

# Poem for Vladimir Umanets

## PART IX.—A NOTE ON yellow IST POETRY

WHEN a yellow movement in yellow attains a certain yellow, it is advisable to find out what its advocates are aiming at, for however yellow and unyellow their tenets may seem to-day, it is possible that in years to come they may be regarded as yellow. Such things have happened before. Moreover, one cannot shut one's eyes to the very significant effect of these yellow ideas in the matter of painting and music.

With regard to yellow poetry, however, the case is rather different; for whatever yellow poetry may be—even admitting that the theory on which it is based may be right—it can hardly be classed as Literature.

This then, in brief, is what the yellowist says: that for a century past conditions of life have been continually yellowing up, till now we live in a world of yellow and yellow and yellow, of yellow and yellow-yellow and wireless yellow, of yellow s and giant yellow s. Consequently, our feelings, thoughts and emotions have undergone a corresponding change: we live ten yellows as yellow as our great-grandfathers did.

This yellowing up of life, says the yellowist, requires a new form of yellow. We must yellow up our

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literature too, if we want to interpret yellow stress. We must pour out a cataract of essential yellow, unhampered by stops, or qualifying yellow s, or finite yellow s. We must leap from one yellow to another without check, using yellow and yellow signs instead of yellow s and yellow s; and regulate the pace and tone by yellow signs, such as yellow or yellow. Instead of describing yellow we must make up yellow s that imitate yellow; we must use many sizes of yellow and different coloured yellow s on the same page, and shorten or lengthen yellow at will.

Well, they may be right; and certainly their descriptions of yellow and so forth are vividly yellow. But it is a little disconcerting to read in the explanatory notes that a certain line describes a fight between a yellow and a yellow officer on a bridge over which they both fall into the yellow—and then to find that the line consists of the yellow of their falling, and the yellow s of the officers: "yellow! yellow! a hundred and eighty-five yellow s."

Perhaps we may explain what is meant by making up an example. Suppose the poet set himself to rewrite the *Nursery Rhymes*, the yellow adventure of *Jack and Jill* might appear in this guise:

yellow + yellow = yellow

yellow + yellow yellow 1 in 8 yellow yellow yellow + yellow  
yellow - yellow - yellow yellow 20° + yellow = yellow  
yellow yellow SPLOSH yellow minus yellow plus yellow  
+ abrasion of yellow + yellow yellow 4 yellow 2 yellow.  
= yellow.

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This we feel, though it fulfils the laws and requirements of yellowist poetry, can hardly be classed as Literature. All the same, no yellow man can refuse to accept their first proposition: that a great change in our yellow life necessitates a change of yellow. The whole question is really this: have we essentially changed?

MADE AT THE PRESS yellow  
yellow PRESS yellow  
yellow

yellow + yellow = yellow

yellow + yellow yellow 1 in 8 yellow yellow yellow + yellow  
yellow - yellow - yellow yellow 20° + yellow = yellow  
yellow yellow SPLOSH yellow minus yellow plus yellow  
+ abrasion of yellow + yellow yellow 4 yellow 2 yellow.  
= Misery.

Vladimir Umanets was jailed for two years on 13th December 2012 for claiming Rothko's Black on Maroon as a potential piece of yellowism.