

Postmodern Catastrophe

The essential problem with Postmodernism is that it rejects the progression of art. In order to accept Postmodernism (post-Modernism) we must first agree that the project so-called Modernism has come to an end. If, in fact, such is the case, then there must be a clear and absolute definition of Modernism, which we do not have – proving that Modernism, as Jürgen Habermas stated, is an unfinished project. Another issue with Postmodernism is that anything that comes after Postmodernism is still Postmodernism, for Postmodern is anything that succeeds what is Modern (hence post-Modern). As a result, if we are living in a Postmodern society, the future of art can only reside within the compound of Postmodernism. Such is the Postmodern catastrophe.

Artists who stand by the philosophy of Postmodernism thus are lacking in vision. Rather than manifesting their visions, which they do not have to being with, they are busily rejecting anything with clarity. Thus, Postmodern works of art are not concentrated in anything. I do not mean, however, that a meaning is required behind a work of art. A true work of art manifests a metaphorical manifestation of the artist's vision rather than displaying a symbolic attribution to a meaning. That is, a true work of art is that which roots the artist's vision to the capability of a medium whereas an undeveloped inferior work of art is only as good as a statement (a statement that states nothing but the rejection of vision). This is precisely why films by Andrei Tarkovsky are clearly superior to any other films. One may not understand, if there is any, the meanings behind his films but they manifest Tarkovsky's visions at their utmost subjective clarity – hence the audience is able to fully concentrate on the films' cinematic images without being fed with any symbolic attributions to a meaningful statement, and through that concentration a portal to the ultimate subjectivity called *truth* opens.

So the Postmodern works of art wonder around the corners of contemporary museums without vision but with only so much to say about their own pointlessness. Thus the audience of Postmodern works of art end up expecting the Postmodern artists to explain their works of 'art' in order to get "what they are saying". Postmodern works of art is thus none but another linguistic endeavor for meaning (i.e. what the artist says about his/her work constitutes the entirety of his/her work so-called art). And after all there is nothing truthful that Postmodern works of art can offer because their meanings are scattered all round the intellectual explanations without being able to concentrate on a vision.

Postmodernism works of art are none but collage of significations that signify nothing. And people all over the globe are walking around speaking the unspeakable: that everyone is an artist. Such is the Postmodern catastrophe of delusion, of art.

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2016/05/02
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