

I wanna go, I wanna leave

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i've had the same dream since I was 9 years old, i want to live in new york's chinatown. i remember watching it a million times on channel 7 movies when I was little. chinatown people weren't like the pompous people in the rest of new york, they were always bargaining in the markets and yelling stuff at gringos in other languages, and i kind of liked that idea.

i don't say this to a lot of people, but it's been a long time and i kind of feel like the idea of going to the gabacho has seized and I don't know why. but my dream is still there, in the dark part of my mind, the part where you keep the useless facts you tell when you don't know what to say at boring sunday meals, the passwords of the wifis that aren't yours, and childhood dreams.



i've had a chance to go to new york a couple of times, i'll tell you about the first time. my family loves to schedule trips, it's awful. so we arrived in new york, we went to the hotel, we left our luggage, we changed as quickly as a wink and we went sightseeing.

my sister wanted to go to the UN, my brother wanted to see where the ninja turtles lived, my dad wanted to go to the american museum of natural history, you know, the dum dum give me gum gum movie, and my mom wanted to go to a play on broadway, but I just wanted to go to chinatown and bargain in the markets, i wanted to find my future apartment and a good place to eat hot pot.

after several highly planned days, we went to chinatown and all of us had different thoughts. my dad said that we could get robbed, my sister didn't understand anything, my brother acted as if he understood everything and my mom said that new york "was very dirty"... i was dumbfounded.

time in chinatown goes by so fast that you don't even realize you've been standing there for two hours watching people go by. people seem to run to their destination, but at the same time talk to people around them, they hang in the environment, they create the environment.

new york is cold, people don't want you there and the buildings are all the same. there are two types of buildings, either they're skyscrapers full of offices and people who only drink coffee and steal money, or they're boring 4-story red brick buildings; chinatown is different, the colors of the walls and the paper lamps make anyone feel at home. chinatown is a cozy home within a sad and boring city.

i already told you that i don't like the gabacho that much, i do not know if it was because of the permanently orange-colored skin man, or because i started falling in love with my own country, but ludwig photos bring back many memories, some cute ones and some i didn't even remember having in that part of my brain. ludwig has some cool pictures of los angeles that remind me of some things, these are no longer dreams, they're more mundane things.

i've only been in los angeles once, and it was more than enough. the trip was not for pleasure but by obligation. long story short, my brother-in-law's sister was getting married (or something like that, i don't remember) and my parents didn't want my sister to go alone, so my mom and i tagged along. i warn you, that here enters my selective memory, i don't remember anything that wasn't fun or sad, so i don't remember much about my brother-in-law's family because the truth is that i was very bored when i was around them.

i wanted to enjoy the trip with my mom, so we went sightseeing around without everyone else. i remember one day we went downtown, i wanted to go see the police headquarters because it appears in the movie lethal weapon and i wanted to see if danny glover was out there, hee.

but my mom wanted to go to the walt disney concert hall, a very trippy building made out of metal that looks like it was made for skaters, but she's an architect and i wasn't going to say no to my mom, i'm not a monster.

this is where i give you some time to look and appreciate ludwig's photo because it perfectly captures what i'm going to tell you right now... are you done analyzing it? nice.



contrary to new york's chinatown, time stopped here, i entered and it seemed that i was in another world, los angeles heat ceased to exist, there were fewer people inside the building than in a stand-up show in 2021, the noise and falsehood of los angeles escaped, puff, they were gone, the weather cooled and not only because of the air conditioning, but people were happy to work there (and not with those fake smiles, these were real smiles, you can see that disney pays well). we arrived at the roof garden and the magic of disney ended.

Everything was filled with super expensive statues, fake plants, and dozens of people taking pictures for instagram. that's when i remembered i was in los angeles; i could see people putting on makeup and yelling at their "instagram boyfriends" to get down to the floor so they could get a good angle for the photo. there I said, "damn, how annoying, mom, let's go for a hot dog at the stand outside."

i think on that trip I hung out a lot with my in-law's family, but i'm telling you that i do not remember those things, what i do remember is that we went to universal and i was very excited. i'm not a superfan of the simpsons, but i do turn on my tv once a week to watch the same episodes at 9. i'm one of those fans who only like the canon seasons, which ended up around 2001, where you can tell they're still hand-drawn, but not so shitty. i was dying to go to krustyland. the only problem is that i hate both, the sun and the people i was with. well, it's not that i hated them, but i didn't care about them- but they walked very slow and that must not be done. i wanted to go to bumblebee man tacos, go to moe's tavern to have a duff, and say hmmm beer just like homer.

but, let's see, it's time to put on our sociologist hats.



time in theme parks passes by real slow but at the same time extremely fast. lines last three hours, your feet end



up all red, and the minute you sit down you fall asleep, but it seems like you close your eyes for a second and you already have to go back to the hotel because they're closing the park.

why does that happen? my mom says time goes by fast when you have fun, but i don't think that's why. in my opinion, theme parks create a bubble of the outside world. in these, everything is happiness.

the characters hug you and expect you to have a good day, but the person inside wants to go home and smoke a joint from the second he arrives at work, the houses are nothing but fake facades, and the food is nothing but food coloring in the form of a minion, mickey or any character with a personality deficiency.

this bubble is a new experience for us, we want to feel and try and live all these new experiences and feel like children again, children who do not know what time is, children who just want to find new things and then forget them; people like me who want to go universal so they can take a picture with the comic book man, have a beer with homer and ride the games so they don't remember anything for a few minutes, people like me who say "i wanna go to krustyland, i wanna leave krustyland".



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**PROMESAS
DE TIERRA**



FROM BELLOW, FROM UP TOP

PIRIZI



ARCHITECTURE OR THE
CHRONICLE OF AN INSTANT

**SARA
SERRATOS**



CITY, HOW AND WHAT
(ACCORDING TO ME)

