

Damora

ARTIST: SANTIAGO MORA

[inverosímil] Escúchanos en SPOTIFY

ü TALLERES en línea

There are times when monotony becomes my truth, where monotony is my only way to wake up, everything seems completely the same; looking at my phone first thing in the morning, scrolling through any social network that would wake me up, swipe infinitely through images of people doing the same thing (I wonder how many more are doing the same thing today) until I finally feel awake and ready to start the day.

Serving me that insipid breakfast with that bitter coffee that reminded me of something I once felt, but I couldn't name it. Exercise routinely, bathe in water at the same temperature as the day before, see me in the mirror with those tired eyelids, and say: OK! Here we go again!

I know from head to toe the journey to the office where I work, the streets of this horrible city are the same, they all take me to the same place, I could even get there with my eyes closed, wow!

Too bad I had to open them; I can open the doors without needing to see the keys because I know them just by touching them, lighting the lamps in the waiting room, setting the plants, cleaning the garbage of the previous day, and sitting to wait for the patient.



Here things start to change a bit, listening to the patient with their problems is the only thing that could be different in my monotony, that spark that gives me hope of finding something different in my day today, but, come on! Every person always brings with them something that ails them, words, words, words, words, problems, problems, problems, and so on until the day of work ends or death comes.

Ending the session, picking up the plants, turning off the lamps, walking to where I always park the car, next to that building under construction since I was born, driving back down that same road, getting home, getting undressed, dressing up in the same pajamas as yesterday, sitting with a cigarette and a beer, reading something while listening to that monster that never ceases, that is on the move all the time, that city monster that suffers and makes each of its inhabitants suffer drowning them in transit, drowning them in smog, that monster who is so used to routines that its illness seems normal; and then sleeping to dream about tomorrow again that will be completely the same.

Nothing hurts, it's all the same, virtual life has me so trapped that I don't mind looking beyond my screen, and if I notice something different on the outside, it's better to go back to my digital life. Nothing surprises me, nothing interests me, surviving is part of my nature, why the fuck would I want to change something if it seems as if I will never die, even with this monotony dying does not arouse any fear, it is not exciting to think that I will disappear because I am lost in life.

The same thing happens with the city, buildings that would fall in seconds are built, fashion in the architecture in terms of tonality is grayish everywhere, commercial squares go at the same pace as the birth rate, transit in a pandemic is the same as the transit without pandemic, people are the same as yesterday, but now with facemasks, they continue littering, they continue complaining about politics, they continue conforming to fashion, they continue visiting the same museums, they continue not respecting the road, they continue contributing to corruption, and they continue, and they continue, and they remain to be the same people within the same city. NOTHING HURTS; NOTHING CHANGES; NOTHING MATTERS; EVERYTHING EQUAL; ALL RESEMBLANCE; EVERYTHING REMAINS.



Fuck! I'm looking for something that makes me throb, something that makes me find the difference on the streets on the way to work, something that motivates me to think that spontaneity is still somewhere in this fucking city, but come on! That's not my job, that's the work of the artists, I want the artists to come out and show their art in the streets, to dance between traffic lights, to sing on the roofs and in the neighborhoods, I want poetry to sound on the sirens of the city, buildings be painted by artistic hands.

I want more artists like Santiago Mora, artists who are sick about this exhaustive monotony, and at least try to get out of the realm of routine to express themselves in a pinch of difference when it comes to how art should be expressed.

Santiago tries, he does, he tries to place his paintings in a curtain of some local in the city, appropriating the space as if it were a unique and independent museum room, is an example of spontaneity, of a pure transgression against the orthodox of an art exhibition.

Intervening with his painting a local of fabrics where you would never find paintings but fabrics is that detail that awakens in me the possibility of finding the difference where there are only repeated images.

I want the city not to involve just buildings, I want more green areas, fewer cars, more paintings, fewer scratches on the walls of those that say vulgarities and adolescent nonsense, I want more artless protests, more artless advertising.

All this has inspired me Mora, has awakened in me that spark to overthrow that time in which custom was the daily bread. Art does not only belong to museums, it even doesn't just belong to the artist, it belongs to everything, it belongs to the eyes and the experience of the world. Santiago should give some advice for artists to go out and hang their paintings on the streets, in places of the city where it is least expected, where it is least common.

If you read this Santiago, you made me want to go out and shout this text and stick it in the streets, you reminded me of a dream I had where every street in the city was infested by different artistic branches; there were the streets of poetry, the streets of photography, the streets of dance, cinema and every kind of art that exists.

I think what Santiago shares is an art that embraces ideology, an ideology of going out to infest the city of art, as this impacts monotony. Can you imagine going out to work or home and finding a spectacular painting of Santiago? It would be great because there lies the art of surprising you about how not every day is the same, with a minimal bit that contrasts with these gray days in the company of this city monster.

Wow! Hell, now I've exalted myself, what a beautiful spark of spontaneity in front of the screen! but it's late, I have to go to work and I come back to reality. I have to get up, bathe, drink that insipid coffee. Perhaps today I can

reality, I have to get up, bathe, drink that insipid coffee. Perhaps today I can find myself with a little detail that will make my day not one more day but a different day from the others.



By: *Diozoze*



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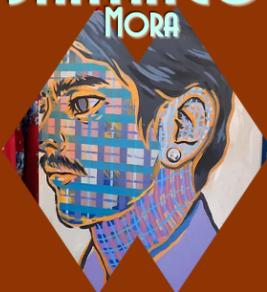


LUDWIG
FARE



I WANNA GO, I WANNA LEAVE

SANTIAGO
MORA



DAMORA

PEDRO
TRUEDA



I DESERVE SOMETHING BETTER

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