

The Old Mother and the Old Father Complex

There seems to be a global cultural stalling, a stalling brought forward by too polarized political stances. On one end we have the more or less despotic governments imposing a total patriarchal celebration and on the other end we have the democratic hyper tolerant governance imposing a matriarchal accusation of such patriarchy.

The artist, or else the cultural producer is but the son or daughter of two parents on a phase to divorce. We can either side with daddy and go for his agenda or side with mommy and go for her agenda. Yet the risk is that a new humanity, a regenerating culture cannot come to place and that we waste our talent play the patriarchs or the matriarchs unable to in fact give birth to our own new creature, the creature that with his or her very birth can transcend and solve all problems.

Our problems are in fact old ones we drag along, problems we have inherited and problems we ought to occult not through a fighting type of resolutions, nor trying to reconcile the old mother and father. There ought to be a new union, a union between what one or the other polarity is hindering in its own way. Any extreme intake in one ideology will but create its opposition. The solution lays not in a fight which will be endless and can never be resolved but in the creation of a new union, a fresh union completely disconnected by the power struggle.

Possibly then it is being defiant of such politics and overall of governance at large that a creature bringing hope can be generated. Any pseudo culture generated under the old mother or the old father are just but instruments prolonging the life of governmental systems that are long dead, whose existence is no longer sustainable and its a burden on life itself, it is the shadow of death projected on us, an increasing draining of real life. Yet given that it is life itself what we ought to nourish we cannot dwell with politics that, in all its attempt to boost the social conditions will inevitably suffocate humanity in one way or another.

Salvation out of these binary like power struggle can only occur in the periphery, a periphery where a blink of life can still escape government surveillance. Somewhere under the radar we can become farmers of our own nature, a nature governance wants completely subjugated for its own interests. Only not being in focus human nature is able to evolve itself into something other than what governance has prestablished us to be.

There is no doubt that any form of governance, whether it has a soft matriarchic connotation or a hard patriarchic one, any form of governance has in its own interest the programming of humans into at least a set of general values. This programming

called education is a the base for the ideologically paternalizing governance to exist. This is more so the case now that the father and the mother governance are old and feeble and should have died a long ago. More than ever our governance, whether in the east or the west are in need of youth to assist them, to procrastinate their absurd lives, their institutions cemented to live for eternity.

In this scenario who we meet are just blinded folk educated to tacitly stand for whatever direction their governance are heading to. Perhaps this folk is in fact they are just seating more than ever in a dark cave where movement is only simulated b a projection, or better they are seating under a galley, rowing for an elite of elders, contenting themselves and exclusively nourishing themselves of all the moralism and ethics they set forth to them in such projection.

Now more than ever, in this galley, in the office space the governmental projections are tailored to each of the screens associated to each individual yet rowing he or she must. In the case of the old patriarch he rows in search to revive his masculine virtue through what will eventually end up being a suicidal mission and in the case of the old mother she rows for the many small hedonistic pleasures altering the senses to a most self-erasing ephemeralization.

No matter the scope, we are all set to row, to frustrate our lives for a governmental cause we ought at first to be aware of and secondly we ought to be able to escape if we can simply but learning to float alone and alone be able to observe the surrounding as much as the universe, relearning from scratch based on our very empirical experience and the continuous bullying of whatever ship we have vowed not to embark.

Once our raft with all our tinkering will in fact turn into somewhat of a simulation of a galley, yet without the need of any of the many slaves it necessitate to move, once our draft will somewhat began to show others that they too have not to row and they too can stay adrift without such an incredible amount of resources being wasted to maintain their galleys running, then the story will turn and our experience will suddenly enrich itself also with the actual attempts of whatever galley to sink us down or simply to ignore us.

Yet right this self-made raft, this ark of meanings may be the only configuration we ought to pursue to in fact be able to unofficially prepare to create a whole new life beyond the much bombastic armadas we are enrolled into from the very beginning.