The Beauty of the Moment

1

‘Four-day week trial: study finds lower stress but no cut in output.’

*– The Guardian,*19 Feb 2019

‘Four days?’ said Jerry Cornelius ‘Four days? Who on earth would work four days in a week? For goodness sake… When would I have time for parties? Or sleep? Or making love?’

Jemima, who was lounging beside him in a rather becoming cheesecloth shirt and little else, nodded in agreement, then rolled over and went back to sleep.

Jerry thought the whole idea of employment was ludicrous. A trust fund was all you needed, in his case on set up by himself several centuries ago when banks first came into being. If you couldn’t buy your own freedom, what could you do. He was bored with killing at the moment, in fact he was bored full stop. Perhaps it was time to move.

He looked at Jemima longingly, opened the door and was gone.

2

# ‘“Don't feed the monster!” The people who have stopped buying new clothes.’

*– The Guardian,* 19 Feb 2019

Jerry is flicking through the rails of the Cancer Research charity shop. She appears to be shopping, but is merely browsing. She is on a mission to buy new clothes, even ones that have recently belonged to someone else. Jerry has the fourth largest environmental impact after housing, transport and food.

‘We don’t have enough resources to keep feeding this monster,’ said a government representative. ‘Ms Cornelius must curb her appetite. She need to take a look at herself and ask “What are you doing?’”

‘What am I doing?' asks Jerry. 'I am not as trendy as I used to be. I need to be more experimental, more free. I want to restructure my brain.’

She does not care one bit about damaging the environment or perpetuating consumption and waste. She know there’s life in these things.

3.

# ‘Karl Lagerfeld, Chanel fashion designer, dies aged 85.’

*– The Guardian,*19 Feb 2019

The mourners are dressed, as is customary, in black. The most exquisite, expensive, handmade blacks possible. Dark sunglasses and black leather gloves are coupled with black tailored suits, accompanied by fetching veils, sculpted hats and complex small black dressed. Tears and black handkerchiefs are optional.

One of the most prolific and admired designers of modern times, Jerry was famously uncompromising in his design vision. He was scheduled to be present for fittings this week, but will now have to rely on finding time and following his own path, will continue to embrace the present and invent the future.

He will never forget his incredible talent and endless inspiration.

4.

# ‘How Britain's post-industrial cities got hooked on booze. With heavy industry mostly gone, cities such as Newcastle, Leeds and Liverpool have become worryingly dependent on the alcohol-driven night-time economy.’

*– The Guardian,*19 Feb 2019

Jerry is unable to walk, although at regular intervals he is able to throw up some of the bottle of rum he has just drunk.

In many ways he is a hangover from the past: protecting his reputation comes at a high price. He has multiple issues of substance abuse and mental health. He may be immortal but he wants to know he’ll be looked after, not left abandoned on a night out.

‘No one ever talks about political responsibility or the industry’s responsibility. This is a dominant mono-narrative about blaming young people. We must accept that the unfettered availability and supply of alcohol is a prerequisite for the sustainability of the night-time economy. Or a good night out.’

As Jerry knows, the first step to recovery is admitting he has a problem.

But he is busy tottering precariously close to the edge.

5.

# ‘Oldest skull mudlarked from Thames belongs to neolithic male.’

*– The Guardian,*19 Feb 2019

The frontal bone is understood to belong to a male over the age of 18.

Jerry hates it when they find parts of him. He is scattered through history, left bloodstains on the past, graffiti on the city walls. He abandoned every love of his life to sleep with their great grandparents and their great great grandchildren. He thinks of himself as Adam and Eve, misses everyone of his children who he never visits.

He puts his head in his hands. ‘No-one will never understand. That is the beauty of the moment.’

Radiocarbon dating of the bone, revealed that the man had died about 5,600 years ago.

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