

There is no greater moment.
Every second shudders and
vibrates with possibility.
Raise your voice. Cry out.
HOWDY HOPE!

Manifesto

Consideration Liberation Army

Even while you sleep:
GREETINGS REVOLUTION!
As the stars spin:
GREETINGS REVOLUTION!
Again and again and again:
GREETINGS REVOLUTION!

We are the Consideration Liberation Army. Underground, over airwaves, lolly-gagging in air-conditioned offices, and cavorting behind basement curtains. We smile in broad daylight and shout while you are sleeping. Through the cracked pavement of abandoned parking lots, in the pre-fab styling of cafés, whispered above the choked hum of traffic. We are the Consideration Liberation Army. The under-employed, the over-employed, mothers, and children. We are wallflowers, paperhangers, **croquet players**. Ventriloquists and barbers. Human resource specialists and whores. We are the Consideration Liberation Army. We are dedicated to forcing rampant engagement with ideas. Our goal is to take back the terror and place it once again in the rightful hands of artists, who confuse, mystify, and take up your valuable time. Our tools are many. Armed with our bodies, minds, and deeds, we attack **thoughtlessness** and perpetrators thereof. And we will stop at nothing. For those who do not join our cause there is no pity: we seek to shame the rude, alienate the greedy, and frighten the complacent. You, the narcissistic, the ignorant, and the bland: the

time for change is now. Stupidity is no longer an option; **“Whoops,”** no longer an excuse; indifference no longer tolerated. Examples will be made, metaphor will be made, rehabilitation will occur. The insouciant will be tattooed with troubling questions. The thoughtless will be flogged with compact lines of verse. And the cruel and condescending will be held captive in waterparks until they learn to laugh like children. So be forewarned. Consider repentance, consider each other, consider anything, but consider it now. It is your only salvation from the long arm of Consideration Liberation Army. For those who join our cause there is the thrill of danger and uncertainty that always comes with thinking. With fear-

of crazed kindness, of exaggerated hope. The only possible result of this conceptual insurgency is unbridled, infectious thoughtfulness. Soon shopping malls will be provocative, airports interesting, and government offices kind. Around every streetcorner will lurk roving gangs devoted to rumination. Wildcat mobs intent on **introspection**. Seditious youth armed to the teeth with good ideas. Science and religion will come together at last and agree to disagree. Sporting events will be judged on wit, not goals or scores. Wars will become convivial bonspiels in which rancor is swept aside. We are the Consideration Liberation Army. Ours is a militant force. Our riotous actions and **vehement care** are dangerous. We are many;

Consideration LIBERATION Army

some rigour our rebels ponder everything. Together let us sing: **Ahoy, wonder!** Aloha, consciousness! Hello, liberation! Ours is a song of hyperbolic revolution: of insane ideas,

we are everywhere; we are infectious and in some cases deadly. Ours is a righteous revolt guaranteed to wreak sweeping thoughtfulness. Ours is the profound power of thought.

