

An invitation to join: REVOLUTION NOSTALGIA DISCO THEATER

PERFORMANCE PROPOSAL #1

Who: A cast of 3 men + ambient crowd on the steps of a museum

David Burluk: 30, well traveled, slightly balding, rotund, grins like a CHESIRE CAT, wears a monocle, painter and poet, “the ringleader”

Vassily Kamensky: 28, blond, fair, boyish, a good sport, a poet and novelist, “the aviator”

Vladimir Mayakovsky: all of 19, tall, dark, very handsome, a pugilist, rotten teeth, earnest, intelligent, “the poet”

WHAT: to mime, channel or otherwise invoke the spirit of the Russian Futurists in a reenactment of the manifesto “A Slap in the Face of the Public Taste.” Props will be limited to top-hats, wooden spoons worn in place of carnations, and pockets stuffed with lollipops embossed with the words “LOVE,” “ART” and “REVOLUTION,” and cheap, plentiful copies of our manifesto.

Where: in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

When: when the trees are bright with sticky green leaves, that is to say “spring,” exact date to be announced here. A video recording of the

event will be uploaded onto the disco floor shortly thereafter.

Why: If nothing else, to entertain a bunch of strangers in New York City, all the while sucking on LOVE or ART or REVOLUTION. Who knows what might happen on a beautiful day with the sun shining and the dogwoods and magnolias in bloom.

Performance Proposal#2

Who: A Bilingual (Russian/English) Medium with proven supra-natural skills+ a group of respectfully curious participants, size to be determined by medium.

What: Séance to bring back the spirit of Vladimir Mayakovsky into the world of the living.

Where: Novo-Devichy Cemetery, Moscow

Or Mayakovsky room preserved in the Mayakovsky Museum, Moscow

Or, most likely, an apartment in New York City

When: April 14th or July 19th, Mayakovsky's birthday and death day respectively.

Why: because attempting to resurrect a dead Russian avant-garde poet tells us nothing about Mayakovsky or the after-life and everything about ourselves.