

Depth

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Depth

I've become friendly with several young people in their early 20s or late teens and I find them delightful, charming, affectionate and decent. However, almost every one of them is also totally superficial, with the attention span of a gnat.

This means they have no depth. By "I love you" they mean "I quite like you".
When they say "I adore this" they mean they find it mildly pleasant.
Because they don't know what love or adoration or hate or passion is.

The problem with this is that they produce superficial music, art, literature, slogans, morality, politics...
Which has its advantages. They don't get really hurt. Just slightly miffed.
But the disadvantages are no passion, no elation, no tragedy.
Since I think the species will shortly be ending, this may not be a problem.
It explains, though, why there are no masterpieces, no geniuses.

It's easy to understand why.
They are the generation of instant gratification. Of the internet, of mobile phones, of a quick, simple answer to a question.
Of headline politics; black and white policies; extreme solutions to complex problems.

Which distresses and concerns me.

Slightly.