

AUGUST 2016

BIRTHDAY MUSIC



Acrylics 50 x 60 cm

My birthday, a day like any other day - and still not really the same - as it is 'my day', so to speak.

It's directly linked to my life.

According to it we count our years of life in the river of time. It can also be a moment of reflection and contemplation.

In youth we look forward into the future, hoping and fearing, and believing quietly in happy years to come.

In old age all what is left is only to look back, as ahead of us, in the fog of uncertainty, lies the terminal. It is getting chilly in the tram carriage of life, the music quietens down, the colours are fading and the roses barely smell. The plates with the dates on it zip past faster and faster, we do not count them anymore, we count the dwindling number of the happy pain free days, we are happy with which we are still capable of. Of course I could still let myself drag and push up to the Matterhorn as a 75 year old, go trekking through Nepal at 80 and on a luxury cruise up to over a 100 years of age... whom I want(have) to prove what?

... or did I really miss out on something in my life? Or is this a pent-up demand?

Everything at its own time.

Now is the time to dig up memories.

Memories of childhood birthdays.

These were quiet events, no party (one did not even know that word at that time, not to mention the mega parties of nowadays), but in our family the birthday child was allowed to choose the lunch menu. I chose year after year the same, rice and fish it was. Presents, if at all, were very modest. And yet one was looking forward to the big day.

At 7 years of age one would have had celebrated rather already one's 10th birthday. One is waiting impatiently for all what the future might have in store for oneself, like losing the milk teeth, starting school, the end of primary school, confirmation, recruit school and of course, the first big love.

One wanted to be a grown-up, as quick as possible.

Is that what one still wants nowadays?

Or does one want to be the spoiled and getting pampered child for the entire life?

Did a paradigm shift happen?

Did Homo faber of the industrial age turn into Homo ludens of postmodernism? The playful and forever playing human.

For your 7th birthday you will get (amongst a lot of other things) the latest smartphone and for your 77th the latest Playstation...