I read a bunch of manifestos before I sat down to write this so I would know what a manifesto is supposed to be, what it is supposed to sound like. This is the fucking problem! It is my problem and it is just as much yours.
Be an animal in the face of the problem, but not a rat.

When I pick up a brush I will silence the voice overs, the damages televised, my dilapidated perceptions of self worth. My media will draw and release a storm. I will no longer be a ghost. I’ll pick my paintbrush up instead of the scotch tape I take to fixing relationships, as if scotch tape will work. I’ll pick myself up, because I am the only me I’ll ever have. I’ll choose to do the work.

Do the work for the pleasure, not to make money or bare image or to prove anything to anyone who ultimately doesn’t get it in the first place. Creativity is not a career. Work to fight the sickness in your heart and in your world. Protect your passion from all that rat race bullshit, or you will start to shrink small enough where a few inches of water will threaten your very survival. Creativity is a human strength. Are you human?
Respect the lines, but don’t let them box you in.

People that die on television don’t even smell. You don’t smell all the rancid food and regret that pours out of their body as they leave this world. No wonder we are all walking around popping pills and keeping our heads down. We have stopped the conversation with reality to the point that we are not prepared for the inevitable. Instead we hoard comfort, relive the past, and stymie our creativity. We chain ourselves to mountains of insignificance so we don’t have to learn anything new. Once you step away from that default button you’ll discover that surrender is the true nature of freedom. Surrender to you instincts and return your inner compass to its rightful place.
Whatever thoughts you've become good at avoiding are exactly what you should be dousing yourself in. Take off your clothes. Stop being ashamed of what you are so you can start accepting who you are. Spill paint all over yourself and roll around on the floor. You should not be afraid... it is just your body, an experience and some paint. Stop fucking thinking about what it will mean, what you look like, what they will think. You are they. You are the queen of they. When your insides say it is enough, get up and get a pen. Thrust yourself into the being on the floor and start marking yourself. Fill in the holes, or make them. Write what you need and what you want and feel the supremacy of being. Let yourself be significant. Make art and trust that it will deliver a path worth following.

You are a sage.
thanks for reading my first zine. writing this manifesto helped.

do what you have to.
live in peace.

❤️ evey

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