

*One must make his own relic to hope for a revival.*

It's hard to say whether all this is about the end or new beginnings. But the industry of "consistent obsolescence/*self-désuétude*" and the very specific mood this creates has set in, and induces what some would call a craving for magnificence.

As the vision turns towards the abstract and the mind towards meditation, one strolls through a display of similar items, and the remains of a staged singularity become unclear (a new haircut, new clothes, or moving into a new neighborhood will not change a thing).