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DISC.

by: isabel de alba  
artist: giselle dessavre



# PERVERSION

[ inverosímil ]

Escúchanos en SPOTIFY



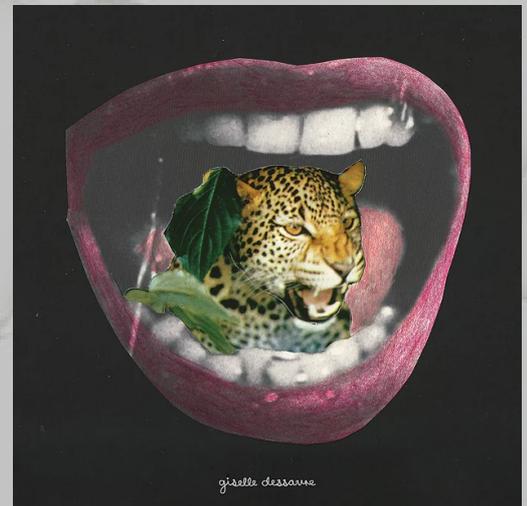
a couple of weeks ago, my 2-year-old nephew, josé pablo, decided that i am his favorite person at the moment. i can't pretend that this doesn't stupidly thrill me. me? i think, an average person with nothing more interesting to offer him than a couple of notebooks and a box to paint on, a dozen cherries (they're his favorite fruit at the moment), a \$25 plastic carts from a wholesale toy store, 2 matryoshkas (a red one and a black one, which are, according to josé pablo a father and a mother) and 3 feet that allow me to follow him to where he "minvita", as he usually tells me? am i the person a tiny human waits to see every day?

i can't imagine what it is that strikes him about me. but i will not let myself lie when i say that just as i love being the important person in his life, i dread it. i circle back to the same thing: me? an average person with nothing more interesting than the things i already mentioned, am i the person he wants to spend much of his time with? i do not understand.

the point is, that one of the numerous days that we have gone out to walk through the subdivision to run as fast as lightning mcqueen, fill some colored blocks with water with the water jet that comes out of the sprinklers, and play under the sun to the insolation and until our bodies ask us for water, josé pablo began imitating some sort of feline. i wasn't sure which one exactly, but he chased me for a while to bite me like this animal surely would rawwwwr! rawwwr! he shouted.

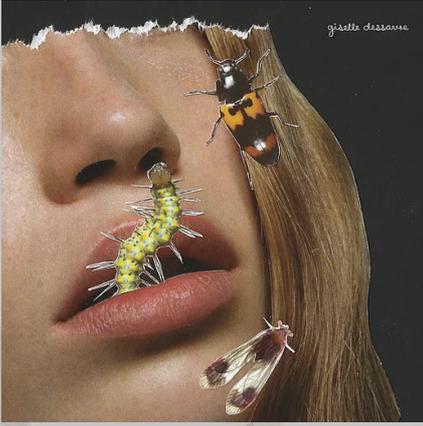
honestly, i just play along and act like the most scared person by this feline.

many situations with this tiny human remind me of giselle dessavre's work, where a mouth is presented with exposed teeth and an image of a half-growling jaguar superimposed on the tongue. it makes me think of josé pablo, and young children in general, because of the desire that has for what they say to be heard; since they don't have any precedent in their mind, that would make them believe that what they say doesn't have to be heard. it is as if, despite their small vocabulary, they know that we must listen to them and decipher what they are telling us. they do not stop. you could be chatting with someone else and that won't matter to them; rather, what matters is their message; can't deny it. i don't want to sound like an older person who bases their oral communication on clichés or old sayings, but children teach us much more than we think.



it amazes me to realize that, indeed (and without giving much reason to rousseau), there is no malice in children and babies, but that when they act rebellious or disrespectful, it is only a reflection of what is lived at home, with family. both, what comes out of their mouth and their actions and thoughts, are genuinely well-intentioned. they are fierce, enthusiastic, full of intensity, they seem attention in their way and they get it at any cost: there is no evil in them. i wonder when does this corruption, that each one of us goes through, begin? at what point do human perversions

wonder, when does this corruption, that each one of us goes through, begin? at what point do human perversions begin? because, if we think about it, the approach to society begins at a very early age. however, taking my 2-year-old nephew and my experience with him as examples, i don't think there is still any vice in that small being.



but on the contrary, i relate us adults, or rather pseudo adults, more with giselle dessavre's collage where half a person's (or if we want to be governed by the binary gender structure: a woman's) face can be seen, on which bugs are superimposed: a cockroach, a moth, and a creeping insect. young people's and adult's communication is conditioned by an enormous emotional and psychological baggage of experiences, demands, traumas, phrases, references, etc. It is polluted, corrupted. what comes out of our mouth is never completely genuine anymore; before it comes out, it goes through a lot of thoughts and internal conflicts, it is said from what we have lived previously, it comes out with precedents.

i don't know, i do not quite like to resign ourselves to the fact that at some point in life one, as a person, begins to act, think and say from a lot of situations that we were never conscious enough to process and "heal"; so we simply socialize from what we have, but we never realized was there.

i like the idea that we remain small in that instance, i like that a well-intentioned, true communication comes out of our mouth without much precedent, without obstacles, without braked, powerful, eloquent, and precise.



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TRANSLATED BY: Sofia Figueras

## TAMBIÉN PRÓBES



**El Chico Paletas**  
Bittersweet



**Sebastian Bieniek**  
To laugh  
Disjointed around  
Sebastian Bieniek's  
work



**Mao Montiel**  
Heretics Food