

They Call Me Bacchanal

Let's start by watching this video:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=caSy4bMrnLE&feature=emb_logo

The Trinidadians have coined the term bacchanal to express a superlative level of fete and revelry. What image does one conjure up when one hears this term? Masquerades? Masks? Elaborate costuming? I enjoin you to listen to this attached song by Destra Garcia, that was deliberately chosen with a still shot.

"... I name bacchanal, they call me bacchanal

I name bacchanal, they call me bacchanal

I name bacchanal, they call me bacchanal

They got bacchanal in de road

They got bacchanal in de street

They got bacchanal on de stage..."

The rhythmic drums, the pulsating horns, the catchy lyrics, the jumpy beat all combine to paint a glorious picture - a grand spectacular affair. Is it any different on the stage of life? One listens to the song and immediately there is that creative mental journey that unfolds - vibrantly coloured fabrics, glitter, tassles, iridescent beads, spotlight, music, dance, elaborate plumes, sparkle, shocking neon hues, movements, a mob. A new atmosphere springs forth. I am bacchanal!

Meaning and intention, figurative language, imagery, sound effects and symbolism are tightly packaged in a power capsule called **spectacle**. Once at the whim of props, I have graduated to the likes of technology through the dazzling visual effects generated by computers. My face has been unveiled, stripped of my masks?

World, can you see me? They have transformed me through the Broadway musical fever!

Here I am. I am spectacle! I am bacchanal!