

Manifesto of ism

by James Knight

We walk though the streets of London, New York, Paris, Prague, Barcelona, Skegness, inhaling air heavy with metaphors, eyes set alight by the microscopic pyrotechnics of quotidian symbols hitherto debased by the outmoded conventions of a bankrupt civilisation decomposing in the land-fill of philosophy.

For too long we have laboured under the yolk of a reality fabricated by those with a vested interest in maintaining the outmoded conventions of performative narco-capitalist post-imperialist antineoquasilibertyrannepotism.

What is be done to smash the walls of the rat-infested dead-end in which we as artists, citizens, human beings and artists find ourselves?

We propose a total, wholesale, tautological, hyperbolic rejection of the outmoded conventions of everything that everyone has ever done before, combined dialectically with the utter, rhetorical, portentous adoption of other conventions arguably just as outmoded but less visible to the bovine masses and scum-sucking journalists, on account of the intimidatingly foreign names of their proponents, theorists and practitioners.

We shout the names you can't pronounce from the ruined rooftops: Bataille! Baudrillard! Lukács! Kierkegaard! Debord! Duchamp! Schwitters! Etc!

In brief:

Everything is part of a system!

The system is shit!

All systems are shit!

Ism offers a new system!

The ism system is not shit!

Everything is simple!

Everything is complex!

Everything is nothing!

Nothing is something!

Words are nothing!
Words are the only things!
We must set fire to the ladder of reality!
We must drown the puppies of cultural hegemony!
We must humiliatingly probe the anus of discourse!
I am a big ape!
I have big hairy testicles!
I have ism!
You are a smaller ape!
You have small, bald testicles!
You have no ism!

The artist of the future has a duty to dismantle the certainties of apples, oranges and bananas. He will put a metaphor of a metaphor in their place, metaphorically.

