

Jeffrey Bolt

AMONG THE TECHNOCRATS

Coffee makes itself in the morning, bowels move a little late — like the train schedule. He hurries daily to the same spot to stand silently with his fellows at rigid inattention until the doors open and they board.

There is a sensuality, stiffly repressed, in their meticulous dress, which aspires to the cool logic of mathematics. The cool of the super-human. Superman, cartoon and Nietzsche-style, is big among the technocrats.

Cynical children of the corporate family, they do not spout party lines but lines at parties. There is affluence, still, here, and its cockiness: the sun never sets on the high-tech empire.

Our commuter cross-word puzzles intently on the train, home is just a problem in space, like any other — you could make a graph of his happiness, suggesting an inverse relation of the rate of smiles to Mondays.