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Author(s): Karen Pinkus

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Self-Representation in Futurism and Punk

Karen Pinkus
Northwestern University

I Self/Presence

The following is a series of remarks on the photographic portrait of the Futurist/Punk artist. Can the photograph strive to constitute representation when it always already becomes immediately self-representation inasmuch as the camera remains potentially in the technical grasp of the subject? Photography is permeated by the dominant model of the amateur snapshot, even when a particular photographer is taken in a "professional" context. We could indicate a certain typical photographic portrait of the avant-garde artist. He stands at the picture plane, either alone or in a group, glaring pruriently into the lens, hyper-aware of the shutter capturing him, sneering at the bourgeois spectator whom he either identifies directly with the photographer, or whom he posits in that precise position (see figure 4, "Marinetti and Depero in Milan, January 1924," in Blum, this issue, p. 92). Or, if the camera lens remains at an oblique angle with regard to the eye level of the subject, the photograph desires to make known that the subject himself has achieved this mastery through his own manipulation of the medium. Images that remain of the historical avant-garde and the neo-avant-garde negotiate between the isolated ego and group identity, between the stillness of the photograph and the Movement itself, the *stile di movimento* (see figure 3, "Luigi Russolo, Carlo Carrà, F. T. Marinetti, Umberto Boccioni, and Gino Severini in Paris, 1912," in Perloff, this issue, p. 53). Of course this dialectic has been firmly inscribed in theories of the avant-garde since Peter Bürger posited the "collectivity" of the avant-garde producer—a concept that might appear radically contradicted by various portraits. The photograph speaks of presence and confrontation but is always saturated with melancholia and loss. Such an affective state—centered on lack, nostalgia and alterity—would appear incongruous with the "function" of the avant-garde "work" (to again invoke Bürger) inasmuch as this work exercises its function in the here and now of a given historical moment as a manifesto/declaration. Of course, lack (of movement) is also inscribed in any "document" of the movement, such as Umberto Boccioni's famous caricature of a "Futurist Soirée" (see figure 3, Umberto Boccioni, *A Futurist Soirée*, in Blum, this issue, p. 91).

But in the post-assault drawing, the radical disjuncture of movement and arrestation is thematized (and hence “mastered”) in pictorial conventions like the open mouth of the drummer below the stage, and in the mirroring of the “real” movement of the characters on the canvases that serve as backdrops. Moreover, the drawing privileges difference in the sketchy non-corporeality of the bourgeois “victims” lining the stage, or rather, this image creates a difference that cannot be realized in the unary cognition that is photography. The photograph resounds with the hollowness of the morning-after confession, and this remains especially present in the Punk moment as well.

It would be wrong to link together in some logical or reified way the historical avant-garde and the practices of postwar avant-garde whose putative failure has contributed to the critique of which Bürger is perhaps the most substantial example.¹ Both Futurism and Punk embody acute contradictions. In their self-representation, the single members identify themselves as producers within the collective—or, put another way, the photographic self-portrait suggests a form of disavowal, a simultaneous affirmation and negation of the exchange value of group identity—an identity that is founded upon male interchange and often posited as the explicit negation of the (bourgeois) family-group shot.

In an essay that has become foundational for feminism, Gayle Rubin once noted that women are exchanged as signs (as the signifier: feminine) while men, when they do occupy the position of the object, are exchanged only as particular types of men (slaves, athletes, Punks, Futurists, “avant-gardists”).² Rubin’s instinct seems to be substantiated when we view the posed self-portraits of the avant-gardists, whether they are surrounded by their attributes or their images inscribed with a secondary signifier that displaces gender as the central organizing category of identity: the founder of the movement, “DeperoFuturista”; “Johnny Rotten”; “Sid Vicious.” Rubin’s article makes a determinate link between Lévi-Strauss’s troubling and symptomatic conclusion to the *Elementary Structures of Kinship*—what men ultimately want is to keep the signs for themselves; kinship alliances represent a form of compromise between these desires and the more sobering reality of communitarian existence—and cultural or linguistic practices in general. Still, it leaves open the possibility that the dual “sign-value” of the female can be historically grounded. A more pessimistic alternative to Rubin’s linguistic-based theory of exchange and gender is suggested by film critic Linda Williams. In her essay “Film Bodies,” Williams describes early experiments with the cinematic apparatus as circumscribed by a male gaze that acts playfully and masterfully upon images of the body in order to recreate a lost unity (with the mother): “We have seen that the ‘presence’ of the woman’s body on the screen generates a fetish response on the part of the male image-producer to restore the unity which this body appears to lack.”³ The fact that the male controls the apparatus is of the utmost significance, for even when men appear “taken” by the photograph or “surprised” by the sudden flash of light, they maintain the fetishist’s control in the simultaneous positing and disavowal of lack. In other words, one might interpret the “surprise” that Bürger notes as a feature of avant-

garde aesthetics as a mere pose that temporarily dissimulates male mastery over the process of image-production. Williams focuses on Edward Muybridge's series of male and female bodies, suggesting that the men appear as neutral "bodies in motion," undertaking various activities in the service of the camera operator whose greater goal is a cognition of motility *in se*. The genre of "motion-study" appears grounded in an attempt to command what Roland Barthes defines as the "three positions" of the photograph: the Spectator, the Photographer, and the Subject. However, in the Muybridge series of female bodies, also presented *in theory* under the rubric of motion study (see Barthes's *studium*, the unary cognition that is read in any photograph), the women always perform conventionalized gestures or appear surrounded by attributes that "overdetermine their difference from men" and that mark their bodies as fetishes. The question of how difference is constructed in the photograph—which, like Anton Giulio Bragaglia's *fotodinamismo* [photodynamism], admittedly lacks Christian Metz's cinematic signifier, that is, the pleasure produced by the *illusion* of motion itself—could thus hardly be resolved by a formula in which one gender or the other surrounds the body with emblems, attributes, partial objects, or even various *puncta*, to borrow another term from Barthes.

Futurist resistance to photography, championed primarily by Boccioni, based itself on a critique of the medium as mere mechanical experimentation, as a failure to achieve the plastic dynamism of painting and sculpture. Indeed, in spite of Bragaglia's own invocations of Henri Bergson and his claims to represent the (dematerialized) movements between intervals of motion, it is also true that in his "portraits" of dynamic subjects, one not only observes the (fainter) traces of materialized time between the (stronger) intervals, but the eye is drawn back to an originary position, the starting point of the gesture whose materiality takes inevitable precedence over the after-images.⁴ Even the "dynamic" portrait, the (self)representation in the "most genuine" *stile di movimento* fails to cancel out the traces of a stasis which forms the ground not only for the conventional photographic *portrait* but even the state-sponsored identification (self)image (passport photo, identification card, driver's license). Étienne-Jules Marey's chronophotographs, which Bragaglia explicitly rejects, express a teleology that moves towards a completed gesture or exhalation, a "final" frame. But one might also remove a sub-section of frames from the series—one horizontal line, read left to right, for example—and this sub-section could itself constitute self-contained "material" (that is to say, the sub-series would have a commodity value; it would be itself frameable, saleable). Bragaglia's portraits, whether focused on a single subject defined by his repetitive activity—the carpenter is sawing, where the terminal moment of the gesture remains an unexpressed apodosis—or on a particular and generic motion (sitting, standing, and so on), remain referential to conventional portraiture inasmuch as the activities, however dynamic, are spatialized within a standard format whose boundaries coincide with the picture frame itself.

At times, in their photographic (self)portraits, the Futurists and Punks wear

sneers, their eyes thrust open as if to reflect some shocking spectacle beyond the picture plane, as if trapped by the sudden flash of the camera and surprised by the gaze that has caught and frozen their “durational” actions. Such reproductions raise a series of questions about the crucial relation that pertains between the avant-garde and its reception by a public that always sublates the original. Each time the Futurist/Punk is captured on film, he appears to wear a “new face.” Or better, the avant-gardist literally places himself at the fore. But as Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari have written, “faciality” is merely a series of tired masks which the subject fits over his body/head like a glove.⁵ The fixed faciality of the avant-garde self acts like a crust that only ends up emphasizing the fluidity and softness of the figures’ inner cores. At the very moment when the avant-garde would appear most serious, and most confrontational in its direct gaze at an apparently hostile public, the “new face” also reaches its limit-case in terms that Bergson once located at the core of the comic.⁶

Both Futurism and Punk claim to move too quickly to be truly captured by the very slow apparatus of the camera (not the click of the shutter—the sound that Barthes cathects—but the whole process of posing, lighting, setting up the shot [see figure 1]). But again, this claim is radically negated by the multiplication of conventional images of the avant-gardist. In reality, there can be no dynamism (no temporal displacement) without spatial displacement except in the static form of the photograph (whose *eidos*, Barthes reminds us, is death) or the other “plastic arts” (see figure 5, “Group Photo on the Occasion of the First Futurist Conference, 23 November, 1924,” in Blum, this issue, p. 93). One may properly speak of dynamism toward a place or from a place: but at the moment this is captured in the form of self-representation, the image is also inscribed with the sign of death. This realization has metaphoric value for the avant-garde, which explicitly places itself in motion, but pretends not to know the destination toward which it is propelled. Moreover, one always speaks of the death of the avant-garde itself, as if this “death” were triumphantly pronounced by a cynical generation that has finally overcome modernist innocence, when in point of fact, this “death” is always already accomplished at the moment the shutter clicks.

II Do your clothes wear you?

John Lydon (Johnny Rotten) insulted his fellow Sex Pistol by saying that Sid Vicious was never truly at home in the originary moment of Punk and that this non-belonging was exemplified by the fact that “Sid’s clothes wore him.” Slipping into Punk clothing that was pretorn by the parents of the movement, Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood, is like putting on the mask of faciality: one becomes the victimization of fashion. In contrast, Lydon claims that he wore his own clothes, or better, that his clothes grew organically from his Punk body like moss (see figure 2). In their group portraits, the Futurists often appear in highly formal, bourgeois uniforms. Their “costumes”—colorful ties, vests, dresses, and so on—shock only in contrast to the black suits, the stiffened poses of



Figure 1. Punks at a Sex Pistols concert, Dallas, 10 January 1978 (photograph by Bob Gruen).



Figure 2. His clothes grew organically from his body like moss (photograph of John Lydon by John Gray).

the official portrait (again see figure 4, in Blum, p. 92). Francesco Cangiullo's remark that he emerged from the shell of his Futurist coat appears highly suggestive.⁷ Like Sid Vicious, who passes out after appearing on stage in a skin-tight rubber vest, Cangiullo's body is "worn." Futurist fashion is close to Punk fashion: Peg-leg pants, skinny ties, bow ties, short cropped hair that sticks up slightly, black suits, body-gripping vests (to be worn underneath a dark jacket, almost like a girdle). The Punks tore their shirts and stole more explicitly from sado-masochism—chains, rubber, metal pins and clasps. Essentially both movements turn against the ruffled collars, velvet jackets, decorative femininity of Edwardian/Teddy Boy dandies whom they perceive as tired and passéist.⁸ The fashion of the past is too loose; too many ruffles fluttering in the breeze detract from the Movement of the body itself.

What does it mean to actually *wear* your clothes, in this context? To truly find one's ethos in the avant-garde? In his essay "Laughter," Bergson wrote of an essential comicity or pathos in the "clothes that wear you":

Here we perceive how easy it is for a garment to become ridiculous. It might almost be said that every fashion is laughable in some respect. Only, when we are dealing with the fashion of the day, we are so accustomed to it that the garment seems, in our mind, to form one with the individual wearing it. We do not separate them in imagination. The idea no longer occurs to us to contrast the inert rigidity of the covering with the living suppleness of the object covered: consequently, the comic here remains in a latent condition.⁹

Comedy is repressed in the visual conformity of the Futurist State Dinner which suggests a dynamic, wide-angle group pose (*photo de pose*) of the sort associated with a school portrait (again see figure 4 in Blum, p. 92). And yet this photograph lacks the comedic pleasure associated with the child who scampers from one end of the line to the other during the long exposure and so dupes the archival gaze of the official photographer. True, the guests at the Dinner wear uniforms, and uniforms regulate the energies of the body. The stiff vests of the Futurists and the rubber suits of the Punks form an entrapping crust. When viewed against the motility of "real human" behavior, the animated garment victimizes its wearer in the sense related by Rotten. When the garment appears to grow organically from the skin of its wearer, or when it has become a "suit," that is, one instance of many stamped from a mold, then the "comic . . . remains in a latent condition." But when the garment is designed by one individual for another body, in limited quantity, and bears the official mark of the avant-garde itself, it takes on a "life of its own" and appears stiffened, burlesque.

III Camera obscura

I got you in my camera
I got you in my camera
A second of your life, ruined for life

You wanna ruin me in your magazine
 You wanna cover us in margarine
 Now is the time, you got the time
 To realize, to have real eyes. ("I Wanna Be Me," Sex Pistols,
 1976)

A number of things emerge from a reading of these lyrics: the song is about self-determination in the face of the mainstream press that ironically does determine the parameters of the Punk ethos. The Punk tries to resist the photograph, the writing of the (motionless) body. He refuses to stand still, but pogo's up and down when he is under the scrutiny of the lens. So the very thing that the Punk lashes out at—"You wanna ruin me in your magazine"—reveals itself not as a negative statement of protest but a positive statement about precisely how Punk becomes itself.

Even before the Sex Pistols broke up, Lydon was writing songs for his next group, Public Image Limited, whose name truly reflects the simultaneous end (the death) of the avant-garde. Corporate control over Lydon's image is now brought to the fore, no longer part of a project of dissimulation in which the Punks were supposed to have embodied political ideals of the Situationists (that was for "arty French students," according to Lydon). In Lydon's autobiography, he continually insists that the press, audiences, and even McLaren himself never "got" Punk, but then, Punk is defined only by a series of negatives drawn around misperceptions of the various performances. Lydon sets up a discourse which denies the possibility of any authentic theory of the avant-garde, and this extends even to the self-representational mode of photographs published in his autobiography: "the pictures belong to *me*," he writes, "and they are the only *legitimate* photographs of Punk." Even the childhood family snapshots necessarily emanate an aura of Punk, which is, in turn, inarticulable outside of the ownership of the image. In a family photograph of Lydon's aunt and mother holding the young Lydon boys, labelled Oedipal by the author, any sense of repressed desire is diffused (see figure 3). No *Nachträglichkeit*, no traumatic return of the repressed will raise its head to jolt the Punk from his adult position, because he has already knowingly incorporated incestuous desire and its repression into his adult sexuality. He has taken up the position of the shocker whose traumatic movements and utterances will (ideally) trigger an episode in the viewer, just as the Futurists celebrated their sexual "liberation" in the face of bourgeois hypocrisy while maintaining, by most accounts, monogamous, heterosexual marriages. And the law that is inscribed in the Punk lineage is ultimately a masculine, Oedipal law. Lydon's paternal grandfather, he says, drank whiskey and Guinness day and night. "He finally died shagging a prostitute on a doorstep. . . . He died with a hard-on. I had to take my aunt, my father's sister to the hospital morgue. . . . But I remember seeing this huge penis. It was literally the biggest penis I think I've ever seen in my life."¹⁰

It might be interesting in this context to interrogate the location of the *punctum*—that little speck or hole or flicker that Barthes says disturbs one's polite visual interest in any photograph. In general, the pleasure one takes in



Figure 3: Foreclosed Oedipality: The Punk as always already punk (Lydon family photograph, published in John Lydon, *Rotten: No Irish-No Blacks-No Dogs* [New York: St. Martin's Press, 1994], 26.

photography is sublimational. Barthes writes of the photograph:

It allows me to accede to an infra-knowledge; it supplies me with a collection of partial objects and can flatter a certain fetishism of mine: for this “me” which likes knowledge, which nourishes a kind of amorous preference for it. In the same way, I like certain biographical features which, in a writer’s life, delight me as much as certain photographs; I have called these features “biographemes”; Photography has the same relation to History that the biographeme has to biography.¹¹

This passage raises a key issue about the reception of the avant-garde. For although the *photographer* tries to shock the subject, and at times, the subject himself remains complicitous in this general project by wearing the mask of “shock,” it is precisely not this genre of mimetic or performative “shock” that is meant by the term *punctum*. In other words, while the photographer attempts to seize upon a moment of presence, and, in some instances, to represent that moment as an encounter with the subject in the photograph that is reproduced, *something always escapes*, a *punctum*, while the signifier of “shock” itself becomes part of the weave of the image, part of the historical information of the *studium*.¹²

Barthes plays a game with his readers in which they are presented with the image, and then, after a delay, with Barthes’s own endorsement of what, for him, constitutes its *punctum*: at various times in *Camera Lucida*, the *punctum* that Barthes posits for a given image goes against the viewer’s own immediate impression upon viewing the photograph in the context of his book. Barthes’s *punctum* is almost never what most obviously juts forth from the picture—say a white space on a dark ground (in one of Lydon’s Oedipal pictures, a towel on the trunk of the car, for example), nor does it correspond to the traditional vanishing *point* of the image according to painterly linear perspective (see figure 4). Indeed, for Barthes the *punctum* functions in his discourse like an idiosyncratic imposition of the author’s fetishistic desires: he will point to the patina of a shoe or the folds of a collar, pieces of clothing, textures that appear to oddly puncture his unified and “tamed” (in Lacan, the *dompte-regard*) field of vision. In the photograph of Lydon’s Oedipality, the *punctum* might very well be located, not in Lydon’s squinting face or towel—the white spots, the leucoma—but in the soft folds where his mother’s legs disappear into each other and into the cloth of the bathing suit. Finally, the *punctum*, over which Barthes maintains absolute mastery in his book, eludes the spectator inasmuch as the photograph itself lacks a referent. Or rather, there has always been a thing (a real Referent) that was there once posing for the photo. The presence of the thing, in photography, is never metaphoric. So the “shock” of the *punctum* is all about time: the lacerating emphasis of the “*noeme* (‘*that-has-been*’),”¹³ its pure representation, or death; hence the unresolved link between the photograph and the *stile di movimento*.

The ego of the song “I Wanna be Me” represents, precisely, the “I” that peers through the camera lens: “I got you in my camera / A second of your life, ruined



Figure 4: The Punctum in the Picture (Lydon family photograph, published in John Lydon, *Rotten: No Irish-No Blacks-No Dogs* [New York: St. Martin's Press, 1994], 11).

for life.” Like the vampire who cannot be caught on film because his own corporeality is an illusion (that may ultimately elude his control), it is only the Punk who photo-graphs, who writes his own likeness.

IV Futurism/No future

“No Future” was the dispiriting anthem of the Sex Pistols, but as it was intoned by crowds of Punks, it became a kind of energizing mantra. “No Future,” when read flatly and without the stimulating affect generated by participation in the ritual, appears to be just another slogan emphasizing class oppression, perhaps marking the rise of Thatcherism, The City, and the 1980s economic “revolution” that would follow immediately on the heels of the Punk generation. “God Save the Queen/The Fascist Regime” (1976). When these words were published in the context of the Silver Jubilee, the song caused a scandal, obviously because it was as if the lyrics made an absolute equivalency between the British monarchy and fascism (the kind of mass cultural ambiguity that still surrounds the political reception of Futurism). Even Steve Jones of the Sex Pistols thought the song was saying “save the queen . . . and save the regime.” But if one were to do a bit of archival research, one would learn that in the original lyric sheet penned by Lydon on the stationery of Glitterbest—the company that McLaren formed to handle all Sex Pistols business—the word Fascist was misspelled by Lydon: Fachist. Now what is one to make of this parapraxis? Either Lydon really did not know how to spell the word, in which case his link between the Fascist/Monarchical Regimes appears almost accidentally naive, “fachist” as a signifier with pure shock value but one whose aural component is “Germanicized” and so rendered Other. Or, as I imagine, Lydon does know the proper spelling of the word and his slip reveals a quasi-conscious strategy—or at least a play at the moment of composition—to appear more “Punk,” more working-class and more disengaged from the great historical changes that have shaped the previous generation. No past, in other words. The song ends with a long series of shouted lines: “No future!” But in writing the song lyrics, Lydon already knew these words would be reproduced endlessly, sublated, negated, and he indicated the repetitions with a series of dots that begin as a straight line and then slant downward. Again, the lyric sheet self-consciously signifies drunkenness or carelessness but without actually embodying these characteristics. Punk has no future, not because of any specific condition exterior to the movement, but because it is intrinsically impossible to remain a Punk. If the movement is named, known, read, and textualized, it has ceased to live. As soon as the Sex Pistols are, they are finished, even if traces of their presence remain inscribed in photographs, records, accounts of their performances, merchandise, or even in post-Punk bands like PIL. “No Future” is not a protest slogan or a call for change; it is an epigrammatic actualization of the end of the avant-garde.

After twenty years, Bürger's dismissal of the postwar- and neo-avant-garde as a "repetition in bad faith" and his projection of the historical avant-garde as "an *absolute origin* whose aesthetic transformations are fully significant and historically effective" has been seriously questioned.¹⁴ As Hal Foster suggests in a recent article, the immediate self-presence of certain figures and works in this historical narrative—the institution of a DeperoFuturista, for example—is deeply problematic even if encounters with artists can be "punctual" in the sense used by Barthes in *Camera Lucida*.¹⁵ In place of Bürger's strict historicism, Foster suggests a model that engages the forms of a past modernism with the art of the critic's own time. It is a danger in any History of Art that one will construct the present forms as *posthistorical* simulacra, and it is precisely such a move which allowed Bürger to invest the works of the past with an aura of authenticity and real power.

Against the flat stillness of the photographic portrait, the music video would seem to embody absolute dynamism. In music video, fast-paced editing strives to insert the compensatory cinematic signifier, or the movement-image, into the "total flow." And if video, as Fredric Jameson suggests, constitutes the most exemplary postmodern form, music video is all the more exemplary, for the individual "pieces" of music become indistinguishable within the context of an "eternal" course of videos, marking the construction of a false coherence that works to cancel out any real contradictions between genres, conditions of production, political affiliations, racial, ethnic, and especially, sexual difference (androgyny as a key aesthetic ground of the video).¹⁶ Punk was one of the last pop cultural movements before MTV, but with the recent revival of Punk, Sex Pistols "videos" have been pieced together from concert footage for reconsumption on television: and one has the very strong sense that the individuals are moving too fast. Whereas in the music video as such, rapid movement is created through cuts at regular, standardized intervals, in the pre-video footage the (filmic) movement-image is necessarily privileged.¹⁷

On the other hand, the "new" Punk bands that have achieved mainstream success (Green Day, for example) have already incorporated the total flow of video into their self(representation). Music itself has come to anticipate the cultural homogeneity of MTV and the limitations or possibilities of quick in-camera editing, stylish pastiche, intercuts between the band playing and other images (related either iconographically to the song lyrics or merely generally evocative). Video grants a control over the production of movement, but the quick cuts themselves bleed outside of the temporal confines of a single video, into the MTV logo, commercials (for a variety of products and services that interpellate a "youth" target), veejay schtick, "news," video-verité in "the real world," and then, finally, other videos. The tension between the collectivity and the individual producer that would seem to inform Futurist (self)portraits has been radically effaced in favor of a "youth" culture whose putative integrity is constantly reaffirmed at all costs. The dominant reference has shifted from the dyad of the (still) family photographic portrait/the dynamic portrait of the male artist to the

family video camcorder narration/the “transgressive” music video. Just as Futurist (self)representation idealized its difference from the snapshot, so the “Punk” video operates against the interminable, real-time shots of children’s birthday parties, piano recitals, wedding ceremonies, and so on. If the “new” culture claims to move ever faster, one could always turn Foster’s argument on its head and suggest that the representation of (a) Movement remains impossible across a broad historical span.

NOTES

1. In this sense I am very sympathetic to Andrew Hewitt whose work acknowledges contradictory impulses as coexisting in both “avant-garde” and “Modernism,” and indeed, views such contradiction as a key component of capitalist cultural production. See his *Fascist Modernism: Aesthetics, Politics, and the Avant-Garde* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1993).

2. Gayle Rubin, “The Traffic in Women: Notes on a Political Economy of Sex,” in *Toward an Anthropology of Women*, ed. Rayna R. Reiter (New York: Monthly Review Press, 1975).

3. Linda Williams, “Film Bodies: Gender, Genre, and Excess,” *Film Quarterly* 44.4 (Summer 1991): 2-13.

4. For Bragaglia’s experiments, see Anton Giulio Bragaglia, *Fotodinamismo futurista* (Rome: Nalato, 1911).

5. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, trans. Brian Massumi (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987). For “faciality,” see 167-91. See also Giuseppe Bartolucci, *Il gesto futurista* (Rome: Bulzoni, 1969).

6. Henri Bergson, “Laughter,” in *Comedy*, ed. Wylie Sypher (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1956). See also Gilles Deleuze, *Bergsonism*, trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Barbara Habberjam (New York: Zone Books, 1988).

7. Francesco Cangiullo, *Le serate futuriste: Romanzo storico vissuto* (Naples: Tirrena, 1930), 214.

8. For Punk fashion and for many aspects of the movement, see the excellent account in Jon Savage, *England’s Dreaming: Sex Pistols and Punk Rock* (London: Faber and Faber, 1991).

9. Bergson, 85. For Futurist clothing, see Lia Lapini et. al., eds., *Abiti e costumi futuristi* (Pistoia: Edizioni del Comune di Pistoia, 1985).

10. John Lydon, *Rotten: No Irish—No Blacks—No Dogs* (New York: St. Martin’s Press, 1994), 27.

11. Roland Barthes, *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Hill and Wang, 1981), 30.

12. For a fascinating reading of Barthes, see Timothy Murray, *Like A Film: Ideological Fantasy on Screen, Camera, and Canvas* (New York: Routledge, 1993).

13. Barthes, 76.

14. Quoted in Hal Foster, “What’s Neo about the Neo-Avant-Garde?” *October* 70 (Fall 1994): 5-32.

15. *Ibid.*, 11.

16. Fredric Jameson, *Postmodernism: Or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism* (Durham: Duke University Press, 1991).

17. These terms are developed in great detail by Gilles Deleuze, *Cinema: The Movement-Image*, trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Barbara Habberjam (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1986).