

PLATO'S ALLEGORY OF THE RAVE

laurasauras.tumblr.com

i imagine all you've ever known is a rave. the lights are down, the music's pumping, people of indeterminate identity are pressing against other people, someone has a whistle and it's vaguely in time with the music and several people have just made the life changing discovery that the stuff from glow sticks can come out of glow sticks and can be flung crowd-ward with extreme prejudice. the rave is life and the rave is you.

b ut then a broseph (let's call him plato, just because it's my name, it's not about me, i'm just making this easier for you to follow) leaves the rave.

t he streets outside are quiet and for the first time plato can see that there are colours that aren't actively attempting to burn your eyes out, he can hear sounds, he can hear talking! people can communicate outside of the rave!

t here's street meat, there's a taxi rank with a girl contemplating whether it's more painful to stand in her high heels or on the pavement with indeterminate shrapnel, there's streetlights casting light on a whole new world. and plato knows he needs to share the knowledge of this world with the ravers.

h e returns to the rave, but the music that was once his lifeblood is deafening and the lights are both too dark and too bright at the same time and he's forgotten how to communicate with ravers. he tries to tell them of everything he learned, but they're not ready to know. they want him to leave.

p lato thinks to himself, you know what, they're all bitches anyway, i'm gonna make myself a new society, only for people who can appreciate the world as a whole. also, no artists.
i fucking hate artists.