

Spectacle Manifesto

What are you doing?
How am I supposed to react?
I feel uncomfortable.
It's this new avant-garde movement on campus.
I know what you're trying to do, it's that psychology project.
Oh, it's that crazy spectacle class.
(person walks right by without even blinking, they must be a robot)
Is this art?
What is art?
DON'T FRONT WITH ME!

I sign up with a grin on my face without a trace of doubt that the pace at which I will grow is...
I walk in the door with the determination to apply myself to my utmost potential in order to...
I sit down without a frown and drown in the knowledge that what I am about to do will crown my head
in...
What am I doing here?
What are we doing here?
The spectacular spectacle that these spectacles are spectacle...izing, will spectacularly spectacle the
spectacle of my spectacles.
What is a spectacle and why do I need it?
My eyes do not necessitate the use of glass sight enhancers.
I am in no need of sequence, or visual aids that sparkle and catch the eye with amazement.
I do not want to cause complacency.
What is the point of planting a seed if there's no one there to water and feed and care for it as it sprouts
and then withers away in the heat of the summer sun?
I watch as an outside observer, a static converser, a precursor to what I know will begin.
A window.
A flame.
An elevator.
A book devoid of its purpose.
A blade of grass along the concrete path of anguish.
What have we created more than a mass of stoney-faced takers of knowledge in the form of "art"?
How far have we really taken our course away from what our audience has always been?
The observers of our exploits.
We tried to force them out of their routines with the frame of box.
When all of a sudden, the observer became the creator, the creator becoming the collaborator, the
community found the red balloon floating through the air and followed it to the edge of their bubble.
Whoops, there goes the balloon, out and about the confines of their home, but what were they supposed
to do?
They cannot follow it, there is no ground.
The cannot catch it, it has no string.
They cannot see it, there is no air.
But with a pop and a final...STOP from their ever-controlling mind, they find the balloon again and
never let go until the sun stops spinning.
Where did they go?
Nobody knows, but there is no stopping them go.
We have unleashed a force more powerful than the potential of a seed, and no more will that seed

wither in the sun, but shine by the grace of the moonlight.

We stopped our diversions, constructions and conversions of reality and realized that all we needed to do was a u-turn, back to when the city streets were not a grid, but a giant amoebic blot on the map of our minds.

No more blockades.

No more constrictions.

No more cardinal directions.

Wherever we are is the center, and arrows sprout out from us like rays of the sun.

Freedom.

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