

George Jack  
[gjack@hotmail.com](mailto:gjack@hotmail.com)  
[www.typeabpositive.com](http://www.typeabpositive.com)

about 1860 words

**A PLEA FOR THE PRE;**  
An Essay by George "Fatback" Jack

**(Understanding Pre-Futurism, the Last Art Movement)**

There was a time, since our sprawlingly mysterious observable universe began, when the course of intergalactic events was simply allowed to unfold as it saw fit to. In the case of our planet, since events in our present began to become accounted for and tabulated into what would become known as our collective history, at one point our present had occasion to be allowed to happen with events and their impact given the flexibility to be recounted and

judged later on their own merits. What defines that by which we label and categorize peoples, nations, generations, and movements in art, science, music, literature, and so forth? There was a point, as the span of the ages has gone a-spanning, when ideas were allowed to develop and the impact of taste, influence, technology, and expression on a period of time or a movement in art allowed said period or movement to respire, become, and to shape itself without needing to be judged or categorized until or at a later date.

Somewhere between the advent of gasoline powered travel and the sensibility-changing explosion of the Commodore Vic-20, mankind has swapped its resistance to dumbing itself down for speed - and relaxed its ideals in favor of a lack of patience. People have discarded the collective will to be patient and allow things to just happen. I blame everyone as I blame myself. More specifically, I point my finger at those who have the power to impact people's minds and use this power to manipulate aesthetics and related flow for commercial purposes. In a collective consciousness of instant everything, accelerated cross-encirculation, and abnormally redundantly indulgent research and analysis on the part of consultant-clinicians towards finding the Next Big Thing, going with the flow

loses it's meaning when the course of one's flow has already been decided for one, on one's own behalf.

In the context of rock music, will another Seattle/Grunge movement happen if the music business goes looking for the next emerging bastion of rock-related approach, attitude, and style instead of turning its own energies inward, subsidizing the development of music and allowing a music scene to develop and flourish on its own? If the practitioners of the Golden Age of Radio saw television coming at the rate with which it did, might the powers that be have regarded it as the precursor to a More Sensorally Arresting and Poly Dimensionally Driven Multimedia Age? In 125 years, are we just going to be calling the next generation of youth that comes along Generation XXXX? Will that make getting to third base out in public legal for disenfranchised Generation XXXX-ers as making out more openly and dressing more revealingly in public was for Gen X-ers and Gen Y-ers, just because the MTV and Madison Avenue of the 22nd Century say it's okay to do? Will the Rear Admiral become not only legal but celebrated in certain smoking sections at the dawn of that same century as a result, provided there are any smoking sections left? Will we have the technology to wear an optional fourth layer of skin, the Nicutaneous, via which

we can make anywhere we are our own smoking section? Will we continue to be able to be where we at, wherever we are?

Postmodernism, an art movement with the word modernism in the name, is defined partially by a reaction to the mindsets and attitudes of current art movements by reviving previously employed artistic elements and technique. However, in both a literal and a descriptive sense, the name Postmodernism, nomenclaturationally speaking, is limiting. What hope do future art movements and artists of tomorrow have to perpetuate themselves after such an art movement has come and gone? What art can flourish in the shadow cast after the AfterNow? Artistic and social labels are so easily and readily applied in a society governed by an ethernetristically encumbered, B2CP (buzzword to catchphrase) ridden, microwave and transparent mouthwash ensheeted, mocha madness merch and vanilla chai corrupted ethos?

Since mankind has, both literally and aesthetically, sculpted itself into a corner in terms of forward thinking art-movement-naming-progress, should humanity go on not even thinking that they forgot to remember all hope is lost? After postmodernism, what's left? My initial hope is that that mukity muckers in the field of monikerization stop trying to pre-objectify art movements, cultural

trends, and the general mood of the public, as well as pre-characterize young people as a society in general. This hope is not a fervent one since what it is we're experiencing while we kill ourselves slowly between the poorly rotated stock of buffet joints and the rhetorical de-rendering phenomenon of the spell checker. Which brings me to my proposal, geared towards injecting a bit of sanity and continuity back into the process. Need the world be stuck in the apocalypse of an artistic void that is basically "After Today"? There seems to be only one realm to go into after that, only one more direction to possibly explore. Once the movement of Movable Now has come and gone, the next and last art movement that may possibly be explored has to be that of.....Pre-Futurism.

The perpetual dawn of a new era of expression, and a name good from now until the end of recordable time and perhaps even beyond. An art movement whose perspective cannot be constrained by any specifically descriptive category or quality. An aesthetic blank check. All encompassing, non discriminatory. Pre-Futurism is a label (true, I introduce it to the lexicon at the risk of joining the rest of the namers whom I mention but won't give credit to by naming names), but it is the anti-label that allows it's practitioners to develop their stroke, their ear,

their voice, to practice their craft because it is the last foreseeable frontier, and since it is the school of nth there are no set criteria for Madison Avenue or the Vancouver Review of Books to taint.....the beautiful thing about the Pre-Fututrism movement is that it doesn't matter if the work that results from it innovates, gains popularity, or gets noticed. While the mindset of this type of artist (Pre-Futurist) will be specialized and marked by forward-thinking, the practice will be approached with a sublime disinterestedness and a non-adhesion to criteria, rules, memory, and theory, mixed with an eye towards how one might communicate media and ideas in the future. The Pre-Futurists, even those that have gone before us, are so focused or non-focused that they do not or may not even know that they are practitioners of Pre-Futurism.

e.e. cummings, the poet and playwright who, from the 1920's to the 1960's achieved a completely distinctive visual style in his written work which in turn led to his development of a lyrical quality not seen before or since in world literature. (Oddly enough, while living in France, he was heavily influenced by an art form called "futurism" in which painters incorporated facets of the 20th century's dawning machine age into their work. Of

course, once the machine age dies out and it is replaced by the age of Homeotelepathic Underwater Flight, what's to become of Futurism? Hah! Enter Pre-Futurism, able to incorporate facets of any age into its forward looking final school of art.) Without regard for meter or scheme, cumming's moved up, down, and diagonally rather than side-to-side, and in the process, often throwing aside all phonetic and literarily formulaic conventions to create entire a poetry- or verse-picture with a quality subtly derivative of M.C. Escher's tessalation art. An example of this would be the poem r-p-o-p-h-e-s-s-a-g-r, which depicts the process by which a grasshopper leaps. (It is inferred that this poem is unreadable and consequently unperformable. Of course, the Pre-Futurist is not necessarily always good at taking aesthetic suggestions.)

Other Pre-Futurists may or may not include Mike Figgis, the director of the film Leaving Las Vegas, who demonstrated that he had an eye towards Pre-Futurism with the release of his film Timecode. This extra-ordinary movie was shot using four separate digital cameras, all filming different scenes at the same time, in real-time, which allowed four completely different organically filmed storylines to be followed simultaneously and unfold as well as come together in as natural-seeming of a setting as was

possible to convey in this medium. This film is truly something one needs to see and ingest for oneself, and something which will alter the way one looks at film and the ways it could and perhaps should be presented. Corey Blanchette, a NH based musician, is another who tends to unconsciously express himself as a Pre-Futurist. In a global musical community sadly void of trombone heroes and innovators, those interested in seeking out such pioneers should take a good look at Blanchette, AKA Corey B. He seems to go about his business as a musician and artist not only as a trombonist who is only able to play music using musical keys traditionally ideal for horn playing, but seeing himself as a complete musician, believing that the trombone may have a place and may be played in almost every kind of musical setting, as well as executing his playing style with this in mind. This belief has endowed him with a multifaceted vocabulary and has been re-enforced by his having played, participated, and soloed in every guitar and piano key there is (and then some). When Corey's Fatbox is added to the mix, the Fatbox being a piece of equipment conceived of and manufactured by Corey comprised of wah pedals; delay switches; and choruses; plus other electronics that can make Corey sound like entire brass sections and enable him to interpret musical thought and

expression like few- if no - others on the planet; one sees not just another trombone player employing excellent command of his instrument but a Pre-Futurist in action; one that won't let his craft be limited to and constrained by conventions that were set before him and who is showing the rest of us the potential future of trombone, perhaps without even realizing he is doing so.

Of course, all of this post-past-pre rhetoric may mean nothing; and as such still may mean something because it gives us a chance to discover meaning in the meaninglessness that premature labeling and categorization have stained, if not sullied, the applications and studies of sociology and the movements or art with. Rather than letting us be pigeonholed by limiting labels and meaningless monikers that retard the potential for growth, development, and further inspiration, I urge all to take the nearest pigeons, tie the message of Pre-Futurism to their ankles and let them fly; carrying the clarion call and sticky notes heralding the last art movement into the realm where infinity has already turned a corner at the future towards forever's beyond. Pre-Futuristically speaking, we will never be trapped marketing-wise, artistically, socially, aesthetically, or technically, by premature/postimmature labeling again. You can be you

without Dr. Pepper. Art is no hobby. Start your own band.

There is life beyond after-today. Homeotelepathic

Underwater Flight, I'm telling you.