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Burn after Reading: Vol. 1, Miniature Manifestos for a
Post/medieval Studies + Vol. 2, The Future We Want: A
Collaboration

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BURN AFTER READING

Vol. 1. Miniature Manifestos for a Post/medieval Studies

Vol. 2. The Future We Want: A Collaboration

We, the Ornamentalists, anarcho-eco-pacifist amateurs, advocate an aesthetics of historical cosmicity as the ground of an ethics, an avant-garde poetics, and a revolutionary politics of elaborating a varied cosmos as a Public Park. I hate manifestos. They are so yesterday. Blast the manifesto! We need to be critical. Because really, I'm fine, and you're fine, and this is all lovely and fine. But could you stop talking about English literature quite *all* the time? But anyway, who the fuck wants to learn all of those languages? Should we let go of historicism and work to get over it? Rankean history is dead. No one will pretend to tell history as it really was. History's value lies in *not* believing in what you're told. History is what happens when you're making other plans. Can Aquinas (or Foucault) tell me how to think and build surreally, or medi-
evally? The medieval world begins one space at a time. The door is barred, but please come in. I propose a necromantic humanities that "predicts" by creating from speculative imagined pasts desirable futures not required as inevitable reproductions of the present. Manifesto a humanities that will charm and glamour the future pasts and past futures we desire. We value experimental process, risk-taking, transparency, revelation, a blank space, and joy in faltering together. A medieval does not rest. Once it has been identified, it is already lost. A medieval is the polyphony of the angels, music no one hears. Materiality is not the opposite of theory. Don't replace the object with the subject. Style matters. If I'm going into the future, I want the things I've read to come along. Letting go makes room for something, and the whole point is that it's a gamble: you don't know what you're making room for. This is a time to mani-fest, to play, festively, with the hands we are dealt. Let's feel our way around this "we," this pronoun that is already like a party after the lights have gone out. Let's just go with it. Sometimes, for us to see the footprints, we shouldn't just clear the brush. Sometimes, yes, we might just need to set the whole field alight. We need provisional medievalist gems; for example: newly analog Records, flexible and adorned with Wonder.