

Ismistical: A Greyzones Manifesto

By Dara Taylor

Many artists became fed up with the industrialization of art, so they combined their efforts and committed to be willing to validate their ideological beliefs with direct action. Art revolted and escaped from the walls of the galleries and spread throughout the streets, made accessible by the transport of binary code through portals of fiber optic cables and mass distributed magazines. It began with graffiti art and spread throughout traditional art.

The artists felt alienated from a bourgeois society and refused to adopt their systems for categorizing art with labels, such as classicalist, modernist, symbolists, naturalism, formalism, futurists, conceptualists. They rejected these standards because they could see the negative effects of being divided into sub-categories. If the artist began to think of him or herself as a certain type of artist, then the assigned label limited their thinking and creation process. Instead of the artwork being a true extension of the artist, the work is conceptualized with the intent of satisfying the audience. A scripted sensation, much like the archaic practices of music award shows or the Emmy's, where spontaneity is scripted into the 'to do' list. Art is no longer art but entertainment for sheep.

Those who cannot accept the flexibility and totality of the revolution without a name, refer to the 'movement' as, "IsmIstical" (aka Ismists), which they derived from the last three or four letters of the other movements that had preceded it. Therefore unifying all the movements into one. In the age of Ismistical no one assumes anything or attempts to label art or the artists. They simply accept the true essence of the creator and creation. Because it is now known that if you attempt to judge the reality of others, you will be unable to avoid judging your own. The choice to judge, rather than to know is the cause of loss of peace. The strain of constant judgment becomes virtually intolerable. Rules are discarded, along with manifestos that separate and divide, creating numerous cliques. All become unified through the Ismists. The art is allowed to speak for itself. Art critics become obsolete as words are rendered a relic. It becomes widespread knowledge that words are but symbols of symbols, twice removed from reality. They are nothing but arbitrarily meaningless shapes linked to arbitrarily meaningless sounds.

The Ismists cannot be determined by completion of a questionnaire and debated by scholars, whether or not it is art. The only words that are mutually agreed upon by the diverse network of the so-called Ismists are these:

"I am going to leave my mark as an individual. See it. Interpret it, as you will. But by it I exist."

-anonymous