

# MANIFESTO: ACCESSIBILITY TO ARTS

BY MACARENA

For some is music

For some is theater

For some is paint

For some is poetry

For some is dance

For some is film

It goes on

It's everywhere

It has been everywhere

Yet, why don't we all have it?

Or do we?

Or is it that, we don't all know where to find it?

Art is in our body, in our soul, in our history.

It is what consciously and unconsciously moves us forward.



Hurricane Maria 2017, Puerto Rico

Nature is destroyed.

No power

No roof

No food

No water

No service

No light

No hope

No nothing.

An empty plaza fills up every day at 5:00pm before care few You hear different sounds

Voices

Instruments

Cries

You see colors

You sense others

One individual start singing

Others join

Another takes out an instrument, a melody flourish

In the corner, an ongoing poetic proclamation of frustration and desolation Others listen

Others cry

Others feel

Others heal

There's hope

When there is nothing

There is art.



Lower East Side, New York City 2019 At a temporary home.

There is ill temper

There is disappointment

There is abandonment

There is lack of love

There's uncertainty

One pencil, one piece of paper, one prompt. One simple exercise for 12 girls without family.

As they write and ask

Actors patiently wait to perform their craft

Unique stories come to light

Freedom of expression once again acts

Smiles from side to side

Their voices are finally heard

They aren't voiceless no more

There is hope

There is excitement

There is Art.



March 2020, Earth

Schools are closed.

Work is remote.

Street are deserted.

Stations are empty.

Planes are vacant.

No mouth

No hands

No hugs

No kisses

No touch

No life?

Between four walls, we all count...

1, 2,3,4,5,6,7... 1.4M lives

What is happening? We ask

Eyes are burning red

Is it the crying?

Is it the glasses without blue light?

From fifteen to three kids in one screen

What to do?

How to do it?

Why we do it?

What do we have?

A body

A brain

Sound

Colors

Art.



In the midst of chaos, art somehow finds its way in. It breaks silences in moments of tension. It transforms despair into hope, fear into security. It unites in times of war; it manifests love in animosity. It provides an alternative voice during protests. If it does all that, why don't we all have access to it? Why, during a crisis, does the government not prioritize it? Why do art companies keep shutting down? Why aren't there enough funds? Where are the funds? War? Infrastructure? Oil extraction? Law enforcement?

Art goes beyond entertainment; it heals, it educates. Every public school student should have an art program. Every foster care child should know that anger, isolation, and frustration can be released into an art form and transformed into something positive. Every person with a disability should explore their senses through different art forms and feel at their plenitude. Every elder should know they can exercise their muscle memory through artistic creations. Every special education student should know there is a way to learn that doesn't require a textbook. Where there is art, there is hope. Where there is peace, there is freedom; where there is freedom, there is love.

Never underestimate the power of art.