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Maier's photograph :



****This story is about one person, told in a non-gendered way.***

This human, is everyday oppressed, constantly oppressed, by this society, by this disastrous society.

They live in New-York, the concrete jungle were the dreams are made of.

They wake up everyday at 7:00am, in the same white, contemporary appartement, taking the same coffee at 7:03 am and the same dark car, is stucked in the traffic. They work in a large open-space for a big multinational company, and each day they go home at 8:00 pm thinking about doing something new, but that's never what happened.

Oppressed heart, they reproduce that oppression. They think that having a perfect, maniac, organized life is going to give them the perfection, dream life and hapiness. They follow the standards, the rules to compensate for their sadness, forgetting the reality of their emotions and defaults. They build everything, not the others.

They couldn't watch their own reflection, they prefer to live without accepting theirs. In another reality, they really want to say, to cry all the things that they are not okay with, that can't be okay, but, for real, they prefer to stay in a depressed and repetitive life, because the effort was too much important and difficult. They convince themself in thinking that they must obey, follow, be very straight and very correct because everything is normal, this oppression is okay, that they have to get used to it...

Today this person works for architects, for ridiculous and lazy architects, who build cubic and grey and white concrete tenements, without any trees, without any flowers, any plants and any space between them, with only windows on the facades.

Now they can't continue.

Tomorrow they will take a leave, wake up at... in fact they haven't looked at the time of the day, the only thing they know is that they painted the melancholic white walls in yellow, they always loved yellow, and they haven't taken any coffee.

They don't know it yet but, this day, they have done something that their future, our future, will be grateful for.