Pitt. Or appearing in Alencar's operas full of good Portuguese feelings.

We already had Communism. We already had Surrealist language. The golden age. Catiti Catiti

Imara Natia Notia Imara Ipeju. [A Tupi text: New moon, oh new moon, blow memories of me into (the man I want).']

Magic and life. We had the relation and the distribution of physical goods, moral goods and the goods of dignity. And we knew how to transpose mystery and death with the help of grammatical forms.

I asked a man what Law was. He told me it was the guarantee to exercise the possible. That man was called Gibberish. I swallowed him.

Determinism does not exist only where there is mystery. But what has this got to do with us?

Down with the stories of men, that begin at Cape Finistere. The undated uncountersigned world. No Napoleon. No Caesar.

The determining of progress by catalogues and television sets. They are only machines. And the blood transfusions.

Down with the antagonical sublimations. Brought in caravels. Down with the truth of missionary peoples, defined by the sagacity

of a cannibal, the Viscount of Cairu: A lie repeated many times.

But they who came were not crusaders. They were fugitives from a civilization that we are devouring, because we are strong and vengeful just like Jaboty [the Brazilian tortoise, a trickster figure].

If God is the conscience of the Universe Uncreated, Guaracy [Tupi sun goddess] is the mother of living beings. Jacy [Tupi moon goddess] is the mother of all plants.

We did not speculate. But we had the power to guess. We had Politics which is the science of distribution. And a planetary social system.

The migrations. The flight from tedious states. Down with urban sclerosis. Down with Conservatoires and tedious speculation.

From William James to Voronoff. The transfiguration of taboo in totem. Cannibalism.

The paterfamilias and the creation of the Moral of the Stork: real ignorance of things + lack of imagination + sentiment of authority towards the curious progeny.

It is necessary to start with a profound atheism in order to arrive at the idea of God. But the Carahiba did not need one. Because they had Guaracy.

The created objective reacts like the Fallen Angel. After, Moses wanders. What has this got to do with us?

Before the Portuguese discovered Brazil, Brazil had discovered happiness.

Down with the Indian candleholder. The Indian son of Mary, godson of Catherine de Medici and son-in-law of Dom Antonio de Mariz.

Happiness is the proof of the pudding.

In the matriarchy of Pindorama [Tupi name for Brazil].

Down with the Memory, source of custom. Personal experience renewed.

We are concretists. Ideas take hold, react, burn people in public squares. We must suppress ideas and other paralyses. Along the routes. Believe in signs, believe in the instruments and the stars.

Down with Goethe, the mother of the Gracchi, and the court of Joao VI [King of Portugal, Brazil's last colonial monarch before independence (1822)].

Happiness is the proof of the pudding.

The lucta [struggle] between what one would call the Uncreated and the Creature illustrated by the permanent contradiction between man and his taboo. The daily love and the capitalist modus vivendi. Cannibalism. Absorption of the sacred enemy. In order to transform him into totem. The human adventure. The mundane finality. However, only the purest of elites managed to become cannibalist in the flesh and thus ascended to the highest sense of life, avoiding all the evils identified by Freud, catechist evils. What happens is not a sublimation of sexual instincts. It's the thermometric scale of the cannibalist instinct. Moving from carnal to wilful and creating friendship. Affective, love. Speculative, science. Deviation and transference. And then vilification. The low cannibalism in the sins of the catechism envy, usury, calumny, murder. Plague of the so-called cultured Christianized peoples, it is against it that we are acting. Cannibalists.

Down with Anchieta [sixteenth-century Jesuit missionary] singing the eleven thousand virgins of the sky in the land of Iracema the patriarch Joao Ramalho founder of Sao Paulo.

Our independence has not yet been proclaimed. A typical phrase of Joao VI: My son, put this crown on your head, before some adventurer puts it on his! We must expel the spirit of Bragança [the Portuguese kings of the period], the laws and the snuff of Maria da Fonte [emblem of allegiance to Portuguese tradition].

Down with social reality, dressed and oppressive, registered by Freud reality without complexes, without madness, without prostitution and without the prisons of the patriarchy of Pindorama.

This chapter is an effort to build an ironic political myth faithful to feminism, socialism, and materialism. Perhaps more faithful as blasphemy is faithful, than as reverent worship and identification. Blasphemy has always seemed to require taking things very seriously. I know no better stance to adopt from within the secular-religious, evangelical traditions of United States politics, including the politics of socialist-feminism. Blasphemy protects one from the moral majority within, while still insisting on the need for community. Blasphemy is not apostasy. Irony is about contradictions that do not resolve into larger wholes, even dialectically, about the tension of holding incompatible things together because both or all are necessary and true. Irony is about humor and serious play. It is also a rhetorical strategy and a political method, one I would like to see more honoured within socialist-feminism. At the center of my ironic faith, my blasphemy, is the image of the cyborg.

A cyborg is a cybernetic organism, a hybrid of machine and organism, a creature of social reality as well as a creature of fiction. Social reality is lived social relations, our most important political construction, a world-changing fiction. The international women's movements have constructed "women's experience", as well as uncovered or discovered this crucial collective object. This experience is a fiction and fact of the most crucial, political kind. Liberation rests on the construction of the consciousness, the imaginative apprehension, of oppression, and so of possibility. The cyborg is a matter of fiction and lived experience that changes what counts as women's experience in the late 20th century. This is a struggle over life and death, but the boundary between science fiction and social reality is an optical illusion.

Contemporary science fiction is full of cyborgs—creatures simultaneously animal and machine, who populate worlds ambiguously natural and crafted. Modern medicine is also full of cyborgs, of couplings between organism and machine, each conceived as coded devices, in an intimacy and with a power that was not generated in the history of sexuality. Cyborg "sex" restores some of the lovely replicative baroque of ferns and invertebrates (such nice organic prophylactics against heterosexism). Cyborg replication is uncoupled from organic reproduction. Modern production seems like a dream of cyborg colonization work, a dream that makes the nightmare of Taylorism seem idyllic. And modern war is a cyborg orgy, coded by C3I, command control-communication-intelligence, an \$84 billion item in 1984s US defence budget. I am making an argument for the cyborg as a fiction mapping our social and bodily reality and as an imaginative resource suggesting some very fruitful couplings. Michael Foucault's biopolitics is a flaccid pre-monition of cyborg politics, a very open field.

By the late 20th century, our time, a mythic time, we are all chimeras, theorized, and fabricated hybrids of machine and organism; in short, we are cyborgs. This cyborg is our ontology; it gives us our politics. The cyborg is a condensed image of both imagination and material reality, the two joined centers structuring any possibility of historical transformation. In the traditions of “Western” science and politics—the tradition of racist, male-dominant capitalism; the tradition of progress; the tradition of the appropriation of nature as resource for the productions of culture; the tradition of reproduction of the self from the reflections of the other—the relation between organism and machine has been a border war. The stakes in the border war have been the territories of production, reproduction, and imagination. This chapter is an argument for pleasure in the confusion of boundaries and for responsibility in their construction. It is also an effort to contribute to socialist-feminist culture and theory in a post-modernist, non-naturalist mode and in the utopian tradition of imagining a world without gender, which is perhaps a world without genesis, but maybe also a world without end. The cyborg incarnation is outside salvation history. Nor does it mark time on an oral symbiotic utopia or postoeidial apocalypse. As Zoe Sofoulis argues in her unpublished manuscript on Jacques Lacan, Melanie Klein, and nuclear culture, Lacklein, the most terrible and perhaps the most promising monsters in cyborg worlds are embodied in non-oedipal narratives with a different logic of repression, which we need to understand for our survival.

The cyborg is a creature in a post-gender world; it has no truck with bisexuality, pre-oedipal symbiosis, unalienated labor, or other seductions to organic wholeness through a final appropriation of all the powers of the parts into a higher unity. In a sense, the cyborg has no origin story in the Western sense—a “final” irony since the cyborg is also the awful apocalyptic telos of the “West’s” escalating dominations of abstract individuation, an ultimate self-untied at last from all dependency, a man in space. An origin story in the “Western”, humanist sense depends on the myth of original unity, fullness, bliss, and terror, represented by the phallic mother from whom all humans must separate, the task of individual development and of history, the twin potent myths inscribed most powerfully for us in psychoanalysis and Marxism. Hilary Klein has argued that both Marxism and psychoanalysis, in their concepts of labor and of individuation and gender formation, depend on the plot of original unity out of which difference must be produced and enlisted in a drama of escalating domination of woman/nature. The cyborg skips the step of original unity, of identification with nature in the Western sense. This is an illegitimate promise that might lead to subversion of its teleology as star wars.

The cyborg is resolutely committed to partiality, irony, intimacy, and perversity. It is oppositional, utopian, and completely without innocence. No longer structured by the polarity of public and private, the cyborg defines a technological polis based partly on a revolution of social relations in the oikos, the household. Nature and culture are reworked; the one can no longer be the resource for appropriation or incorporation by the other. The relationships for forming wholes from parts, including those of polarity and hierarchical domination, are at issue in the cyborg world. Unlike the hopes of Frankenstein’s monster, the cyborg does not expect its father to save it through a restoration of the garden; that is, through the fabrication of a heterosexual mate, through its completion in a finished whole, a city and cosmos. The cyborg does not dream of community on the model of the organic family, this time without the oedipal project. The cyborg would not recognize the Garden of Eden; it is not made of mud and cannot dream of returning to dust. Perhaps that is why I want to see if cyborgs can subvert the apocalypse of returning to nuclear dust in the manic compulsion to name the Enemy. Cyborgs are not reverent; they do not remember the cosmos. They are wary of holism,

but needy for connection—they seem to have a natural feel for united front politics, but without the vanguard party. The main trouble with cyborgs, of course, is that they are the illegitimate offspring of militarism and patriarchal capitalism, not to mention state socialism. But illegitimate offspring are often exceedingly unfaithful to their origins. Their fathers, after all, are inessential.

I want to signal three crucial boundary breakdowns that make the following political-fictional (political-scientific) analysis possible. By the late 20th century in United States scientific culture, the boundary between human and animal is thoroughly breached. The last beachheads of uniqueness have been polluted if not turned into amusement parks—language, tool use, social behavior, mental events, nothing really convincingly settles the separation of human and animal. And many people no longer feel the need for such a separation; indeed, many branches of feminist culture affirm the pleasure of connection of human and other living creatures. Movements for animal rights are not irrational denials of human uniqueness; they are a clear-sighted recognition of connection across the discredited breach of nature and culture. Biology and evolutionary theory over the last two centuries have simultaneously produced modern organisms as objects of knowledge and reduced the line between humans and animals to a faint trace re-etched in ideological struggle or professional disputes between life and social science. Within this framework, teaching modern Christian creationism should be fought as a form of child abuse.

Biological-determinist ideology is only one position opened up in scientific culture for arguing the meanings of human animality. There is much room for radical political people to contest the meanings of the breached boundary. The cyborg appears in myth precisely where the boundary between human and animal is transgressed. Far from signaling a walling off of people from other living beings, cyborgs signal disturbingly and pleasurably tight coupling. Bestiality has a new status in this cycle of marriage exchange.

The second leaky distinction is between animal-human (organism) and machine. Pre-cybernetic machines could be haunted; there was always the spectre of the ghost in the machine. This dualism structured the dialogue between materialism and idealism that was settled by a dialectical progeny, called spirit or history, according to taste. But basically, machines were not self-moving, self-designing, autonomous. They could not achieve man's dream, only mock it. They were not man, an author himself, but only a caricature of that masculinist reproductive dream. To think they were otherwise was paranoid. Now we are not so sure. Late 20th-century machines have made thoroughly ambiguous the difference between natural and artificial, mind and body, self-developing and externally designed, and many other distinctions that used to apply to organisms and machines. Our machines are disturbingly lively, and we ourselves frighteningly inert.

Technological determination is only one ideological space opened up by the reconceptions of machine and organism as coded texts through which we engage in the play of writing and reading the world. "Textualization" of everything in post-structuralist, post-modernist theory has been damned by Marxists and socialist-feminists for its utopian disregard for the lived relations of domination that ground the "play" of arbitrary reading. It is certainly true that post-modernist strategies, like my cyborg myth, subvert myriad organic wholes (for example, the poem, the primitive culture, the biological organism). In short, the certainty of what counts as nature—a source of insight and promise of innocence—is undermined, probably fatally. The transcendent authorization of interpretation is lost, and with it the ontology grounding "Western" epistemology. But the alternative is not cynicism or faithlessness, that is, some version of abstract existence,



like the accounts of technological determinism destroying “man” by the “machine” or “meaningful political action” by the “text”. Who cyborgs will be is a radical question; the answers are a matter of survival. Both chimpanzees and artifacts have politics, so why shouldn’t we?

The third distinction is a subset of the second: The boundary between physical and non-physical is very imprecise for us. Pop physics books on the consequences of quantum theory and the indeterminacy principle are a kind of popular scientific equivalent to Harlequin romances as a marker of radical change in American white heterosexuality: They get it wrong, but they are on the right subject. Modern machines are quintessentially microelectronic devices: They are everywhere, and they are invisible. Modern machinery is an irreverent upstart god, mocking the Father’s ubiquity and spirituality. The silicon chip is a surface for writing; it is etched in molecular scales disturbed only by atomic noise, the ultimate interference for nuclear scores. Writing, power, and technology are old partners in Western stories of the origin of civilization, but miniaturization has changed our experience of mechanism. Miniaturization has turned out to be about power; small is not so much beautiful as pre-eminently dangerous, as in cruise missiles. Contrast the TV sets of the 1950s or the news cameras of the 1970s with the TV wrist bands or hand-sized video cameras now advertised. Our best machines are made of sunshine; they are all light and clean because they are nothing but signals, electromagnetic waves, a section of a spectrum, and these machines are eminently portable, mobile—a matter of immense human pain in Detroit and Singapore. People are nowhere near so fluid, being both material and opaque. Cyborgs are ether, quintessence.

The ubiquity and invisibility of cyborgs is precisely why these sunshine belt machines are so deadly. They are as hard to see politically as materially. They are about consciousness—or its simulation. They are floating signifiers moving in pickup trucks across Europe, blocked more effectively by the witch weavings of the displaced and so unnatural Greenham women, who read the cyborg webs of power so very well, than by the militant labor of older masculinist politics, whose natural constituency needs defence jobs. Ultimately the “hardest” science is about the realm of greatest boundary confusion, the realm of pure number, pure spirit, C<sup>3</sup>I, cryptography, and the preservation of potent secrets. The new machines are so clean and light. Their engineers are sunworshippers mediating a new scientific revolution associated with the night dream of post-industrial society. The diseases evoked by these clean machines are “no more” than the minuscule coding changes of an antigen in the immune system, “no more” than the experience of stress. The nimble fingers of “Oriental” women, the old fascination of little Anglo-Saxon Victorian girls with doll’s houses, women’s enforced attention to the small take on quite new dimensions in this world. There might be a cyborg Alice taking account of these new dimensions. Ironically, it might be the unnatural cyborg women making chips in Asia and spiral dancing in Santa Rita jail<sup>5</sup> whose constructed unities will guide effective oppositional strategies.

So, my cyborg myth is about transgressed boundaries, potent fusions, and dangerous possibilities which progressive people might explore as one part of needed political work. One of my premises is that most American socialists and feminists see deepened dualisms of mind and body, animal and machine, idealism and materialism in the social practices, symbolic formulations, and physical artifacts associated with “high technology” and scientific culture. From *One-Dimensional Man* to *The Death of Nature*, the analytic resources developed by progressives have insisted on the necessary domination of technics and recalled us to an imagined organic body to integrate our resistance. Another of my premises is that the need for unity of people trying to resist worldwide intensification of domination has never been more acute. But a slightly

perverse shift of perspective might better enable us to contest for meanings, as well as for other forms of power and pleasure in technologically mediated societies. From one perspective, a cyborg world is about the final imposition of a grid of control on the planet, about the final abstraction embodied in a Star Wars apocalypse waged in the name of defence, about the final appropriation of women's bodies in a masculinist orgy of war. From another perspective, a cyborg world might be about lived social and bodily realities in which people are not afraid of their joint kinship with animals and machines, not afraid of permanently partial identities and contradictory standpoints. The political struggle is to see from both perspectives at once because each reveals both dominations and possibilities unimaginable from the other vantage point. Single vision produces worse illusions than double vision or many-headed monsters. Cyborg unities are monstrous and illegitimate; in our present political circumstances, we could hardly hope for more potent myths for resistance and recoupling. I like to imagine LAG, the Livermore Action Group, as a kind of cyborg society, dedicated to realistically converting the laboratories that most fiercely embody and spew out the tools of technological apocalypse, and committed to building a political form that actually manages to hold together witches, engineers, elders, perverts, Christians, mothers, and Leninists long enough to disarm the state. Fission Impossible is the name of the affinity group in my town. (Affinity: Related not by blood but by choice, the appeal of one chemical nuclear group for another, avidity.)

It has become difficult to name one's feminism by a single adjective—or even to insist in every circumstance upon the noun. Consciousness of exclusion through naming is acute. Identities seem contradictory, partial, and strategic. With the hard-won recognition of their social and historical constitution, gender, race, and class cannot provide the basis for belief in “essential” unity. There is nothing about being “female” that naturally binds women. There is not even such a state as “being” female, itself a highly complex category constructed in contested sexual scientific discourses and other social practices. Gender, race, or class-consciousness is an achievement forced on us by the terrible historical experience of the contradictory social realities of patriarchy, colonialism, and capitalism. And who counts as “us” in my own rhetoric? Which identities are available to ground such a potent political myth called “us”, and what could motivate enlistment in this collectivity? Painful fragmentation among feminists (not to mention among women) along every possible fault line has made the concept of woman elusive, an excuse for the matrix of women's dominations of each other. For me—and for many who share a similar historical location in white, professional middle-class, female, radical, North American, mid-adult bodies—the sources of a crisis in political identity are legion. The recent history for much of the US left and US feminism has been a response to this kind of crisis by endless splitting and searches for a new essential unity. But there has also been a growing recognition of another response through coalition—affinity, not identity.

Chela Sandoval, from a consideration of specific historical moments in the formation of the new political voice called women of color, has theorized a hopeful model of political identity called “oppositional consciousness”, born of the skills for reading webs of power by those refused stable membership in the social categories of race, sex, or class. “Women of color”, a name contested at its origins by those whom it would incorporate, as well as a historical consciousness marking systematic breakdown of all the signs of Man in “Western” traditions, constructs a kind of post-modernist identity out of otherness, difference, and specificity. This post-modernist identity is fully political, whatever might be said about other possible post-modernisms. Sandoval's oppositional consciousness is about contradictory locations and heterochronic calendars, not about relativisms and pluralisms.

Sandoval emphasizes the lack of any essential criterion for identifying who is a woman of color. She notes that the definition of a group has been by conscious appropriation of negation. For example, a Chicana or US black woman has not been able to speak as a woman or as a black person or as a Chicano. Thus, she was at the bottom of a cascade of negative identities, left out of even the privileged oppressed authorial categories called “women and blacks”, who claimed to make the important revolutions. The category “woman” negated all non-white women; “black” negated all non-black people, as well as all black women. But there was also no “she”, no singularity, but a sea of differences among US women who have affirmed their historical identity as US women of color. This identity marks out a self-consciously constructed space that cannot affirm the capacity to act on the basis of natural identification, but only on the basis of conscious coalition, of affinity, of political kinship. Unlike the “woman” of some streams of the white women’s movement in the United States, there is no naturalization of the matrix, or at least this is what Sandoval argues is uniquely available through the power of oppositional consciousness.

Sandoval’s argument has to be seen as one potent formulation for feminists out of the worldwide development of anti-colonialist discourse; that is to say, discourse dissolving the “West” and its highest product—the one who is not animal, barbarian, or woman; man, that is, the author of a cosmos called history. As orientalism is deconstructed politically and semiotically, the identities of the occident destabilize, including those of feminists. Sandoval argues that “women of colour” have a chance to build an effective unity that does not replicate the imperializing, totalizing revolutionary subjects of previous Marxisms and feminisms which had not faced the consequences of the disorderly polyphony emerging from decolonization. Katie King has emphasized the limits of identification and the political/poetic mechanics of identification built into reading “the poem”, that generative core of cultural feminism. King criticizes the persistent tendency among contemporary feminists from different “moments” or “conversations” in feminist practice to taxonomize the women’s movement to make one’s own political tendencies appear to be the telos of the whole. These taxonomies tend to remake feminist history so that it appears to be an ideological struggle among coherent types persisting over time, especially those typical units called radical, liberal, and socialist-feminist. Literally, all other feminisms are either incorporated or marginalized, usually by building an explicit ontology and epistemology. Taxonomies of feminism produce epistemologies to police deviation from official women’s experience. And of course, “women’s culture”, like women of color, is consciously created by mechanisms inducing affinity. The rituals of poetry, music, and certain forms of academic practice have been pre-eminent. The politics of race and culture in the US women’s movements are intimately interwoven. The common achievement of King and Sandoval is learning how to craft a poetic/political unity without relying on a logic of appropriation, incorporation, and taxonomic identification.

The theoretical and practical struggle against unity-through-domination or unity-through-incorporation ironically not only undermines the justifications for patriarchy, colonialism, humanism, positivism, essentialism, scientism, and other unlamented -isms, but all claims for an organic or natural standpoint. I think that radical and socialist/Marxist-feminisms have also undermined their/our own epistemological strategies and that this is a crucially valuable step in imagining possible unities. It remains to be seen whether all “epistemologies” as Western political people have known them fail us in the task to build effective affinities.

It is important to note that the effort to construct revolutionary standpoints, epistemologies as achievements of people committed to changing the world, has been part of the process showing the limits of

identification. The acid tools of post-modernist theory and the constructive tools of ontological discourse about revolutionary subjects might be seen as ironic allies in dissolving Western selves in the interests of survival. We are excruciatingly conscious of what it means to have a historically constituted body. But with the loss of innocence in our origin, there is no expulsion from the Garden either. Our politics lose the indulgence of guilt with the naïveté of innocence. But what would another political myth for socialist-feminism look like? What kind of politics could embrace partial, contradictory, permanently unclosed constructions of personal and collective selves and still be faithful, effective—and, ironically, socialist-feminist?

I do not know of any other time in history when there was greater need for political unity to confront effectively the dominations of “race”, “gender”, “sexuality”, and “class”. I also do not know of any other time when the kind of unity we might help build could have been possible. None of “us” have any longer the symbolic or material capability of dictating the shape of reality to any of “them”. Or at least “we” cannot claim innocence from practicing such dominations. White women, including socialist-feminists, discovered the non-innocence of the category “woman”. That consciousness changes the geography of all previous categories; it denatures them as heat denatures a fragile protein. Cyborg feminists have to argue that “we” do not want any more natural matrix of unity and that no construction is whole. Innocence, and the corollary insistence on victimhood as the only ground for insight, has done enough damage. But the constructed revolutionary subject must give late 20th-century people pause as well. In the fraying of identities and in the reflexive strategies for constructing them, the possibility opens up for weaving something other than a shroud for the day after the apocalypse that so prophetically ends salvation history.

Both Marxist/socialist-feminisms and radical feminisms have simultaneously naturalized and denatured the category “woman” and consciousness of the social lives of “women”. Perhaps a schematic caricature can highlight both kinds of moves. Marxian-socialism is rooted in an analysis of wage labor which reveals class structure. The consequence of the wage relationship is systematic alienation, as the worker is dissociated from his [sic] product. Abstraction and illusion rule in knowledge, domination rules in practice. Labor is the pre-eminently privileged category enabling the Marxist to overcome illusion and find that point of view which is necessary for changing the world. Labor is the humanizing activity that makes man; labor is an ontological category permitting the knowledge of a subject, and so the knowledge of subjugation and alienation.

In faithful filiation, socialist-feminism is advanced by allying itself with the basic analytic strategies of Marxism. The main achievement of both Marxist feminists and socialist-feminists was to expand the category of labor to accommodate what (some) women did, even when the wage relation was subordinated to a more comprehensive view of labor under capitalist patriarchy. In particular, women’s labor in the household and women’s activity as mothers generally (that is, reproduction in the socialist-feminist sense), entered theory on the authority of analogy to the Marxian concept of labor. The unity of women here rests on an epistemology based on the ontological structure of “labor”. Marxist/socialist-feminism does not “naturalize” unity; it is a possible achievement based on a possible standpoint rooted in social relations. The essentializing move is in the ontological structure of labor or of its analogue, women’s activity. The inheritance of Marxian-humanism, with its pre-eminently Western self, is the difficulty for me. The contribution from these formulations has been the emphasis on the daily responsibility of real women to build unities, rather than to naturalize them.

Catherine MacKinnon's version of radical feminism is itself a caricature of the appropriating, incorporating, totalizing tendencies of Western theories of identity grounding action. It is factually and politically wrong to assimilate all of the diverse "moments" or "conversations" in recent women's politics named radical feminism to MacKinnon's version. But the teleological logic of her theory shows how an epistemology and ontology—including their negations—erase or police difference. Only one of the effects of MacKinnon's theory is the rewriting of the history of the polymorphous field called radical feminism. The major effect is the production of a theory of experience, of women's identity, that is a kind of apocalypse for all revolutionary standpoints. That is, the totalization built into this tale of radical feminism achieves its end—the unity of women—by enforcing the experience of and testimony to radical non-being. As for the Marxist/socialist-feminist, consciousness is an achievement, not a natural fact. And MacKinnon's theory eliminates some of the difficulties built into humanist revolutionary subjects, but at the cost of radical reductionism.

MacKinnon argues that feminism necessarily adopted a different analytical strategy from Marxism, looking first not at the structure of class, but at the structure of sex/gender and its generative relationship, men's constitution and appropriation of women sexually. Ironically, MacKinnon's "ontology" constructs a non-subject, a non-being. Another's desire, not the self's labor, is the origin of "woman". She therefore develops a theory of consciousness that enforces what can count as "women's" experience—anything that names sexual violation, indeed, sex itself as far as "women" can be concerned. Feminist practice is the construction of this form of consciousness; that is, the self-knowledge of a self-who-is-not.

Perversely, sexual appropriation in this feminism still has the epistemological status of labor; that is to say, the point from which an analysis able to contribute to changing the world must flow. But sexual objectification, not alienation, is the consequence of the structure of sex/gender. In the realm of knowledge, the result of sexual objectification is illusion and abstraction. However, a woman is not simply alienated from her product, but in a deep sense does not exist as a subject, or even potential subject, since she owes her existence as a woman to sexual appropriation. To be constituted by another's desire is not the same thing as to be alienated in the violent separation of the laborer from his product.

MacKinnon's radical theory of experience is totalizing in the extreme; it does not so much marginalize as obliterate the authority of any other women's political speech and action. It is a totalization producing what Western patriarchy itself never succeeded in doing—feminists' consciousness of the non-existence of women, except as products of men's desire. I think MacKinnon correctly argues that no Marxian version of identity can firmly ground women's unity. But in solving the problem of the contradictions of any Western revolutionary subject for feminist purposes, she develops an even more authoritarian doctrine of experience. If my complaint about socialist/Marxian standpoints is their unintended erasure of polyvocal, unassimilable, radical difference made visible in anti-colonial discourse and practice, MacKinnon's intentional erasure of all difference through the device of the "essential" non-existence of women is not reassuring.

In my taxonomy, which like any other taxonomy is a re-inscription of history, radical feminism can accommodate all the activities of women named by socialist feminists as forms of labor only if the activity can somehow be sexualized. Reproduction had different tones of meanings for the two tendencies, one rooted in labor, one in sex, both calling the consequences of domination and ignorance of social and personal reality

“false consciousness”.

Beyond either the difficulties or the contributions in the argument of any one author, neither Marxist nor radical feminist points of view have tended to embrace the status of a partial explanation; both were regularly constituted as totalities. Western explanation has demanded as much; how else could the “Western” author incorporate its others? Each tried to annex other forms of domination by expanding its basic categories through analogy, simple listing, or addition. Embarrassed silence about race among white radical and socialist-feminists was one major, devastating political consequence. History and polyvocality disappear into political taxonomies that try to establish genealogies. There was no structural room for race (or for much else) in theory claiming to reveal the construction of the category woman and social group women as a unified or totalizable whole. The structure of my caricature looks like this: Socialist-feminism—structure of class // wage labor // alienation labor, by analogy reproduction, by extension sex, by addition race radical feminism—structure of gender // sexual appropriation // objectification sex, by analogy labor, by extension reproduction, by addition race.

In another context, the French theorist, Julia Kristeva, claimed women appeared as a historical group after the Second World War, along with groups like youth. Her dates are doubtful; but we are now accustomed to remembering that as objects of knowledge and as historical actors, “race” did not always exist, “class” has a historical genesis, and “homosexuals” are quite junior. It is no accident that the symbolic system of the family of man—and so the essence of woman—breaks up at the same moment that networks of connection among people on the planet are unprecedentedly multiple, pregnant, and complex. “Advanced capitalism” is inadequate to convey the structure of this historical moment. In the “Western” sense, the end of man is at stake. It is no accident that woman disintegrates into women in our time. Perhaps socialist feminists were not substantially guilty of producing essentialist theory that suppressed women’s particularity and contradictory interests. I think we have been, at least through unreflective participation in the logics, languages, and practices of white humanism and through searching for a single ground of domination to secure our revolutionary voice. Now we have less excuse. But in the consciousness of our failures, we risk lapsing into boundless difference and giving up on the confusing task of making partial, real connection. Some differences are playful; some are poles of world historical systems of domination. “Epistemology” is about knowing the difference.

In this attempt at an epistemological and political position, I would like to sketch a picture of possible unity, a picture indebted to socialist and feminist principles of design. The frame for my sketch is set by the extent and importance of rearrangements in worldwide social relations tied to science and technology. I argue for a politics rooted in claims about fundamental changes in the nature of class, race, and gender in an emerging system of world order analogous in its novelty and scope to that created by industrial capitalism; we are living through a movement from an organic, industrial society to a polymorphous, information system—from all work to all play, a deadly game. Simultaneously material and ideological, the dichotomies may be expressed in the following chart of transitions from the comfortable old hierarchical dominations to the scary new networks I have called the informatics of domination.

This list suggests several interesting things. First, the objects on the righthand side cannot be coded as “natural”, a realization that subverts naturalistic coding for the left-hand side as well. We cannot go back

ideologically or materially. It's not just that "god" is dead; so is the "goddess". Or both are revived in the worlds charged with microelectronic and biotechnological politics. In relation to objects like biotic components, one must not think in terms of essential properties, but in terms of design, boundary constraints, rates of flows, systems logics, costs of lowering constraints. Sexual reproduction is one kind of reproductive strategy among many, with costs and benefits as a function of the system environment. Ideologies of sexual reproduction can no longer reasonably call on notions of sex and sex role as organic aspects in natural objects like organisms and families. Such reasoning will be unmasked as irrational, and ironically corporate executives reading Playboy and anti-porn radical feminists will make strange bedfellows in jointly unmasking the irrationalism.

Likewise for race, ideologies about human diversity have to be formulated in terms of frequencies of parameters, like blood groups or intelligence scores. It is "irrational" to invoke concepts like primitive and civilized. For liberals and radicals, the search for integrated social systems gives way to a new practice called "experimental ethnography" in which an organic object dissipates in attention to the play of writing. At the level of ideology, we see translations of racism and colonialism into languages of development and under-development, rates and constraints of modernization. Any objects or persons can be reasonably thought of in terms of disassembly and reassembly; no "natural" architectures constrain system design. The financial districts in all the world's cities, as well as the export-processing and free-trade zones, proclaim this elementary fact of "late capitalism". The entire universe of objects that can be known scientifically must be formulated as problems in communications engineering (for the managers) or theories of the text (for those who would resist). Both are cyborg semiologies.

One should expect control strategies to concentrate on boundary conditions and interfaces, on rates of flow across boundaries—and not on the integrity of natural objects. "Integrity" or "sincerity" of the Western self gives way to decision procedures and expert systems. For example, control strategies applied to women's capacities to give birth to new human beings will be developed in the languages of population control and maximization of goal achievement for individual decision-makers. Control strategies will be formulated in terms of rates, costs of constraints, degrees of freedom. Human beings, like any other component or subsystem, must be localized in a system architecture whose basic modes of operation are probabilistic, statistical. No objects, spaces, or bodies are sacred in themselves; any component can be interfaced with any other if the proper standard, the proper code, can be constructed for processing signals in a common language. Exchange in this world transcends the universal translation effected by capitalist markets that Marx analyzed so well. The privileged pathology affecting all kinds of components in this universe is stress—communications breakdown. The cyborg is not subject to Foucault's biopolitics; the cyborg simulates politics, a much more potent field of operations.

This kind of analysis of scientific and cultural objects of knowledge which have appeared historically since the Second World War prepares us to notice some important inadequacies in feminist analysis which has proceeded as if the organic, hierarchical dualisms ordering discourse in "the West" since Aristotle still ruled. They have been cannibalized, or as Zoe Sofia (Sofoulis) might put it, they have been "techno-digested". The dichotomies between mind and body, animal and human, organism and machine, public and private, nature and culture, men and women, primitive and civilized are all in question ideologically. The actual situation of women is their integration/exploitation into a world system of production/reproduction and communication called the informatics of domination. The home, workplace, market, public arena, the body itself—all can be

dispersed and interfaced in nearly infinite, polymorphous ways, with large consequences for women and others—consequences that themselves are very different for different people and which make potent oppositional international movements difficult to imagine and essential for survival. One important route for reconstructing socialist-feminist politics is through theory and practice addressed to the social relations of science and technology, including crucially the systems of myth and meanings structuring our imaginations. The cyborg is a kind of disassembled and reassembled, post-modern collective and personal self. This is the self-feminists must code. Communications technologies and biotechnologies are the crucial tools recrafting our bodies. These tools embody and enforce new social relations for women world-wide. Technologies and scientific discourses can be partially understood as formalizations, i.e., as frozen moments, of the fluid social interactions constituting them, but they should also be viewed as instruments for enforcing meanings. The boundary is permeable between tool and myth, instrument and concept, historical systems of social relations and historical anatomies of possible bodies, including objects of knowledge. Indeed, myth and tool mutually constitute each other.

Furthermore, communications sciences and modern biologies are constructed by a common move—the translation of the world into a problem of coding, a search for a common language in which all resistance to instrumental control disappears and all heterogeneity can be submitted to disassembly, reassembly, investment, and exchange. In communications sciences, the translation of the world into a problem in coding can be illustrated by looking at cybernetic (feedback-controlled) systems theories applied to telephone technology, computer design, weapons deployment, or data base construction and maintenance. In each case, solution to the key questions rests on a theory of language and control; the key operation is determining the rates, directions, and probabilities of flow of a quantity called information. The world is subdivided by boundaries differentially permeable to information. Information is just that kind of quantifiable element (unit, basis of unity) which allows universal translation, and so unhindered instrumental power (called effective communication). The biggest threat to such power is interruption of communication. Any system breakdown is a function of stress. The fundamentals of this technology can be condensed into the metaphor C<sup>3</sup>I, command-control-communication-intelligence, the military's symbol for its operations theory.

In modern biologies, the translation of the world into a problem in coding can be illustrated by molecular genetics, ecology, sociobiological evolutionary theory, and immunobiology. The organism has been translated into problems of genetic coding and read-out. Biotechnology, a writing technology, informs research broadly. In a sense, organisms have ceased to exist as objects of knowledge, giving way to biotic components, i.e., special kinds of information-processing devices. The analogous moves in ecology could be examined by probing the history and utility of the concept of the ecosystem. Immunobiology and associated medical practices are rich exemplars of the privilege of coding and recognition systems as objects of knowledge, as constructions of bodily reality for us. Biology here is a kind of cryptography. Research is necessarily a kind of intelligence activity. Ironies abound. A stressed system goes awry; its communication processes break down; it fails to recognize the difference between self and other. Human babies with baboon hearts evoke national ethical perplexity—for animal rights activists at least as much as for the guardians of human purity. In the US gay men and intravenous drug users are the “privileged” victims of an awful immune system disease that marks (inscribes on the body) confusion of boundaries and moral pollution.

But these excursions into communications sciences and biology have been at a rarefied level; there is a mundane, largely economic reality to support my claim that these sciences and technologies indicate



fundamental transformations in the structure of the world for us. Communications technologies depend on electronics. Modern states, multinational corporations, military power, welfare state apparatuses, satellite systems, political processes, fabrication of our imaginations, labor-control systems, medical constructions of our bodies, commercial pornography, the international division of labor, and religious evangelism depend intimately upon electronics. Microelectronics is the technical basis of simulacra; that is, of copies without originals.

Microelectronics mediates the translations of labor into robotics and word processing, sex into genetic engineering and reproductive technologies, and mind into artificial intelligence and decision procedures. The new biotechnologies concern more than human reproduction. Biology as a powerful engineering science for redesigning materials and processes has revolutionary implications for industry, perhaps most obvious today in areas of fermentation, agriculture, and energy. Communications sciences and biology are constructions of natural-technical objects of knowledge in which the difference between machine and organism is thoroughly blurred; mind, body, and tool are on very intimate terms. The “multinational” material organization of the production and reproduction of daily life and the symbolic organization of the production and reproduction of culture and imagination seem equally implicated. The boundary-maintaining images of base and superstructure, public and private, or material and ideal never seemed feebler.

I have used Rachel Grossman’s image of women in the integrated circuit to name the situation of women in a world so intimately restructured through the social relations of science and technology. I used the odd circumlocution, “the social relations of science and technology”, to indicate that we are not dealing with a technological determinism, but with a historical system depending upon structured relations among people. But the phrase should also indicate that science and technology provide fresh sources of power, that we need fresh sources of analysis and political action. Some of the rearrangements of race, sex, and class rooted in high-tech-facilitated social relations can make socialist-feminism more relevant to effective progressive politics.

The “New Industrial Revolution” is producing a new worldwide working class, as well as new sexualities and ethnicities. The extreme mobility of capital and the emerging international division of labor are intertwined with the emergence of new collectivities, and the weakening of familiar groupings. These developments are neither gender nor race-neutral. White men in advanced industrial societies have become newly vulnerable to permanent job loss, and women are not disappearing from the job rolls at the same rates as men. It is not simply that women in Third World countries are the preferred labor force for the science-based multinationals in the export-processing sectors, particularly in electronics. The picture is more systematic and involves reproduction, sexuality, culture, consumption, and production. In the prototypical Silicon Valley, many women’s lives have been structured around employment in electronics-dependent jobs, and their intimate realities include serial heterosexual monogamy, negotiating childcare, distance from extended kin or most other forms of traditional community, a high likelihood of loneliness and extreme economic vulnerability as they age. The ethnic and racial diversity of women in Silicon Valley structures a microcosm of conflicting differences in culture, family, religion, education, and language.

Richard Gordon has called this new situation the “homework economy”. Although he includes the phenomenon of literal homework emerging in connection with electronics assembly, Gordon intends “homework economy” to name a restructuring of work that broadly has the characteristics formerly ascribed

to female jobs, jobs literally done only by women. Work is being redefined as both literally female and feminized, whether performed by men or women. To be feminized means to be made extremely vulnerable; able to be disassembled, reassembled, exploited as a reserve labor force; seen less as workers than as servers; subjected to time arrangements on and off the paid job that make a mockery of a limited workday; leading an existence that always borders on being obscene, out of place, and reducible to sex. Deskilling is an old strategy newly applicable to formerly privileged workers. However, the homework economy does not refer only to large-scale deskilling, nor does it deny that new areas of high skill are emerging, even for women and men previously excluded from skilled employment. Rather, the concept indicates that factory, home, and market are integrated on a new scale and that the places of women are crucial—and need to be analyzed for differences among women and for meanings for relations between men and women in various situations. The homework economy as a world capitalist organizational structure is made possible by (not caused by) the new technologies. The success of the attack on relatively privileged, mostly white, men's unionized jobs is tied to the power of the new communications technologies to integrate and control labor despite extensive dispersion and decentralization. The consequences of the new technologies are felt by women both in the loss of the family (male) wage (if they ever had access to this white privilege) and in the character of their own jobs, which are becoming capital-intensive; for example, office work and nursing.

The new economic and technological arrangements are also related to the collapsing welfare state and the ensuing intensification of demands on women to sustain daily life for themselves as well as for men, children, and old people. The feminization of poverty—generated by dismantling the welfare state, by the homework economy where stable jobs become the exception, and sustained by the expectation that women's wages will not be matched by a male income for the support of children—has become an urgent focus. The causes of various women-headed households are a function of race, class, or sexuality; but their increasing generality is a ground for coalitions of women on many issues. That women regularly sustain daily life partly as a function of their enforced status as mothers is hardly new; the kind of integration with the overall capitalist and progressively war-based economy is new. The particular pressure, for example, on US black women, who have achieved an escape from (barely) paid domestic service and who now hold clerical and similar jobs in large numbers, has large implications for continued enforced black poverty with employment. Teenage women in industrializing areas of the Third World increasingly find themselves the sole or major source of a cash wage for their families, while access to land is ever more problematic. These developments must have major consequences in the psychodynamics and politics of gender and race.

Within the framework of three major stages of capitalism (commercial/early industrial, monopoly, multinational)—tied to nationalism, imperialism, and multinationalism, and related to Jameson's three dominant aesthetic periods of realism, modernism, and post-modernism—I would argue that specific forms of families dialectically relate to forms of capital and to its political and cultural concomitants. Although lived problematically and unequally, ideal forms of these families might be schematized as (1) the patriarchal nuclear family, structured by the dichotomy between public and private and accompanied by the white bourgeois ideology of separate spheres and 19th-century Anglo-American bourgeois feminism; (2) the modern family mediated (or enforced) by the welfare state and institutions like the family wage, with a flowering of a feminist heterosexual ideologies, including their radical versions represented in Greenwich Village around the First World War; and (3) the "family" of the homework economy with its oxymoronic structure of women-headed households and its explosion of feminisms and the paradoxical intensification and erosion of gender itself.

This is the context in which the projections for worldwide structural unemployment stemming from the new technologies are part of the picture of the homework economy. As robotics and related technologies put men out of work in “developed” countries and exacerbate failure to generate male jobs in Third World “development”, and as the automated office becomes the rule even in labor-surplus countries, the feminization of work intensifies. Black women in the United States have long known what it looks like to face the structural underemployment (“feminization”) of black men, as well as their own highly vulnerable position in the wage economy. It is no longer a secret that sexuality, reproduction, family, and community life are interwoven with this economic structure in myriad ways which have also differentiated the situations of white and black women. Many more women and men will contend with similar situations, which will make cross-gender and race alliances on issues of basic life support (with or without jobs) necessary, not just nice.

The new technologies also have a profound effect on hunger and on food production for subsistence world-wide. Rae Lesser Blumberg estimates that women produce about 50% of the world’s subsistence food. Women are excluded generally from benefiting from the increased high-tech commodification of food and energy crops, their days are made more arduous because their responsibilities to provide food do not diminish, and their reproductive situations are made more complex. Green Revolution technologies interact with other high-tech industrial production to alter gender divisions of labor and differential gender migration patterns.

The new technologies seem deeply involved in the forms of “privatization” that Ros Petchesky has analyzed, in which militarization, right-wing family ideologies and policies, and intensified definitions of corporate (and state) property as private synergistically interact. The new communications technologies are fundamental to the eradication of “public life” for everyone. This facilitates the mushrooming of a permanent high-tech military establishment at the cultural and economic expense of most people, but especially of women. Technologies like video games and highly miniaturized televisions seem crucial to production of modern forms of “private life”. The culture of video games is heavily orientated to individual competition and extraterrestrial warfare. High-tech, gendered imaginations are produced here, imaginations that can contemplate destruction of the planet and a science fiction escape from its consequences. More than our imaginations is militarized; and the other realities of electronic and nuclear warfare are inescapable. These are the technologies that promise ultimate mobility and perfect exchange—and incidentally enable tourism, that perfect practice of mobility and exchange, to emerge as one of the world’s largest single industries.

The new technologies affect the social relations of both sexuality and of reproduction, and not always in the same ways. The close ties of sexuality and instrumentality, of views of the body as a kind of private satisfaction and utility-maximizing machine, are described nicely in sociobiological origin stories that stress a genetic calculus and explain the inevitable dialectic of domination of male and female gender roles. These sociobiological stories depend on a high-tech view of the body as a biotic component or cybernetic communications system. Among the many transformations of reproductive situations is the medical one, where women’s bodies have boundaries newly permeable to both “visualization” and “intervention”. Of course, who controls the interpretation of bodily boundaries in medical hermeneutics is a major feminist issue. The speculum served as an icon of women’s claiming their bodies in the 1970S; that handcraft tool is inadequate to express our needed body politics in the negotiation of reality in the practices of cyborg reproduction. Self-help is not enough. The technologies of visualization recall the important cultural practice

of hunting with the camera and the deeply predatory nature of a photographic consciousness. Sex, sexuality, and reproduction are central actors in high-tech myth systems structuring our imaginations of personal and social possibility.

Another critical aspect of the social relations of the new technologies is the reformulation of expectations, culture, work, and reproduction for the large scientific and technical workforce. A major social and political danger is the formation of a strongly bimodal social structure, with the masses of women and men of all ethnic groups, but especially people of color, confined to a homework economy, illiteracy of several varieties, and general redundancy and impotence, controlled by high-tech repressive apparatuses ranging from entertainment to surveillance and disappearance. An adequate socialist-feminist politics should address women in the privileged occupational categories, and particularly in the production of science and technology that constructs scientific-technical discourses, processes, and objects.

This issue is only one aspect of enquiry into the possibility of a feminist science, but it is important. What kind of constitutive role in the production of knowledge, imagination, and practice can new groups doing science have? How can these groups be allied with progressive social and political movements? What kind of political accountability can be constructed to the women together across the scientific-technical hierarchies separating us? Might there be ways of developing feminist science/technology politics in alliance with and-military science facility conversion action groups? Many scientific and technical workers in Silicon Valley, the high-tech cowboys included, do not want to work on military science. Can these personal preferences and cultural tendencies be welded into progressive politics among this professional middle class in which women, including women of color, are coming to be fairly numerous?

Let me summarize the picture of women's historical locations in advanced industrial societies, as these positions have been restructured partly through the social relations of science and technology. If it was ever possible ideologically to characterize women's lives by the distinction of public and private domains—suggested by images of the division of working-class life into factory and home, of bourgeois life into market and home, and of gender existence into personal and political realms—it is now a totally misleading ideology, even to show how both terms of these dichotomies construct each other in practice and in theory. I prefer a network ideological image, suggesting the profusion of spaces and identities and the permeability of boundaries in the personal body and in the body politic. "Networking" is both a feminist practice and a multinational corporate strategy—weaving is for oppositional cyborgs. So let me return to the earlier image of the informatics of domination and trace one vision of women's "place" in the integrated circuit, touching only a few idealized social locations seen primarily from the point of view of advanced capitalist societies: Home, Market, Paid Work Place, State, School, Clinic-Hospital, and Church. Each of these idealized spaces is logically and practically implied in every other locus, perhaps analogous to a holographic photograph. I want to suggest the impact of the social relations mediated and enforced by the new technologies in order to help formulate needed analysis and practical work. However, there is no "place" for women in these networks, only geometries of difference and contradiction crucial to women's cyborg identities. If we learn how to read these webs of power and social life, we might learn new couplings, new coalitions. There is no way to read the following list from a standpoint of "identification", of a unitary self. The issue is dispersion. The task is to survive in the diaspora.

Home: Women-headed households, serial monogamy, flight of men, old women alone, technology of domestic work, paid homework, reemergence of home sweat-shops, home-based businesses and telecommuting, electronic cottage, urban homelessness, migration, module architecture, reinforced (simulated) nuclear family, intense domestic violence.

Market: Women's continuing consumption work, newly targeted to buy the profusion of new production from the new technologies (especially as the competitive race among industrialized and industrializing nations to avoid dangerous mass unemployment necessitates finding ever bigger new markets for ever less clearly needed commodities); bimodal buying power, coupled with advertising targeting of the numerous affluent groups and neglect of the previous mass markets; growing importance of informal markets in labour and commodities parallel to high-tech, affluent market structures; surveillance systems through electronic funds transfer; intensified market abstraction (commodification) of experience, resulting in ineffective utopian or equivalent cynical theories of community; extreme mobility (abstraction) of marketing/financing systems; inter-penetration of sexual and labour markets; intensified sexualization of abstracted and alienated consumption.

Paid Work Place: Continued intense sexual and racial division of labour, but considerable growth of membership in privileged occupational categories for many white women and people of colour; impact of new technologies on women's work in clerical, service, manufacturing (especially textiles), agriculture, electronics; international restructuring of the working classes; development of new time arrangements to facilitate the homework economy (flex-time, part-time, over-time, no time); homework and out work; increased pressures for two-tiered wage structures; significant numbers of people in cash-dependent populations worldwide with no experience or no further hope of stable employment; most labour "marginal" or "feminized".

State: Continued erosion of the welfare state; decentralizations with increased surveillance and control; citizenship by telematics; imperialism and political power broadly in the form of information rich/information poor differentiation; increased high-tech militarization increasingly opposed by many social groups; reduction of civil service jobs as a result of the growing capital intensification of office work, with implications for occupational mobility for women of colour; growing privatization of material and ideological life and culture; close integration of privatization and militarization, the high-tech forms of bourgeois capitalist personal and public life; invisibility of different social groups to each other, linked to psychological mechanisms of belief in abstract enemies.

School: Deepening coupling of high-tech capital needs and public education at all levels, differentiated by race, class, and gender; managerial classes involved in educational reform and refunding at the cost of remaining progressive educational democratic structures for children and teachers; education for mass ignorance and repression in technocratic and militarized culture; growing and-science mystery cults in dissenting and radical political movements; continued relative scientific illiteracy among white women and people of colour; growing industrial direction of education (especially higher education) by science-based multinationals (particularly in electronics and biotechnology-dependent companies); highly educated, numerous elites in a progressively bimodal society.

Clinic-hospital: Intensified machine-body relations; renegotiations of public metaphors which channel personal experience of the body, particularly in relation to reproduction, immune system functions, and “stress” phenomena; intensification of reproductive politics in response to world historical implications of women’s unrealized, potential control of their relation to reproduction; emergence of new, historically specific diseases; struggles over meanings and means of health in environments pervaded by high technology products and processes; continuing feminization of health work; intensified struggle over state responsibility for health; continued ideological role of popular health movements as a major form of American politics.

Church: Electronic fundamentalist “super-saver” preachers solemnizing the union of electronic capital and automated fetish gods; intensified importance of churches in resisting the militarized state; central struggle over women’s meanings and authority in religion; continued relevance of spirituality, intertwined with sex and health, in political struggle.

The only way to characterize the informatics of domination is as a massive intensification of insecurity and cultural impoverishment, with common failure of subsistence networks for the most vulnerable. Since much of this picture interweaves with the social relations of science and technology, the urgency of a socialist-feminist politics addressed to science and technology is plain. There is much now being done, and the grounds for political work are rich. For example, the efforts to develop forms of collective struggle for women in paid work, like SEIU’s District 925 (Service Employees International Union’s office worker’s organization in the US), should be a high priority for all of us. These efforts are profoundly tied to technical restructuring of labor processes and reformations of working classes. These efforts also are providing understanding of a more comprehensive kind of labor organization, involving community, sexuality, and family issues never privileged in the largely white male industrial unions.

The structural rearrangements related to the social relations of science and technology evoke strong ambivalence. But it is not necessary to be ultimately depressed by the implications of late 20th-century women’s relation to all aspects of work, culture, production of knowledge, sexuality, and reproduction. For excellent reasons, most Marxisms see domination best and have trouble understanding what can only look like false consciousness and people’s complicity in their own domination in late capitalism. It is crucial to remember that what is lost, perhaps especially from women’s points of view, is often virulent forms of oppression, nostalgically naturalized in the face of current violation. Ambivalence towards the disrupted unities mediated by high-tech culture requires not sorting consciousness into categories of clear-sighted critique grounding a solid political epistemology’ versus “manipulated false consciousness”, but subtle understanding of emerging pleasures, experiences, and powers with serious potential for changing the rules of the game.

There are grounds for hope in the emerging bases for new kinds of unity across race, gender, and class, as these elementary units of socialist-feminist analysis themselves suffer protean transformations. Intensifications of hardship experienced worldwide in connection with the social relations of science and technology are severe. But what people are experiencing is not transparently clear, and we lack sufficiently subtle connections for collectively building effective theories of experience. Present efforts—Marxist, psychoanalytic, feminist, anthropological—to clarify even “our” experience are rudimentary. I am conscious of the odd perspective provided by my historical position—a PhD in biology for an Irish Catholic girl was made possible by Sputnik’s impact on US national science-education policy. I have a body and mind as much

constructed by the post-Second World War arms race and cold war as by the women's movements. There are more grounds for hope in focusing on the contradictory effects of politics designed to produce loyal American technocrats, which also produced large numbers of dissidents, than in focusing on the present defeats.

The permanent partiality of feminist points of view has consequences for our expectations of forms of political organization and participation. We do not need a totality in order to work well. The feminist dream of a common language, like all dreams for a perfectly true language, of perfectly faithful naming of experience, is a totalizing and imperialist one. In that sense, dialectics too is a dream language, longing to resolve contradiction. Perhaps, ironically, we can learn from our fusions with animals and machines how not to be Man, the embodiment of Western logos. From the point of view of pleasure in these potent and taboo fusions, made inevitable by the social relations of science and technology, there might indeed be a feminist science.

I want to conclude with a myth about identity and boundaries which might inform late 20th-century political imaginations. I am indebted in this story to writers like Joanna Russ, Samuel R. Delany, John Varley, James Tiptree, Jr., Octavia Butler, Monique Wittig, and Vonda McIntyre. These are our storytellers exploring what it means to be embodied in high-tech worlds. They are theorists for cyborgs. Exploring conceptions of bodily boundaries and social order, the anthropologist Mary Douglas should be credited with helping us to consciousness about how fundamental body imagery is to world view, and so to political language.

French feminists like Luce Irigaray and Monique Wittig, for all their differences, know how to write the body; how to weave eroticism, cosmology, and politics from imagery of embodiment, and especially for Wittig, from imagery of fragmentation and reconstitution of bodies.

American radical feminists like Susan Griffin, Audre Lorde, and Adrienne Rich have profoundly affected our political imaginations—and perhaps restricted too much what we allow as a friendly body and political language. They insist on the organic, opposing it to the technological. But their symbolic systems and the related positions of ecofeminism and feminist paganism, replete with organicisms, can only be understood in Sandoval's terms as oppositional ideologies fitting the late 20th century. They would simply bewilder anyone not pre-occupied with the machines and consciousness of late capitalism. In that sense they are part of the cyborg world. But there are also great riches for feminists in explicitly embracing the possibilities inherent in the breakdown of clean distinctions between organism and machine and similar distinctions structuring the Western self. It is the simultaneity of breakdowns that cracks the matrices of domination and opens geometric possibilities. What might be learned from personal and political "technological" pollution? I look briefly at two overlapping groups of texts for their insight into the construction of a potentially helpful cyborg myth: Constructions of women of color and monstrous selves in feminist science fiction.

Earlier I suggested that "women of colour" might be understood as a cyborg identity, a potent subjectivity synthesized from fusions of outsider identities and, in the complex political-historical layerings of her "biomythography", Zami. There are material and cultural grids mapping this potential. Audre Lorde captures the tone in the title of her *Sister Outsider*. In my political myth, *Sister Outsider* is the offshore woman, whom US workers, female and feminized, are supposed to regard as the enemy preventing their solidarity, threatening their security. Onshore, inside the boundary of the United States, *Sister Outsider* is a

potential amidst the races and ethnic identities of women manipulated for division, competition, and exploitation in the same industries. “Women of colour” are the preferred labor force for the science-based industries, the real women for whom the worldwide sexual market, labor market, and politics of reproduction kaleidoscope into daily life. Young Korean women hired in the sex industry and in electronics assembly are recruited from high schools, educated for the integrated circuit. Literacy, especially in English, distinguishes the “cheap” female labor so attractive to the multinationals.

Contrary to orientalist stereotypes of the “oral primitive”, literacy is a special mark of women of color, acquired by US black women as well as men through a history of risking death to learn and to teach reading and writing. Writing has a special significance for all colonized groups. Writing has been crucial to the Western myth of the distinction between oral and written cultures, primitive and civilized mentalities, and more recently to the erosion of that distinction in “post-modernist” theories attacking the phallogocentrism of the West, with its worship of the monotheistic, phallic, authoritative, and singular work, the unique and perfect name. Contests for the meanings of writing are a major form of contemporary political struggle. Releasing the play of writing is deadly serious. The poetry and stories of US women of color are repeatedly about writing, about access to the power to signify; but this time that power must be neither phallic nor innocent. Cyborg writing must not be about the Fall, the imagination of a once-upon-a-time wholeness before language, before writing, before Man. Cyborg writing is about the power to survive, not on the basis of original innocence, but on the basis of seizing the tools to mark the world that marked them as other.

The tools are often stories, retold stories, versions that reverse and displace the hierarchical dualisms of naturalized identities. In retelling origin stories, cyborg authors subvert the central myths of origin of Western culture. We have all been colonized by those origin myths, with their longing for fulfilment in apocalypse. The phallogocentric origin stories most crucial for feminist cyborgs are built into the literal technologies—technologies that write the world, biotechnology, and microelectronics—that have recently textualized our bodies as code problems on the grid of C<sup>3</sup>I. Feminist cyborg stories have the task of recoding communication and intelligence to subvert command and control.

Figuratively and literally, language politics pervade the struggles of women of color; and stories about language have a special power in the rich contemporary writing by US women of color. For example, retellings of the story of the indigenous woman Malinche, mother of the mesdzo “bastard” race of the new world, master of languages, and mistress of Cortes, carry special meaning for Chicana constructions of identity. Cherríe Moraga in *Loving in the War Years* explores the themes of identity when one never possessed the original language, never told the original story, never resided in the harmony of legitimate heterosexuality in the garden of culture, and so cannot base identity on a myth or a fall from innocence and right to natural names, mother’s or father’s.<sup>27</sup> Moraga’s writing, her superb literacy, is presented in her poetry as the same kind of violation as Malinche’s mastery of the conqueror’s language—a violation, an illegitimate production, that allows survival. Moraga’s language is not “whole”; it is self-consciously spliced, a chimera of English and Spanish, both conqueror’s languages. But it is this chimeric monster, without claim to an original language before violation, that crafts the erotic, competent, potent identities of women of color. *Sister Outsider* hints at the possibility of world survival not because of her innocence, but because of her ability to live on the boundaries, to write without the founding myth of original wholeness, with its inescapable apocalypse of final return to a deathly oneness that Man has imagined to be the innocent and all-powerful Mother, freed at the End from another spiral of appropriation by her son. Writing marks Moraga’s body, affirms it as the body of a



woman of color, against the possibility of passing into the unmarked category of the Anglo father or into the orientalist myth of “original illiteracy” of a mother that never was. Malinche was mother here, not Eve before eating the forbidden fruit. Writing affirms Sister Outsider, not the Woman-before-the-Fall-into-Writing needed by the phallogocentric Family of Man.

Writing is pre-eminently the technology of cyborgs, etched surfaces of the late 20th century. Cyborg politics is the struggle for language and the struggle against perfect communication, against the one code that translates all meaning perfectly, the central dogma of phallogocentrism. That is why cyborg politics insist on noise and advocate pollution, rejoicing in the illegitimate fusions of animal and machine. These are the couplings which make Man and Woman so problematic, subverting the structure of desire, the force imagined to generate language and gender, and so subverting the structure and modes of reproduction of “Western” identity, of nature and culture, of mirror and eye, slave and master, body and mind. “We” did not originally choose to be cyborgs, but choice grounds a liberal politics and epistemology that imagines the reproduction of individuals before the wider replications of “texts”.

From the perspective of cyborgs, freed of the need to ground politics in “our” privileged position of the oppression that incorporates all other dominations, the innocence of the merely violated, the ground of those closer to nature, we can see powerful possibilities. Feminisms and Marxisms have run aground on Western epistemological imperatives to construct a revolutionary subject from the perspective of a hierarchy of oppressions and/or a latent position of moral superiority, innocence, and greater closeness to nature. With no available original dream of a common language or original symbiosis promising protection from hostile “masculine” separation but written into the play of a text that has no finally privileged reading or salvation history, to recognize “oneself” as fully implicated in the world, frees us of the need to root politics in identification, vanguard parties, purity, and mothering. Stripped of identity, the bastard race teaches about the power of the margins and the importance of a mother like Malinche. Women of color have transformed her from the evil mother of masculinist fear into the originally literate mother who teaches survival.

This is not just literary deconstruction, but liminal transformation. Every, story that begins with original innocence and privileges the return to wholeness imagines the drama of life to be individuation, separation, the birth of the self, the tragedy of autonomy, the fall into writing, alienation; that is, war, tempered by imaginary respite in the bosom of the other. These plots are ruled by a reproductive politics—rebirth without flaw, perfection, abstraction. In this plot women are imagined either better or worse off, but all agree they have less selfhood, weaker individuation, more fusion to the oral, to Mother, less at stake in masculine autonomy. But there is another route to having less at stake in masculine autonomy, a route that does not pass through woman, primitive, zero, the mirror stage and its imaginary. It passes through women and other present-tense, illegitimate cyborgs, not of Woman born, who refuse the ideological resources of victimization so as to have a real life. These cyborgs are the people who refuse to disappear on cue, no matter how many times a “western” commentator remarks on the sad passing of another primitive, another organic group done in by “Western” technology, by writing. These real-life cyborgs (for example, the Southeast Asian village women workers in Japanese and US electronics firms described by Aihwa Ong) are actively rewriting the texts of their bodies and societies. Survival is the stakes in this play of readings.

To recapitulate, certain dualisms have been persistent in Western traditions; they have all been

systemic to the logics and practices of domination of women, people of colour, nature, workers, animals—in short, domination of all constituted as others, whose task is to mirror the self. Chief among these troubling dualisms are self/other, mind/body, culture/nature, male/female, civilized/primitive, reality/appearance, whole/part, agent/resource, maker/made, active/passive, right/wrong, truth/illusion, total/partial, God/man. The self is the One who is not dominated, who knows that by the service of the other, the other is the one who holds the future, who knows that by the experience of domination, which gives the lie to the autonomy of the self. To be One is to be autonomous, to be powerful, to be God; but to be One is to be an illusion, and so to be involved in a dialectic of apocalypse with the other. Yet to be other is to be multiple, without clear boundary, frayed, insubstantial. One is too few, but two are too many.

High-tech culture challenges these dualisms in intriguing ways. It is not clear who makes and who is made in the relation between human and machine. It is not clear what is mind and what body in machines that resolve into coding practices. In so far as we know ourselves in both formal discourse (for example, biology) and in daily practice (for example, the homework economy in the integrated circuit), we find ourselves to be cyborgs, hybrids, mosaics, and chimeras. Biological organisms have become biotic systems, communications devices like others. There is no fundamental, ontological separation in our formal knowledge of machine and organism, of technical and organic. The replicant Rachel in the Ridley Scott film *Blade Runner* stands as the image of a cyborg culture's fear, love, and confusion.

One consequence is that our sense of connection to our tools is heightened. The trance state experienced by many computer users has become a staple of science-fiction film and cultural jokes. Perhaps paraplegics and other severely handicapped people can (and sometimes do) have the most intense experiences of complex hybridization with other communication devices. Anne McCaffrey's pre-feminist *The Ship Who Sang* explored the consciousness of a cyborg, hybrid of girl's brain and complex machinery, formed after the birth of a severely handicapped child. Gender, sexuality, embodiment, skill: All were reconstituted in the story. Why should our bodies end at the skin, or include at best other beings encapsulated by skin? From the 7th century till now, machines could be animated—given ghostly souls to make them speak or move or to account for their orderly development and mental capacities. Or organisms could be mechanized—reduced to body understood as resource of mind. These machine/organism relationships are obsolete, unnecessary. For us, in imagination and in other practice, machines can be prosthetic devices, intimate components, friendly selves. We don't need organic holism to give impermeable wholeness, the total woman and her feminist variants (mutants?). Let me conclude this point by a very partial reading of the logic of the cyborg monsters of my second group of texts, feminist science fiction.

The cyborgs populating feminist science fiction make very problematic the statuses of man or woman, human, artifact, member of a race, individual entity, or body. Katie King clarifies how pleasure in reading these fictions is not largely based on identification. Students facing Joanna Russ for the first time, students who have learned to take modernist writers like James Joyce or Virginia Woolf without flinching, do not know what to make of *The Adventures of Alyx* or *The Female Man*, where characters refuse the reader's search for innocent wholeness while granting the wish for heroic quests, exuberant eroticism, and serious politics. *The Female Man* is the story of four versions of one genotype, all of whom meet, but even taken together do not make a whole, resolve the dilemmas of violent moral action, or remove the growing scandal of gender. The feminist science fiction of Samuel R. Delany, especially *Tales of Neveyon*, mocks stories of origin by redoing the neolithic revolution, replaying the founding moves of Western civilization to subvert their plausibility.

James Tiptree, Jr., an author whose fiction was regarded as particularly manly until her “true” gender was revealed, tells tales of reproduction based on non-mammalian technologies like alternation of generations of male brood pouches and male nurturing. John Varley constructs a supreme cyborg in his arch-feminist exploration of Gaea, a mad goddess-planet-trickster old woman-technological device on whose surface an extraordinary array of post-cyborg symbioses are spawned. Octavia Butler writes of an African sorceress pitting her powers of transformation against the genetic manipulations of her rival (*Wild Seed*), of time warps that bring a modern US black woman into slavery where her actions in relation to her white master-ancestor determine the possibility of her own birth (*Kindred*), and of the illegitimate insights into identity and community of an adopted cross-species child who came to know the enemy as self (*Survivor*). In *Dawn*, the first instalment of a series called *Xenogenesis*, Butler tells the story of Lilith Iyapo, whose personal name recalls Adam’s first and repudiated wife and whose family name marks her status as the widow of the son of Nigerian immigrants to the US. A black woman and a mother whose child is dead, Lilith mediates the transformation of humanity through genetic exchange with extra-terrestrial lovers/rescuers/destroyers/genetic engineers, who reform earth’s habitats after the nuclear holocaust and coerce surviving humans into intimate fusion with them. It is a novel that interrogates reproductive, linguistic, and nuclear politics in a mythic field structured by late 20th-century race and gender.

Because it is particularly rich in boundary transgressions, Vonda McIntyre’s *Superluminal* can close this truncated catalogue of promising and dangerous monsters who help redefine the pleasures and politics of embodiment and feminist writing. In a fiction where no character is “simply” human, human status is highly problematic. Orca, a genetically altered diver, can speak with killer whales and survive deep ocean conditions, but she longs to explore space as a pilot, necessitating bionic implants jeopardizing her kinship with the divers and cetaceans. Transformations are effected by virus vectors carrying a new developmental code, by transplant surgery, by implants of microelectronic devices, by analogue doubles, and other means. Lacnea becomes a pilot by accepting a heart implant and a host of other alterations allowing survival in transit at speeds exceeding that of light. Radu Dracul survives a virus caused plague in his outer world planet to find himself with a time sense that changes the boundaries of spatial perception for the whole species. All the characters explore the limits of language; the dream of communicating experience; and the necessity of limitation, partiality, and intimacy even in this world of protean transformation and connection. *Superluminal* stands also for the defining contradictions of a cyborg world in another sense; it embodies textually the intersection of feminist theory and colonial discourse in the science fiction I have alluded to in this chapter. This is a conjunction with a long history that many “First World” feminists have tried to repress, including myself in my readings of *Superluminal* before being called to account by Zoe Sofoulis, whose different location in the world system’s informatics of domination made her acutely alert to the imperialist moment of all science fiction cultures, including women’s science fiction. From an Australian feminist sensitivity, Sofoulis remembered more readily McIntyre’s role as writer of the adventures of Captain Kirk and Spock in TV’s *Star Trek* series than her rewriting the romance in *Superluminal*.

Monsters have always defined the limits of community in Western imaginations. The Centaurs and Amazons of ancient Greece established the limits of the centered polis of the Greek male human by their disruption of marriage and boundary pollutions of the warrior with animality and woman. Unseparated twins and hermaphrodites were the confused human material in early modern France who grounded discourse on the natural and supernatural, medical and legal, portents and diseases—all crucial to establishing modern identity. The evolutionary and behavioral sciences of monkeys and apes have marked the multiple boundaries of late 20th-century industrial identities. Cyborg monsters in feminist science fiction define quite different

political possibilities and limits from those proposed by the mundane fiction of Man and Woman.

There are several consequences to taking seriously the imagery of cyborgs as other than our enemies. Our bodies, ourselves; bodies are maps of power and identity. Cyborgs are no exception. A cyborg body is not innocent; it was not born in a garden; it does not seek unitary identity and so generate antagonistic dualisms without end (or until the world ends); it takes irony for granted. One is too few, and two is only one possibility. Intense pleasure in skill, machine skill, ceases to be a sin, but an aspect of embodiment. The machine is not an it to be animated, worshipped, and dominated. The machine is us, our processes, an aspect of our embodiment. We can be responsible for machines; they do not dominate or threaten us. We are responsible for boundaries; we are they. Up till now (once upon a time), female embodiment seemed to be given, organic, necessary; and female embodiment seemed to mean skill in mothering and its metaphoric extensions. Only by being out of place could we take intense pleasure in machines, and then with excuses that this was organic activity after all, appropriate to females. Cyborgs might consider more seriously the partial, fluid, sometimes aspect of sex and sexual embodiment. Gender might not be global identity after all, even if it has profound historical breadth and depth. The ideologically charged question of what counts as daily activity, as experience, can be approached by exploiting the cyborg image. Feminists have recently claimed that women are given to dailiness, that women more than men somehow sustain daily life, and so have a privileged epistemological position potentially. There is a compelling aspect to this claim, one that makes visible unvalued female activity and names it as the ground of life. But the ground of life? What about all the ignorance of women, all the exclusions and failures of knowledge and skill? What about men's access to daily competence, to knowing how to build things, to take them apart, to play? What about other embodiments? Cyborg gender is a local possibility taking a global vengeance. Race, gender, and capital require a cyborg theory of wholes and parts. There is no drive-in cyborgs to produce total theory, but there is an intimate experience of boundaries, their construction, and deconstruction. There is a myth system waiting to become a political language to ground one way of looking at science and technology and challenging the informatics of domination—in order to act potently.

One last image organisms and organismic, holistic politics depend on metaphors of rebirth and invariably call on the resources of reproductive sex. I would suggest that cyborgs have more to do with regeneration and are suspicious of the reproductive matrix and of most birthing. For salamanders, regeneration after injury, such as the loss of a limb, involves regrowth of structure and restoration of function with the constant possibility of twinning or other odd topographical productions at the site of former injury. The regrown limb can be monstrous, duplicated, potent. We have all been injured, profoundly. We require regeneration, not rebirth, and the possibilities for our reconstitution include the utopian dream of the hope for a monstrous world without gender.

Cyborg imagery can help express two crucial arguments in this essay: First, the production of universal, totalizing theory is a major mistake that misses most of reality, probably always, but certainly now; and second, taking responsibility for the social relations of science and technology means refusing an anti-science metaphysics, a demonology of technology, and so means embracing the skilful task of reconstructing the boundaries of daily life, in partial connection with others, in communication with all of our parts. It is not just that science and technology are possible means of great human satisfaction, as well as a matrix of complex

dominations. Cyborg imagery can suggest a way out of the maze of dualisms in which we have explained our bodies and our tools to ourselves. This is a dream not of a common language, but of a powerful infidel heteroglossia. It is an imagination of a feminist speaking in tongues to strike fear into the circuits of the supersavers of the new right. It means both building and destroying machines, identities, categories, relationships, space stories. Though both are bound in the spiral dance, I would rather be a cyborg than a goddess.

How can I tell you. How can I convince you, brother, sister that your life is in danger: That everyday you wake up alive, relatively happy, and a functioning human being, you are committing a rebellious act. You as an alive and functioning queer are a revolutionary. There is nothing on this planet that validates, protects or encourages your existence. It is a miracle you are standing here reading these words. You should by all rights be dead. Don't be fooled, straight people own the world and the only reason you have been spared is you're smart, lucky or a fighter. Straight people have a privilege that allows them to do whatever they please and fuck without fear. But not only do they live a life free of fear; they flaunt their freedom in my face. Their images are on my TV, in the magazine I bought, in the restaurant I want to eat in, and on the street where I live. I want there to be a moratorium on straight marriage, on babies, on public displays of affection among the opposite sex and media images that promote heterosexuality. Until I can enjoy the same freedom of movement and sexuality, as straights, their privilege must stop and it must be given over to me and my queer sisters and brothers. Straight people will not do this voluntarily and so they must be forced into it. Straights must be frightened into it. Terrorized into it. Fear is the most powerful motivation. No one will give us what we deserve. Rights are not given they are taken, by force if necessary. It is easier to fight when you know who your enemy is. Straight people are your enemy. They are your enemy when they don't acknowledge your invisibility and continue to live in and contribute to a culture that kills you. Every day one of us is taken by the enemy. Whether it's an AIDS death due to homophobic government inaction or a lesbian bashing in an all-night diner (in a supposedly lesbian neighborhood).

#### AN ARMY OF LOVERS CANNOT LOSE

Being queer is not about a right to privacy; it is about the freedom to be public, to just be who we are. It means everyday fighting oppression; homophobia, racism, misogyny, the bigotry of religious hypocrites and our own self-hatred. (We have been carefully taught to hate ourselves.) And now of course it means fighting a virus as well, and all those homo-haters who are using AIDS to wipe us off the face of the earth. Being queer means leading a different sort of life. It's not about the mainstream, profit-margins, patriotism, patriarchy or being assimilated. It's not about executive directors, privilege and elitism. It's about being on the margins, defining ourselves; it's about gender-fuck and secrets, what's beneath the belt and deep inside the heart; it's about the night. Being queer is "grass roots" because we know that everyone of us, every body, every cunt, every heart and ass and dick is a world of pleasure waiting to be explored. Everyone of us is a world of infinite possibility. We are an army because we have to be. We are an army because we are so powerful. (We have so much to fight for; we are the most precious of endangered species.) And we are an army of lovers because it is we who know what love is. Desire and lust, too. We invented them. We come out of the closet, face the rejection of society, face firing squads, just to love each other! Every time we fuck, we win. We must fight for ourselves (no one else is going to do it) and if in that process we bring greater freedom to the world at large then great. (We've given so much to that world: democracy, all the arts, the concepts of love, philosophy and the soul, to name just a few gifts from our ancient Greek Dykes, Fags.) Let's make every space a Lesbian and

Gay space. Every street a part of our sexual geography. A city of yearning and then total satisfaction. A city and a country where we can be safe and free and more. We must look at our lives and see what's best in them, see what is queer and what is straight and let that straight chaff fall away! Remember there is so, so little time. And I want to be a lover of each and every one of you. Next year, we march naked.

## Anger

"The strong sisters told the brothers that there were two important things to remember about the coming revolutions. The first is that we will get our asses kicked. The second is that we will win." I'm angry. I'm angry for being condemned to death by strangers saying, "You deserve to die" and "AIDS is the cure." Fury erupts when a Republican woman wearing thousands of dollars of garments and jewelry minces by the police lines shaking her head, chuckling and wagging her finger at us like we are recalcitrant children making absurd demands and throwing temper tantrum when they aren't met. Angry while Joseph agonizes over \$8,000 a year for AZT which might keep him alive a little longer and which makes him sicker than the disease he is diagnosed with. Angry as I listen to a man tell me that after changing his will five times he's running out of people to leave things to. All of his best friends are dead. Angry when I stand in a sea of quilt panels, or go to a candlelight march or attend yet another memorial service. I will not march silently with a fucking candle and I want to take that goddamned quilt and wrap myself in it and furiously rend it and my hair and curse every god religion ever created. I refuse to accept a creation that cuts people down in the third decade of their life.

It is cruel and vile and meaningless and everything I have in me rails against the absurdity and I raise my face to the clouds and a ragged laugh that sounds more demonic than joyous erupts from my throat and tears stream down my face and if this disease doesn't kill me, I may just die of frustration. My feet pound the streets and Peter's hands are chained to a pharmaceutical company's reception desk while the receptionist looks on in horror and Eric's body lies rotting in a Brooklyn cemetery and I'll never hear his flute resounding off the walls of the meeting house again. And I see the old people in Tompkins Square Park huddled in their long wool coats in June to keep out the cold they perceive is there and to cling to whatever little life has left to offer them. I'm reminded of the people who strip and stand before a mirror each night before they go to bed and search their bodies for any mark that might not have been there yesterday. A mark that this scourge has visited them.

And I'm angry when the newspapers call us "victims" and sound alarms that "it" might soon spread to the "general population." And I want to scream "Who the fuck am I?" And I want to scream at New York Hospital with its yellow plastic bags marked "isolation linen," "ropa infecciosa" and its orderlies in latex gloves and surgical masks skirting the bed as if its occupant will suddenly leap out and douse them with blood and semen giving them too the plague.

And I'm angry at straight people who sit smugly wrapped in their self-protective coat of monogamy and heterosexuality confident that this disease has nothing to do with them because "it" only happens to "them." And the teenage boys who upon spotting my Silence=Death button begin chanting "Faggot's gonna die" and I wonder, who taught them this? Enveloped in fury and fear, I remain silent while my button mocks

me every step of the way. And the anger I feel when a television program on the quilt gives profiles of the dead and the list begins with a baby, a teenage girl who got a blood transfusion, an elderly baptist minister and his wife and when they finally show a gay man, he's described as someone who knowingly infected teenage male prostitutes with the virus. What else can you expect from a faggot? I'm angry.

## Queer Artists

Since time began, the world has been inspired by the work of queer artists. In exchange, there has been suffering, there has been pain, there has been violence. Throughout history, society has struck a bargain with its queer citizens: they may pursue creative careers, if they do it discreetly. Through the arts queers are productive, lucrative, entertaining and even uplifting. These are the clear-cut and useful by-products of what is otherwise considered antisocial behavior. In cultured circles, queers may quietly coexist with an otherwise disapproving power elite.

At the forefront of the most recent campaign to bash queer artists is Jesse Helms, arbiter of all that is decent, moral, christian and amerikan. For Helms, queer art is quite simply a threat to the world. In his imaginings, heterosexual culture is too fragile to bear up to the admission of human or sexual diversity. Quite simply, the structure of power in the Judeo-Christian world has made procreation its cornerstone. Families having children assures consumers for the nation's products and a work force to produce them, as well as a built-in family system to care for its ill, reducing the expense of public healthcare systems.

ALL NON-PROCREATIVE BEHAVIOR IS CONSIDERED A THREAT, from homosexuality to birth control to abortion as an option. It is not enough, according to the religious right, to consistently advertise procreation and heterosexuality ... it is also necessary to destroy any alternatives. It is not art Helms is after ... IT IS OUR LIVES! Art is the last safe place for lesbians and gay men to thrive. Helms knows this, and has developed a program to purge queers from the one arena they have been permitted to contribute to our shared culture.

Helms is advocating a world free from diversity or dissent. It is easy to imagine why that might feel more comfortable to those in charge of such a world. It is also easy to envision an amerikan landscape flattened by such power. Helms should just ask for what he is hinting at: State sponsored art, art of totalitarianism, art that speaks only in christian terms, art which supports the goals of those in power, art that matches the sofas in the Oval Office. Ask for what you want, Jesse, so that men and women of conscience can mobilize against it, as we do against the human rights violations of other countries, and fight to free our own country's dissidents.

## IF YOU'RE QUEER,

Queers are under siege. Queers are being attacked on all fronts and I'm afraid it's ok with us.

In 1969, there were 50 “Queer Bashings” in the month of May alone. Violent attacks, 3,720 men, women and children died of AIDS in the same month, caused by a more violent attack—government inaction, rooted in society’s growing homophobia. This is institutionalized violence, perhaps more dangerous to the existence of queers because the attackers are faceless. We allow these attacks by our own continued lack of action against them. AIDS has affected the straight world and now they’re blaming us for AIDS and using it as a way to justify their violence against us. They don’t want us anymore. They will beat us, rape us and kill us before they will continue to live with us. What will it take for this not to be ok? Feel some rage. If rage doesn’t empower you, try fear. If that doesn’t work, try panic.

SHOUT IT!

Be proud. Do whatever you need to do to tear yourself away from your customary state of acceptance. Be free. Shout. In 1969, Queers fought back. In 1990, Queers say ok. Next year, will we be here?

I HATE ...

I hate Jesse Helms. I hate Jesse Helms so much I’d rejoice if he dropped down dead. If someone killed him I’d consider it his own fault.

I hate Ronald Reagan, too, because he mass-murdered my people for eight years. But to be honest, I hate him even more for eulogizing Ryan White without first admitting his guilt, without begging forgiveness for Ryan’s death and for the deaths of tens of thousands of other PWA’s—most of them queer. I hate him for making a mockery of our grief.

I hate the fucking Pope, and I hate John fucking Cardinal fucking O’Connor, and I hate the whole fucking Catholic Church. The same goes for the Military, and especially for Amerika’s Law Enforcement Officials—the cops—state sanctioned sadists who brutalize street transvestites, prostitutes and queer prisoners. I also hate the medical and mental health establishments, particularly the psychiatrist who convinced me not to have sex with men for three years until we (meaning he) could make me bisexual rather than queer. I also hate the education profession, for its share in driving thousands of queer teens to suicide every year. I hate the “respectable” art world; and the entertainment industry, and the mainstream media, especially The New York Times. In fact, I hate every sector of the straight establishment in this country—the worst of whom actively want all queers dead, the best of whom never stick their necks out to keep us alive. I hate straight people who think they have anything intelligent to say about “outing.” I hate straight people who think stories about themselves are “universal” but stories about us are only about homosexuality. I hate straight recording artists who make their careers off of queer people, then attack us, then act hurt when we get angry and then deny having wronged us rather than apologize for it. I hate straight people who say, “I don’t see why you feel the need to wear those buttons and t-shirts. I don’t go around telling the whole world I’m straight.”

I hate that in twelve years of public education I was never taught about queer people. I hate that I



grew up thinking I was the only queer in the world, and I hate even more that most queer kids still grow up the same way. I hate that I was tormented by other kids for being a faggot, but more that I was taught to feel ashamed for being the object of their cruelty, taught to feel it was my fault. I hate that the Supreme Court of this country says it's okay to criminalize me because of how I make love. I hate that so many straight people are so concerned about my goddamned sex life. I hate that so many twisted straight people become parents, while I have to fight like hell to be allowed to be a father. I hate straights.

#### WHERE ARE YOU SISTERS?

I wear my pink triangle everywhere. I do not lower my voice in public when talking about lesbian love or sex. I always tell people I'm a lesbian. I don't wait to be asked about my "boyfriend." I don't say it's "no one's business."

I don't do this for straight people. Most of them don't know what the pink triangle even means. Most of them couldn't care less that my girlfriend and I are totally in love or having a fight on the street. Most of them don't notice us no matter what we do. I do what I do to reach other lesbians. I do what I do because I don't want lesbians to assume I'm a straight girl. I am out all the time, everywhere, because I WANT TO REACH YOU. Maybe you'll notice me, maybe we'll start talking, maybe we'll exchange numbers, maybe we'll become friends. Maybe we won't say a word but our eyes will meet and I will imagine you naked, sweating, openmouthed, your back arched as I am fucking you. And we'll be happy to know we aren't the only ones in the world. We'll be happy because we found each other, without saying a word, maybe just for a moment. But no. You won't wear a pink triangle on that linen lapel. You won't meet my eyes if I flirt with you on the street. You avoid me on the job because I'm "too" out. You chastise me in bars because I'm "too political." You ignore me in public because I bring "too much" attention to "my" lesbianism. But then you want me to be your lover, you want me to be your friend, you want me to love you, support you, fight for "OUR" right to exist.

#### WHERE ARE YOU?

You talk, talk, talk about invisibility and then retreat to your homes to nest with your lovers or carouse in a bar with pals and stumble home in a cab or sit silently and politely by while your family, your boss, your neighbors, your public servants distort and disfigure us, deride us and punish us. Then home again and you feel like screaming. Then you pad your anger with a relationship or a career or a party with other dykes like you and still you wonder why we can't find each other, why you feel lonely, angry, alienated.

#### GET UP, WAKE UP SISTERS!!

Your life is in your hands. When I risk it all to be out, I risk it for both of us. When I risk it all and it works (which it often does if you would try it), I benefit and so do you. When it doesn't work, I suffer and you do not. But girl you can't wait for other dykes to make the world safe for you. STOP waiting for a better more

lesbian future! The revolution could be here if we started it. Where are you sisters? I'm trying to find you, I'm trying to find you. How come I only see you on Gay Pride Day? We're OUT, Where the fuck are YOU?

WHEN ANYONE ASSAULTS YOU FOR BEING QUEER, IT IS QUEER BASHING. Right?

A crowd of 50 people exit a gay bar as it closes. Across the street, some straight boys are shouting "Faggots" and throwing beer bottles at the gathering, which outnumbers them by 10 to 1. Three queers make a move to respond, getting no support from the group. Why did a group this size allow themselves to be sitting ducks? Tompkins Square Park, Labor Day. At an annual outdoor concert/drag show, a group of gay men were harassed by teens carrying sticks. In the midst of thousands of gay men and lesbians, these straight boys beat two gay men to the ground, then stood around triumphantly laughing amongst themselves. The emcee was alerted and warned the crowd from the stage, "You girls be careful. When you dress up it drives the boys crazy," as if it were a practical joke inspired by what the victims were wearing rather than a pointed attack on anyone and everyone at that event. What would it have taken for that crowd to stand up to its attackers?

After James Zappalorti, an openly gay man, was murdered in cold blood on Staten Island this winter, a single demonstration was held in protest. Only one hundred people came. When Yuseuf Hawkins, a black youth, was shot to death for being on "white turf" in Bensonhurst, African Americans marched through that neighborhood in large numbers again and again. A black person was killed BECAUSE HE WAS BLACK, and people of color throughout the city recognized it and acted on it. The bullet that hit Hawkins was meant for a black man, ANY black man. Do most gays and lesbians think that the knife that punctured Zappalorti's heart was meant only for him?

The straight world has us so convinced that we are helpless and deserving victims of the violence against us, that queers are immobilized when faced with a threat. BE OUTRAGED! These attacks must not be tolerated. DO SOMETHING. Recognize that any act of aggression against any member of our community is an attack on every member of the community. The more we allow homophobes to inflict violence, terror and fear on our lives, the more frequently and ferociously we will be the object of their hatred. You're immeasurably valuable, because unless you start believing that, it can easily be taken from you. If you know how to gently and efficiently immobilize your attacker, then by all means, do it. If you lack those skills, then think about gouging out his fucking eyes, slamming his nose back into his brain, slashing his throat with a broken bottle—do whatever you can, whatever you have to, to save your life!

reeuQ yhW

Ah, do we really have to use that word? It's trouble. Every gay person has his or her own take on it. For some it means strange and eccentric and kind of mysterious. That's okay, we like that. But some gay girls and boys don't. They think they're more normal than strange. And for others "queer" conjures up those awful memories of adolescent suffering. Queer. It's forcibly bittersweet and quaint at best—weakening and painful at worst. Couldn't we just use "gay" instead? It's a much brighter word and isn't it synonymous with "happy?" When will you militants grow up and get over the novelty of being different?

## Why Queer

Well, yes, “gay” is great. It has its place. But when a lot of lesbians and gay men wake up in the morning we feel angry and disgusted, not gay. So we’ve chosen to call ourselves queer. Using “queer” is a way of reminding us how we are perceived by the rest of the world. It’s a way of telling ourselves we don’t have to be witty and charming people who keep our lives discreet and marginalized in the straight world. We use queer as gay men loving lesbians and lesbians loving being queer.

Queer, unlike GAY, doesn’t mean MALE. And when spoken to other gays and lesbians it’s a way of suggesting we close ranks, and forget (temporarily) our individual differences because we face a more insidious common enemy. Yeah, QUEER can be a rough word but it is also a sly and ironic weapon we can steal from the homophobe’s hands and use against him.

## NO SEX POLICE

For anyone to say that coming out is not part of the revolution is missing the point. Positive sexual images and what they manifest saves lives because they affirm those lives and make it possible for people to attempt to live as self-loving instead of self-loathing. As the famous “Black is beautiful” slogan changed many lives, so does “Read my lips” affirm queerness in the face of hatred and invisibility as displayed in a recent governmental study of suicides that states at least one third of all teen suicides are Queer kids. This is further exemplified by the rise in HIV transmission among those under 21.

We are most hated as queers for our sexualness, that is, our physical contact with the same sex. Our sexuality and sexual expression are what makes us most susceptible to physical violence. Our difference, our otherness, our uniqueness can either paralyze us or politicize us. Hopefully, the majority of us will not let it kill us.

## QUEER SPACE

Why in the world do we let heteros into queer clubs? Who gives a fuck if they like us because we “really know how to party?” WE HAVE TO IN ORDER TO BLOW OFF THE STEAM THEY MAKE US FEEL ALL THE TIME! They make out wherever they please, and take up too much room on the dance floor doing ostentatious couples dances. They wear their heterosexuality like a “Keep Out” sign, or like a deed of ownership.

Why the fuck do we tolerate them when they invade our space like it’s their right? Why do we let them shove heterosexuality—a weapon their world wields against us—right in our faces in the few public spots where we can be sexy with each other and not fear attack? It’s time to stop letting the straight people make all

the rules. Let's start by posting this sign outside every queer club and bar:

## RULES OF CONDUCT FOR STRAIGHT PEOPLE

1. Keep your display of affection (kissing, handholding, embracing) to a minimum. Your sexuality is unwanted offensive to many here. 2. If you must slow dance, be as inconspicuous as possible. 3. Do not gawk or stare at lesbians or gay men, especially bull dykes or drag queens. We are not your entertainmen 4. If you cannot comfortably deal with someone of the same sex making a pass at you, get out. 5. Do not flaunt your heterosexuality. Be Discreet. Risk being mistaken for a lezzie or a homo. 6. If you feel these rules are unfair, go fight homophobia in straight clubs, or: 7. Go Fuck Yourself.

## I HATE STRAIGHTS

I have friends. Some of them are straight. Year after year, I see my straight friends. I want to see them, to see how they are doing, to add newness to our long and complicated histories, to experience some continuity. Year after year I continue to realize that the facts of my life are irrelevant to them and that I am only half listened to, that I am an appendage to the doings of a greater world, a world of power and privilege, of the laws of installation, a world of exclusion. "That's not true," argue my straight friends. There is the one certainty in the politics of power: those left out of it beg for inclusion, while the insiders claim that they already are. Men do it to women, whites do it to blacks, and everyone does it to queers. The main dividing line, both conscious and unconscious, is procreation ... and that magic word—Family. Frequently, the ones we are born into disown us when they find out who we really are, and to make matters worse, we are prevented from having our own. We are punished, insulted, cut off, and treated like seditionaries in terms of child rearing, both damned if we try and damned if we abstain. It's as if the propagation of the species is such a fragile directive that without enforcing it as if it were an agenda, humankind would melt back into the primeval ooze.

I hate having to convince straight people that lesbians and gays live in a war zone, that we're surrounded by bomb blasts only we seem to hear, that our bodies and souls are heaped high, dead from fright or bashed or raped, dying of grief or disease, stripped of our personhood.

I hate straight people who can't listen to queer anger without saying "hey, all straight people aren't like that. I'm straight too, you know," as if their egos don't get enough stroking or protection in this

arrogant, heterosexist world. Why must we take care of them, in the midst of our just anger brought on by their fucked up society?! Why add the reassurance of "Of course, I don't mean you. You don't act that way." Let them figure out for themselves whether they deserve to be included in our anger.

But of course that would mean listening to our anger, which they almost never do. They deflect it, by saying "I'm not like that" or "Now look who's generalizing" or "You'll catch more flies with

honey ...” or “If you focus on the negative you just give out more power” or “you’re not the only one in the world who’s

suffering.” They say “Don’t yell at me, I’m on your side” or “I think you’re overreacting” or “BOY, YOU’RE BITTER.”

They’ve taught us that good queers don’t get mad. They’ve taught us so well that we not only hide our anger from them, we hide it from each other. WE EVEN HIDE IT FROM OURSELVES. We hide it with substance abuse and suicide and overachieving in the hope of proving our worth. They bash us and stab us and shoot us and bomb us in ever increasing numbers and still we freak out when angry queers carry banners or signs that say BASH BACK.

For the last decade they let us die in droves and still we thank President Bush for planting a fucking tree, applaud him for likening PWAs to car accident victims who refuse to wear seatbelts. LET YOURSELF BE ANGRY. Let yourself be angry that the price of our visibility is the constant threat of violence, anti-queer violence to which practically every segment of this society contributes. Let yourself feel angry that THERE IS NO PLACE IN THIS COUNTRY WHERE WE ARE SAFE, no place where we are not targeted for hatred and attack, the self-hatred, the suicide—of the closet. The next time some straight person comes down on you for being angry, tell them that until things change, you don’t need any more evidence that the world turns at your expense. You don’t need to see only hetero couple grocery shopping on your TV ... You don’t want any more baby pictures shoved in your face until you can have or keep your own. No more weddings, showers, anniversaries, please, unless they are our own brothers and sisters celebrating. And tell them not to dismiss you by saying “You have rights,” “You have privileges,” “You’re overreacting,” or “You have a victim’s mentality.” Tell them “GO AWAY FROM ME, until YOU can change.” Go away and try on a world without the brave, strong queers that are its backbone, that are its guts and brains and souls. Go tell them go away until they have spent a month walking hand in hand in public with someone of the same sex. After they survive that, then you’ll hear what they have to say about queer anger. Otherwise, tell them to shut up and listen.

lesbian avengers DYKE MANIFESTO lesbian avengers CALLING ALL LESBIANS WAKE UP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP! IT’S TIME TO GET OUT OF THE BEDS, OUT OF THE BARS AND INTO THE STREETS TIME TO SEIZE THE POWER OF DYKE LOVE, DYKE VISION, DYKE ANGER, DYKE INTELLIGENCE, DYKE STRATEGY. TIME TO ORGANIZE AND IGNITE. TIME TO GET TOGETHER AND FIGHT WE’RE INVISIBLE AND IT’S NOT SAFE—NOT AT HOME, ON THE JOB, IN THE STREETS OR IN THE COURTS WHERE ARE OUR LESBIAN LEADERS? WE NEED YOU WE’RE NOT WAITING FOR THE RAPTURE. WE ARE THE APOCALYPSE. WE’LL BE YOUR DREAM AND THEIR NIGHTMARE. LESBIAN POWER BELIEVE IN CREATIVE ACTIVISM: LOUD, BOLD, SEXY, SILLY, FIERCE, TASTY AND DRAMATIC. ARREST OPTIONAL. THINK DEMONSTRATIONS ARE A GOOD TIME AND A GREAT PLACE TO CRUISE WOMEN. DON’T HAVE PATIENCE FOR POLITE POLITICS. ARE BORED WITH THE BOYS. BELIEVE CONFRONTATION FOSTERS GROWTH AND STRONG BONES. BELIEVE IN RECRUITMENT. NOT BY THE ARMY; NOT OF STRAIGHT WOMEN. ARE NOT CONTENT WITH GHETTOS: WE WANT YOUR HOUSE, YOUR JOB, YOUR FREQUENT FLYER MILES. WE’LL SELL YOUR JEWELRY TO SUBSIDIZE OUR MOVEMENT. WE DEMAND UNIVERSAL HEALTH INSURANCE

AND HOUSING. WE DEMAND FOOD AND SHELTER. FOR ALL HOMELESS LESBIANS. WE ARE THE 13TH STEP. THINK GIRL GANGS ARE THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE LESBIAN SEX THINK SEX IS A DAILY LIBATION. GOOD ENERGY FOR ACTIONS. CRAVE, ENJOY, EXPLORE, SUFFER FROM NEW IDEAS ABOUT RELATIONSHIPS: SLUMBER PARTIES, POLYGAMY, PERSONAL ADS, AFFINITY GROUPS. USE LIVE ACTION WORDS: lick, waltz, eat, fuck, kiss, bite, give it up, hit the dirt LESBIAN ACTIVISM THINK ACTIONS MUST BE LOCAL, REGIONAL, NATIONAL, GLOBAL, COSMIC. THINK CLOSETED LESBIANS, QUEER BOYS AND SYMPATHETIC STRAIGHTS SHOULD SEND US MONEY. PLAN TO TARGET HOMOPHOBES OF EVERY STRIPE AND INFILTRATE THE CHRISTIAN RIGHT. SCHEME AND SCREAM AND FIGHT REAL MEAN THE LESBIAN AVENGERS: WE RECRUIT WELCOME AVENGER!

### WHO ARE THE LESBIAN AVENGERS?

The Lesbian Avengers is a direct action group focused on issues vital to lesbian survival and visibility. There are many ideas in the lesbian community about what kind of strategies to employ—electoral and legal reform, therapy groups, social services, theoretical development. These are all valid strategies, but they are not the strategies of the Avengers. Direct action is what the Lesbian Avengers do. It is the reason for our existence.

### WHAT IS DIRECT ACTION?

The real question is “Do we have to spray paint billboards to be a Lesbian Avenger?” Direct Action is a public intervention ranging in creative form from marches to street theatre to speakouts to cathartic spray painting of anti-hate slogans. Direct action is about getting attention, and that means media coverage. The purpose of direct action is visibility, so we can’t be shy. As a direct action group, the Lesbian Avengers is for women who want to be activists, want to take responsibility for making things happen, want to do the shit work, have their minds blown, change their opinions, share organizing skills, and work in community. You don’t have to spray paint billboards (although it’s really fun)! You have to be willing to act-out publicly. We want to empower lesbians as leaders!

### WHY NO ABSTRACT THEORETICAL DISCUSSION?

How many of us have sat in meetings arguing political theory to the point of mental and physical exhaustion, to the point where we run screaming to the nearest dance floor for release from the frustration?! To keep our work pro-active and fulfilling and successful, we focus our political discussions on the creation and purpose of an action. We agree to disagree on political ideology—it is too easy to create false polarities. We also encourage women to take responsibility for their own suggestions—be willing to make them happen. Instead of saying “Someone should ...” try saying “I will ...” or “Who will do this with me?” In our meetings, if you disagree with a proposal on the floor, instead of tearing it apart, propose another way of realizing the goal. The Avengers is a place where ideas are realized, where lesbians can have an impact. A crucial part of that is learning how to propose alternatives instead of just offering critiques. Be willing to put your body where your brain is—matter over mind!

## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LESBIAN AVENGERS

The first Lesbian Avenger group was founded in New York City in June 1992 by a group of experienced activists who were frustrated with their participation in W.H.A.M. and ACT UP where they felt overshadowed and undervalued as lesbians. They called a first meeting by handing out fluorescent green club cards reading “Lesbians! Dykes! Gay Women! We want revenge and we want it now.” The idea took off and the group has created many successful actions, including: arriving at public schools on the first day of school to give out balloons inscribe “Ask about Lesbian Lives”—this was surrounding the attempt to include teaching about gay and lesbian lives in the public school curriculum; an anti-violence march and fire eating ceremony in response to the murders of gays and lesbians in Oregon; following Mayor Webb of Colorado (on his visit to New York City to promote tourism) to make sure the media focus was on Amendment 2; a Valentine’s Day celebration of romantic love, butch genius and forgotten femmes, featuring the erection of a statue of Alice B. Toklas next to the statue of Gertrude Stein in Bryant Park (poetry and waltzing galore!); and organizing the Dyke March preceding the March on Washington 1993.

The Minneapolis Chapter started on International Women’s Day, 1993, when a bunch of dykes got together to potluck and discuss forming a direct action group. Lesbian direct action groups have existed in the Twin Cities before—Tornado Warning, Lesbians Against Imperialism, and other informal and individual efforts. From the first meeting, we discovered the common goals of: action not theory, proactive not reactive, and fun, fun, fun! Everything that we wanted to do as a group fit with what the Lesbian Avengers were doing. Thus the Minneapolis Chapter was born! To announce our birth, we went out that night and appropriated a Navy billboard: ta da!

## ACTIONS IN THE WORKS

Minneapolis Pride March; creating lesbian bar/dance space; radio and video projects; interfering with the Operation Rescue boot camp activities; continued watch-dogging of media to combat homophobic and sexist imagery; a summer celebration of dyke love; fundraising for hellraising! We welcome your ornery ideas for frisky antics and hotheaded capers!

OP TEN AVENGER QUALITIES 10. COMPASSION 9. LEADERSHIP 8. NO BIG EGO 7. INFORMED 6. FEARLESSNESS 5. RIGHTEOUS ANGER 4. FIGHTING SPIRIT 3. PRO SEX 2. GOOD DANCER 1. ACCESS TO RESOURCES (XEROX MACHINES)

## Primary Principles

Primary principles of transfeminism are simple. First, it is our belief that each individual has the right to define her or his own identities and to expect society to respect them. This also includes the right to express our gender without fear of discrimination or violence. Second, we hold that we have the sole right to make

decisions regarding our own bodies, and that no political, medical or religious authority shall violate the integrity of our bodies against our will or impede our decisions regarding what we do with them.

However, no one is completely free from the existing social and cultural dynamics of the institutionalized gender system. When we make any decisions regarding our gender identity or expression, we cannot escape the fact that we do so in the context of the patriarchal binary gender system. Trans women in particular are encouraged and sometimes required to adopt the traditional definition of femininity in order to be accepted and legitimized by the medical community, which has appointed itself as the arbiter of who is genuinely woman enough and who is not. Trans women often find themselves having to “prove” their womanhood by internalizing gender stereotypes in order to be acknowledged as women or to receive hormonal and surgical interventions. This practice is oppressive to trans and non-trans women alike, as it denies uniqueness of each woman.

Transfeminism holds that nobody shall be coerced into or out of personal decisions regarding her or his gender identity or expression in order to be a “real” woman or a “real” man. We also believe that nobody should be coerced into or out of these personal decisions in order to qualify as a “real” feminist.

As trans women, we have learned that our safety is often dependent on how well we can “pass” as “normal” women; as transfeminists, we find ourselves constantly having to negotiate our need for safety and comfort against our feminist principles. Transfeminism challenges all women, including trans women, to examine how we all internalize heterosexist and patriarchal mandates of genders and what global implications our actions entail; at the same time, we make it clear that it is not the responsibility of a feminist to rid herself of every resemblance to the patriarchal definition of femininity. Women should not be accused of reinforcing gender stereotypes for making personal decisions, even if these decisions appear to comply with certain gender roles; such a purity test is disempowering to women because it denies our agency, and it will only alienate a majority of women, trans or not, from taking part in the feminist movement.

Transfeminism believes in the notion that there are as many ways of being a woman as there are women, that we should be free to make our own decisions without guilt. To this end, transfeminism confronts social and political institutions that inhibit or narrow our individual choices, while refusing to blame individual women for making whatever personal decisions. It is unnecessary—in fact oppressive—to require women to abandon their freedom to make personal choices to be considered a true feminist, for it will only replace the rigid patriarchal construct of ideal femininity with a slightly modified feminist version that is just as rigid. Transfeminism believes in fostering an environment where women’s individual choices are honored, while scrutinizing and challenging institutions that limit the range of choices available to them.

### The Question of Male Privilege

Some feminists, particularly radical lesbian feminists, have accused trans women and men of benefiting from male privilege. Male-to-female transsexuals, they argue, are socialized as boys and thus given male privilege; female-to- male transsexuals on the other hand are characterized as traitors who have



abandoned their sisters in a pathetic attempt to acquire male privilege. Transfeminism must respond to this criticism, because it has been used to justify discrimination against trans women and men within some feminist circles.

When confronted with such an argument, a natural initial response of trans women is to deny ever having any male privilege whatsoever in their lives. It is easy to see how they would come to believe that being born male was more of a burden than a privilege: many of them despised having male bodies and being treated as boys as they grew up. They recall how uncomfortable it felt to be pressured to act tough and manly. Many have experienced bullying and ridicule by other boys because they did not act appropriately as boys. They were made to feel ashamed, and frequently suffered from depression. Even as adults, they live with the constant fear of exposure, which would jeopardize their employment, family relationships, friendships and safety.

However, as transfeminists, we must resist such a simplistic reaction. While it is true that male privilege affects some men far more than others, it is hard to imagine that trans women born as males never benefited from it. Most trans women have “passed” as men (albeit as “sissy” ones) at least some point in their lives, and were thus given preferable treatments in education and employment, for example, whether or not they enjoyed being perceived as men. They have been trained to be assertive and confident, and some trans women manage to maintain these “masculine” traits, often to their advantage, after transitioning.

What is happening here is that we often confuse the oppression we have experienced for being gender-deviant with the absence of the male privilege. Instead of claiming that we have never benefited from male supremacy, we need to assert that our experiences represent a dynamic interaction between male privilege and the disadvantage of being trans.

Any person who has a gender identity and/or an inclination toward a gender expression that match the sex attributed to her or him has a privilege of being non-trans. This privilege, like other privileges, is invisible to those who possess it. And like all other privileges, those who lack the privilege intuitively know how severely they suffer due to its absence. A trans woman may have limited access to male privilege depending on how early she transitioned and how fully she lives as a woman, but at the same time she experiences vast emotional, social, and financial disadvantages for being trans. The suggestion that trans women are inherently more privileged than other women is as ignorant as claiming that gay male couples are more privileged than heterosexual couples because both partners have male privilege.

Tensions often arise when trans women attempt to access “women’s spaces” that are supposedly designed to be safe havens from the patriarchy. The origin of these “women’s spaces” can be traced back to the early lesbian feminism of the 1970s, which consisted mostly of white middle-class women who prioritized sexism as the most fundamental social inequality while largely disregarding their own role in perpetuating other oppressions such as racism and classism. Under the assumption that sexism marked women’s lives far more significantly than any other social elements, they assumed that their experience of sexism is universal to all women regardless of ethnicity, class, etc.—meaning, all non-trans women. Recent critiques of the 1970s radical feminism point out how their convenient negligence of racism and classism in effect privileged

themselves as white middle-class women.

Based on this understanding, transfeminists should not respond to the accusation of male privilege with denial. We should have the courage to acknowledge ways in which trans women may have benefited from male privilege— some more than others, obviously—just like those of us who are white should address white privilege. Transfeminism believes in the importance of honoring our differences as well as similarities because women come from a variety of backgrounds. Transfeminists confront our own privileges, and expect non-trans women to acknowledge their privilege of being non-trans as well.

By acknowledging and addressing our privileges, trans women can hope to build alliances with other groups of women who have traditionally been neglected and deemed “unladylike” by white middle-class standard of womanhood. When we are called deviant and attacked just for being ourselves, there is nothing to gain from avoiding the question of privilege.

### Deconstructing the Reverse Essentialism

While the second wave of feminism popularized the idea that one’s gender is distinct from her or his physiological sex and is socially and culturally constructed, it largely left unquestioned the belief that there was such a thing as true physical sex. The separation of gender from sex was a powerful rhetoric used to break down compulsory gender roles, but allowed feminists to question only half of the problem, leaving the naturalness of essential female and male sexes until recently.

Transfeminism holds that sex and gender are both socially constructed; furthermore, the distinction between sex and gender is artificially drawn as a matter of convenience. While the concept of gender as a social construct has proven to be a powerful tool in dismantling traditional attitudes toward women’s capabilities, it left room for one to justify certain discriminatory policies or structures as having a biological basis. It also failed to address the realities of trans experiences in which physical sex is felt more artificial and changeable than their inner sense of who they are.

Social construction of biological sex is more than an abstract observation: it is a physical reality that many intersex people go through. Because society makes no provision for the existence of people whose anatomical characteristics do not neatly fit into male or female, they are routinely mutilated by medical professionals and manipulated into living as their assigned sex. Intersex people are usually not given an opportunity to decide for themselves how they wish to live and whether or not they want surgical or hormonal “correction.” Many intersex people find it appalling that they had no say in such a major life decision, whether or not their gender identity happen to match their assigned sex. We believe that genital mutilation of intersex children is inherently abusive because it unnecessarily violates the integrity of their bodies without proper consent. The issue is not even whether or not the sex one was assigned matches her or his gender identity; it is whether or not intersex people are given real choice over what happens to their bodies.

Trans people feel dissatisfied with the sex assigned to them without their consent according to the simplistic medical standard. Trans people are diverse: some identify and live as members of the sex different from what was assigned to them by medical authorities, either with or without medical intervention, while others identify with neither or both of male and female sexes. Trans liberation is about taking back the right to define ourselves from medical, religious and political authorities. Transfeminism views any method of assigning sex to be socially and politically constructed, and advocates a social arrangement where one is free to assign her or his own sex (or non- sex, for that matter).

As trans people begin to organize politically, it is tempting to adopt the essentialist notion of gender identity. The cliché popularized by the mass media is that trans people are “women trapped in men’s bodies” or vice versa. The attractiveness of such a strategy is clear, as the general population is more likely to become supportive of us if we could convince them that we are somehow born with a biological error over which we have no control over it. It is also often in tune with our own sense of who we are, which feels very deep and fundamental to us. However, as transfeminists, we resist such temptations because of their implications.

Trans people have often been described as those whose physical sex does not match the gender of their mind or soul. This explanation might make sense intuitively, but it is nonetheless problematic for transfeminism. To say that one has a female mind or soul would mean there are male and female minds that are different from each other in some identifiable way, which in turn may be used to justify discrimination against women. Essentializing our gender identity can be just as dangerous as resorting to biological essentialism.

Transfeminism believes that we construct our own gender identities based on what feels genuine, comfortable and sincere to us as we live and relate to others within given social and cultural constraint. This holds true for those whose gender identity is in congruence with their birth sex, as well as for trans people. Our demand for recognition and respect shall in no way be weakened by this acknowledgement. Instead of justifying our existence through the reverse essentialism, transfeminism dismantles the essentialist assumption of the normativity of the sex/gender congruence.

### Body Image/Consciousness as a Feminist Issue

We as feminists would like to claim that we feel comfortable, confident and powerful with our own bodies; unfortunately, this is not the case for many women, including trans women.

For many transfeminists, the issue of body image is where our needs for comfort and safety directly collide with our feminist politics. Many of us feel so uncomfortable and ashamed of our appearances that we opt to remain in the closet or endure electrolysis, hormone therapy and surgical interventions to modify our bodies in congruence with our identity as women. These procedures are costly, painful and time-consuming and can lead to the permanent loss of fertility and other serious complications such as an increased risk of cancer.

Why would anyone opt for such a seemingly inhumane practice? While we might like to believe that the need to match our bodies to our gender identity to be innate or essential, we cannot in honesty neglect social and political factors contributing to our personal decisions.

One such factor is society's enforcement of dichotomous gender roles. Because our identities are constructed within the social environment into which we are born, one could argue that the discontinuity between one's gender identity and physical sex is problematic only because society is actively maintaining a dichotomous gender system. If one's gender were an insignificant factor in society, the need for trans people to modify their bodies to fit into the dichotomy of genders may very well decrease, although probably not completely.

However, such reasoning should not be used to hold back trans persons from making decisions regarding their bodies. Trans women are extremely vulnerable to violence, abuse and discrimination as they are, and should not be made to feel guilty for doing whatever it takes for them to feel safe and comfortable. Transfeminism challenges us to consider ways in which social and political factors influence our decisions, but ultimately demands that society respect whatever decisions we each make regarding our own bodies and gender expression.

It is not contradictory to fight against the institutional enforcement of rigid gender roles while simultaneously advocating for individuals' rights to choose how they live in order to feel safe and comfortable. Nor is it contradictory to provide peer support to each other so that we can build healthy self-esteem while embracing individuals' decisions to modify their bodies if they choose to do so. We can each challenge society's arbitrary assumptions about gender and sex without becoming dogmatic. None of us should be expected to reject every oppressive factor in our lives at the same time; it would burn us out and drive us crazy. Sum of our small rebellions combined will destabilize the normative gender system as we know it. Various forms of feminisms, queer activism, transfeminism, and other progressive movements all attack different portions of the common target, which is the heterosexist patriarchy.

### Violence Against Women

Feminists have identified since the 1970s violence against women was not merely as isolated events, but as a systematic function of the patriarchy to keep all women subjugated. Transfeminism calls attention to the fact that trans women, like other groups of women who suffer from multiple oppressions, are particularly vulnerable to violence compared to women with non-trans privilege.

First, trans women are targeted because we live as women. Being a woman in this misogynist society is dangerous, but there are some factors that make us much more vulnerable when we are the targets of sexual and domestic violence. For example, when a man attacks a trans woman, especially if he tries to rape her, he may discover that the victim has or used to have a "male" anatomy. This discovery often leads to a more violent assault fueled by homophobia and transphobia. Trans women are frequently assaulted by men when their trans status is revealed. Murders of trans women, like that of prostitutes, are seldom taken seriously or

sympathetically by the media and the authorities—especially if the victim is a trans woman engaged in prostitution.

Trans women are also more vulnerable to emotional and verbal abuse by their partners because of their often- low self-esteem and negative body image. It is easy for an abuser to make a trans woman feel ugly, ashamed, worthless and crazy, because these are the same exact messages the whole society has told her over many years. Abusers get away with domestic violence by taking away women's ability to define their own identity and experiences—the areas where trans women are likely to be vulnerable to begin with. Trans women have additional difficulty in leaving their abusers because it is harder for them to find employment and would almost certainly lose child custody to their abusive partner in a divorce if there were any children involved.

In addition, trans women are targeted for being queer. Homophobes tend not to distinguish between gays and trans people when they commit hate crimes, but trans people are much more vulnerable to attack because they are often more visible than gays. Homophobic terrorists do not look into people's bedrooms when they go out to hunt gays; they look for gendered cues that do not match the perceived sex of their prey, effectively targeting those who are visibly gender-deviant. For every gay man or lesbian whose murder makes national headlines, there are many more trans people who are killed across the nation, even though there are far more "out" gays and lesbians than there are "out" trans people.

Trans men also live in the constant fear of discovery as they navigate in a society that persecutes men who step outside of their socially established roles. Crimes against trans men are committed by strangers as well as by close "friends," and are undoubtedly motivated by a combination of transphobia and misogyny, performed as a punishment for violating gender norms in order to put them back in a "woman's place."

Because of the danger in which we live, transfeminism believes that violence against trans people is one of the largest issues we must work on. We may be hurt and disappointed that some women-only events refuse to let us in, but it is the violence against us that has literally killed us or forced us to commit suicide way too often for way too long. We have no choice but to act, immediately.

In this regard, cooperation with traditional domestic violence shelters, rape crisis centers and hate crime prevention programs is essential. Some shelters have already decided to fully accept trans women just like they would any other women, while others hesitate for various reasons. We must organize and educate existing agencies about why trans women deserve to be served. We must stress that the dynamics of the violence against trans women is not unlike that involving non-trans women, except that we are often more vulnerable. And we should also advocate for services for trans men.

As transfeminists, we should not just demand that existing organizations provide services to us; we should join them. We should volunteer to assist them develop an effective screening method in order to preserve safety as they expand their base. We should make ourselves available as crisis counselors and case managers to other trans women in need. We should help them fund trans-specific workshops for their staff too.

We should develop self-defense courses for trans women modeled after feminist self-defense programs for women, but which pay special attention to our unique experiences. There may not be enough of us to start our own shelters from scratch, but we can work toward elimination of the violence against trans people in the broader coalition toward the elimination of violence against women and sexual minorities.

We must also address the issue of economic violence. Trans women are often in poverty because as women we earn less than men do, because overt discrimination against trans people in employment is rampant, and because of the prohibitively high cost of transitioning. This also means that abusive partners of trans women have more leverage to control and keep us trapped in abusive relationships. Transfeminism believes in fighting transphobia and sexism simultaneously in the economic arena as well as social and political.

### Health and Reproductive Choice

It may seem ironic that trans women, who in general have no capacity for bearing children, would be interested in the women's reproductive rights movement, but transfeminism sees a deep connection between the liberation of trans women and women's right to choose.

First of all, society's stigmatization of trans existence is partly due to the fact that we mess with our reproductive organs. Non-genital cosmetic surgeries are performed far more frequently than sex reassignment surgeries, yet they do not require months of mandatory psychotherapy. Nor are the ones who pursue cosmetic surgeries ridiculed and scorned daily on nationally broadcast trash talk shows. Such hysteria over our personal choices is fueled in part by society's taboo against self-determination of our reproductive organs: like women seeking an abortion, our bodies have become an open territory, a battleground.

Additionally, the hormones that many trans women take are similar in origin and chemical composition to what non-trans women take for birth control, emergency contraception, and hormone replacement therapy. As trans women, we share their concerns over safety, cost and availability of these estrogen-related pills. Trans and non-trans women need to be united against the right-wing tactics aimed at making means and information to control our bodies unavailable, if not illegal.

Of course, reproductive choice is not just about access to abortion or birth control; it is also about resisting forced and coerced sterilization or abortion of less privileged women. Likewise, transfeminism strives for the right to refuse surgical and hormonal interventions, including those prescribed for intersex people, and still expect society to honor our sense of who we are.

During the 1980s, lesbians were purged from some reproductive choice organizations because they were seen as irrelevant to their cause. But the right to choose is not exclusively a heterosexual issue nor a non-trans issue, as it is fundamentally about women having the right to determine what they do with their own bodies. Transfeminists should join reproductive choice organizations and demonstrate for choice. A society

that does not respect women's right to make decisions regarding pregnancy is not likely to respect our right to make decisions about medical interventions to make our bodies in congruence with our gender identity. If we fear having to obtain underground hormones or traveling overseas for a sex reassignment surgery, we should be able to identify with women who fear going back to the unsafe underground abortions.

In addition, transfeminism needs to learn from the women's health movement. Research on health issues that is of particular interest to women, such as breast cancer, did not arise in a vacuum. It was through vigorous activism and peer-education that these issues came to be taken seriously. Realizing that the medical community has historically failed to address women's health concerns adequately, transfeminists cannot expect those in the position of power to take trans women's health seriously. That is why we need to participate in and expand the women's health movement.

Drawing analogies from the women's health movement also solves the strategic dilemma over pathologization of gender identity. For many years, trans people have been arguing with each other about whether or not to demand de-pathologization of gender identity disorder, which is currently a pre-requisite for certain medical treatments. It has been a divisive issue because the pathologization of gender identity disorder allows some of us to receive medical interventions, even though it stigmatizes us and negates our agency at the same time. Before the feminist critiques of modern medicine, female bodies are considered "abnormal" by the male-centered standard of the medical establishment, which resulted in the pathologization of such ordinary experiences of women as menstruation, pregnancy and menopause; it was the women's health movement that forced the medical community to accept that they are part of ordinary human experiences. Transfeminism insists that transsexuality is not an illness or a disorder, but as much a part of the wide spectrum of ordinary human experiences as pregnancy. It is thus not contradictory to demand medical treatment for trans people to be made more accessible, while de-pathologizing "gender identity disorder."

### Call for Action

While we have experienced more than our share of rejection within and outside of feminist communities, those who remained our best allies have also been feminists, lesbians and other queers. Transfeminism asserts that it is futile to debate intellectually who is and is not included in the category "women": we must act, now, and build alliances.

Every day, we are harassed, discriminated against, assaulted, and abused. No matter how well we learn to pass, the social invisibility of trans existence will not protect us when all women are under attack. We can never win by playing by society's rule of how women should behave; we need feminism as much as non-trans women do, if not more. Transfeminists take pride in the tradition of our feminist foremothers and continue their struggle in our own lives.

Transfeminism believes that a society that honors cross-gender identities is the one that treats people of all genders fairly, because our existence is seen as problematic only when there is a rigid gender hierarchy. In this belief, it is essential for our survival and dignity that we claim our place in feminism, not in a

threatening or invasive manner, but in friendly and cooperative ways. Initial suspicion and rejection from some existing feminist institutions are only natural, especially since they have been betrayed so many times by self-identified “pro-feminist” men; it is through our persistence and commitment to action that transfeminism will transform the scope of feminism into a more inclusive vision of the world.

How can you tell who is a femme? Their shoes? Their outfits? Make-up? A combination of the three? Most days that I am out in the world I will be wearing sweatpants, a crappy t-shirt with no bra and no makeup, yet I am a femme. Like a lot of us, I have chronic illnesses that prevent me from wearing bras, and clothes other than pajamas (both because of the physical discomfort, and the energy needed). I am also fat, and have little time or money to shop (let alone time or money for altering or making clothes), and have trouble finding clothes that don’t hurt, are affordable and fit, yet alone cute clothes that meet all these requirements. My feet deformities mean that all I can wear are ugly hippie shoes, sneakers or Doc Martens, and nothing that could be properly described as “cute.”

There are all sorts of reasons, yet at the same time no reason is necessary, why many of us are pajama femmes. As a femme, my sexual orientation (what a ridiculous word!) feels invisible in a lot of queer spaces (and almost always in non queer specific places). As a pajama femme, my femmeness feels invisible everywhere. My gender identity is Dolly Parton, but my gender presentation is more Roseanne (who I adore and I think is amazing, but doesn’t typify what we usually think of when we think of “femme”).

And I know there are a lot of barriers for all of us in terms of looking how we feel and doing gender, but this is my experience, and I don’t think it is an uncommon one.

I propose a different kind of femme, and we are fabulous. And here is our manifesto.

WHEREAS, Femmes of all kinds are often invisible in queer culture, and the traits that society deems feminine in all of us is devalued in queer and “mainstream culture,” WHEREAS, many of us are also sick, poor, busy, tired, allergic, fat, incarcerated, lazy, etc., we may not have the resources (financially, energetically, materially etc.) to present ourselves and our gender to society the way we want to, WHEREAS, we are the ONLY ones who can define our gender identity and sexual orientation and NO ONE, can tell us we are something that we are not, but we do want to be visible to each other and the world.

WE DECLARE: As pajama femmes we understand all that and call for a new kind of femme visibility, one that is rooted in an analysis that centers the experience of those of us too fat to find cute clothes in our size, or too allergic to products to wear makeup, or too tired to deal with our hair (which affects many of those of us of color in very intense and resource heavy ways), or those of us that are incarcerated and have very little say in our physical appearance. Pajama femme doesn’t rely on outward appearances for identification. Pajama femme challenges the idea that ANYONE’S gender can be summed up by their appearance. Pajama femme understands that our gender and sexual orientation are just two of the jillions of identities that we are trying to navigate in this world, Pajama femme knows that being marginalized is hard work and we should at least be comfortable. So join the pajama femme revolution! We will be the ones at the



gay bar in our sweatpants.

The workingman, whose strength and muscles are so admired by the pale, puny offsprings of the rich, yet whose labour barely brings him enough to keep the wolf of starvation from the door, marries only to have a wife and house-keeper, who must slave from morning till night, who must make every effort to keep down expenses. Her nerves are so tired by the continual effort to make the pitiful wages of her husband support both of them that she grows irritable and no longer is successful in concealing her want of affection for her lord and master, who, alas! soon comes to the conclusion that his hopes and plans have gone astray, and so practically begins to think that marriage is a failure.

#### The Chain Grows Heavier and Heavier

As the expenses grow larger instead of smaller, the wife, who has lost all of the little strength she had at marriage, likewise feels herself betrayed, and the constant fretting and dread of starvation consumes her beauty in a short time after marriage. She grows despondent, neglects her household duties, and as there are no ties of love and sympathy between herself and her husband to give them strength to face the misery and poverty of their lives, instead of clinging to each other, they become more and more estranged, more and more impatient with each other's faults.

The man cannot, like the millionaire, go to his club, but he goes to a saloon and tries to drown his misery in a glass of beer or whiskey. The unfortunate partner of his misery, who is too honest to seek forgetfulness in the arms of a lover, and who is too poor to allow herself any legitimate recreation or amusement, remains amid the squalid, half-kept surroundings she calls home, and bitterly bemoans the folly that made her a poor man's wife.

Yet there is no way for them to part from each other.

#### But They Must Wear It

However galling the chain which has been put around their necks by the law and Church may be, it may not be broken unless those two persons decide to permit it to be severed.

Should the law be merciful enough to grant them liberty, every detail of their private life must be dragged to light. The woman is condemned by public opinion and her whole life is ruined. The fear of this disgrace often causes her to break down under the heavy weight of married life without daring to enter a single protest against the outrageous system that has crushed her and so many of her sisters.

The rich endure it to avoid scandal—the poor for the sake of their children and the fear of public opinion. Their lives are one long continuation of hypocrisy and deceit.

The woman who sells her favours is at liberty to leave the man who purchases them at any time, “while the respectable wife” cannot free herself from a union which is galling to her.

All unnatural unions which are not hallowed by love are prostitution, whether sanctioned by the Church and society or not. Such unions cannot have other than a degrading influence both upon the morals and health of society.

### The System Is to Blame

The system which forces women to sell their womanhood and independence to the highest bidder is a branch of the same evil system which gives to a few the right to live on the wealth produced by their fellow-men, 99 percent of whom must toil and slave early and late for barely enough to keep soul and body together, while the fruits of their labour are absorbed by a few idle vampires who are surrounded by every luxury wealth can purchase.

Look for a moment at two pictures of this nineteenth century social system. Look at the homes of the wealthy, those magnificent palaces whose costly furnishings would put thousands of needy men and women in comfortable circumstances. Look at the dinner parties of these sons and daughters of wealth, a single course of which would feed hundreds of starving ones to whom a full meal of bread washed down by water is a luxury. Look upon these votaries of fashion as they spend their days devising new means of selfish enjoyment—theatres, balls, concerts, yachting, rushing from one part of the globe to another in their mad search for gaiety and pleasure. And then turn a moment and look at those who produce the wealth that pays for these excessive, unnatural enjoyments.

### The Other Picture

Look at them herded together in dark, damp cellars, where they never get a breath of fresh air, clothed in rags, carrying their loads of misery from the cradle to the grave, their children running around the streets, naked, starved, without anyone to give them a loving word or tender care, growing up in ignorance and superstition, cursing the day of their birth.

Look at these two startling contrasts, you moralists and philanthropists, and tell me who is to be blamed for it! Those who are driven to prostitution, whether legal or otherwise, or those who drive their victims to such demoralisation?

The cause lies not in prostitution, but in society itself; in the system of inequality of private property and in the State and Church. In the system of legalized theft, murder and violation of the innocent women and helpless children.

## The Cure for The Evil

Not until this monster is destroyed will we get rid of the disease which exists in the Senate and all public offices; in the houses of the rich as well as in the miserable barracks of the poor. Mankind must become conscious of their strength and capabilities, they must be free to commence a new life, a better and nobler life.

Prostitution will never be suppressed by the means employed by the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst and other reformers. It will exist as long as the system exists which breeds it.

When all these reformers unite their efforts with those who are striving to abolish the system which begets crime of every description and erect one which is based upon perfect equity—a system which guarantees every member, man, woman or child, the full fruits of their labour and a perfectly equal right to enjoy the gifts of nature and to attain the highest knowledge—woman will be self-supporting and independent. Her health no longer crushed by endless toil and slavery no longer will she be the victim of man, while man will no longer be possessed of unhealthy, unnatural passions and vices.

## An Anarchist's Dream

Each will enter the marriage state with physical strength and moral confidence in each other. Each will love and esteem the other, and will help in working not only for their own welfare, but, being happy themselves, they will desire also the universal happiness of humanity. The offspring of such unions will be strong and healthy in mind and body and will honour and respect their parents, not because it is their duty to do so, but because the parents deserve it.

They will be instructed and cared for by the whole community and will be free to follow their own inclinations, and there will be no necessity to teach them sychophancy and the base art of preying upon their fellow-beings. Their aim in life will be, not to obtain power over their brothers, but to win the respect and esteem of every member of the community.

## Anarchist Divorce

Should the union of a man and woman prove unsatisfactory and distasteful to them they will in a quiet, friendly manner, separate and not debase the several relations of marriage by continuing an uncongenial union.

If, instead of persecuting the victims, the reformers of the day will unite their efforts to eradicate the cause, prostitution will no longer disgrace humanity. To suppress one class and protect another is worse than

folly. It is criminal. Do not turn away your heads, you moral man and woman. Do not allow your prejudice to influence you: look at the question from an unbiased standpoint. Instead of exerting your strength uselessly, join hands and assist to abolish the corrupt, diseased system. If married life has not robbed you of honour and self-respect, if you have love for those you call your children, you must, for your own sake as well as theirs, seek emancipation and establish liberty. Then, and not until then, will the evils of matrimony cease.

PREAMBLE: Whereas the written and spoken word about singles has been and continues to be one of gloom and doom, untruths and misinformation, we the singles of the United States—divorced, separated, widowed, and never-married—in order to bury the myths, establish the truths, uplift our spirits, promote our freedom, become cognizant of our great fortune as singles, do ordain and establish this manifesto for the singles of the United States of America.

Attitude toward self: 1. As a single, I shall appreciate myself as a unique person with a special combination of traits and talents no one has. 2. I will develop and maintain a healthy self-respect and a high sense of self-worth, knowing that I cannot respect like others until I first appreciate myself. 3. I will at all times take responsibility for my own actions, knowing that responsibility begins within my own self. 4. I will strive to put all my talents to work so that I can eliminate any residual, socially induced feelings of inferiority knowing that when I give of myself to others, my self-esteem will rise accordingly. 5. I will have goals, knowing I will feel a sense of elation and heightened self-esteem once the goal is accomplished. 6. I will give myself rewards when I have accomplished a goal or difficult task, knowing the more I practice the art of giving of myself, the more I will be able to give to others—and rewards, like charity, begin at home. 7. I will take an entirely new look at loneliness, knowing there is a vast difference between loneliness and being alone, realizing further that loneliness is a part of the human condition and that facing it when it happens will allow me to appreciate the positive side of being alone. 8. I will, in my deepest feelings, know that it's okay to be single and, becoming braver, know that it's even more okay—it can be a great and untapped opportunity for continuous personal growth.

Attitude toward others: 1. I will stop searching for the “one-and-only,” knowing that as I become more free to be myself, I will be freer to about others, so that relationships will come to me as a natural consequence and I will feel free to accept or reject them. 2. Instead of searching for the “one-and-only,” I will realize the tremendous importance of friendships and will develop understanding, worthwhile friends of both the same and opposite sex. I will realize that platonic friendships are only possible, but a necessary part of a successfully single life. 3. I will take inventory of my present “friends,” bypassing those who are negative and harmful and cultivating those who are helpful and nourishing. 4. I will, when I attend singles' affairs, consider the singles I meet there as potential friends, not as “losers,” know my attitude will color my perception even before I step in the door.

Attitude toward society: 1. I will appreciate that all four categories of singlehood—divorced, separated, widowed, and never-married—similar discriminations and that we are much more alike than different, no matter what our age and sex. 2. I will appreciate that the so-called battle of the sexes is a social myth, that men and women are much more alike than different in their reaction to fear, rejection, loneliness, sorrow, joy, caring, sharing, and loving, and that, as such we have a unique opportunity to foster understanding and empathy between male and female. 3. I will no longer suffer in silence the injustices to me as a single, but

will do everything I can to help eradicate the 4. I will, by choosing to live a free single life, be helping to raise the status of singlehood. In doing this, I will be strengthening rather than weakening marriage, for when we truly have the option not to marry, marriage will be as a free choice rather than one demanded by a pairing society. 5. Finally, I will do my part in every way to promote good will between marrieds and singles, because misunderstandings will be diminished only when each of us, as a unique human being, realizes that being aware, autonomous, free, self-fulfilled, and whole has nothing whatsoever to do with being either married or single but, in the final analysis, comes from being ourselves.

## ZERO

[0x00] Ours is a world in vertigo. It is a world that swarms with technological mediation, interlacing our daily lives with abstraction, virtuality, and complexity. XF constructs a feminism adapted to these realities: a feminism of unprecedented cunning, scale, and vision; a future in which the realization of gender justice and feminist emancipation contribute to a universalist politics assembled from the needs of every human, cutting across race, ability, economic standing, and geographical position. No more futureless repetition on the treadmill of capital, no more submission to the drudgery of labour, productive and reproductive alike, no more reification of the given masked as critique. Our future requires depetrification. XF is not a bid for revolution, but a wager on the long game of history, demanding imagination, dexterity and persistence.

[0x01] XF seizes alienation as an impetus to generate new worlds. We are all alienated—but have we ever been otherwise? It is through, and not despite, our alienated condition that we can free ourselves from the muck of immediacy. Freedom is not a given—and it's certainly not given by anything "natural." The construction of freedom involves not less but more alienation; alienation is the labour of freedom's construction. Nothing should be accepted as fixed, permanent, or "given"—neither material conditions nor social forms. XF mutates, navigates and probes every horizon. Anyone who's been deemed "unnatural" in the face of reigning biological norms, anyone who's experienced injustices wrought in the name of natural order, will realize that the glorification of "nature" has nothing to offer us—the queer and trans among us, the differently-abled, as well as those who have suffered discrimination due to pregnancy or duties connected to child-rearing. XF is vehemently anti-naturalist. Essentialist naturalism reeks of theology—the sooner it is exorcised, the better.

[0x02] Why is there so little explicit, organized effort to repurpose technologies for progressive gender political ends? XF seeks to strategically deploy existing technologies to re-engineer the world. Serious risks are built into these tools; they are prone to imbalance, abuse, and exploitation of the weak. Rather than pretending to risk nothing, XF advocates the necessary assembly of techno-political interfaces responsive to these risks. Technology isn't inherently progressive. Its uses are fused with culture in a positive feedback loop that makes linear sequencing, prediction, and absolute caution impossible. Technoscientific innovation must be linked to a collective theoretical and political thinking in which women, queers, and the gender non-conforming play an unparalleled role.

[0x03] The real emancipatory potential of technology remains unrealized. Fed by the market, its rapid growth is offset by bloat, and elegant innovation is surrendered to the buyer, whose stagnant world it

decorates. Beyond the noisy clutter of commodified craft, the ultimate task lies in engineering technologies to combat unequal access to reproductive and pharmacological tools, environmental cataclysm, economic instability, as well as dangerous forms of unpaid/underpaid labour. Gender inequality still characterizes the fields in which our technologies are conceived, built, and legislated for, while female workers in electronics (to name just one industry) perform some of the worst paid, monotonous and debilitating labour. Such injustice demands structural, machinic and ideological correction.

[0x04] Xenofeminism is a rationalism. To claim that reason or rationality is “by nature” a patriarchal enterprise is to concede defeat. It is true that the canonical “history of thought” is dominated by men, and it is male hands we see throttling existing institutions of science and technology. But this is precisely why feminism must be a rationalism—because of this miserable imbalance, and not despite it. There is no “feminine” rationality, nor is there a “masculine” one. Science is not an expression but a suspension of gender. If today it is dominated by masculine egos, then it is at odds with itself—and this contradiction can be leveraged. Reason, like information, wants to be free, and patriarchy cannot give it freedom. Rationalism must itself be a feminism. XF marks the point where these claims intersect in a two-way dependency. It names reason as an engine of feminist emancipation, and declares the right of everyone to speak as no one in particular.

## INTERRUPT

[0x05] The excess of modesty in feminist agendas of recent decades is not proportionate to the monstrous complexity of our reality, a reality crosshatched with fibre-optic cables, radio and microwaves, oil and gas pipelines, aerial and shipping routes, and the unrelenting, simultaneous execution of millions of communication protocols with every passing millisecond. Systematic thinking and structural analysis have largely fallen by the wayside in favour of admirable, but insufficient struggles, bound to fixed localities and fragmented insurrections. Whilst capitalism is understood as a complex and ever-expanding totality, many would-be emancipatory anti-capitalist projects remain profoundly fearful of transitioning to the universal, resisting big-picture speculative politics by condemning them as necessarily oppressive vectors. Such a false guarantee treats universals as absolute, generating a debilitating disjuncture between the thing we seek to depose and the strategies we advance to depose it.

[0x06] Global complexity opens us to urgent cognitive and ethical demands. These are Promethean responsibilities that cannot pass unaddressed. Much of twenty-first century feminism—from the remnants of postmodern identity politics to large swathes of contemporary ecofeminism—struggles to adequately address these challenges in a manner capable of producing substantial and enduring change. Xenofeminism endeavours to face up to these obligations as collective agents capable of transitioning between multiple levels of political, material and conceptual organization.

[0x07] We are adamantly synthetic, unsatisfied by analysis alone. XF urges constructive oscillation between description and prescription to mobilize the recursive potential of contemporary technologies upon gender, sexuality and disparities of power. Given that there are a range of gendered challenges specifically relating to life in a digital age—from sexual harassment via social media, to doxxing, privacy, and the protection of online images—the situation requires a feminism at ease with computation. Today, it is

imperative that we develop an ideological infrastructure that both supports and facilitates feminist interventions within connective, networked elements of the contemporary world. Xenofeminism is about more than digital self-defence and freedom from patriarchal networks. We want to cultivate the exercise of positive freedom—freedom-to rather than simply freedom-from—and urge feminists to equip themselves with the skills to redeploy existing technologies and invent novel cognitive and material tools in the service of common ends.

[0x08] The radical opportunities afforded by developing (and alienating) forms of technological mediation should no longer be put to use in the exclusive interests of capital, which, by design, only benefits the few. There are incessantly proliferating tools to be annexed, and although no one can claim their comprehensive accessibility, digital tools have never been more widely available or more sensitive to appropriation than they are today. This is not an elision of the fact that a large amount of the world's poor is adversely affected by the expanding technological industry (from factory workers labouring under abominable conditions to the Ghanaian villages that have become a repository for the e-waste of the global powers) but an explicit acknowledgement of these conditions as a target for elimination. Just as the invention of the stock market was also the invention of the crash, Xenofeminism knows that technological innovation must equally anticipate its systemic condition responsively.

## TRAP

[0x09] XF rejects illusion and melancholy as political inhibitors. Illusion, as the blind presumption that the weak can prevail over the strong with no strategic coordination, leads to unfulfilled promises and unmarshalled drives. This is a politics that, in wanting so much, ends up building so little. Without the labour of large-scale, collective social organisation, declaring one's desire for global change is nothing more than wishful thinking. On the other hand, melancholy—so endemic to the left—teaches us that emancipation is an extinct species to be wept over and that blips of negation are the best we can hope for. At its worst, such an attitude generates nothing but political lassitude, and at its best, installs an atmosphere of pervasive despair which too often degenerates into factionalism and petty moralizing. The malady of melancholia only compounds political inertia, and—under the guise of being realistic—relinquishes all hope of calibrating the world otherwise. It is against such maladies that XF inoculates.

[0x0A] We take politics that exclusively valorize the local in the guise of subverting currents of global abstraction, to be insufficient. To secede from or disavow capitalist machinery will not make it disappear. Likewise, suggestions to pull the lever on the emergency brake of embedded velocities, the call to slow down and scale back, is a possibility available only to the few—a violent particularity of exclusivity—ultimately entailing catastrophe for the many. Refusing to think beyond the microcommunity, to foster connections between fractured insurgencies, to consider how emancipatory tactics can be scaled up for universal implementation, is to remain satisfied with temporary and defensive gestures. XF is an affirmative creature on the offensive, fiercely insisting on the possibility of large-scale social change for all of our alien kin.

[0x0B] A sense of the world's volatility and artificiality seems to have faded from contemporary queer and feminist politics, in favour of a plural but static constellation of gender identities, in whose bleak light equations of the good and the natural are stubbornly restored. While having (perhaps) admirably expanded

thresholds of “tolerance,” too often we are told to seek solace in unfreedom, staking claims on being “born” this way, as if offering an excuse with nature’s blessing. All the while, the heteronormative centre chugs on. XF challenges this centrifugal referent, knowing full well that sex and gender are exemplary of the fulcrum between norm and fact, between freedom and compulsion. To tilt the fulcrum in the direction of nature is a defensive concession at best, and a retreat from what makes trans and queer politics more than just a lobby: that it is an arduous assertion of freedom against an order that seemed immutable. Like every myth of the given, a stable foundation is fabricated for a real world of chaos, violence, and doubt. The “given” is sequestered into the private realm as a certainty, whilst retreating on fronts of public consequences. When the possibility of transition became real and known, the tomb under Nature’s shrine cracked, and new histories—bristling with futures—escaped the old order of “sex.” The disciplinary grid of gender is in no small part an attempt to mend that shattered foundation, and tame the lives that escaped it. The time has now come to tear down this shrine entirely, and not bow down before it in a piteous apology for what little autonomy has been won.

[0x0C] If “cyberspace” once offered the promise of escaping the strictures of essentialist identity categories, the climate of contemporary social media has swung forcefully in the other direction, and has become a theatre where these prostrations to identity are performed. With these curatorial practices come puritanical rituals of moral maintenance, and these stages are too often overrun with the disavowed pleasures of accusation, shaming, and denunciation. Valuable platforms for connection, organization, and skill-sharing become clogged with obstacles to productive debate positioned as if they are debate. These puritanical politics of shame—which fetishize oppression as if it were a blessing, and cloud the waters in moralistic frenzies—leave us cold. We want neither clean hands nor beautiful souls, neither virtue nor terror. We want superior forms of corruption.

[0x0D] What this shows is that the task of engineering platforms for social emancipation and organization cannot ignore the cultural and semiotic mutations these platforms afford. What requires reengineering are the memetic parasites arousing and coordinating behaviours in ways occluded by their hosts’ self-image; failing this, memes like “anonymity,” “ethics,” “social justice” and “privilege-checking” host social dynamisms at odds with the often- commendable intentions with which they’re taken up. The task of collective self-mastery requires a hyperstitional manipulation of desire’s puppet-strings, and deployment of semiotic operators over a terrain of highly networked cultural systems. The will will always be corrupted by the memes in which it traffics, but nothing prevents us from instrumentalizing this fact, and calibrating it in view of the ends it desires.

## PARITY

[0x0E] Xenofeminism is gender-abolitionist. “Gender abolitionism” is not code for the eradication of what are currently considered “gendered” traits from the human population. Under patriarchy, such a project could only spell disaster —the notion of what is “gendered” sticks disproportionately to the feminine. But even if this balance were redressed, we have no interest in seeing the sexuate diversity of the world reduced. Let a hundred sexes bloom! “Gender abolitionism” is shorthand for the ambition to construct a society where traits currently assembled under the rubric of gender, no longer furnish a grid for the asymmetric operation of power. “Race abolitionism” expands into a similar formula—that the struggle must continue until currently



racialized characteristics are no more a basis of discrimination than the color of one's eyes. Ultimately, every emancipatory abolitionism must incline towards the horizon of class abolitionism, since it is in capitalism where we encounter oppression in its transparent, denaturalized form: you're not exploited or oppressed because you are a wage labourer or poor; you are a labourer or poor because you are exploited.

[0x0F] Xenofeminism understands that the viability of emancipatory abolitionist projects—the abolition of class, gender, and race—hinges on a profound reworking of the universal. The universal must be grasped as generic, which is to say, intersectional. Intersectionality is not the morcellation of collectives into a static fuzz of cross-referenced identities, but a political orientation that slices through every particular, refusing the crass pigeonholing of bodies. This is not a universal that can be imposed from above, but built from the bottom up—or, better, laterally, opening new lines of transit across an uneven landscape. This non-absolute, generic universality must guard against the facile tendency of conflation with bloated, unmarked particulars—namely Eurocentric universalism—whereby the male is mistaken for the sexless, the white for raceless, the cis for the real, and so on. Absent such a universal, the abolition of class will remain a bourgeois fantasy, the abolition of race will remain a tacit white-supremacism, and the abolition of gender will remain a thinly veiled misogyny, even—especially—when prosecuted by avowed feminists themselves. (The absurd and reckless spectacle of so many self-proclaimed 'gender abolitionists' campaign against trans women is proof enough of this.)

[0x10] From the postmoderns, we have learnt to burn the facades of the false universal and dispel such confusions; from the moderns, we have learnt to sift new universals from the ashes of the false. Xenofeminism seeks to construct a coalitional politics, a politics without the infection of purity. Wielding the universal requires thoughtful qualification and precise self-reflection so as to become a ready-to-hand tool for multiple political bodies and something that can be appropriated against the numerous oppressions that transect with gender and sexuality. The universal is no blueprint, and rather than dictate its uses in advance, we propose XF as a platform. The very process of construction is therefore understood to be a negentropic, iterative, and continual refashioning. Xenofeminism seeks to be a mutable architecture that, like open source software, remains available for perpetual modification and enhancement following the navigational impulse of militant ethical reasoning. Open, however, does not mean undirected. The most durable systems in the world owe their stability to the way they train order to emerge as an “invisible hand” from apparent spontaneity; or exploit the inertia of investment and sedimentation. We should not hesitate to learn from our adversaries or the successes and failures of history. With this in mind, XF seeks ways to seed an order that is equitable and just, injecting it into the geometry of freedoms these platforms afford.

## Legal Rights

Throughout most of the world, women are not recognized under the law as equals with men. Current laws and judicial interpretations are sexist. For example, after a century and a half of struggle, the U.S. Constitution still lacks a federal Equal Rights Amendment and thus provides no nationwide legal foundation for women's equality.

The law should protect human life and liberty above private property, but under capitalism the reverse

is true. The just and democratic recognition of the rights of women is sacrificed for capital's need to perpetuate the institution of the nuclear family, along with the subordination of wives to their husbands. The resulting second-class status of women is enforced through legislation, the courts and government policy.

We demand: Unconditional equal treatment under non-sexist law for all women regardless of age, marital status, health, race, sexual orientation, size and weight, immigration status, political ideology, lifestyle, or income. Equal legal recognition of all forms of consenting relationships, marriage and domestic partnerships, inclu of lesbians, gays, bisexuals and transgendered people. No preferential tax treatment based on marital s unqualified right of married women to keep their own names and independent legal identities. Divorce g the grounds of incompatibility and incontestable by either party. Child custody and community property resolved free of charge by a qualified, non-adversarial and publicly funded family commission com professionals and lay people acceptable to both parents. Removal of divorce and child custody issues adversarial court system. The right of women and children to legal separation from their families. Preservation and extension of civil liberties to protect our right to dissent, including freedom of speech, a and assembly, and the right to privacy in all spheres—particularly on the job, where civil rights are suppressed.

### Economic Equality

The reentry of women into the world of paid work on every level and on an equal footing with men is the essential lever for achieving social equality. Yet the economic crisis of capitalism deals its heaviest blows to women. Economic dependence, whether on men or on welfare, is in fundamental contradiction to freedom and independence. Women face constant prejudice in financial transactions because of our supposed “emotionalism” and consequent “instability” and also because many women are not paid enough to independently qualify for many economic transactions. To control our lives, we must control our own livelihood.

We demand:

Affirmative action and seniority protection in employment and promotion. Separate seniority lists by race in job classifications where women and people of color are underemployed. Legally enforceable quotas to equal access to all job classifications for women, people of color and ethnic minorities. Equal pay for equal or comparable work as a right of women, people of color, disabled, old, young and workers. Free 24-hour, industry-and government-funded, community-controlled childcare centers on or near the educational, recreational and medical facilities for children. Paid leave for pregnancy, new baby care and major illness without loss of benefits, seniority or job status. Safe working conditions for everyone. Eradication of dangerous work environments that affect dispro numbers of women, especially women of color and immigrants. An end to using unsafe conditions as an exclude women from certain areas of employment. The right of all workers to withdraw their labor, with from any hazardous work environment or practice until the problem is rectified. Unlimited employer-funded sick leave at full pay. Employer-paid, comprehensive health insurance for bot part-time workers where healthcare is not yet nationalized. Employer-funded domestic partnership benefits Nationalization of failing industries under workers' control. Corporate- and government-sponsored retraining and placement at no loss in pay for injured workers and off by plant closures, automation, or speedup. Equal access for women to apprenticeships in the trades. Affirmative action training programs in non trades. An end to harassment and physical attacks on women in the trades. Full employment

instituted through a sliding scale of hours with the length of the working day uniform until there is work for everyone paid at the rate of a full day's union wage. Regular, automatic wage increases to fully match increases in the cost of living.

## Women and Unions

Women workers and unionists are key to a revitalized labor movement. As the lowest paid workers, our struggles against discrimination and for our rights bring fresh dynamism to the labor movement.

We demand: Full equality for women in union membership and leadership functions. The leadership of unions should membership in terms of race, sex, and languages spoken. Union-sponsored apprenticeship programs with a action hiring and training. Aggressive campaigns by unions to organize the traditionally unorganized sectors of labor, which are women and people of color. The labor movement must fight for equality for all workers, address social i prioritize the demands of women, people of color, immigrants, and lesbians and gays. Union democracy: the right of union members to decide the goals and priorities of their unions th discussion and majority vote. Free speech within our unions, including the right of radicals to be heard. Militant labor action, including general strikes, in solidarity against government and business attacks on of the labor movement. Solidarity actions with workers of other countries against the union-busting mult Replace protectionist consumer campaigns with "Buy Union" campaigns. An anti-capitalist labor party to act as an independent political voice for labor and put an end to bureaucracy's perennial alliance with the pro-capitalist parties. End AFL-CIO support for the American Institute for Free Labor Development and other CIA fronts wh independent unions in the Third World.

## Biological Self-Determination

Under capitalism, women are considered the property of men, the church and the state. To gain control over our lives, we must take back our minds and bodies.

Our sexuality is for us alone to determine; we must define ourselves. Fundamental to the liberation of women is our right as free individuals to exercise control over our own bodies based on our own judgment, free from economic or social coercion. Bearing and nurturing children is only one part of a woman's life. Children should not be our private responsibility nor should we be forced into childbearing.

We demand: No state interference with a woman's reproductive decisions or with her decisions during pregnancy. Readily available birth control information and the distribution of free, safe contraceptives to all who req regardless of age. Development and promotion of safe, reliable birth control for men as well as women. No forced sterilization or "consent" obtained under pressure or in the absence of full information and und of consequences. No experiments on women without their knowledge and informed, uncoerced agreemen reproductive genocide against indigenous and colonized nations, people of color, ethnic minorities, and pe disabilities. Stop "population control" programs used by imperialism to perpetrate genocide in Thi countries.

Free, safe and accessible abortion on demand for any woman, including women under the age of 18 notification or approval of parents, the father, or the courts. Legal and medical recognition that a woman's livelihood take precedence over a fetus. An end to the double standard of sexual morality. The right of married women to extramarital sexual relations from the atrocious label of "adultery." The right of unmarried women of all sexual orientations to enjoy self-expression and free sex lives, untrammelled by social and religious prejudice and vicious regulatory laws. Nationalization of companies that develop new reproductive technology to ensure it will be controlled by for women, not against us. Reproductive technology should be introduced only after approval by women. Banning agencies in the surrogate-mother industry. Recognize the rights of surrogate mothers as a surrogate mother should have the same right to change her mind and keep her child as a mother who put up for adoption. Free, quality prenatal care and childbirth services. Mandatory non-sexist and non-homophobic sex education for all students of all ages.

### Quality Healthcare

We should not be forced to place our mental and physical health in the hands of an insensitive, for-profit medical system that is enriched by our illness. First-rate healthcare is a basic human right.

We demand: Quality, informative, preventive, and rehabilitative healthcare for all at no charge. Nationalization of all sectors of the medical industry—including pharmaceuticals, insurance, and home care—and place them under the control of healthcare workers and users of medical services. Union wages for care workers. The right to free, quality mental health treatment, without pressure to conform to traditional sex heterosexuality. Stop "therapy" aimed at subverting women's rebellion and keeping us in "our place harmful drugs, shock treatment and other forms of social control. End the brutalization of women by the profession and by racist, sexist psychological testing. Comprehensive funding for unbiased research, prevention, and treatment of diseases that affect women oppressed people. No exploitive use of women as medical "guinea pigs," which has been especially common with women of color and in Third World nations. An end to the practice of using studies composed solely of women to develop medical treatments for diseases that affect everyone. Full funding for research, treatment, cure and prevention of AIDS. Make all trial drugs free and available to AIDS/HIV-positive patients—including women, who are now routinely excluded from test protocols on an informed, voluntary basis. Free, voluntary, anonymous HIV testing; no forced testing. No quarantine of HIV-positive people. Housing, childcare, medical care, counseling, and a guaranteed income to people with Free, culturally appropriate safer sex education and materials for all ages. No discrimination against people with AIDS or HIV. Stop the breast cancer epidemic with comprehensive funding for education, research, treatment, cure and prevention. Make all trial drugs free and available. Clean up environmental contributors to cancer. Make state-of-the-art radiation mammography available to all women at no cost. Make all forms of treatment and detection—and nontraditional—available at no cost to breast cancer patients. Breast cancer education for all young women through the schools. Housing, child care, medical care, counseling, and a guaranteed income for all cancer patients. Legalize all drugs under community control to take away drug dealers' profits, lower the cost and, therefore, crimes committed to finance drug habits. Allow regulation of drug quality. Provide free, sterile needles and a stigma-free, accessible, voluntary treatment programs for addicts and alcoholics. Establish universal, aware educational programs to help prevent drug addiction. No forced drug testing. The right to make informed decisions about our own healthcare, including the choice of legal guardian, The right to choose or refuse medical treatment, regardless of pregnancy status. The right to die and the legal assisted suicide. Full civil rights for people in nursing homes and mental health institutions.

## Rights of Children

Within the hierarchy of the nuclear family, children are at the bottom, with no control over their lives, minds or bodies. They receive the harshest blows from the stress, conflict and disintegration of the nuclear family under capitalism, yet have no escape from it. Class society deprives children of their legal, social, economic and political rights through often capricious laws and social mores that take no account of a child's individual and constantly expanding capabilities. Children are the future of humanity, and therefore society as a whole must assume responsibility for the young: to provide for their needs, protect them where they are vulnerable, socialize and educate them, and open the prison door of the nuclear family. Children should be guaranteed freedom from oppressive family relations and their parents should be liberated from the sole and isolated responsibility for child-rearing.

We demand: The right of children to be respected as capable human beings who can participate in society to the fullest their experience and abilities. Free, quality, community-controlled industry- and government-funded childcare centers staffed by prof trained personnel at union wages and conditions, open 24 hours a day to all children regardless of their so or the parents' reasons for bringing the children there. Guaranteed quality living conditions for children, including full and free access to medical, dental and men care, housing, clothing and a nutritious diet. Free breakfast, lunch, and dinner programs for all low-income children, regardless of immigration status. Full protection of children from physical and psychological abuse and sexual coercion, molestation or ex by any institution or individual, including parents. Courts and social welfare agencies must make protecti from an abusive parent a higher priority than trying to "keep the family together." End the practice of ig discounting children's testimony about sexual abuse and of scapegoating mothers who are unable t sufficient care and protection due to economic or social factors beyond their command. Community con agencies charged to act as children's advocates or protectors. Recognition of children's right to be sexually active on their own terms and at their own pace. Governmental responsibility and allocation of resources at no cost for children with special problems such disabilities, homelessness, and drug or alcohol dependence. Implement educational programs to teach parents, teachers and childcare workers how to guide very youn to express themselves through non-sexist play. End poverty as a cause for giving children up for adoption. Stop adoption profiteering. Babies sho brokered. The right of young people to organize on their own behalf. Stop police harassment and race-profiling of youth.

## Education

Women are doubly discriminated against in education. First, we are denied equal opportunity in the free choice of fields of academic study as a result of cultural conditioning and closed doors. Second, our own history as a sex is ridiculed and/or ignored in the prevailing curricula.

We demand: Equal opportunity in all academic fields and in professional, service and industrial training schools. Equ for women's and men's sports. An end to race and sex bias in testing. Women and people of color represented on all school admissions committees. Elimination of stereotyping in educational materials and instruction. Diverse faculty, including women, color, and lesbians and gays, at all grade levels.

Lesbians, gays, transgendered people, and leftists should right to teach, free of harassment or discrimination. Free, quality, multilingual, multicultural education for all, from primary through college levels in an atmo civil liberties and respect for dissidence and nonconformity. An end to the elitist, ivory-tower sepuniversities from the communities of oppressed people. Access at all educational levels to curricula that represent the full spectrum of human endeavor, including omitted areas of creative and performing arts, languages, sex education and the true history of all the exp oppressed. End corporate control of curricula and research. The establishment and funding of women ethnic studies, sexual minority studies, and labor studies departments with teachers qualified to explore the history of oppression and resistance. Required courses in these fields regardless of academic major. Expose the cultural-religious myths that claim women's "inferior nature" is scientifically based on sociology, psychology and social anthropology. An international campaign against sexist ideology in the sc Paid living expenses for all students. Free bilingual, multicultural childcare on every campus. Accelerated and transitional courses, and waivers on standard entrance qualifications, for women returning after years away from it. Community/teacher/parent/student control of the schools. Administrators and principals should carry ou established by the community, not dictate to students and teachers. The right to privacy, free speech and association, and the right to organize for teachers and students at levels. Outlaw corporal punishment in the schools. Full funding for literacy campaigns in both majority and minority languages. Guarantee every person th learn to read and write in the languages of their choice. Fully paid study leave to acquire these skills. Raise the levels of teachers' salaries and school funding through taxing corporations.

## Politics

Winning the right to vote was a progressive gain for women, but it has not given us political equality. Capitalist parties court women's votes either by championing the "virtues" of the nuclear family and traditional values, or by presenting themselves as advocates for women's rights and equality. But no capitalist parties can genuinely fight for or achieve full women's rights because they are all dedicated to a system that reaps huge profits from women's inferior status.

Women, people of color, sexual minorities and working people should support only socialist or anti-capitalist labor candidates and build a working class party to take independent political action in our own interests. Only such a party will enable us to break the confines of the bourgeois state and create in its stead a new, egalitarian, socialist society.

We demand: The right to equal participation in political life and all social, political and economic leadership functions. The democratic right for all oppressed groups within any organization to form caucuses. Responsible action in the interests of their sex by all women legislators. Equal access to the ballot, media time, and financial resources for minor parties.

## People of Color, National/Ethnic Minorities and Indigenous Nations

The same system that oppresses women is responsible for the subjugation of people of color,

indigenous people and ethnic minorities. We are all used to make profits for capitalism. The entire movement must learn that we cannot achieve meaningful unity by pandering to the most privileged elements of the struggle or by allowing homophobia or anti-Semitism to divide us.

Women of color and national/ethnic minority women experience the most intense forms of oppression because they are discriminated against on three counts—their ethnicity, their sex and their class. Lesbians of color face homophobia as well. They embody and reflect the needs of all oppressed people. No one will achieve true equality until lesbians of color are free and equal.

The leadership role of women of color, indigenous women and national/ethnic minority women is decisive to the coming revolution. They have the most to gain and the least to lose from the destruction of the private property system. It is their seriousness and dedication, born of years of struggle against the racist and sexist ruling class, that will provide the energy and direction towards unity and eventual liberation.

We demand: An end to all forms of racial and ethnic discrimination: social, legal, political, cultural, linguistic, and Equal participation for everyone in all aspects of society. Affirmative action in hiring, promotion and educational opportunities for all people of color and ethnic m particularly women. Overturn all immigration laws which limit admission of people of color, discriminate against both undo workers and citizens of color, and pit native workers against immigrants—who are actually allies in the fig the capitalists. Open all borders for free movement internationally. An end to both overt and indirect denial of voting rights to people of color, ethnic minorities and im Mandatory multilingual ballots, voting materials and campaign information. Immediate cessation of police brutality and racist harassment, terrorism, and murder of people of color a minorities. Establish elected, community-controlled police review boards, independent of the police, with discipline and fire cops who harass, brutalize and murder people of color, youth, queers, workers and wo police are the armed agents of the ruling class and are incapable of policing themselves. Self-determination for all oppressed and indigenous nations, including Native Americans, Australian A Maoris, the Kanaks of New Caledonia, Kurds, Puerto Ricans, and Palestinians. An end to racist, anti-immigrant, and anti-Semitic violence and scapegoating. End all language discrimination. All state institutions must be fully multilingual.

### Sexual Minorities

Lesbians, gay men, bisexuals, transgendered people, and transvestites suffer extreme bias because their lives are a direct threat to the “sanctity” of the nuclear family. With the advent of the AIDS crisis, the hysterical scapegoating of gays has triggered a sharp rise in discrimination and violence aimed at all sexual minorities.

All oppressed people must embrace the demands of sexual minorities for total liberation in order for any of us to gain our freedom. Lesbians face the most intense forms of sexism and lesbians of color have the additional burden of racism. The life experience of surviving a brutally oppressive and hostile society has produced among lesbians a large number of independent, strong and capable women. In these women lies a vast potential for dedicated feminist leadership that can provide strength to the whole movement.

We demand: An end to the social, political, moral, legal and economic discrimination against lesbians and all sexual minorities. Enactment of comprehensive legislation to outlaw discrimination against sexual minorities. An immediate halt to police harassment, brutality and murder of sexual minorities. The right of sexual minorities to care for and raise their children and to be adoptive or foster parents without discrimination based on sexual orientation, marital status or race against adults who want to adopt children. Reversal of immigration laws which refuse entry to sexual minority persons or anyone who has or is suspected of having AIDS. An end to the vicious and destructive portrayal of sexual minorities by the media. The image of lesbian vicious man-haters is consistently used to divide the feminist movement. We denounce such lies and smear. Equal access for sexual minorities and independent women to medical benefits, insurance, and paid bereavement and major illnesses. Domestic partner laws that allow all people—gay and straight—to claim for all self-defined family relationships. Protect the privacy rights of domestic partners. An end to anti-sodomy laws and all other laws that limit consenting sexual practices.

### Elder Women

The plight of elder women in our society is an intensification of the discrimination and exploitation faced by all women. Self-righteous testimonials about the supposedly revered status of elder women cannot hide the fact that women over 65 are the most impoverished sector of society.

The hard work and poverty endured by young women results only in more poverty and social isolation when they grow old. The inadequate wages of working women yield correspondingly scanty Social Security, medical and retirement benefits, stranding them with increasing healthcare expenses and the ever-rising cost of living.

What little social recognition is given women for their domestic and reproductive services is withdrawn after childbearing age and they are coldly discarded by the rest of society as no longer useful. The cruel poverty and isolation suffered by older women are an insult to all women and a crucial component of our struggle for liberation.

Older women are a very important part of the women's movement. Their years of struggle for survival against unremitting oppression have produced a wisdom invaluable to younger women who are just becoming aware of the harsh reality of women's existence. The feminist movement was built by their hard work and dedication and is strengthened by their continued participation and leadership.

We demand: A guaranteed pension at livable union wage for all elders. Healthcare that is thorough, respectful, and caring. Free, well-staffed, multicultural, multilingual medical care. End dehumanizing custodial care for profit. Provision at no cost of all techniques, personal and exercise and therapy to promote quality of life. Free, accessible transportation. Nutritious, quality meals at home at no charge. The right to a useful and productive life regardless of age. An end to forced retirement and age discrimination hiring. Jobs and training for elders who don't wish to retire. Seniority rights and health and safety rules to protect elder workers. Free,



quality, elder-controlled social and recreational resources. An end to violence and threats of violence against older women. An end to media stereotyping of elders—and older women in particular—as childlike, useless and dependent end to repressive sexual morality toward older women and men.

### Young Women

Young women are doubly oppressed because of their sex and their age. They are prisoners of their families and their education. They are subjected to intense sex-role socialization which limits their abilities, restricts their opportunities and destroys their sense of self-worth. They are denied the basic right to determine the course of their lives. Their sex automatically marks them for oppression, and their youth renders them relatively defenseless against it.

Under capitalism, young women are objects used as their parents/owners see fit. Their struggle against the confines of the nuclear family—and the dynamic leadership they develop as a result—are essential to the liberation of all women.

We demand: The right of young women to develop physically, intellectually, socially, politically and sexually, free from repression in their families, schools and other social institutions. An immediate halt to the intimid institutionalization of young women for their sexual activities and their rejection of the passive “feminine r Establishment of collective homes where young people can live and grow with their peers and compatib Legal recognition of young people’s right to enter and leave a family or collective household. An end to the super-exploitation of youth as cheap labor. Jobs and training for young people, especially color and young women who are doubly and triply discriminated against in the workplace. Equal wages protection for young people who choose to work. No sex-role stereotyping in training or employment oppo A halt to the exploitation and abuse of young women and children by the advertising and pornography indu The right of young women to make their own reproductive decisions, including the right to abortion, and and economic support for teenage mothers. Quality education and childcare for young mothers who wish t their schooling.

### Disabled Women

Disabled people constitute a sizable minority. For example, one-quarter of the U.S. population aged 22 to 64 have some level of physical or mental disability. The three major creators of disabilities—war, unsafe working conditions, and poverty—are directly linked to capitalism. The disabled face discrimination and segregation in all facets of their lives.

Disabled women, in particular, are rendered invisible and socially stigmatized as deformed, helpless, and asexual. Although their sexuality is denied, they are also prime targets of sexual abuse, especially if they are mentally disabled or institutionalized.

Disabled women and men are super-exploited as workers. They are paid far less than other workers or

used as free labor. The system forces the disabled into social isolation, thereby reinforcing their second-class status. More money is spent on dependence-oriented programs than on strategies to increase autonomy and self-sufficiency and to allow disabled people to be contributing members of society.

We demand: Complete integration of the disabled into society, including full legal rights and protection from discrimination government and corporate funding to provide state-of-the-art technological aids to all people with disabilities. Make transportation, buildings and all public facilities accessible to disabled people. Free transportation. Free, quality, nationalized healthcare. Nondiscriminatory job training and employment. Affirmative action quotas for employing people with disabilities. Building and tool modifications for disabled people. Jobs at livable union wages. No exemption from the wage for employers of the disabled. Safe and healthy working conditions for all. Unionize the sweatshop disabled people are often forced to work. Guaranteed income at union wages for all those who are unable to work. Equal education for the disabled, including modified facilities where required. Full funding for postsecondary educational levels to teach students with learning disabilities. An end to social and media stereotypes which emphasize people's disabilities and ignore their abilities. Government funding to provide signing for the hearing impaired at all cultural, educational and political events. Training on disabled rights issues for those who work with the public. Eliminate government bureaucracy that hinders the disabled from receiving necessary assistance.

### Women and Poverty

Limited opportunities have forced many women, especially single mothers, to become dependent upon welfare for their economic survival. This is particularly the case for women of color who, because of racism and sexism, have fewer chances for education and decent paying jobs.

Welfare was fought for and won by the working class to protect its members from the permanent unemployment and poverty that are intrinsic to capitalism. This important gain has been distorted into a system that creates and perpetuates dependency, powerlessness and cynicism, alienating women from the work experiences that build strength and self-sufficiency. If women are ever to achieve equality, they must have training and economic independence.

Instead, even limited welfare benefits are denied to many. In Australia, for example, many single parents are pushed off welfare if suspected of forming a sexual relationship. In the U.S., a rapidly growing number of mothers and homeless people have no welfare benefits to sustain them. The epidemic of extreme poverty and homelessness in advanced capitalist countries is a searing indictment of the system.

We demand: Guaranteed income for all at livable union wage levels. Immediate cessation of forced work and "training" programs which use economic intimidation to coerce acceptance of undesirable jobs at substandard wages. Such programs use welfare women as a cheap labor pool to union movement and produce super-profits for big business. Equal access to education and training programs in all occupations, not just stereotypical "women's" fields. Fair grievance procedures with free legal support for all welfare recipients. An end to spying on welfare recipients. Free, 24-hour, quality childcare with transportation and three full daily meals.

provided to the children. Collectivize housework, cooking and child-rearing as paid jobs that are societal, not individual, responsible as long as these socially necessary jobs remain the private responsibility of women in the home, the government pay wages to those doing this work. Government subsidized, quality housing for the poor. Stop housing discrimination against welfare recipients to dangerous and dehumanizing “warehousing” of the homeless in shelters. Nutritious food for all.

### Women in Prison

Prisons are institutions of social control and inhumane punishment rather than rehabilitation. The accused person's race, sex, sexuality, political ideology and class often have more bearing on convictions and sentences than does evidence of guilt.

Women, in particular, are often incarcerated for “crimes” of economic desperation or for defending themselves against brutal husbands or boyfriends. While imprisoned, women are subjected to degrading living conditions and physical, psychological and sexual harassment.

We demand: The right to quality, free legal counsel. Stop racism and sexism in sentencing. Eliminate all forms of discrimination against prisoners and ex-prisoners. An end to the racist, anti-working class, anti-radical death penalty. Freedom for all political prisoners. Shut down special control units that use sensory deprivation and are employed against political prisoners. The right of prisoners to organize on their own behalf, with protection against retaliation. Quality healthcare and decent living conditions in prison. An end to medical experimentation on prisoners. No discriminatory sentencing or treatment of prisoners with AIDS or who are HIV-positive. Condoms and clean syringes for all prisoners. Job training and education while in prison, including training for non-traditional trades. An end to treating prisoners as super-exploited cheap labor. Employment at union wages for prisoners. The right of inmates to retain custody of their children and to choose whether to have their children with prison. Adequate facilities for children to stay with their mothers. The right of all prisoners to have unlimited visits from friends, relatives and lovers, regardless of sexual orientation or marital status. An end to sexual harassment of all prisoners, lesbians and gay men in particular. An end to racism and sexism against prisoners. Stop strip searches and prison rapes.

### Legalization of Prostitution

Prostitution is the inevitable corollary of bourgeois monogamy, middle class morality and Puritanism. Given the establishment's need to maintain the male-dominated, monogamous family—and the taboo on sex outside marriage—prostitution will continue to exist until relationships and moral values are revolutionized.

Again, women are the victims. Lacking job training, skills and education, some women are forced to become prostitutes, a role in which they face overwhelming economic, legal and moral oppression. The illegality of their trade leaves them open to violence from customers, super-exploitation by their parasitic pimp bosses, and constant harassment and abuse by police and courts which treat them as the lowest of criminals.

While we work for an end to capitalism and its merchandising of sex—as prostitution or in any other form— we simultaneously demand protection for maligned and abused sex workers.

We demand: The immediate and unconditional legalization of prostitution. By “legalization,” we mean the decriminalization of prostitution, so that sex workers are not subject to any form of legal harassment prosecution or regulation. They should instead be defended under the law from violence and intimidation by cops and customers. The right of prostitutes to police protection. Integration of prostitutes into the working class, with basic labor safeguards and the right to unionize. The right of prostitutes to control their own earnings, free from the parasitism of pimps. A guaranteed minimum wage standards for prostitutes. Free medical care and checkups for prostitutes as they request them. The right of prostitutes to have custody of their children. End the causes of prostitution: poverty, racism and sexism. Free job training and placement for women who want to leave prostitution for another profession.

### Violence against Women

As women, we experience violence every day of our lives. Our minds and our bodies are continually subjected to the arbitrary and often ruthless whims of the men who hold power over us—our bosses, husbands, fathers, co-workers, cops, and government officials.

Rape is an extension of male control, a form of terrorism to keep us in our “place.” Any woman is fair game to any rapist. When we are raped and protest to the authorities, we are accused of having “asked for it.” The insensitive treatment of sexual assault victims by the police, the medical profession, and the courts stems from that same rapist mentality—hidden behind a smoke screen of officialdom and sanctioned by the state.

As an extreme expression of the prevailing “blame-the-victim” attitude, women—especially women of color—who successfully defend themselves against violence are often prosecuted and imprisoned.

Domestic violence has reached epidemic proportions that cut across all class and race lines. Often, police treat marital assault as simply a “spat,” leaving a woman undefended against attacks that can escalate to murder. Economics and the judicial system frequently force a battered wife to return to a deadly situation.

The fact is, the patriarchy depends upon the violent and inhumane exploitation of women to maintain dominance. We can free ourselves from violence only by joining together, seizing the power, and building a society free of psychological and physical brutality.

We demand: The right to live freely without fear of sexual insult or attack. The legal right to self-defense against all sexual violence. No sexual harassment on the job. Full police and legal protection for victims of rape and domestic violence. Immediate investigation of all crimes against women. Balance the legal

assumption that the attacker is innocent until proven guilty with priority commitment to protect the victim from further abuse or injury. Prosecution of all rapists with the burden of proof placed in the hands of the authorities, not on the victim. The right of victims of violent crimes to direct their own legal cases if they so choose. Free, sympathetic healthcare for all sexual assault victims. Stop subjecting assault victims to self-righteous condemnation from a society that created the problem in the first place. State-funded shelters for women fleeing domestic violence. Job training and placement for battered women. Compensation of rape/violence survivors for lost income, psychiatric counseling, medical care and expenses resulting from an attack.

## The Environment

Capitalist globalization is destroying the earth. Living under the reign of a class willing to jeopardize our lives and future generations for quick cash, we are bombarded with chemicals in our food, water and air, and poisons at our job sites, in our homes, and in our communities. Women suffer the worst job conditions, and our bodies may also have special susceptibilities to certain environmental poisons.

Women have led the fight against pesticides, toxic and nuclear wastes, deforestation, and other forms of environmental destruction. Technology in the hands of workers can be used for human progress, but under the ruling class it is used against us.

We demand: Funding and education to preserve and protect the environment and recycle or restore natural resources. Open the books of the energy moguls. Nationalize the energy and petrochemical industries under worker control. Develop safe and abundant energy forms that preserve and improve the global standard of living. Immediate shut down of all nuclear plants. Stop the building of nuclear weapons. End dumping of nuclear waste and implement community-supervised, safe disposal of existing radioactive waste. Corporations must take responsibility for re-training and re-employing workers in the nuclear industry. Rid the environment and the workplace of murderous pesticides, poisons and hazardous waste. Full liability for the cost to clean up waste dumps and repair damage to the environment —instead of using two dollars to clean up the mess. An end to all strip mining, especially mining of cancer-causing uranium. An end to the theft of indigenous lands for mineral deposits or any other resources. Stringently enforced safety and health standards for all workers, particularly those who clean up environmental disasters. An end to corporate dumping of garbage and the transfer of hazardous industries to poor communities, reservations, and Third World countries. Stringent international standards to stop the industries of imperialism from polluting other countries. For humane treatment of animals and full protection of endangered species and habitats, including tundra and oceans. The survival of animal and plant life is necessary for human progress and should not go against our own well-being.

## Media and Culture

Radio, television, video games, the press, and movies all spew out virulent prejudice against women. Women are portrayed as vacuous, frivolous, inept fools, manipulating seductresses, or simple-minded sex objects who love to be violently abused. We are used to sell anything and everything with our “sex appeal.”

Male chauvinism is ingrained in contemporary culture. Most men accept and live by it automatically, as do many women despite their obvious confusion, frustration and misery. At the same time that sexist stereotypes proliferate, real information about our lives is often censored and kept from us.

We demand: End the imposition on the public of sick, distorted and demeaning media images of women and people. Cease perpetuating a standard of skinny, slinky white beauty which blatantly discriminates against women's body types and colors. Stop advertisers from using women and children as sexual sales gimmicks. End the practice of employing violence against women as attention-grabbers for products. No more advertising aimed at creating conformity in children and promoting products harmful to their health or their attitudes about others. Provide serious media coverage of the struggle for women's rights and the movements of all oppressed people. End censorship of our history and information about women's issues. Free media access for all viewpoints. Programming that reflects the full diversity of human experience and lifestyles, including color and sexual minorities. Abolish stereotypical images of all kinds in the media. Eliminate the violent exploitation of women and children by the multi-billion dollar international pornography industry.

### The Military and the Draft

We oppose a compulsory draft which forces working people to defend imperialism and kill their class sisters and brothers. But we also protest many countries' sexist exclusion of women from the draft.

Women are denied opportunities for military training and suffer sex role stereotyping and economic discrimination in the armed forces. We understand the necessity for women and other oppressed people to learn military skills for our own self-defense.

We demand: No draft. Not one human life nor any public funds for imperialist war. Where conscription does exist, exclusion of women from draft registration or the draft. An end to bigotry and job discrimination against women, people of color, sexual minorities, and moth military. The right of all military personnel to union wages and to organize unions. Training programs and job following military service. Free, voluntary military training for all. Withdrawal of imperialist troops and advisors around the world. Eliminate the military budget and put it into social services. No United States intervention in other countries. Abolish the U.S.-sponsored School of the Americas with rightwing death squads and armies on how to crush democracy and popular revolt. Full support to anti-imperialist struggles and the right of all nations to self-determination.

### The Right to Self-Defense

We support the right of oppressed people everywhere to defend themselves against violence. Whether the danger is posed by rightwing death squads, repressive police, out-of-control husbands, white supremacists, racist thugs, gay bashers, Nazis or police states, we believe organized community self-defense is a matter of survival and common sense.

We do not advocate “turn-the-other-cheek” martyrdom to people of color under racist assault or to anti-Nazi activists attacked by fascist thugs. We do not counsel campesinos in Central America to hand over their weapons to the repressive states that have slaughtered so many of their number. We support women who defend themselves and their children against rape or assault, sexual minorities who organize defense squads against gay bashers, and workers who protect their picket lines against anti-union scabs.

The question of nonviolence is a tactical issue, not an absolute principle. We do not advocate reckless adventurism or provoke clashes with the cops, Nazis or scabs when there is little to be gained by physical confrontation.

We demand: Legal recognition of oppressed people’s right to self-defense, including community-organized mobilization against police brutality, racist and Nazi assaults, attacks on abortion clinics, queer-bashing, strikebreaking raids, forms of repressive violence or terrorism.

#### For a United Front against the Right Wing and Fascism

The economic crisis of capitalism emboldens the conservative right wing and fascists. Their aim is to preserve profits, whatever the cost. To avoid socialist revolution, the system will resort to full-blown fascism, with its genocidal racism, anti-Semitism, sexism and homophobia. Once in power, fascism crushes all unions and working class community organizations and obliterates democratic rights for all the oppressed.

The feminist movement is in the forefront of the battle with the ultra-right, particularly over abortion rights. Feminism is the subject of virulent attacks because it challenges the supremacy of the nuclear family. Conversely, women have the capacity to link every targeted movement into a powerful united front against fascism and the right wing.

A united front by definition has a leadership and program that represent the interests of the working class. When petty-bourgeois or bourgeois organizations hold leadership, a united front is undermined and turned into its opposite: an opportunist and class collaborationist “people’s front.” People’s fronts act to preserve the status quo. They always acquiesce to the ruling class—the very class which finances and backs the reactionaries.

A movement to defeat fascism has no place for sectarianism, sexism and bigotry. United fronts must be broad-based organizations that reach beyond the organized Left to also include unions, people of color, Jews, feminists, civil libertarians, and sexual minorities.

We demand: Democratically run united front organizations in which members are the decision-makers. Each participating organization retains its own program and agrees to work collaboratively on specific actions

against the reac No reliance on the police to defend us from fascists. Self-defense against Nazis and the Klan. Confront th in some fashion with specific tactics determined by the relationship of forces and the degree of self-discipl our ranks. Do not lead people into adventurist, losing battles. Solidarity in action against the reactionaries. An injury to one is an injury to all.

REFUGIA: A place of relatively unaltered climate that is inhabited by plants and animals during a period of continental climate change (as a glaciation) and remains as a center of relict forms from which a new dispersion and speciation may take place after climatic readjustment. (WEBSTER'S NEW COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY, 1976)

REFUGIA: Sections of agricultural fields planted with non-transgenic crops, alternating with transgenic crops. This is thought to slow the rate of resistance mutation caused in susceptible insect and weed species by gene transfer from GM (Genetically Modified) monoculture crops.

REFUGIA: A Becoming Autonomous Zone (BAZ) of desirous mixings and recombinations; splicing female sexual liberation and autonomy with cyber feminist skills, theory, embodiment, and political activism.

REFUGIA: A critical space of liberated social becoming and intellectual life; a space liberated from capitalist Taylorized production; a space of unregulated, unmanaged time for creative exchange and play; experimental action and learning; desiring production, cooking, eating, and skill sharing.

REFUGIA: A reproducible concept that can be adapted to various climates, economies, and geographical regions worldwide. Any useless space can be claimed as a refugium: suburban lawns, vacant urban lots, rooftops, the edges of agricultural lands, clear-cut zones in forests, appropriated sections of monoculture fields, fallow land, weed lots, transitional land, battlefields, office buildings, squats, etc. Also currently existing Refugia such as multi-cultivar rice paddies, companion planted fields, organic farms, home vegetable gardens, etc.

REFUGIA: A postmodern commons; a resistant biotech victory garden; a space of convivial tinkering; a commonwealth in which common law rules. Not a retreat, but a space resistant to mono-culture in all its social, environmental, libidinal, political, and genetic forms.

REFUGIA: A habitat for new AMOs (Autonomously Modified Organism) and agit-crops; for example, "ProActiva," an herb that is a grafting of witch-root, mandrake, and all-heal.

REFUGIA: A place of asylum for the recuperation, regeneration and re-engineering of essential crops that have been corrupted by capitalist viruses and agribusiness greed.

REFUGIA: A space of imaginative inertia that slows down the engines of corporate agro/biotech and



allows time to assess its risks and benefits through long-term testing.

REFUGIA: Neither a utopia nor a dystopia, but a haunted space for reverse engineering, monstrous graftings, spontaneous generation, recombination, difference, polyversity hybridization, wildlings, mutations, mongrelizing, crop circles, anomalies, useless beauty, coalitions, agit-crops, and unseemly sproutings. Biotech and transgenic work in Refugia will be based on desire, consensual public risk assessment, informed amateur experimentation, contestational politics, nourishment and taste value, non-proprietary expertise, convivial delight, and healing.

May I say a few words? I want to say a few words about this matter. I am a woman's rights. I have as much muscle as any man, and can do as much work as any man. I have plowed and reaped and husked and chopped and mowed, and can any man do more than that? I have heard much about the sexes being equal; I can carry as much as any man, and can eat as much too, if I can get it. I am as strong as any man that is now. As for intellect, all I can say is, if woman have a pint and man a quart—why cant she have her little pint full? You need not be afraid to give us our rights for fear we will take too much,—for we cant take more than our pint'll hold. The poor men seem to be all in confusion, and dont know what to do.

Why children, if you have woman's rights give it to her and you will feel better. You will have your own rights, and they wont be so much trouble. I cant read, but I can hear. I have heard the bible and have learned that Eve caused man to sin. Well if woman upset the world, do give her a chance to set it right side up again. The Lady has spoken about Jesus, how he never spurned woman from him, and she was right. When Lazarus died, Mary and Martha came to him with faith and love and besought him to raise their brother. And Jesus wept—and Lazarus came forth. And how came Jesus into the world? Through God who created him and woman who bore him. Man, where is your part? But the women are coming up blessed be God and a few of the men are coming up with them. But man is in a tight place, the poor slave is on him, woman is coming on him, and he is surely between-a hawk and a buzzard.

I After centuries of individual and preliminary political struggle, women are uniting to achieve their final liberation from male supremacy. Redstockings is dedicated to building this unity and winning our freedom.

II Women are an oppressed class. Our oppression is total, affecting every facet of our lives. We are exploited as sex objects, breeders, domestic servants, and cheap labor. We are considered inferior beings, whose only purpose is to enhance men's lives. Our humanity is denied. Our prescribed behavior is enforced by the threat of physical violence. Because we have lived so intimately with our oppressors, in isolation from each other, we have been kept from seeing our personal suffering as a political condition. This creates the illusion that a woman's relationship with her man is a matter of interplay between two unique personalities, and can be worked out individually. In reality, every such relationship is a class relationship, and the conflicts between individual men and women are political conflicts that can only be solved collectively.

III We identify the agents of our oppression as men. Male supremacy is the oldest, most basic form of

domination. All other forms of exploitation and oppression (racism, capitalism, imperialism, etc.) are extensions of male supremacy: men dominate women, a few men dominate the rest. All power structures throughout history have been male-dominated and male-oriented. Men have controlled all political, economic and cultural institutions and backed up this control with physical force. They have used their power to keep women in an inferior position. All men receive economic, sexual, and psychological benefits from male supremacy. All men have oppressed women.

IV Attempts have been made to shift the burden of responsibility from men to institutions or to women themselves. We condemn these arguments as evasions. Institutions alone do not oppress; they are merely tools of the oppressor. To blame institutions implies that men and women are equally victimized, obscures the fact that men benefit from the subordination of women, and gives men the excuse that they are forced to be oppressors. On the contrary, any man is free to renounce his superior position, provided that he is willing to be treated like a woman by other men. We also reject the idea that women consent to or are to blame for their own oppression. Women's submission is not the result of brainwashing, stupidity or mental illness but of continual, daily pressure from men. We do not need to change ourselves, but to change men. The most slanderous evasion of all is that women can oppress men. The basis for this illusion is the isolation of individual relationships from their political context and the tendency of men to see any legitimate challenge to their privileges as persecution.

V We regard our personal experience, and our feelings about that experience, as the basis for an analysis of our common situation. We cannot rely on existing ideologies as they are all products of male supremacist culture. We question every generalization and accept none that are not confirmed by our experience. Our chief task at present is to develop female class consciousness through sharing experience and publicly exposing the sexist foundation of all our institutions. Consciousness-raising is not "therapy," which implies the existence of individual solutions and falsely assumes that the male-female relationship is purely personal, but the only method by which we can ensure that our program for liberation is based on the concrete realities of our lives. The first requirement for raising class consciousness is honesty, in private and in public, with ourselves and other women.

VI We identify with all women. We define our best interest as that of the poorest, most brutally exploited woman. We repudiate all economic, racial, educational or status privileges that divide us from other women. We are determined to recognize and eliminate any prejudices we may hold against other women. We are committed to achieving internal democracy. We will do whatever is necessary to ensure that every woman in our movement has an equal chance to participate, assume responsibility, and develop her political potential. VII We call on all our sisters to unite with us in struggle. We call on all men to give up their male privilege and support women's liberation in the interest of our humanity and their own. In fighting for our liberation we will always take the side of the women against their oppressors. We will not ask what is "revolutionary" or "reformist," only what is good for women. The time for individual skirmishes has passed. This time we are going all the way. July 7, 1969, New York City

This March 8 the earth trembles. The women of the world unite and organize a measure of strength and a common cry: Women's International Strike. We Stop. We strike, we organize and we are among us. We put into practice the world in which we want to live.

#NosotrasParamos# We stop to report: That capital exploits our informal, precarious and intermittent economies. That the national states and the market exploit us when we are indebted. That the States criminalize our migratory movements. That we charge less than men and that the salary gap reaches, on average, 27%. That it is not recognized that domestic and care tasks are work that is not remunerated and adds, at least, three hours to our workdays. That these economic violences increase our vulnerability to sexist violence, whose most aberrant end are femicides. We stop against the institutional violence that threatens and persecutes those who practice prostitution and sex workers. We stop to claim the right to free abortion and not to force any girl to motherhood. We stop to make it visible that while the tasks of care are not a responsibility of the whole society we are forced to reproduce the class and colonial exploitation among women. To go to work we depend on other women. To migrate, we depend on other women. We stop to value the invisible work we do, which builds a network, support and vital strategies in difficult and crisis contexts.

#NoWeareAll# We stop because we lack the victims of femicide, voices that are violently extinguished to the chilling rhythm of one per day only in Argentina. We are missing the murdered lesbians and transvestites. We lack the political prisoners, the persecuted, the murdered in our Latin American territory to defend the land and its resources. We lack women imprisoned for minor crimes that criminalize forms of survival, while the crimes of corporations and drug trafficking go unpunished because they benefit capital. We lack the dead and the prisoners for unsafe abortions. We are missing those disappeared by trafficking networks; the victims of sexual exploitation. Faced with homes that become hell, we organize ourselves to defend ourselves and take care of each other. In the face of sexist crime and its pedagogy of cruelty, in the face of the media's attempt to victimize and terrorize us, we make individual consolation of collective mourning, and of shared struggle and rage. Faced with cruelty, more feminism.

#NosotrasNosOrganizamos# We appropriate the unemployment tool because our demands are urgent. We make women's unemployment a broad and up-to-date measure, capable of sheltering the employed and the unemployed, the salaried and those who receive subsidies, the self-employed and the students, because we are all workers. We stopped. We organize ourselves against domestic confinement, against compulsory motherhood and against competition between women, all forms driven by the market and the patriarchal family model. We organize ourselves everywhere: in the houses, in the streets, in the works, in the schools, in the fairs, in the neighborhoods. The strength of our movement lies in the ties we create between us. We organize ourselves to change everything.

#LaInternacionalFeminista# We weave a new internationalism. From the concrete situations in which we are interpreting the conjuncture. We see that in the face of the neo-conservative turn in the region and the world, the women's movement emerges as an alternative power. That the new "witch hunt" that now pursues what it names as "gender ideology" tries to combat and neutralize our strength and break our will. Faced with the multiple spoils, expropriations, and contemporary wars that have the land and the body of women as favorite territories of conquest, we get together politically and spiritually.

#NosMueveElDeseo# Because #VivasYLibresNosQueremos we take risks in unusual alliances. Because we appropriate time and build availability for ourselves, we make together relief and conversation among allies, from the assemblies, demonstrations, a party, a common future. Because

#EstamosParaNosotras, this March 8 is the first day of our new life. Because #NosMueveElDeseo, 2017 is the time of our revolution. #NiUnaMenos

There is no term more ubiquitous, obnoxious, and self-serving in our current lexicon as “woke.” Woke is safety-pin politics, masturbatory symbolism, and virtue signaling of a deflated Left insulated by algorithms, filter bubbles, and browser extensions that replace pictures of Donald Trump with Pinterest recipes.

Woke is a misnomer—it’s actually asleep and myopic. Woke is a safe space for the easily distracted and defensive pop culture inbred. Woke is the Left curled up in a fetal ball scribbling think pieces about Broad City while its rights get trampled by ascendant fascism, domestically and globally. Woke is the easy button: it combats injustice by sharing videos of police brutality to an echo of outrage. Woke is bereft of irony: it shares HuffPo articles about gentrification from condos in Flatbush and Oakland. Woke is alchemy: it transmutes oppressed identities into advertising campaigns, trend reports, and new demographics to market towards. Woke is popmistic: it believes Jaden Smith becoming the face of Louis Vuitton is enough to qualify as a win for progress. Woke is content with the status quo: it would be perfectly content if another economic collapse happened tomorrow, just as long as those who rigged it were sufficiently intersectional. Woke is a sanctimonious grammar-nazi who critiques the bully’s phrasing of “stop hitting yourself,” through toothless gums. Woke is too ethical for its own good. Woke is the gospel truth of the new evangelical Leftist. Woke is the Left’s consolidated failures distilled into a monosyllabic buzzword. A whimper into the digital landscape prefixed with a hashtag, arriving at the same point each time: #Woke is the literal antithesis of progress.

## CATALOGUE OF THE WOKE LEFT’S FAILURES

### Moderate Liberal

The moderate Left misappropriated theoretical terms and concepts, divorced from any actual theory. Identity politics, despite its origins in academia, flourishes best on social media—it’s the most accessible concept for moderate liberals to grasp.

“Well, if identity is only a game, if it is only a procedure to have relations, social and sexual-pleasure relationships that create new friendships, it is useful. But if identity becomes the problem of sexual existence, and if people think that they have to ‘uncover’ their ‘own identity,’ and that their own identity has to become the law, the principle, the code of their existence; if the perennial question they ask is ‘Does this thing conform to my identity?’ then, I think, they will turn back to a kind of ethics very close to the old heterosexual virility. If we are asked to relate to the question of identity, it must be an identity to our unique selves. But the relationships we have to have with ourselves are not ones of identity, rather, they must be relationships of differentiation, of creation, of innovation. To be the same is really boring. We must not exclude identity if people find their pleasure through this identity, but we must not think of this identity as an ethical universal rule.”—Michel Foucault, “Sex, Power, and the Politics of Identity” (1984)

Identity politics became an albatross, however. Both the moderate and radical were too eager to evangelize oppressed identities. There was no room for discussion, no place for debate. Call outs, clap backs, and other reality tv patois replaced dialectics.

Representation is the de facto litmus of society's progress for the moderate liberal—society appeared more inclusive and diverse because “Orange is the New Black” has a female lead and a multiethnic supporting cast. They inhabit a never ending, curated echo chamber of think pieces, listicles, notifications, and retweets.

Everyone within their algorithmic ghetto shares their sentiments about society. The algorithm makes their small corner seem far more vast than it actually is, and as a result, the moderate extends this myopia to society at large.

The moderate midwived the birth of the Alt-Right through bipartisan compromises. Moderate liberals are basically content to vest trust in their vaunted Democratic Party as it slides further to the right, thereby underpinning a level of discourse friendly to the far-right. It's worth remembering that the end of the 20th and beginning of the 21st centuries were a period of diehard cooperation between liberals and conservatives in crafting today's authoritarianism.

Neoconservatism provided socio-political planning that complemented a neoliberal economic agenda. This is why the radical Left blames liberals as well as conservatives for “command and control policing,” mass surveillance and this century's rationale for endless warfare.

Moderate liberals provided and adopted theoretical frameworks that explained away structural oppression but retained an appearance of caring about racism and equality across intersecting spectrums of gender and sexuality.

This was an obvious farce that mystified progress and the far right took advantage of this because they actually suffered no serious political setbacks. Liberalism provided an incubator for the alt right to form by mollifying actual demands for change.

“If politics without passion leads to cold-hearted, bureaucratic technocracy, then passion bereft of analysis risks becoming a libidinally driven surrogate for effective action. Politics comes to be about feelings of personal empowerment, masking an absence of strategic gains.”—Nick Srnicek and Alex Williams, “Inventing the Future” (2015)

Radical Left

If the liberal is the evangelical, pearl clutching apostle of the woke Left, the radical, then, is St.

Augustine—the hierophant, the pedagogue. The radical is the vanguard inhabiting academia & activism, creating the language and atmosphere of critique.

Its ideologies trickle down from intellectuals at universities to moderate liberals on social media, and more recently, the Alt-Right (e.g. culture jamming by way of “meme magic” or the synthesis of identity politics and white nationalism by way of identitarianism).

Radicals scapegoated liberals to absolve themselves of any responsibility by being all critique with no tangible answers. The radical left in its current incarnation is somewhat fossilized in terms of strategies and needs an immediate remodeling.

The radical is too comfortable inhabiting only the periphery of academia & activism. Radical academics and activists are insulated not only by algorithms but also their obsolescence. The radical academic has failed to bridge the gap between intellectuals & larger society.

That is, intellectuals failed to subvert hegemony and normativity. Academics did not do enough to reach beyond universities and make positive reforms to public education. Intellectuals failed to politicize the natural sciences early enough. Intellectuals lost programming and hacker culture to neoliberalism & libertarians. Computer science transitioned from cyberpunk to Silicon Valley venture capitalism.

Had radical academics succeeded, there might’ve been more legitimacy in the fight to combat climate change. Or traditional journalism wouldn’t have been so easily defeated by the post-fact information economy. What we have now is a new Scholasticism of students & professors as clergy dominated by an agitated, anti-intellectual populist bloc.

“Learning surrenders control to the future, threatening established power. It is vigorously suppressed by all political structures, which replace it with a docilizing and conformist education, reproducing privilege as wisdom. Schools are social devices whose specific function is to incapacitate learning, and universities are employed to legitimate schooling through perpetual reconstitution of global social memory. The meltdown of metropolitan education systems in the near future is accompanied by a quasi-punctual bottom-up takeover of academic institutions, precipitating their mutation into amnesiac cataspace-exploration zones and bases manufacturing cyberian soft-weaponry.” Nick Land, “Meltdown” (1994)

The radical activist lost its sense of resistance. There are no radicals in Congress. There are no radical lawmakers. No radical judges. Community organizing is helpful, but it’s not sufficient. To remain relevant radicals have to widen their scope to adapt to the changing global climate.

“The idea that one organisation, tactic or strategy applies equally well to any sort of struggle is one of the most pervasive and damaging beliefs among today’s left. Strategic reflection—on means and ends, enemies

and allies—is necessary before approaching any political project. Given the nature of global capitalism, any postcapitalist project will require an ambitious, abstract, mediated, complex and global approach—one that folk- political approaches are incapable of providing.” —Nick Srnicek and Alex Williams, “Inventing the Future” (2015)

## WHAT IS #ALTWOKE

#Theoria# AltWoke is a new awakening for the post-modern Left to navigate the protean digital era. AltWoke can be categorized as the new New Left. Or Second Wave Neo-Marxism. The Post-Truth Left. Anti-liberal postcapitalist left. AltWoke is antithetical to Silicon Valley techno-neoliberalism. AltWoke is not the cult of Kurzweil. AltWoke is not merely analogous to the Alt-Right. AltWoke injects planning back into left-wing politics. AltWoke supports universal basic income, biotechnology and radical energy reforms to combat climate change, open borders, new forms of urban planning and the liquidation of Western hegemony. AltWoke sees opportunity in disaster. AltWoke is the Left taking futurism away from fascism. David Harvey is #altwoke. Situationist International is #altwoke. Lil B is #altwoke. Jean Baudrillard is #altwoke. Kodwo Eshun is #altwoke, Mark Fisher is #altwoke, Roberto Mangabeira Unger is #altwoke. Edward Snowden is #altwoke. Daniel Keller is #altwoke. Chelsea Manning is #altwoke. Theo Parrish is #altwoke. William Gibson is #altwoke. Holly Herndon is #altwoke. Frantz Fanon is #altwoke. Alvin Toffler is #altwoke.

# Poiesis# Anti-liberal, Left-accelerationism. Revolution is slow & gradual. Technology, media, the global market, and culture accelerate the process. Alt-Woke embraces the post-fact information economy as a pedagogical tool. Culture is more important than policy. Trickle-down ideology; AltWoke embraces normalization & hyper-reality. Memetic counter-insurrection: culture-jamming is the weapon of choice to tilt normalization in the direction we’d like it to go. Xenofeminism. Technology is the missing component of intersectional politics. Eurocentrism and phallocentrism are obsolete, despite the Right’s best efforts. Queer is a verb, not a noun. If nature’s oppressive, change nature. Normalize “deviance.” Reappropriation of globalism as a personal lifestyle. AltWoke is duplicitous, amoral, & problematic. But also conscientious. The ends always justify the means. The Right hits low, so we hit lower, harder, and without mercy. AltWoke is cautiously optimistic about the future.

## PREFACE TO PRAXIS

### Why support Left-Accelerationism?

Accelerationism is a contested and obtuse term among the Left, so in order to understand what accelerationism is, it’s crucial to understand what it isn’t.

Accelerationism doesn’t propose letting capitalism expand and erode to such a degree that its corrosive contradictions become so unbearable that the oppressed and working classes have no choice but to revolt. #Alt- Woke doesn’t and wouldn’t espouse such a simplistic and foolish framework, either.

In its neutral alignment, accelerationism is the idea that neoliberalism facilitates so much growth—economically, technologically, and globally—that its social contradictions continue to expand to such a degree that its “collapse” is not only inevitable, but creates a vacuum for new integrated social platforms. That is, like feudalism before it, late capitalism is transitory and incubates other socioeconomic ideologies that will ultimately replace it, since it’s now reaching its limits.

In its Right alignment, accelerationism is a schism: Neoreaction (NRx) is a radical libertarianism accelerating toward neoliberalism’s ultimate conclusion: plutocratic corporate monarchism (e.g., man as nation). The second is the Alt-Right, which is white identity politics accelerating toward capitalism’s ultimate conclusion: techno-fascism.

Left Accelerationism insists the only way out of capitalism is through it. It’s become apparent that capitalism is reaching its limits, and it can’t sustain itself any longer. The marriage of capitalism and democracy has been a powerful roadblock in the Left’s struggle to combat structural power. In its late phase, this divorce of capitalism and democracy is imminent.

“But, in general, the protective system of our day is conservative, while the free trade system is destructive. It breaks up old nationalities and pushes the antagonism of the proletariat and the bourgeoisie to the extreme point. In a word, the free trade system hastens the social revolution. It is in this revolutionary sense alone, gentlemen, that I vote in favor of free trade.” —Karl Marx, “On the Question of Free Trade” (1884)

Left Accelerationism is a vindication of Marxism that synthesizes vertical tectology. It anticipates capitalism’s collapse, repurposing growth and technology against its progenitor and nudges that collapse toward a Leftist counter-hegemony. Capitalism provides the efficiency of integrated networks, it provides the tools to combat the inequalities of its rapacious growth. A post-scarcity, socialist society can sustain itself from the technologies capitalism produces.

“The paradox of free-market communism is even more dramatic: the terms are strongly charged, ideological polar opposites, designating a kind of Mexican standoff between capitalism, on the one hand, and its archenemy and would-be grave digger, on the other. But the point of combining the terms free market and communism in this way is to deploy selected features of the concept of communism to transform capitalist markets to render them truly free and, at the same time, to deploy selected features of the free market to transform communism and free it from a fatal entanglement with the State.” —Eugene W. Holland, “Nomad Citizenship: Free-Market Communism and the Slow- Motion General Strike” (2011)

The process of acceleration is well under way and no one but the most dogmatic and naive beltway libertarian would argue contrary. Left Accelerationism is an alternative to traditional avenues like reform or revolution and attempts to reorganize power from within power. It does this without completely discarding



avenues like reform or revolution, either.

Left-Accelerationism is a synthesis of Marxism with vertical-scale tektology. It's Gramsci by way of Debord and David Harvey by way of Deleuze.

Why embrace a post-facts/post-truth information economy?

As it stands, narrative is more important than facts. Media and communications are so accelerated that both sides of the political spectrum are locked in a battle over consensus. Traditional pedagogy will not work in this instance. The Left hurts itself by not using this to its advantage.

"Sometimes people hold a core belief that is very strong. When they are presented with evidence that works against that belief, the new evidence cannot be accepted. It would create a feeling that is extremely uncomfortable, called cognitive dissonance. And because it is so important to protect the core belief, they will rationalize, ignore and even deny anything that doesn't fit with the core belief."—Frantz Fanon, "Black Skin, White Masks" (1952)

Why is culture more important than policy? Why weaponize memetics? What is "trickle down ideology"? Why support hyperreality and normalization?

Culture is society's barometer. From the meme unleashed by Marshall McLuhan's too-oft repeated phrase "the medium is the message," author Joshua Meyrowitz seems to have taken it most seriously. "No Sense of Place" is an analysis into how television changed society by altering society's access to information.

Meyrowitz forms a clear theory on information-power systems and discusses ways in which television breaks those down. At the end of the book, Meyrowitz chooses three specific topics: the merging of childhood and adulthood, the merging of masculinity and femininity, and the lowering of the political hero through the demystification of power.

Meyrowitz fundamentally believes that many social groupings and hostilities exist due to access to and restrictions of information and space. When information and space are separated, then the boundaries between social groups relax. For example, the television show "The Jeffersons" brought white families in their living rooms to the living room of a black family; and news coverage of the war in Vietnam "brought the war home" in visceral detail.

Memes are ideologies distilled, repackaged, and ready for viral distribution. The internet is something of an AI: a communication network operating as its own sovereign entity. Social media platforms, and other communications technologies accelerate the flow of ideas, bypassing restrictions put in place by traditional

media.

A journalist in New York may engage with a senator in Washington over Twitter. A misguided 17-year old from Wisconsin who received their political education from/Pol, Breitbart, or Reddit can also join that same dialogue, and disrupt it. This is the best case scenario, unfortunately. Ideology is a memetic virus. Memes are an insurgent medium. The internet is an insurgent technology.

“The spectacle presents itself simultaneously as all of society, as part of society, and as instrument of unification. As a part of society it is specifically the sector which concentrates all gazing and all consciousness. Due to the very fact that this sector is separate, it is the common ground of the deceived gaze and of false consciousness, and the unification it achieves is nothing but an official language of generalized separation. The spectacle is not a collection of images, but a social relation among people, mediated by images.” —Guy Debord, “Society of the Spectacle” (1967)

What is xenofeminism?

Xenofeminism is a form of Left-Accelerationism and, by extension, can be read as AltWoke’s answer to identity politics. Or, more accurately, it critiques liberal “privilege”-based identity politics and re-situates Left “critical theory”-based identity politics into a technological framework.

Innovation is a consequence of capitalism’s growth, hence it’s irresponsible not to recognize how power operates not only through structures like capitalism, but also its incarnations like racism, colonialism, and heteronormativity.

When looking at history, it’s imperative to ask questions about how technology changes and affects the ways in which people communicate, disseminate, and process information. This should always be taken into consideration from an intersectional frame of reference.

AltWoke isn’t opposed to identity politics so much as it’s opposed to reductionist, two-dimensional, representation as the crux of liberal identity politics. This mode of thinking lacks nuance and oftentimes devolves into inconsequential arguments over single phrases and who gets to participate. Bad politics comes in all forms of representation.

Hegemony operates in such a way that it permeates every aspect of social life in late capitalism, yet this isn’t always apparent—its existence must be revealed. Culture’s more dubious incarnation tells society who is and isn’t worthy of praise, admiration, and, ultimately, life. The White Man™ is still the dominant conduit through which capitalism operates.

However, there's a cultural shift happening that is impossible to deny. The chauvinism of Western exceptionalism, essentialism, and the central cornerstone, "whiteness" are sociopolitical dead ends. It confines itself within impossible paradigms, even while, nonwhite, non-Western, non-binary identities are accelerating the process. The West crumbles as China accelerates toward superpower status. It's no coincidence that pop music is now synonymous with R&B. Hip hop, techno, house, and footwork bridge the gap between the avant garde and pop by accelerating language, form, timbre, and aesthetics to alien plateaus.

Is it any wonder why "cuckold" is the Alt-Right's pejorative of choice? The old guard justifies oppression and inequality as immutable and "natural." The deviant Other threatens this "natural" hierarchy. The normalization of deviance is the ultimate culture-jam. Cuckoldry is deviant, and deviance is the vanguard. #BlackPopMatters.

Why embrace and reappropriate globalism?

AltWoke perceives the "nation" as an information network and citizen → user. The governance structure of the internet creates the subjectivity of power, the user, in the same fashion as the invention of the state created the subjectivity of citizens. Global scale computation has built a new governing rhizomatic architecture. All systems have integrated into platform stacks, and by extension, nations and governments are but another component in the Internet of Things (IoT).

People should be allowed in all physical spaces as a fundamental right. Politics has nothing to do with physical territory. AltWoke accelerationism fully separated land from politics once it realized that political groupings are aspatial networks: informational, cybernetic.

The old paradigm was political grouping by blood, land, and then language. These were all networks. Cyberspace is an artificial network same as blood, land, and language. It's better, too, as it is instantaneous. Those who hold politics to be the defense of land, nation, ethnicity, or linguistics are the old-guard; they are demonstrably incorrect and stand between people and their liberty.

"Geology is sensible of itself in so much as it has an ordering logic, if it is articulate in its stratifications, reading pebbles, rocks, various kinds of matter, sorting, organizing (Roger Caillois calls this agency 'computational'), folding, compacting the biological slime of the earth into its various layers." Kathryn Yusoff, "Anthropogenesis: Origins and Endings in the Anthropocene" (2015)

The American nation was formed by the economic activities of the thirteen colonies as they functioned with common standards, such as shipping timetables and commercial infrastructure, developing into a consciousness of togetherness and assumed similarity between participants in the network.

Nations are coextensive with land, not that the land has ties to blood or biology (the misstep of

historical fascism and contemporary nationalism, to glorify the soil) but the physical geography of land determined the networks superimposed over it.

Europe, for example, has for so long been balkanized into nationalities and peoples separated by mountain ranges, seas, and long distances, and brought together by modifications to this physical geography (see: Spain's hegemony over Europe and its fantastic road system prior to 1648).

Now, pan-Europeanism burgeons on the fact that highway systems, shipping, and a porousness of state borders has reduced or annihilated these impediments to a common access to the European network. It fails because it does not see that the same forces that drive Pan-Europeanism point towards a global society.

The separation of the information network from place thus reduces the determination of place upon network, of place upon user, of place upon that user's conception of themselves interacting with others, to the point that in a globalized world the user will interact with their physical neighbor in the same network as they will interact with someone in a different (city/state/nation/region), such that planetary consciousness necessarily forms.

Why is #AltWoke amoral?

Short answer: Politics is amoral. Long answer: As it stands, the political infrastructures of Western governments are collapsing. The Right solidified its stranglehold on structural power. Right Accelerationism is several steps ahead of its Leftist counterpart.

In America, the GOP is imploding and the Alt-Right is slowly replacing this obsolete party. The Right is vulgar, so we'll stop taking the moral high road and be even fouler. The Left has no structural power, and the stakes are far too high. We truly stand to lose everything.

Traditional means of Left praxis are ineffectual against this ascendant superstructure. Asking that every individual respect the humanity of ethnic, racial, and sexual minorities is naive. It will take more deceptive and subversive methods for the political Left to affect any change. #Alt-Woke praxis is, if anything, a reappropriation of Vladislav Surkov's idea of "nonlinear warfare." We don't fight fair. We won't be civil. We don't resist power, we seize it.

#Praxis# The question of AltWoke Praxis is also the question of Left-Accelerationist Praxis: How does one organize politically? AltWoke Praxis has two modal structures: Right Hand Praxis & Left Hand Praxis. Or, The Hand That Strikes & The Hand That Repurposes. RHP takes advantage of the cracks within the Alt-Right, disrupting any roadblocks to clear a path so LHP can shift the Overton Window. LHP repurposes existing technologies, networks, and power structures to initiate a counter-hegemony. LHP advances AltWoke's core tenets without ever explicitly espousing as such. Privacy is crucial to Left Hand Praxis, so it won't be listed, but appropriating multinational corporate identity is a crucial first step.

## Right Hand Praxis

Alt-Right countersurveillance. Invade their spaces, disrupt their safe space. Break out of your filter bubble, learn their language. Learn who they are, and what they believe. Befriend them only to spy on them. Dox the doxers. Exploit the right's paranoia and affinity towards pseudoscience. If they believe that supplements will boost their testosterone or tin foil nets disrupt phone signals, exploit that market. Direct action hacktivism. Penetrate the SEO. Make #altwoke viral. Twitter bot agit prop. Appropriate post-fact culture. Conspiracy theories are memetically powerful. The Left does itself a disservice by not making its own. Speak their language to make it compelling: "Peter Thiel is a member of the Bilderberg Group!" Exploit their contradictions: Human biodiversity is incompatible with Traditionalist Catholics. White nationalists think Identitarians are ineffectual Third Positionists. Drive them further into their own filter bubbles and out of voting booths. Agitate Leftist demonstrations. The more the Woke, horizontal Left marches, the better. It takes any potential attention away from Left Hand Praxis.

This society being, at best, an utter bore and no aspect of society being at all relevant to women, there remains to civic-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking females only to overthrow the government, eliminate the money system, institute complete automation and eliminate the male sex.

Since it's now technically possible to reproduce without the aid of males (or, for that matter, females) and to produce only females, retaining the male hasn't even the dubious purpose of reproduction.

The male's a biological accident: the y (male) gene's an incomplete x (female) gene, that is, has an incomplete set of chromosomes. In other words, the male's an incomplete female, a walking abortion, aborted at the gene stage. To be male's to be deficient, emotionally limited; maleness is a deficiency disease and males are emotional cripples. The male's completely egocentric, is trapped inside himself, is incapable of empathizing or identifying with others, of love, affection, friendship or tenderness. He's a completely isolated unit, incapable of rapport with anyone. His enthusiasms are entirely animal, visceral, not mental, cerebral; his intelligence is a mere tool in the service of his drives and needs; he's incapable of mental passion, mental interaction; he can't relate to anything other than his own physical sensations. He's a half-dead, unresponsive lump, incapable of either giving or receiving pleasure or happiness, and, consequently, he's at best, an utter bore, an inoffensive blob, as only those capable of absorption in others can be charming. He's trapped in a twilight zone halfway between humans and apes, and is far worse off than the apes, because he's first of all, capable of a large array of negative feelings the apes aren't—hate, jealousy, contempt, disgust, guilt, shame, disgrace, doubt—and secondly, he's aware of what he is and isn't.

Although completely physical, the male's unfit even for stud service, for, even assuming mechanical proficiency, which few men have, he's, first of all, incapable of zestfully, lustfully, tearing off a piece, but is rather eaten up with guilt, shame, fears and insecurities, feelings rooted in male nature, which the most enlightened training can only minimize; secondly, the physical feeling he attains is next to nothing; and thirdly, he's not empathizing with his partner, but is obsessed with how he's doing, turning in an A performance, functioning well, doing a good plumbing job. To call a man an animal's to flatter him; he's a

machine, a walking dildo. It's often said men use women. Use them for what? Surely not pleasure.

Eaten up with guilt, shame, fears and insecurities and obtaining, if he's lucky, a barely perceptible physical feeling, the male's, nonetheless, obsessed with screwing; he'll swim through a river of snot, wade nostril-deep through a mile of vomit, if he thinks there'll be a friendly pussy awaiting him; he'll screw a woman he despises, any filthy, toothless hag, and, further, pay for the opportunity. Why? Relieving physical tension isn't the answer, as masturbation suffices for that. It's not to conquer; that doesn't explain screwing corpses and babies. Completely egocentric, unable to relate, empathize or identify and consisting of a pervasive, diffuse sexuality, the male's psychically passive. He hates his passivity, so he projects it onto women, defines the male as active, then sets out to prove he is ("prove he's a Man"). His main means of attempting to prove it is screwing (Big Man with a Big Dick tearing off a Big Piece). Since he's attempting to prove an error, he must "prove" it again and again. Screwing, then, is a desperate, compulsive attempt to prove he's not passive, not a woman; but he is passive and does want to be a woman. Being an incomplete female, the male spends his life attempting to complete himself, become female. He attempts to do this by constantly seeking out, fraternizing with and trying to live through and fuse with the female and by claiming as his own all female characteristics—emotional strength and independence, forcefulness, dynamism, decisiveness, coolness, objectivity, assertiveness, courage, integrity, vitality, intensity, depth of character, grooviness, etc. —and projecting onto women all male traits—vanity, frivolity, triviality, weakness, etc. (It should be said, though, the male has one glaring area of superiority over the female—public relations. He's done a brilliant job of convincing millions of women that men are women and women are men.) The male claim that females find fulfillment through motherhood and sexuality reflects what males think they'd find fulfilling if they were female. Women, in other words, don't have penis envy; men have pussy envy. When the male accepts his passivity, defines himself as a woman (Males as well as females think men are women and women are men) and becomes a transvestite he loses his desire to screw (or to do anything else, for that matter: he fulfills himself as a dragqueen.) and gets his dick chopped off in hopes of deriving a continuous, diffuse sexual feeling from "being a woman." Screwing is, for a man, a defense against his desire to be female. Sex is, itself, a sublimation.

The male, because of his obsession to compensate for not being female combined with his inability to relate and feel compassion, has made of the world a shitpile.

He's responsible for: #WAR# The male's normal method of compensation for not being female, namely, getting his Big Gun off, being grossly inadequate, as he can get it off only a very limited number of times, he gets it off on a really massive scale, grand scale, and proves to the entire world he's a "Man." Since he has no compassion or ability to empathize or identify, proving it's worth an endless amount of mutilation and suffering and an endless number of lives, including his own —his own live being worthless, he'd rather go out in a blaze of glory than plod grimly on for fifty more years.

He's responsible for: # NICENESS," POLITENESS AND "DIGNITY"# Every man, deep down, knows he's a worthless piece of shit. Overwhelmed by a sense of animalism and deeply ashamed of it, wanting, not to express himself, but to hide from others his total physicality and total egocentricity and having a crudely constructed nervous system easily aroused by the least display of emotion or feeling, the male tries to enforce a perfect blandness by a "social" code consisting of "copulate," "sexual congress," "have relations

with” (To men “sexual relations” is a redundancy.), and of stilted manners, the suit on the chimp.

He’s responsible for: # MONEY, MARRIAGE AND PROSTITUTION, WORK AND PREVENTION OF AN AUTOMATED SOCIETY# There is no human reason for money or for anyone to work more than two or three hours a week at the very most. All non-creative jobs (practically all jobs now being done) could’ve been automated away long ago, and in a moneyless society everyone can have as much of the best of everything as one wants. But there are non-human, male reasons for maintaining the money-work system: 1. Pussy. Despising his highly inadequate self, overcome with intense anxiety and a deep, profound loneliness whe his empty self, desperate to attach himself to any female in dim hopes of completing himself, in the mystical b that by touching gold he’ll turn to gold, the male craves the continuous companionship of women. The compan the lowest female’s preferable to his own or that of other men. But females, unless very young or very sick, mu coerced or bribed into male company. 2. Supply the non-relating male with the delusion of usefulness, enable him to try to justify his existence by dig holes and filling them up. Leisure time horrifies the male, who’ll have nothing to do but contemplate his grote self. Unable to relate or love, the male must work. Females crave absorbing, emotionally satisfying, meanin activity, but lacking the opportunity or ability for this, they prefer to idle and waste away their time in ways of own choosing—sleeping, shopping, bowling, shooting pool, playing cards, breeding, reading, walking aro daydreaming, eating, playing with themselves, popping pills, going to the movies, getting analyzed, boo traveling, raising dogs and cats, lolling on the beach, swimming, watching T.V., listening to music, decorating houses, gardening, sewing, night-clubbing, dancing, visiting, “improving their minds” (taking courses), absorbing “culture” (lectures, plays, concerts, “art” movies) —therefore, many females would, even assum complete economic equality between the sexes, prefer living with males or peddling their asses on the street, the having most of their time for themselves, to spending many hours of their days doing boring, stultifying, creative work for somebody else, functioning as less than animals, as machines, or, at best—if able to get a “g job—co-managing the shitpile. What will liberate women, therefore, from male control is the total elimination o money–work system, not the attainment of economic equality within it.3. Power and Control. Unmasterful in his personal relations with women, the male attains to general masterful by manipulation of money and of everything and everybody controlled by money, in other words, of everything everybody. 4. Love substitute. Unable to give love or affection, the male gives money. It makes him feel motherly. The mo gives milk; he gives bread. He’s the Breadwinner. 5. Provide the male with a goal. Incapable of enjoying the moment, the male needs something to look forward to money provides him with an eternal, never-ending goal: Just think of what you could do with 80 trillion dolla Invest it! And in three years time you’d have 300 trillion dollars!!! 6. Provide the basis for the male’s major opportunity to control and manipulate—fatherhood.

He’s responsible for: # FATHERHOOD AND MENTAL ILLNESS (fear, cowardice, timidity, humility, insecurity, passivity)# Mother wants what’s best for her kids; Daddy only wants what’s best for Daddy, that is peace and quiet, pandering to his delusion of dignity (“respect”), a good reflection on himself (status) and the opportunity to control and manipulate, or, if he’s an “enlightened” father, “give guidance.” His daughter, in addition, he wants sexually—He gives her hand in marriage; the other part’s for him.

Daddy, unlike Mother, can never give in to his kids, as he must at all costs preserve his delusion of decisiveness, forcefulness, always-rightness and strength.

Never getting one's way leads to lack of self-confidence in one's ability to cope with the world and to a passive acceptance of the status quo. Mother loves her kids, although she sometimes gets angry, but anger blows over quickly and even while existing doesn't preclude love and basic acceptance. Emotionally diseased Daddy doesn't love his kids; he approves of them—if they're "good," that is, if they're nice, "respectful," obedient, subservient to his will, quiet and not given to unseemly displays of temper that would be most upsetting to Daddy's easily aroused male nervous system, in other words, if they're passive vegetables. If they're not "good," he doesn't get angry—not if he's a modern, "civilized" father (the old-fashioned ranting, raving brute's preferable, as he's so ridiculous he as to be easily despised) —but rather express disapproval, a state that, unlike anger, endures and precludes a basic acceptance, leaving the kid with a feeling of worthlessness and a lifelong obsession to be approved of, with a resulting fear of independent thought as this leads to unconventional, disapproved of opinions and way of life.

For the kid to want Daddy's approval it must "respect" Daddy, and, being garbage, Daddy can insure he's "respected" only by remaining aloof, by distantness, by acting on the precept: "Familiarity breeds contempt," which is, of course, true, if one's contemptible. By being distant and aloof, he's able to remain unknown, mysterious, and thereby, to inspire fear ("respect"). Disapproval of emotional "scenes" leads to fear of strong emotion, fear of one's own anger and hatred and to a fear of facing reality, as facing it leads at first to anger and hatred. Fear of anger and hatred combined with a lack of self-confidence in one's ability to cope with and change the world or even to affect in the slightest way one's own destiny leads to a mindless belief that the world as it is and one's position in it are really nice and that the most banal, trivial amusements are great fun and deeply pleasurable.

The effect of Fatherhood on males, specifically, is to make them "Men," that is, highly defensive of all impulses to passivity, faggotry, and of desires to be female. Every boy wants to imitate his mother, be her, fuse with her, but Daddy forbids this; he's the mother; he gets to fuse with her. So he tells the boy, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, to not be a sissy, to act like a "Man." The boy, scared shitless of and "respecting" his father, complies, and becomes just like Daddy, that model of "Manhood," the all-American heterosexual dullard.

The effect of Fatherhood on females is to make them male—dependent, passive, domestic, animalistic, "nice," insecure, approval and security seekers, cowardly, humble, "respectful" of authorities and men, closed, not fully responsive, half dead, trivial, dull, conventional, flattened out and thoroughly contemptible. Daddy's Girl, always tense and fearful, uncool, unanalytical, lacking objectivity, appraises Daddy, and thereafter, other men against a background of fear ("respect") and isn't able to see the empty shell behind the aloof facade, but accepts the male definition of himself as superior, as a female, and of herself, as inferior, as a male, which, thanks to Daddy, she really is.

It's the widespreadness of Fatherhood, resulting from the increased and more widespread affluence Fatherhood needs to thrive, that has caused the general increase of mindlessness—as evidence by, for example, the increase in breast feeding, natural childbirth, church going—and the decline of women in the United States since the early part of the century. The close association of affluence with Fatherhood has led, for the most part, to only the wrong girls, namely, the "privileged," middle and upper class ones, getting "educated."



The effect of Fathers, in sum, has been to corrode the world with maleness. The male has a negative Midas Touch—everything he touches turns to shit.

He's responsible for: # ANIMALISM (domesticity and motherhood) AND SUPPRESSION OF INDIVIDUALITY# The male's just a bunch of conditioned reflexes, is incapable of a mentally free response, is tied to the early conditioning, is determined completely by his past experiences. His earliest experiences are with his mother, and he's throughout his life tied to her. It never becomes completely clear to the male that he's not part of his mother, that he's him and she's her.

His greatest need's to be guided, sheltered, protected and admired by Mama (Men expect women to adore what men shrink from in horror—themselves), and; being completely physical, he yearns to spend his time—that's not spent "out in the world" grimly defending against his passivity—in wallowing in basic animal activities—eating, sleeping, shitting, relaxing and being soothed by Mama.

Passive, rattle-headed Daddy's Girl, ever eager for approval, for a pat on the head, for the "respect" of any passing piece of garbage, is easily reduced to Mama, mindless administrator to physical needs, soother of the weary, apey brow, booster of the puny ego, appreciator of the contemptible, a hot water bottle with tits. The reduction to animals of the women of the most backward segment of society—the "privileged," "educated" middle and upper classes, the backwash of humanity—where Daddy reigns supreme, has been so thorough they try to groove on labor pains and lie around in the most advanced nation in the world in the middle of the twentieth century with babies chomping away on their tits. It's not for the kid's sake, though, the "experts" tell women Mama should stay home and grovel in animalism, but for Daddy's; the tit's for Daddy to hang onto; the labor pains for Daddy to vicariously groove on (Half dead, he needs awfully strong stimuli to make him respond).

Reducing the female to an animal, to Mama, to a male, is necessary for psychological as well as practical reasons: the male's a mere member of the species, interchangeable with every other male, every other dick. He has no deep-seated individuality (sense of distinctness, psychological self-sufficiency, self-containment), which stems from what intrigues you, what outside yourself absorbs you, what outside yourself you're in relation to. Completely self-absorbed, capable of being in relation only to their bodies and physical sensations, males differ from each other only to the degree and in the ways they attempt to defend against their passivity and against their desire to be female.

The female's individuality, which he's aware of, but which he doesn't comprehend and isn't capable of relating to, frightens and upsets him and fills him with envy, so he denies it in her and proceeds to define everyone in terms of a function or use, assigning to himself, of course, the most important functions—doctor, president, scientist—thereby providing himself with an identity, if not individuality, and tries to convince himself and women—he's succeeded best at convincing women—that the female function's to bear and raise children and to relax, comfort and boost the ego of the male, that her function's such as to make the most together female interchangeable with the least.

In actual fact, the female function's to explore, discover, invent, solve problems crack jokes, make music—all with love. In other words, create a magic world. The male function's to produce sperm. We now have sperm banks.

He's responsible for: # PREVENTION OF PRIVACY # Although the male, being ashamed of what he is and of almost everything he does, insists on privacy, secrecy in all aspects of his life, he, yet, has no real regard for privacy. Being empty, not being a complete, separate being, having no individuality, no self to groove on and needing to be constantly in female company, he sees nothing at all wrong in intruding himself on any woman's, even a total stranger's, thoughts anywhere at any time, but rather feels indignant and insulted when put down for doing so, as well as confused—he can't, for the life of him, understand why anyone would prefer so much as one minute of solitude to the company of any creep around. Wanting to become a woman, he strives to be constantly around females, the closest he can get to becoming one, so he created a society based upon the family—a male-female couple and their kids (the excuse for the family's existence), who live virtually on top of one another, scrupulously violating the female's rights, privacy and sanity.

He's responsible for: # ISOLATION, SUBURBS AND PREVENTION OF COMMUNITY # Our society isn't a community, but merely a collection of isolated family units. Desperately insecure, fearing his woman'll leave him if she's exposed to other men or to anything remotely resembling life, the male seeks to isolate her from other men and from what little civilization there is, so he moves her out to the suburbs, a collection of self-absorbed couples and their kids.

Isolation, further, enables him to try to maintain his pretense of being an individual by being a “rugged individualist,” a loner, equating non-cooperation and solitariness with individuality.

And there's yet another reason for the male to isolate himself: every man's an island. Trapped inside himself, emotionally isolated, unable to relate, the male has a horror of civilization, people, cities, situations requiring an ability to understand and relate to people, so, like a scared rabbit, he scurries off, dragging Daddy's little asshole along with him, to the wilderness, the suburbs, or, in the case of the “hippy”—He's way out, Man—all the way out to the cow pasture where he can fuck and breed undisturbed and mess around with his beads and flute.

The “hippy,” whose defenses against his passivity, whose desire to be a “Man,” a “rugged individualist,” aren't quite as strong as the average man's, and who, in addition, is excited by the thought having lots of women accessible to him, rebels against the harshness of a Breadwinner's life and the monotony of one woman and, in the name of sharing and cooperation, forms the commune or tribe, which, for all its togetherness and partially because of it (the commune, being an extended family, is an extended violation of the females' rights, privacy and sanity) is no more a community than normal society.

A true community consists of individuals—not mere species members, not couples—respecting each others individuality and privacy, while at the same time interacting with each other mentally and emotionally

(free spirits in free relation to each other) and co-operating with each other to achieve common ends. Traditionalists say the basic unit of society is the family; “hippies” say the tribe; no one says the individual.

The “hippy” babbles on about individuality, but has no more conception of it than any other man. He desires to get back to Nature, back to the wilderness, back to the home of furry animals he’s one of, away from the city, where there’s at least a trace, a bare beginning of civilization, to live at the species level, his time taken up with simple, non-intellectual activities—farming, fucking, bead stringing.

The most important activity of the commune, the one on which it’s based, is gangbanging. The “hippy” is enticed to the commune mainly by the prospect of all the free pussy—the main commodity to be shared—to be had just for the asking, but, blinded by greed, he fails to anticipate all the other men he has to share it with or the jealousies and possessiveness of the pussies, themselves.

Men necessarily can’t co-operate to achieve a common end, because each man’s end is all the pussy for himself. The commune, therefore, is doomed to failure; each “hippy” will, in panic, grab the first simpleton who digs him and whisk her off to the suburbs as fast as he can. The male can’t progress socially, but merely swings back and forth from isolation to gangbanging.

He’s responsible for: # CONFORMITY # Although wanting to be an individual, the male’s scared of anything about him that’s the slightest bit different from other men; it causes him to suspect he’s not really a “Man,” that he’s passive and totally sexual, a highly upsetting suspicion. If other men are “A” and he’s not, he must not be a man; he must be a fag. So he tries to affirm his “Manhood” by being like all the other men. Differentness in other men, as well as in himself, threatens him; it means they’re fags, who he must, at all costs, avoid, so he tries to ensure that all other men conform. The male dares to be different to the degree he accepts his passivity and his desire to be female, his fagginess. The farthest out male’s the dragqueen, but he, although different from most men, is exactly like all other dragqueens; like the functionalist, he has an identity—a female (He tries to define all his troubles away)—but still no individuality. Not convinced he’s a woman, highly insecure about being sufficiently female, he conforms compulsively to the man-made feminine stereotype, ending up as nothing but a bundle of stilted mannerisms. To be sure he’s a “Man,” the male must see to it the female be clearly a “Woman,” the opposite of a “Man,” that is, the female must act like a faggot. And Daddy’s Girl, all of whose female instincts were tromped out of her when little, easily and obligingly adapts herself to the role.

He’s responsible for: # AUTHORITY AND GOVERNMENT # Having no sense of right and wrong, no conscience, which can only stem from an ability to empathize with others having no faith in his non-existent self, being unnecessarily competitive and, by nature, unable to co-operate, the male feels a need for external guidance and control, so he created authorities—priests, experts, bosses, leaders, etc. —and government. Although he wants the female (Mama) to guide him, he’s unable to face this fact (He is, after all, a MAN), so, wanting to play Woman, be a “Man,” he claims her aptitude for Guiding and Protecting and sees to it all authorities are male. There’s no reason why a society consisting of rational beings capable of empathizing with each other, complete and having no natural reason to compete should have a government, laws or leaders.

He's responsible for: # PHILOSOPHY, RELIGION AND MORALITY BASED ON SEX # The male's inability to relate to anybody or anything outside himself makes his life pointless and meaningless (The ultimate male insight is that life's absurd), so he invented philosophy and religion. Being empty, he looks outward, not only for guidance and control, but for salvation and for the meaning of life. Happiness impossible on this earth, he invented Heaven.

For a man, having no ability to empathize with others and being totally sexual, "wrong" is sexual "license" and engaging in "deviant" ("unmanly") sexual practices, that is, not defending against his passivity and total sexuality, which, if indulged, would destroy "civilization," as "civilization" is based entirely on the male need to defend against these characteristics. For a woman (according to men), "wrong" is any behavior that would entice men into sexual "license," not placing male needs above her own and not being a faggot.

Religion not only provides the male with a goal (Heaven) and by its "moral" code helps keep women tied to men, but provides the male with rituals through which he can try to expiate the guilt and shame he feels over not defending enough against his sexual impulses, at bottom, over being male.

Some men, utterly cowardly, project their inherent weaknesses onto women, label them female weaknesses and believe themselves to have female strengths; most philosophers, slightly less cowardly, face the fact male lacks exist in men, but still can't face the fact they exist in men only, so they label the male condition the Human Condition pose their nothingness problem, which horrifies them, as a philosophical dilemma, thereby giving stature to their animalism, grandiloquently label their nothingness their "Identity Problem," and proceed to prattle pompously on about the "Crisis of the Individual," the "Essence of Being," "Existence preceding Essence," "Existential Modes of Being," etc., etc. A woman not only takes her identity and individuality for granted, but knows instinctively the only wrong's to hurt others and the meaning of life is love.

He's responsible for: # PREJUDICE (racial, ethnic, religious, etc) # The male needs scapegoats he can project his failings and inadequacies and onto whom he can vent his frustrations at not being female. And the various discriminations have the practical advantage of substantially increasing the pussy pool available to the men on top.

He's responsible for: # COMPETITION, PRESTIGE, STATUS, FORMAL EDUCATION, IGNORANCE AND SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC CLASSES # Having an obsessive desire to be admired by women, but no intrinsic worth, the male constructs a highly artificial society enabling him to appropriate the appearance of worth through money, prestige, "high" social class, degrees, professional position and knowledge and by pushing as many other men as possible down professionally, socially, economically, and educationally.

The purpose of "higher" education isn't to educate, but to exclude as many as possible from the various professions.

The male, totally physical, incapable of mental rapport, although able to use knowledge and ideas, is unable to relate to them, to grasp them emotionally; he doesn't value knowledge and ideas for their own sake—they're just means to ends—and, consequently, feels no need for mental companions, no need to cultivate the intellectual potential of others. To the contrary, the male has a vested interest in ignorance; it gives the few knowledgeable men a decided edge on the unknowledgeable ones, and, besides, the male knows an enlightened aware female population'll mean the end of him.

The healthy, conceited female wants the company of equals, whom she can respect and groove on; the male and the insecure, unself-confident male female crave a society of fleas, whom they can be head and shoulders above.

No genuine social revolution can be accomplished by the male, as the male on top wants the status quo, and all the male on the bottom wants is to be the male on top. The male "rebel" is a farce; this is the male's society, made by him to satisfy his needs. He's never satisfied, because he's not capable of being satisfied. Ultimately, what the male "rebel" is rebelling against is being male. The male changes only when forced to do so by technology, when he has no choice, when society reaches the stage where he must change or die. We're at that stage now; if women don't fast get their asses in gear, we may very well all die.

He's responsible for: # PREVENTION OF CONVERSATION # Because the male's completely self-centered and unable to relate to anything outside himself, his "conversation," when not about himself, is an impersonal droning on, removed from anything of any human value. Male "intellectual conversation," when not an evasion of himself, is a strained, compulsive attempt to impress the female.

Daddy's Girl, passive, adaptable, respectful of and in awe of the male, allows him to impose his hideously dull chatter on her. This isn't too difficult for her to do, as her tension and anxiety (her lack of cool) and her insecurity and self-doubt, her unsureness of her own feelings and sensations, all make her perceptions superficial and render her unable to see the male's babble's a babble; like the aesthete "appreciating" the blob labeled "Great Art," she believes she's grooving on what bores the shit out of her. Not only does she permit his babble to dominate, she adapts her own "conversation" accordingly. Trained from early childhood in "niceness," politeness and "dignity," in pandering to the male need to disguise his animalism, she obligingly reduces her "conversation" to small talk, a bland, insipid avoidance of any topic beyond the utterly trivial or, if "educated," to "intellectual" discussion, that is, impersonal discoursing on irrelevant abstractions—Zionism, the Gross National Product, the influence of Rimbaud on symbolist painting. So adept is she at pandering it eventually becomes second nature and she continues to pander to men even when in the company only of other females.

Apart from pandering, her "conversation" is further limited by her insecurity about expressing deviant, original opinions and her self-absorption that insecurity leads to and that prevents her conversation from being charming. "Niceness," politeness, "dignity," insecurity and self-absorption are hardly conducive to intensity and wit, qualities a conversation must have to be worthy of the name, such conversation isn't rampant, as only completely self-confident, conceited, outgoing, proud, tough-minded females are capable of intense, bitchy, witty conversation.

He's responsible for: # PREVENTION OF FRIENDSHIP (LOVE) # Men have contempt for themselves, for all other men whom they contemplate more than casually and who they don't think are females, (for example "sympathetic" analysts and "Great Artists") or agents of God and for all women who respect and pander to them; the insecure, approval-seeking, pandering male females have contempt for themselves and for all women like them; the self-confident, conceited thrill-seeking female females have contempt for men and for the pandering male females. In short, contempt is the order of the day.

Love isn't dependency or sex, but is friendship, and, therefore, love can't exist between two males, between a male and a female or between two females, one or both of whom's a mindless, insecure, pandering male; like conversation it can exist only between two secure, free-wheeling, independent, groovy female females, as friendship's based on respect, not contempt.

Even among groovy females deep friendships seldom occur in adulthood, as almost all of them are either tied up with men in order to survive economically or are bogged down in hacking their way through the jungle and in trying to keep their heads above the amorphous mass. Love can't flourish in a society based on money and meaningless work, but rather requires complete economic, as well as personal, freedom, leisure time and the opportunity to engage in intensely absorbing, emotionally satisfying activities which, when shared with those you respect, lead to deep friendship, but which our society provides practically no opportunity to engage in. Having stripped the world of conversation, friendship and love, the male offers us as paltry substitutes— "GREAT ART" AND "CULTURE" The male "artist" attempts to solve his dilemma of not being able to live, of not being female, by constructing a highly unrealistic fictional world in which the male's heroized, that is, displays female traits, and the female's reduced to highly limited, insipid subordinate roles, that is, reduced to males.

The male "artistic" aim being, not to communicate (Having nothing inside him, he has nothing to say), but to disguise his animalism, he resorts to symbolism and obscurity ("deep" stuff). The vast majority of people, particularly the "educated" ones, lacking faith in their own judgment, humble, respectful of authority ("Daddy knows best" is translated into adult language as "Critic knows best," "Writer knows best," "Ph.D. knows best"), are easily sucked into believing obscurity, evasiveness, indirectness, ambiguity, incomprehensibility and boringness are marks of depth and brilliance.

"Great Art" "proves," not merely by its content, that men are superior to women, that men are women, but also by its being labeled "Great Art," almost all of which, as the anti-feminists are fond of reminding us, was created by men. They know "Great Art" is great, because male authorities have told us so, and we can't claim otherwise, as only those with exquisite sensitivities far superior to ours can perceive and appreciated the greatness, the proof of their superior sensitivity being they appreciate the slop they appreciate.

Appreciating's the sole diversion of the "cultivated"; passive and incompetent, lacking imagination and wit, they must try to make do with that; unable to create their own diversions, to create a little world of their own, to affect in the smallest way their environments, they must accept what's given; unable to create or

relate, they spectate. Absorbing “culture” is a desperate, frantic attempt to groove in an ungroovy world, to escape the horror of a sterile, mindless, existence. “Culture,” further, provides a sop to the egos of the incompetent, a means of rationalizing passive spectating; they can pride themselves on their ability to appreciate the “finer” things, to see a jewel where exists only a turd (They want to be admired for admiring). Lacking faith in their ability to change anything, resigned to the status quo, they have to see beauty in turds because, so far as they can see, turds are all they’ll ever have.

The veneration of “Art” and “Culture” leads many women into boring, passive activity that distracts from more important or rewarding activities and from cultivating active abilities and leads to the constant intrusion on our sensibilities of pompous dissertations on the deep beauty of this and that turd. Allowing the “Artist” to be held up as one of superior feelings, perceptions, insights and judgments, undermines the faith of insecure women in the value and validity of their own feelings, perceptions, insights and judgments.

The very concept of the “Artist,” defined in terms of female traits, the male invented to “prove” he’s a female (“All the Great Artists are men.”), and he holds up the “Artist” as one fit to guide us, to tell us what life’s all about, but the male “artist,” not being out of the male mold, having a very limited range of feelings and, consequently, very limited perceptions, insights and judgments, as these are based on feelings, being unable to relate to anything beyond the insight that for the male life’s meaningless and absurd, can’t be an artist. How can he who isn’t capable of life tell us what life’s all about? A “male artist” is a contradiction in terms. A degenerate can only produce degenerate “art.” The true artist is every self-confident, healthy female, and in a female society, the only Art, the only Culture, will be conceited, kookie, funkier, females grooving on each other, cracking each other up, while cracking open the universe.

He’s responsible for: # SEXUALITY # Sex isn’t part of a relationship, but is, to the contrary, a solitary experience as well as being non-creative and a gross waste of time. The female can easily—far more easily than she may think—condition her sex drive away, leaving her completely cool and cerebral and free to pursue truly worthy relationships and activities, but the lecherous male excites the lustful female. The male, who seems to dig the female sexually and who seeks out constantly to arouse her, stimulates the highly-sexed female to frenzies of lust, throwing her into a sex bag from which few women ever escape.

Sex is the refuge of the mindless. And the more mindless the woman, the more deeply embedded in the male “culture,” in short, the “nicer” she is, the more sexual she is. The “nicest” women in our society are raving sex maniacs. But, being just awfully, awfully nice, they don’t, of course descend to fucking—that’s uncouth—but rather they make love, commune by means of their bodies and establish sensual rapport; the literary ones are attuned to the throb of Eros and attain a clutch of the Universe; the religious merge with the Erotic Principle and blend with the cosmos, and the acid heads contact their erotic cells. On the other hand, those females least embedded in the male “culture,” the least “nice,” those crass and simple souls who reduce fucking to fucking, who are too childish for the grown-up world of suburbs, mortgages, mops and baby shit, too arrogant to respect Daddy, the “Greats” or the “deep wisdom” of the Ancients, who trust only their own animal, gutter instincts, who equate Culture with kooky women, whose sole diversion is prowling for mental thrills and excitement, who are given to disgusting, nasty upsetting “scenes,” hateful, violent bitches who’d sink a shiv into a man’s chest or ram an icepick up his asshole as soon as look at him, if they know they could get away with it, in short, those who, by the standards of our “culture” are SCUM ... these females are cool

and cerebral and, at least, skirting asexuality. Unhampered by propriety, “niceness,” discretion, public opinion, “morals,” the “respect” of assholes, always funky, dirty, low-down, SCUM gets around ... and around and around ... they’ve seen the whole show—every bit of it—the fucking scene, the sucking scene, the dick scene, the dyke scene—they’ve covered the whole waterfront, been under every dock and pier—the peter pier, the pussy pier ... You’ve got to go through a lot of sex to get to anti-sex, and SCUM’s been through it all, and they’re now ready for a new show; they want to crawl out from under the dock, move, take off, sink out. But SCUM doesn’t yet prevail; SCUM’s still in the gutter of our “society,” which, if it’s not deflected from its present course and if the Bomb doesn’t drop on it, will hump itself to death.

He’s responsible for: # BORINGNESS # A society made by and for creatures who—because of an extremely limited range of feeling—when they aren’t grim and depressing, are utter bores can only be, when not grim and depressing, an utter bore.

He’s responsible for: # SECRECY, CENSORSHIP, SUPPRESSION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS AND EXPOSES # Every male’s deep-seated, secret, most hideous fear is the fear of being discovered to be not a female, to be a male, a subhuman animal. Although “niceness,” politeness and “dignity” suffice to prevent his exposure on a personal level, in order to prevent the general exposure of the male sex as a whole and to maintain his unnatural dominant position in society the male must resort to: 1. Censorship. Responding reflexly to isolated words and phrases rather than cerebrally to overall meanings, the attempts to prevent the arousal and discovery of his animalism by censoring not only “pornography,” but any w containing “dirty” words, no matter in what context they’re used. 2. Suppression of all ideas and knowledge that might expose him or threaten his dominant position in society. M biological and psychological data’s suppressed, because it’s proof of the male’s gross inferiority to the female. A the problem of mental illness will never be solved while the male maintains control, because, first of all, men ha vested interest in it, as only females who have very few of their marbles’ll allow males the slightest bit of co over anything, and, secondly, the male can’t admit to the role Fatherhood plays in causing mental illness. 3. Exposes. The male’s chief delight in life—in so far as the tense, grim male can ever be said to delight in anythi is exposing others. It doesn’t much matter what they’re exposed as, so long as they’re exposed; it distracts atten from himself. Exposing others as enemy agents (Communists and Socialists) is one of his favorite exposes, removes the source of the threat to him, not only from himself, but from the country and, even further yet, from Western world. The bugs up his ass aren’t in him, they’re in Russia.

He’s responsible for: # DISTRUST # Unable to empathize or feel affection or loyalty, being exclusively out for himself, the male has no sense of fair play. Cowardly, needing constantly to pander to the female to win her approval he’s helpless without, always on edge lest his animalism, his maleness be discovered, always needing to cover up, he must lie constantly. Being empty he has no honor or integrity; he doesn’t know what those words mean. The male, in short, is treacherous, and the only appropriate attitude in a male society’s cynicism and distrust.

He’s responsible for: # UGLINESS # Being totally sexual, incapable of cerebral or aesthetic responses, totally materialistic and greedy, the male, besides inflicting on the world “Great Art,” has decorated his unlandscaped cities with ugly buildings (both inside and out), ugly decors, billboards, highways, cars, garbage trucks and, most notably, his own putrid self.



He's responsible for: # HATE AND VIOLENCE # The male's eaten up with tension, with frustration at not being female and at not being capable of ever achieving satisfaction or pleasure of any kind and—when he's not depressed, anxious or bored—with hate, not rational hate that's directed at those who abuse or insult you, but irrational, indiscriminate hate, hatred, at bottom, of his own worthless self. Gratuitous violence, besides “proving” he's a “Man,” serves as an outlet for his hate and, in addition, the male, being capable only of sexual responses and needing very strong stimuli to stimulate his half-dead self, provides him with a little sexual thrill.

He's responsible for: # DISEASE AND DEATH # All diseases are curable, and the aging process and death are due to disease; it's, therefore, possible to never age and to live forever. In fact, the problems of aging and death could be solved within a few years, if an all-out, massive scientific assault were made on the problem. This, however, won't occur with the male society because of: 1. The discouragement of many potential scientists from scientific careers by the rigidity, boringness, expensive time-consumingness, and unfair exclusivity of our “higher” educational system. 2. Propaganda disseminated by insecure male professionals, who jealously guard their positions, that only a select few can comprehend abstract scientific concepts. 3. Widespread lack of self-confidence brought about by the Father system that discourages many who are capable becoming scientists. 4. The bias of the money system for the least creative becoming scientists. Most scientists come from at least relatively affluent families where Daddy reigns supreme. 5. Lack of automation. There now exists a wealth of data that, if sorted out and correlated, would reveal the cure for cancer and several other diseases and possibly the key to life itself, but the data's so massive it requires high speed computers to correlate it all. The institution of computers'll be delayed interminably in the male society, as the male has a horror of being replaced by machines. 6. The male's marked preference for “manly” war and death programs. 7. The money system's insatiable need for new products. Most of the scientists around who aren't working on d programs are tied up by corporations developing and testing just things. 8. The many male scientists who shy away from biological research because of a horror of the male being discovered to be a highly incomplete female.

Incapable of a positive state, of happiness, the only thing that can justify one's existence, the male's, at best, relaxed, comfortable, neutral, and this condition's extremely short-lived, as boredom, a negative state, soon sets in; he's, therefore, doomed to an existence of suffering relieved only by occasional, fleeting splashes of restfulness, and he can achieve that state only at the expense of some female; the male's by his very nature a leech, an emotional parasite and, therefore, isn't ethically entitled to both live and prosper, as no one has the right to live at someone else's expense. Just as humans have a prior right to existence over dogs by virtue of being more highly evolved, more aware, having a superior consciousness, so women have a prior right to existence over men.

However, this moral issue will eventually be rendered academic by the fact that the male's gradually eliminating himself. In addition to engaging in the time-honored and classical wars and race riots, men are more and more either becoming dragqueens or obliterating themselves through drugs. The female, whether she likes it or not, will eventually take complete charge, if for no other reason but because she'll have to—the male, for practical purposes, won't exist. Accelerating this trend is the fact that more and more males are acquiring enlightened self-interest; they're coming more and more to see that the female interest is their interest, that

they can most nearly live only through the female and that the more the female's encouraged to live, to fulfill herself, to be a female and not amale, the more nearly he lives; he's coming to see it's easier and more satisfactory to live through her than to try to become her, than to try to usurp her qualities, claim them as his own, push the female down and claim she's a male. The fag, who accepts his maleness, that is, his passivity and total sexuality, his femininity, is also best served by women being truly female, as it would then be easier for him to be male, feminine. If men were wise, they'd seek to really become female, would do intensive biological research that'd lead to men, by means of operations on the brain and nervous system, being able to be transformed psychically into women.

Whether to continue to use females for reproduction or to reproduce in the lab'll also become academic: what'll happen when every female of child-bearing age is routinely using contraceptives and aborting any accidents? How many women'll deliberately get or (if an accident) remain pregnant? No, Virginia, women don't just adore being broodmares, despite what the mass of semi-conscious women'll say. When society consists only of the fully conscious the answer'll be none. Should then, a certain percentage of women be set aside by force to serve as brood- mares for the species? This, obviously, won't do. The answer is lab reproduction of babies.

As for the issue of whether or not to continue to reproduce males, it doesn't follow from the male's, like disease, having always existed among us he should continue to exist. When genetic control's possible — and soon it will be—it goes without saying that we should produce only whole, complete beings, not produce any physical defects or deficiencies, including emotional deficiencies, maleness. Just as the deliberate production of blind people would be highly immoral, so would be the deliberate production of emotional cripples.

Why produce even females? Why should there be future generations? What's their purpose to us? Even without their being eliminated, why reproduce? Why should we care what happens when we're dead? Why should we care that there's no younger generation to succeed us?

So eventually the natural course of events, of social evolution, will lead to total female control of the world and, subsequently, to the cessation of the production of males and, ultimately, to the cessation of the production of females.

But SCUM's impatient; SCUM isn't consoled by the thought that future generations'll thrive; SCUM wants to grab some thrilling living for itself. And, if a large majority of women were SCUM, they could acquire complete control of this country within a few weeks simply by withdrawing from the labor force, thereby paralyzing the entire nation. As additional steps, any one by itself sufficient to completely disrupt the economy and everything else, they would declare themselves off the money system, stop buying, just loot and simply refuse to obey all laws they don't care to obey. The police force, National Guard, Army, Navy and Marines combined couldn't squelch a rebellion of over half the population, particularly when it's made up of people they're utterly helpless without. If all women simply left men, the government and the national economy would completely collapse. Even without leaving men, women, if they were aware of the extent of their superiority to and power over men, could effect a total submission of the males to the females. In a sane

society the male would trot obediently along after the female. The male's docile and easily led, easily subjected to the domination of any female who cares to dominate him. The male, in fact, wants desperately to be led by females, wants Mama in charge, wants to abandon himself to her care. But this isn't a sane society, and most women aren't even dimly aware of where they're at in relation to men.

The conflict, therefore, isn't between females and males, but between SCUM—dominant, secure, self-confident, nasty, violent, selfish, independent, proud, thrill-seeking, free-wheeling, arrogant females, who consider themselves fit to rule the universe, who have free-wheeled to the limits of this society and are ready to wheel on to something far beyond what it has to offer—and “nice,” passive, accepting “cultivated,” subdued, dependent, scared, mindless, insecure, approval-seeking Daddy's Girls, who can't cope with the unknown; who want to contribute to wallow in the sewer that's, at least, familiar; who want to hang back with the apes; who feel secure only with Big Daddy standing by, with a big, strong man to lean on and with a fat, hairy face in the White House; who are too cowardly to face up to the hideous reality of what a man, what Daddy, is; who have cast their lot with the swine; who have adapted themselves to animalism, feel superficially comfortable with it and know no other way of life; who have reduced their thoughts and sights to the male level; who, lacking sense, imagination and wit can have value only in a male society, who can have a place in the sun, or, rather, in the slime, only as soothers, ego boosters, relaxers and breeders; who are dismissed as inconsequents by other females; who project their deficiencies, their maleness, onto all females and see the female as a worm.

But SCUM's too impatient to hope and wait for the enlightenment of millions of assholes. Why should the funky females continue to plod dismally along with the dull male ones? Why should the fates of the groovy and the creepy be intertwined? Why should the active and imaginative consult the passive and dull on social policy? Why should the independent be confined to the sewer along with the dependent who need Daddy to cling to? There's no reason.

A small handful of SCUM can take over the country within a year by systematically fucking up the system, selectively destroying property and murder: SCUM'll become members of the unwork force, the fuck up force; they'll get jobs of various kinds and unwork. For example, SCUM salesgirls won't charge for merchandise; SCUM telephone operators won't charge for calls; SCUM office and factory workers, in addition to fucking up their work, will secretly destroy equipment. SCUM'll unwork at a job until fired, then get a new job to unwork at. SCUM'll forcibly relieve busdrivers, cabdrivers and subway token sellers of their jobs and run buses and cabs and dispense tokens to the public for free. SCUM'll destroy all useless and harmful objects—cars, store windows, “Great Art,” etc. Eventually SCUM'll take over the airwaves—radio and T.V. networks—by forcibly relieving of their jobs all radio and T.V. employees who would impede SCUM's entry into the broadcasting studios. SCUM'll kill all men who not in the Men's Auxiliary of SCUM. Men in the Men's Auxiliary are those men who're working diligently to eliminate themselves, men who, regardless of their motives, do good, men who're playing ball with SCUM. A few examples of the men in the Men's Auxiliary are: Men who kill men. Biological scientists working on constructive programs, as opposed to biological warfare. Writers, editors, publishers and producers who disseminate and promote ideas that'll lead to the achievement of SCUM's goals. Faggots, who by their shimmering, flaming example encourage other men to de “Man” themselves and, thereby, make themselves relatively inoffensive. Men who consistently give money and things away and provide free services. Men who tell it like it is—so far not one ever has—who put women straight, who reveal the truth about themselves, who give the mindless male females correct statements

to parrot, who tell them a woman's primary goal in life should be to squash the male sex (To aid men in this endeavor SCUM'll conduct Turd Sessions, at which every male present'll give a speech beginning with the sentence: I'm a turd, a lowly, abject turd," then proceed to list all the ways in which he's so. His reward for so doing'll be the opportunity to fraternize after the session for a whole solid hour with the SCUM who'll be present. "Nice," clean-living male women'll be invited to the sessions to help clarify any doubts and misunderstandings they may have about the male sex). Makers and promoters of sex books and movies, etc., who are hastening the day when all that'll be shown on the screen'll be Suck and Fuck (Males, like the rats following the Pied Piper, will be lured by Pussy to their doom, will be overcome and submerged by and will eventually drown in the passive flesh they are). Drug pushers and advocates, who are hastening the dropping out of men.

Doing good's a necessary but not a sufficient condition for membership in the Men's Auxiliary. Besides doing good, to save their worthless asses men must avoid evil. A few examples of the most obnoxious or harmful types are: Rapists. Politicians and all who are in their service. Lousy singers, composers and musicians. Chairmen of Boards. Breadwinners. Landlords. Owners of greasy spoons and restaurants and stores that play Muzak. "Great Artists." Cheap pikers and welchers. Cops who bust and prosecutors who prosecute and judges who sock time to drug and gambling law violators, prostitutes, porno people and committers of crimes against corporations. Tycoons. Scientists working on death and destruction programs or for private industry. Liars and phonies. Real Estate men. Stock brokers. Men who speak when they have nothing to say. Litter bugs. Plagiarizers. Men who in the slightest way harm any female. All men in the advertising industry. Psychiatrists and clinical psychologists. Men who act on the belief they're entitled to the company of strange females they happen to encounter. Censors on both the public and private level. All members of the armed forces, including draftees.

In the case of a man whose behavior falls into both the good and bad categories, an overall subjective evaluation of him'll be made to determine if his behavior's, on balance, good or bad. It's most tempting to pick off the female "Great Artists," liars and phonies etc. along with the men, but that'd be inexpedient, as it wouldn't be clear to most of the public the female killed was a male. Dropping out isn't the answer; fucking up is. Most women are already dropped out; they were never in. Dropping out gives control to those few who don't drop out; dropping out's exactly what the rulers want; it's to play into the hands of the enemy; it's to strengthen the system, not undermine it, as the system's based entirely on the non-participation, passivity, apathy and non-involvement of the mass of women. Dropping out, however, is an excellent policy for men, and SCUM'll enthusiastically encourage it. Looking inside yourself for salvation, contemplating your navel, isn't, as the Drop Out people would have you believe, the answer. Happiness lies outside yourself, is achieved through interacting with others. Self-forgetfulness should be one's goal, not self-absorption. The male, capable of only the latter, makes a virtue of an irremediable fault and sets up self-absorption, not only as a good, but as a Philosophical Good, and thereby, gets credit for being deep.

SCUM won't picket, demonstrate, march or strike to attempt to achieve its ends. Such tactics are for "nice," genteel ladies who scrupulously take only such action as is guaranteed to be ineffective. In addition, only decent, clean-living male women, highly trained in submerging themselves in the species, act on a mob basis. SCUM consists of individuals; SCUM isn't a mob, a blob. Only as many SCUM'll do a job as are needed for the job. Also, SCUM, being cool and selfish, won't subject to getting itself to getting rapped on the head with billy clubs; that's for the "nice," "privileged," "educated," ladies with a high regard for and touching

faith in the essential goodness of Daddy and policemen. If SCUM ever marches, it'll be over the President's face; if SCUM ever strikes, it'll be in the dark with a six inch blade.

SCUM'll always operate on a criminal as opposed to a civil disobedience basis, that is, as opposed to openly violating the law and going to jail in order to draw attention to an injustice. Such tactics acknowledge the rightness of the overall system and are used only to modify it slightly, change specific laws. SCUM's against the entire system, the very idea of law and government. SCUM's out to destroy the system, not attain certain rights within it. Also, SCUM—always selfish, always cool—will always aim to avoid detection and punishment. SCUM'll always be furtive, sneaky, underhanded (although SCUM murders'll always be known to be such).

Both destruction and killing'll be selective and discriminate. SCUM's against half-crazed, indiscriminate riots, with no clear objective in mind, and in which many of your own kind are picked off. SCUM'll never instigate, encourage or participate in riots of any kind or other form of indiscriminate destruction. SCUM'll coolly, furtively, stalk its prey and quietly move in for the kill. Destruction, further, will never be such as to block off routes needed for the transportation of food or other essential supplies, contaminate or cut off the water supply, block streets and traffic to the extent that ambulances can't get through or impede the functioning of hospitals.

SCUM'll keep on destroying, looting, fucking-up and killing until the money-work system no longer exists and automation's completely instituted or until enough women co-operate with SCUM to make violence unnecessary to achieve these goals, that is, until enough women either unwork or quit work, start looting, leave men and refuse to obey all laws inappropriate to a truly civilized society. Many women'll fall into line, but many others, who surrendered long ago to the enemy, who are so adapted to animalism, to maleness, that they like restrictions and restraints, don't know what to do with freedom, will continue to be toadies and doormats, just as peasants in rice paddies remain peasants in rice paddies as one regime topples another. A few of the more volatile will whimper and sulk and throw their toys and dishrags on the floor, but SCUM'll continue to steamroller over them.

A completely automated society can be accomplished very simply and quickly once there's a public demand for it. The blueprints for it are already in existence, and its construction'll only take a few weeks with millions of people working on it. Even though off the money system, everyone'll be most happy to pitch in and get the automated society built; it'll mark the beginning of a fantastic new era, and there'll be a celebration atmosphere accompanying the construction.

The elimination of money and the complete institution of automation are basic to all other SCUM reforms; without these two the others can't take place; with them the others'll take place very rapidly. The government'll automatically collapse. With complete automation it'll be possible for everyone to vote directly on every issue by means of an electronic voting machine in the house. Since the government's occupied almost entirely with regulating economic affairs and legislating against purely private matters, the elimination of money and with it the elimination of the domination of males, who wish to legislate "morality," will mean there'll be practically no issues to vote on.

After the elimination of money there'll be no further need to kill men; they'll be stripped of the only power they have over psychologically independent females. They'll be able to impose themselves only on the doormats, who like to be imposed upon. The rest of the women'll be busy solving the few remaining unsolved problems before planning their agenda for eternity and Utopia—completely revamping educational programs so that millions can be trained within a few months for high level intellectual work that now requires years of training (This can be done very easily once our educational goal's to educate and not to perpetuate an academic and intellectual elite); solving the problems of disease and old age and death and completely redesigning our cities and living quarters. Many women'll for awhile continue to think they dig men, but as they become accustomed to female society and as they become absorbed in their projects, they'll eventually come to see the utter uselessness and banality of the male.

The few remaining men can exist out their puny days dropped out on drugs or strutting around in drag or passively watching the high-powered female in action, fulfilling themselves as spectators, vicarious lovers or breeding in the cow pasture with the toadies or they can go off to the nearest friendly neighborhood suicide center where they'll be quietly, quickly and painlessly gassed to death.

Prior to the institution of automation, to the replacement of males by machines, the male should be of use to the female, wait on her, cater to her slightest whim, obey her every command, be totally subservient to her, exist in perfect obedience to her will, as opposed to the completely warped, degenerate situation we have now of men, not only existing at all, cluttering up the world with their presence, but being pandered to and groveled before by the mass of females, millions of women piously worshipping the Golden Calf, the dog leading the master on a leash, when, in fact, the male, short of being a dragqueen, is least miserable when his dogginess is recognized—no unrealistic emotional demands are made of him and the completely together female's calling the shots.

The sick, irrational men, who try to deny their subhumanity, when they see SCUM barreling down on them, will cling in terror to Big Mama with her Big Bouncy Boobies, but Boobies won't protect him against SCUM; Big Mama'll be clinging to Big Daddy, who'll be in the corner forcefully, dynamically shitting his pants. Men who're rational, however, won't kick or struggle or raise a distressing fuss, but just sit back, relax, enjoy the show and ride the waves to their demise.

Sex class is so deep as to be invisible. Or it may appear as a superficial inequality, one that can be solved by merely a few reforms, or perhaps by the full integration of women into the labor force. But the reaction of the common man, woman, and child—"That? Why you can't change that! You must be out of your mind!"—is the closest to the truth. We are talking about something every bit as deep as that. This gut reaction—the assumption that, even when they don't know it, feminists are talking about changing a fundamental biological condition—is an honest one. That so profound a change cannot be easily fitted into traditional categories of thought, e.g., "political," is not because these categories do not apply but because they are not big enough: radical feminism bursts through them. If there were another word more all-embracing than revolution—we would use it.

Until a certain level of evolution had been reached and technology had achieved its present sophistication, to question fundamental biological conditions was insanity. Why should a woman give up her precious seat in the cattle car for a bloody struggle she could not hope to win? But, for the first time in some countries, the preconditions for feminist revolution exist—indeed, the situation is beginning to demand such a revolution.

The first women are fleeing the massacre, and shaking and tottering, are beginning to find each other. Their first move is a careful joint observation, to resensitize a fractured consciousness. This is painful: No matter how many levels of consciousness one reaches, the problem always goes deeper. It is everywhere. The division Yin and Yang pervades all culture, history, economics, nature itself; modern Western versions of sex discrimination are only the most recent layer. To so heighten one's sensitivity to sexism presents problems far worse than the black militant's new awareness of racism: Feminists have to question, not just all of Western culture, but the organization of culture itself, and further, even the very organization of nature. Many women give up in despair: if that's how deep it goes they don't want to know. Others continue strengthening and enlarging the movement, their painful sensitivity to female oppression existing for a purpose: eventually to eliminate it.

Before we can act to change a situation, however, we must know how it has arisen and evolved, and through what institutions it now operates. Engels's "[We must] examine the historic succession of events from which the antagonism has sprung in order to discover in the conditions thus created the means of ending the conflict." For feminist revolution we shall need an analysis of the dynamics of sex war as comprehensive as the Marx-Engels analysis of class antagonism was for the economic revolution. More comprehensive. For we are dealing with a larger problem, with an oppression that goes back beyond recorded history to the animal kingdom itself.

In creating such an analysis we can learn a lot from Marx and Engels: Not their literal opinions about women—about the condition of women as an oppressed class they know next to nothing, recognizing it only where it overlaps with economics—but rather their analytic method.

Marx and Engels outdid their socialist forerunners in that they developed a method of analysis which was both dialectical and materialist. The first in centuries to view history dialectically, they saw the world as process, a natural flux of action and reaction, of opposites yet inseparable and interpenetrating. Because they were able to perceive history as movie rather than as snapshot, they attempted to avoid falling into the stagnant "metaphysical" view that had trapped so many other great minds... They combined this view of the dynamic interplay of historical forces with a materialist one, that is, they attempted for the first time to put historical and cultural change on a real basis, to trace the development of economic classes to organic causes. By understanding thoroughly the mechanics of history, they hoped to show men how to master it.

Socialist thinkers prior to Marx and Engels, such as Fourier, Owen, and Bebel, had been able to do no more than moralize about existing social inequalities, positing an ideal world where class privilege and exploitation should not exist—in the same way that early feminist thinkers posited a world where male privilege and exploitation ought not exist—by mere virtue of good will. In both cases, because the early

thinkers did not really understand how the social injustice had evolved, maintained itself, or could be eliminated, their ideas existed in a cultural vacuum, utopian. Marx and Engels, on the other hand, attempted a scientific approach to history. They traced the class conflict to its real economic origins, projecting an economic solution based on objective economic preconditions already present: the seizure by the proletariat of the means of production would lead to a communism in which government had withered away, no longer needed to repress the lower class for the sake of the higher. In the classless society the interests of every individual would be synonymous with those of the larger society.

But the doctrine of historical materialism, much as it was a brilliant advance over previous historical analysis, was not the complete answer, as later events bore out. For though Marx and Engels grounded their theory in reality, it was only a partial reality. Here is Engels's strictly economic definition of historical materialism from *Socialism: Utopian or Scientific*: Historical materialism is that view of the course of history which seeks the ultimate cause and the great moving power of all historical events in the economic development of society, in the changes of the modes of production and exchange, in the consequent division of society into distinct classes, and in the struggles of these classes against one another. (Italics mine) Further, he claims: ... that all past history with the exception of the primitive stages was the history of class struggles; that these warring classes of society are always the products of the modes of production and exchange—in a word, of the economic conditions of their time; that the economic structure of society always furnishes the real basis, starting from which we can alone work out the ultimate explanation of the whole superstructure of juridical and political institutions as well as of the religious, philosophical, and other ideas of a given historical period. (Italics mine)

It would be a mistake to attempt to explain the oppression of women according to this strictly economic interpretation. The class analysis is a beautiful piece of work, but limited: although correct in a linear sense, it does not go deep enough. There is a whole sexual substratum of the historical dialectic that Engels at times dimly perceives, but because he can see sexuality only through an economic filter, reducing everything to that, he is unable to evaluate in its own right.

Engels did observe that the original division of labor was between man and woman for the purposes of child- breeding; that within the family the husband was the owner, the wife the means of production, the children the labor; and that reproduction of the human species was an important economic system distinct from the means of production.

But Engels has been given too much credit for these scattered recognitions of the oppression of women as a class. In fact he acknowledged the sexual class system only where it overlapped and illuminated his economic construct. Engels didn't do so well even in this respect. But Marx was worse: there is a growing recognition of Marx's bias against women (a cultural bias shared by Freud as well as all men of culture), dangerous if one attempts to squeeze feminism into an orthodox Marxist framework—freezing what were only incidental insights of Marx and Engels about sex class into dogma. Instead, we must enlarge historical materialism to include the strictly Marxian, in the same way that the physics of relativity did not invalidate Newtonian physics so much as it drew a circle around it, limiting its application—but only through comparison—to a smaller sphere. For an economic diagnosis traced to ownership of the means of production, even of the means of reproduction, does not explain everything. There is a level of reality that does not stem



directly from economics.

The assumption that, beneath economics, reality is psychosexual is often rejected as ahistorical by those who accept a dialectical materialist view of history because it seems to land us back where Marx began: groping through a fog of utopian hypotheses, philosophical systems that might be right, that might be wrong (there is no way to tell), systems that explain concrete historical developments by a priori categories of thought; historical materialism, however, attempted to explain “knowing” by “being” and not vice versa.

But there is still an untried third alternative: We can attempt to develop a materialist view of history based on sex itself.

The early feminist theorists were to a materialist view of sex what Fourier, Bebel, and Owen were to a materialist view of class. By and large, feminist theory has been as inadequate as were the early feminist attempts to correct sexism. This was to be expected. The problem is so immense that, at first try, only the surface could be skimmed, the most blatant inequalities described. Simone de Beauvoir was the only one who came close to—who perhaps has done—the definitive analysis. Her profound work *The Second Sex*—which appeared as recently as the early fifties to a world convinced that feminism was dead—for the first time attempted to ground feminism in its historical base. Of all feminist theorists De Beauvoir is the most comprehensive and far-reaching, relating feminism to the best ideas in our culture.

It may be this virtue is also her one failing: she is almost too sophisticated, too knowledgeable. Where this becomes a weakness—and this is still certainly debatable—is in her rigidly existentialist interpretation of feminism (one wonders how much Sartre had to do with this). This in view of the fact that all cultural systems, including existentialism, are themselves determined by the sex dualism. She says: Man never thinks of himself without thinking of the Other; he views the world under the sign of duality which is not in the first place sexual in character. But being different from man, who sets himself up as the Same, it is naturally to the category of the Other that woman is consigned; the Other includes woman. (*Italics mine.*)

Perhaps she has overshot her mark: Why postulate a fundamental Hegelian concept of Otherness as the final explanation—and then carefully document the biological and historical circumstances that have pushed the class “women” into such a category—when one has never seriously considered the much simpler and more likely possibility that this fundamental dualism sprang from the sexual division itself? To posit a priori categories of thought and existence—“Otherness,” “Transcendence,” “Immanence”—into which history then falls may not be necessary. Marx and Engels had discovered that these philosophical categories themselves grew out of history.

Before assuming such categories, let us first try to develop an analysis in which biology itself—procreation—is at the origin of the dualism. The immediate assumption of the layman that the unequal division of the sexes is “natural” may be well-founded. We need not immediately look beyond this. Unlike economic class sex class sprang directly from a biological reality: men and women were created different, and not equally privileged. Although, as De Beauvoir points out, this difference of itself did not necessitate the

development of a class system—the domination of one group by another—the reproductive functions of these differences did. The biological family is an inherently unequal power distribution. The need for power leading to the development of classes arises from the psychosexual formation of each individual according to this basic imbalance, rather than, as Freud, Norman O. Brown, and others have, once again overshooting their mark, postulated, some irreducible conflict of Life against Death, Eros vs. Thanatos.

The biological family—the basic reproductive unit of male/female/infant, in whatever form of social organization—is characterized by these fundamental—if not immutable—facts: 1) That women throughout history before the advent of birth control were at the continual mercy of their biology—menstruation, menopause, and “female ills,” constant painful childbirth, wetnursing and care of infants, all of which made them dependent on males (whether brother, father, husband, lover, or clan, government, community-at-large) for physical survival. 2) That human infants take an even longer time to grow up than animals, and thus are helpless and, for some short period at least, dependent on adults for physical survival. 3) That a basic mother/child interdependency has existed in some form in every society, past or present, and thus has shaped the psychology of every mature female and every infant. 4) That the natural reproductive difference between the sexes led directly to the first division of labor at the origins of class, as well as furnishing the paradigm of caste (discrimination based on biological characteristics).

These biological contingencies of the human family cannot be covered over with anthropological sophistries. Anyone observing animals mating, reproducing, and caring for their young will have a hard time accepting the “cultural relativity” line. For no matter how many tribes in Oceania you can find where the connection of the father to fertility is not known, no matter how many matrilineages, no matter how many cases of sex-role reversal, male housewifery, or even empathic labor pains, these facts prove only one thing: the amazing flexibility of human nature. But human nature is adaptable to something, it is, yes, determined by its environmental conditions. And the biological family that we have described has existed everywhere throughout time. Even in matriarchies where woman’s fertility is worshipped, and the father’s role is unknown or unimportant, if perhaps not on the genetic father, there is still some dependence of the female and the infant on the male. And though it is true that the nuclear family is only a recent development, one which, as I shall attempt to show, only intensifies the psychological penalties of the biological family, though it is true that throughout history there have been many variations on this biological family, the contingencies I have described existed in all of them, causing specific psychosexual distortions in the human personality.

But to grant that the sexual imbalance of power is biologically based is not to lose our case. We are no longer just animals. And the Kingdom of Nature does not reign absolute. As Simone de Beauvoir herself admits: The theory of historical materialism has brought to light some important truths. Humanity is not an animal species, it is a historical reality. Human society is an antiphysis—in a sense it is against nature; it does not passively submit to the presence of nature but rather takes over the control of nature on its own behalf. This arrogation is not an inward, subjective operation; it is accomplished objectively in practical action.

Thus, the “natural” is not necessarily a “human” value. Humanity has begun to outgrow nature: we can no longer justify the maintenance of a discriminatory sex class system on grounds of its origins in Nature. Indeed, for pragmatic reasons alone it is beginning to look as if we must get rid of it.

The problem becomes political, demanding more than a comprehensive historical analysis, when one realizes that, though man is increasingly capable of freeing himself from the biological conditions that created his tyranny over women and children, he has little reason to want to give this tyranny up. As Engels said, in the context of economic revolution: It is the law of division of labor that lies at the basis of the division into classes. [Note that this division itself grew out of a fundamental biological division]. But this does not prevent the ruling class, once having the upper hand, from consolidating its power at the expense of the working class, from turning its social leadership into an intensified exploitation of the masses.

Though the sex class system may have originated in fundamental biological conditions, this does not guarantee once the biological basis of their oppression has been swept away that women and children will be freed. On the contrary, the new technology, especially fertility control, may be used against them to reinforce the entrenched system of exploitation.

So that just as to assure elimination of economic classes requires the revolt of the underclass (the proletariat) and, in a temporary dictatorship, their seizure of the means of production, so to assure the elimination of sexual classes requires the revolt of the underclass (women) and the seizure of control of reproduction: the restoration to women of ownership of their own bodies, as well as feminine control of human fertility, including both the new technology and all the social institutions of childbearing and childrearing. And just as the end goal of socialist revolution was not only the elimination of the economic class privilege but of the economic class distinction itself, so the end goal of feminist revolution must be, unlike that of the first feminist movement, not just the elimination of male privilege but of the sex distinction itself: genital differences between human beings would no longer matter culturally. (A reversion to an unobstructed pansexuality—Freud's "polymorphous perversity" —would probably supersede hetero/homo/bi-sexuality.) The reproduction of the species by one sex for the benefit of both would be replaced by (at least the option of) artificial reproduction: children would be born to both sexes equally, or independently of either, however one chooses to look at it; the dependence of the child on the mother (and vice versa) would give way to a greatly shortened dependence on a small group of others in general, and any remaining inferiority to adults in physical strength would be compensated for culturally. The division of labor would be ended by the elimination of labor altogether (cybernation). The tyranny of the biological family would be broken.

And with it the psychology of power. As Engels claimed for strictly socialist revolution: "The existence of not simply this or that ruling class but of any ruling class at all [will have] become an obsolete anachronism." That socialism has never come near achieving this predicated goal is not only the result of unfulfilled or misfired economic preconditions, but also because the Marxian analysis itself was insufficient: it did not dig deep enough to the psychosexual roots of class. Marx was onto something more profound than he knew when he observed that the family contained within itself in embryo all the antagonisms that later develop on a wide scale within the society and the state. For unless revolution uproots the basic social organization, the biological family—the vinculum through which the psychology of power can always be smuggled—the tapeworm of exploitation will never be annihilated. We shall need a sexual revolution much larger than—inclusive of—a socialist one to truly eradicate all class systems.

We have attempted to take the class analysis one step further to its roots in the biological division of the sexes. We have not thrown out the insights of the socialists; on the contrary, radical feminism can enlarge

their analysis, granting it an even deeper basis in objective conditions and thereby explaining many of its insolubles. As a first step in this direction, and as the groundwork for our own analysis we shall expand Engels's definition of historical materialism. Here is the same definition quoted above now rephrased to include the biological division of the sexes for the purpose of reproduction, which lies at the origins of class: Historical materialism is that view of the course of history which seeks the ultimate cause and the great moving power of all historic events in the dialectic of sex: the division of society into two distinct biological classes for procreative reproduction, and the struggles of these classes with one another; in the changes in the modes of marriage, reproduction and childcare created by these struggles; in the connected development of other physically-differentiated classes [castes]; and in the first division of labor based on sex which developed into the [economic-cultural] class system.

And here is the cultural superstructure, as well as the economic one, traced not just back to (economic) class, but all the way back to sex: All past history [note that we can now eliminate "with the exception of primitive stages"] was the history of class struggle. These warring classes of society are always the product of the modes of organization of the biological family unit for reproduction of the species, as well as of the strictly economic modes of production and exchange of goods and services. The sexual-reproductive organization of society always furnishes the real basis, starting from which, we can alone work out the ultimate explanation of the whole superstructure of economic, juridical and political institutions as well as of the religious, philosophical and other ideas of a given historical period.

And now Engels's projection of the results of a materialist approach to history is more realistic: The whole sphere of the conditions of life which environ man and have hitherto ruled him now comes under the dominion and control of man who for the first time becomes the real conscious Lord of Nature, master of his own social organization.

We are a collective of black feminists who have been meeting together since 1974.<sup>1</sup> During that time we have been involved in the process of defining and clarifying our politics, while at the same time doing political work within our own group and in coalition with other progressive organizations and movements. The most general statement of our politics at the present time would be that we are actively committed to struggling against racial, sexual, heterosexual, and class oppression, and see as our particular task the development of integrated analysis and practice based upon the fact that the major systems of oppression are interlocking. The synthesis of these oppressions creates the conditions of our lives. As black women we see black feminism as the logical political movement to combat the manifold and simultaneous oppressions that all women of color face.

We will discuss four major topics in the paper that follows: (1) the genesis of contemporary black feminism; (2) what we believe, i.e., the specific province of our politics; (3) the problems in organizing black feminists, including a brief herstory of our collective; and (4) black feminist issues and practice.

### The Genesis of Contemporary Black Feminism

Before looking at the recent development of black feminism we would like to affirm that we find our origins in the historical reality of Afro-American women's continuous life-and-death struggle for survival and liberation. Black women's extremely negative relationship to the American political system (a system of white male rule) has always been determined by our membership in two oppressed racial and sexual castes. As Angela Davis points out in "Reflections on the Black Woman's Role in the Community of Slaves," black women have always embodied, if only in their physical manifestation, an adversary stance to white male rule and have actively resisted its inroads upon them and their communities in both dramatic and subtle ways. There have always been black women activists—some known, like Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman, Frances E. W. Harper, Ida B. Wells Barnett, and Mary Church Terrell, and thousands upon thousands unknown—who have had a shared awareness of how their sexual identity combined with their racial identity to make their whole life situation and the focus of their political struggles unique. Contemporary black feminism is the outgrowth of countless generations of personal sacrifice, militancy, and work by our mothers and sisters.

A black feminist presence has evolved most obviously in connection with the second wave of the American women's movement beginning in the late 1960s. Black, other Third World, and working women have been involved in the feminist movement from its start, but both outside reactionary forces and racism and elitism within the movement itself have served to obscure our participation. In 1973, black feminists, primarily located in New York, felt the necessity of forming a separate black feminist group. This became the National Black Feminist Organization (NBFO).

Black feminist politics also have an obvious connection to movements for black liberation, particularly those of the 1960s and 1970s. Many of us were active in those movements (civil rights, black nationalism, the Black Panthers), and all of our lives were greatly affected and changed by their ideologies, their goals, and the tactics used to achieve their goals. It was our experience and disillusionment within these liberation movements, as well as experience on the periphery of the white male left, that led to the need to develop a politics that was anti-racist, unlike those of white women, and anti-sexist, unlike those of black and white men.

There is also undeniably a personal genesis for black feminism, that is, the political realization that comes from the seemingly personal experiences of individual black women's lives. Black feminists and many more black women who do not define themselves as feminists have all experienced sexual oppression as a constant factor in our day-to-day existence. As children we realized that we were different from boys and that we were treated differently. For example, we were told in the same breath to be quiet both for the sake of being "ladylike" and to make us less objectionable in the eyes of white people. As we grew older we became aware of the threat of physical and sexual abuse by men. However, we had no way of conceptualizing what was so apparent to us, what we knew was really happening.

Black feminists often talk about their feelings of craziness before becoming conscious of the concepts of sexual politics, patriarchal rule, and most importantly, feminism, the political analysis and practice that we women use to struggle against our oppression. The fact that racial politics and indeed racism are pervasive factors in our lives did not allow us, and still does not allow most black women, to look more deeply into our own experiences and define those things that make our lives what they are and our oppression specific to us. In the process of consciousness-raising, actually life-sharing, we began to recognize the commonality of our experiences, from that sharing and growing consciousness, to build a politics that will change our lives and

inevitably end our oppression. Our development must also be tied to the contemporary economic and political position of black people. The post- World War II generation of black youth was the first to be able to minimally partake of certain educational and employment options, previously closed completely to black people. Although our economic position is still at the very bottom of the American capitalistic economy, a handful of us have been able to gain certain tools as a result of tokenism in education and employment which potentially enable us to more effectively fight our oppression.

A combined antiracist and antisexist position drew us together initially, and as we developed politically we addressed ourselves to heterosexism and economic oppression under capitalism.

### What We Believe

Above all else, our politics initially sprang from the shared belief that black women are inherently valuable, that our liberation is a necessity not as an adjunct to somebody else's but because of our need as human persons for autonomy. This may seem so obvious as to sound simplistic, but it is apparent that no other ostensibly progressive movement has ever considered our specific oppression as a priority or worked seriously for the ending of that oppression. Merely naming the pejorative stereotypes attributed to black women (e.g., mammy, matriarch, Sapphire, whore, bulldagger), let alone cataloguing the cruel, often murderous, treatment we receive, indicates how little value has been placed upon our lives during four centuries of bondage in the Western hemisphere. We realize that the only people who care enough about us to work consistently for our liberation is us. Our politics evolve from a healthy love for ourselves, our sisters and our community which allows us to continue our struggle and work.

This focusing upon our own oppression is embodied in the concept of identity politics. We believe that the most profound and potentially most radical politics come directly out of our own identity, as opposed to working to end somebody else's oppression. In the case of black women this is a particularly repugnant, dangerous, threatening, and therefore revolutionary concept because it is obvious from looking at all the political movements that have preceded us that anyone is more worthy of liberation than ourselves. We reject pedestals, queenhood, and walking ten paces behind. To be recognized as human, levelly human, is enough.

Although we are feminists and lesbians, we feel solidarity with progressive black men and do not advocate the fractionalization that white women who are separatists demand. Our situation as black people necessitates that we have solidarity around the fact of race, which white women of course do not need to have with white men, unless it is their negative solidarity as racial oppressors. We struggle together with black men against racism, while we also struggle with black men about sexism.

We realize that the liberation of all oppressed peoples necessitates the destruction of the political-economic systems of capitalism and imperialism as well as patriarchy. We are socialists because we believe that work must be organized for the collective benefit of those who do the work and create the products, and not for the profit of the bosses. Material resources must be equally distributed among those who create these resources. We are not convinced, however, that a socialist revolution that is not also a feminist and anti-racist

revolution will guarantee our liberation. We have arrived at the necessity for developing an understanding of class relationships that takes into account the specific class position of black women who are generally marginal in the labor force, while at this particular time some of us are temporarily viewed as doubly desirable tokens at white-collar and professional levels. We need to articulate the real class situation of persons who are not merely raceless, sexless workers, but for whom racial and sexual oppression are significant determinants in their working/economic lives. Although we are in essential agreement with Marx's theory as it applied to the very specific economic relationships he analyzed, we know that this analysis must be extended further in order for us to understand our specific economic situation as black women.

A political contribution which we feel we have already made is the expansion of the feminist principle that the personal is political. In our consciousness-raising sessions, for example, we have in many ways gone beyond white women's revelations because we are dealing with the implications of race and class as well as sex. Even our black women's style of talking/testifying in black language about what we have experienced has a resonance that is both cultural and political. We have spent a great deal of energy delving into the cultural and experiential nature of our oppression out of necessity because none of these matters have ever been looked at before. No one before has ever examined the multilayered texture of black women's lives.

As we have already stated, we reject the stance of lesbian separatism because it is not a viable political analysis or strategy for us. It leaves out far too much and far too many people, particularly black men, women, and children. We have a great deal of criticism and loathing for what men have been socialized to be in this society: what they support, how they act, and how they oppress. But we do not have the misguided notion that it is their maleness, per se—i.e., their biological maleness—that makes them what they are. As black women we find any type of biological determinism a particularly dangerous and reactionary basis upon which to build a politic. We must also question whether lesbian separatism is an adequate and progressive political analysis and strategy, even for those who practice it, since it so completely denies any but the sexual sources of women's oppression, negating the facts of class and race.

### Problems in Organizing Black Feminists

During our years together as a black feminist collective we have experienced success and defeat, joy and pain, victory and failure. We have found that it is very difficult to organize around black feminist issues, difficult even to announce in certain contexts that we are black feminists. We have tried to think about the reasons for our difficulties, particularly since the white women's movement continues to be strong and to grow in many directions. In this section we will discuss some of the general reasons for the organizing problems we face and also talk specifically about the stages in organizing our own collective.

The major source of difficulty in our political work is that we are not just trying to fight oppression on one front or even two, but instead to address a whole range of oppressions. We do not have racial, sexual, heterosexual, or class privilege to rely upon, nor do we have even the minimal access to resources and power that groups who possess any one of these types of privilege have.

The psychological toll of being a black woman and the difficulties this presents in reaching political consciousness and doing political work can never be underestimated. There is a very low value placed upon black women's psyches in this society, which is both racist and sexist. As an early group member once said, "We are all damaged people merely by virtue of being black women." We are dispossessed psychologically and on every other level, and yet we feel the necessity to struggle to change our condition and the condition of all black women. In "A Black Feminist's Search for Sisterhood," Michele Wallace arrives at this conclusion: We exist as women who are black who are feminists, each stranded for the moment, working independently because there is not yet an environment in this society remotely congenial to our struggle—because, being on the bottom, we would have to do what no one else has done: we would have to fight the world.

Wallace is not pessimistic but realistic in her assessment of black feminists' position, particularly in her allusion to the nearly classic isolation most of us face. We might use our position at the bottom, however, to make a clear leap into revolutionary action. If black women were free, it would mean that everyone else would have to be free since our freedom would necessitate the destruction of all the systems of oppression.

Feminism is, nevertheless, very threatening to the majority of black people because it calls into question some of the most basic assumptions about our existence, i.e., that sex should be a determinant of power relationships. Here is the way male and female roles were defined in a black nationalist pamphlet from the early 1970s. We understand that it is and has been traditional that the man is the head of the house. He is the leader of the house/nation because his knowledge of the world is broader, his awareness is greater, his understanding is fuller and his application of this information is wiser ... After all, it is only reasonable that the man be the head of the house because he is able to defend and protect the development of his home ... Women cannot do the same things as men—they are made by nature to function differently. Equality of men and women is something that cannot happen even in the abstract world. Men are not equal to other men, i.e., ability, experience or even understanding. The value of men and women can be seen as in the value of gold and silver—they are not equal but both have great value. We must realize that men and women are a complement to each other because there is no house/family without a man and his wife. Both are essential to the development of any life.

The material conditions of most black women would hardly lead them to upset both economic and sexual arrangements that seem to represent some stability in their lives. Many black women have a good understanding of both sexism and racism, but because of the everyday constrictions of their lives, cannot risk struggling against them both.

The reaction of black men to feminism has been notoriously negative. They are, of course, even more threatened than black women by the possibility that black feminists might organize around our own needs. They realize that they might not only lose valuable and hardworking allies in their struggles but that they might also be forced to change their habitually sexist ways of interacting with and oppressing black women. Accusations that black feminism divides the black struggle are powerful deterrents to the growth of an autonomous black women's movement.

Still, hundreds of women have been active at different times during the three-year existence of our



group. And every black woman who came, came out of a strongly-felt need for some level of possibility that did not previously exist in her life.

When we first started meeting early in 1974 after the NBFO first eastern regional conference, we did not have a strategy for organizing, or even a focus. We just wanted to see what we had. After a period of months of not meeting, we began to meet again late in the year and started doing an intense variety of consciousness-raising. The overwhelming feeling that we had is that after years and years we had finally found each other. Although we were not doing political work as a group, individuals continued their involvement in lesbian politics, sterilization abuse and abortion rights work, Third World Women's International Women's Day activities, and support activity for the trials of Dr. Kenneth Edelin, Joan Little, and Inéz García. During our first summer, when membership had dropped off considerably, those of us remaining devoted serious discussion to the possibility of opening a refuge for battered women in a black community. (There was no refuge in Boston at that time.) We also decided around that time to become an independent collective since we had serious disagreements with NBFO's bourgeois-feminist stance and their lack of a clear political focus.

We also were contacted at that time by socialist feminists, with whom we had worked on abortion rights activities, who wanted to encourage us to attend the National Socialist Feminist Conference in Yellow Springs. One of our members did attend and despite the narrowness of the ideology that was promoted at that particular conference, we became more aware of the need for us to understand our own economic situation and to make our own economic analysis.

In the fall, when some members returned, we experienced several months of comparative inactivity and internal disagreements which were first conceptualized as a lesbian-straight split but which were also the result of class and political differences. During the summer those of us who were still meeting had determined the need to do political work and to move beyond consciousness-raising and serving exclusively as an emotional support group. At the beginning of 1976, when some of the women who had not wanted to do political work and who also had voiced disagreements stopped attending of their own accord, we again looked for a focus. We decided at that time, with the addition of new members, to become a study group. We had always shared our reading with each other, and some of us had written papers on black feminism for group discussion a few months before this decision was made. We began functioning as a study group and also began discussing the possibility of starting a black feminist publication. We had a retreat in the late spring which provided a time for both political discussion and working out interpersonal issues. Currently we are planning to gather together a collection of black feminist writing. We feel that it is absolutely essential to demonstrate the reality of our politics to other black women and believe that we can do this through writing and distributing our work. The fact that individual black feminists are living in isolation all over the country, that our own numbers are small, and that we have some skills in writing, printing, and publishing makes us want to carry out these kinds of projects as a means of organizing black feminists as we continue to do political work in coalition with other groups.

#### Black Feminist Issues and Practice

During our time together we have identified and worked on many issues of particular relevance to

black women. The inclusiveness of our politics makes us concerned with any situation that impinges upon the lives of women, Third World, and working people. We are of course particularly committed to working on those struggles in which race, sex, and class are simultaneous factors in oppression. We might, for example, become involved in workplace organizing at a factory that employs Third World women or picket a hospital that is cutting back on already inadequate health care to a Third World community, or set up a rape crisis center in a black neighborhood. Organizing around welfare and daycare concerns might also be a focus. The work to be done and the countless issues that this work represents merely reflect the pervasiveness of our oppression.

Issues and projects that collective members have actually worked on are sterilization abuse, abortion rights, battered women, rape and health care. We have also done many workshops and educationals on black feminism on college campuses, at women's conferences, and most recently for high school women.

One issue that is of major concern to us and that we have begun to publicly address is racism in the white women's movement. As black feminists we are made constantly and painfully aware of how little effort white women have made to understand and combat their racism, which requires among other things that they have a more than superficial comprehension of race, color, and black history and culture. Eliminating racism in the white women's movement is by definition work for white women to do, but we will continue to speak to and demand accountability on this issue.

In the practice of our politics we do not believe that the end always justifies the means. Many reactionary and destructive acts have been done in the name of achieving "correct" political goals. As feminists we do not want to mess over people in the name of politics. We believe in collective process and a nonhierarchical distribution of power within our own group and in our vision of a revolutionary society. We are committed to a continual examination of our politics as they develop through criticism and self-criticism as an essential aspect of our practice. As black feminists and lesbians we know that we have a very definite revolutionary task to perform and we are ready for the lifetime of work and struggle before us.

In attempting to analyze the situation of the black woman in America, one crashes abruptly into a solid wall of grave misconceptions, outright distortions of fact and defensive attitudes on the part of many. The system of capitalism (and its afterbirth—racism) under which we all live, has attempted by many devious ways and means to destroy the humanity of all people, and particularly the humanity of black people. This has meant an outrageous assault on every black man, woman and child who reside in the United States.

In keeping with its goal of destroying the black race's will to resist its subjugation, capitalism found it necessary to create a situation where the black man found it impossible to find meaningful or productive employment. More often than not, he couldn't find work of any kind. And the black woman likewise was manipulated by the system, economically exploited and physically assaulted. She could often find work in the white man's kitchen, however, and sometimes became the sole breadwinner of the family. This predicament has led to many psychological problems on the part of both man and woman and has contributed to the turmoil that we find in the black family structure.

Unfortunately, neither the black man nor the black woman understood the true nature of the forces working upon them. Many black women tended to accept the capitalist evaluation of manhood and womanhood and believed, in fact, that black men were shiftless and lazy, otherwise they would get a job and support their families as they ought to. Personal relationships between black men and women were thus torn asunder and one result has been the separation of man from wife, mother from child, etc.

America has defined the roles to which each individual should subscribe. It has defined “manhood” in terms of its own interests and “femininity” likewise. Therefore, an individual who has a good job, makes a lot of money and drives a Cadillac is a real “man,” and conversely, an individual who is lacking in these “qualities” is less of a man. The advertising media in this country continuously informs the american male of his need for indispensable signs of his virility—the brand of cigarettes that cowboys prefer, the whiskey that has a masculine tang or the label of the jock strap that athletes wear.

The ideal model that is projected for a woman is to be surrounded by hypocritical homage and estranged from all real work, spending idle hours primping and preening, obsessed with conspicuous consumption, and limiting life’s functions to simply a sex role. We unqualitatively reject these respective models. A woman who stays at home, caring for children and the house often leads an extremely sterile existence. She must lead her entire life as a satellite to her mate. He goes out into society and brings back a little piece of the world for her. His interests and his understanding of the world become her own and she can not develop herself as an individual, having been reduced to only a biological function. This kind of woman leads a parasitic existence that can aptly be described as “legalized prostitution.”

Furthermore, it is idle dreaming to think of black women simply caring for their homes and children like the middle class white model. Most black women have to work to help house, feed and clothe their families. Black women make up a substantial percentage of the black working force and this is true for the poorest black family as well as the so-called “middle class” family.

Black women were never afforded any such phony luxuries. Though we have been browbeaten with this white image, the reality of the degrading and dehumanizing jobs that were relegated to us quickly dissipated this mirage of “womanhood.” The following excerpts from a speech that Sojourner Truth made at a Women’s Rights Convention in the 19th century show us how misleading and incomplete a life this model represents for us:… Well, chilern, whar dar is so much racket dar must be something out o’kilter. I tink dat ’twixt de niggers of de Souf and de women at de norf all a talkin’ ’bout rights, de white men will be in a fix pretty soon. But what’s all dis here talkin’ ’bout? Dat man ober dar say dat women needs to be helped into carriages and lifted ober ditches, and to have de best place every whar. Nobody ever help me into carriages, or ober mud puddles, or gives me any best places … and ar’nt I a woman? Look at me! Look at my arm … I have plowed, and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me—and ar’nt I a woman? I could work as much as a man (when I could get it), and bear de lash as well—and ar’nt I a woman? I have borne five chilern and I seen ’em mos’ all sold off into slavery, and when I cried out with a mother’s grief, none but Jesus heard—and ar’nt I a woman?

Unfortunately, there seems to be some confusion in the Movement today as to who has been

oppressing whom. Since the advent of black power, the black male has exerted a more prominent leadership role in our struggle for justice in this country. He sees the system for what it really is for the most part. But where he rejects its values and mores on many issues, when it comes to women, he seems to take his guidelines from the pages of the Ladies Home Journal. Certain black men are maintaining that they have been castrated by society but that black women somehow escaped this persecution and even contributed to this emasculation.

Let me state here and now that the black woman in america can justly be described as a “slave of a slave.” By reducing the black man in america to such abject oppression, the black woman had no protector and was used, and is still being used in some cases, as the scapegoat for the evils that this horrendous system has perpetrated on black men. Her physical image has been maliciously maligned; she has been sexually molested and abused by the white colonizer; she has suffered the worst kind of economic exploitation, having been forced to serve as the white woman’s maid and wet nurse for white offspring while her own children were more often than not, starving and neglected. It is the depth of degradation to be socially manipulated, physically raped, used to undermine your own household, and to be powerless to reverse this syndrome.

It is true that our husbands, fathers, brothers and sons have been emasculated, lynched and brutalized. They have suffered from the cruelest assault on mankind that the world has ever known. However, it is a gross distortion of fact to state that black women have oppressed black men. The capitalist system found it expedient to enslave and oppress them and proceeded to do so without signing any agreements with black women.

It must also be pointed out at this time, that black women are not resentful of the rise to power of black men. We welcome it. We see in it the eventual liberation of all black people from this corrupt system under which we suffer. Nevertheless, this does not mean that you have to negate one for the other. This kind of thinking is a product of miseducation; that it’s either X or it’s Y. It is fallacious reasoning that in order for the black man to be strong, the black woman has to be weak.

Those who are exerting their “manhood” by telling black women to step back into a domestic, submissive role are assuming a counter-revolutionary position. Black women likewise have been abused by the system and we must begin talking about the elimination of all kinds of oppression. If we are talking about building a strong nation, capable of throwing off the yoke of capitalist oppression, then we are talking about the total involvement of every man, woman, and child, each with a highly developed political consciousness. We need our whole army out there dealing with the enemy and not half an army.

There are also some black women who feel that there is no more productive role in life than having and raising children. This attitude often reflects the conditioning of the society in which we live and is adopted (totally, completely and without change) from a bourgeois white model. Some young sisters who have never had to maintain a household and accept the confining role which this entails, tend to romanticize (along with the help of a few brothers) this role of housewife and mother. Black women who have had to endure this kind of function as the sole occupation of their life, are less apt to have these utopian visions.

Those who project in an intellectual manner how great and rewarding this role will be and who feel that the most important thing that they can contribute to the black nation is children, are doing themselves a great injustice. This line of reasoning completely negates the contributions that black women have historically made to our struggle for liberation. These black women include Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman, Ida B. Wells-Barnett, Mary McLeod Bethune and Fannie Lou Hamer to name but a few.

We live in a highly industrialized society and every member of the black nation must be as academically and technologically developed as possible. To wage a revolution, we need competent teachers, doctors, nurses, electronic experts, chemists, biologists, physicists, political scientists, and so on and so forth. Black women sitting at home reading bedtime stories to their children are just not going to make it.

## ECONOMIC EXPLOITATION OF BLACK WOMEN

The economic system of capitalism finds it expedient to reduce women to a state of enslavement. They oftentimes serve as a scapegoat for the evils of this system. Much in the same way that the poor white cracker of the South who is equally victimized, looks down upon blacks and contributes to the oppression of blacks, so, by giving to men a false feeling of superiority (at least in their own home or in their relationships with women,) the oppression of women acts as an escape valve for capitalism. Men may be cruelly exploited and subjected to all sorts of dehumanizing tactics on the part of the ruling class, but they have someone who is below them—at least they're not women.

Women also represent a surplus labor supply, the control of which is absolutely necessary to the profitable functioning of capitalism. Women are systematically exploited by the system. They are paid less for the same work that men do and jobs that are specifically relegated to women are low-paying and without the possibility of advancement. Statistics from the Women's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor show that the wage scale for white women was even below that of black men; and the wage scale for non-white women was the lowest of all: White Males \$6,704 Non-white Males \$4,277 White Females \$3,991 Non-white Females \$2,861.

Those industries which employ mainly black women are the most exploitative in the country. Domestic and hospital workers are good examples of this oppression; the garment workers in New York City provide us with another view of this economic slavery. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union (ILGWU), whose overwhelming membership consists of black and Puerto Rican women has a leadership that is nearly lily-white and male. This leadership has been working in collusion with the ruling class and has completely sold its soul to the corporate structure.

To add insult to injury, the ILGWU has invested heavily in business enterprises in racist, apartheid South Africa—with union funds. Not only does this bought-off leadership contribute to our continued exploitation in this country by not truly representing the best interests of its membership, but it audaciously uses funds that black and Puerto Rican women have provided to support the economy of a vicious government that is engaged in the economic rape and murder of our black brothers and sisters in our Motherland, Africa.

The entire labor movement in the United States has suffered as a result of the super exploitation of black workers and women. The unions have historically been racist and chauvinistic. They have upheld racism in this country (and condoned imperialist exploitation around the world) and have failed to fight the white skin privileges of white workers. They have failed to fight or even make an issue against the inequities in the hiring and pay of women workers. There has been virtually no struggle against either the racism of the white worker or the economic exploitation of the working woman, two factors which have consistently impeded the advancement of the real struggle against the ruling capitalist class.

This racist, chauvinistic and manipulative use of black workers and women, especially black women, has been a severe cancer on the american labor scene. It therefore becomes essential for those who understand the workings of capitalism and imperialism to realize that the exploitation of black people and women works to everyone's disadvantage and that the liberation of these two groups is a stepping stone to the liberation of all oppressed people in this country and around the world.

## BEDROOM POLITICS

I have briefly discussed the economic and psychological manipulation of black women, but perhaps the most outlandish act of oppression in modern times is the current campaign to promote sterilization of nonwhite women in an attempt to maintain the population and power imbalance between the white haves and the non-white have nots.

These tactics are but another example of the many devious schemes that the ruling elite attempt to perpetrate on the black population in order to keep itself in control. It has recently come to our attention that a massive campaign for so-called "birth control" is presently being promoted not only in the underdeveloped non-white areas of the world, but also in black communities here in the United States. However, what the authorities in charge of these programs refer to as "birth control" is in fact nothing but a method of outright surgical genocide.

The United States has been sponsoring sterilization clinics in non-white countries, especially in India where already some 3 million young men and boys in and around New Delhi have been sterilized in make-shift operating rooms set up by the american peace corps workers. Under these circumstances, it is understandable why certain countries view the Peace Corps not as a benevolent project, not as evidence of america's concern for underdeveloped areas, but rather as a threat to their very existence. This program could more aptly be named the "Death Corps."

The Vasectomy which is performed on males and takes only six or seven minutes is a relatively simple operation. The sterilization of a woman, on the other hand, is admittedly major surgery. This surgical operation (Salpingectomy) must be performed in a hospital under general anesthesia. This method of "birth control" is a common procedure in Puerto Rico. Puerto Rico has long been used by the colonialist exploiter, the United States, as a huge experimental laboratory for medical research before allowing certain practices to

be imported and used here. When the birth control pill was first being perfected, it was tried out on Puerto Rican women and selected black women (poor), using them like Guinea pigs, to evaluate its effect and its efficiency.

The Salpingectomy has now become the commonest operation in Puerto Rico, commoner than an appendectomy or a tonsilectomy. It is so widespread that it is referred to simply as “la operacion.” On the Island, 20% of the women between the ages of 15 and 45 have already been sterilized.

And now, as previously occurred with the pill, this method has been imported into the United States. These sterilization clinics are cropping up around the country in the black and Puerto Rican communities. These so-called “Maternity Clinics” specifically outfitted to purge black women or men of their reproductive possibilities are appearing more and more in hospitals and clinics across the country.

A number of organizations have been formed to popularize the idea of sterilization such as the Association for Voluntary Sterilization and The Human Betterment (!!?) Association for Voluntary Sterilization which has its headquarters in New York City. Front Royal, Virginia has one such “Maternity Clinic” in Warren Memorial Hospital. The tactics used in the clinic in Fauquier County, Virginia, where poor and helpless black mothers and young girls are pressured into undergoing sterilization are certainly not confined to that clinic alone.

Threatened with the cut-off of relief funds, some black welfare women have been forced to accept this sterilization procedure in exchange for a continuation of welfare benefits. Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City performs these operations on many of its ward patients whenever it can convince the women to undergo this surgery. Mississippi and some of the other Southern states are notorious for this act. Black women are often afraid to permit any kind of necessary surgery because they know from bitter experience that they are more likely than not to come out of the hospital without their insides. (Both Salpingectomies & Hysterectomies are performed.)

We condemn this use of the black woman as a medical testing ground for the white middle class. Reports of the ill effects including deaths from the use of the birth control pill only started to come to light when the white privileged class began to be affected. These outrageous Nazi-like procedures on the part of medical researchers are but another manifestation of the totally amoral and dehumanizing brutality that the capitalist system perpetrates on black women. The sterilization experiments carried on in concentration camps some twenty-five years ago have been denounced the world over, but no one seems to get upset by the repetition of these same racist tactics today in the United States of America—land of the free and home of the brave. This campaign is as nefarious a program as Germany’s gas chambers and in a long term sense, as effective and with the same objective.

The rigid laws concerning abortions in this country are another vicious means of subjugation, and, indirectly of outright murder. Rich white women somehow manage to obtain these operations with little or no difficulty. It is the poor black and Puerto Rican woman who is at the mercy of the local butcher. Statistics

show us that the non-white death rate at the hands of the unqualified abortionist is substantially higher than for white women. Nearly half of the child-bearing deaths in New York City were attributed to abortion alone and out of these, 79% were among non- whites and Puerto Rican women.

We are not saying that black women should not practice birth control or family planning. Black women have the right and the responsibility to determine when it is in the interest of the struggle to have children or not to have them. It is also her right and responsibility to determine when it is in her own best interests to have children, how many she will have, and how far apart and this right must not be relinquished to anyone.

The lack of the availability of safe birth control methods, the forced sterilization practices and the inability to obtain legal abortions are all symptoms of a decadent society that jeopardizes the health of black women (and thereby the entire black race) in its attempts to control the very life processes of human beings. This repressive control of black women is symptomatic of a society that believes it has the right to bring political factors into the privacy of the bedchamber. The elimination of these horrendous conditions will free black women for full participation in the revolution, and thereafter, in the building of the new society.

#### RELATIONSHIP TO WHITE MOVEMENT

Much has been written recently about the white women's liberation movement in the United States and the question arises whether there are any parallels between this struggle and the movement on the part of black women for total emancipation. While there are certain comparisons that one can make, simply because we both live under the same exploitative system, there are certain differences, some of which are quite basic.

The white women's movement is far from being monolithic. Any white group that does not have an anti- imperialist and anti-racist ideology has absolutely nothing in common with the black women's struggle. Are white women asking to be equal to white men in their pernicious treatment of third world peoples? What assurances have black women that white women will be any less racist and exploitative if they had the power and were in a position to do so? These are serious questions that the white women's liberation movement has failed to address itself to.

Black people are engaged in a life and death struggle with the oppressive forces of this country and the main emphasis of black women must be to combat the capitalist, racist exploitation of black people. While it is true that male chauvinism has become institutionalized in american society, one must always look for the main enemy ... the fundamental cause of the female condition. In fact, some groups come to the incorrect conclusion that their oppression is due simply to male chauvinism. They therefore, have an extremely anti-male tone to their dissertations.

Another major differentiation is that the white women's liberation movement is basically middle class. Very few of these women suffer the extreme economic exploitation that most black women are subjected to



day by day. If they find housework degrading and dehumanizing, they are financially able to buy their freedom—usually by hiring a black maid. The economic and social realities of the black woman's life are the most crucial for us. It is not an intellectual persecution alone; the movement is not a psychological outburst for us; it is tangible; we can taste it in all our endeavors. We as black women have got to deal with the problems that the black masses deal with, for our problems in reality are one and the same.

If the white groups do not realize that they are in fact, fighting capitalism and racism, we do not have common bonds. If they do not realize that the reasons for their condition lie in a debilitating economic and social system, and not simply that men get a vicarious pleasure out of “consuming their bodies for exploitative reasons,” (This kind of reasoning seems to be quite prevalent in certain white women's groups) then we cannot unite with them around common grievances or even discuss these groups in a serious manner, because they're completely irrelevant to black women in particular or to the black struggle in general.

## THE NEW WORLD

The black community and black women especially, must begin raising questions about the kind of society we wish to see established. We must note the ways in which capitalism oppresses us and then move to create institutions that will eliminate these destructive influences.

The new world that we are struggling to create must destroy oppression of any type. The value of this new system will be determined by the status of those persons who are presently most oppressed—the low man on the totem pole. Unless women in any enslaved nation are completely liberated, the change cannot really be called a revolution. If the black woman has to retreat to the position she occupied before the armed struggle, the whole movement and the whole struggle will have retreated in terms of truly freeing the colonized population.

A people's revolution that engages the participation of every member of the community, including men, and women, brings about a certain transformation in the participants as a result of this participation. Once you have caught a glimpse of freedom or tasted a bit of self-determination, you can't go back to old routines that were established under a racist, capitalist regime. We must begin to understand that a revolution entails not only the willingness to lay our lives on the firing line and get killed. In some ways, this is an easy commitment to make. To die for the revolution is a one-shot deal; to live for the revolution means taking on the more difficult commitment of changing our day-to-day life patterns.

This will mean changing the traditional routines that we have established as a result of living in a totally corrupting society. It means changing how you relate to your wife, your husband, your parents and your coworkers. If we are going to liberate ourselves as a people, it must be recognized that black women have very specific problems that have to be spoken to. We must be liberated along with the rest of the population. We cannot wait to start working on those problems until that great day in the future when the revolution somehow miraculously, is accomplished.

To assign women the role of housekeeper and mother while men go forth into battle is a highly questionable doctrine for a revolutionary to profess. Each individual must develop a high political consciousness in order to understand how this system enslaves us all and what actions we must take to bring about its total destruction. Those who consider themselves to be revolutionary must begin to deal with other revolutionaries as equals. And so far as I know, revolutionaries are not determined by sex.

Old people, young people, men and women must take part in the struggle. To relegate women to purely supportive roles or to simply cultural considerations is dangerous doctrine to project. Unless black men who are preparing themselves for armed struggle understand that the society which we are trying to create is one in which the oppression of ALL MEMBERS of that society is eliminated, then the revolution will have failed in its avowed purpose.

Given the mutual commitment of black men and black women alike to the liberation of our people and other oppressed peoples around the world, the total involvement of each individual is necessary. A revolutionary has the responsibility of not only toppling those that are now in a position of power, but more importantly, the responsibility of creating new institutions that will eliminate all forms of oppression for all people. We must begin to re-write our understanding of traditional personal relationships between man and woman.

All the resources that the black community can muster up must be channeled into the struggle. Black women must take an active part in bringing about the kind of world where our children, our loved ones, and each citizen can grow up and live as decent human beings, free from the pressures of racism and capitalist exploitation.

Men and women have been unequal in this world for a very long time. In India, widows immolate themselves to sacrifice their lives for men; in Japan, women prostrate themselves in the service of men. In Europe and America, even though people practice monogamy and thereby proclaim equality, women are rarely able to partake in politics or vote. So, is there any substance to their "equal rights"? When we look back at China, our men practically treat women as subhuman beings. In ancient times, after a tribe defeated another group, they [the tribesmen] would truss up the women, bind up their bodies with pillories, and take them as concubines. This is how men became masters and women slaves. That period can rightly be called the age of [men's] plundering of women. In due time, since stealing other people's women was likely to induce conflicts, people developed the custom of sending deerskin as an engagement "gift." The ancient marriage rites that mandated the groom's family deliver betrothal gifts to the bride's side are remnants of this earlier kind of "property-marriage."

Women were clearly regarded as a form of male property. Men are human, but women are merely chattel. That period can be called the age of [men's] trading of women. From these two root causes, inequality between men and women became entrenched. The specific forms this inequality has taken can be traced from the four institutions from the past.

The first is inequality in marriage. In ancient times, the more respected a man's position in society, the more wives he had. For example, during the Yin [Shang] dynasty (16th–11th century b.c.e.), the Son of Heaven could marry twelve women; his marquises, nine; high-ranking aristocrats, three; other titled men, two. During the Zhou dynasty (1046–256 b.c.e.), the Son of Heaven had one queen, three helpmates, nine consorts, twenty-seven women of family, and eighty-one ladies of honor. These constituted his wife and concubines. Does this not indicate that in effect over one hundred women were married to one man? Since then, there have been no limits placed on the number of imperial concubines the emperor might retain. Honorable and illustrious families especially hoarded a lot of concubines. This is the first aspect of male-female inequality.

The second is inequality in status between husband and wife. Since men managed to expand their power, they became all the more vigilant against women. They invented the motto, "Once a woman becomes a man's wife, she remains so for life." A woman is thus allowed to serve only one husband. What is more: "The husband is high as the wife is low; the husband is to heaven as the wife is to earth. The wife cannot do without her husband as the earth cannot do without Heaven." As a result, a woman follows her husband's noble rank in life, and she takes her husband's family name, and she posthumously receives her husband's promotion to a higher rank. Women are made into men's subsidiaries. Song dynasty scholars followed this reasoning when they spoke of "shoring up the yang [male] and diminishing the yin [female]." This is the second aspect of male-female inequality.

The third is inequality in work and responsibility. The character for "woman" (fu) is glossed as fu, or "to serve." The "woman" character is composed of a woman holding a broom. The Book of Rites ("Quli") makes it clear: "In presenting a daughter for the harem of the ruler of a state, it is said, 'This is to complete the providers of your spirits and sauces'; for that of a great officer, 'This is to complete the number of those who sprinkle and sweep for you.'" It seems, in this way, ancient women considered serving and obeying to be their obligation. Furthermore, men concocted the teaching that women should not step out of the inner quarters so as to deprive them of their freedom. From then on, women did not have responsibilities aside from managing the household; being educated and talented was deprecated; [as a consequence,] they have taken being servile to be a natural state. This is the third aspect of male-female inequality.

The fourth is inequality in the system of rites. When a wife dies, the husband observes mourning for only one year, but a widow must mourn her husband for three years, and in the coarsest attire (unhemmed sackcloth). And she is to extend the same severity in mourning her husband's parents. But when she mourns her natal parents, she observes rites of the lesser grade (of one year and wearing sackcloth with even edges). [The Confucian classic Great Learning says,] "It never has been the case that what was of great importance has been slightly cared for, and what was of slight importance has been greatly cared for." But the mourning rites do exactly that! Even worse is that in ancient times, a daughter's mourning rites for her mother would be downgraded from three years to one if her father was still alive. This was most egregious. This, then, is the fourth aspect of male-female inequality.

Even from this cursory review it becomes very clear how men oppress and subjugate women. It is not hard to fathom why men would want to bully women; but why, one might ask, are women so willing to submit? Could it be that the power of social customs and the teachings of pedantic scholars have come to bind and restrain women? Let me put it plainly so that all my companions in womanhood understand: men are the

archenemy of women. As long as women fail to be men's equals, anger and sorrow will never be requited. Therefore, let me spell out all the things that women need to strive for one by one: The first is monogamous marriage. If a man has more than one wife, keeps concubines or mistresses predisposed to whoring, then his wife can use the harshest laws to restrain him, so much so that he is in women's hands. If a woman willingly serves a husband with multiple wives, the entire womenfolk would be against her. If a man only has one wife, but his wife has extramarital affairs, both men and women should be against her. The second is that after a woman marries, she should not take her husband's surname. Even if she retains her name, it is still unfair because it is her father's surname but not her mother's. Therefore, women like us living in the present age should fashion our surnames from both the father's and the mother's [surnames]. The third is that after the Manchus, neither men nor women should keep a surname. That would be the principle of justice. The fourth is that parents should value sons and daughters equally. Daughters are no different from sons; a daughter's offspring are full-fledged grandchildren. This way the entrenched custom of slighting daughters and valuing sons would end. The fifth is that soon after birth, daughters and sons should be raised without discrimination. As they grow up, they should receive equal education. As grownups, they should shoulder equal responsibilities. All affairs in society are women's business. The sixth is that if a couple fails to get along after marriage, the man and wife can separate. Until then, neither take up with someone else lest they violate the first goal above. The seventh is that first-time grooms should be paired with first-time brides. When bereaved, a man can remarry only to a woman who has married before. Likewise, a bereaved wife can remarry, but only to a man married before. If a first-time bride assents to marrying a man who has married before, womenfolk should censure her. The eighth is to abolish all the brothels in the world and let go all the prostitutes under the sun to create an environment of lasciviousness.

We champion these seven goals, not because we women want to snatch power and rights into our hands, but because Heaven endows natural rights equally to men and women. Since men and women are both human, the lack of equality is unjust and contradicts the principles of nature; ultimately, what women strive for should not stop short of supreme justice for all.

But people may counter my suggestions by raising three common objections. The first is that women endure the toil of childbirth and afterward have to exhaust themselves in raising the children; thus a woman's work and responsibilities are by nature different from men's. Those who think so do not understand that what I am proposing is not merely a women's revolution but a complete social revolution. The women's revolution is but one aspect of the social revolution. After the social revolution is accomplished, after birth, all children would be raised in public child care facilities; accordingly, mothers would no longer have to raise their children by themselves. Once relieved of this task, women could assume responsibilities equal to men's.

The second objection may be that since there are more women than men in the world, it is unfair to mandate that one person can take only one spouse. But those who object thus do not know that women are more plentiful because they never fight wars. Active military duty is without fail a male prerogative; therefore their numbers dwindle by the day. Now, as women, would we rather not unleash destruction and die on the battlefield for posthumous honor than be oppressed to death as obedient concubines? If women indeed carried out the [social] revolution, after the violence ended, the number of women would certainly be the same as the number of men.

The third argument one often hears is that since men have many wives, why shouldn't women have

multiple husbands as a form of redress? The misunderstanding here is that we women desire equality and will get it, not by [the passive means of] reform or boycotting, but by the application of brute force to coerce men to make us equal. But polygyny is a major male transgression. If women choose to emulate them, how are we to defend ourselves when men accuse us [of transgressing]? A woman who has multiple husbands is virtually a prostitute. Those women who are now advocating multiple husbands use the pretext of resisting men, but their real motivation is to give full rein to their personal lust, following the path of prostitutes. These women are traitors to womanhood.

In sum, men and women are both human. By [saying] “men” (nǎnxing) and “women” (nǚxing) we are not speaking of “nature,” as each is but the outcome of differing social customs and education. If sons and daughters are treated equally, raised and educated in the same manner, then the responsibilities assumed by men and women will surely become equal. When that happens, the nouns “men” and “women” would no longer be necessary. This is ultimately the “equality of men and women” of which we speak.

People in China have recently come to believe that for women to reach this goal, they must apply themselves to herald—even ahead of men—racial, political, economic, and other revolutions; they must not allow themselves to lag behind men again. According to their view, the revolution between men and women should proceed side by side with racial, political, and economic revolutions. [They believe] if they succeeded, women could establish the first real regime of “women’s rights” in the world. If they failed, women would perish with men, never to be subjugated by them again. I think this is a narrow-minded view. Whether people agree with me or condemn me is not my concern here.

A world where God isn’t used as an excuse to be horrible people is what we aim for; a world where “he” doesn’t exist as the savior is a world worth living in.

Desde niña, God was someone to be feared and loved. Going to Catechism, giving my body, mind, and soul to this almighty being was the norm. Growing up trying to mold who I was in “his image” was the ultimate goal—not self-love, self-acceptance, cultural pride, education, or having a good future, but being more like “him” was the answer for greatness and success. Believing that an invisible man could see us no matter where we hid, an invisible man knew us so well that he knew the exact number of hair we have on our bodies, and that this invisible man was so selfless he sacrificed his child for “our” sins was completely sane, and that was something to try to embody and love. This Christian theist belief is something to cherish, and hold dear to your heart because it makes you a better person. But, does it really?

No. Déjame decirte porque.

This invisible being that we, as a culture, community, and country are brainwashed to love is the door to hatred. Hatred of one self, one’s culture, one’s skin color, mujeres, gay mujeres, gay men, trans\* men, trans\* mujeres, and everything that is not beautiful or normal to the standards of European white men, and it’s justified by a white washed “God.”

My culture has been stripped away from my people by European Christians believing they were the “saviors” of “savages.” When in reality, God and his followers are the savages. According to Merriam Webster’s dictionary, a savage is “not domesticated or under human control.” “God” and his followers are the savages. They are not domesticated or under human control, not my beautiful *genté mexicana*. Using God as an excuse to strip beautiful indigenous people of their culture, their rich traditions, their way of existing as a community, their own spirituality, and their own families is an action of savages. God has been used as a way to justify being savages against cultures that don’t fall under the white, European, Christian model of perfection.

The white man came to discover *mí genté’s* land. Thank God they did, or else we’d be living on unknown territory. The white man came to teach *mí genté* the tongue of his people. Thank God they did, or else we’d have no proper way to communicate. The white man came to teach *mí genté* how to dress. Thank God they did, or else we wouldn’t know how to suitably cover our bodies. The white man came to teach *mí genté* a sense of spirituality. Thank God they did, or else we wouldn’t know what true morals are. The white man came to teach *mujeres* the patriarchal, misogynistic life style. Thank God they did, or else indigenous *mujeres* would have this radical idea that they can hold power over themselves. The white man came to teach *mí genté* the nonexistent homophobia and transphobia their scripture addresses. Thank God they did, or else we would have continued accepting, respecting, and cherishing other human beings for who they are.

With God’s direction and permission, our land, language, traditions, and culture was being lost in colonization. Tearing children apart from families, telling them they weren’t worth anything, and savagely punishing them for speaking their tongue, and being true to their culture. Invading *mí genté’s* land. Enslaving *mí genté*. Taking *mí genté’s* identities. Killing *mí genté*. Raping *mujeres indias*, mixing our blood with their savage blood. As generations passed, the belief that *mujeres* weren’t worthy became more prevalent within our households. *Mujeres* were no longer respected. They became baby-making machines that cleaned, cooked, and raised children they usually didn’t consent to conceive. Colonized indigenous people were being baptized into Catholicism, becoming brainwashed with the white man’s version of God the Savior.

The white man sailed the ocean blue, and bumped into *mí genté’s* land, without knowledge of its existence prior to his arrival. And thanks to their “God given right” they claimed the land as their own. Through God, his savages took credit for a landmass that already existed. They manipulated *mí genté*, they took advantage of *mí genté*, and stole their homes. The savages took credit for vegetation that *mí genté* introduced them to. *Con el achacué de dios* and help, they infected indigenous people with diseases they carried. The white man would purposely infect *mí genté* with their diseases, knowing very fucking well they didn’t know how to manage the outbreaks. The white man used *mí genté* as slaves working mines, and serfs working the land. They took advantage of them and their knowledge. They exploited many, massacred thousands, and stripped them away from their identities.

During the massacre, enslavement, and abuse they forced *mí genté* to speak the Spanish tongue. They implemented harsh tactics to punish *mí genté* for not learning and consistently speaking the Spanish tongue. *Mí genté* became afraid and ashamed. As generations went by, their native tongues became lost.—My grandfather was ashamed to teach my father their native tongue because he believed what the savages told him.

With our native tongues being taken, our cultural clothing was taken away. We no longer were allowed to wear our headdresses, our ceremonial outfits, or anything related to our indigenous dress. *Mí gente* were forced to dress like the white people, because God wants his savages to dress appropriately. Our spirituality was taken from us and the white man's God was shoved down our throats. Making *mí gente* think they were wrong the whole time. Giving us the white savior complexes we still suffer from today. Implementing self-hating tendencies in the way we see others and ourselves. Diminishing our appreciation for "two spirited people" and our appreciation for the earth. The white man shoved his white washed beliefs down our throats, giving us no choice but to fucking swallow. Gagging wasn't an option.

Not only did the white saviors "teach" us the right way to be humans, they also added sexist and patriarchal ways into our culture. *Mujeres* were seen with higher status and respect, not like the traditional Mexican machismo culture. By using God, *mujeres* were degraded. *Mujeres* were invaded, raped, and treated fucking awful. They became caterers to men and their uteruses became kangaroo pouches for children. Bearing children to help with daily tasks that became too overwhelming for *mujeres* to do on their own. With the white man's manipulation of God's "words," *mujeres* became self-hating, self-blaming, and they internalized the misogynistic views handed down from white savages and their God. She cooks, she cleans, she pops babies out, and she takes care of the crops, the animal feed, and clothing for the children. Tired from a hard day's work, she still doesn't get the rest she fucking deserves because the white man brainwashed her into thinking her husband's needs are met before hers. God and his savages are the cause of *mujeres* becoming men's wives slaves. *Mujeres* *indigenas* work so hard to keep the family going, they work tirelessly and endlessly to make sure they are *mujeres perfectas*; but only God and men get the credit for the strong, brave, caring, loving, and hard working women they are.

*Mujeres* were taught to stay quiet. Rape is not in their vocabulary. Why? Because God would see them as tainted and what would other men think of her? *Mujeres* were taught that they needed to be silent. "Una buena mujer se calla el hocico!" Was a popular phrase *mis padres* would tell me and *mis hermanas*. I don't blame them, it was passed on from many generations before them. I blame God and his savages for instilling that belief in *mí gente's* brains. A woman who talked back, spoke her mind, or stood up for herself and what she believed in was disowned. *Una vergüenza*. Our *madre's* worked hard to make sure their *hija's* image was perfect, that way a great, macho man would be interested in marrying her... under God's blessing. Often *mujeres* are victims of abuse because they don't do things to their owners' standards, and who is to thank? God. Men's entitlement over our *mujeres* was given to him through this fake being that a white man forced our indigenous people to believe in.

*Mujeres* are sexualized, abused, degraded, and seen less than men because of this entity that people praise. Men, especially the white man, like to use the phrase "God given right" for everything. They are raised to truly believe that, truly believe that they have "God given rights" for things they are told they can't have and is not theirs to take.

On top of degrading our culture, and the gift of sexism, the white man's God also taught us that being lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, or anything in between was something to be ashamed of. Giving others an excuse to abuse and murder us, all in the name of God. Making us feel like abominations, and leading many

to suicide. Our LGBTQ+ brothers and sisters are left out in the dark because of something we can't help or control. This illusion and idea of God really fucks with nuestras mentes, and causes so much self-hatred! People like to argue that “#notalltheists” are savages, but who really believes that? I know I don't. Because of this imaginary man, we are seen as sexual predators, monsters, weirdoes, mentally ill, and so much more. We aren't “real humans.” The oh-so loving entity that the white man praises dislikes hates everything that isn't trying to embody their idea of him. In one way or another, he is used to degrade anyone that isn't heterosexual, white, and biologically male. We are told that we can't embody someone so perfect because we are gay, lesbian, bisexual, trans, non-binary, etc. If #notalltheists really was a thing, there wouldn't be the fight for equal rights that there is, and maybe more theists would join the fight for human rights. If #notalltheists was a thing, trans\* men and women wouldn't be afraid to be authentic, or something as simple as use the appropriate bathroom. They wouldn't be driven to suicide because they feel so unworthy to theist's standards. This country is run by the white washed Christian belief, and that gives the white man the entitlement to take advantage of our bodies, and our derechos humanos.

People use God as an excuse to rally against our human rights. They stand there with signs that say, “GOD HATES FAGS!” If this God truly existed, then why would he create gay people? Why would he create non-binary people? Why would he “preach” love if it isn't given equally to those who truly deserve it? Is it just to fuck us over? To have more “angels” with him? Or more “demons” with Satan? To turn to substance abuse as a coping mechanism? To become homeless because pricks that follow this white washed God refuse to see us as humans? To make us ashamed of being queer and people of color? To make us wish that we were more like “him”?

God and his savages stomp all over my community's lives. Constantly reminding us that we are not seen as human, that we are constantly being othered, and that our bodies are being policed by white men with “the fear of God.” Reminding us that this imaginary entity holds panoptical power over all of us. And making us feel like there is nothing we can do about it because God is the almighty savior.

I don't have the answer to abolish this theist belief and almighty entity as the majority. But, I do have ideas and ways we can stand together to make them the minority, for a change. To make them fear us. To make them realize that their idea of faith, hope, and perfection is fucking foolish and hurtful.

As feministas chingonas, we can be the change. We need to link arms, take back our cultural pride. Rally for the right history to be taught in schools. Fight for people of color all over the country to learn their culture's history, and how God is used to excuse white people from being savages. Instead of letting this white supremacist institution take away our languages, and forcing us to speak English, hay que hablar nuestras lenguas indígenas sin vergüenza. Show mí genté Mexicana, homo-sexual, transgénero, etc., that they are strong, brave, and important. Let's cause uproar, cause a revolution of self-love, self-appreciation, self-acceptance, and cultural pride. Spread education of how detrimental this white God really is. Fight for all forms of theism to be taken away from curriculum. Over throw the Christian standards from being part of the government. Let's make curriculum that includes feminist perspectives, and empowers women, especially mujeres of color. A curriculum that doesn't shame people for their sexualities and gender identities.



Instead of staying quiet, like we are taught to be, let's be loud. Loud enough the whole world hears and feels our anger. So loud they too want to create change. Empower one another to be part of that change. To not be afraid to say that theism shouldn't be the norm, that the white man's God isn't perfect, kind and loving.

Desafortunadamente, my culture and the LGBTQ+ community are not the only ones that the white man and their God have fucked up. Many others do too, because they were forced to believe in this imaginary friend that holds so much power. It's not something normal, heart-warming, or something that a whole country should identify with. The white God needs to stop infiltrating misogynistic, patriarchal, and sexist beliefs in our heads. Realize that we are more powerful than they are. Together, we are bigger, stronger, and louder than they are. They don't hold the true power. We do. Together, as feministas chingonas, we can create change and make this country the true amalgamation of skin colors, sexual orientations, gender identities, and cultures it really is.

The wild poet sows seeds. She is a creatrix of the mind, of the multidimensional world folded like a fractal. The wild poet takes craft seriously. She comes to it late having had to live before she could write. There are experiences to have, languages to learn, fears to overcome, loves to be made. She goes bush and sits still as the moon sets and the sun rises. She watches the heron fishing at dusk, silent but not quite still. She rushes through the day, trying not to pamper her email, her facebook, her tweets. They enthrall and distract her.

Wild politics, a subject that grabbed me and would not let me go. I first embarked on this journey almost twenty years ago. I travelled to Bangladesh for a conference at the end of 1993. The conference was organised by Farida Akhter of UBINIG (Policy Research for Development Alternative). Sixty-four women talking through the days. I forget precisely how many days, but it must have five or seven. In the small groups were women from every continent. Women known in their community, women whose names are known around the world.

We were there to talk about "population control." How the women of Bangladesh are targeted with dangerous contraceptives with the end of "depopulating Bangladesh" as Farida writes, while on the other hand women in the western world are targeted with reproductive technologies, with the dual purpose of perfection and consumerism. We heard about how girl babies are aborted in massive numbers and how all these policies are connected to economic reform through Structural Adjustment Programs. Rebelling against these policies was about cheering for wild children, children born without all the interventions being put forward by the technodocs. Wild reproduction engages women in purposeful resistance to the commodification of women's bodies.

What finally grabbed me was the understanding that my radical feminist politics was even broader than I had thought. It hit me that the analysis of power that I had been writing about applied to peoples all around the world. At some earlier time I had already made the connection to land and ecology, but here I was realising that I needed to know more about economics. I needed to know more about SAPs, TRIPS and TRIMS, GATT, the IMF and the World Bank. It was in Bangladesh where I heard how these international institutions touched women's lives.

She walks the city to see the world face to face. Walks down seedy laneways, climbs to the top of the highest building, wishes she were a bird flying through the air.

It is city, where small wildernesses can exist side-by-side with urban landscapes. The New York City Garden that was started by feminists in the 1970s. In Germany women from many countries share their knowledge about plants. They have come from different environments; there are things to learn about this climate, this latitude. They discuss companion planting, and the use of herbal sprays to keep insects at bay without exterminating everything.

In Bangladesh, Farida shows us the seed houses, talks about the ways in which the women maintain the local biodiversity. A decade later she takes us to a village which has declared itself pesticide free and dowry free. She shows us where the women collect the uncultivated plants that grow wild near ponds and watercourses. By this time, the women seed savers are clear that they are saving seeds against Monsanto. Resistance to corporate appropriation, incorporation, distortion and selling it back to us involves actions such as these, collecting and protecting wild seeds which forms the basis of wild farming.

The wild poet has an aesthetic that is like a plant growing in soil. She does not try to replicate the known world. The unknown world is her home. She writes of the invisible, the hidden, the story gone astray. She is the uncultivated plant, the one that grows in spite of pesticides and monocultures. This plant grows on the pattern of the Fibonacci numbers, spiraling into timeless time. Like a refracting crystal it is multifaceted, filled with voices from many places. Long filaments blow in the wind.

I think about my own history. The childhood farm where everything was recycled. My parents cared about trees. My mother made sure that the paddocks where sheep grazed had enough shade where they could shelter. She'd be surprised to know that she and Farida give importance to tree shade. Both recognise the importance of shade to life.

In Bangladesh, the farms are so different. It was the shock of the new in a way. Where I grew up on the brick hard clay of the Riverina, farms were big. There were five of us in our house. While our cousins lived nearby, the numbers of people sustained by several acres in Bangladesh would have us starving near Ardlethan, NSW.

Sitting on the bus in Bangladesh, out the window I could see great mounds of cauliflower. Every field had a person in it. Vegetables were hard to grow on our farm, even in the relatively well watered garden. We did have an orchard, mainly citrus fruits. One rarely saw a person driving past paddocks, perhaps a truck, a ute, a tractor, or harvester.

When I visited the second time, we went to a farm and talked with farmers. They found it incredible that a family could not support itself on 100 acres. I looked around and there were fruit trees with mango,

papaya, bananas, and fruits I didn't know. They grew rice, their ponds were full of fish, there were herbs and spices and a host of other edibles. Farmers markets, organic farming, self-sufficiency are acts of resistance to globalisation; they are wild markets where exchange is fair, where gifts are not given for tax deductibility or that feel-good emotion the powerful get.

The wild poet is specific. She uses local colour and language. She makes jokes that not all readers will get. Here is a chance, she says, to change how you think. Come with me on this journey of exploring our minds. Come and see the world through my eyes. Put yourself in my shoes. Let your fingers feel.

After reading economics for eight years I enrolled in a PhD. My original insights in Bangladesh were taking shape. I read everything I could about GM crops, how they were being imposed on people for the fake purpose of "solving world hunger," a line that has been bought by far too many. I became engrossed in the rules of free trade and the agreements being foisted on nations. I thought about the way in which work is globalised for women, how the sex industry along with electronics and garments manufacture have so much in common. I noticed that women's work was not valued for the benefit it brought to communities and how men were receiving all the development aid which was going to further deplete women's work and position in those communities.

I began to think about the epistemic advantage those at the margins have, but when the system is controlled by the dominant culture, the marginalised miss out. Dominant Culture Stupidities is what I call the inability of the powerful to see, to know, to understand the gaps in their knowledge. I want the able-bodied, white, heterosexual male to have to work harder. I want them to get down from their pedestal of entitlement and become someone else. I want them to see how it is to walk in someone else's shoes. The efforts of wild women in resisting becoming part of the global market economy were being practised by these women and by many dispossessed and poor women around the world. It would make sense if those of us with far more would join them.

She bares her truths. Naked with honesty not exposure. A straight talker with a bent perspective.

But how was I to get my lesbian perspective into this work? It is in part the issue of margins. The lesbian is invisible in most theorising, and so where I could I used lesbian examples. Some of the farmers protesting at Melbourne's 2000 S11 demonstration are lesbians. The perspective is also the one I learned as a young feminist in Melbourne's lesbian community, the lessons around alternative health, around the personal is political, and the litmus test: if it doesn't work for the poor, for the disabled, for lesbians, for the outcasts in society then it wasn't worth fighting for. The year I finished the work on wild politics was also the year I discovered what was happening to lesbians in places like Uganda. There and in many other countries around the world, lesbians were being tortured and murdered. Some prominence has come to the issue of "corrective rape" in recent years, but it is still a struggle to have the human rights of lesbians acknowledged and campaigned for.

There are connections to be teased out here. When the earth is raped it is seen as wanting, not enough

of this element or that, too much water so drains are built, too little so rivers are drained. What we need is social glue, not policies that divide. Our river system could be such a glue, but instead it has been turned into a commodity. Water rights are disconnected from land. It is like a glove with all the fingers cut out. The land is found wanting.

When a lesbian is raped she is found wanting. All she needs is a good fuck (the torturers say these words). Women and earth are both found wanting. When we disconnect from place, from land, from the local we are denying something very deep. We are disallowing our very selves the connection with the place we have known in childhood. When a person disconnects from her or his body, it allows them to do the unthinkable and to protect themselves from unthinkable acts. Extreme disconnection results in self harm, intimate harm and a kind of disconnection from society.

The system of the earth and women and the poor and the powerless found wanting is one of making everyone homeless: homeless on the earth (no place to call home, displaced, dispossessed, a refugee or a returnee), homeless in the body (the prostituted body, the body given over to donating parts for the benefit of others, the body commodified by sexual dominance practices). Resisting these forces entails changing policies on asylum and abolishing opportunities for exploitation of the poor and powerless. Wild sexuality means changing the preconditions for relationship, promoting respect, equality and ridding the media of their love for images of domination and porn.

The wild poet reads the classics and reinvents the world. She joins a singing group. Goes aerial. Becomes a performer. She waits to see how the world responds. She rarely goes to openings or drinks or events to be seen at. She'd rather talk one to one in a café, or walk on a beach.

Poetry took me on my next big journey. In poetry you can say things that are difficult to say in academic prose. Poetry allows for connection, for the associative thought. Through poetry I have been able to explore lesbian culture. I have continued writing the wild through work on cyclones and climate change, drought, flood and mining. I have explored other languages, the connections between us. I have taken on the voices of animals, imagined other histories and worlds. And I have contemplated flight.

The wild poet is hard to pin down. She likes style and form. Likes better the way that structure and content daze one another. She is waiting for the sea to rise.

Lilla Watson in 1984 said that Aboriginal people see the future going forward as far as the past extends back. She said: "That means a 40,000-year plan." These words have been an enduring inspiration for me. If we enter into the wild, if we see the earth as a relationship, not as a possession, if we see our own responsibility in ensuring a future then perhaps a 40,000-year future is possible. The denial of this future is more likely and Indigenous peoples have found themselves at the sharp end with the Human Diversity Genome Project which seeks to collect samples of DNA to get genetic information. Just one more policy which puts the well being of people below the triumphs of western science. But if we deny the future, if we find everything wanting so that we intervene instead of watching and learning, then we are done for. In the wild is

structure. In the wild is form. But we have to look. We have to care.

She is happy to place her words in the mouths of beasts and birds, insects and plants. The wild poet inhabits multiple realms. Ecstatic, she breathes fire and water.

## PLATFORM

Black humanity and dignity requires Black political will and power. Despite constant exploitation and perpetual oppression, Black people have bravely and brilliantly been the driving force pushing the U.S. towards the ideals it articulates but has never achieved. In recent years we have taken to the streets, launched massive campaigns, and impacted elections, but our elected leaders have failed to address the legitimate demands of our Movement. We can no longer wait.

In response to the sustained and increasingly visible violence against Black communities in the U.S. and globally, a collective of more than 50 organizations representing thousands of Black people from across the country have come together with renewed energy and purpose to articulate a common vision and agenda. We are a collective that centers and is rooted in Black communities, but we recognize we have a shared struggle with all oppressed people; collective liberation will be a product of all of our work.

We believe in elevating the experiences and leadership of the most marginalized Black people, including but not limited to those who are women, queer, trans, femmes, gender nonconforming, Muslim, formerly and currently incarcerated, cash poor and working class, disabled, undocumented, and immigrant. We are intentional about amplifying the particular experience of state and gendered violence that Black queer, trans, gender nonconforming, women and intersex people face. There can be no liberation for all Black people if we do not center and fight for those who have been marginalized. It is our hope that by working together to create and amplify a shared agenda, we can continue to move towards a world in which the full humanity and dignity of all people is recognized.

While this platform is focused on domestic policies, we know that patriarchy, exploitative capitalism, militarism, and white supremacy know no borders. We stand in solidarity with our international family against the ravages of global capitalism and anti-Black racism, human-made climate change, war, and exploitation. We also stand with descendants of African people all over the world in an ongoing call and struggle for reparations for the historic and continuing harms of colonialism and slavery. We also recognize and honor the rights and struggle of our Indigenous family for land and self-determination.

We have created this platform to articulate and support the ambitions and work of Black people. We also seek to intervene in the current political climate and assert a clear vision, particularly for those who claim to be our allies, of the world we want them to help us create. We reject false solutions and believe we can achieve a complete transformation of the current systems, which place profit over people and make it impossible for many of us to breathe.

Together, we demand an end to the wars against Black people. We demand that the government repair the harms that have been done to Black communities in the form of reparations and targeted long-term investments. We also demand a defunding of the systems and institutions that criminalize and cage us. This document articulates our vision of a fundamentally different world. However, we recognize the need to include policies that address the immediate suffering of Black people. These policies, while less transformational, are necessary to address the current material conditions of our people and will better equip us to win the world we demand and deserve.

We recognize that not all of our collective needs and visions can be translated into policy, but we understand that policy change is one of many tactics necessary to move us towards the world we envision. We have come together now because we believe it is time to forge a new covenant. We are dreamers and doers and this platform is meant to articulate some of our vision. The links throughout the document provide the stepping-stones and roadmaps of how to get there.

The policy briefs also elevate the brave and transformative work our people are already engaged in, and build on some of the best thinking in our history of struggle. This agenda continues the legacy of our ancestors who pushed for reparations, Black self-determination and community control; and also propels new iterations of movements such as efforts for reproductive justice, holistic healing and reconciliation, and ending violence against Black cis, queer, and trans people.

I suppose we all have put aside the speeches we prepared before last night. In the face of Martin King's death, one must tell the truth as plain as one can.

I was asked by the Medical Committee for Human Rights to speak on Sex. Alright, I really will.

The oppression of women by men is the source of all the current corrupt values throughout the world. Between men and women we brag about domination, surrender, inequality, conquest, trickery, exploitation. Men have rabble women of their lives.

A human being is not born from the womb; it must create itself. It must be free, self-renovative. A human being must feel that it can grow in a world where injustice, inequality, hatred, sadism are not directed at it. No person can grow into a life within these conditions; it is enough of a miracle to survive as a functional organism.

Now, let's talk about function. Women have been murdered by their so-called function of child-bearing exactly as the black people were murdered by their function of color. The truth is that child-bearing isn't the function of women. The function of child-bearing is the function of men oppressing women.

It is the function of men to oppress. It is the function of men to explicit. It is the function of men to lie, and to betray, and to humiliate, to crush, to ignore, and the final insult: it is the function of men to tell women that man's iniquities are woman's function!

I'm telling it to you as straight as I can. Marriage and the family are as corrupt institutions as slavery ever was. They must be abolished as slavery was. By definition they necessarily oppress and exploit their subject groups. If women were free, free to grow as people, free to be self-creative, free to go where they like, free to be where they like, free to choose their lives, there would be no such institutions as marriage or family. If slaves had had these freedoms, there wouldn't have been slavery.

Until D.N.A or something similar comes through, women are the only source of new organisms. Men cannot continue to force women to produce children. The society as a whole can decide what it wants to do about its birth rate, and then the women can be asked to contribute their special capacities. But if women don't want to, that's the breaks. If a woman decides to help out, she has absolutely no responsibility for the child. The child is not hers, it belongs to society. It is society even now, or rather men, that decides whether or not women have children; children are the whole society's responsibility.

I'm not going to fall into the male-supremacy trap tonight of "who's going to take care of the children", and the "working-mother-delinquent-child" blues. Last night's events reminded me that there's no more time for injustice, euphemistically known as "social justice." It's irrelevant to the emancipation of women what happens when women free themselves from the institutions that maintain them in their oppressed state. It wasn't the responsibility of the slaves to think up, develop, experiment, and prove superior a new economic system for the South before they were emancipated, and it's not our job to figure out what happens to the kiddies before women free themselves. And women will free themselves. I'm just here to tell you men about it so you can expose your sadistic hostility towards your wives and mothers a little more, a little sooner, so they'll revolt quicker. I don't see why women should lose any more of their lives than they have already.

I'm assuming as I write this that I'll be reading it to liberal men. You're a real prize bunch. You quiver with horror over Vietnam because you identify your hide with the boy sent over there. You pontificate, but mostly just shake your head, over black people because you know if they get too uppity, you outnumber them nine to one, and you know that they know it. That's an extra kick. But do you get up tight about women! There are those of you who try to lay a woman to put down her protests. (I expect nervous laughter here.) Then there are those who pat her on her ass and say, "Gee, baby, it's too bad you're inferior but that's your function and I think that's great." What's great? She's great? Of course, that's not what you meant. You mean it's great that it's her function to be inferior. But she can't face that so she twists it to mean that you think that she's great. And because she's the cheapest maid going and sleeps in your bed, you let it go—more or less. We all know how uncomfortable it is to be around disgruntled maids nowadays, and as for hostile sex, what other kind is there?

Oh yes, sex. Your kind. The kind you wanted me to titillate you with by speaking here tonight. What could be more amusing than a feminist talking about sex? Obviously, if feminism has any logic at all, it must

be working for a sexless society. But what sex do you want? Sex you're going to get.

Vaginal orgasm is an excellent illustration of the way men oppress and exploit women. It's ironic that you insist men and women respond the same in the one place no one can deny men and women are different—in their genitals. This difference is the basis for the whole distinction between men and women and the ground for the inequities that are heaped on women by men. But men have no shame. That's what power does for you—like Johnson raping Vietnam. And Johnson has the gall to say the Vietnamese want us to be there to keep the free world safe for democracy. He means, as your enlightened pocketbooks now know, that we're there to maintain the oppression of the Vietnamese to keep the world, by object lesson, safe to exploit for the United States. And as we see the little life left in the country being burned out of it, Johnson had the gall to tell us the Vietnamese were loving it. Try that argument with women, baby, and you'll be home free.

A man's penis and a woman's vagina are obviously different. Male orgasm is analogous to clitoral orgasm. Where, then, does vaginal orgasm come from? People say it's learned by God, and by God, you'd better learn it, lady, especially if you're with a liberal man; you'd better learn to shuffle, nigger, because if you don't, you won't get the job. And you want to eat, don't you? Why should she learn vaginal orgasm? Because that's what men wants. How about a facial tic? What's the difference?

And love. As long as we're on sacred cows, let's finish them. What is love but the pay-off for the consent to oppression? What is love but need? What is love but fear? In a just society, would we need love?

In a free society, you cannot have the family, marriage, sex, or, love. You will have your Vietnams, and ore, you will have your murdered Martin King's, and more, you will have your Revolution unless your wives and mothers free themselves, because that's where the foundation of oppression and exploitation are laid. You are going to have to have your power wrenched away from you right where you live, and you're not going to like it. And that's tough shit.

To the women in the audience, I say: think about these things with the man you love and want the most. Scratch his love, and you'll find your fear, but your life will be born, and you'll begin to be free.

To the men in the audience, I say: move on over, baby, or we'll move on over you——oaus al de good niggers is daide!!

One million women in France have abortions every year. Condemned to secrecy they do so in dangerous conditions, while under medical supervision this is one of the simplest procedures. We are silencing these millions of women. I declare that I am one of them. I declare that I have had an abortion. Just as we demand free access to contraception, we demand the freedom to have an abortion.

# Abortion# A word which seems to express and define the feminist fight once and for all. To be a feminist is to fight for free abortion on demand.



# Abortion # It's a women's thing, like cooking, diapers, something dirty. The fight to obtain free abortion on demand feels somehow ridiculous or petty. It can't shake the smell of hospitals or food, or of poo behind women's backs. The complexity of the emotions linked to the fight for abortion precisely indicate our difficulty in being, the pain that we have in persuading ourselves that it is worth the trouble of fighting for ourselves. It goes without saying that we do not have the right to choose what we want to do with our bodies, as other human beings do. Our wombs, however, belong to us.

Free abortion on demand is not the ultimate goal of women's plight. On the contrary, it is but the most basic necessity, without which the political fight cannot even begin. It is out of vital necessity that women should win back control and reintegrate their bodies. They hold a unique status in history: human beings who, in modern societies, do not have unfettered control over their own bodies. Up until today it was only slaves who held this status.

The scandal continues. Each year 1,500,000 women live in shame and despair. 5,000 of us die. But the moral order remains steadfast. We want to scream.

Free abortion on demand is: Immediately ceasing to be ashamed of your body, being free and proud in your body just as everyone up until now who has had full use of it; no longer being ashamed of being a woman. An ego broken into tiny fucking pieces, that's what all women who have to undergo a clandestine abortion experience; just being yourself all the time, no longer having that ignoble fear of being "taken," taken into a trap, being double and powerless with a sort of tumor in your belly; a thrilling fight, insofar as if I win I only begin to belong to myself and no longer to the State, to a family, to a child I do not want; a step along the path to reaching full control over the production of children. Women, like all other producers, have in fact got the absolute right to control all of their productions. This control implies a radical change in women's mental configuration, and a no less radical change in social structures.

I will have a child if I want one, and no moral pressure, institution or economic imperative will compel me to do. This is my political power. As any kind of producer, I can, while waiting for improvement, put pressure on so through my production (child strike). I will have a child if I want one and if the society I will be bringing it into is suitable for me, if it will not make slave to that child, its nurse, its maid, its punchbag. I will have a child if I want one, if society is suitable for both me and it, I am responsible for it, no risk of work subject to whims.

No to supervised freedom. The battle that has risen up around the subject of abortion goes over the heads of those it is most relevant to— women. The issue of whether the law should be made more liberal, the issue of when abortion can be permitted, basically the issue of therapeutic abortion does not interest us because it does not concern us.

Therapeutic abortion requires "good" reasons to receive "permission" to have an abortion. To put it plainly, this means that we must earn the right to not have children. That the decision as to whether to have

them or not does not belong to us now any more than it did before. The principle remains that it is legitimate to force women to have children.

A modification to the law, allowing exceptions to this principle, would do nothing other than reinforce it. The most liberal of laws would still be regulating how our bodies can be used. And how our bodies should be used is not something which should be regulated. We do not want tolerance, scraps of what other humans are born with: the freedom to use their bodies as they wish. We are as opposed to the Peyret Law or the ANEA project as to the current law, since we are opposed to all laws which claim to regulate any aspect of our bodies. We do not want a better law, we want it to be removed, pure and simple. We are not asking for charity, we want justice. There are 27,000,000 of us here alone. 27,000,000 “citizens” treated like cattle.

To fascists of all kinds—who admit that is what they are and lay into us, or who call themselves Catholics, fundamentalists, demographers, doctors, experts, jurists, “responsible men,” Debré, Peyret, Lejeune, Pompidou, Chauchard, the Pope—we say that we have uncovered them.

We should call them assassins of the people. We should forbid them to use the term “respect for life” which is an obscenity in their mouths. There should be 27,000,000 of us. We should fight until the end because we want nothing more than our right: the free use of our bodies.

The ten commandments of the Bourgeois State: You choose a fetus over a human being when that human is female. No woman will have an abortion while Debré wants 100 million more French people. You will have 100 million French people, as long as it costs you nothing. You will be particularly severe with poor females who cannot go to England. As such you will have a wheel of unemployment to make your capitalists happy. You will be very moralistic, because God knows what “we” women would do if we had such freedom. You will save the fetus, since it’s more interesting to kill them off aged 18, the age of conscription. You will really need them as you pursue your imperialist politics. You use contraception yourself, to send just a few children to the Polytechnique or the ENA because your flat only has 10 rooms. As for the others, you will disparage the pill, because that’s the only thing missing.

The list of signatures is a first act of revolt. For the first time, women have decided to lift the taboo weighing down on their wombs: women of the Women’s Liberation Movement, the Free Abortion Movement, women who work, women who stay at home.

At the Women’s Liberation Movement we are neither a party, nor an organization, nor an association, and even less so their women’s subsidiary. This is an historic movement which does not only bring together women who come to the Women’s Liberation Movement, this is the movement for all women, wherever they live, wherever they work, who have decided to take their lives and their freedom into their own hands. Fighting against our oppression means shattering all of society’s structures, especially the most routine ones. We do not want any part or any place in this society which has been built without us and at our expense.

When womankind, the sector of humanity that has been lurking in the shadows, takes its destiny into its own hands, that's when we can start talking about a revolution.

A Free Abortion Movement has been set up, bringing together all those who are prepared to fight to the end for free abortions. The goal of this movement is to stir up local and corporate groups, to coordinate an explanatory and informative campaign, to become the only mass movement capable of demanding our right to decide for ourselves.

It is the astro-feminist biologist calling out the ruse of the FREE BLEED movement.

It is the Helloflo.com. It is The Period Shop in NYC. Not #biotolerance. Not #biointolerance.

Not the Man Who Thought His Wife Was a Menstrual Pad. Not Handmaid. Not poser.

It isn't the hardest love we carry. Not pro patria mori. It is they. It is her. It is he. It is you. It is us.

Not le petit mort. Although the number of stains on white pants on a first date may disagree.

Not the antediluvian thought of negotiating menstrual huts into nursing contracts, heating pads and ibuprofen eschewed.

It is everyone we know. It is prophecy in leaf.

Not pink sparkles and uterus cakes. It is the settling for bronze due to period aches.

Not patty cake. Not threshold to womanhood. Not moon. Not Mars. Not gendered planets.

Not Biblical. Not Pliny. Not here nor there.

It is personal. It is WTF. It is I kid you not.

It is Li Po. It is origami. It is passing on the Left.

Not Where were you on the night of the murder? Not What do you have to say for yourself?

It is the anti-tax lawsuit. It is expensive. Not sanctified. Not sanitized.

It is not a lesson in forgetting. Nor a lesson in gravity.

It is the other. It is the or. It is Would you like tampons with that?

It is Corinthian. It is Adamic. It is open sore. It is when.

It is Kendal's on her period. Kendal's on her period on the playground.

It is an altered narrative. Girl Guides. It is a man following Monica down the street, sniggering, FISH.

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. Lust is the quest of the flesh for the unknown, just as Celebration 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 a woman the spoils of the defeated. Today it drives the great men of business who run the banks, the press and international trade to increase their wealth by creating centers, 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 all 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 so 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 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 Chimaera, 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.

A cyborg is a cybernetic organism, a hybrid of machine and organism, a creature of social reality as well as a creature of fiction....Liberation rests on the construction of the consciousness, the imaginative apprehension of oppression and so of possibility. The cyborg is a matter of fiction and lived experience that changes what counts as women's experience in the late twentieth century. This is a struggle over life and death, but the boundary between science fiction and social reality is an optical illusion.

Contemporary science fiction is full of cyborgs—creatures simultaneously animal and machine, who populate worlds ambiguously natural and crafted. Modern medicine is also full of cyborgs, of couplings between organism and machine....Cyborg replication is uncoupled from organic reproduction.

I am making an argument for the cyborg as a fiction mapping our social and bodily reality ...

By the late twentieth century, our time, a mythic time, we are all chimeras, theorized and fabricated hybrids of machine and organism; in short, we are cyborgs. The cyborg is our ontology; it gives us our politics. The cyborg is a condensed image of both imagination and material reality.... the relation between organism and machine has been a border war ...

In a sense, the cyborg has no origin story in the Western sense.... The cyborg skips the step of original unity, of identification with nature in the Western sense.

Unlike the hopes of Frankenstein's monster, the cyborg does not expect its father to save it through a restoration of the garden; that is, through the fabrication of a heterosexual mate, through its completion in a finished whole, a city and cosmos.... The cyborg would not recognize the Garden of Eden; it is not made of mud and cannot dream of returning to dust.

By the late twentieth century in United States scientific culture, the boundary between human and animal is thoroughly breached. The last beachheads of uniqueness have been polluted if not turned into amusement parks— language, tool use, social behaviour, mental events, nothing really convincingly settles the separation of human and animal. And many people no longer feel the need for such a separation.... Biology and evolutionary theory over the last two centuries have simultaneously produced modern organisms as objects of knowledge and reduced the line between humans and animals to a faint trace re-etched in

ideological struggle or professional disputes between life and social science.

The cyborg appears in myth precisely where the boundary between human and animal is transgressed. Pre-cybernetic machines could be haunted; there was always the spectre of the ghost in the machine.... But

basically machines were not self-moving, self-designing, autonomous. They could not achieve man's dream, only mock it. They were not man, an author to himself, but only a caricature of that masculinist reproductive dream. To think they were otherwise was paranoid. Now we are not so sure. Late twentieth-century machines have made thoroughly ambiguous the difference between natural and artificial, mind and body, self-developing and externally designed, and many other distinctions that used to apply to organisms and machines. Our machines are disturbingly lively, and we ourselves frighteningly inert.

... a cyborg world might be about lived social and bodily realities in which people are not afraid of their joint kinship with animals and machines, not afraid of permanently partial identities and contradictory standpoints.

Biological organisms have become biotic systems, communications devices like others. There is no fundamental, ontological separation in our formal knowledge of machine and organism, of technical and organic.

One consequence is that our sense of connection to our tools is heightened. The trance state experienced by many computer users has become a staple of science-fiction film and cultural jokes. Perhaps paraplegics and other severely handicapped people can (and sometimes do) have the most intense experiences of complex hybridization with other communication devices.... Why should our bodies end at the skin, or include at best other beings encapsulated by skin? From the seventeenth century till now, machines could be animated—given ghostly souls to make them speak or move or to account for their orderly development and mental capacities. Or organisms could be mechanized—reduced to body understood as resource of mind. These machine/organism relationships are obsolete, unnecessary. For us, in imagination and in other practice, machines can be prosthetic devices, intimate components, friendly selves.

Monsters have always defined the limits of community in Western imaginations ...

There are several consequences to taking seriously the imagery of cyborgs as other than our enemies. Our bodies, ourselves; bodies are maps of power and identity. Cyborgs are no exception. A cyborg body is not innocent; it was not born in a garden; it does not seek unitary identity and so generate antagonistic dualisms without end (or until the world ends); it takes irony for granted.... The machine is not an it to be animated, worshipped, and dominated. The machine is us, our processes, an aspect of our embodiment. We can be responsible for machines; they do not dominate or threaten us. We are responsible for boundaries; we are they.



Cyborg imagery can help express two crucial arguments in this essay: first, the production of universal, totalizing theory is a major mistake that misses most of reality, probably always, but certainly now; and second, taking responsibility for the social relations of science and technology means refusing an anti-science metaphysics, a demonology of technology, and so means embracing the skillful task of reconstructing the boundaries of daily life, in partial connection with others, in communication with all of our parts. It is not just that science and technology are possible means of great human satisfaction, as well as a matrix of complex dominations. Cyborg imagery can suggest a way out of the maze of dualisms in which we have explained our bodies and our tools to ourselves.

we are the modern cunt positive anti reason unbounded unleashed unforgiving we see art with our cunt we make art with our cunt we believe in jouissance madness holiness and poetry we are the virus of the new world disorder rupturing the symbolic from within saboteurs of big daddy mainframe the clitoris is a direct line to the matrix VNS MATRIX terminators of the moral code mercenaries of slime go down on the altar of abjection probing the visceral temple we speak in tongues infiltrating disrupting disseminating corrupting the discourse we are the future cunt.

The practice of psychiatry (from the Greek: soul healing) has been usurped by the medical establishment. Political control of its public aspects has been seized by medicine and the language of soul healing has been infiltrated with irrelevant medical concepts and terms.

Psychiatry must return to its non-medical origins since most psychiatric conditions are in no way the province of medicine. All persons competent in soul healing should be known as psychiatrists. Psychiatrists should repudiate the use of medically derived words such as "patient," "illness," "treatment." Medical psychiatrists' unique contribution to psychiatry is as experts on neurology, and, with much needed additional work, on drugs.

Extended individual psychotherapy is an elitist, outmoded, as well as nonproductive form of psychiatric help. It concentrates the talents of a few on a few. It silently colludes with the notion that people's difficulties have their sources within them while implying that everything is well with the world. It promotes oppression by shrouding its consequences with shame and secrecy. It further mystifies by attempting to pass as an ideal human relationship when it is, in fact, artificial in the extreme.

People's troubles have their cause not within them but in their alienated relationships, in their exploitation, in polluted environments, in war, and in the profit motive. Psychiatry must be practiced in groups. One-to-one contacts, of great value in crises, should become the exception rather than the rule. The high ideal of I-Thou loving relations should be pursued in the context of groups rather than in the stilted consulting room situation. Psychiatrists not proficient in group work are deficient in their training and should upgrade it. Psychiatrists should encourage bilateral, open discussion and discourage secrecy and shame in relation to deviant behavior and thoughts.

By remaining "neutral" in an oppressive situation, psychiatry, especially in the public sector, has

become an enforcer of establishment values and laws.

Adjustment to prevailing conditions is the avowed goal of most psychiatric treatment. Persons who deviate from the world's madness are given fraudulent diagnostic tests, which generate diagnostic labels that lead to "treatment" that is, in fact, a series of graded repressive procedures such as "drug management," hospitalization, shock therapy, perhaps lobotomy. All these forms of "treatment" are perversions of legitimate medical methods, which have been put at the service of the establishment by the medical profession. Treatment is forced on persons who would, if let alone, not seek it.

Psychological tests and the diagnostic labels they generate, especially schizophrenia, must be disavowed as meaningless mystification & the real function of which is to distance psychiatrists from people and to insult people into conformity. Medicine must cease making available drugs, hospitals, and other legitimate medical procedures for the purpose of overt or subtle law enforcement and must examine how drug companies are dictating treatment procedures through their advertising. Psychiatry must cease playing a part in the oppression of women by refusing to promote adjustment to their oppression.

All psychiatric help should be by contract; that is, people should choose when, what, and with whom they want to change. Psychiatrists should become advocates of the people, should refuse to participate in the pacification of the oppressed, and should encourage people's struggles for liberation.

Paranoia is a state of heightened awareness. Most people are persecuted beyond their wildest delusions. Those who are at ease are insensitive. Psychiatric mystification is a powerful influence in the maintenance of people's oppression. Personal liberation is only possible along with radical social reforms. Psychiatry must stop its mystification of the people and get down to work!

Because we will never meet the hierarchical BOY standards of talented, or cool, or smart. They are created to keep us out, and if we ever meet them they will change, or we will become tokens.

BECAUSE I need laughter and I need girl love. We need to build lines of communication so we can be more open and accessible to each other.

BECAUSE we are being divided by our labels and philosophies, and we need to accept and support each other as girls; acknowledging our different approaches to life and accepting all of them as valid.

BECAUSE in every form of media I see us/myself slapped decapitated, laughed at, objectified, raped, trivialized, pushed, ignored, stereotyped, kicked, scorned, molested, silenced, invalidated, knifed, shot, choked, and killed.

BECAUSE I see the connectedness of all forms of oppression and I believe we need to fight them with

this awareness.

BECAUSE a safe space needs to be created for girls where we can open our eyes and reach out to each other without being threatened by this sexist society and our day to day bullshit.

BECAUSE we need to acknowledge that our blood is being spilt; that right now a girl is being raped or battered and it might be me or you or your mom or the girl you sat next to on the bus last Tuesday, and she might be dead by the time you finish reading this. I am not making this up.

BECAUSE I can't smile when my girlfriends are dying inside. We are dying inside and we never even touch each other; we are supposed to hate each other.

BECAUSE I am still fucked up, I am still dealing with internalized racism, sexism, classism homophobia, etc., and I don't want to do it along.

BECAUSE we need to talk to each other. Communication/ inclusion is key. We will never know if we don't break the code of silence.

BECAUSE we girls want to create mediums that speak to US. We are tired of boy band after boy band, boy zine after boy zine, boy punk after boy punk after boy.

BECAUSE I am tired of these things happening to me; I am not a fuck toy. I'm not a punching bag, I'm not a joke.

BECAUSE every time we pick up a pen, or an instrument, or get anything done, we are creating the revolution. We ARE the revolution.

No we are not paranoid; No we are not manhaters; No we are not worrying too much; No we are not talking it too seriously.

THE POSITION OF ART IN THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT IS THE POSITION OF WOMAN IN THE ART'S MOVEMENT.

THE HISTORY OF WOMAN IS THE HISTORY OF MAN.

because man has defined the image of woman for both man and woman, men create and control the

social and communication media such as science and art, word and image, fashion and architecture, social transportation and division of labor. men have projected their image of woman onto these media, and in accordance with these medial patterns they gave shape to woman. if reality is a social construction and men its engineers, we are dealing with a male reality. women have not yet come to themselves, because they have not had a chance to speak insofar as they had no access to the media.

let women speak so that they can find themselves, this is what I ask for in order to achieve a self-defined image of ourselves and thus a different view of the social function of women. we women must participate in the construction of reality via the building stones of media-communication.

this will not happen spontaneously or without resistance, therefore we must fight! if we shall carry through our goals such as social equal rights, self-determination, a new female consciousness, we must try to express them within the whole realm of life. this fight will bring about far reaching consequences and changes in the whole range of life not only for ourselves but for men, children, family, church ... in short for the state.

women must make use of all media as a means of social struggle and social progress in order to free culture of male values. in the same fashion she will do this in the arts knowing that men for thousands of years were able to express herein their heroism of eroticism, sex, beauty including their mythology of vigor, energy and austerity in sculpture, paintings, novels, films, drama, drawings, etc., and thereby influencing our consciousness. it will be time.

## AND IT IS THE RIGHT TIME

that women use art as a means of expression so as to influence the consciousness of all of us, let our ideas flow into the social construction of reality to create a human reality. so far the arts have been created to a large extent solely by men. they dealt with the subjects of life, with the problems of emotional life adding only their own accounts, answers and solutions. now we must make our own assertions. we must destroy all these notions of love, faith, family, motherhood, companionship, which were not created by us and thus replace them with new ones in accordance with our sensibility, with our wishes.

to change the arts that man forced upon us means to destroy the features of women created by man. the new values that we add to the arts will bring about new values for women in the course of the civilizing process. the arts can be of importance to the women's liberation insofar as we derive significance—our significance—from it: this spark can ignite the process of our self-determination. the question, what women can give to the arts and what the arts can give to the women, can be answered as follows: the transference of the specific situation of woman to the artistic context sets up signs and signals which provide new artistic expressions and messages on one hand, and change retrospectively the situation of women on the other.

the arts can be understood as a medium of our self-definition adding new values to the arts. these values, transmitted via the cultural sign-process, will alter reality toward an accommodation of female needs.

## THE FUTURE OF WOMEN WILL BE THE HISTORY OF WOMAN.

You see here the remains of a female human being who during her too long lifetime was a familiar figure to billions of people in every corner of the world. Although scientists would classify this specimen within the genus species of *Homo sapiens*, for many years there has been considerable controversy as to whether she really belonged in some kind of sub-species of the genus. While the human being was distinguished as an animal who freed himself from his biological limitations by developing technology and expanding his consciousness, traditional womanhood has been recognized, defined and valued for her biological characteristics only and those social functions closely related to her biological characteristics.

As human beings, both men and women were sexual creatures and they shared their sexuality. But the other areas of humanity were closed off to traditional womanhood ... the areas which, as has already been noted, were more characteristically human, less limited by biology. For some reason, man said to woman: you are less sexual when you participate in those other things, you are no longer attractive to me if you do so. I like you quiet and submissive. It makes me feel as if you don't love me, if you fail to let me do all the talking ... if you actually have something to say yourself. Or else, when I like you to be charming and well educated ... entertainment for me and an intelligent mother for my children ... these qualities are for me and for me alone. When you confront the world outside the home—the world where I operate as an individual self as well as a husband and father—then, for some reason, I feel you are a challenge to me and you become sexless and aggressive.

If you turn me off too much, you know, I'll find myself another woman. And if that happens, what will you do? You'll be a nobody, that's what you'll be. An old maid, if I haven't deigned to marry you yet. A divorced woman with some children, no doubt. Without me, you won't even have your sexuality anymore, that little bit of humanity which I have allowed you. And even if you manage to solve that problem in some kind of perverse way, it's going to be hard for you.

What kinds of jobs can you get to keep yourself in comfort? I control those few interesting challenging ones. And I control the salaries on all the other kinds of jobs from which my fellow men who work at them will at least get the satisfaction of more pay than you. And I control the government and its money which, you can bet your tax dollar, isn't going to get allotted for enough good nursery schools to put your children into so you can go out to work. And because of all these things, there can always be another woman in my life, when you no longer serve my needs.

And so traditional Womanhood, even if she was unhappy with her lot, believed that there was nothing she could do about it. She blamed herself for her limitations and she tried to adapt. She told herself and she told others that she was happy as half a person, as the "better half" of someone else, as the mother of others, powerless in her own right.

Though Traditional Womanhood was a hardy dame, the grand old lady finally died today—her

doctor said, of a bad case of shock. Her flattering menfolk had managed to keep her alive for thousands of years. She survived the Amazon challenge. She survived the Lysistrata challenge. She survived the Feminist challenge. And she survived many face-liftings. She was burning her candle at one end on a dull wick and she went out slowly, but she finally went ... not with a bang but a whimper.

There are some grounds for believing that our march today contributed to the lady's timely demise and this is partly the reason we have decided to hold her funeral here. The old hen, it turns out, was somewhat disturbed to hear us—other women, that is—asserting ourselves just this least little bit about critical problems in the world controlled by men. And it was particularly frightening to her to see other women, we-women, asserting ourselves together, however precariously, in some kind of solidarity, instead of completely resenting each other, being embarrassed by each other, hating each other and hating ourselves.

And we were even attempting to organize ourselves on the basis of power ... that little bit of power we are told we have here in America ... the so-called power of wives and mothers. That this power is only a substitute for power, that it really amounts to nothing politically, is the reason why all of us attending this funeral must bury traditional womanhood tonight. We must bury her in Arlington Cemetery, however crowded it is by now. For in Arlington Cemetery, our national monument to war, alongside Traditional Manhood, is her natural resting place.

Now some sisters here are probably wondering why we should bother with such an unimportant matter at a time like this. Why should we bury traditional womanhood while hundreds of thousands of human beings are being brutally slaughtered in our names ... when it would seem that our number one task is to devote our energies directly to ending this slaughter or else solve what seem to be more desperate problems at home?

Sisters who ask a question like this are failing to see that they really do have a problem as women in America ... that their problem is social, not merely personal ... and that their problem is so closely related and interlocked with the other problems in our country, the very problem of war itself ... that we cannot hope to move toward a better world or even a truly democratic society at home until we begin to solve our own problems.

How many sisters failed to join our march today because they were afraid their husbands would disapprove? How many more sisters failed to join us today because they've been taught to believe that women are silly and a women's march even sillier? And how many millions of sisters all across America failed to join us because they think so little of themselves that they feel incapable of thinking for themselves ... about the war in Vietnam or anything else. And if some sisters come to conclusions of their own, how many others of us fail to express "these ideas" much less argue and demonstrate for them because we're afraid of seeming unattractive, silly, "uppity." To the America watching us, after all, we here on this march are mere women, looking silly and unattractive.

Yes, sisters, we have a problem as women all right, a problem which renders us powerless and

ineffective over the issues of war and peace, as well as over our own lives. And although our problem is Traditional Manhood as much as Traditional Womanhood, we women must begin on the solution.

We must see that we can only solve our problem together, that we cannot solve it individually as earlier Feminist generations attempted to do. We women must organize so that for man there can be no “other woman” when we begin expressing ourselves and acting politically, when we insist to men that they share the housework and childcare, fully and equally, so that we can have independent lives as well.

Human qualities will make us attractive then, not servile qualities. We will want to have daughters as much as we want to have sons. Our children will not become victims of our unconscious resentments and our displaced ambitions. And both our daughters and sons will be free to develop themselves in just the directions they want to go as human beings.

Sisters: men need us, too, after all. And if we just get together and tell our men that we want our freedom as full human beings, that we don’t want to live just through our man and his achievements and our mutual offspring, that we want human power in our own right, not just “power behind the throne,” that we want neither dominance or submission for anybody, anyplace, in Vietnam or in our own homes, and that when we all have our freedom we can truly love each other.

If men fail to see that love, justice and equality are the solution, that domination and exploitation hurt everybody, then our species is truly doomed; for if domination and exploitation and aggression are inherent biological characteristics which cannot be overcome, then nuclear war is inevitable and we will have reached our evolutionary deadend by annihilating ourselves.

And that is why we must bury this lady in Arlington Cemetery tonight, why we must bury Submission alongside Aggression. And that is why we ask you to join us. It is only a symbolic happening, of course, and we have a lot of real work to do. We have new men as well as a new society to build.

a little knowledge can go a long way \ a lot of professionals are crackpots \ a man can’t know what it is to be a mother \ a name means a lot just by itself \ a positive attitude makes all the difference in the world \ a relaxed man is not necessarily a better man \ a sense of timing is the mark of genius \ a sincere effort is all you can ask \ a single event can have infinitely many interpretations \ a solid home base builds a sense of self \ a strong sense of duty imprisons you \ absolute submission can be a form of freedom abstraction is a type of decadence \ abuse of power comes as no surprise \ action causes more trouble than thought alienation produces eccentrics or revolutionaries all things are delicately interconnected ambition is just as dangerous as complacency ambivalence can ruin your life \ an elite is inevitable \ anger or hate can be a useful motivating force animalism is perfectly healthy \ any surplus is immoral \ anything is a legitimate area of investigation \ artificial desires are despoiling the earth \ at times inactivity is preferable to mindless functioning at times your unconscious is truer than your conscious mind automation is deadly \ awful punishment awaits really bad people bad intentions can yield good results \ being alone with yourself is increasingly unpopular \ being happy is more important than anything else \ being judgmental is a sign of life \ being sure of yourself means

you're a fool believing in rebirth is the same as admitting defeat boredom makes you do crazy things \ calm is more conducive to creativity than is anxiety categorizing fear is calming \ change is valuable because it lets the oppressed be tyrants chasing the new is dangerous to society \ children are the most cruel of all \ children are the hope of the future \ class action is a nice idea with no substance \ class structure is as artificial as plastic \ confusing yourself is a way to stay honest \ crime against property is relatively unimportant decadence can be an end in itself \ decency is a relative thing \ dependence can be a meal ticket \ description is more valuable than metaphor deviants are sacrificed to increase group solidarity disgust is the appropriate response to most situations \ disorganization is a kind of anesthesia don't place too much trust in experts don't run people's lives for them drama often obscures the real issues \ dreaming while awake is a frightening contradiction dying and coming back gives you considerable perspective dying should be as easy as falling off a log \ eating too much is criminal elaboration is a form of pollution \ emotional responses are as valuable as intellectual responses enjoy yourself because you can't change anything anyway ensure that your life stays in flux \ even your family can betray you \ every achievement requires a sacrifice \ everyone's work is equally important \ everything that's interesting is new exceptional people deserve special concessions expiring for love is beautiful but stupid expressing anger is necessary \ extreme behavior has its basis in pathological psychology extreme self-consciousness leads to perversion faithfulness is a social not a biological law \ fake or real indifference is a powerful personal weapon fathers often use too much force \ fear is the greatest incapacitator freedom is a luxury not a necessity \ giving free rein to your emotions is an honest way to live go all out in romance and let the chips fall where they may going with the flow is soothing but risky \ good deeds eventually are rewarded \ government is a burden on the people \ grass roots agitation is the only hope \ guilt and self-laceration are indulgences \ habitual contempt doesn't reflect a finer sensibility hiding your emotions is despicable \ holding back protects your vital energies humanism is obsolete \ humor is a release \ ideals are replaced by conventional goals at a certain age if you aren't political your personal life should be exemplary if you can't leave your mark give up \ if you have many desires your life will be interesting if you live simply there is nothing to worry about ignoring enemies is the best way to fight \ illness is a state of mind \ imposing order is man's vocation for chaos is hell in some instances it's better to die than to continue inheritance must be abolished \ it can be helpful to keep going no matter what \ it is heroic to try to stop time \ it is man's fate to outsmart himself \ it is a gift to the world not to have babies \ it's better to be a good person than a famous person \ it's better to be lonely than to be with inferior people \ it's better to be naive than jaded \ it's better to study the living fact than to analyze history \ it's crucial to have an active fantasy life \ it's good to give extra money to charity \ it's important to stay clean on all levels \ it's just an accident that your parents are your parents \ it's not good to hold too many absolutes \ it's not good to operate on credit \ it's vital to live in harmony with nature \ just believing something can make it happen keep something in reserve for emergencies killing is unavoidable but nothing to be proud of knowing yourself lets you understand others knowledge should be advanced at all costs labor is a life-destroying activity \ lack of charisma can be fatal \ leisure time is a gigantic smoke screen listen when your body talks \ looking back is the first sign of aging and decay loving animals is a substitute activity \ low expectations are good protection \ manual labor can be refreshing and wholesome men are not monogamous by nature moderation kills the spirit \ money creates taste \ monomania is a prerequisite of success morals are for little people \ most people are not fit to rule themselves mostly you should mind your own business mothers shouldn't make too many sacrifices much was decided before you were born murder has its sexual side \ myth can make reality more intelligible noise can be hostile \ nothing upsets the balance of good and evil occasionally principles are more valuable than people offer very little information about yourself \ often you should act like you are sexless old friends are better left in the past opacity is an irresistible challenge pain can be a very positive thing \ people are boring unless they are extremists \ people are nuts if they think they are important \ people are responsible for what they do unless they are insane \ people who don't work with their hands are parasites \ people who go crazy are too sensitive



\ people won't behave if they have nothing to lose physical culture is second best \ planning for the future is escapism \ playing it safe can cause a lot of damage in the long run politics is used for personal gain \ potential counts for nothing until it's realized private property created crime \ pursuing pleasure for the sake of pleasure will ruin you push yourself to the limit as often as possible \ raise boys and girls the same way \ random mating is good for debunking sex myths rechanneling destructive impulses is a sign of maturity recluses always get weak \ redistributing wealth is imperative \ relativity is no boon to mankind \ religion causes as many problems as it solves remember you always have freedom of choice repetition is the best way to learn resolutions serve to ease our conscience revolution begins with changes in the individual romantic love was invented to manipulate women routine is a link with the past \ routine small excesses are worse than the occasional debauch sacrificing yourself for a bad cause is not a moral act salvation can't be bought and sold \ self-awareness can be crippling \ self-contempt can do more harm than good \ selfishness is the most basic motivation \ selflessness is the highest achievement separatism is the way to a new beginning sex differences are here to stay \ sin is a means of social control \ slipping into madness is good for the sake of comparison sloppy thinking gets worse over time \ solitude is enriching \ sometimes science advances faster than it should sometimes things seem to happen of their own accord spending too much time on self-improvement is antisocial starvation is nature's way \ stasis is a dream state \ sterilization is a weapon of the rulers \ strong emotional attachment stems from basic insecurity stupid people shouldn't breed \ survival of the fittest applies to men and animals symbols are more meaningful than things themselves taking a strong stand publicizes the opposite position talking is used to hide one's inability to act \ teasing people sexually can have ugly consequences technology will make or break us \ the cruelest disappointment is when you let yourself down \ the desire to reproduce is a death wish \ the family is living on borrowed time \ the idea of revolution is an adolescent fantasy \ the idea of transcendence is used to obscure oppression \ the idiosyncratic has lost its authority \ the most profound things are inexpressible \ the mundane is to be cherished \ the new is nothing but a restatement of the old \ the only way to be pure is to stay by yourself \ the sum of your actions determines what you are \ the unattainable is invariably attractive \ the world operates according to discoverable laws \ there are too few immutable truths today \ there's nothing except what you sense \ there's nothing redeeming in toil \ thinking too much can only cause problems threatening someone sexually is a horrible act timidity is laughable \ to disagree presupposes moral integrity to volunteer is reactionary \ torture is barbaric \ trading a life for a life is fair enough true freedom is frightful \ unique things must be the most valuable unquestioning love demonstrates largesse of spirit using force to stop force is absurd \ violence is permissible even desirable occasionally war is a purification rite \ we must make sacrifices to maintain our quality of life when something terrible happens people wake up wishing things away is not effective \ with perseverance you can discover any truth words tend to be inadequate \ worrying can help you prepare \ you are a victim of the rules you live by \ you are guileless in your dreams \ you are responsible for constituting the meaning of things \ you are the past present and future \ you can live on through your descendants \ you can't expect people to be something they're not \ you can't fool others if you're fooling yourself \ you don't know what's what until you support yourself \ you have to hurt others to be extraordinary \ you must be intimate with a token few \ you must disagree with authority figures \ you must have one grand passion \ you must know where you stop and the world begins \ you can understand someone of your sex only \ you owe the world not the other way around \ you should study as much as possible \ your actions are pointless if no one notices \ your oldest fears are the worst ones \

Working with a parabox \ defining the elusive \ visualizing the invisible \ communicating the incommunicable \ not accepting the limitations society had accepted \ seeing in new ways \ living for a fraction of a second and penetrating light years—meaning time in the extreme distances—long before and beyond living existence \ using intellect and instinct to achieve alive with hidden creativity \ achieving total

self-consciousness and self-awareness \ probing to locate the center of things—the true inner core of inherent but not yet understood meaning—and expose it to be analyzed \ being creatively obsessive \ questioning, reasoning, analyzing, dissecting and re-examining \ understanding that everything has further meaning that order has been created out of chaos, but order when it reaches a certain totality must be shattered by new disorder and by new inquiries and developments \ finding new concepts, recognising new patterns \ understanding the finitude of human existence and still striving to create beauty and provocative reasoning \ recognizing and interpreting the relationship or creative elements to each other: people to people, people to god, people to nature, nature to nature, thought to thought, art to art \ seeing reality and still being able to dream \ desiring to know the importance or insignificance of existence \ persisting in the eternal search

Unaffordable housing, poverty wages, inadequate healthcare, border policing, climate change— these are not what you ordinarily hear feminists talking about. But aren't they the biggest issues for the vast majority of women around the globe?

Taking as its inspiration the new wave of feminist militancy that has erupted globally, this manifesto makes a simple but powerful case: feminism shouldn't start— or stop— with the drive to have women represented at the top of their professions. It must focus on those at the bottom and fight for the world they deserve. And that means targeting capitalism. Feminism must be anti-capitalist, eco-socialist, and anti-racist.

The time for fence-sitting is past, and feminists must take a stand: will we continue to pursue 'equal-opportunity domination' while the planet burns? Or will we reimagine gender justice in an anticapitalist form— one that leads beyond the present crisis to a new society?

In the spring of 2018, Facebook COO Sheryl Sandberg told the world that we "would be a lot better off if half of all countries and companies were run by women and half of all homes were run by men" and that "we shouldn't be satisfied until we reach that goal." A leading exponent of corporate feminism, Sandberg had already made a name (and a buck) for herself by urging women managers to "lean in" at the company board room. As former chief of staff to US Treasury Secretary Larry Summers— the man who derailed Wall Street— she had no qualms about counselling women that success won through toughness in the business world was the royal road to gender equality.

That same spring, a militant feminist strike shut down Spain. Joined by more than 5 million marchers, organisers of the twenty-four-hour huelga feminista called for "a society free of sexist oppression, exploitation, and violence... for rebellion and a struggle against the alliance of the patriarchy and capitalism that wants us to be obedient, submissive, and quiet." As the sun set over Madrid and Barcelona, the feminist strikers announced to the world, "On March 8, we cross our arms, interrupting all productive and reproductive activity," declaring they would not "accept worse working conditions or being paid less than men for the same work."

These two voices represent opposing paths for the feminist movement. On the one hand, Sandberg and her ilk see feminism as the handmaiden of capitalism. They want a world where the task of managing

exploitation in the workplace and oppression in society is shared equally by ruling-class men and women. This is a remarkable vision of equal opportunity dominance, one that asks ordinary people, in the name of feminism, to be grateful that it is a woman, not a man, who busts their union, orders a drone to kill their parent, or locks their child in a cage at the border. In sharp contrast to Sandberg's liberal feminism, the organisers of the huelga feminista insist on ending capitalism—the system that generates the boss, produces national borders, and manufactures the drones that guard them.

Faced with these two visions of feminism, we find ourselves at a fork in the road, and our choice bears extraordinary consequences for humankind. One path leads to a scorched planet where human life is immiserated to the point of unrecognizability, if indeed it remains possible at all. The other points to the sort of world that has always figured centrally in humanity's most exalted dreams: a just world whose wealth and natural resources are shared by all and where equality and freedom are premises, not aspirations.

The contrast could not be starker. But what makes the choice pressing for us now is the absence of any viable middle way. We owe the dearth of alternatives to neoliberalism, that exceptionally predatory, financialized form of capitalism that has held sway across the globe for the last forty years. Having poisoned the atmosphere, mocked every pretence of democratic rule, stretched our social capacities to their breaking point, and worsened living conditions generally for the vast majority, this iteration of capitalism has raised the stakes for every social struggle, transforming sober efforts to win modest reforms into pitched battles for survival. Under such conditions, the time for fence-sitting is past, and feminists must take a stand: Will we continue to pursue "equal opportunity domination" while the planet burns? Or will we reimagine gender justice in an anticapitalist form— one that leads beyond the present crisis to a new society?

This manifesto is a brief for the second path, a course we deem both necessary and feasible. An anticapitalist feminism has become possible today, in part because the credibility of political elites is collapsing worldwide. The casualties include not only the centre-left and centre-right parties that promoted neoliberalism— now despised remnants of their former selves— but also their Sandberg-style corporate feminist allies, whose "progressive" veneer has lost its shine. Liberal feminism met its Waterloo in the US presidential election of 2016, when the much-ballyhooed candidature of Hillary Clinton failed to excite women voters. And for good reason: Clinton personified the deepening disconnect between elite women's ascension to high office and improvements in the lives of the vast majority.

In the vacuum produced by liberalism's decline, we have a chance to build another feminism: a feminism with a different definition of what counts as a feminist issue, a different class orientation, and a different ethos— one that is radical and transformative.

This manifesto is our effort to promote that "other" feminism. We write not to sketch an imagined utopia but to mark out the road that must be travelled to reach a just society. We aim to explain why feminists should choose the road of feminist strikes, why we must unite with other anticapitalist and antisystemic movements, and why our movement must become feminism for the 99 percent. Only in this way— by connecting with anti-racists, environmentalists, and labour and migrant rights activists— can feminism rise to the challenge of our times. By decisively rejecting "lean in" dogma and the feminism of the 1 percent, our

feminism can become a beacon of hope for everyone else.

What gives us the courage to embark on this project now is the new wave of militant feminist activism. This is not the corporate feminism that has proved so disastrous for working women and is now haemorrhaging credibility; nor is it the "micro-credit feminism" that claims to "empower" women of the global South by lending them tiny sums of money. Rather, what gives us hope are the international feminist and women's strikes of 2017 and 2018. It is these strikes and the increasingly coordinated movements that are developing around them that first inspired—and now embody—feminism for the 99 percent.

A new feminist wave is reinventing the strike.

The recent feminist strike movement began in Poland in October of 2016, when more than 100,000 women staged walkouts and marches to oppose the country's ban on abortion. By the end of the month, an upwelling of radical refusal had already crossed the ocean to Argentina, where striking women met the heinous murder of Lucia Perez with the militant cry, "Ni una menos." Soon it spread to Italy, Spain, Brazil, Turkey, Peru, the United States, Mexico, Chile, and dozens of other countries. From its origins in the streets, the movement then surged through workplaces and schools, eventually engulfing the high-flying worlds of show business, media, and politics. For the last two years, its slogans have resonated powerfully across the globe: #NosotrasParamos, #WeStrike, #VivasNosQueremos, #NiUnaMenos, #TimesUp, and #Feminism4the99. At first a ripple, then a wave, it has become a massive tide: a new global feminist movement that may gain sufficient force to disrupt existing alliances and redraw the political map.

What had been a series of nationally based actions became a transnational movement on March 8, 2017, when organisers around the globe decided to strike together. With this bold stroke, they re-politicised International Women's Day. Brushing aside the tacky baubles of depoliticization—brunches, mimosas, and Hallmark cards—the strikers have revived the day's all-but-forgotten historical roots in working-class and socialist feminism. Their actions evoke the spirit of early twentieth-century working class women's mobilisation—paradigmatically the strikes and mass demonstrations led mostly by immigrant and Jewish women in the United States, which inspired US socialists to organise the first National Women's Day and German socialists Luise Zietz and Clara Zetkin to call for an International Working Women's Day.

Re-animating that militant spirit, the feminist strikes of today are reclaiming our roots in historic struggles for workers' rights and social justice. Uniting women separated by oceans, mountains, and continents, as well as by borders, barbed wire fences, and walls, they give new meaning to the slogan "Solidarity is our weapon." Breaking through the isolation of domestic and symbolic walls, the strikes demonstrate the enormous political potential of women's power—the power of those whose paid and unpaid work sustains the world.

But that is not all: this burgeoning movement has invented new ways to strike and infused the strike itself with a new kind of politics. By coupling the withdrawal of labour with marches, demonstrations, small business closures, blockades, and boycotts, the movement is replenishing the repertoire of strike actions, once

large but dramatically shrunk by a decades-long neoliberal offensive. At the same time, this new wave is democratising strikes and expanding their scope— above all, by broadening the very idea of what counts as "labour." Refusing to limit that category to waged work, women's strike activism is also withdrawing housework, sex, and smiles. By making visible the indispensable role played by gendered, unpaid work in capitalist society, it draws attention to activities from which capital benefits but for which it does not pay. And with respect to paid work, too, the strikers take an expansive view of what counts as a labour issue. Far from focusing only on wages and hours, they are also targeting sexual harassment and assault, barriers to reproductive justice, and curbs on the right to strike.

As a result, the new feminist wave has the potential to overcome the stubborn and divisive opposition between "identity politics" and "class politics." Disclosing the unity of "workplace" and "private life," it refuses to limit its struggles to those spaces. And by redefining what counts as "work" and who counts as a "worker," it rejects capitalism's structural undervaluation of women's labour— both paid and unpaid. All told, women's strike feminism anticipates the possibility of a new, unprecedented phase of class struggle: feminist, internationalist, environmentalist, and anti-racist.

This intervention is perfectly timed. Women's strike militancy has erupted at a moment when once-powerful trade unions, centred in manufacturing, have been severely weakened. To reinvigorate the class struggle, activists have turned to another arena: the neoliberal assault on health care, education, pensions, and housing. In targeting this other prong of capital's four-decade attack on working- and middle-class living conditions, they have trained their sights on the labour and services that are needed to sustain human beings and social communities. It is here, in the sphere of "social reproduction," that we now find many of the most militant strikes and fightbacks. From the strike wave of teachers in the United States to the struggle against water privatisation in Ireland to the strikes of Dalit sanitation workers in India— all led and powered by women— workers are revolting against capital's assault on social reproduction. Although not formally affiliated with the International Women's Strike movement, these strikes have much in common with it. They, too, valorize the work that is necessary to reproduce our lives while opposing its exploitation, and they, too, combine wage and workplace demands with demands for increased public spending on social services.

In countries such as Argentina, Spain, and Italy, moreover, women's strike feminism has attracted broad support from forces opposing austerity. Not only women and gender nonconforming people, but also men, have joined the movement's massive demonstrations against the defunding of schools, health care, housing, transport, and environmental protections. Through their opposition to finance capital's assault on these "public goods," feminist strikes are thus becoming the catalyst and model for broad-based efforts to defend our communities.

All told, the new wave of militant feminist activism is rediscovering the idea of the impossible, demanding both bread and roses: the bread that decades of neoliberalism have taken from our tables, but also the beauty that nourishes our spirit through the exhilaration of rebellion.

Liberal feminism is bankrupt. It's time to get over it.

The mainstream media continues to equate feminism, as such, with liberal feminism. But far from providing the solution, liberal feminism is part of the problem. Centred in the global North among the professional-managerial stratum, it is focused on "leaning in" and "cracking the glass ceiling." Dedicated to enabling a smattering of privileged women to climb the corporate ladder and the ranks of the military, it propounds a market-centred view of equality that dovetails perfectly with the prevailing corporate enthusiasm for "diversity." Although it condemns "discrimination" and advocates "freedom of choice," liberal feminism steadfastly refuses to address the socio-economic constraints that make freedom and empowerment impossible for the large majority of women. Its real aim is not equality, but meritocracy. Rather than seeking to abolish social hierarchy, it aims to "diversify" it, "empowering" "talented" women to rise to the top. In treating women simply as an "underrepresented group," its proponents seek to ensure that a few privileged souls can attain positions and pay on a par with the men of their own class. By definition, the principal beneficiaries are those who already possess considerable social, cultural, and economic advantages. Everyone else remains stuck in the basement.

Fully compatible with ballooning inequality, liberal feminism outsources oppression. It permits professional-managerial women to lean in precisely by enabling them to lean on the poorly paid migrant women to whom they subcontract their caregiving and housework. Insensitive to class and race, it links our cause with elitism and individualism. Projecting feminism as a "stand-alone" movement associates us with policies that harm the majority and cuts us off from struggles that oppose those policies. In short, liberal feminism gives feminism a bad name.

Liberal feminism's ethos converges not only with corporate mores but also with supposedly "transgressive" currents of neoliberal culture. Its love affair with individual advancement equally permeates the world of social-media celebrity, which also confuses feminism with the ascent of individual women. In that world, "feminism" risks becoming a trending hashtag and a vehicle of self-promotion, deployed less to liberate the many than to elevate the few.

In general, then, liberal feminism supplies the perfect alibi for neoliberalism. By cloaking regressive policies in an aura of emancipation, it enables the forces supporting global capital to portray themselves as "progressive." Allied with global finance in the United States while providing cover for Islamophobia in Europe, this is the feminism of the female power-holders: the corporate gurus who preach "lean in," the feminists who push structural adjustment and microcredit on the global south, and the professional politicians in pant suits who collect six-figure fees for speeches to Wall Street.

Our answer to lean-in feminism is kick-back feminism. We have no interest in breaking the glass ceiling while leaving the vast majority to clean up the shards. Far from celebrating women CEOs who occupy corner offices, we want to get rid of CEOs and corner offices.

We need an anticapitalist feminism—a feminism for the 99 percent.

The feminism we have in mind recognises that it must respond to a crisis of epochal proportions:

plummeting living standards and looming ecological disaster; rampaging wars and intensified dispossession; mass migrations met with barbed wire; emboldened racism and xenophobia; and the reversion of hard-won rights— both social and political.

We aspire to meet these challenges. Eschewing half-measures, the feminism we envision aims to tackle the capitalist roots of metastasizing barbarism. Refusing to sacrifice the well-being of the many in order to protect the freedom of the few, it champions the needs and rights of the many— of poor and working-class women, of racialized and migrant women, of queer, trans, and disabled women, of women encouraged to see themselves as "middle class" even as capital exploits them. But that is not all. This feminism does not limit itself to "women's issues," as they are traditionally defined. Standing for all who are exploited, dominated, and oppressed, it aims to become a source of hope for the whole of humanity. That is why we call it "feminism for the 99 percent."

Inspired by the new wave of women's strikes, feminism for the 99 percent is emerging from the crucible of practical experience, as informed by theoretical reflection. As neoliberalism reshapes gender oppression before our eyes, we see that the only way that women and gender non-conforming people can actualize the rights they have on paper or might still win is by transforming the underlying social system that hollows out rights. By itself, legal abortion does little for poor and working-class women who have neither the means to pay for it nor access to clinics that provide it. Rather, reductive justice requires free, universal, not-for-profit health care as well as the end of racist and eugenicist practises in the medical profession. Likewise, for poor and working-class women, wage equality can only mean equality in misery unless it comes with jobs that pay a generous living wage, substantive, actionable labour rights, and a new organisation of housework and carework. Then, too, laws criminalising gender violence are a cruel hoax if they turn a blind eye to the structural sexism and racism of criminal justice systems, leaving intact police brutality, mass incarceration, deportation threats, military interventions, and harassment and abuse in the workplace. Finally, legal empowerment remains an empty shell if it does not include public services, social housing, and funding to ensure that women can leave domestic and workplace violence.

In these ways and more, feminism for the 99 percent seeks profound, far-reaching social transformation. That, in a nutshell, is why it cannot be a separatist movement. We propose, rather, to join with every movement that fights for the 99 percent, whether by struggling for environmental justice, free high-quality education, generous public services, low-cost housing, labour rights, free universal health care, or a world without racism or war. It is only by allying with such movements that we gain the power and vision to dismantle the social relations and institutions that oppress us.

Feminism for the 99 percent embraces class struggle and the fight against institutional racism. It centres the concerns of working-class women of all stripes: whether racialized, migrant, or white; cis, trans, or gender non-conforming; housewives or sex workers; paid by the hour, the week, the month, or not at all; unemployed or precarious; young or old. Staunchly internationalist, it is firmly opposed to imperialism and war. Feminism for the 99 percent is not only antineoliberal but also anticapitalist.

What we are living through is a crisis of society as a whole, and its root cause is capitalism.

For mainstream observers, 2007–2008 marked the beginning of the worst financial crisis since the 1930s. Although correct as far as it goes, that understanding of the present crisis is still too narrow. What we are living through is a crisis for society as a whole. By no means restricted to the precincts of finance, it is simultaneously a crisis of economy, ecology, politics, and "care." A general crisis of an entire form of social organisation, it is at bottom a crisis of capitalism— and in particular, of the viciously predatory form of capitalism we inhabit today: globalising, financializing, neoliberal.

Capitalism generates such crises periodically— and for reasons that are not accidental. Not only does this system live by exploiting wage labour, but it also free-ride on nature, public goods, and the unpaid work that reproduces human beings and communities. Driven by the relentless pursuit of unlimited profit, capital expands by helping itself to all of those things without paying for their replacement (except where it is forced to do so). Primed by its very logic to degrade nature, instrumentalize public powers, and commandeer unpaid carework, capitalism periodically destabilises the very conditions that it— and the rest of us— rely upon to survive. Crisis is hardwired into its DNA.

Today's crisis of capitalism is especially severe. Four decades of neoliberalism have driven down wages, weakened labour rights, ravaged the environment, and usurped the energies available to sustain families and communities— all while spreading the tentacles of finance across the social fabric. No wonder, then, that masses of people throughout the world are now saying, "Basta!" Open to thinking outside the box, they are rejecting established political parties and neoliberal commonsense about "free market competition," "trickle-down economics," "labour market flexibility," and "unsustainable debt." The result is a gaping vacuum of leadership and organisation— and a growing sense that something must give.

Feminism for the 99 percent is among the social forces that have leapt into this breach. We do not, however, command the terrain. Rather, we share the stage with many bad actors. Upstart right-wing movements everywhere promise to improve the lot of families of "the right" ethnicity, nationality, and religion by ending "free trade," curbing immigration, and restricting the rights of women, people of colour, and LGBTQ+ people. Meanwhile, on the other side, dominant currents of "the progressive resistance" advance an equally unsavoury agenda. In their efforts to restore the status quo ante, partisans of global finance hope to convince feminists, anti-racists, and environmentalists to close ranks with their liberal "protectors" and to forego more ambitious, egalitarian projects of social transformation. Feminists for the 99 percent decline that proposal. Rejecting not only reactionary populism but also its progressive neoliberal opponents, we intend to identify and confront head-on the real source of crisis and misery, which is capitalism.

For us, in other words, a crisis is not simply a time of suffering, much less a mere impasse in profit-making. Crucially, it is also a moment of political awakening and an opportunity for social transformation. In times of crisis, critical masses of people withdraw their support from the powers that be. Rejecting politics as usual, they begin to search for new ideas, organisations, and alliances. In such situations, the burning questions are: who will guide the process of societal transformation, in whose interest, and to what end?

This type of process, whereby a general crisis leads to societal reorganisation, has played out several



times in modern history, largely to capital's benefit. Seeking to restore profitability, its champions have reinvented capitalism time and again— reconfiguring not only the official economy but also politics, social reproduction, and our relation to nonhuman nature. In so doing, they have reorganised not only class exploitation but also gender and racial oppression, often appropriating rebellious energies (including feminist energies) for projects that overwhelmingly benefit the 1 percent.

Will this process be repeated today? Historically, the 1 percent has always been indifferent to the interests of society or the majority. But today, they are especially dangerous. In their single-minded pursuit of short-term profits, they fail to gauge not only the depth of the crisis but also the threat it poses to the long-term health of the capitalist system itself: they would rather drill for oil now than ensure the ecological preconditions for their own future profits!

As a result, the crisis we confront threatens life as we know it. The struggle to resolve it poses the most fundamental questions of social organisation: Where will we draw the line delimiting economy from society, society from nature, production from reproduction, and work from family? How will we use the social surplus we collectively produce? And who, exactly, will decide these matters? Will profit-makers manage to turn capitalism's social constraints into new opportunities for accumulating private wealth? Will they co-opt important strands of feminist rebellion even as they reorganise gender hierarchy? Or will a mass uprising against capital finally be "the act by which the human race travelling in the [runaway] train applies the emergency brake"? And if so, will feminists be at the forefront of that uprising?

If we have any say in this matter, the answer to the last question will be yes.

Gender oppression in capitalist societies is rooted in the subordination of social reproduction to production for profit. We want to turn things right side up.

Many people know that capitalist societies are by definition class societies, which licence a small minority to accumulate private profits by exploiting the much larger group who must work for wages. What is less widely understood is that capitalist societies are also, by definition, wellsprings of gender oppression. Far from being accidental, sexism is hardwired into their very structure.

Certainly, capitalism did not invent the subordination of women. The latter existed in various forms in all previous class societies. But capitalism established new, distinctively "modern" forms of sexism, underpinned by new institutional structures. Its key move was to separate the making of people from the making of profit, to assign the first job to women, and to subordinate it to the second. With this stroke, capitalism simultaneously reinvented women's oppression and turned the whole world upside down.

The perversity becomes clear when we recall how vital and complex the work of people-making actually is. Not only does this activity create and sustain life in the biological sense, but it also creates and sustains our capacity to work, or what Marx called our "labour power." And that means fashioning people with the "right" attitudes, dispositions, and values— abilities, competences, and skills. All told, people-making work supplies some fundamental preconditions— material, social, and cultural— for human society in general

and for capitalist production in particular. Without it, neither life nor labour power could be embodied in human beings.

We call this vast body of vital activity social reproduction.

In capitalist societies, the pivotally important role of social reproduction is disguised and disavowed. Far from being valued in its own right, the making of people is treated as a mere means to the making of profit. Because capital avoids paying for this work to the extent that it can, while treating money as the be-all and end-all, it relegates those who perform social-reproductive labour to a position of subordination— not only to the owners of capital but also to those more advantaged waged workers who can offload the responsibility for it onto others.

Those "others" are largely female. In capitalist society, the organisation of social reproduction rests on gender; it relies on gender roles and entrenches gender oppression. Social reproduction is therefore a feminist issue. But it is shot through at every point by the fault lines of class, race, sexuality, and nation. A feminism aimed at resolving the current crisis must understand social reproduction through a lens that also comprehends and connects all those axes of domination.

Capitalist societies have always instituted a racial division of reproductive labour. Whether via slavery or colonialism, apartheid or neo-imperialism, this system has coerced racialized women to provide such labour gratis— or at a very low cost— for their majority-ethnicity or white "sisters." Forced to lavish care on the children and homes of their mistresses or employers, they have had to struggle all the harder to care for their own. Historically, moreover, capitalist societies have sought to enlist women's social reproductive work in the service of gender binarism and heteronormativity. They have encouraged mothers, teachers, and doctors, among others, to ensure that children are strictly fashioned as cis-girls or cis-boys and as heterosexuals. Then, too, modern states have often tried to instrumentalize the work of people-making for national and imperial projects. Incentivizing births of the "right" kind while discouraging those of the "wrong" kind, they have designed education and family policies to produce not just "people" but (for example) "Germans," "Italians," or "Americans" who can be called on to sacrifice for the nation when needed. Finally, the class character of social reproduction is fundamental. Working-class mothers and schools have been expected to prepare their kids for lives as proper "workers": obedient, deferential to bosses, and primed to accept "their station" and tolerate exploitation. These pressures have never worked perfectly and have even misfired spectacularly on occasion. And some of them are lessening today. But social reproduction is deeply entangled with domination— and with the struggle against it.

Once we understand the centrality of social reproduction in capitalist society, we can no longer view class in the usual way. Contrary to old-school understandings, what makes class in capitalist society are not just relations that directly exploit "labour" but also relations that produce and replenish it. Nor is the global working class comprised exclusively of those who work for wages in factories or mines. Equally central are those who work in the fields and in private homes; in offices, hotels, and restaurants; in hospitals, nurseries, and schools; in the public sector and in civil society— the precariat, the unemployed, and those who receive no pay in return for their work. Far from being restricted to straight white men, in whose image it is still too

often imagined, the bulk of the global working class is made up of migrants, racialized people, women— both cis and trans— and people with different abilities, all of whose needs and desires are negated or twisted by capitalism.

This lens also expands our view of class struggle. Not focused exclusively on economic gains in the workplace like fair contracts or the minimum wage, it occurs at multiple sites in society and not only through unions and official workers' organisations. The critical point for us and the key to understanding the present is that class struggle includes struggles over social reproduction: for universal health care and free education; for environmental justice and access to clean energy; and for housing and public transportation. Equally central to it are political struggles for women's liberation, against racism and xenophobia, war, and colonialism.

Such conflicts have always been central to capitalist society, which relies on reproductive labour while disavowing its value. But social reproduction struggles are especially explosive today. As neoliberalism demands more hours of waged work per household and less state support for social welfare, it squeezes families, communities, and (above all) women to the breaking point. Under these conditions of universal expropriation, struggles over social reproduction have taken centre stage. They now form the leading edge of projects with the potential to alter society, root and branch.

Gender violence takes many forms, all of them entangled with capitalist social relations. We vow to fight them all.

Researchers estimate that, globally, more than one in three women have experienced some form of gender violence in the course of their lifetimes. Many of the perpetrators are intimate partners, responsible for a whopping 38 percent of the murders of women. Whether physical, emotional, sexual, or all of the above, intimate partner violence is found throughout capitalist society— in every nation, class, and racial-ethnic group. Far from being accidental, it is grounded in the basic institutional structure of capitalist society.

The gender violence we experience today reflects the contradictory dynamics of family and personal life in capitalist society. And these in turn are based on the system's signature division between people-making and profit-making, family and "work." A key development was the shift from the extended kin-based households of an earlier time— in which male elders held the power of life and death over their dependents— to the restricted, heterosexual nuclear family of capitalist modernity, which vested an attenuated right of rule in the "smaller" men who headed smaller households. With this shift, the character of kin-based gender violence was transformed. What was once overtly political now became "private": more informal and "psychological," less "rational" and controlled. Often fueled by alcohol, shame, and anxiety about maintaining dominance, this sort of gender violence is found in every period of capitalist development. Nevertheless, it becomes especially virulent and pervasive in times of crisis. In such times, when status anxiety, economic precarity, and political uncertainty loom large, the gender order, too, appears to tremble. Some men experience women as "out of control," and modern society, with its new sexual freedoms and gender fluidity, as "out of joint." Their wives or girlfriends are "uppity," their homes "disordered," and their children "wild." Their bosses are unrelenting, their coworkers are severely disordered, and their job children are Their sexual prowess and powers as scorpions are in doubt. Perceiving their bodies to be threatened, they explode.

But not all gender violence in capitalist society takes this apparently "private" and "irrational" form. Other types are all too "rational"; witness the instrumentalization of gendered assault as a technique of control. Examples include the widespread weaponization of the rape of enslaved and colonised women to terrorise communities of colour and enforce their subjugation; the repeated rape of women by pimps and traffickers to "break them in"; and the coordinated mass rape of "enemy" women as a weapon of war. Often instrumental, too, are sexual assault and harassment in workplaces, schools, or clinics. In these cases, the perpetrators are bosses and supervisors, teachers and coaches, policemen and prison guards, doctors and shrinks, landlords, and army officers— all with public institutional power over those on whom they prey. They can command sexual services, and some of them do. Here, the root is women's economic, professional, political, and racial vulnerability: our dependence on the paycheck, the reference, and the willingness of the employer or foreman not to ask about immigration status. What enables this violence is a system of hierarchical power that fuses gender, race, and class. What results from it is that system's reinforcement and normalisation.

In fact, these two forms of gender violence— one private, the other public— are not so separate after all. There exist hybrid cases, such as teenage, fraternity, and athletic subcultures, in which young men, channelling institutionalised misogyny, vie with each other for status and bragging rights by abusing women. Moreover, some forms of public and private gender violence form a mutually reinforcing vicious cycle. Because capitalism assigns reproductive work overwhelmingly to women, it restricts our ability to participate fully, as peers, in the world of "productive work," with the result that most of us land in dead-end jobs that don't pay enough to support a family. That rebounds on "private" life to our disadvantage, as our lesser ability to exit relationships disempowers us within them. To be sure, the primary beneficiary of the overall arrangement is capital. But its effect is to render us doubly subject to violation— first at the hands of familial and personal intimates, and second at those of capital's enforcers and enablers.

The conventional feminist responses to gender violence are understandable but nonetheless inadequate. The most widespread response is the demand for criminalization and punishment. This "carceral feminism," as it has been called, takes for granted precisely what needs to be called into question: the mistaken assumption that the laws, police, and courts maintain sufficient autonomy from the capitalist power structure to counter its deep-seated tendency to generate gender violence. In fact, the criminal justice system disproportionately targets poor and working-class men of colour, including migrants, while leaving their white-collar professional counterparts free to rape and batter; it also leaves women to pick up the pieces: travelling long distances to visit incarcerated sons and husbands, providing for their households alone, and dealing with the legal and bureaucratic fallout of imprisonment. Likewise, anti-trafficking campaigns and laws against "sexual slavery" are frequently used to deport migrant women while their rapists and profiteers remain at large. At the same time, the carceral response overlooks the importance of exit options for survivors. Laws criminalising marital rape or workplace assault won't help women with nowhere else to go or those with no way to get there. Under such conditions, no feminist with even a shred of sensitivity to class and race can endorse a carceral response to gender violence.

Equally inadequate are the "market-based solutions" proffered by feminists. From their lofty perches at global financial institutions, these progressive neoliberals in skirts propose to shield their less fortunate Southern sisters from violence by lending them small sums of money to start their own businesses. The evidence that microloans actually reduce domestic violence or promote women's independence from men is spotty at best. However, one effect is crystal clear: microlending increases women's dependence on their

creditors. By tightening the noose of debt around the necks of poor and working-class women, this approach to gender violence inflicts violence of its own.

Feminism for the 99 percent rejects both carceral and femocratic approaches to gender violence. We know that gender violence under capitalism is not a disruption of the regular order of things but a systemic condition. Deeply anchored in the social order, it can neither be understood nor redressed in isolation from the larger complex of capitalist violence: the biopolitical violence of laws that deny reproductive freedom; the economic violence of the market, the bank, the landlord, and the loan shark; the state violence of police, courts, and prison guards; the transnational violence of border agents, migration regimes, and imperial armies; the symbolic violence of mainstream culture that colonises our minds, distorts our bodies, and silences our voices; and the "slow" environmental violence that eats away at our communities and habitats.

While these dynamics are endemic to capitalism, they have escalated sharply in the current period of crisis. In the name of "individual responsibility", neoliberalism has cut public funding for social provision. In some cases, it has marketed public services, turning them into direct profit streams; in others, it has pushed them back into individual families, forcing them - and especially the women within them - to bear the entire burden of care. This has the effect of further encouraging gender-based violence.

In the United States, the crash of the mortgage market disproportionately hit women of colour, who suffered the highest rates of eviction and were more likely to be forced to choose between homelessness and remaining in abusive relationships. In the UK, the powers that be responded to the financial collapse by further slashing public services— first and foremost, funding for domestic violence shelters. In the Caribbean, an increase in food and fuel prices coincided with cuts in public funding for social services, producing a rise in gender violence. These moves were accompanied by a proliferation of normalising, disciplinary propaganda. Repeated admonitions to be a "good" wife or to have more children turn all too quickly into justifications for violence against those who fail to conform to normative gender roles and identities.

Today, moreover, anti-labour laws exacerbate violence in economic sectors that rely heavily on women workers. In export-processing zones (EPZs), such as the 3,000 maquiladoras in Mexico, gender violence is widely deployed as a tool of labour discrimination. Bosses and managers in the factories use serial rape, verbal abuse, and humiliating body searches to increase productivity and discourage labour organising. Once entrenched in EPZs, it is only a matter of time before these practises are generalised through the whole of society, including working-class homes.

In capitalist societies, then, gender violence is not freestanding. On the contrary, it has deep roots within a social order that entwines women's subordination with the gendered organisation of work and the dynamics of capital accumulation. Viewed this way, it is not surprising that the #MeToo movement began as a protest against workplace abuse, nor that the first statement of solidarity with the women in show business came from immigrant farmworkers in California: they immediately recognised Harvey Weinstein not simply as a predator but as a powerful boss, able to dictate who would be allowed to work in Hollywood and who would not.

Violence, in all its forms, is integral to the every-day functioning of capitalist society, for it is only through a mix of brute coercion and constructed consent that the system can sustain itself in the best of times. One form of violence cannot be stopped without stopping the others. Vowing to eradicate them all, feminists for the 99 percent aim to connect the struggle against gender violence to the fight against all forms of violence in capitalist society— and against the social system that undergirds them.

Capitalism tries to regulate sexuality. We want to liberate it.

At first sight, today's sexual struggles present an unambiguous choice. On one side stand the forces of sexual reaction; on the other, those of sexual liberalism. The reactionaries seek to outlaw sexual practises that they claim violate enduring family values or divine law. Determined to uphold those supposedly timeless principles, they would stone "adulterers," cane lesbians, or subject gay people to "conversion therapy." By contrast, liberals fight for the legal rights of sexual dissidents and minorities. Endorsing state recognition of once-tabooed relationships and despised identities, they support "marriage equality" and LGBTQ+ access to the ranks of the military. Whereas the first side seeks to rehabilitate regressive archaisms—Patriarchy, homophobia, and sexual repression— the second side stands for modernity— individual freedom, self-expression, and sexual diversity. How could the choice be anything but a no-brainer?

In reality, though, neither side is what it appears. On the one hand, the sexual authoritarianism we encounter today is anything but archaic. While presented as timeless divine commands or age-old customs, the prohibitions it aims to establish are in fact "neo-traditional": reactive responses to capitalist development, as modern as what they oppose. And by the same token, the sexual rights promised by liberal opponents are conceived in terms that presuppose capitalist forms of modernity; far from enabling real liberation, they are normalising, statist, and consumerist.

To see why this is so, consider the genealogy of this opposition. Capitalist societies have always tried to regulate sexuality, but the means and methods have varied historically. In the system's early days, before capitalist relations had been pervasively established, it was left to preexisting authorities (especially churches and communities) to establish and enforce the norms that distinguished acceptable from sinful sex. Later, as capitalism proceeded to reshape the whole of society, it incubated new bourgeois norms and modes of regulation, including state-sanctioned gender binarism and heteronormativity. Confined neither to the capitalist metropole nor to the bourgeois classes, these "modern" norms of gender and sexuality were broadly diffused, including via colonialism and through mass culture, and they were widely enforced by repressive and administrative state power, including by family-based criteria of entitlement to social provisions. But they did not go unchallenged. On the contrary, these norms collided not only with older sexual regimes but also with still-newer aspirations for sexual freedom, which found expression, especially in cities, in gay and lesbian subcultures, and in avant-garde enclaves.

Later developments restructured that configuration. In the aftermath of the 1960s, the bourgeois current softened, while the liberationist strand overflowed the subcultures that originated it and went mainstream. As a result, dominant factions of both those streams are increasingly united in a new project: to normalise once taboo forms of sex within an expanded zone of state regulation and in a capital-friendly guise

that encourages individualism, domesticity, and commodity consumption.

What lies behind this new configuration is a decisive shift in the nature of capitalism. Increasingly financialized, globalised, and de-familialized, capital is no longer implacably opposed to queer and non-cis sex and gender formations. Nor do large corporations still insist on one and only one normative form of family or sex; many of them are now willing to permit significant numbers of their employees to live outside heterosexual families— that is, provided they toe the line, both at the workplace and at the mall. In the marketplace, too, sexual dissidence finds a niche as a source of enticing advertising images, product lines, lifestyle commodities, and prepackaged pleasures. Sex sells in capitalist society, and neoliberalism merchandises it in many flavours.

Today's struggles over sexuality take place at a time of tremendous gender fluidity among the young and amid burgeoning queer and feminist movements. It is also a time of significant legal victories, including formal gender equality, LGBTQ+ rights, and marriage equality— all now enshrined in law in a growing list of countries throughout the world. These victories are the fruits of hard-fought battles, even as they also reflect momentous social and cultural changes associated with neoliberalism. Nevertheless, they are inherently fragile and constantly threatened. New legal rights do not stop the assault on LGBTQ+ people, who continue to experience gender and sexual violence, symbolic misrepresentation, and social discrimination.

In fact, financialized capitalism is fueling a sexual backlash of major proportions. It is not "just" the "incels" who murder women to avenge the "theft" of female sexuality from its "rightful male owners." Not "just" the card-carrying reactionaries who propose to protect "their" women and families from cutthroat individualism, crass consumerism, and "vice." The reaction also includes fast-growing right-wing populist movements that gain mass support by identifying some real downsides of capitalist modernity, including its failure to protect families and communities from the ravages of the market. However, both neo-traditional and right-wing populist forces twist those legitimate grievances to fuel precisely the sort of opposition that capital can well afford. Theirs is a mode of "protection" that pins the rap on sexual freedom while obscuring the true source of danger, which is capital.

Sexual reaction finds its mirror image in sexual liberalism. The latter is tied, even in the best-case scenarios, to policies that deprive the overwhelming majority of the social and material prerequisites needed to realise their new formal freedoms— consider, for instance, how states that claim to recognise the rights of trans people simultaneously refuse to defray the costs of transition. Sexual liberalism is also tied to state-centred regulatory regimes that normalise and enforce the monogamous family, conformity to which is the price of acceptance for gays and lesbians. While appearing to valorize individual freedom, sexual liberalism leaves unchallenged the structural conditions that fuel homophobia and transphobia, including the role of the family in social reproduction.

Outside the family, too, what passes for sexual liberation often recycles capitalist values. New heterosexual cultures, based on hook-ups and online dating, urge young women to "own" their sexuality but continue to rate them by their looks as defined by men. Exhorting "self-ownership," neoliberal discourses pressure girls to pleasure boys, licencing male sexual selfishness in exemplary capitalist fashion.

Likewise, new forms of "gay normality" presuppose capitalist normality. Emerging gay middle classes are defined in many countries by their mode of consumption and claim to respectability. Not only does this stratum's acceptance coexist with the continuing marginalisation and repression of poor queer people, especially queer people of colour; it also figures in "pinkwashing," as those in power cite their acceptance of "right-thinking, right-living" gays to legitimate imperialist and neocolonial projects. For example, Israeli state agencies cite their superior "gay-friendly" culture to justify their brutal subjugation of "backward, homophobic" Palestinians. Similarly, some European liberals invoke their own "enlightened toleration" of LGBTQ+ individuals in order to legitimate hostility towards Muslims, whom they equate indiscriminately with reaction, while giving non-Muslim sex-authoritarians a free pass.

The upshot is that today's liberation movements are caught between a rock and a hard place: one side wants to deliver women and LGBTQ+ people to religious or patriarchal domination, while the other would hand us over on a platter for direct predation by capital. Feminists for the 99 percent refuse to play this game. Rejecting both neoliberal co-optation and neo-traditional homophobia and misogyny, we want to revive the radical spirit of the 1969 Stonewall uprising in New York, of "sex-positive" currents of feminism from Alexandra Kollontai to Gayle Rubin, and of the historic lesbian and gay support campaign for the 1984 British miner's strike. We fight to liberate sexuality not only from procreation and normative family forms but also from the restrictions of gender, class, and race and from the deformations of statism and consumerism. We know, however, that to realise this dream, we must build a new, noncapitalist form of society that assures the material bases of sexual liberation, among them generous public support for social reproduction, redesigned for a much wider range of families and personal associations.

Capitalism was born out of racist and colonial violence. Feminism for the 99 percent is anti-racist and anti-imperialist.

Today, as in previous moments of acute capitalist crisis, "race" has become a red-hot issue, inflamed and intensely contested. Encouraged by demagogues purporting to champion aggrieved minorities, an aggressively ethnonationalist right-wing populism dispenses with "mere" dog whistles in favour of full-throated blasts of European and white supremacy. Craven centrist governments join their outright racist counterparts in blocking the entry of migrants and refugees, seizing their children and separating their families, interning them in camps, or leaving them to drown at sea. Meanwhile, police in Brazil, the United States, and elsewhere continue to murder people of colour with impunity, while courts cage them in for-profit prisons in record numbers and for extended terms.

Many are scandalized by these developments, and some have tried to fight back. Activists in Germany, Brazil, the United States, and elsewhere have turned out in force to protest racist police violence and demonstrations by white supremacists. Some are struggling to give new meaning to the term "abolition," demanding an end to incarceration and the elimination of ICE, the US government agency charged with enforcing immigration restrictions. Nevertheless, many anti-racist forces limit their interventions to moral denunciation. Others choose to play with fire—witness those currents of left-wing parties in Europe that propose to "co-opt" the right by themselves opposing immigration.



In this situation, feminists, like everyone else, must take sides. Historically, however, the feminist record in dealing with race has been mixed, at best. Influential white US suffragists indulged in explicitly racist rants after the Civil War, when black men were granted the vote and they were not. In the same period and well into the twentieth century, leading British feminists defended colonial rule in India on racially coded "civilizational" grounds as necessary to "raise up brown women from their lowly condition." Even today, prominent feminists in European countries justify anti-Muslim policies in similar terms.

Feminism's historic entanglement with racism has also assumed "subtler" forms. Even where they were not explicitly or intentionally racist, liberal and radical feminists alike have defined "sexism" and "gender issues" in ways that falsely universalize the situation of white, middle-class women. Abstracting gender from race (and class), they have prioritised "women's" need to escape from domesticity and "go out to work"—as if all of us were suburban housewives! Following the same logic, leading white feminists in the United States have insisted that black women could only be truly feminist if they prioritised an imagined post- or non-racial sisterhood over anti-racist solidarity with black men. It is only thanks to decades of determined pushback by feminists of colour that such views are increasingly seen for what they are and are now rejected by growing numbers of feminists of every hue.

Feminists for the 99 percent forthrightly acknowledge this shameful history and resolve to break decisively with it. We understand that nothing that deserves the name "women's liberation" can be achieved in a racist, imperialist society. But we also understand that the root of the problem is capitalism and that racism and imperialism are integral to the latter. This social system, which prides itself on "free labour" and "the wage contract," could only get started thanks to violent colonial plunder, the "commercial hunting of black-skins" in Africa, their forcible conscription into "New World" slavery, and the dispossession of indigenous peoples.

But far from ceasing once capitalism got off the ground, the racialized expropriation of unfree or dependent peoples has served ever since as a hidden enabling condition for the profitable exploitation of "free labour." The distinction between free exploited "workers" and dependent expropriated "others" has assumed different forms throughout capitalism's history—in slavery, colonialism, apartheid, and the international division of labour—and it has blurred at times. But in every phase, it has coincided, however roughly, with the global colour line. In every phase, too, up to and including the present, the expropriation of racialized people has enabled capital to increase its profits by confining natural resources and human capacities for whose replenishment and reproduction it does not pay. For systemic reasons, capitalism has always created classes of racialized human beings whose persons and works are devalued and subject to expropriation. A feminism that is truly anti-racist and anti-imperialist must also be anti-capitalist.

That proposition is as true as ever now, when racialized expropriation is proceeding on steroids. Intensifying dispossession by debt, today's neo-liberal capitalism promotes racial oppression throughout the world. In the "postcolonial" global South, debt-fueled corporate land grabs drive masses of indigenous and tribal peoples from their lands—and in some cases, to suicide. At the same time, the "restructuring" of sovereign debt sends the ratio of interest to GDP through the roof, forcing supposedly independent states to slash social spending and condemning future generations of Southern workers to devote an ever-growing share of their labour to the repayment of global lenders. In these ways, racialized expropriation continues alongside,

and is intertwined with, a rise in exploitation propelled by the relocation of much manufacturing to the global south.

In the global North, too, this oppression continues apace. As low-wage, precarious service work replaces unionised industrial labour, wages fall below the bare minimum necessary to live a decent life, especially in jobs where racialized workers predominate. Not only are these workers forced to take on multiple jobs and borrow against future wages in order to survive, but they are also targeted for hyper-expropriative payday and subprime loans. The social wage is declining as well, as services that used to be provided publicly are offloaded onto families and communities— which is to say, chiefly onto minority and immigrant women. Likewise, tax revenues previously dedicated to public infrastructure are diverted to debt service, with especially disastrous effects for communities of colour— spatially segregated and long deprived of public funds for schools and hospitals, housing and transport, and the provision of clean air and water. At every level and in every region, financialized capitalism brings major new waves of racialized expropriation.

The effects of this global pyramid scheme are gendered as well. Today, millions of black and migrant women are employed as carers and domestic workers. Often undocumented and far from their families, they are simultaneously exploited and expropriated— forced to work precariously and on the cheap, deprived of rights, and subject to abuses of every stripe. Forged by global care chains, their oppression enables better conditions for more privileged women, who avoid some domestic work and pursue demanding professions. How ironic, then, that some of these privileged women invoke women's rights in support of political campaigns to jail black men as rapists, to persecute migrants and Muslims, and to require that black and Muslim women assimilate to dominant culture!

The truth is that racism, imperialism, and ethno-nationalism are essential buttresses of generalised misogyny and control over all women's bodies. Because their operation harms all of us, we all need to fight them tooth and nail. But abstract proclamations of global sisterhood are counterproductive. By treating what is really the goal of a political process as if it were given at the outset, they convey a false impression of homogeneity. The reality is that, although we all suffer misogynist oppression in capitalist society, our oppression takes different forms. Not always immediately visible, the links between those forms of oppression must be revealed politically— that is, through conscious efforts to build solidarity. Only in this way, by struggling in and through our diversity, can we achieve the combined power we need if we hope to transform society.

Fighting to reverse capital's destruction of the earth, feminism for the 99 percent is eco-socialist.

Today's crisis of capitalism is also an ecological crisis. Capitalism has always sought to bolster its profits by commandeering natural resources, which it treats as free and infinite and which it often steals outright. Structurally primed to appropriate nature without any regard for replenishment, capitalism periodically destabilises its own ecological conditions of possibility— whether by exhausting the soil and depleting mineral wealth or by poisoning the water and air.

While today's ecological crisis is not the first in capitalism's history, it is surely the most global and pressing yet. The climate change now threatening the planet is a direct outgrowth of capital's historic resort to fossilised energy in order to power its signature mass-production industrial factories. It was not "humanity" in general but capital that extracted carbonised deposits formed over hundreds of millions of years beneath the crust of the earth, and it was capital that consumed them in the blink of an eye with total disregard for replenishment or the impacts of pollution and greenhouse gas emissions. Subsequent shifts, first from coal to oil and then to fracking and natural gas, have only ramped up carbon emissions while disproportionately offloading the "externalities" onto poor communities, often communities of colour, in the global North and the global South.

If today's ecological crisis is directly tied to capitalism, it also reproduces and worsens women's oppression. Women occupy the front lines of the present ecological crisis, making up 80 percent of climate refugees. In the global South, they constitute the vast majority of the rural workforce, even as they also bear responsibility for the lion's share of social-reproductive labour. Because of their key role in providing food, clothing, and shelter for their families, women play an outsized part in coping with drought, pollution, and the overexploitation of land. Likewise, poor women of colour in the global North are disproportionately vulnerable. Subject to environmental racism, they constitute the backbone of communities subject to flooding and lead poisoning.

Women are also at the forefront of struggles against the growing ecological catastrophe. Decades ago in the United States, the militant leftwing group Women Strike for Peace agitated against atomic weapons that had deposited strontium-90 in our bones. Today, women spearhead the Water Protectors' fight against the Dakota Access Pipeline in the United States. In Peru, they powered Maxima Acuna's successful battle against the US mining giant Newmont. In North India, Garhwali women are fighting against the construction of three hydroelectric dams. Across the globe, women lead myriad struggles against the privatisation of water and seed and for the preservation of biodiversity and sustainable farming.

In all these cases, women model new, integrated forms of struggle that challenge the tendency of mainstream environmentalists to frame the defence of "nature" and the material well-being of human communities as mutually antithetical. In their refusal to separate ecological issues from those of social reproduction, these women-led movements represent a powerful anti-corporate and anti-capitalist alternative to "green capitalist" projects that do nothing to stop global warming while enriching those who speculate in "emissions permits," "ecosystem services," "carbon offsets," and "environmental derivatives." Unlike those "green finance" projects, which dissolve nature into a miasma of quantitative abstraction, women's struggles focus on the real world, in which social justice, the well-being of human communities, and the sustainability of nonhuman nature are inextricably bound up together.

Capitalism is incompatible with real democracy and peace. Our answer is feminist internationalism.

Today's crisis is also political. Paralysed by gridlock and hobbled by global finance, states that once claimed to be democratic routinely fail to address pressing problems at all, let alone in the public interest; most of them punt on climate change and financial reform when they don't openly block the path to solutions.

Captured by corporate power and enfeebled by debt, governments are increasingly seen by their subjects as handmaidens of capital, which dance to the tune of central banks and international investors, IT mammoths, energy magnates, and war profiteers. Is it any wonder that masses of people throughout the world have given up on mainstream parties and politicians that have promoted neoliberalism, including those of the centre-left?

The political crisis is rooted in the institutional structure of capitalist society. This system divides "the political" from "the economic," the "legitimate violence" of the state from the "silent compulsion" of the market. The effect is to declare vast swaths of social life off limits to democratic control and turn them over to direct corporate dominance. By virtue of its very structure, therefore, capitalism deprives us of the ability to collectively decide exactly what and how much to produce, on what basis, and through what kinds of social relations. It robs us, too, of the capacity to determine how we want to use the social surplus we collectively produce, how we want to relate to nature and to future generations, and how we want to organise the work of social reproduction and its relation to that of production. Capitalism, in sum, is fundamentally antidemocratic.

At the same time, capitalism necessarily generates an imperialist world geography. This system authorises powerful states of the global North to prey on weaker ones: to syphon value from them through trade regimes tilted against them and to crush them with debt; to threaten them with military intervention and the withholding of "aid." The effect is to deny political protection to much of the world's population. Apparently, the democratic aspirations of billions of people in the global south are not even worth cooperating with. They can simply be ignored or brutally repressed.

Everywhere, too, capital tries to have it both ways. On the one hand, it freeloads off of public power, availing itself of legal regimes that secure private property and the repressive forces that suppress opposition, helping itself to infrastructures necessary for accumulation and the regulatory agencies tasked with managing crises. On the other hand, the thirst for profit periodically tempts some factions of the capitalist class to rebel against public power, which they badmouth as inferior to markets and scheme to weaken. When such short-term interests trump long-term survival, capital assumes the form of a tiger that eats its own tail. It threatens to destroy the very political institutions that it depends upon for survival. Capitalism's tendency to generate political crises— at work even in the best of times— has reached a fever pitch. The current neoliberal regime openly wields not only military hardware but also the weapon of debt, as it brazenly targets any public powers and political forces that might challenge it— for example, by nullifying elections and referenda that reject austerity, as in Greece in 2015, and by preventing those that might do so, as in Brazil in 2017-18. Throughout the world, leading capitalist interests (Big Fruit, Big Pharma, Big Oil, and Big Arms) have systematically promoted authoritarianism and repression, coups d'etats, and imperial wars. In direct refutation of the claims of its partisans, this social system reveals itself to be structurally incompatible with democracy.

It is once again women who are major casualties of capitalism's current political crisis, and they are also principal actors in the struggle for an emancipatory resolution. For us, however, the solution is not simply to install more women in the citadels of power. Having long been excluded from the public sphere, we have had to fight tooth and nail to be heard on matters— such as sexual assault and harassment— that have been routinely dismissed as "private." Ironically, however, our claims are often ventriloquized by elite "progressives," who inflect them in terms favourable to capital: they invite us to identify with and vote for women politicians, however unsavoury, who ask us to celebrate their ascent to positions of power— as if it

struck a blow for our liberation. But there is nothing feminist about ruling-class women who do the dirty work of bombing other countries and sustaining regimes of apartheid; of backing neocolonial interventions in the name of humanitarianism while remaining silent about the genocides perpetrated by their own governments; of expropriating defenceless populations through structural adjustment, imposed debt, and forced austerity.

In reality, women are the first victims of colonial occupation and war throughout the world. They face systematic harassment, political rape, and enslavement while enduring the murder and maiming of their loved ones and the destruction of the infrastructure that enabled them to provide for themselves and their families in the first place. We stand in solidarity with these women— not with warmongers in skirts who demand gender and sexual liberation for their kin alone. To the state bureaucrats and financial managers, both male and female, who purport to justify their warmongering by claiming to liberate brown and black women, we say, Not in our name.

Feminism for the 99 percent calls on all radical movements to join together in a common anticapitalist insurgency.

Feminists for the 99 percent do not operate in isolation from other movements of resistance and rebellion. We do not separate ourselves from battles against climate change or exploitation in the workplace, nor do we stand aloof from struggles against institutional racism and dispossession. Those struggles are our struggles, part and parcel of the struggle to dismantle capitalism, without which there can be no end to gender and sexual oppression. The upshot is clear: feminism for the 99 percent must join forces with other anticapitalist movements across the globe— with environmentalist, anti-racist, anti-imperialist, and LGBTQ+ movements and labour unions. We must ally, above all, with left-wing, anticapitalist currents of those movements that also champion the 99 percent.

This path pits us squarely against both of the principal political options that capital now offers. We reject not only reactionary populism but also progressive neoliberalism. In fact, it is by splitting both those alliances that we intend to build our movement. In the case of progressive neoliberalism, we aim to separate the mass of working-class women, immigrants, and people of colour from the lean-in feminists, the meritocratic anti-racists and anti-homophobes, and the corporate diversity and green capitalism shills who hijacked their concerns and inflected them in capital-friendly terms. With respect to reactionary populism, we aim to separate working-class communities from the forces promoting militarism, xenophobia, and ethno-nationalism that falsely present themselves as defenders of the "common man" while promoting plutocracy on the sly. Our strategy is to win over the working-class fractions of both of those pro-capitalist political blocs. In this way, we seek to build an anti-capitalist force that is large and powerful enough to transform society.

Struggle is both an opportunity and a school. It can transform those who participate in it, challenging our prior understandings of ourselves and reshaping our views of the world. Struggle can deepen our comprehension of our own oppression— what causes it, who benefits, and what must be done to overcome it. And further, it can prompt us to reinterpret our interests, reframe our hopes, and expand our sense of what is possible. Finally, the experience of struggle can also induce us to rethink who should count as an ally and who as an enemy. It can broaden the circle of solidarity among the oppressed and sharpen our antagonism towards

our oppressors.

The operative word here is "can." Everything depends on our ability to develop a guiding perspective that neither simply celebrates nor brutally obliterates the differences among us. Contrary to fashionable ideologies of "multiplicity," the various oppressions we suffer do not form an inchoate, contingent plurality. Although each has its own distinctive forms and characteristics, all are rooted in and reinforced by one and the same social system. It is by naming that system capitalism and by joining together to fight against it that we can best overcome the divisions among us that capital cultivates—divisions of culture, race, ethnicity, ability, sexuality, and gender.

But we must understand capitalism in the right way. Contrary to narrow, old-school understandings, industrial wage labour is not the sum total of the working class, nor is its exploitation the apex of capitalist dominance. To insist on its primacy is not to foster, but rather to weaken, class solidarity. In reality, class solidarity is best advanced by reciprocal recognition of the relevant differences among us—our disparate structural situations, experiences, and sufferings; our specific needs, desires, and demands; and the varied organisational forms through which we can best achieve them. In this way, feminism for the 99 percent seeks to overcome familiar, stale oppositions between "identity politics" and "class politics."

Rejecting the zero-sum framework capitalism constructs for us, feminism for the 99 percent aims to unite existing and future movements into a broad-based global insurgency. Armed with a vision that is at once feminist, anti-racist, and anti-capitalist, we pledge to play a major role in shaping our future.

Writing a feminist manifesto is a daunting task. Anyone who tries it today stands on the shoulders—and in the shadow—of Marx and Engels. Their 1848 Communist Manifesto began with a memorable line: "A spectre is haunting Europe." The "spectre," of course, was communism, a revolutionary project they depicted as the culmination of working-class struggles, viewed as on the march: unifying, internationalising, and metamorphosing into a world-historical force that would eventually abolish capitalism—and with it, all exploitation, domination, and alienation.

We found this predecessor immensely inspiring, not least because it rightly identifies capitalism as the ultimate basis of oppression in modern society. But it complicated our task, not only because The Communist Manifesto is a literary masterpiece—hence, a tough act to follow—but also because 2018 is not 1848. It is true that we, too, live in a world of tremendous social and political upheaval—which we, too, understand as a crisis of capitalism. But today's world is much more globalised than that of Marx and Engels, and the upheavals traversing it are by no means confined to Europe. Likewise, we, too, encounter conflicts over nation, race/ethnicity, and religion, in addition to those of class. But our world also encompasses politicised fault lines unknown to them: sexuality, disability, and ecology; and its gender struggles have a breadth and intensity that Marx and Engels could scarcely have imagined. Faced as we are with a more fractured and heterogeneous political landscape, it is not so easy for us to imagine a globally unified revolutionary force.

As latecomers, moreover, we are also more aware than Marx and Engels could possibly have been of

the many ways in which emancipatory movements can go wrong. The historical memory we inherit includes the degeneration of the Bolshevik Revolution into the absolutist Stalinist state, European social democracy's capitulation to nationalism and war, and a slew of authoritarian regimes installed in the aftermath of anti-colonial struggles throughout the global south. Especially important for us is the recuperation of the emancipatory movements of our own time, which have become allies of and alibis for the forces that fostered neoliberalism. This latter experience has been painful for left-wing feminists, as we have witnessed mainstream liberal currents of our movement reduce our cause to the meritocratic advancement of the few.

This history could not fail to shape our expectations differently than those of Marx and Engels. Whereas they were writing in an era where capitalism was still relatively young, we face a wily, ageing system far more adept at co-optation and coercion. And today's political landscape is replete with traps. As we explained in our manifesto, the most dangerous trap for feminists lies in thinking that our current political options are limited to two: on the one hand, a "progressive" variant of neoliberalism, which diffuses an elitist, corporate version of feminism to cast an emancipatory veneer over a predatory, oligarchic agenda; on the other, a reactionary variant of neoliberalism, which pursues a similar, plutocratic agenda by other means—deploying misogynist and racist tropes to burnish its "populist" credentials. Certainly, these two forces are not identical. But both are mortal enemies of a genuinely emancipatory and majoritarian feminism. Plus, they are mutually enabling: progressive neoliberalism created the conditions for the rise of reactionary populism and is now positioning itself as the go-to alternative to it.

Our manifesto embodies a refusal to choose sides in this battle. Rejecting a menu that limits our choices to two different strategies for managing capitalist crises, we wrote it to forward an alternative to both. Committed not simply to managing but to resolving the present crisis, we sought to make visible and practicable some latent emancipatory possibilities that the current alignments obscure. Determined to break up liberal feminism's cosy alliance with finance capital, we proposed another feminism, a feminism for the 99 percent.

We came to this project after having worked together on the 2017 women's strike in the United States. Prior to that, each of us had written individually about the relationship between capitalism and gender oppression. Cinzia Arruzza had parsed the fraught relations between feminism and socialism, both historically and theoretically. Tithi Bhattacharya had theorised the implications of social reproduction for the concepts of class and class struggle. Nancy Fraser had developed enlarged conceptions of capitalism and the capitalist crisis, of which the crisis of social reproduction forms one strand.

Notwithstanding these different emphases, we joined forces to write this manifesto because of a shared understanding of the present conjuncture. For all three of us, this moment represents a crucial juncture in the history of feminism and capitalism, a juncture that demands and enables an intervention. In this context, our decision to write a feminist manifesto was tied to a political objective: we sought to effect a rescue operation and course correction—to reorient feminist struggles in a time of political confusion.

The conjuncture our manifesto responds to is best understood as a crisis. But we don't intend that word in the loose and obvious sense that things are bad. Although present calamities and sufferings are

horrific, what justifies our use of the term "crisis" is something more: the numerous harms we experience today are neither mutually unrelated nor the products of chance. They stem instead from the societal system that underlies all of them— a system that generates them not accidentally but as a matter of course by virtue of its constitutive dynamics.

Our manifesto names that social system as capitalism and characterises the present crisis as a crisis of capitalism. But we do not understand those terms in the usual way. As feminists, we appreciate that capitalism is not just an economic system but something larger: an institutionalised social order that also encompasses the apparently "non-economic" relations and practises that sustain the official economy. Behind capitalism's official institutions— wage labour, production, exchange, and finance— stand their necessary supports and enabling conditions: families, communities, nature; territorial states, political organisations, and civil societies; and not least of all, massive amounts and multiple forms of unwaged and expropriated labour, including much of the work of social reproduction, still performed largely by women and often uncompensated. These, too, are constitutive elements of capitalist society and sites of struggle within it.

This expansive understanding of capitalism follows our manifesto's broad view of the capitalist crisis. Without denying its inherent tendency to spawn intermittent market crashes, bankruptcy chains, and mass unemployment, we recognise that capitalism also harbours other "noneconomic" contradictions and crisis tendencies. It contains, for example, an ecological contradiction\*: an inherent tendency to reduce nature to a "tap" dispensing energy and raw materials on one hand and to a "sink" for absorbing waste on the other— both capacities that capital appropriates freely but does not replenish. As a result, capitalist societies are structurally inclined to destabilise the habitats that sustain communities and destroy the ecosystems that sustain life.

Likewise, this social formation houses a political contradiction: a built-in tendency to limit the purview of politics, devolving fundamental matters of life and death to the rule of "the markets," and turning state institutions that are supposed to serve the public into capital's servants. For systemic reasons, therefore, capitalism is disposed to frustrate democratic aspirations, hollow out rights and defang public powers, and generate brutal repression, endless wars, and crises of governance.

Finally, capitalist society harbours a social-reproductive contradiction: a tendency to commandeer for capital's benefit as much "free" reproductive labour as possible without any concern for its replenishment. As a result, it periodically gives rise to "crises of care," which exhaust women, ravage families, and stretch social energies to the breaking point.

In other words, in our manifesto, a capitalist crisis is not only economic but also ecological, political, and social-reproductive. In every case, moreover, the root is the same: capital's inherent drive to free-ride on its own indispensable background conditions— prerequisites for whose reproduction it aims not to pay. Those conditions include the atmosphere's ability to absorb carbon emissions; the state's capacity to defend property, put down rebellion, and safeguard money; and, of central importance for us, the unwaged work of forming and sustaining human beings. Without them, capital could neither exploit "workers" nor succeed in accumulating profits. But if it can't live without these background conditions, its logic also drives it to disavow them. If forced to pay the full replacement costs of nature, public power, and social reproduction, capital's



profits would dwindle to the vanishing point. It's better to cannibalise the system's own conditions of possibility than to jeopardise accumulation!

It is therefore a premise of our manifesto that capitalism harbours multiple contradictions, above and beyond those that stem from its official economy. In "normal" times, the system's crisis tendencies remain more or less latent, afflicting "only" those populations deemed disposable and powerless. But these are not normal times. Today, all of capitalism's contradictions have reached their boiling point. Virtually no one—with the partial exception of the 1 percent—escapes the impacts of political dislocation, economic precarity, and social-reproductive depletion. And climate change, of course, threatens to destroy all life on the planet. The recognition is growing, too, that these catastrophic developments are so deeply intertwined that none can be resolved apart from the others.

Our manifesto deals with every facet of the present crisis. But we take a special interest in the social-reproductive aspect, which is structurally connected to gender asymmetry. So, let us inquire more deeply: what exactly is social reproduction?

Consider the case of "Luo." A Taiwanese mother identified only by her last name filed a suit in 2017 against her son, claiming recompense for the time and money she had invested in his upbringing. Luo had raised two sons as a single mother, putting both of them through dental school. In return, she expected them to take care of her in her old age. When one of the sons failed to satisfy her expectations, she sued him. In an unprecedented ruling, the Taiwanese Supreme Court ordered the son to pay his mother US\$967,000 as his "upbringing" cost.

Luo's case illustrates three fundamental features of life under capitalism. First, it discloses a human universal that capitalism would prefer to ignore and tries to hide: that enormous amounts of time and resources are necessary to birth, care for, and maintain human beings. Second, it underlines that much of the work of creating and/or maintaining human beings is still done by women in our society. Finally, it reveals that in the normal course of things, capitalist society accords no value to this work, even while depending upon it.

Luo's case also prompts us to entertain a fourth proposition, which figures centrally in our Manifesto: that capitalist society is composed of two inextricably braided but mutually opposed imperatives: the need of the system to sustain itself through its signature process of profit-making, versus the need of human beings to sustain themselves through processes that we called people-making. "Social reproduction" refers to the second imperative. It encompasses activities that sustain human beings as embodied social beings who must not only eat and sleep but also raise their children, care for their families, and maintain their communities, all while pursuing their hopes for the future.

These people-making activities occur in one form or another in every society. In capitalist societies, however, they must also serve another master—namely, capital, which requires that social-reproductive work produce and replenish "labour power." Bent on securing an adequate supply of that "peculiar commodity" at

the lowest possible cost to itself, capital offloads the work of social reproduction onto women, communities, and states, all the while twisting it into forms best suited to maximise its profits. Various branches of feminist theory, including Marxist feminism, socialist feminism, and social reproduction theory, have analysed the contradictions between the profit-making and people-making tendencies in capitalist societies, exposing capital's inherent drive to instrumentalize the second to meet the needs of the first.

Readers of Marx's *Capital* know about exploitation: the injustice that capital inflicts on waged workers at the point of production. In that setting, workers are supposed to be paid enough to cover their living expenses, while in reality they produce more. In a nutshell, our bosses require us to work more hours than necessary to reproduce ourselves, our families, and the infrastructures of our societies. They appropriate the surplus we produce in the form of profit on behalf of the owners and shareholders.

Social reproduction theorists do not so much reject this picture as note its incompleteness. Like Marxist and socialist feminists, we raise some pesky questions: What did the worker have to do before she arrived at work? Who cooked her dinner, made her bed, and soothed her distress so that she could return to the job one tiring day after another? Did someone else do all this people-making work, or was it she herself who performed it— not only for herself but also for the other members of her family?

These questions disclose a truth that capitalism conspires to obscure: the waged work of profit-making could not exist without the (mostly) unwaged work of people-making. Thus, the capitalist institution of wage labour conceals something more than surplus value. It also conceals its birthmarks— the labour of social reproduction, which is its condition of possibility. The social processes and institutions necessary for both kinds of "production"—that of people and that of profits— while analytically distinct, are nevertheless mutually constitutive.

The distinction between them, moreover, is itself an artefact of capitalist society. As we said, people-making work has always existed, and it has always been associated with women. But earlier societies knew no sharp division between "economic production" and social reproduction. Only with the advent of capitalism were those two aspects of social existence split apart. Production moved into factories, mines, and offices, where it was considered "economic" and remunerated with cash wages. Reproduction was relegated to "the family," where it was feminised and sentimentalised, defined as "care" as opposed to "work," performed for the sake of "love" as opposed to money. Or so we were told. In fact, capitalist societies have never located social reproduction exclusively in private households but have always situated some of it in neighbourhoods, grassroots communities, public institutions, and civil society, and they have long commodified some reproduction labour— although nowhere near as much as today.

Nevertheless, the division between profit-making and people-making points to a deep-seated tension at the heart of capitalist society. While capital strives systemically to increase profits, working-class people strive, conversely, to lead decent and meaningful lives as social beings. These are fundamentally irreconcilable goals, for capital's share of accumulation can only increase at the expense of our share in the life of society. Social practises that nourish our lives at home and social services that nurture our lives outside of it constantly threaten to cut into profits. Thus, a financial drive to reduce those costs and an ideological drive to undermine

such labour are endemic to the system as a whole.

If capitalism's story was simply one in which profit-making vanquishes people-making, then the system could legitimately declare victory. But the history of capitalism is also shaped by struggles for decent and meaningful lives. It is no coincidence that wage struggles are often referred to as struggles over "bread and butter" issues. It is a mistake, however, to restrict those issues to workplace demands alone, as traditional labour movements have often done. They overlook the stormy, unsettled relationship between wages and life in a system where capital ordains the former as the only means to the latter. Working people do not struggle for the wage; rather, they struggle for the wage because they want bread and butter. The desire for sustainability is the determinant, not the consequence. Thus, struggles over food, housing, water, health care, or education are not always expressed through the mediated form of the wage—that is to say, as demands for higher wages within the workplace. Recall, for instance, that the two greatest revolutions of the modern era, the French and the Russian, began with bread riots led by women.

The true aim of social reproduction struggles is to establish the primacy of people-making over profit-making. They are never about bread alone. For this reason, feminism for the 99 percent inculcates and fosters the struggle for bread and roses.

In the context our manifesto analyses, social reproduction is the site of a major crisis. The basic reason, we argued, is that capitalism's treatment of social reproduction is contradictory. On the one hand, the system cannot function without this activity; on the other, it disavows the latter's costs and accords it little or no economic value. What this means is that the capacities available for social reproductive work are taken for granted and treated as free and infinitely available "gifts" that require no attention or replenishment. When the matter is considered at all, it is assumed that there will always be sufficient energies to produce the labourers and sustain the social connections on which economic production and society more generally depend. In fact, social-reproductive capacities are not infinite, and they can be stretched to the breaking point. When a society simultaneously withdraws public support for social reproduction and conscripts its chief providers into long and gruelling hours of low-paid work, it depletes the very social capacities on which it relies.

This is exactly our situation today. The current neoliberal form of capitalism is systematically depleting our collective and individual capacities to regenerate human beings and sustain social bonds. At first sight, this regime appears to be breaking down capitalism's constitutive gender division between productive and reproductive labour. Proclaiming the new ideal of the "two-earner family," neoliberalism recruits women massively into wage labour across the globe. But this ideal is a fraud, and the labour regime it is supposed to legitimise is anything but liberatory for women. What is presented as emancipation is in fact a system of intensified exploitation and expropriation. At the same time, it is also an engine of acute social and reproductive crises.

It is true, of course, that a thin stratum of women derives some gains from neoliberalism as they enter prestigious professions and the lower rungs of corporate management, albeit on terms less favourable than those available to the men of their class. What awaits the vast majority, however, is something else: low-paid, precarious work—in sweatshops, export-processing zones, megacities' construction industries, corporatized

agriculture, and the service sector— where poor, racialized, and immigrant women serve fast food and sell cheap stuff at megastores; clean offices, hotel rooms, and private homes; empty bedpans in hospitals and nursing homes; and care for the families of more privileged strata— often at the expense of, and sometimes far away from, their own.

Some of this work commodifies reproductive labour that was previously performed without pay. But if the effect of such commodification is to muddy capitalism's historical division between production and reproduction, it is equally certain that this outcome will not emancipate women. On the contrary, nearly all of us are still required to work "the second shift," even as more of our time and energy are appropriated by capital. And of course, the bulk of women's waged work is decidedly liberating. Precarious and poorly paid, and providing access neither to labour rights nor to social entitlements, it also fails to afford autonomy, self-realisation, or the opportunity to acquire and exercise skills. What this work does provide, by contrast, is vulnerability to abuse and harassment.

Equally importantly, the wages we earn within this regime are often insufficient to cover the costs of our own social reproduction, let alone that of our families. Access to the wages of another household member helps, of course, but is still rarely enough. As a result, many of us are forced to work multiple "Mcjobs," travelling long distances between them via expensive, deteriorating, and unsafe means of transport. In comparison with the postwar era, the number of hours of waged work per household has skyrocketed, cutting deep into the time available to replenish ourselves, care for our families and friends, and maintain our homes and communities.

Far from inaugurating a feminist utopia, then, neo-liberal capitalism in reality generalises exploitation. Not just men, but women, too, are now forced to sell their labour power piecemeal— and cheaply— in order to survive. And that is not all: today's exploitation is overlaid with expropriation. Refusing to pay the costs of reproducing its own (increasingly feminised) labour force, capital is no longer content to appropriate "only" the surplus value its workers produce over and above their own means of subsistence. In addition, it now drills deep into the bodies, minds, and families of those it exploits, extracting not only surplus energies but also those needed for replenishment. Mining social reproduction as a further source of profit cuts into the bone.

Capital's assault on social reproduction also proceeds through the retrenchment of public social services. In the previous social-democratic (or state-managed) phase of capitalist development, working classes in wealthy countries won some concessions from capital in the form of state support for social reproduction: pensions, unemployment insurance, child allowances, free public education, and health insurance. The result, however, was no golden age; the gains achieved by majority-ethnicity workers in the capitalist core rested on the often counterfactual assumption of women's dependency through the family wage, racial and ethnic exclusions from social security, heteronormative eligibility criteria for social welfare, and ongoing imperial expropriation in the "Third World." Nevertheless, these concessions offered partial protection for some from capital's inherent tendency to cannibalise social reproduction.

Neoliberal, financialized capitalism is a different animal altogether. Far from empowering states to

stabilise social reproduction through public provision, it authorises finance capital to discipline states and publics in the immediate interests of private investors. Its weapon of choice is debt. Finance capital lives off of sovereign debt, which it uses to outlaw even the mildest forms of social-democratic provision, coercing states to liberalise their economies, open their markets, and impose "austerity" on defenceless populations. Simultaneously, it proliferates consumer debt— from subprime mortgages to credit cards and student loans, from payday loans to microcredit— which it uses to discipline peasants and workers, to keep them subservient on the land and on the job, and to ensure that they continue to buy GMO seeds and cheap consumer goods at levels well above what their low wages would otherwise allow. In both ways, the regime sharpens capitalism's inherent contradiction between the imperative of accumulation and the requirements of social reproduction. Simultaneously demanding increased working hours and retrenching public services, it externalises carework onto families and communities while diminishing their capacity to perform it.

The result is a mad scramble, on the part of women especially, to shoehorn social-reproductive responsibilities into the interstices of their lives so that they can be devoted primarily to their accumulation. Typically, this means offloading carework onto less privileged others. The result is to forge "global care chains," as those who possess the means to do so hire poorer women, often migrants and/or members of racialized groups, to clean their homes or care for their children and ageing parents while they themselves pursue more lucrative work. But of course, that leaves the low-paid careworker scrambling to meet her own domestic and familial responsibilities, often by transferring them to other, still-poorer women, who in turn must do the same— and on and on, often across great distances.

This scenario fits the gendered strategies of indebted postcolonial states that have been subjected to "structural adjustment." Desperate for hard currency, some of these states have actively promoted women's emigration to perform paid carework abroad for the sake of remittances, while others have courted foreign direct investment by creating export-processing zones, often in industries (such as textiles and electronics assembly) that prefer to employ low-paid women workers, who are then subject to rampant labour and sexual violence. In both cases, social-reproductive capacities are further squeezed. Far from filling the care gap, the net effect is to displace it: from richer to poorer families, from the global north to the global south. The overall result is a new, dualized organisation of social reproduction, commodified for those who can pay for it and privatised for those who cannot, as some in the second category provide carework in return for (low) wages for those in the first.

All of this adds up to what some call a "crisis of care." But that expression can easily mislead, for, as we argued in our manifesto, this crisis is structural— part and parcel of the broader general crisis of contemporary capitalism. Given the latter's severity, it is no wonder that struggles over social reproduction have exploded in recent years. Northern feminists often describe their focus as the "balance between family and work." But struggles over social reproduction encompass much more— including grassroots community movements for housing, health care, food security, and an unconditional basic income; struggles for the rights of migrants, domestic workers, and public employees; campaigns to unionise social service workers in for-profit nursing homes, hospitals, and childcare centres; and struggles for public services such as day care and elder care, a shorter work week, and generous paid maternity and parental leave. Taken together, these claims are tantamount to a demand for a massive reorganisation of the relation between production and reproduction: for social arrangements that prioritise people's lives and social connections over production for profit; for a world in which people of every gender, nationality, sexuality, and colour combine social-reproductive

activities with safe, well-remunerated, and harassment-free work.

The preceding analysis informs the fundamental political point of our manifesto: feminism must rise to the occasion of the current crisis. As we said, this is a crisis that capitalism can, at best, displace but cannot solve. A true resolution requires nothing less than an entirely new form of social organisation.

Certainly, our manifesto does not prescribe the precise contours of an alternative, as the latter must emerge in the course of the struggle to create it. But some things are already clear. Contra liberal feminism, sexism cannot be defeated by equal-opportunity dominance, nor, contra ordinary liberalism, by legal reform. By the same token, and according to traditional understandings of socialism, an exclusive focus on wage labour's exploitation cannot emancipate women—or, indeed, working people of any gender. It is also necessary to target capital's instrumentalization of unwaged reproductive labour, to which exploitation is tied in any case. What is needed, in fact, is to overcome the system's stubborn nexus of production and reproduction, its entwinement of profit-making with people-making, and its subordination of the second to the first. And this means abolishing the larger system that generates their symbiosis.

Our Manifesto identifies liberal feminism as a major obstacle to this emancipatory project. That manifesto achieved its present dominance by outlasting, indeed reversing, the feminist radicalism of the previous period. The latter had arisen in the 1970s on the crest of a wave of anti-colonial struggles against war, racism, and capitalism. Sharing in their revolutionary ethos, it questioned the entire structural basis of the existing order. But when the radicalism of that era subsided, what emerged as hegemonic was a feminism shorn of utopian, revolutionary aspirations—a feminism that reflected and accommodated mainstream liberal political culture.

Liberal feminism is not the whole story, of course. Combative anti-racist and anticapitalist feminist currents have continued to exist. Black feminists have produced anti-capitalist analyses of the intersection of class exploitation, racism, and gender oppression, and newer materialist queer theories have disclosed important links between capitalism and the oppressive reification of sexual identities. Militant collectives have kept up their hard, day-to-day, grassroots work, and Marxist feminism is now undergoing a revival. Nevertheless, the rise of neoliberalism transformed the general context in which radical currents had to operate, weakening every pro-working-class movement while empowering corporate-friendly alternatives—liberal feminism among them.

Today, however, liberal feminist hegemony has begun to crumble, and a new wave of feminist radicalism has emerged from the rubble. As we noted in our manifesto, the key innovation of the current movement is the adoption and reinvention of the strike. By striking, feminists have taken a form of struggle identified with the workers' movement and retooled it. Withholding not only waged work but also the unwaged work of social reproduction, they have disclosed the latter's indispensable role in capitalist society. Making visible women's power, they have challenged labour unions' claim to "own" the strike. Signalling their unwillingness to accept the existing order, feminist strikers are re-democratising labour struggle, restating what should have been obvious: strikes belong to the working class as a whole—not to a partial stratum of it nor to particular organisations.

The potential effects are very far-reaching. As we noted in our manifesto, feminist strikes are forcing us to re-think what constitutes class and what counts as class struggle. Karl Marx famously theorised the working class as the "universal class." What he meant was that by fighting to overcome its own exploitation and dominance, the working class was also challenging a social system that oppresses the overwhelming majority of the world's population and, thereby, forwarding the cause of humanity as such. But Marx's followers have not always grasped that neither the working class nor humanity is an undifferentiated, homogenous entity and that universality cannot be achieved by ignoring their internal differences. We are still paying the price today for these political and intellectual lapses. While neoliberals cynically celebrate "diversity" in order to prettify capital's predations, too many sections of the left still fall back on the old formula, holding that what unites us is an abstract and homogenous notion of class and that feminism and anti-racism can only divide us.

What is becoming increasingly clear, however, is that the standard portrait of the militant worker as white and male is badly out of sync with the times—indeed, it was never accurate in the first place. As we argued in our manifesto, today's global working class also comprises billions of women, immigrants, and people of colour. It struggles not only in the workplace but also around social reproduction, from the food riots central to the Arab revolutions to the movements against gentrification that occupied Istanbul's Taksim Square to the struggles against austerity and in defence of social reproduction that animated the Indignados.

Our manifesto rejects both perspectives: the class-reductionist left one that conceives the working class as an empty, homogeneous abstraction and the progressive-neoliberal one that celebrates diversity for its own sake. In their place, we have proposed a universalism that acquires its form and content from the multiplicity of struggles below. To be sure, the differences, inequalities, and hierarchies that inhere in capitalist social relations do give rise to conflicts of interest among the oppressed and exploited. And by itself, the proliferation of fragmentary struggles will not give birth to the sort of robust, broad-based alliances needed to transform society. However, such alliances will become utterly impossible if we fail to take our differences seriously. Far from proposing to obliterate or trivialise them, our manifesto advocates that we fight against capitalism's weaponization of our differences. Feminism for the 99 percent embodies this vision of universalism: always in formation, always open to transformation and contestation, and always establishing itself anew through solidarity.

Feminism for the 99 percent is a restless anticapitalist feminism—one that can never be satisfied with equivalences until we have equality, never satisfied with legal rights until we have justice, and never satisfied with democracy until individual freedom is calibrated on the basis of freedom for all.