

Man lost his divine countenance, became matter, chance, an aggregate animal, the lunatic product of thoughts quivering abruptly and ineffectually.

Hugo Ball (1996: 223)

When we have broken with the old world and are not yet able to form the new world, satire, the grotesque, caricature, the clown and the doll appear; and the profound meaning of these forms of expression, by showing their marionette-like quality and their apparent and real solidification, will make us feel and guess another life.

Raoul Hausmann (1921: 285)

Le corps humain est un champ de guerre où il serait bon que nous *revenions*.

Antonin Artaud (1946)

