

Probing Desire

Disconnected from the real issues of existence, we distrust our instincts, sublimate primal passions, control our lusts and bury them in diversionary amusements. We abdicate responsibility for our opinions and tranquilize ourselves with entertainment media. Silently we suffer a loss of intimacy. Feeling no sense of community, we trust no ally. Having reduced love and death to a video spectator sport, we lose touch with our own mortality, yet fear the threat of sudden, random violence enough to sacrifice real liberty for perceived safety.

We struggle for authenticity within our abstract lives and occasionally, perhaps when the moon is full, the evening hot and humid, we see in a moment of violent clarity and absurd despair that authenticity is inescapable -- the product of all acts, however minor, however evasive, however "unlike us". We are bystander and accomplice, victim and perpetrator, nightmare and fantasy, outlaw and artist.