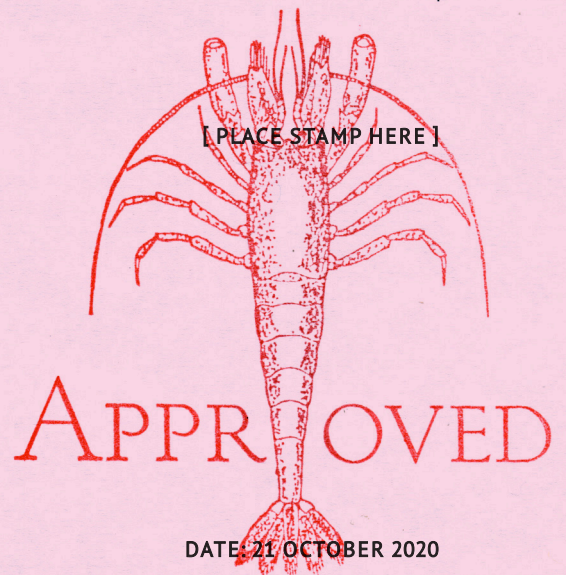


MINIFESTO
OBVERSE



Let small be small.

The mountain doesn't look down on the pebble because it is small. The gnat feels one with the fruit. We are in a correspondence with small. Listening, feeling, tasting—being present is how we learn to be with small.

Of all the human-invented labels, "big" is one of the most enduring and seductive. Small is easy to dismiss, even when menacing and terrifying, as we have seen with the coronavirus. But small is more than a size, it's also an ethos and a way of life.

As a way of being in the world with others, small necessitates that we as bigs, in comparison to smalls, learn to let things be as they are. Spinoza says we don't know what the body can do. We say, we don't know how small, small can be. Perhaps we shouldn't be quite so eager to discover what is small with our microscopes. Let's not trample on smallness's right to be small.

Let small remain invisible.
Let our lifespans be short.

Sometimes small does quite well to be overlooked, lest we project our big desires to know small and own small. Small deserves the right to exist without being made visible.

As the poet Kaneko Misuzu wrote, "Unseen things are still there." In our beds, unseen dust mites feed on bits of dead skin. It may feel reassuring that they remain unseen, but their world is there—strange and distant,



like a
moon or an
asteroid.

MINIFESTO

REVERSE

When a moth makes a hole in our favorite garment, we may feel slighted. Let's invite that nagging feeling into our consciousness. Furthermore, let's discover mending as a small activity that involves using what's there and little else and brings enormous satisfaction. The knowledge of the repair can be experienced secretly among the mender, the wearer, and the vestment.

A plump, juicy dumpling can command our full attention. Instead of giving ourselves over to this small bliss, we feel the urge to take a picture of it and broadcast its image far and wide. The image of the dumpling is not the dumpling, as Magritte pointed out with his pipe. When having a meal, let's be sure to taste it and enjoy it. The pleasure of taste is a small but fulfilling experience. It resonates inside of us.



Let us listen long enough to hear small without making any demands of small, its whimpers, its peeps, its blips, and beeps.

The ocean scatters seashells relentlessly along the coastline. The tourist strolling lazily on the beach picks up a shell and puts it in her pocket. She takes it home and tucks it in a nook or a drawer never to admire it again.

Let's not ask small to be more.

Small feet eager to experience the ground are shoved into rigid and clumsy miniature replicas of adult shoes before they can even take their first steps.

Let small feet remain unshod.

At the root of our obsession with bigness is the fear of our insignificance. We value ourselves too much. We think we're big, when we are quite small. Let's reorient ourselves towards smallness so that we may begin to tear down our egos. Let us diminish ourselves a little bit every day.

Let's become imperceptible.



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SOCIETY OF
SMALLNESS