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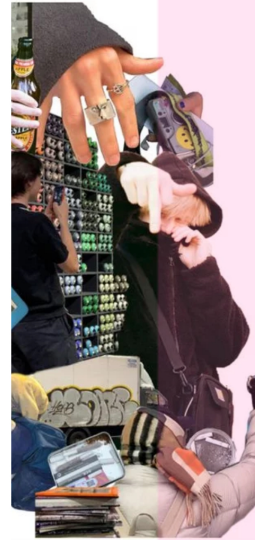
I Don't Understand Anything

Alondra M



ESP / EN

Mr.
D3epb4
y



I'm in this city inside a country where I don't understand anything, where letters do not even look like letters, I simply understand nothing. I just arrived yesterday, I had a reservation in a very sketchy hotel, but that does not cost a lot of money. I took a taxi from the bus station and arrived at the hotel. While the taxi drove, we crossed streets and parks, and buildings, all normal, just like any other city, and there were people walking, listening to music, fighting, playing, laughing, there were people doing all kinds of normal stuff. And behind them, like set design, there were posters, billboards, scratches on the walls, traffic signs and there I realized that I don't understand a thing, not a letter or a sign, nothing. I felt lonely. There were lots of people, but I couldn't understand anything.



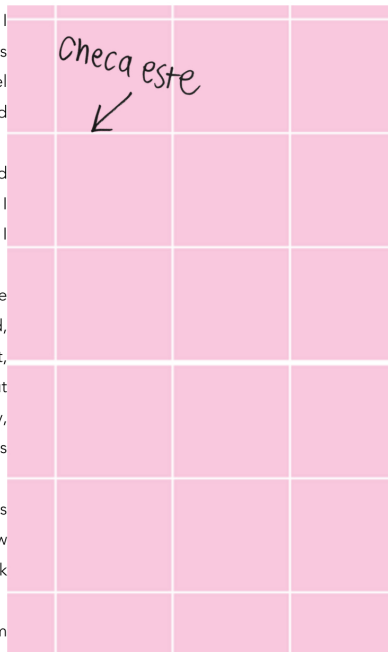
We arrived at the hotel, the taxi driver said something I obviously didn't understand. I said something in English and I think he didn't understand either. I smiled, but I was wearing a mask and, well, I assume my smile didn't come through. I entered the hotel and there were also lots of signs and words; they gave me the key, I came in and laid down.

Today I went out into the street to try and understand, I could stay in the hotel and work from my computer, but I decided to go out and try to understand. And as if I were hiding, between the streets and the walls, under new signs, in the corners, I started to recognize images, images that I had seen somewhere.

Now, while I hide from the sun, I am inside a coffee shop with Wi-Fi, watching the work of d3epb4y, and I do not recognize a lot of things, because I'm uncultured, because I do not like oriental culture, because I don't like manga and things like that, because I don't know who's who, I just recognize the labels of the strawberry bars. But I find something, I see something among the images that do not make me feel lonely, on the contrary, I feel that I'm part of a great culture, of a great group that recognizes figures.

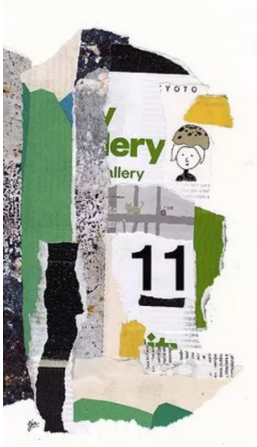
I think about today's art that takes icons and transforms them, frames them, makes them belong, translates them, so that we can understand them, so that we know something more about them, so that they make us feel, or simply to make them look good wherever we put them, or just on our Instagram feed.

We know those images, we recognize at least the styles, and we get close to them



thanks to the artists. I recognize details, influences, colors, forms, techniques, textures, recognize pieces in the d3ep4y's work, and I feel less lonely, I feel accompanied by those images, by those people that recognize those details, that Monopoly character, or that fat Korean asshole or those Soriana tickets. And so, I hope to find little by little those familiar details in this new city, and find someone that can help me translate the new images that surround me.

I've finished my iced tea, soon I will go out into the street. Right in front I see a building with a huge photo of a person in a suit that has a fake smile, and the red as a color that pops-out, and I think that he is a politician, someone that sells himself, I recognize the signs of an election and all of them seem the same to me, in any part of the world. I go and ask for the bill.



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