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WE EXPERIENCED HYPE: THE TRUTH WILL SET MACHIAVELLI FREE

We experienced hype. We have experienced mantra on a global level: types and new subtypes of virus with all its logos; form of crisis and new forms of crises; one form of infection, one form of death, one form of cure, one type of solution with all its subtypes. “Corona”, “Coronavirus”, “Covid-19”, “new wave”, “crisis”, “global crisis”, “economic crisis”, “infected”, “dead”, “cured”, “vaccine(s)”.

We have experienced the domination of an invisible force that has shifted our focus from pre-planned activity schedules to caring for flour and toilet paper shortages. We experienced a hype. “Covid”, “Corona”, “virus”.

We have experienced that we are irrelevant. Our action was overshadowed by the mantra; repetition, rhythmic patterns encoded in “Corona”, “Covid”, “virus”, “Corona”. Techno party, noise, a lot of people.

The system turned against us. Someone tricked us with an invisible ruler who conquered popular culture faster and more significantly than trap and economic systems of states faster than Soros.

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Or we have turned against the system. Maybe it was time for nature to take revenge on us.

Or the system always follows us in the footsteps. Just like crows follow us, observe, analyze, learn from us and have no natural enemy in the cities. Until we populate falcons or eagles in cities, crows have no enemies, except for us. Maybe there is a greater evil for us that follows in our footsteps, if we exclude crows.

But, maybe, we follow the system. Maybe Machiavelli was right. Maybe in the end everything is a pure struggle for survival and we are ready to forgive the enemy in order to achieve our interests. And even forgive the enemy who killed our family member or friend.

We have experienced, not only hype, but also facing the infinity of the abyss hidden in the codex of system's external behavior. We have experienced facing ourselves. Also, close people and our pets. Between the four walls, in the pattern of the end, the beginning, the end, the beginning (etc.) of the curfew. We experienced communication, walks through virtual suburbs, cities, states, continents; fashion shows, concert halls, PDF libraries, YouTube, supermarkets; surrendering to another invisible force. Internet.

We sought salvation. Sedatives. Meaning. Ourselves. The enemy. The guilty one. The solution. We were looking for a problem. For the cause. Coronavirus? Parents and childhood traumas? Wrong life choices? God?

We ran a fashion show of mental disorders, with a focus on the collection of anxiety with elements of panic attacks.

We bought freedom with vaccines. We are experiencing hype again. Concerts, magazines, fashion shows, lectures, weddings and funerals after new causes of death. We are experiencing hypes again. Ceremonies. We are still addicted to the internet; Instagram, Facebook, Twitter, YouTube and online shopping malls. There is no curfew, and our every move is in some way recorded on the internet.

And what if we are the same all the time? There is a proverb that says that a person never fundamentally changes, but only learns to lie better. Or, to better self-pity and justify their laziness caused by temporarily slowing down or even stopping the production line? What if today's manufacturing industry teaches us that time is no longer money but that money is time? Not only time, but freedom. Like luck. Love. Security.

What if the hype was multi-layered? What if we didn't recognize the main melody in the complex polyphonic structure? "Money", "money", "money". What if our invisible enemy is our ruler, the abuser, and we are his victims with masochistic tendencies and we can never break the cycles of sudden shifts of adrenaline and falls? What if bipolar episodes make us feel really alive? That date when all the faces on the street are happy and all the beggars equipped with

baskets and bags is the day we are waiting for. The day we get paid. And that last day of the month, we sit between our four walls. No curfew but with a bag of flour and a bottle of oil.

Better to have a known enemy with whom it is possible to compromise than some new, much stronger, much more dangerous one, without a natural enemy in the environment we know.

Whatever hype he uses, it's just about marketing anyway.

Maybe Madonna's performance at the Eurovision Song Contest in 2019 was really an intro of episode "Covid".

Maybe we just want that spotlight.

And maybe we are our own worst natural enemies. Like, we were and we still are.