

FOOL

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Being left out as a fool, as the girl that gets mad in less than 5 seconds has been what defines me since I can remember. The uncomfortness and complexity of feelings has always been a challenge for me; I never seemed to have in my hands the tools to face them or even comprehend what I felt without having the sensation of being overruled by them.

I still wonder, what did I feel at 10 years old that caused me asthma attacks? Why did I feel and still feel embarrassed to talk with my parents, the two human beings that created and raised me, about my own feelings? As humans, what justifies us from differentiating ourselves of animals and objects, it's believed to be the consciousness of our thoughts and feelings. However, by collectively observing, it seems that this consciousness only implies knowing about our feelings and carrying them individually. What a human hypocrisy to ignore what we claim, is what makes us humans.

Socially, the consciousness about the importance of emotional intelligence did not start to be a relevant issue, until recently. Consequently, education about the issue was very scarce. I would like to blame my barely existent emotional abilities to this matter, but it would be to ignore the long and complex history that I and we all carry on our shoulders, that has contributed to the current situation.

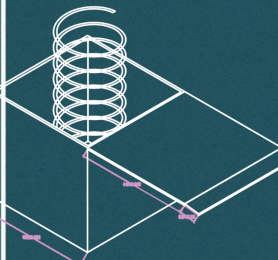
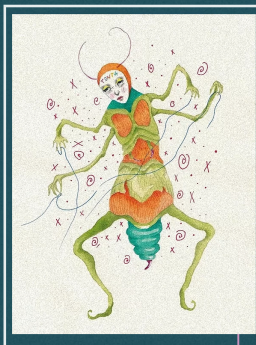
Although thousands of tales and myths exist in every culture, about the origin of feelings to help us out to comprehend what they are, defining an origin, would be defining the origin of consciousness, and thousands of philosophers and even scientists are still currently trying to search for it, for which, if we follow this straight and narrow branch of thought we found a cul-de-sac.

Scaping this dead end, metaphorically, as any other situation in our lives, implies having the knowledge of where you are standing in this mental map that we are referring to, in comparison to the quotidian life,

meaning the physical experience of life, when a dead end is found the common thought is to turn around and to keep on searching another way, however this act does not seem to be that simple in our minds, since the knowledge about our mental map is knowledge that only those who are interested in the matter seem to have in their hands.

To question even the reason and origin of our consciousness and feelings, this evokes the same question of: Why is an origin and comprehension searched in the face of what is produced by sensorial processes?

The answer may be found in psychology, philosophy or sociology, nonetheless for those of us who are not deeply involved in those study fields the answer remains to be for many a mystery. The polemic of how complicated comprehending what we feel can be and also, the reason of itself, is clearly manifested nowadays in art and even memes or entertainment content that we have right in our hands, demonstrating that if it's clear that our knowledge about this topic, as a community, is neither deep nor bast, the interest has grown and it may be a first and clear step to open a new path for an about ourselves.



Ójos Flotando encapsules perfectly this human polemic through clowns, that seem to identify us as a society, trying to comprehend the obviousness of what form us, which even forms oneself, thus the deformity that causes to oneself the thinking, the feeling and the perception altogether it can make you really feel like an insect of 2 meters with 4 hands that everyone stares at and perceives as the strangest thing they have ever seen, or like half naked clown that ends being exposed not only physically but also as a person becoming an entertainment, or like a clown that goes around with all his angerment in a bag on his way to give a show to an audience that appears to be omnipresent in our entire life as Denisse illustrates it. And also, she captures it as what it seems ironically or coincidentally, in pictures of kids, as an origin of where all this confusion and self-perception.

I find myself in each one of these pieces because after so many history, comprehension, analysis and study, it appears that everytime that I face an event in my life that strikes me out or experiences that go further from my commonness, end up as a fool, as a "clown" for not being able to comprehend my feeling is still one of my worst fears.

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OTHER ARTISTS:

La Garrapata E.V.

Martha Priego E.V.

Paisa Expandido E.V.

El Paisa E.V.

Arte y cotidianidad E.V.

Hija del mariachi E.V.

David Cruz E.V.