

"FUTURISTS" DESIRE TO DESTROY VENICE

Would Pull Down Its Palaces and
Replace Them with Mod-
ern Factories.

THEY ISSUE A MANIFESTO

Want a Commercial and Military City
on the Adriatic, Able to Brave the
"Eternal Enemy, Austria."

Not long ago there was a curious scene in Venice, where, in the last few years, the International Art Exhibition has gradually become one of the most important artistic events in the world. A little company of artists—or, at any rate young men who regard themselves as artists—went to the top of the splendid ancient Clock Tower in the Piazza of St. Mark and threw down to the crowd in the square thousands of leaflets.

These leaflets contained a confession of faith of the strange cult called the "Futurists." Just what they really believe perhaps they themselves would find it a little difficult to explain, but it may be said that they are enemies of all that usually goes under the name of the artistic and the romantic, that they believe the future of civilization lies with industrialism and militarism, factories, great steamships, electricity, motors, aeroplanes, big guns, everything that the ordinary poet and artist dislikes.

The following curious manifesto has been received by THE NEW YORK TIMES from the headquarters of the Futurists in Milan. It is printed verbatim, errors in English, incorrect spelling, and all:

FUTURIST VENICE.

Dear Comrade: Be kind enough to forget for a moment all preventions against futurism and tell us in the paper you have at your disposition if you approve of one of the last manifestations of the futurist poets and painters.

Quite recently the futurist painters Boccioni, Carra, and Russolo and the futurist poets F. T. Marinetti, Paolo Buzzi, Aldo Palazzeschi, Armando Mazza, having gone to Venice, climbed the clock tower from the top of which they threw down on the howling agitation of the enormous crowd filling St. Mark Place, 200,000 multi-colored manifests, thus conceived:

"We repudiate the ancient Venice extenuated by morbid secular voluptuousness, though we have loved it long and possessed it in the anguish of a great delightful dream.

"We repudiate the ancient Venice of strangers, market to fraudulent antiquaries, magnetical pole for all the snobs and imbeciles of the world, the sunk in bed of innumerable caravans of lovers, precious gemmed tub of cosmopolitan adventuresses.

"We want to cure and cicatrize this rotting town, magnificent wound of the past. We want to enliven and ennoble the Venitian people declined from its former grandeur, morphinised by a disgusting cowardice and abased by small dishonest traffic. We want to prepare the birth of a commercial and military Venice, able to brave and affront on the Adriatic Sea our eternal enemy—Austria.

"Hasten to fill its small fetid canals with the ruins of its tumbling and leprous palaces.

"Burn the gondoles, those swings for fools and erect up to the sky the rigid geometry of large metallic bridges and manufactories with waving hair of smoke, abolish everywhere the languishing curves of the old architectures!

"May the dazzling reign of divine Electrical Light at last free Venice from her venal furnished room's moonshine."

THE FUTURIST POETS:

F. T. Marinetti, Paolo Buzzi, A. Palazzeschi, E. Cavacchioli, Armando Mazza, Corrado Govoni, Libero Altomare, Luciano Folgore, Giuseppe Carrieri, &c.

THE FUTURIST PAINTERS:

U. Boccioni, C. D. Carra, L. Russolo, G. Severini, &c.

It is said that the affable and home loving pigeons were taken with such terror that they deserted for several days their beautiful marble lace nests.

The same evening the futurist poets and painters electrified the crowd gathered in St. Mark Place around the Municipal Orchestra, by violent speeches on the necessity of renewing Venice.

Accept, dear Comrade, with anticipated thanks, my best regards.

F. T. MARINETTI,

Editor of the review "Poesia,"

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There are some clever painters among the "Futurists," but so far it cannot be said that any one of them has accomplished a masterpiece; or, indeed, anything that would seem to justify their extraordinary pretensions. Their pictures, for the most part, have been distinguished more for their impropriety than for any other quality. The poets among them are equally decadent.