

# GOT FREE THOUGHT?

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## HOLLOW WITH BROKEN WINGS

This sculpture represents many things, but at its core is expressionism—a portal into the way the artist in me sees and expresses my longing for the phrase, “Question authority.” It symbolizes the part of me that walks outside the door everyday yearning to hear something different from anyone. This piece reflects what I see in many people around me and, more specifically, the way propaganda affects their way of thinking. The work is the devastating image of what corporate government has done to the people of our country—the theft of our individuality and ability to think critically. My research stemmed from my disheartenment by the lack of individual thought from the people around me. This led me to explore how propaganda has flooded mainstream media on all fronts, disabling us with the constant need to consume.

However, none of my research has been quite as profound as my daily experiences with the public’s ethereal version of “individuality.” I have witnessed everything I read about first hand. I have watched school systems filter information in order to manipulate the youth to think a very specific way. I have witnessed companies, such as pharmaceutical companies, hook their consumers on products that in the long run only decrease their health in order to continue feeding from their wallets and their lives. These same companies lobby and influence Congress to make decisions regarding how tax dollars are spent and the children in this country are educated. (For example, the Constitution is no longer taught in American high schools, as opposed to a time when you could not graduate without a passing grade in civics where it was taught.)

I encourage the viewer to take a look at your way of thinking. I encourage the viewer to transcend programmed “knowledge” you have, to transcend any rips in your wings that disable you, to rise above and question the knowledge given to us. If this art piece is, in some way, a mirror for you, this could be an opportunity to not only question, but find the truth.

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Where does the line between brainwashing and teaching lie? Is there any knowledge that when you break it down to its simplest form, does not in some way qualify as brainwashing? Are we capable of detecting said line? From birth we are taught from our culture, our parents, and our surroundings. It is in fact taught knowledge, how to interact and survive in the environment we reside in. Is that not what schools, and propaganda are doing? Maintaining the utopic mass agreeing system? In both homeschooling and public schooling you could say are brainwashed because it is the parents choosing what and what not to teach them. There is in fact a filter in both. This leads the question... is there true free thought at all? The question going as far back as free will given by God... are we ever truly free minds? Or are we all strictly products of our environment? Do we like what we do because we are genuinely interested in these things, or do we like them because we have watched them appear on our TV. In our magazines. Used by the people we admire etc.... I often revisit this dilemma of free thought with a stockpile of unanswered questions and theories... I don't believe there are any straightforward answers to these questions. At least not at this point in time. However I do not believe that is reason to stop questioning. Asking these questions is what makes me truly assess what is important to me. What is essential in my life, and what is negligible.

I see it as a healthy way to occasionally check in with yourself in order to avoid a life of gluttony, fed by propaganda. I look around, and I begin to lose air... the walls come in as I feel wrong here in my skin. I fear the world I live in is falling into line... one after another. We are aware of the propaganda we follow blindly. Yet we do nothing to change it. We hear of the people across the world starving and living not only in poverty, but in completely unlivable conditions due to our constant need to consume. We should be asking who is paying the price for my lifestyle. We should be asking who is responsible for a toxic system such as this?

Who is the ruler of insanity? Who is the father of this chaos? Where do we begin in finding the source... We are intimidated by such a journey. It's scary. Scary to look down the barrel of a gun, but it's even scarier to look the barrel of a gun held by a sweating shaky hand.

That hand is a symbol of the unpredictable, unstable, and broken system we live in. the system we "thrive" in. the same system that has produced an entire island of waste!

Not a figurative or metaphorical island no... A LITERAL ISLAND OF GARBAGE.

I wonder where we will go from here... we are aware... we are evolved... we see all of the damages on every front this system has caused... yet there is no conscience among us? No movement? No empathy?... is this what evolution looks like?...

When I was little I use to wonder if I was the only one alive and everyone else was a robot. I remember feeling rather distressed about it. I was so unsure whether they were human or not. I always laugh thinking back to that, but when I think about the world today... When I look around and hear almost the same thing from the people I speak to... when I see the lack of empathy for what our actions cause... I feel that feeling once again.

I look around and once again, I wonder if I am the only one alive...

I walk along, day by day, waiting to hear something different... I listen to the voices around me and they sound the same... I feel alienated wherever I am... I just want to hear something else... I just want to Feel something Else. I don't need anyone to believe my theories, or agree with them. I just need... Different...

Does this matter at all? How important is individualism at this point?

Is the utopic lack of stubborn individuality what we have worked for all of these years????  
Are these dull 50 shades of human what really hold our world together???

...Maybe...

But how boring that would be... to see what everyone else sees...  
I see murderers idolized. Veterans and warriors disrespected and repressed. I see manipulation not freedom. I see lies. Not truth. I see someone else's opinion when i hear yours. I see tears blood and sweat shed over your sweater you bought online after crying over the movie fast fashion. I see the death of individualism when you think you're special. I see pain when I wake up because all I see is the damn same...