

Chamber Music

"There is no need to hope or fear, only to look for new weapons"

- Gilles Deleuze, *Postscript on The Societies of Control*

I have been considering this for quite some time. How to adjust. But the reality is, there is no adjusting alongside desubjectification. We are losing our value rapidly, as humans in our own lives and entirely as a collective. The older generation has always looked to the newer with critical eyes, and though it has become an observation to laugh at in jest, have we ever considered that the old can sense the new? Have we ever considered that the older generations before us could sense that there are prices that are to be paid with modernization, that changes of manner and beauty and faith affect all else? We grin at the oldies who were shocked at the gumption of the young people, their mannerisms and cavalier, their indifference.

To some extent, this was for the best. Change has always come as a result of long standing tradition, but assessing the changes, I wonder to myself how much of it appears truly valuable, truthful and worthwhile. When I look into a new bookstore, I find myself drifting often to the classics. Once in a while I will give myself a chance to read new literature and I often feel disappointed at the lack of depth and long lasting effect the writing has on me.

It feels so much of modern media is centered around the self, it feels immature somehow. As if an entire generation stopped aging at 17 and our perspectives on life simply halted there. I would say it is most accurate that this is the peter pan generation, at least, the millennial class reflects that image to me. That wanting to be "in the loop", that desire to make art into social commentary, it racks the shelves and endless walls of art galleries, insisting upon itself. Once upon a time there was a beauty that could speak for itself, without a plaque of paragraphs or an artists statement, or a blatantly obvious representation of the current trending critique of society.

I suppose you could say I have grown tired of it all, the need to be "entertained", the force corrupting all of our minds to care about such niche issues, the curation of our personalities to absolute caricature, it's all so dismal and short sighted.

We are becoming more and more a society of the end, never looking toward the longevity of things, stuck permanently where we are. I know where to go if I want another self help book, another critique of "The Dichotomy of ____"- machines could mimic that kind of work.

I don't know the answer, but I mourn what we have lost- beauty that stands alone and draws all of us in its truth. Such things are myths in the world of post-humanism.

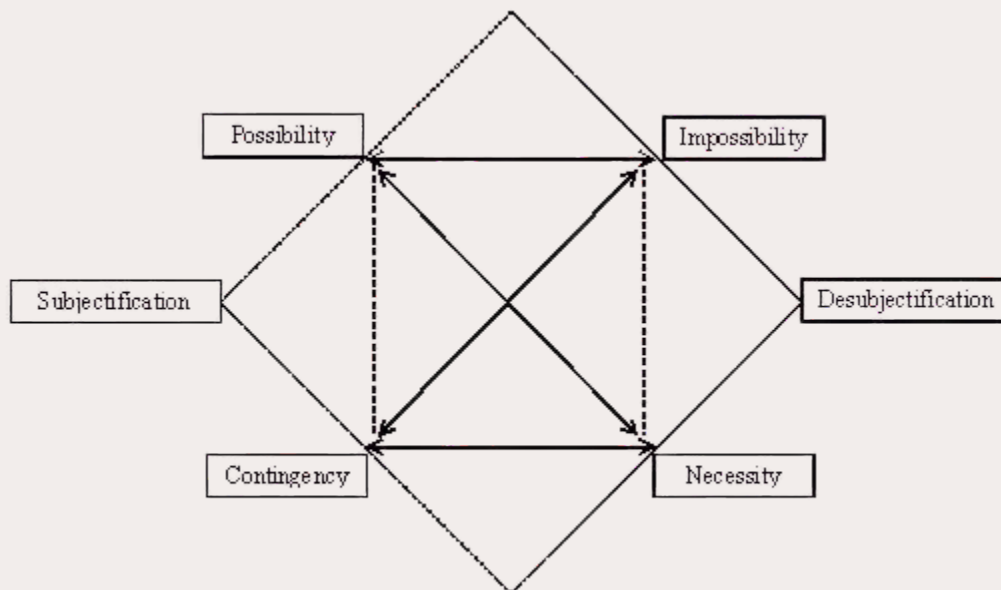


Figure 1. Semiotic Square of the four modal categories