

WORLD'S END

Bright fluorescent lights as far as the eye can see, their deafening buzz, making it unclear whether the ringing will ever stop. The flickering white glare from above bounces off of the grey ceramic tiling making the fake floral pattern look slippery. Evenly spaced plastic columns give a rhythm to the space, a rhythm begging to be broken. The only trace of natural light floods in from the shop-windows at the front only to be trapped by the massive concrete walls, just high enough to block any hint of the outside world. An extremely regulated environment where sound is muffled, sight constrained, and the air tastes sterile, like the aftermath of an annual dental cleaning appointment. And yet somehow, it smells like home.

Art has slipped into the broader definition of creativity. As long as it is fashionable and profitable it no longer needs a deeper meaning. Artists become blood donors. Their life blood drips away till they're bled dry.

They'll steal your voice and sell it. And when they're through with you, you'll just be another face on another cover. They've learned how to swallow every scream, every anthem and spit it back as a product.

This is the commodification of creativity, The commercialization of rebellion. The marketing of a lifestyle that once swore to burn the system down.

It's a cry for freedom with a shadow of superficiality.

Anarchy doesn't die it gets rebranded.

Chaos becomes a soundtrack and rage becomes a slogan.

Suffering and struggle becomes something to look at, not something to act upon. Once the forbidden becomes normal, once the dream becomes reality, it hardens into fashion, into trend, into something you can buy in a shopwindow.

You know, it is surprising how easy it is to romanticize single-glazed windows from the comfort of an air-conditioned department store. And when everything is for sale, tell me, what's left that is truly valuable?

This is how the system kills art, not with censorship, not with fire, but with money and applause. By turning danger into décor.

And in the end, they all sign up one way or another.

Human beings have no rights, but some dumb fuck told them they did. First came political rights—freedom of speech, of thought, of resistance. Then material ones. They forgot the first and got hooked on the second.

Now people are asked what features they want in a washing machine, rather than what they want out of life.

In the past, desires weren't allowed to become reality, so fantasy was substituted for them. People read fairy tales and romantic novels, learning what they should want, not what they crave.

Art became the manifestation of people's dreams, the outlet for their desires, where they could explore what they couldn't experience. But when desire breaks free and becomes reality, fantasy no longer matters. Art no longer matters.



Where ya from?

World's End.

Where Everything is falling apart.

Where the streets burn, the buildings rot, the people scream, and where no one listens.

A place that feels imagined, yet too terrifying to dream. It's a set, a stage of rubble and ruin.

A place where history and tradition is losing its face, unsure if it can still stand for the morals it used to represent.

A place where despair is swallowing the whole city, leaving it hollow and generic. Where identity is stolen and individuality is bought.

A place where some are blindly following the lead, losing their language, unlearning their mother tongue.

Others are rejecting authority, pointing their guns but forgetting who the bullet was intended for.

A playground for violence and corruption, where law is just intolerance disguised as order.

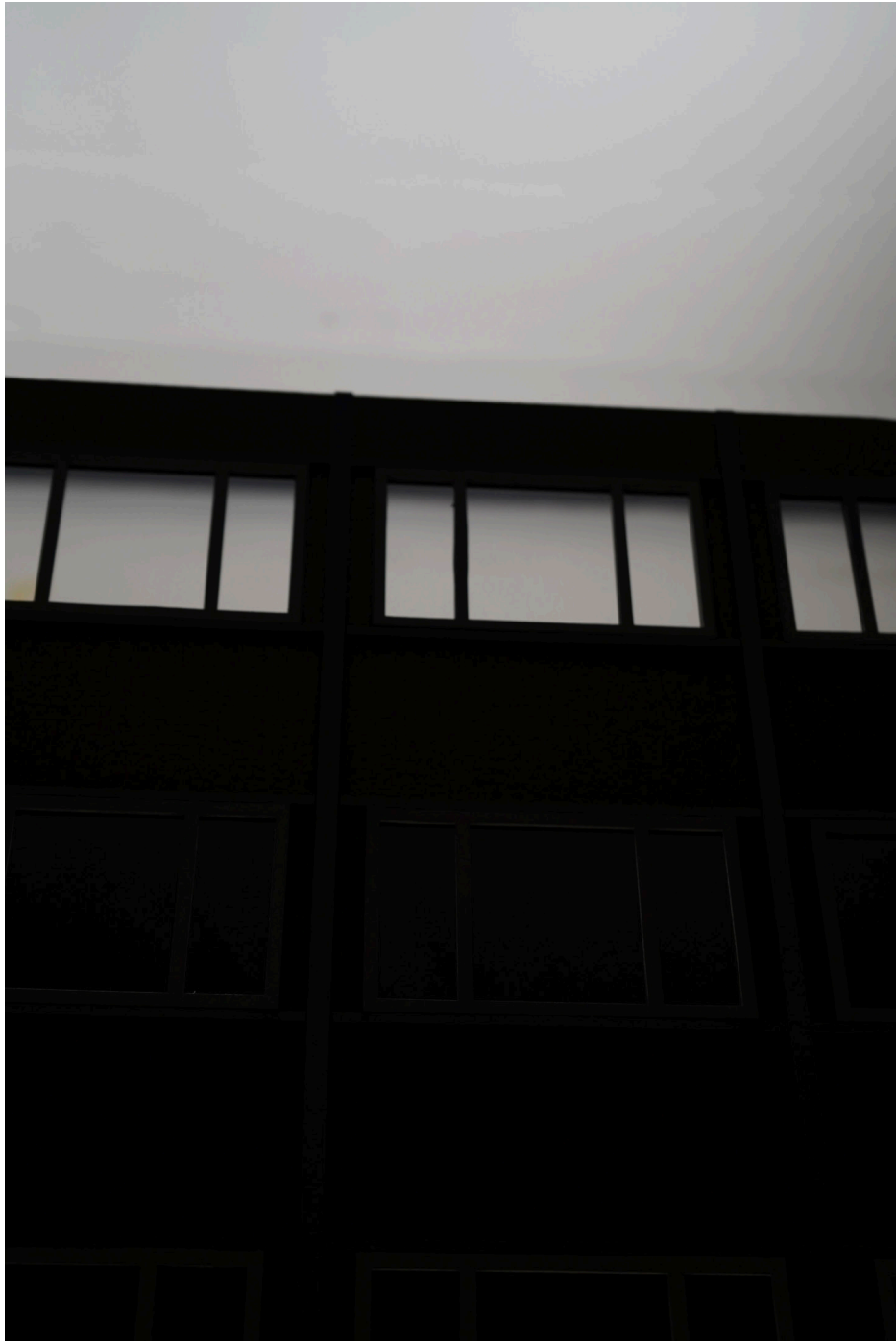
A place, disconnected from mercy or guilt, because when there's no future, how can there be sin?

DANGER TO DÉCOR

A London towerblock facade. Repetitive, cold and hard. Concrete weathed and grey, countless storeys high. Misery trapped behind single-glazed windows. Putting the “brutal” in brutalism.

And then, at the very bottom, the rhythm breaks. The concrete gives way to glass. A glowing shopwindow. Bright, polished, seductive. Luring you in with the promise of a better life, easier and more comfortable. A place where representation replaces reality. A neon sign daring to say what everyone is thinking, that maybe, just maybe there is a substitute for experience. Its glaring light spills out onto the pavement, shining on the damp ground reflecting the decay above. What used to be desolate, bleak towerblocks are now culturally cleansed and extravagantly expensive.

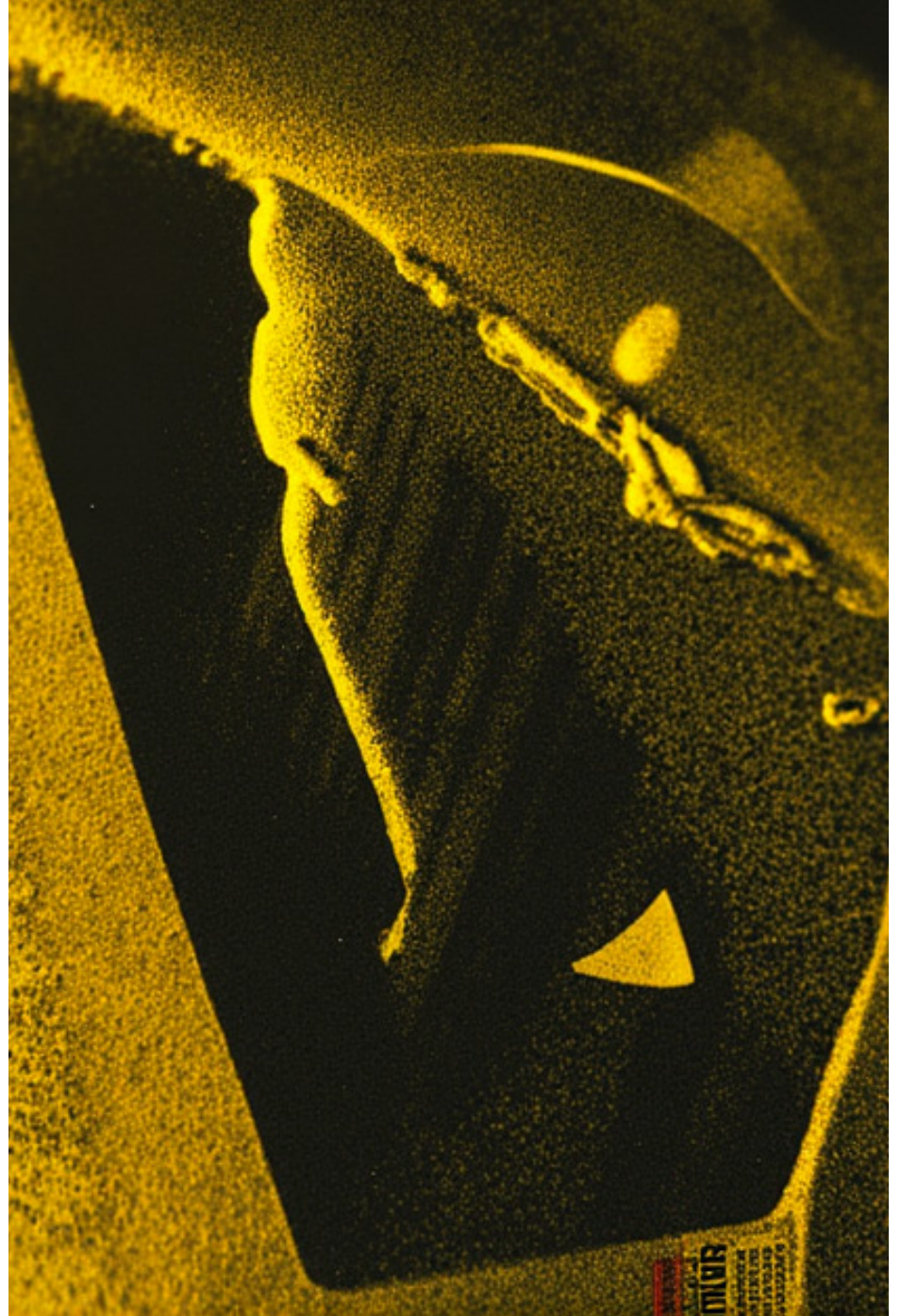


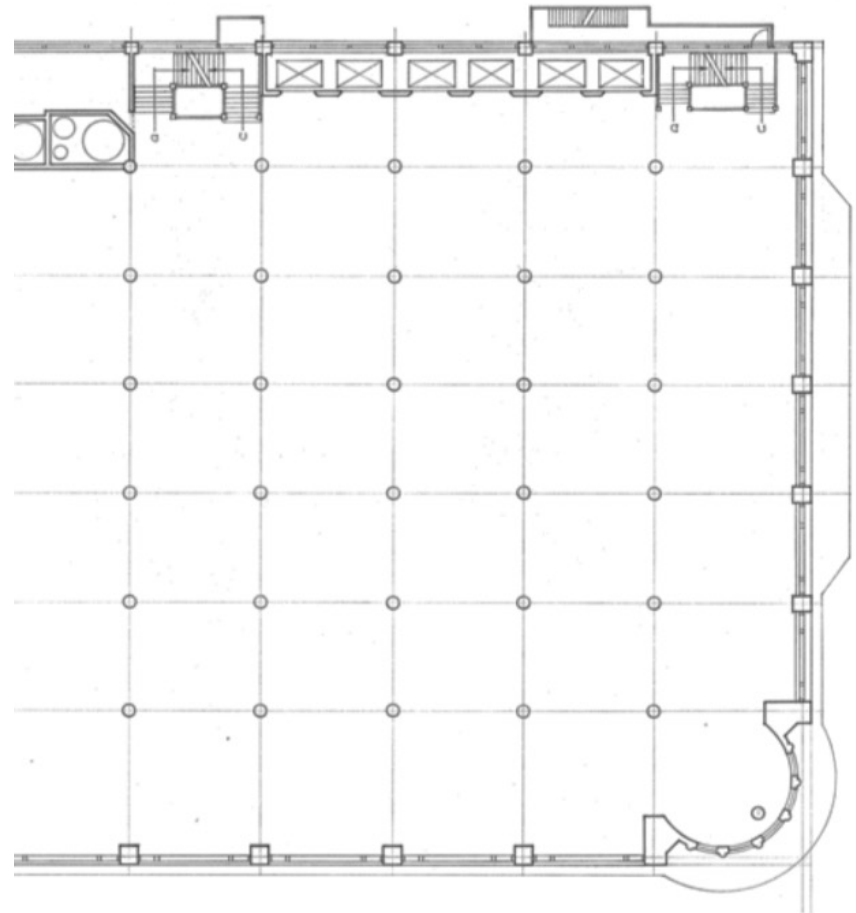


I never lived below the fourteenth floor till I was old enough to run away. The first time I saw flowers I freaked. I was frightened of dandelions. Everything was regulated, planned to the lowest common denominator. Didn't know I was dead till I was fifteen. My generation, the blank generation. Never experienced love or hate. Mistaking silence for peace.









GOOD AND EVIL

A heavy brick façade. Impenetrable, solid, protective.

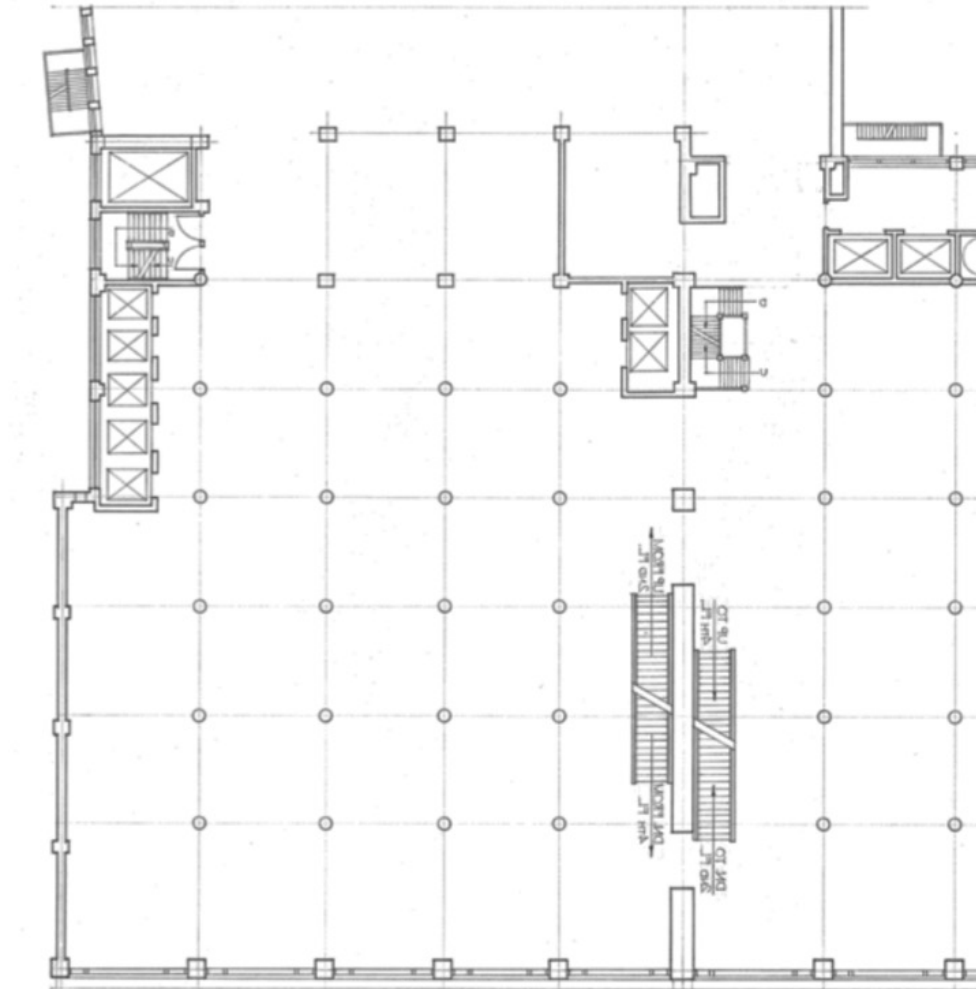
Over time, it begins to crumble and peel, its surface softening into something fragile.

Something fake pretending to be real. Almost more real than the real itself. A mask concealing the truth, pretending to be something it no longer is. Or maybe never was.

Through the cracks, the true surface peaks through. Cold concrete, flickering lights, a faint reminder of where this desperation began.

Vulnerable and raw.

A trace of origin. A memory of a past that has been deliberately forgotten.



The blank generation, raised in perfect order, in monotone rooms lined with bleak wallpaper, lit by the dull flicker of the television light, bathed in the sterile scent of freshly microwaved plastic. Rooms stacked high in London's towerblocks, spaces of quiet regulation and sensory deprivation.

Sight concrete, sound the telly, taste plastic, touch plastic. Seasons regulated by the thermostat.

In these hollow rooms, emotion withers. Love and hate blur into the same numbness. The only way left to feel is through destruction. Violence becomes proof of existence.

You didn't dream, you were. You didn't imagine freedom. You tore it from the hands of those who said it could never exist. Until slowly the anarchist spirit crossed the fine line towards self-destruction. If your house is ugly, burn it. If the street you live in depresses you, then bulldoze it down.

You pointed the gun but forgot who the bullet was intended for. When on my fifteenth birthday law and order were finally abolished. The crime rate dropped to zero.

Because when there is no future, how can there be sin?

If everyone can twist the facts to fit their own truth, who decides what's right or wrong?

What's good, what's evil?

Who can be trusted, and what is even real?

So you chose to become the villain, because the world no longer believes in heroes.

Love is a language. If you don't use it you lose it. A language you're no longer fluent in, but the vocabulary still feels hauntingly familiar when you hear it spoken from other people's mouths.

Who are you performing for?

What makes you think I'm performing?

You spin, pirouetting until the world blurs, until the audience dissolves, until you forget if there ever was one.

A routine so familiar that the floor begins to move and you forget who's leading.

Are you still dancing or just being spun around in circles?

Dancing through rubble and ruin, the blur restores what's broken, if only for a moment. Glitching between a memory and a prophecy. Between what once was and what might be. As long as the music is loud enough, you can't hear the world falling.

You are simultaneously moving backwards and forwards. Trying to grow up yet always chasing nostalgia. Reusing the past to haunt the present and conjure up a nightmare future.

You are caught in a body refusing to grow up, living in the hinterlands between a childhood to be protected and a responsible adulthood to be earned. You are part of the generation that grew up and forgot to lead their lives.

A generation spinning on its own axis. Knowing every next step, and yet forgetting how to move forward.





LESSONS IN HISTORY (A FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Large, ancient arches stand in seemingly illogical order, slightly slanted and partially broken as the years have worn them down. Discarded artefacts of a dying civilization. As sunlight glides across their surfaces, their shadows dance along the floor as if telling a completely different story of a very different past.

I haven't danced for a long time. None's interested in the ballet any more but history still fascinates me - it's so intangible. You can weave facts any way you like. The only beauty left in this world is the beauty of remembrance, because everything else has been destroyed.

Life is a performance, with history written only after the fact. Do we write our own scripts or are we just following the director's cut? Copying another's story, repeating someone else's moves until we're unsure whether our past consists of memories or plain old plagiarism.

If history is not fixed, but a construct, always open to reinterpretation and manipulation. Can't we reshape our realities into fiction to fit our own narrative?

