



antes de entrar, toca

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"she lived behind that door, that if I wanted to meet her, I'd have to know what was going on inside"

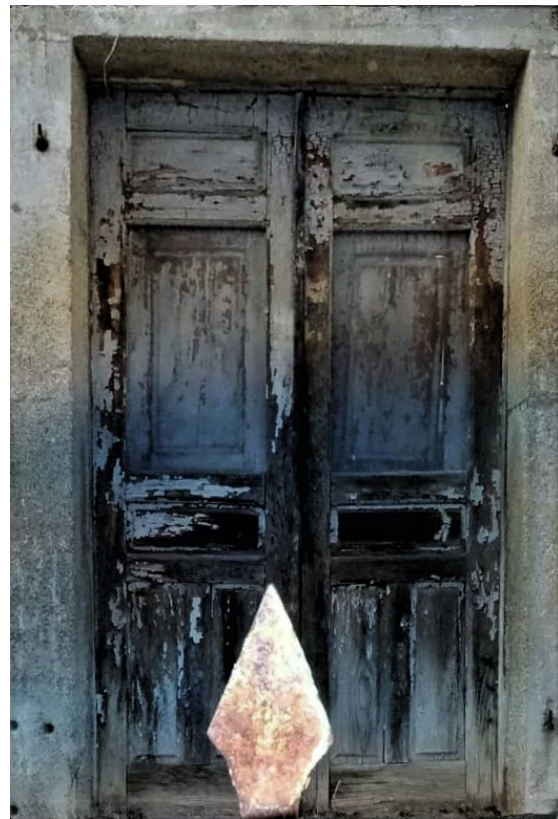


before entering, knock -said my grandmother.
I knew back there... something was going on... no one had told me exactly what. I was afraid, but I knocked, effectively, before entering I waited for, from inside allowed me to enter, I crossed the door...

there are clear borders on a map, and yellow lines warning us that we must not cross, signs that tell us that there is forbidden or that only some people can pass. that is, the boundaries between what we can do and what we can't do are usually clear, at least delimited, and that always helps to know what to do.

a door, on the other hand, is an invitation, but it is also a limit. stop, but maybe you can pass. common doors, house doors, the doors we see everyday sometimes also become forbidden or at best, invite us to cross them at least with the imagination, what shall be happening on the other side?

but there are as many doors as spaces, like families, almost like people, those who have had their own room know what I mean when a door is essential, to delimit the private from the public, even within the same family. my father preferred that we had the doors open while he was at home, maybe he was afraid to know that we could be independent of him.



when I look at the photographs of Luisa I recognize that same suspicion, that of knowing what is going on, but a suspicion that can go unnoticed, because for a long time I have not noticed all the doors that I have found closed and that besides I have not cared to see them like this, only a few have aroused my interest. the ones that maybe suggest to me that there is something behind, the ones that seduce me.

the doors of Luisa's photos are old, as if the stories had worn them out, and in a certain way so it was: the time and what has happened behind them. I have the impression that I have seen them, that I have seen those doors before, although perhaps it is just a repeated idea of the many other old doors that there are in this city.

the last time I fell in love I found myself in front of a huge door, I was outside waiting for her to come out, the door opened and I couldn't see inside anymore. when we returned from the date -which by the way did not go so well- she entered after saying goodbye almost without emotion, nor could I see beyond

and I thought she lived behind that door, that if I wanted to meet her, I'd have to know what was going on inside, what was she like behind that huge gate. she belonged to that place, to that inner space that hid from me behind two large, heavy leaves. and as I walked away from her house I passed through other houses and their doors and behind them other stories and other people.

after a while, she invited me in and I could begin to get to know her, crossing the border of the outside world to get into what was in there. Like that first time I feared a little before crossing the threshold of the door, I took a deep breath and crossed over to the other side of the door. what I found on the other side, still amazes me.



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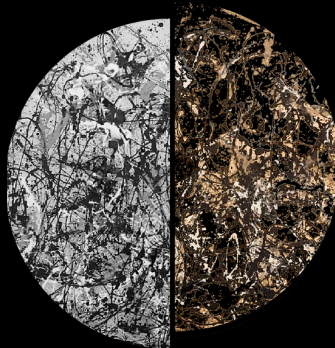
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