

Dysfunction/ Lost and Seek

She dropped off a bus, a double-decker bus, an overground rail, then transferred to a trainline, subsequently left the train station near her destination on time. She also grabbed a cup of flat white and one of her regular chicken sandwiches from a chain coffee shop en route. She never ventures into other flavours of sandwiches, especially when she is about to take them on the train. Drinking coffee on an empty stomach risked exposing her just-wakened spirit into some sort of physical agitation as her heart rate sped up. Arriving punctually at her appointments has little to do with her preparation, but she insists on doing it every time and has even formed a normalized habituation. She usually uses two mapping apps at the same time to cross-reference the real-time status of a bus or tube in preparation. Unfortunately, one of the two apps completely failed once it reached the pastoral, leaving the other, more globally influential, in charge. It recommended a direct route to her destination. That bus didn't show up after a long wait. (This is exactly the same bus number on the shared post.) Across the road stood two other girls, the outsider's inhibitions and embarrassment in their eyes were almost instantly read by her. They were literally in the same predicament. (Blame that damn post.) The memory has recalled, how meticulously she searched and downloaded dozens of apps to ease the discomfort of being in an unfamiliar environment. She was betrayed, once again. The fear of getting lost was far more pressing than anything else, and she forced herself to calm down again.

The taxi moved fast through the bustling streets, leaving behind rows of shops, restaurants, coffee shops and apartments. The torrential rain suddenly blurred the sight out of taxi. City inscriptions obscured, without these secure signals and a step bell, she was once again overwhelmed with agitation. She felt the flooding was threatening to

swallow the taxi, and so terrified as to fall in the turbulent stream. (Fear for what?) It is not a hypothesis about what if she falls, a hypothesis that cannot be juxtaposed with a 100% possibility, no place for the limbo suspension.

She recalled, to be precise, that was existence rather than an experience. People learned to stand and walk as infants in an unspecified state. Pacifiers jingled, adults clapped their hands at a slightly lower frequency to echo the uplifting pep talk, while puppies whirled around them, pawing at the celebratory drumbeat. The adults, like the director of a classic musical that has been in rehearsal for over 20 years, were quite confident that this performance would be a success. They had closed their eyes, ahead for the applause will burst forth in thirty seconds. (How did they learn to walk?) Mimicry or repetition? This may be the methodological mechanism, but it doesn't explain the motive. It is more likely that the atmosphere interfered and that the tide pushed him up at the next moment. The infant's legs and feet were trembling badly and apparently unable to keep steady. Stumbling a few steps, this moment signalled the beginning of the infant's instinctive state-driven suspension and learning of socialisation mechanisms. Later, the socialized laws proclaimed, for the rest of their lives, parents and their children were inevitably drawn into productive function. The start was a bit hasty, but there was no going back.

They thought they had overcome the threat of being overwhelmed, stumbled over the rushing river and walked onto its banks, into the city and into maturity. The tide didn't really ebb but transformed into the clouds, rushing in a gust of wind. (You don't believe in me, right?) Then you think about how, on those rare sunny days, the clouds and the

Thames chase each other like two parallel planes of mirrors. (London is actually much safer on cloudy days.) The clouds wait for an opportunity, transforming into a river, drowning you the moment they perceive your fear. (She is not me!) I refused to empathise with her fears and my dysfunction. All these times, I had cautiously kept the productivity of my role. The crack between me and myself had been covered up, almost imperceptible, until the flood tore the fissure apart and I heard the roar that gushed out of the canyon.

The city and the internet, politics and productivity, money and mechanism conspire to create a renascent Frankenstein, trapped all day in the dim shadows of the dark streets in its fragile accumulation phase. His profile was never reflected in the window until a photophobic monster appeared on a TV screen, killing the imagination before it even appeared. I thought I should create a horrific fictional role, that would facilitate the imagination of a concrete enemy. Infusing some sort of wildly manic passion in fiction, no one has to hesitate to take the plunge, hovering on the edge of the fissure between the daytime truth and the nocturnal spectre. The pending hesitation brings with it a turmoil of internal order, frustration and disorientation of emptiness that is equally hard to swallow. At first I pinned my hopes on finding a poetic patch of natural landscape, temporarily attach the sentimental feelings, the entities' borderline gradually dissolving into nature. I let go to reconcile my present and past belonging. Anchoring gaze locked in an unoccupied landscape, let the focus be blurred. A warm gentle breeze. (Did you heard something in that the gentle breeze?) Don't pretend as if you don't get the metaphor of the message, disregard the cliched crisis. I am too scared of the dysfunctional originally and subsequently, whereupon I connived to numb the urgency of crisis and political mute. I connived to sell cultural memory and authenticity to the commodity

for the safe secure. I connived that you asked for my consent to give me three or two choices without my consent. I connived that you sold my information, exploited my productivity, and ultimately threatened to leave me without a future. For now, I admit, I accept that my individuality failed originally, I accept my on-going dysfunction. What about you? You don't think I have anything to do about you. Display Typing System was your original name, right? You remembered it all, never erased. Typing, Displaying, Distorting, I can do better!