

## **The Soulless Social Souls**

There seem to be two kind of artists. Initially these kinds were only tendencies, the Apollonian and the Dionysian tendency as beautifully rendered in Herman Hesse's transcendentalist novels. One tendency brought the artist talent in a rather monastic state while the other brought him wondering the world fully exposed to it. As William Wordsworth would point out, there was the moment of exploration followed by the moment in which the poet "recollected in tranquility".

The poetic exploration anticipating the more composed recollection seems to me what it is under-threat. My feeling is thus that contemporary society has developed binary channels in which you are either in or out but can't be migrating through both. The social subsidy can in this sense only create an embryonic state of totalitarian recollection which, stripped of its poetic experience only reduces itself to reflection based on other reflections.

We thus live a mannerist state and our creative impulse, the cream of our spirituality which could in fact transcend all the many crisis building up to these days, can only be included or excluded by the canons of the few wealthy societies on top of the eroding human pyramid. As only a very refined and sophisticated as much as sterile elite is given the possibility to express itself and project its creativity on top of the rest of humanity, the excluded majority is either left with the choice of castrating its creativity or turning it into angry alienation.

Contemporary politics can be very much explained with the incapability of society to provide sufficient channels of creative expression to every individuals. The burning anger and inevitable despotism emerging in today's society is the result of its ultra rationalization which did not account for the very flower each and every individual retains within him or herself. All the political rhetoric and organized ideological statements of both the left and the rights are just missiles shot over the vulnerable poetical potential which could have blossom by a more spiritually aware society.

There is no hope but war and destruction in a to Apollonian regime unwilling to celebrate life and its poets. There is only misery ahead but the stoic conformation of the only poetic left remaining to undertake; that of stowing of the small poetic potentials of this life lived at the margins of the social system, as the seeds of flowers stuck in the cracks of a too asphalted road we cannot but hope to collect them in the hope of a new spring to come in which a fresh ground will invite us to disclose them.