

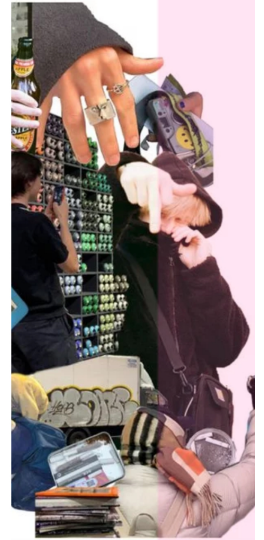
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Cuteness

Gio

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When the feeling of loneliness stopped coming to me, I discovered that even in the saddest memories I could find a spark of life. I don't want this to sound like a fake self-help message, I just want to talk about my discovery of the grays in a life that had always appeared to me in black and white.

Unfortunately, I am a person who has always been a victim of her emotions, and these have always been an up and down: if I am happy, the happiness overwhelms me, and it closes my eyes, takes me to make impulsive decisions, to leave, to drink, to dance, to jump from the highest building to the bed of the first person in front of me and after running out I feel like the queen of the world, and then drown in the depths of the wells, in the midst of a thousand ghosts, surrounded by regrets and unable to prepare even for breakfast or take care of my personal hygiene.

I was tired, I supposed that my Venus in Virgo made me see everything on earth as extremely horrible, there was nothing that I thought was cute in a gray world, full of smog, garbage and noise. Well, there's always been something. The human being has never been one of my favorite creatures in the world, however, many of our behaviors are what keep my thoughts constantly busy.

El amor existe sin las palabras



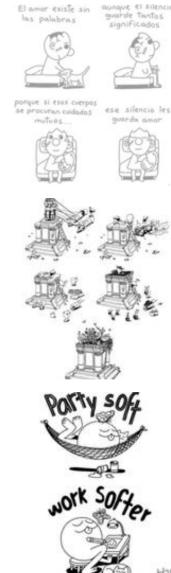
aunque el silencio guarde tantos significados



porque si esos cuerpos se procuran cuidados mutuos...



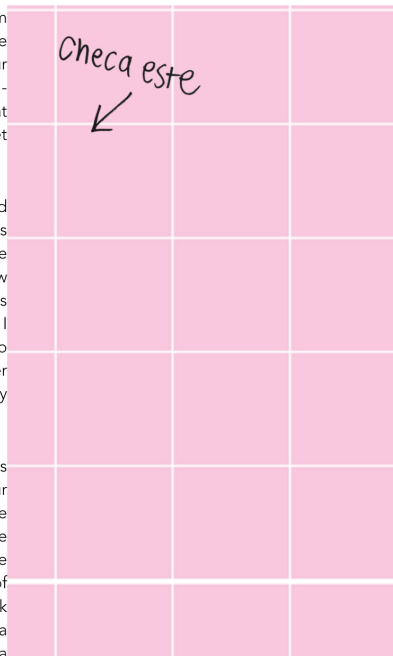
ese silencio les guarda amor



A while ago I was thinking about the way our life, seen individually, can seem insignificant and boring, however, there are many things about our behavior that have always caused me a feeling that I like to describe as *cuteness*. If I didn't know our behaviors and the meanings we give them - at least in the culture in which I was born - I might be able to be surprised at the number of things we can do to obtain that chemical substance that many know as happiness and that philosophers have not yet managed to define.

If I were a strange creature lost on this planet, and decides to watch, I probably would be surprised of how we become excited when other specimens use their vocal cords to make a sound that others believe is harmonious, of how they fight for tickets to see them and kill themselves working to pay for those tickets. I would be surprised of how friendship and romantic bonds are formed and how they convince themselves that it is destiny when, seen from afar, we are not very different from an ant colony. Perhaps I would be very surprised at the amount of time we waste going from one place to another every day at the same hour. Of how we burn someone who is no longer breathing, and mourn them for months. Or also, of how despite being surrounded by thousands and thousands of individuals, everyone seems to feel desolate.

The world seems so big and at the same time so small. The vastness of the cosmos can be compared to the vastness that can exist within us. Many times the noise in our head is able to silence the noise from the outside and that is what makes living a life enclosed in this body fascinating. Well, it is a body that is capable of feeling both the outside and the inside and, therefore, it seems natural to me that this immense range of possibilities to explore seems overwhelming to many of us. The contradiction of wanting to know and not being able to do so constantly haunts us, the desire to lock ourselves in and those to get out can be just as great in a body that barely occupies a small place in time and in the space of eternity. Eternity, for many it sounds like a

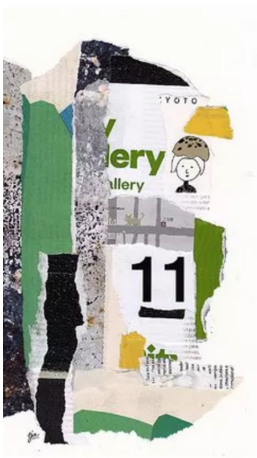


small place in time and in the space of eternity. Eternity, for many it sounds like a promise, but to me, it has always seemed like a threat, a threat if I get to have it and a threat if I never reach it.

Perhaps, dear reader, if you have read until this point, you have not understood much of what I wanted to talk about, but more than an article this has served me as therapy and sorry if this time the inside of my head is unruly and dark. But Escalera's work has come at the right moment in my life when I have decided to give up on giving up so much, when I have stopped giving myself so much importance, and ironically I have talked more about me.

The vignettes are filled with a nostalgia so personal that seems to be shared, which brought me to write these words and brought me to the first paragraph. We have the main character visibly broken and alone with a silent company, a company that does not speak, and does not advise, doesn't even try to respond, it is just there, without trying to fix what is broken, without pretending that nothing has happened, just being there in the moment of pain, sometimes only that, in a world in which I dare to say everyone has felt alone despite being completely surrounded, is a great act of love and care.

Probably, life has no meaning, we are probably here learning to die little by little slowly or quickly, probably our small and short life means nothing to the world and the traces we leave will be erased later. That no one remembers us, that humanity forget itself and becomes extinct. Possibly, all this is just a breath, and it will end before we can notice it, but while we can feel it, both internally and externally, there is nothing left for us but that, to feel it and live it. This does not mean that it is worth it, it means that it is what it is and that Escalera's vignettes prove it, because living fast or slow, working hard or soft, is not going to change the way the world turns and time passes at all. Because the monuments are going to fall, the ruins and our customs are going to lose meaning, because our languages are going to stop understanding each other as we do and infinity is going to remain infinite, and we will keep on dying with every breath.



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