

50 %
DESC.

artist: Q h n o
by: Alondra M



TO
LAUGH

[inverosímil]

Escúchanos en SPOTIFY



"But I've never been able to lie down, I put a bag over my head and take a bath."



My name is Alondra, I'd like to laugh now, but I can't anymore. Maybe I'll put a plastic bag on top of me, the black bag, or the white bag, the one with the smile, that of course. I'd like to feel good, I've taken some pills, maybe that way I'll feel better. I don't have anything, I don't feel bad, it's just that I don't feel good either.

There are mornings that I wake up and I don't feel anything, like I'm just lying in bed and I want to stay there, I'm not sad, I don't feel like crying, I just want to stay there, still in bed and wait for the day to become night. But I've never been able to lie down, I put a bag over my head and take a bath.

Someone could tell me what to do, if someone who reads this could share their experience, look I've tried everything: meditation, yoga, reiki, go for a run, walk, exercise, everything is fine, but as long as I have the plastic bag on. If I take off the plastic bag, like Qhno's works, I just don't feel anything. I would like to laugh now but I can't. Yesterday I was told it was okay to feel that, that's what bags are for, to help me feel better, to feel something. At least there's something that comforts me, plastic bags are biodegradable, they don't pollute that much. did Qhno ever meet me? Does he also, like the characters in his paintings, understand those of us who put on plastic bags to cover our faces?



I feel in a state of plastic, of falsehood, that tells us what to feel and to what extent to feel it; that explains to us how to take the bad to good, does not seek, in any sense, the well-being of the person, that's only the apparent plastic bag of the model itself. I read, the other day while I was waiting for this damned feeling to leave me, that whatever pursues this state of appearance and positive solutions is productivity, self-employment, self-sanction.

A kind of appeasement disguised as happiness, positivism, incessant joy, unwavering spirit of conquest, much will, no matter how, simply because it's what must be done, a form of imperative that has been generating in us over the past

decade. This unwavering good spirit, is only apparent, plastic, is false. And it denies all imperfection.

I'm sorry to those who expected another story, but suddenly I have a little strength to complain, to denounce that the idea of a government or a system that forced us to do things and that punished us is over, that's for those below, those who don't know how. Now who self-imposes the insane pace of work, the high workdays or exercise, and the wear and tear that is enjoyed, and the pursuit of what you want because you can get it, is women ourselves. It's enough to say that we punish ourselves and we punish those who do not do it well, those who have no content worth following.

I would like to laugh, I would like at least someone to tell me that what I do is wrong, that someone let me know and that I believe, that I feel bad, but there is no longer a single block that sanctions others, but within each sphere, each social group, there are self-impositions, self-censorship, how stupid we are to believe that we live in the era of greater freedom and individuality in the history of humanity, we only live in the era of the excess of positivity that makes us more and more plastic, more apparent, more smiling, more determined to pretend to ourselves that we're okay, that we should be okay.

If anyone wants to know a little more about this feeling, look in Byung, Chul Han. The Burnout Society. But I feel bad again, and maybe I don't feel anything. I stop writing.



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ALSO TRY



El Chico Paletas



Ohno



Mag Mental

El Chico Paletero
Bittersweet

Qimo
To laugh

Mao Monner
Heretics Food

