

THE PAIN OF CATS

For spanish Version

Inverösímil

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In the city of Dublin cats don't suffer that much, they are more friendly with humans and they don't have to be rummaging in the dumpsters to survive. Their biggest problem it's the winter, that it's when they have to come back to their homes to protect themselves from the furious wind that surges from the Atlantic Ocean and that it expands all over the island. Cats in Dublin surely possess names of some local celebrity or, of some writer or, of some brand of Crisps that is well known in this country.

In the libraries of Dublin, it's common to find books about cats, like this one that I bought the other day: The Cats of Ireland. An Irish gift for the lovers of cats with legends, tales and trivias. William Butler Yeats, an Irish writer has a poem that it's called, The Cat and the Moon that it's a story of a cat that dances with the moon, or rather it's a sexual representation between two people, or simply the story of a cat that plays with a shiny ball.



On the street Moyne Road, specifically in the house 46 there's a black cat that likes to be outside of the window, he stares at the passing by people, and if someone of those are of its visual pleasure, he wiggles his tails but maintaining a serious expression as if that mentioned activity didn't bother him at all. Deep down, cats love the attention of the human being. This feeling it's not only characteristic of the human, but it is also present in these domesticated felines. I had the chance to observe and experience that feeling when I took care of my girlfriend's kitten for over a week while she and her family were in Los Cabos. Marie Curie it's a first-name basis but in confidence she's called Cauri and before knowing her and interacting with her, I didn't know a thing about the cat's behaviour. It has become clear that cats and dogs are beings diametrically different and the way of loving them it's not the same. A dog is loyal, loving, and in a few words, it tends to be docil unless it's being abused constantly. On the other hand, a cat is demanding, capricious and a blackmailer. Curi is one of those kittens that prefers to be on the streets all the time, hunting lizards, little birds and rodents, so naturally, when I used to go to my girlfriend's house, Curi would demand that I opened the door but I knew well that If I did that, she wouldn't come back until later. She meowed for twenty minutes until some time passed, she would sit next to me to be pet. During one week I was visiting her every day, and also, besides providing Curi with basic care like bringing her food and giving her fresh water, I used to talk to her while I pet her. For the third day, when I opened the house's door, she wouldn't demand of me to let her go outside but rather she would rub her body to my feet to be pet again. I would be with her for approximately two hours but when I had to go home, I felt a deep sadness and guilt to leave her alone, without the opportunity to do something about her suffering. I imagine how this cat that lives in Mexico City, in contrast to a cat in Dublin, would deal with this suffering.

Alexis Chacón captures in his painting the melodrama of Curi and other cats that suffer daily in silence and that only express themselves while humans sleep or are absent. It's probably, like one of the paintings of Alexis Chacón, that Curi took a bag of takis fuego to mitigate the pain, a conduct learned by humans. The cats of Dublin may have another way to deal with pain: reading James Joyce, drinking Guinness or eating Fish and Chips, which is surpassed by the aesthetic experience of the cat that deals with its pain laying in a bed watching the Rosa de Guadalupe while eating Flaming hot Cheetos.

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