

MANIFESTO on an ISM

In preparation for individual group consultations with Professor Pedersen, each group will sketch a book page (begun in Studio), and, as an accompaniment, compose a manifesto, both **due Sunday, April 1, 11:59pm**, and posted as media (an image and a pdf, respectively) to the course Scalar site. Manifesti may be as brief as an extended paragraph and as long as a page, can be written in stylized fashion, and must somehow include the following elements:

- A group name (e.g. World of Art, Union of Youth, Hylaea, Donkey's Tail)
- An "ism" (e.g. Rayism, Neo-Primitivism, Futurism, Cubo-Futurism, Ego-Futurism, Everythingism, Nothingism, Prism, Schism, etc.)
- An articulation of the key theoretical principles, socio-political aspirations, and aesthetic qualities and devices at play in the book page, and in the "ism."



Examples

The Communist Manifesto

The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles.

freeman and slave, patrician and plebeian, lord and serf, guild-master and journeyman, in a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, a fight that each time ended, either in a revolutionary reconstitution of society at large, or in the common ruin of the contending classes.

—Karl Marx & Friedrich Engels

Declaration of the Word as Such

(4) THOUGHT AND SPEECH CANNOT KEEP UP WITH THE EMOTIONS OF SOMEONE IN A STATE OF INSPIRATION, therefore the artist is free to express himself not only in the common language (concepts), but also in a personal one (the creator is an individual), as well as in a language which does not have any definite meaning (not frozen), a transrational

language. Common language binds, free language allows for fuller expression. (Example: go osneg kaid etc.).

(5) WORDS DIE, THE WORLD IS ETERNALLY YOUNG. The artist has seen the world in a new way and, like Adam, proceeds to give things his own names. The lily is beautiful, but the word "lily" has been soiled and "defiled." Therefore, I call the lily, "euy"-the original purity is reestablished. (2) consonants render everyday reality, nationality, weight-vowels, the opposite: A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE. Here is a poem exclusively of vowels:

o e a
i e e i
a e e P

Aleksei (Aleksandr) Kruchenykh

Go to Hell!

You've had your year since the publication of our 1st books: *Slap, Thunder--Seething Goblet, A Trap for Judges*, etc.

The appearance of the New poetry affected the decrepit practitioners of petty Russian literature who are still creeping along as might a white marble statue of Pushkin dancing the tango.

The commercial octogenarians obtusely guessed the value of the new poetry earlier than the public which they have stupefied, and "as usual" they looked upon us with an eye to lining their pockets.

K. Chukovsky (who's not dumb!) toured all the fairs in various towns with marketable goods: the names of Kruchenykh, Burliuk, Khlebnikov

F. Sologub grabbed I. Severyanin's cap to cover his balding little talent.

Vasily Bryusov, as usual, chewed the cud of Mayakovsky's and Livshits' poetry on the pages of Russian Thought.

Stop, Vasya, that's not a cork!

Later, didn't these octogenarians stroke us on the head in order to hastily sew for themselves out of the sparks of our provocative poetry an electric belt for communicating with the Muses? ...

These characters gave a herd of young people who previously had no occupation a reason to throw themselves at literature and show their grimacing faces: those overblown windbags, the Mezzanine of Poetry, the Petersburg Herald, and other such groups.

And along with them crept out that gang of Adams with neatly parted hair-Gumilev, S. Makovsky, S. Gorodetsky, Piast-who at first tried to stick the label of Acmeism and Apollonism on their dull songs about Tula samovars and toy lions, and then started a motley round dance around the by-now-established Futurists

Today we spit out the past that was stuck to our teeth, by declaring:

1. *All Futurists are united only by our group.*
2. *We have rejected our accidental labels Ego and Cubo and have united into the one and only literary company of the Futurists.*

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