

SÚPER PUNK

Such is the way in which life is ordered, that the craziest is to become the happiest, because sadness is death, and thus it is convenient to escape it to avoid turning existence painful and not let fatigue deprive us of all pleasures.
Erasmus of Rotterdam

We Model our head.

It is such the anxiety to reach the certainty of what is real, to make it approachable, that it has made us more and more devourers of other people's lives. Today the television soap opera has become the snack before the main meal: the reality show, which shows the authentic accelerated level that we have taken our contemporary reality. "Reality is that which we don't live", someone wrote, and today more than ever it is reaffirmed, in a time when man seems to be in search for a "super real" reality. The reality shows are wonderful, making us believe we know the characters, that we live with them, and they are almost our family. Although it seems we are connected, there is an enormous distance, and now the distant becomes close and vice versa. With exorbitant eyes, we feel that we can build a virtual reality that destines and guides the path of what is real. We can record the virtual, repeat it, remasterize it, theorize it, exhibit it and control it; this is a truth. Nevertheless, this obsessive task leaves in its wake new desires to attain more, to control more, as if at the bottom of this self-deception we knew that it is. A frustrating attempt for the simple earthly beings that we are.

Hamlet and his persistent heritage, eternally quoted in all types of texts, dialogues and common conversations, to be or not to be, seems like the only way out of such an enterprise. What interests me is not the to be, nor the not to be, what interests me is the other which is not to get stuck in a definition, clear and closed, of either of these options. The "or" is what interests me. The part just in the middle, which means doubt; which is the only true common trait that identifies us. This doubt seems like the material that we use to model small fragments of reality and virtuality, piled up in a sort of puzzle, no heads or tails, with no predetermined form, no beginning, no end, that permits us to hold on to something that isn't real but is ours and so it works.

Lorena Peña, Guadalajara, Mexico, April, 2005.