



They call them "metrosexuals" more than anything because the Anglicism of American Origin dazzles the staff. The "Metro" comes from Metropolis, as we talk about urbanites, city people who get a dress like animals in heat, to be sexually available 24 hours. Kloster and I, however, prefer to call them "Sexopolitas" or "Sexopolitans" for two reasons: the first, to bear the opposite; the second, because this word is composed of the same elements as the previous one, but puts them in their logical order: first the sex, of course.

Last week I stumbled upon one when I left home. I could be sixty or seventy years old. I cannot be very precise, for I was ashamed to throw him more than a glance sideways. On the other hand, his crow's feet and other cutaneous interstices were buried under the copper husk of a dry make-up, which prevented calculating his age without resorting to the test of carbon 14. Even more striking was his shirt, or, rather, show the chest -chest type, even though we were at five or six degrees of temperature, and, at certain ages, it is not prudent, for hygienic and aesthetic reasons, to discover too much skin. Maybe he wore a wig or maybe not; but between dyes, implants and prostheses had achieved a dressing hair with reflections. He carried, like most of the world, a mobile attached to his ear, and while chatting with someone of the female sex to whom he called repeatedly "affection", walked like a crane giving small skipping. That's why I noticed his shoes: they were white and black and leaned on platforms of fifteen centimeters high, badly disguised under the flight of ochre trousers that reached almost to the ground.

There have always been certain characters, and I'm afraid the kitsch and the affectation are a plague. But this is not the case: the Sexopolitas do not seek beauty with better or worse taste. They are interested exclusively in physical attraction and unequivocal sexual provocation in two directions.

Many of them are old grotesques, elders, who might well be called "necrosexuales", as I have described in the preceding paragraph. But the virus is also spreading to the youngest.

What happens is that kids never make a fool of themselves like Old. A teeny face, with or without grains, and an apricot skin resists any outfit or ornament no matter

how tacky. At the age of eighteen, one can leave a maned hair (who could) or shave at zero the skull without losing the dignity. Even Coram populo can disperse like my friend Luis, while he throws a small cigarette in the street, between class and class, surrounded by three or four girls of the course.

What I do not understand, dear Luis is what you need to let the trousers fall to half a slope to exhibit twenty centimeters of flowered underwear, which is not even branded. "It's not that much," he says. I think it is. The Sexopolitas, young or old, coincide in one thing: they are full-time. They live (forgive me) in permanent sexual zeal. And this is a serious problem.

Now that spring is approaching, I will go back to the field to see birds. And I will check that the males have already tuned their trills and have moved the color of the pen to attract the females once a year. Human beings are not subject to these laws: we are spirit and flesh, and our way of loving, with soul and with the body, is infinitely richer and freer. But freedom can be corrupted. And you have to be blind not to see the epidemic that has fallen on us.

I'm not just talking about chastity or the sixth commandment. I speak of the slavery of tacky sex, and of recovering freedom, of learning to be men or women able to look into our eyes.

I don't know when. I have only one question: Will I be able to keep the smile and the carefree tone of this thinking for free?