

texts by Leonardo Rosado  
photographs by Jessica Aliaga Lavrijsen

## BRAVE NEW WORLD

There was a time when the metropolis was fascinating. By that time, I was growing up, images, stories and sounds were the fabric of my dreams.

In my head skyscrapers and crowded places were meshed with howling wolves. And this were the golden cities, where animals lived side by side with concrete, asphalt, glass and steel. Techno organic, each corner and each street were a brave new world.

Those wolves, I can still feel their calm breath. The long lines of cars and the great big signs they all bring me back to science, geometry and solitude at exactly the same time.

Mankind in its maker's attitude created the perfect organism to bear their individual existence. The receiver of its glorious tentacles spread through mother nature.

And the powerful grip of the waves, the chilling whistles of the wind, the delicacy of trees long and thin arms are no longer present.

It is time for cruel simplicity, it is time for the geometry of concrete, it is time for the aphonic symphony of traffic and its photochemical smogs. It is time for synchronized watches.

Individuals are an aggregation of spaces airborne, liquid and terrestrial like organized macroscopic cells. The bird is metallic and weights tons. The tree is hundred miles high proud and shiny.

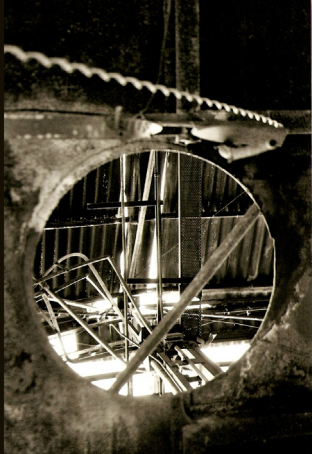
It starts here. This is the lament. This is the gift. A struggle for survival. In a world lost between nature and mankind. Divided by the idea of metropolis.

## IDEA OF METROPOLIS



























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