

# THE BEAUTIFUL LIE

## Chapter One

### ART IS A VERB

I want you to consider art as a verb, and not a noun. Art is not a lifeless object hung in a museum for silent reverence; it's a living pulse, a spark that seizes you, demanding you meet it in the raw, trembling moment of now. Art catches your breath in the sudden heat of laughter or tears that spills without warning. Its power lies not in its price or polished frame, but in the unshakable stir it ignites in the heart. The time has come to redefine art's measure not by its fleeting worth in ticket sales, but by how it shakes its audience, how it binds us to one another. Art doesn't live in hushed galleries or gilded cages; it breathes in the risks we take, in the courage to stand bare before the world. To treat art as a thing is to trade its fire for dust. We must shatter the notion that art is a relic to be admired from afar. A canvas alone is mute; its voice surges only in the electric clash between work and witness. Hang it, and it's mere decoration; the tremor it sends through your bones is where art sings. As a noun, it's a trinket, bartered and bound. As a verb, it's a storm: wild, urgent, alive with human possibility. To chain it is to dull its power to remake our world.

Art happens in that fleeting moment when it breaks through the ordinary, rewriting what you thought life could hold. It's not about applause you're prodded to give; it's the raw swell of feeling that lifts you unbidden, a cry from a hidden place within. In the spirit of Peter Brook, art is not a product but a living encounter, a shared breath where the stage, the canvas, or the word becomes a doorway to something greater. Some claim art's strength lies in its permanence—as object or ritual—but to see art as a verb is not to reject these forms. It is to widen our gaze, to chase not just what art is, but what it does to the human spirit. It's the spark that shifts how you see, the force that leaves you more alive, more connected.

The danger comes when we reduce art to a thing, stripping away its life as a shared moment. We surrender our vision to curators or critics who dictate what deserves the name "art." Too many bend to their rules, shaping work to fit safe molds rather than daring to disrupt and reach those who witness. A single harsh word can dim our courage. Algorithms tally clicks, but they miss the soul of creation. Ticket sales count coins, not hearts set ablaze. The gatekeepers do not tell us what art is - the audience does. When we treat art as a noun, we hand its meaning to others, letting them carve its value while we lose our own. Art becomes a lifeless idol, no longer a rebel's flame but a shadow of what was. Cease asking, "Is this art?" Demand instead, "What is this waking in us?"

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Art is no label; it's an act, fierce and deeply human. It lives when your gaze locks with a canvas, when a story or song strikes a chord that hums through your core. To meet or make art is to bare yourself: raw, vulnerable, both veiled and exposed. In that exchange, you are woven into a fleeting, living moment with strangers who become kin in the space of a shared pulse. This connection sinks deep, not as memory but as sensation: your heart races, your skin holds the moment, your nerves cradle its weight. True art doesn't fade; it lingers, whispering in quiet hours, surging back when life feels heavy. It doesn't beg for notice; it claims it, leaving you changed. This is what Peter Brook might call the "holy theatre" of resonance: a room of strangers breathing as one, hearts beating in unison, no longer apart but bound by a living tide. Laughter leaps like flame, tears ripple like water, emotions weave us into a shared human current. Art forges this bridge between body and soul, instinct and truth.

### **Art = Truth + Beauty**

Art thrives in the collision of truth and beauty, This is the sacred equation that stirs the unseen depths and draws souls into a single heartbeat. Our calling is to create not for display but for connection, to kindle this fire for those who gather. The audience's time is more precious than gold; they could lose themselves in a screen's endless hum, but they chose your stage, your space, your moment. You are entrusted to offer something that pierces the heart of their humanity - something alive, something true.

To craft art with truth and beauty demands a relentless curiosity, a stubborn courage to face the unknown. It's not just craft; it's the fierce belief that what you make can touch a life. The audience brings private wounds, their joys, their quiet longings. They arrive to be seen, to slip free, to be swept into something radiant. Whatever drew them here, you are charged with offering a moment that heals, that lifts, that reminds them they are alive. This is the glory of art as a verb: it moves, it acts, it never rests. We are not here to perform at them, we are there to perform with them. When art lands, it doesn't merely entertain; it transforms, leaving our community braver, softer, more human.

To see art as a verb is to let it leap beyond stage or canvas, cutting through to the soul's core. Forget reviews or ticket counts; these are but shadows. The true rubric is **impact**: Did it move you? Shake you? Make you laugh until your sides ache or weep until your breath catches? Did it crack your heart open, even for a breath? Did it make you feel alive? If you get your audience to feel these things then, financial gains and ticket sales will follow.

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This transformation is no distant dream; it's what art does when it reaches into the raw, shared heart of humanity, pulling us from the mundane to the extraordinary. But, art need not always be solemn or profound. Sometimes, it's a burst of joy, a dance that shakes off the world's weight, a laugh that sets you free. To see art as a verb is to embrace that freedom: to feel, to question, to live with your heart flung wide. In those moments, it's as mighty as any eternal work.

We must forge a new vision for art's place among us. Art doesn't belong in elite halls or behind velvet ropes; it's wild, human, as messy and vibrant as life itself. It's the pulse of our shared humanity, the voice of what it means to live. We don't just see art; we live it, finding ourselves anew in its embrace. Art spills into the streets, adorns walls, nests in homes, dances in parks and public squares. It's in the story swapped with a stranger, the laughter shared with a friend, the quiet of a dawn, or the soar of a song. It's in the fire of a sermon, the arc of a perfect throw, the passion of a teacher, or the fleeting grace of a balloon rising into the sky.

This is why art must be a verb: a call to engage, to break free, to feel the weight and wonder of being human. It's not a possession; it's a force that seizes you in the moment of encounter, a spark where creativity and humanity collide. Art doesn't mirror the world; it's the hammer that shapes it. It challenges, disrupts, builds. We must create spaces that honor art as action—alive, raw, transformative. The new generation must reject the urge to please gatekeepers and instead forge bold paths to connect with those who witness. We create not for applause but for impact: to question power, lift silenced voices, ignite change. A story is culture in motion that unveils truth, a song that reclaims space, a painting that sparks a fight. Art's power lies not in its polish but in who it moves and what it dares to say.

Art as a verb is alive - sometimes gentle, sometimes a blaze. Art doesn't wait for permission. It will find you, shift you, and remind you what it means to be human.

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July 15 2025