

# FUTURISM

THE FUTURIST SENSIBILITY:  
MY TECHNICAL MANIFESTO OF FUTURIST LITERATURE, WITH WHICH I INVENTED ES-  
SENTIAL AND SYNTHETIC LYRICISM, IMAGINATION WITHOUT STRINGS, AND WORDS-IN-  
FREEDOM, DEALS EXCLUSIVELY WITH POETIC INSPIRATION

DESTRUCTION WITHIN OF SYNTAX  
WORDS  
IN  
FREEDOM  
WITHOUT STRINGS

Philosophy, the exact sciences, politics, journalism, education, business, however much they may seek synthetic forms of expression, will still need to use syntax and punctuation. I am obliged, for that matter, to use them myself in order to make myself clear to you.  
Futurism is grounded in the complete renewal of human sensibility brought about by the great discoveries of science. Those people who today make use of the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the train, the bicycle, the motorcycle, the automobile, the ocean liner, the dirigible, the aeroplane, the cinema, the great newspaper (synthesis of a day in the world's life) do not realize that these various means of communication, transportation and information have a decision influence on their psyches.

An ordinary man can in a little dead town of empty squares, where the sun, the dust, and the wind amuse themselves in silence, to a great capital city bristling with lights, gesutres, and street cries. By reading a newspaper the inhabitant of a mountain village can tremble each day with anxiety, following insurrection in China, the London and New York suffragettes, Doctor Carrel, and the heroic dog-sleds of the polar explorers. The timid, sedentary inhabitant of any provincial town can indulge in the intoxication of danger by going to the movies and watching a great hunt in the Congo. He can admire Japanese athletes, Negro boxes, tireless American eccentrics, the most elegant Parisian women by paying a franc to go to the variety theater. Then, back in his bourgeois bed, he can enjoy the distant, expensive voice of a Caruso or a Burzio.

Having become commonplace, these opportunities arouse no curiosity in superficial minds who are incapable of grasping any novel facts as the Arabs who looked with indifference at the first aeroplanes in the sky of Tripoli. For the keen observer, however, these facts are important modifiers of our sensibility because they have caused the following significant phenomena:

1. Acceleration of life to today's swift pace. Physical, intellectual, and sentimental equilibrium on the cord of speed stretched between contrary magnetisms. Multiple and simultaneous awareness in a single individual.
2. Dread of the old and the known. Love of the new, the unexpected.
3. Dread of quiet living, love of danger, and an attitude of daily heroism.
4. Destruction of a sense of the Beyond and an increased value of the individual whose desire is *vire sa vie*, in Bonnot's phrase
5. The multiplication and unbridling of human desires and ambitions.
6. An exact awareness of everything inaccessible and unrealizable in every person.
7. Semi-equality of man and woman and a lessening of the disproportion in their social rights.
8. Disdain for amore (sentimentality or lechery) produced by the greater freedom and erotic ease of women and by the universal exaggeration of female luxury. Let me explain: Today's women loves luxury more than love. A visit to a great dressmaker's establishment, escorted by a paunchy, gouty banker friend who pays the bills, is a perfect substitute for the most amorous rendezvous with an adored young man. The woman finds all the mystery of love in the selection of an amazing ensemble, the latest model, which her friends still do not have. Men do not love women who lack luxury. The lover has lost all his prestige. Love has lost its absolute worth. A complex question; all I can do is to raise it.
9. A modification of patriotism, which now means a heroic idealization of the commercial, industrial, and artistic solidarity of a people.
10. A modification in the idea of war, which has become the necessary and bloody test of a people's force.
11. The passion, art, and idealism of Business. New financial sensibility.
12. Man multiplied by the machine. New mechanical sense, a fusion of instinct with the efficiency of motors and conquered forces.
13. The passion, art, and idealism of Sport. Idea and love of the "record"

14. New tourist sensibility bed by ocean liners and great hotels (annual synthesis of different races). Passion for the city. Negation of distances and nostalgic solitudes. Ridicule of the "holy green silence" and the ineffable landscape.

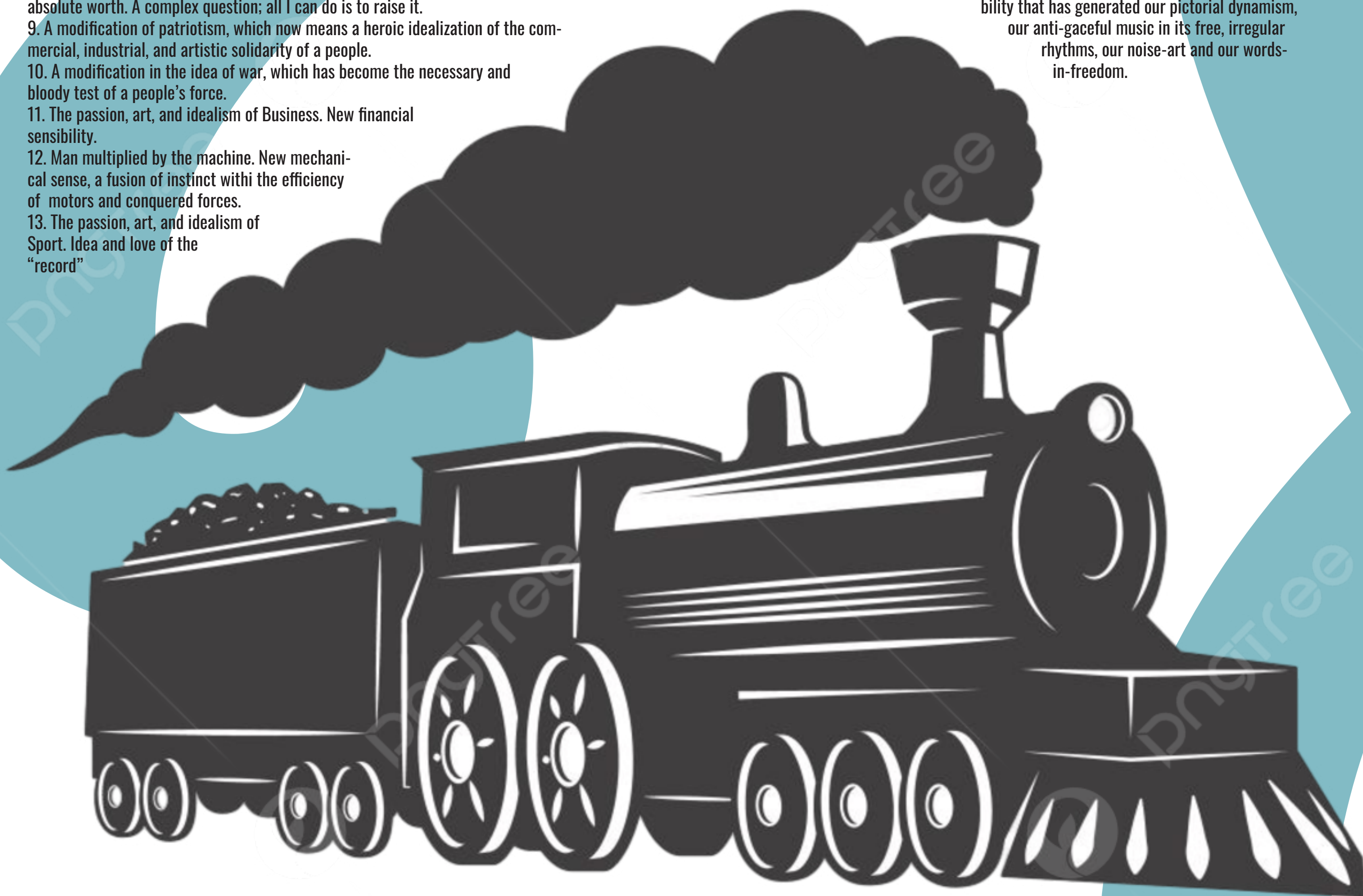
15. The earth shrunk by speed. New sense of the world. To be precise: One after the other, man will gain the sense of his home, of the quarter where he lives, of his region, and finally of the continent. Today he is aware of the whole world. He little needs to know what his ancestors did, but he must assiduously discover what his contemporaries are doing all over the world. The single man, therefore, must communicate with every people on earth. He must feel himself to be the axis, judge, and motor of the explored and unexplored infinite. Vast increase of a sense of humanity and a momentary urgent need to establish relations with all mankind.

16. A loathing of curved lines, spirals, and the tourniquet. Love for the straight line and the tunnel. The habit of visual foreshortening and visual synthesis caused by the speed of trains and cars that look down on cities and countrysides. Dread of slowness,

pettiness, analysis, and detailed explanations. Love of speed, abbreviation, and the summary. "Quick, give me the whole thing in two words!"

17. Love of depth and essence in every exercise of the spirit.

So these are some elements of the new Futurist sensibility that has generated our pictorial dynamism, our anti-gaceful music in its free, irregular rhythms, our noise-art and our words-in-freedom.



# FUTURIST SENSIBILITY



# WORDS

# IN

# FREEDOM

Casting aside every stupid formula and all the confused verbalisms of the professors, I now declare that lyricism is the exquisite faculty of intoxicating oneself with life, of filling life with the inebriation of oneself. The faculty of changing into wine the muddy water of the life that swirls and engulfs us. The ability to color the world with the unique colors of our changeable selves. Now suppose that a friend of yours gifted with this faculty finds himself in a zone of intense life (revolution, war, shipwreck, earthquake, and so on) and starts right away to tell you his impressions. Do you know what this lyric, excited friend of yours will instinctively do? He will begin by brutally destroying the syntax of his speech. He wastes no time in building sentences. Punctuation and the right adjectives will mean nothing to him. He will despise subtleties and nuances of language. Breathlessly he will assault your nerves with visual, auditory, olfactory sensations, just as they come to him. The rush of steam-emotion will burst the sentence's steam pipe, the valves of punctuation, and the adjectival clamp. Fistfuls of essential words in no conventional order. Sole preoccupation of the narrator, to render every vibration of his being.

If the mind of this gifted lyrical narrator is also populated by general ideas, he will involuntarily bind up his sensations with the entire universe that he intuitively knows. And in order to render the true worth and dimensions of his loved life, he will cast immense nets of analogy across the world. In this way he will reveal the analogical foundation of life, telegraphically, with the same economical speed that the telegraph imposes on reporters and war correspondents in their swift reporting. This urgent laconism answers not only to the laws of speed that govern us but also to the rapport of centuries between poet and audience. Between poet and audience, in fact, the same rapport exists as between two old friends. They can make themselves understood with half a word, a gesture, a glance. So the poet's imagination must weave together distant things with no connecting strings, by means of essential free words.

Free verse once had countless reasons for existing but now is destined to be replaced by words-in-freedom. The evolution of poetry and human sensibility has shown us the two incurable defects of free verse.

1. Free verse fatally pushes the poet towards facile sound effects, banal double meanings, monotonous cadences, a foolish chiming, and an inevitable echo-play, internal and external.

2. Free verse artificially channels the flow of lyric emotion between the high walls of syntax and the weirs of grammar. The free intuitive inspiration that addresses itself directly to the intuition of the ideal reader finds itself imprisoned and distributed like purified water for nourishment of all fussy, restless intelligences. When I speak of destroying the canals of syntax, I am neither categorical nor systematic. Traces of conventional syntax and even of true logical sentences

DEATH

will be found here and there in the words-in-freedom of my unchained lyricism. This inequality in conciseness and freedom is natural and inevitable. Since poetry is in truth only a superior, more concentrated and intense life than what we live from day to day, like the latter it is composed of hyper-alive elements and moribund elements.

We ought not, therefore, to be too much pre-occupied with these elements.

But we should at all costs avoid rhetoric and banalities telegraphically expressed.

OF

FREE

VERSE





Analogy is nothing more than the deep love that assembles distant, seemingly diverse and hostile things. An orchestral style, at once polychromatic, polyphonic, and polymorphous, can embrace the life of matter only by means of the most extensive analogies. When, in my Bottle of Tripoli, I compared a trench bristling with bayonets to an orchestra, a machine gun to a femme fatale, I intuitively introduced a large part of the universe into a short episode of African battle. Im-

ages are to be with They should it is mere anemia and green-sickness. The broader their affinities, the longer with images keep their power to amaze. not flowers chosen and picked parsimony, as Voltaire said. are the very lifeblood of poetry. Poetry be an uninterrupted sequence of new images, or

WITHOUT

IMAGINATION

STRINGS

# FUTURISM

F.T. MARINETTI

WORDS

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