

# HURRICANE MANIFESTO #1

*The sweeping hand of the hurricane reminds her distracted and ignorant children:*

**NOW** IS THE TIME *TO DO AWAY WITH* THE BELLS AND WHISTLES of the *GLORIOUSLY DECORATED* HAMSTER-WHEEL OF your *SO-CALLED* CIVILIZATION!

*the hurricane says:*

Now I have taught you how easy it is to revive the old fashioned practice of hand-to-mouth **neighborhoodism**, in place of cellphone and facebook (which are easily cut-off by one nonchalant puff of my breath!)

Like a Doe nudging her newborn fawn to take its first step, I said to you, *IT IS TIME TO BEGIN!*

step 1: Employ simple feet or bicycles to carry yourself next door to your neighbors

step 2: **Utilize** your outdated knuckles to knock at your neighbors' doors and use your often misused human voicebox to offer songs, encouragements, **e x a l t a t i o n s !**

step 3: **ACTIVATE** crucial back muscles in the digging-out-of-the-mud, feeding-and-blanket-giving activities central to the true and enthusiastic practice of hand-to-mouth neighborhoodism!

AND THUS awakened, NOW you are ready to advance to the nuanced art of deep eye-to-eye gazing, ear-to-chest heartbeat recognition, full-body embracing, and all other forgotten arts from the caveman era!

*The howling voice of the hurricane entreats her distracted and ignorant children:*

**NOW** re-think your everyday life and the concrete and asphalt expressions of your ambition!

**DO NOT REBUILD** the merchandise-choked boardwalks of Jersey, smothered with an endless number of souvenir shops and eateries designed to stoke the insatiable hunger of commonplace american capitalism!

**DO NOT REBUILD** the constipated Chelsea art galleries crammed with unaffordable esoteric expressions of anxiety-ridden artists!

**Now** IS YOUR CHANCE to *take a different path!*

**First** *Turn your eyes away* from the cell phone screens and computers and facebook pages from the monuments to power from the overstocked marketplace from the litter of mindless entertainments!

**Next** *close your eyes* and allow visions to come. What does your NEW city look like? How do the public spaces unfold? How are streets and plazas and buildings elegantly nourishing space for frivolous in-person chit-chat and serious philosophical debate, for communal politicking and non-virtual hanging out.

**Next** *open your eyes and look up* to the vast and humble sky, now slowly clearing as the dark clouds move away, now opening up into a vast vault of endless blue, now filling with the songs of a thousand birds singing...

The Museum of Everyday Life Philosophy Department