

Assia

"Population Index"

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All that is artificial maintains us. That which exists is inadequate. The hypocrisies of technology betray our senses. Simulated emotions, fooled again. We're labels and files in cabinets. Payroll accounts and calculations. We're gears that run the machine that dictates life as we know it (and we don't). We're gears that run the machine that dictates our lives. We're rung of our humanity on which technocracy thrives. We're expendable figures, we're liquidation. We're character strings and data statements. We learn, live and die a number.

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