

METROPOLITAN

The burden of the law and the conventional mores of ignorance and superstition sponsor barbarism and the rule of the jungle; a bomb ready to explode anytime. Never mind: it is only unfortunate friendly fire, we are told; just collateral damage. I synthetically scan the digital, interactive network, trying to click on its elusive matrix. Downloading data, I only manage gridlock, and fail to mutate into economical viability or the accepted standard of solvency. Advised to keep counting sense-less numbers, I crash, ending M.I.A., my reason gone A.W.O.L.; nobody notices I am D.O.A.

The incoherence of architectural abuse has created a veritable, artificial hell on earth in the name of progress. In this generally alienating environment - where nobody even needs to know his neighbour, let alone loving him - everybody is always in a hurry, seemingly going nowhere, living day and night with their countless debilitating neuroses stuck to them, like their own grey, discoloured and ominous shadows. Young women here appear to be very pretty: inside they rot with moral degeneracy. Money is the start-all and end-all of the whole of their aesthetics. No, there are no aesthetics here, only cosmetics. The rationale behind it remains an unsolved mystery to me. The mode is beyond my comprehension. It is time to log off.

We wander, lost in a maze of bright billboards advertising the most excellent idiotcy, corrupted by the false splendour of polluted city streets, by the established ethical code of earning and spending, and to hell with everything else. We wither, brainwashed in this absurd labyrinth of dead-end roads, sleepwalking through dark alleyways where the lack of care, love and affection have turned into basic sexual impulses, vice and physical abuse and, finally, into disease and death.

Our souls are kept under the heavy lid of thick smog and contaminating various poisons which keep us from looking up and beyond; the futile attempted elevations of our spirits are imprisoned, and fall back upon us as we stare pathetically transfixed at our dismal path, every day putting one foot in front of the other by sheer force of apathetic inertia. Infinitely beautiful, endlessly kind, she does not belong here. A fair, white cloud across a black sky, an unjust fate has blown her through an ill wind over this forsaken abode. Hopefully, she might be only passing through, if I can help it. I, too, am a stranger here. I have to juggle and do somersaults just to have the right to exist, under siege from hordes of grim, invisible and sibilant woes that stalk me unceasingly through the pall of black mists and drizzle. And yet, in this largest and most chaotic of European techno-beehives, this wilderness of fear and anxiety, dread and disposable "human resources", made of sinister metal and concrete, this endless dormitory - where bodies appear to be functioning, but souls are forever dozing, acting as on auto-pilot - she found me.