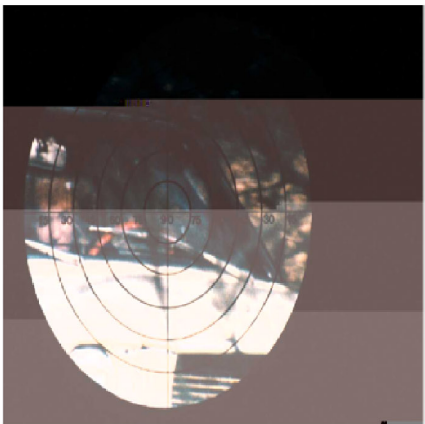


terreur macabre
jaccuse
terreur factice
jaccuse
reve morbide
jaccuse
tristesse noir
jaccuse
rendes vous manque
jaccuse
peine mortelle
jaccuse
espoir chavire
jaccuse
brise dun soir
jaccuse



AFTER FUTURISM

One hundred years ago Filippo Tommaso Marinetti published the manifesto that introduced the century that believed in the future. The 1909 *Futurist Manifesto*, which you can find in the first pages of this book, expounds the becoming-machine of mankind. This becoming-machine reached its finale with the concatenations of the global Web. It has now been overturned by the crisis of a financial system that was founded on the futurization of the economy, debt, and economic promise. The promise is over. The era of post-future has begun.

MANIFESTO OF POST-FUTURISM

Franco Berardi

DESOLESCENCE OF MOTIONS

1. We sing of the danger of love, the daily creation of a sweet energy that is never dispersed.
2. The essential elements of our poetry will be irony, endless, and rebellion.
3. Ideology and advertising have exalted the permanent mobilization of the productive and nervous energies of humankind toward profit and war. We equal tenderness, sleep, and ecstasy, the fragility of needs and the pleasure of the senses.
4. We declare that the creator of the world has been enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of autonomy. Each to her own rhythm; nobody should be constrained to march at a uniform pace. Cars have lost their allure of war; and, above all, they can no longer perform the task for which they were conceived. Speed has slowed down. Cars are as immobile as stupid slumbering tortoises in the city traffic. Only slowness is fast.
5. We sing of the men and the women who caress one another to know one another and the world better.
6. The poet must expend herself with warmth and prodigality to increase the power of collective intelligence and reduce the time of wage labor.
7. Beauty exists only in autonomy. No work that fails to express the intelligence of the possible can be a masterpiece. Poetry is a bridge cast over the abyss of nothingness to allow the sharing of different imaginations and to free singularities.
8. We are on the extreme promontory of the centuries. We must look behind us to remember the abyss of violence and horror that military aggressiveness and nationalist ignorance is capable of conjuring up at any moment. We have lived in the stagnant time of religion for too long. Omnipresent and eternal speed is already behind us, in the Internet, so we can forget its syncopated rhymes and find our singular rhythm.
9. We ridicule the idiots who spread the discourse of war: the fanatics of competition, the fanatics of the bearded gods who incite massacres, the fanatics terrorized by the disarming femininity blossoming in all of us.

