

# THE CHOCOLATE REVOLUTION MANIFESTO 2006

*“The really revolutionary revolution is to be achieved, not in the external world, but in the souls and flesh of human beings”*

Aldous Huxley

**Dear friends,**

Together we stand at the dawn of a new millennium, yet a millennium already ensnared by the cartography of the past. We inherit a world shrink wrapped, pre-packed and neat stacked for our consumption. We experience a world dominated by planners and statisticians,

drawers of diagrams, programmers of systems,

mappers of genomes and samplers of ozone,

Historians, Commentators, Curators and Home Makers.

modelers of models, makers of maps, charters of graphs.

**We live in a world of signs**

We inherit a world dominated.

**So** the time has come for a new Manifesto for much has changed since our last endeavors. The project itself made ridiculous for we no longer share even the most basic presumptions of our modern era ancestors.

We have no Ideals to pursue (Oh the joy!)

No Future to enrich (those born today have already dismissed us)

No State to Smash (Oh sweet Oedipus!)

No Past to escape – for we are born of the world, fat and nourished on unprecedented freedoms. As a generation of calves turned feral in an abandoned and heretical temple we know little but pleasure, ease and opportunity.

But yet we languish.....

**Why?**

**O**ur lives today are forged by the hammers of diversity, equality, plurality and democracy. We hold **Truth** to be an outmoded historical concept replaced by anti-discrimination legislation and 'free' trade mythologies. **Reason** likewise is an embarrassing old uncle, bed ridden and incontinent. We are corralled by the materialistic pragmatism of the social scientists; the simplistic literalism of the lowest common denominator.

Our lives are so obvious.

Our boundaries pre-proscribed.

The imaginative of us are milked dry in youth then sold to celebrity freak shows till early drug addled death. We live on a trash diet that sustains but does not enrich.... and kills the spirit!

**We must find the strength to admit ourselves a people malnourished**

Our perception of the world has itself been polluted, our language and nomenclature turned toxic. Our experiences, indeed our identities, are filtered through language; we talk back to ourselves and can thus say 'I know', 'I see'. But our language has become cancerous, aggressive, malignant, growing away from us at an unprecedented rate. We are intoxicated with images that cannot be assimilated.

We fetishize the new and novel and are no longer understood beyond our most immediate circles.

**We** make models of our experience, images of our lives, patterns and representations that will fit some structure and lay the foundations of Knowledge. We have always done this. Maybe it is what we do...

... *but*, our image making capabilities have accelerated to such a malignant state that we sit in besotted stupefaction before these colourful blossoming cultures that are demeaning us.

*They have over-run the healthy tissue.*

These models are no longer *aids memoir* or handy abstractions; they have spawned the possibility of fictional, fraudulent, entirely *virtual experience*. Dumb struck and stupid, slack jawed like Narcissus at the pool we sit infantile and retarded, tinkering and intoxicated with these simple pretty pictures, chattering and discussing their trivialities.

It may simply be that to this we are doomed

**Pictures** tell a story, a story based on a formula, structured by a system, a set of contextual premises. This system illuminates a model of experience. A model we can relate to, copy, and model our own experiences upon or against. Thus through repetition these systems grow and compete, interconnect, monopolize and form a web.

A web of understanding,

a web of communication.

Initially this formed community, distinct cultures, *but today* we witness the sown seeds of a global *lingua franca* of idiocy and forgery - **of language *without* experience.**

*We are surrounded by spin doctors and that surely signifies a systemic sickness!*

**Then** as this World Wide Web of Chatter fattens and grows it forms a cocoon. A tightly spun, closely wrapped web of polluted perception and rancid representation that blocks out the sun,.....stifles the air.....and muffles all sound.

The animals knew it first and have either joined us or died away. We will no longer be petitioned by their concerns- we have fabricated their input.

**So, my friends,** if you should awaken to breathe an air that seems sweetly infused with an almost indiscernible unpalatability and find yourself witness to a world of overflowing Beauty; If you should find yourself suddenly open to the bounty of Diversity, able to appreciate all things equally without discrimination and fighting a gag reflex and an acrid aftertaste; If you should awaken mumbling “*Ceci n’est pas un pipe*” from a broken dream of a dream and fevered sleep; in short if you should awaken one day to the strange awareness of the universal predominance of an unnamable *Inauthenticity*, then, my friends, you awaken to the  
***Chocolate Revolution!***

**The Inauthentic** is the signal fire, the alarm bell, the rallying call, the cold sweat and night cry of the coming Revolution.

**The Chocolate Revolution** accepts that the Death of Truth has led to the crippling of Integrity! That Integrity is the pumping of the blood to a Human Being.

The **Chocolate Revolution** frees us from lives as cultural production assistants, content providers or cultural facilitators, rebirthing all again.....*as Artists!*

**The Chocolate Revolution** does not accept Art as a branch of the welfare state nor as a small business enterprise or entrepreneurial trade gambit, but as the *essential* digestive function of a healthy organism.

**Beware! The Chocolate Revolution** accepts the genuine fake, the truly inauthentic, and the honest phony. **The Chocolate Revolution** is non-binary and non-material. It comes in Milk, Dark, White, Hazelnut and other combinations yet to be made manifest.

**The Revolution makes but one demand,**  
***Seize the means of production!***

**All** the maps, all the images, all the systems that order the world, the syntax, the beaurocrats, the fat cats, the fathomless complexity, or simple serenity we inhabit is spun from our **Desires!**..... like a chocolate thread from a candy spider.

**Perceptual acknowledgement is your greatest weapon!**

**All** the up, down and round and round. The left, right, day, night, the choices you choose between, all the things you see *are spun by your desire*. They are structured by your perception, and your perception is structured by them, ***but.....It is all Chocolate!***

The whole sugar spun archipelago of images and reproductions, this candy citadel of our common desires and mutual hopes, this glorious beauty, this miraculous package, is spun from within you. Inside and out is an outmoded binaryism. The Revolution sees that all is Chocolate for the Revolution demeans all cheap spatial metaphors. The Package *is* the Product and your skin is but a systemic glitch, a simplification and illusionary contextual byproduct..... awaiting Revolution.

**Perceptual acknowledgement is your greatest gift!**

**The Chocolate Revolution** therefore *is* a **war** of words, a **battle** over images, a **rebellion** of perception.

**The Chocolate Revolution** does not concern itself with **content** or **ideas**, these like Heaven are systemic mythologies (and there was a revolution there too!).

**The Chocolate Revolution** is a revolution of **Form**.

**The Chocolate Revolution** is **superficial**. All is Surface. All is Action. Concepts and Ideas are pretentious presumptions perpetuated by the insecure, stupid and complacent who live in fear of the truth of Chocolate.

The Revolution is about **behavior** not motivation for the Revolution knows that *all motivation is Chocolate!*

## **Perceptual acknowledgement will be your greatest test!**

**The Chocolate Revolution** insists you take the red pill, Neo, not but once but *again and again*. Make a daily habit of Chocolate ingestion, a regular diet of anti-illusionaries, of package openers, of onion peelers. It is true that when all is done this labour may resemble a grand futility, revealing nothing more than a broken ladder, a series of Chinese boxes- of boxes in boxes....in boxes..... in boxes.....in boxes, a vicious regress of empty packages and broken promises *but the Revolution will deliver*.

The Process will yield the Chocolate vision,

**The Chocolate Revolution will yield the *awareness* of those packages.....**

*...as packages!*

As sweet, shiny, seductive, beautiful wrapping that even if after a lifetime of unwrapping, unpacking, decamping, deconstructing and stripping it all away we find no Zion, no Heaven, no Soul, Self or Substance, but only forgotten, mumbling old age and the inevitability of complacency.....

*Was it still not the best way to live?*

**Anyway...**'nuff a that, here are the bullet points

- Ignore the 'Important'. It is simple code for the snap frozen and pre-packaged, the regurgitated, twice digested banalities of an imaginationless cunning. *Go into the world with Chocolate!*
- (Although we concede the point Mr. Scott-Heron), the *effects* of the revolution *will be televised*. **The Chocolate Revolution** itself will take place on your taste buds!
- Beware of Irony it is the ultimate form of consent! Sarcasm is better.
- (art) **History's a fool!** But the Fool is cool. And Cool is hot. And Hots what we got for your tots in stock this season!
- The future is now, Buck Rodgers: **the future is Chocolate!**