

The Fake Clothes

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Suddenly we were left naked. The clothes, which we proudly wore for so many years, betrayed us. Our flabby bodies showed up, our bellies stuck out and are hung from every side. We quickly grabbed whatever we could find laying around in front of us, in order to cover ourselves, to salvage in any way our beloved image.

Embarrassed before this novel situation, we stood silent and listened to our tailors making innumerable excuses about the situation and our former flatterers mocking us. How were we supposed to defend ourselves? Each one of us sucked his smile out of suspicion, teeth at the ready to bite the one next to him.

We were used to be respected for our appearance, to impose ourselves with our brands and possessions, without anyone wandering how, where and why. Our tailors were constantly promising us new shiny products with a handsome credit price and we, like naive children, run-up debts and grabbed everything we could, in order to have everything, to impress, to be discussed. Prosperity was a perpetual merry-go-round which we never bothered to find out how it kept spinning. Uncultured and uneducated as we were during our quick ascent, we dressed up our image without making first a solid construction beneath with study, knowledge and discernment. The tailors exploited our arrogance and when we (the ignorants) least expected it, all of us were left exposed, the unjust and the few just.

Now, ugliness calls us and the indisposition to resist guffaws, while we are deprived not only of the necessary but the vested things in us as well. The present is a quicksand, the future is unpredictable and they both use the increase of the rage as their sole defense.

On the one hand we watch the play of our nakedness and look straight into our poverty, but on the other hand we look back on our lost splendours and calculate how long it will take to get them back! We don't realise that history turned over a new leaf and if we don't follow it, we will just end up being quaint figures of another time. The tailors, flatterers and sidekicks will not return, they left us naked to sew our own clothes, the ones that eventually fit us, and build our world from scratch with other materials. Creation is the most powerful resistance. It takes thought, vision, study, patience, action. Namely, work by our own hands.