

Young Voice

by Bou

Post-modern, the new black?

It's like no matter how hard we try, or how we don't try we are always being classified into one group or another. there are so many emerging counter-cultures and niches in sydney and just generally with our youth that we are seemingly more and more stereotyped each day. just as we thought that the 21st century would be responsible for the eradication of all prejudices. nope. we only make them stronger.

and, just as we thought judgement was out the window. nope, its the new black. (ha)

Incidentally, these ideas do not just extend to the realms of clothing and groups of friends. But rather, literature, venues, music and even to the extent of your bank branch. Not really, but that would be funny.

The point being, everything is becoming so segregated.. what happen to the good old 80's where everybody dressed the same, fluoro was the way, jumpsuits through the day? I wouldn't really know I wasn't so much around yet, but there is no sense of youth culture anymore. There are just several.

It's like I was sitting here to write this article for days, thinking about what is 'unique', what 'has'nt been done before...' and I didn't leave myself with too many options. Everyone's written a good story on the hype of Obama, everyone written a good story on the Bushfires (including me, eek), everyone has written a good story with regards to the war on terror. Whilst, these matters are not to be taken lightly since it is the forefront of world news and concerns the worlds citizens... we are provided with new insights everyday. Wouldn't it be fun to just write about nothing. superchalifragilizsticexpialidocious? yes, thats what I thought.

With such leverage, I found another article that really drew my attention.

Miranda Devine, noted social commentator, has alot to say about my generation... the gen, why? here's what someone that doesn't check their iPhone once every three minutes, has to say:

'Shazam' is a free application you can get for your iPhone which identifies a song being played in earshot - on the car radio, in a shop, on TV - and then allows you to buy it with the touch of a button.

This "music discovery engine" is simply a computer program

which uses a digital acoustic "fingerprint" unique to every song to compare it with 8 million tracks on a database searched via the internet.

Within 20 seconds, Shazam delivers to your phone the name of the song, album cover image, artist biography and a YouTube link.

It's a thrilling new tool, but then, as a member of the pre-Google generations, I also feel an odd sense of loss.

One of the little frustrations of life was that you couldn't always instantly gratify your desire for knowledge.

There were always nagging questions that required you to rack your brain and which often went unanswered - such as the name of the song you just heard. Life's little mysteries kept you wondering and you simply had to learn to live with the suspense.

The elusive song might keep playing in your head, tugging at dim memories in the back of your mind. If you puzzled hard enough you often could retrieve the information, by arduous squeezing or in a flash of inspiration, along with a whole lot of incidental memories of how you felt or who you were with when you first heard the melody.

This enforced a kind of cognitive discipline, whipping your grey matter into some sort of organisational shape and forcing it to delve into its musty recesses where who-knows-what other treasures might lie. It felt like exercise for the brain, whereas waving your phone in the air and waiting for an iTunes ad does not.

This is pathetic Ludditory, I know, but as my generation will be the last to remember life without a search engine to instantly satiate curiosity, we are the only ones left to contemplate a downside.

My sons' generation have never known a world without Google. If they have a question, whether about the Super Bowl or Frost/Nixon or penguins, they search for the answer online instantly. Why bother to explore the imperfect memory banks of parents and teachers when Wikipedia and imdb.com are at their fingertips...

So, is this much ado about nothing? (Thankyou, Mr. Shakespeare) I would like to say so.

IS the "post-modern" yuppieness the new black?

What I'd really like to ask... when will there ever be a new pink?

mhhh. keep warm and stay out of the sun, it gives you wrinkles.

Stay Savvy,

Bou x

