

THE CHAMELEON OF DANCING TRUTH: A DECLARATION

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1.
Due to the fact I have been thinking about the 'document of intent' since the 1970s 'a dramatic, questioning call to **action** through the power of rhetoric in times of intense uncertainty'

2.
Shock, inspire,
reject, offend, rouse, defy,
M.E.S.M.E.R.I.S.E.,
laugh, grope, listen,
paradise, test, accept,
print, comprehend, purge,
chess, lunge, discard, let
there be **NO**
mistake!

3.
Me! And my **audacious** aspirations.
Me! And my utopian thrust.
Me! And what may be something of the floppy six sensed madness about me!

4.
It is possible that manifestos, quintessential **modernist** affectations, find themselves at a point of **ideological** impasse as a dying craft. They are perhaps no longer relevant, as a gentle, drifting and pragmatic, even **naïve**, series of *observations, aphorisms, suggestions, proposals and recommendations* leading to subtle changes in the minds and emotions of those up to something involving such things as words, buildings, film, theory and lived social reality: or as a bombastic, heroic, rule breaking, convention crushing near crazed, quite **definite** attempt to change even cause if not

pulverise history **revamp art** and produce ironic, blasphemous even violent political myths that actually come true. The time it seems is over when you could take a stand, wield a battering ram, get on your high ^{horse}, shout from the mountain tops, launch a movement that was against movements, be *quick* on your feet, **wise** before the event, dispose of various **corpses**, cut up logic, pluck up the courage, roll the dice, part the curtains, descend a staircase, sharpen your Axe, divest one's church of every useless cumbersome accessory, safety pin your clothes, play dirty little tricks, arrange your weeping whiskers, empty the snow from your pipe, in the heat of the moment, suffer from impeccable style, advance to unconquerable regions, rock the boat, tear your hair out, put the bit between your teeth, challenge yourself, relive the best moments of childhood, **exultantly**, gird your loins, *strike a nerve*, lift off from the weight of your own sickly, decaying **body**, dash down the streets, disorder the

senses, **SMASH** open the doors of perception, fire your pistol blindly, strive for the monostructural and nontheatrical qualities of simple natural event, and write (perhaps using demented writing, brimming with mischievous glee, **intoxicated with energy**, dedicated to transforming consciousness):

5.
**THERE MUST
BE CHANGE!**

(Let us not mince words. If you want to change the world, because it is aggressively wrong, broken, tired, a manifesto is a great place to start. How quaint is that thought? Without a manifesto, we cannot **conceive** the future. Really? The manifesto, once a rupture with tradition, a fierce fancying of the future, becomes a charming, solemn, incredibly dated remnant of the 20th century, something to revisit, to rework, remix and remember, to nostalgically commemorate and sweetly replicate in ways that seem to be exactly what The Manifesto would be AGAINST. Really!)

6.
And **mean** it - the **change** there must be - because there seemed to be so much future ahead of you, () which the past, of which there was so much, but not quite all there could be, was speeding pushing **pulling** you towards. And you could write your own history, all alone, as though your own history could become all of history, because it seemed you were, all alone, **in control of history**, which simply consisted of your own history.

7.
Or? There must be change?
The wrong answer to one question might be the right answer to a **question** not yet asked, the question that is looking for a way out of the frame.

8. THE ITCHY CLAMOUR OF TOMORROW!

WE WANT NO PART OF THE PAST!

BLAST YESTERDAY!

I DESTROY THE DRAWERS OF THE BRAIN!

REPETITION IS A FORM OF CHANGE!

THINK WITH YOUR MIND!

LONG LIVE THE IMMATERIAL!

COLLECT DUST!

CONTRADICT YOURSELF!

ESCHEW ALL CLICHÉS IMPLYING A HERD PERSONALITY!

TARGET LANGUAGE!

TODAY WON'T DO!

LOSE CONTROL!

THE FUTURE ENDS FUTURISM!

KICK MY TEETH IN!

LIKE OLD SCIENCE FICTION!

THE ASSHOLE OF MORALITY SHOULD TAKE THE FORM OF A CHAMBER POT!

LEARN MORE!

BE AN ARTIST OR DIE!

LATER!

RESIST A CONCLUSION!

IMAGINE PEACE!

BE A LITTLE LIKE GERTRUDE STEIN!

THEN SUDDENLY YOU NOTICE THAT THE WORLD IS MAGICAL!

BEHEAD COMPLACENCY!

GOB ON YOUR IDOLS!

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED!

() IS NOT DEAD!

PLEASE KEEP READING!

EXISTENCE IS ELSEWHERE!

TAKE CARE!

THE POET WORKS!

#WRITE A LIST!

DO!

DON'T!

BELIEVE ME!

9.

**CLEAR PROSE
INDICATES THE
ABSENCE OF
THOUGHT.**

10.
There are some enterprises where a careful

DISORDER RUNNESSES

is the True method.

ii.

a.

There is no *crisis*, when it comes to the manifesto, because there is no sentimental longing for their return, no real sense that they are necessary any more, if they ever were necessary, because the future, if not the future most manifestos demanded, urged, anticipated, created, revived has arrived dead on time in some form, replacing a general sense of wonder about the future.

b.

These days when the internet is written all over time and place everyone appears to be in control of their own destinies so that each *screenager tweet purchase response hoax entry stunt message search post bargain clicr probe poll instruction imitation profile survey insult project commission replication trend transaction comment list parody email act of social networking self-promotion* each piece of audience participation friendship the autonomous behaviour of simultaneous events etc is in itself a form of manifesto. Everyone is potentially a situationist so to speak, a producer-consumer of total culture creation.

C.
IN THE FUTURE EVERYONE WILL BE FOR MINUTES AT A TIME MOST OF THE TIME IN CONTROL OF THEIR OWN FACTORY MONITORING, MANIPULATING AND MAINTAINING THEIR OWN FAME AND THE FAME OF OTHERS.*

d.

The manifesto that was once in the bare hands, **the raised fists**, the coiled anger of the lone leader, the solo artist, the individual battler, the isolated collective, the pure dreamer is now something everyone gets up to in a reality so thoroughly packaged, labelled and directed by media, technology, gadgetry and marketing. **The manifesto has not died.** (~~mention death~~). It is everywhere, transforming itself constantly. There are too many manifestos and they are not written out, they are not driving us forward, they are not acclaimed, fetishized over, repeated, inherited, radically restored, they are made up of bits and pieces of past identities and energies that were themselves **assemblages of fragments**. They are making things tick over if not making up the sort of **searing** satirical knowledge once associated with the frontier writer of the manifesto out at the edge of exploration.

e.

The meaning-making manifesto of the hectic zen **FUTURIST MONSTER** has been replaced with the self-absorbed manifesto of everyone speeding through their own obedient creation of a formulaic future. The perception-shifting manifesto of the once-in-a-lifetime subversive rule breaker speaking on behalf of **the trembling hearts of gods** screaming to the limits of reason about a future that must happen built in their image has been replaced by the manifesto of the interconnected quasi-collaborative everyday user satisfied with the here and now where it appears the future as a fact and fiction – all that pleasurable *spe///ed*, constant information, dazzling reproduction, *echoing noise*, geographical contraction, spatial blending, inclusive awareness, meeting of extremes and instant gratification – has settled.

f.

The **urgent call for accelerated technological change**, for spellbinding light and heat, for the post-linear juxtaposition of every locality, for the shifting of gravity of the centres of power to new worlds, for the **collapse of time and space**, for a violent renewal of meanings, for a greater tolerance of ambiguity, for regaining a **mythical** understanding of the world, for the formation of new communities, for the active energy of humanness that attempts to feel directly a supreme rhythm (~~God's instinct~~) in the chaos before ones eyes appears redundant when

ALL OF THAT
HAS APPARENTLY
ALREADY
HAPPENED.

12.

No it hasn't! Said the romantic to the hashtag (where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going?? What about the roads not taken???) The lost, forgotten, misunderstood projects???) The future that was never built but there were blueprints the future that never turned up but was planned????? etc???????)

13.

The **genius** manifesto writer once got to the future first, simply by saying that, and acting like, they had. Now, which is in the future, and elsewhere, everyone is able to get to the future at the same time, which strangely puts the future back, not to where it was, but to **where** it never was.

14.

The concerted **demolition** of the momentous past and the ugly old, at the beginning of the 20th century, leading to various events in the 20th century that viciously exploited an erasure of history, was perhaps a **warning** to those at the beginning of the 21st century, so that there is no longer the utter relatively romantic disgust with the past that is necessary to complete the perfectly formed evangelical application for newness, freshness, action, reinvention, revolution, holy

ERHA

NEWS

15.

Plus + as everything from the past now comes through allatonce electric channels it seems as though there is now nothing old under the sun. Everything seems new, seems future, seems **knowledge**, seems vital, and it must be urgently shared, even if that is only because we are now embedded in a reality produced out of the shell and crust and skin and bone and meat and manifesto of previously imagined, fused and hastily resolved futures. Plus++ the manifesto was from a time for a time when there were those who absolutely believed that the book should be a ball of light in ones hands, when there were writers using the written word as though it were already an important part of the new **electronic** age. Plus+++ the manifesto seemed to depend on the written word, as it ecstatically represented **thinking**, feeling and estimating, in order to create the future, whereas now – up to a point – the future takes care of itself, even if it's a future merely based on an idea of the future, set in place by those who think (ex)change will happen just because it will whatever anyone does or thinks or **(ex)claims**.

16.

We may not know where we are going . . .

17.

What happens **next**, if anything.

18.

But we will want to get there.

19.
This beginning to a piece about the future, about the possibility of a future, when the future has happened, when all futures have been used up, when all futures are ageing, when the future is haunted by all the futures that never were, that paused in time, that just disappeared, were forgotten, is a failure.

20.
Begin **anywhere,** said the very helpful
John Cage,

noting that not knowing where to begin is a common form of paralysis.

21.
Failure is the best way of knowing what comes next, if anything.

22.
You lead.
You say **what happens next.**

23.
If anything.

24.
This is not a time at all. It is merely a gap.

25.
Long for something missing. Don't be afraid. Something is always missing.

26.
McLuhan writes:

The artist is a person who is especially aware of the challenge and dangers of new environments presented to human sensibility. Whereas the ordinary person seeks security by numbing his perceptions against the impact of new experience, the artist studies the distortion of sensory life produced by new environmental programming and tends to create artistic situations that correct the sensory bias and derangement brought about by the new form. In social terms the artist can be regarded as a navigator who gives adequate compass bearings in spite of magnetic deflection of the needle by the changing play of forces. So understood the artist is not a peddler of ideals or lofty experiences. He is rather the indispensable aid to action and reflection alike.

27.
Hence, even so, despite it all, a manifesto, concerning the future of manifestos, and their vision and revision of the future, of a life we do not yet know, because they say so, and so it begins.

28.
Thank you for your very kind attention.

(29
*everyone will be in

the future)

**30.
DO NOT ABANDON
THE HOPE
THAT NOTHING
IS FINISHED YET.**