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by Martin Lopez

published by www.electrocomics.com

2014

DO
THE
DEPTHS
ARE
THE
STREETS

LANDING IN LIMA IS LIKE DIVING INTO A GREYISH FOAM. YOU DON'T LAND LIKE AN AIRPLANE BUT YOU DIVE LIKE A SUBMARINE WITHOUT KNOWING FOR SURE ON WHAT OR WHERE.

FROM ABOVE, FROM THE AIRPLANE, YOU CAN SEE MILES AND MILES OF CLOUDS THAT COULD BE SNOW OR COFFEE CREAM, OR DIRTY DETERGENT OR WHATEVER THAT DON'T MAKE YOU THINK THERE IS A CITY UNDERNEATH.

THE PASSENGER NEAR ME SAYS «IT MUST BE VERY SAD TO LIVE THERE». SAYS «VERY SAD». LIKE TRYING TO BE CONDESCENDING WITH THE 8 MILLION PEOPLE LIVING UNDER, AND RELIEVED BECAUSE FOR HIM, LIMA IS NOT MORE THAN A PASS THROUGH CITY. VERY SAD. .



*DOTE
DE
POTO
A
TRES*

AT LANDFALL I STARTED TO THINK IN THE
IMAGES THAT WOULD COMPOSE THE STORY.
SOME DRAWINGS MADE OVER PHOTOGRAPHIES
TAKEN A WHILE AGO WHEN WE WERE WALKING
IN THE COUNTRYSIDE.

OTHERS SIMPLY I HAVE TO INVENT
OR STEAL FROM SOMEWHERE BECAUSE
THERE ARE WALKS THAT HAVE NOT
BEEN REGISTERED BY US OR ANYBODY.
IF I HAVE TO DESCRIBE ALL OF
THEM I WILL DIE.





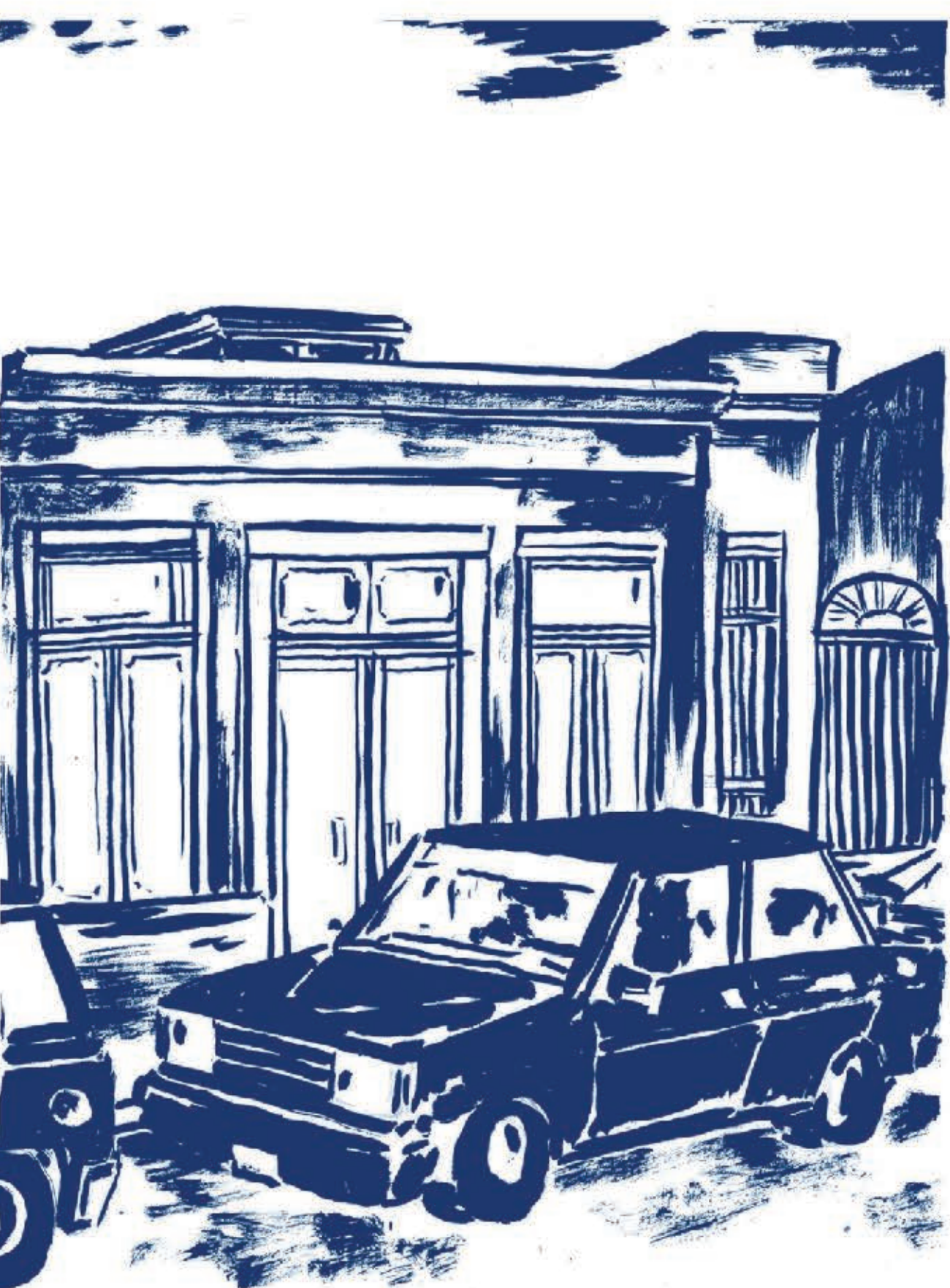
THIS MORNING I HEARD ON THE RADIO
A DEBATE ON CREATIONISM. THE FRIENDS
OF THE RELIGIOUS MYSTERIES HAVE
QUESTIONED THE EVOLUTION AND THE
ROUNDNESS OF THE EARTH. WE RELY
TOO MUCH ON OUR SENSES. AT LEAST
I DON'T KNOW ANYONE IN PERSON THAT
HAS GONE TO THE OUTER SPACE. NOT ANY
FRIEND SENT ME A PICTURE TAKEN WITH
HIS MOBILE OF THE SPHERICAL EARTH. . .





HOW CAN I BE SURE THERE IS A PLACE
CALLED MADRID, OR BUENOS AIRES,
MOSCU OR PYONGYANG, OR
JOHANESBURGO, WHEN THE ROUTINE
TRAPS OUR REALITY TO A SET OF
STREETS THROUGH WHICH WE MOVE
DAILY OR THE PEOPLE WE USE TO
INTERACT.

I HAVE MEMORIES OF MANY STREETS,
SO MANY DEAD ENDS, SO MANY FACES,
SO MANY STORIES I VE BEEN TOLD
THAT SOMETIMES I M NOT SURE IF I
KNOW WHERE IT BEGINS AND ENDS
MY LIFE, ALTHOUGH I M SURE I AM,
I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF
FICTION AM I FOR THEM.

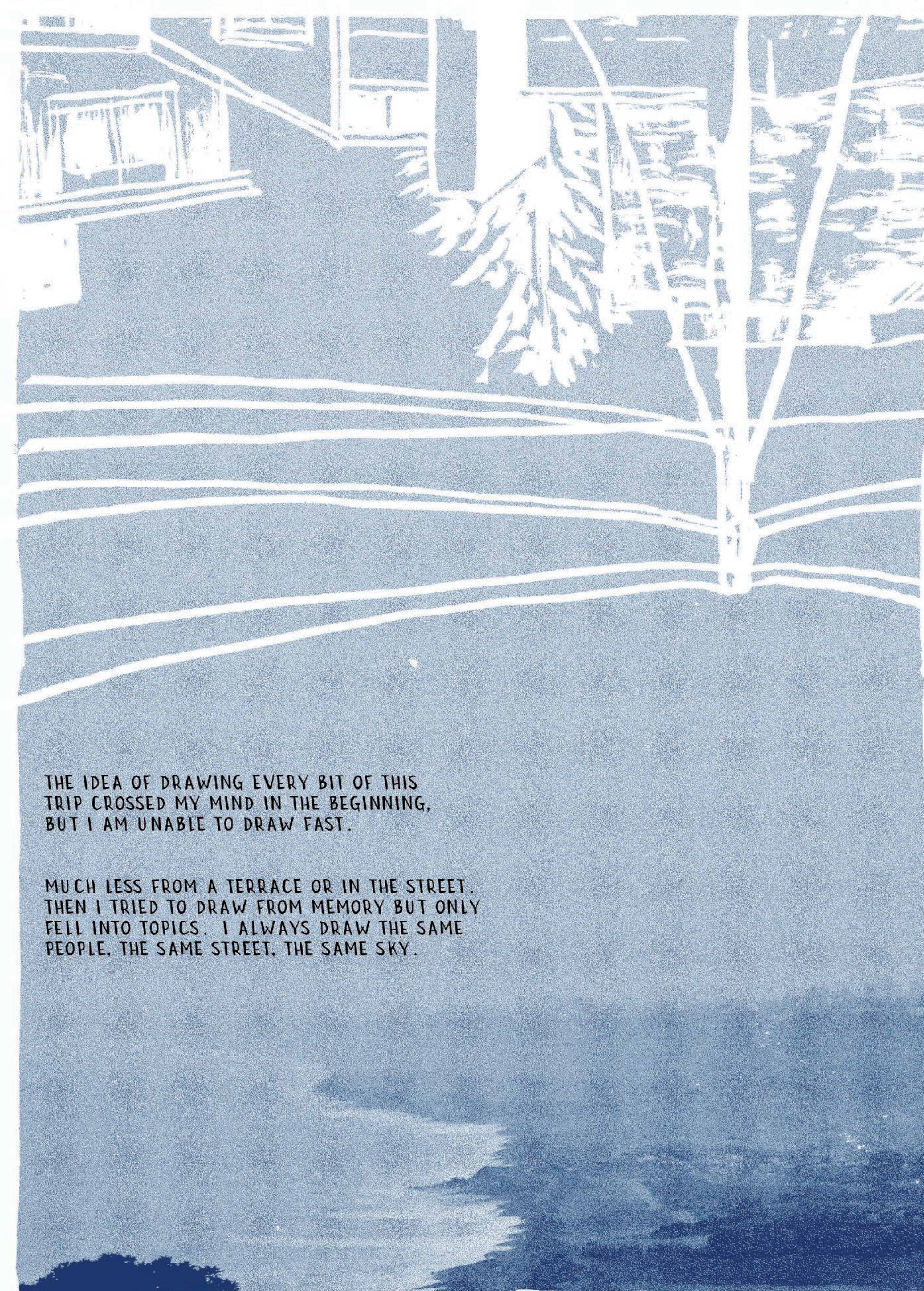




I REMEMBERED YOUR PARANOIA
OF THINKING THAT WE LIVE
AS PRISONERS ON THIS PLANET.

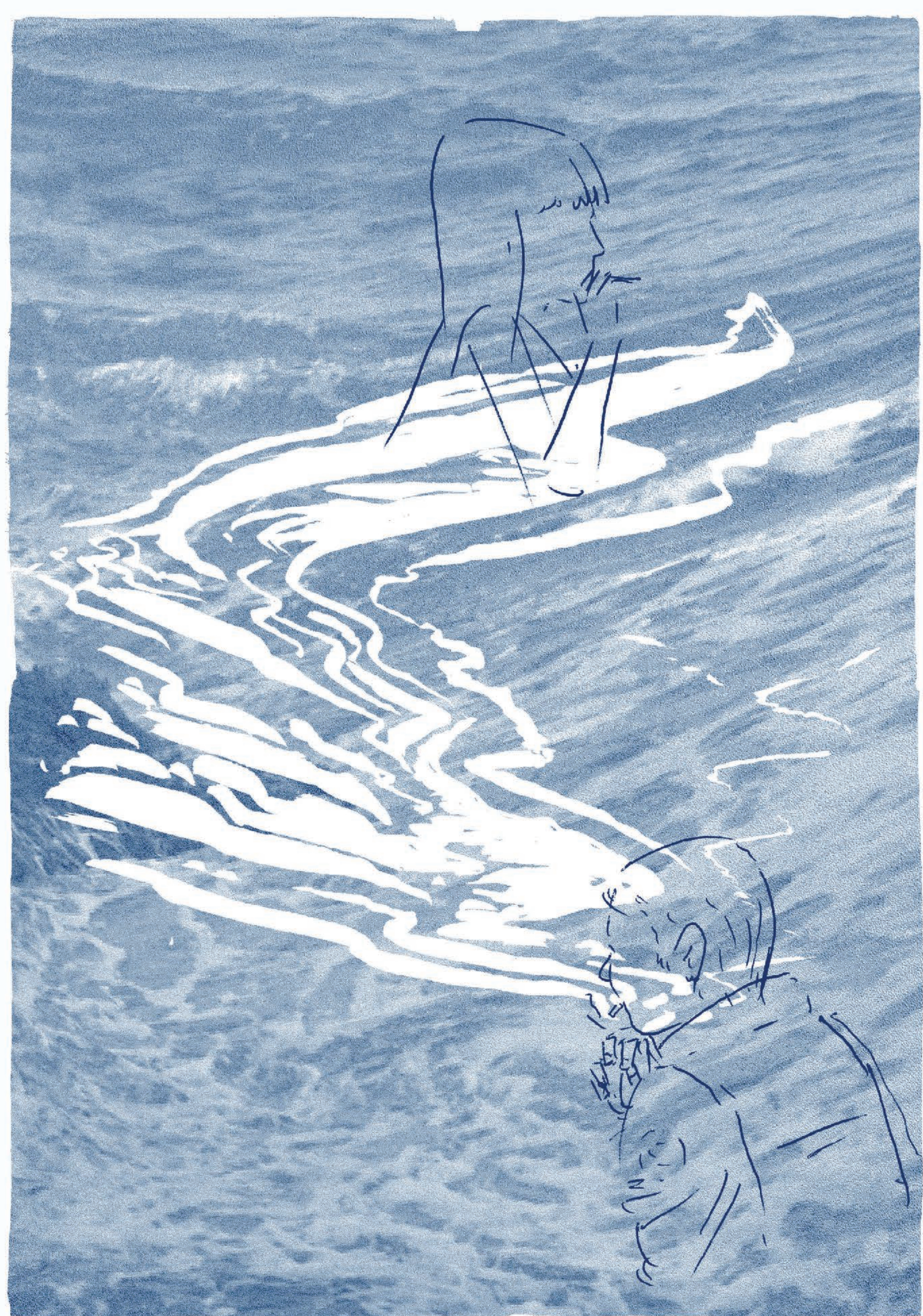






THE IDEA OF DRAWING EVERY BIT OF THIS TRIP CROSSED MY MIND IN THE BEGINNING, BUT I AM UNABLE TO DRAW FAST.

MUCH LESS FROM A TERRACE OR IN THE STREET. THEN I TRIED TO DRAW FROM MEMORY BUT ONLY FELL INTO TOPICS. I ALWAYS DRAW THE SAME PEOPLE, THE SAME STREET, THE SAME SKY.





ALSO WE ARE
PRISONERS OF
OUR OWN GESTURES,
CALLIGRAPHY.



MY HOSTS HAVE DRAGGED ME TO THE MALVINAS,
A PERMANENT FLEA MARKET BETWEEN WAREHOUSES.
THERE WERE ALL KINDS OF PIRATED PRODUCTS,
FROM BACKPACKS TO TELEVISIONS.
I FOUND SOME COPIES OF MY FAVORITE MOVIES.



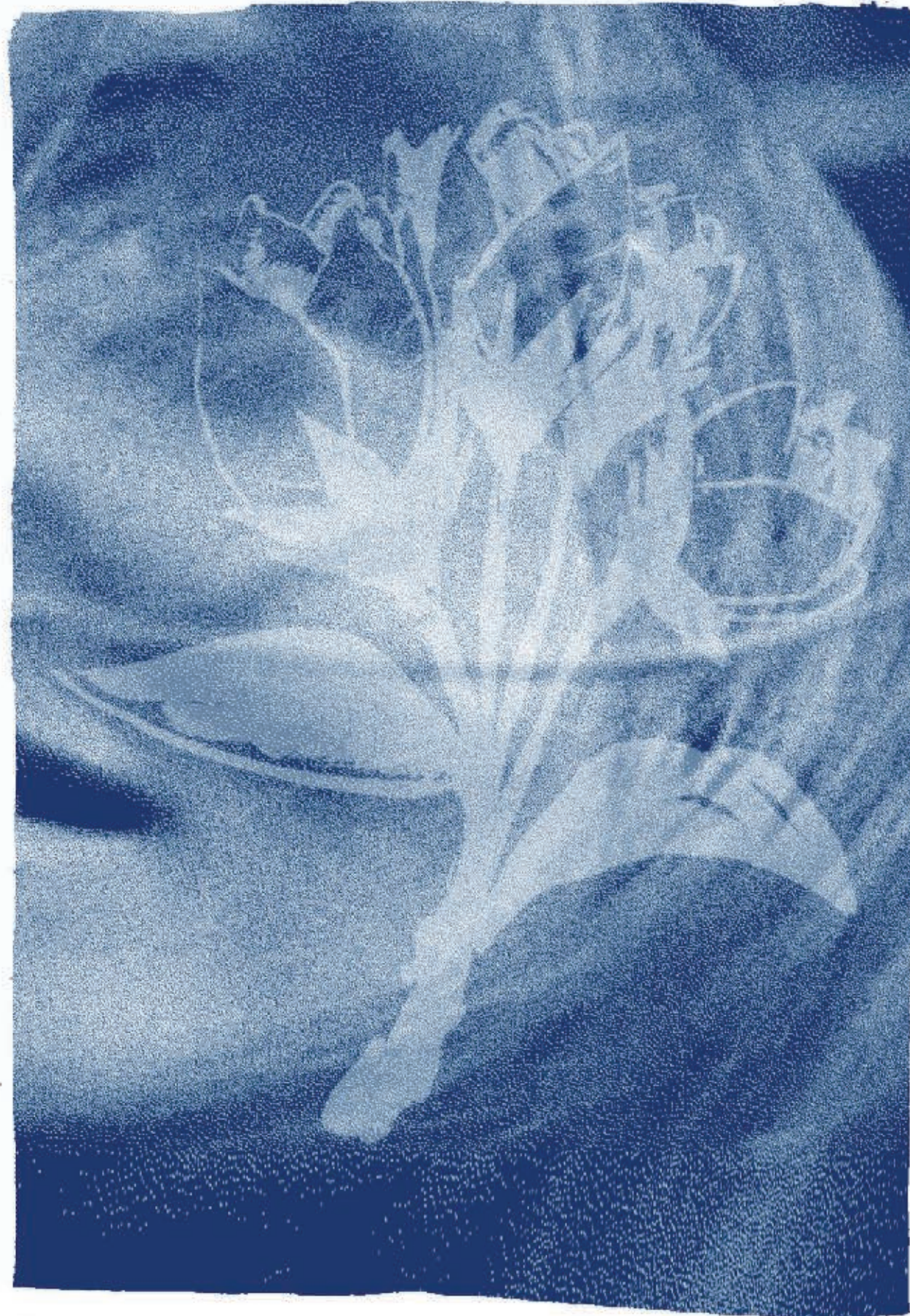


I BOUGHT SOME PIRATED MOVIES FOR SEE THEM AT NIGHT, UNFORTUNATELY ALSO THE DVD WAS PIRATE AND IT CAN T READ THE WHOLE CD-R.



HERE AN ANALOGY SEPARATED IN THE TIME AND SPACE





IT IS AN USELESS EFFORT TO COPY REALITY,
TO REPRESENT IT IN DRAWINGS OR STORIES
THAT WE JUSTIFY TO THEMSELVES THE FACT
THAT WE CONTINUE HERE ON EARTH . . .



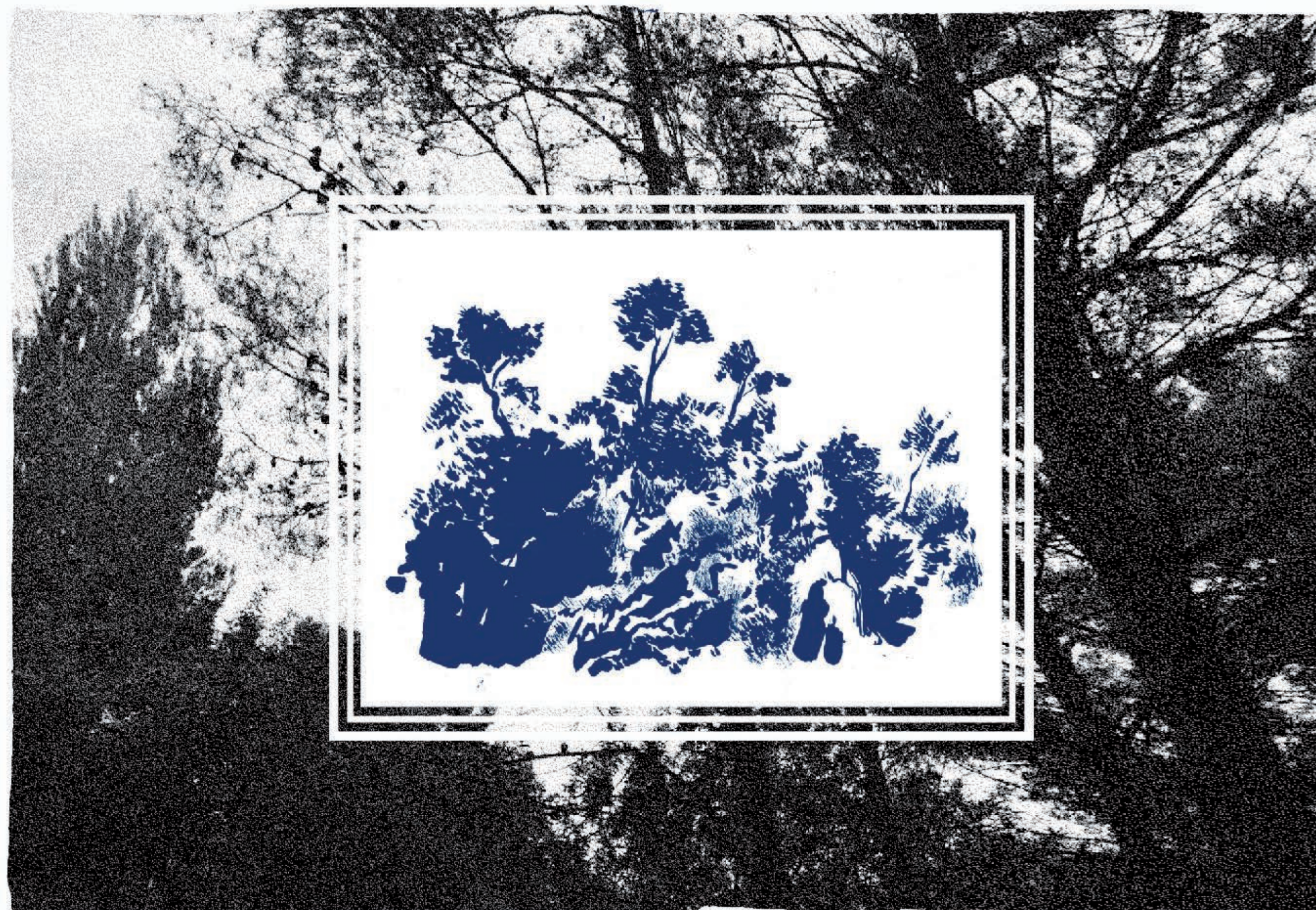
IT CAN SHOW MANY IDEAS.

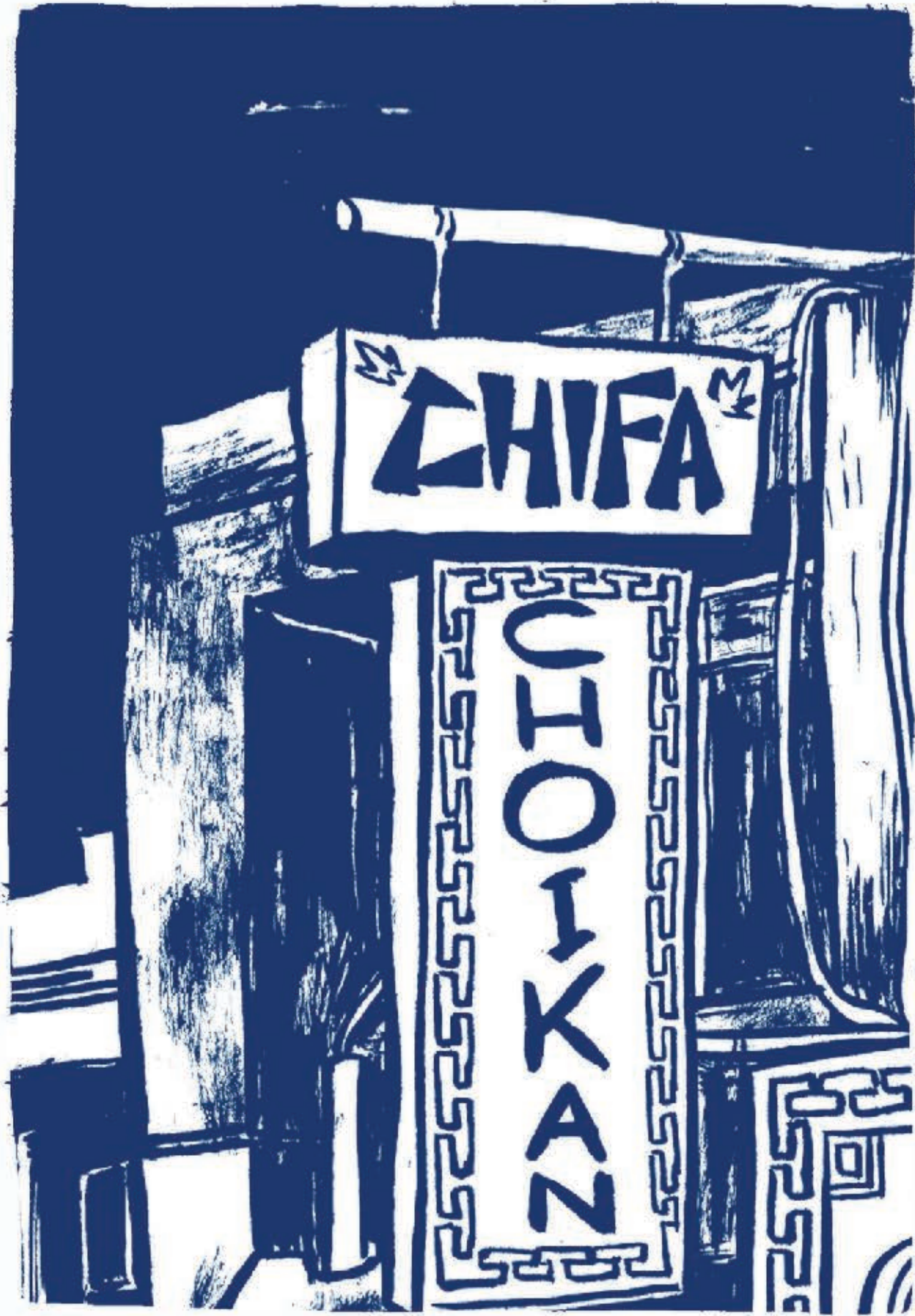


ALMOST DETERMINED TO SHOW
THAT WE ARE UNIQUE, UNCHANGING,
UNREPEATABLE.



DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN YOU LEARNED TO DRAW? IT WAS ABOUT TO COPY A PHOTO OR A STILL LIFE. I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS MANIA FROM SCHOOLS TO TEACH DRAWING THE HUMAN BODY COPYING A SCULPTURE...



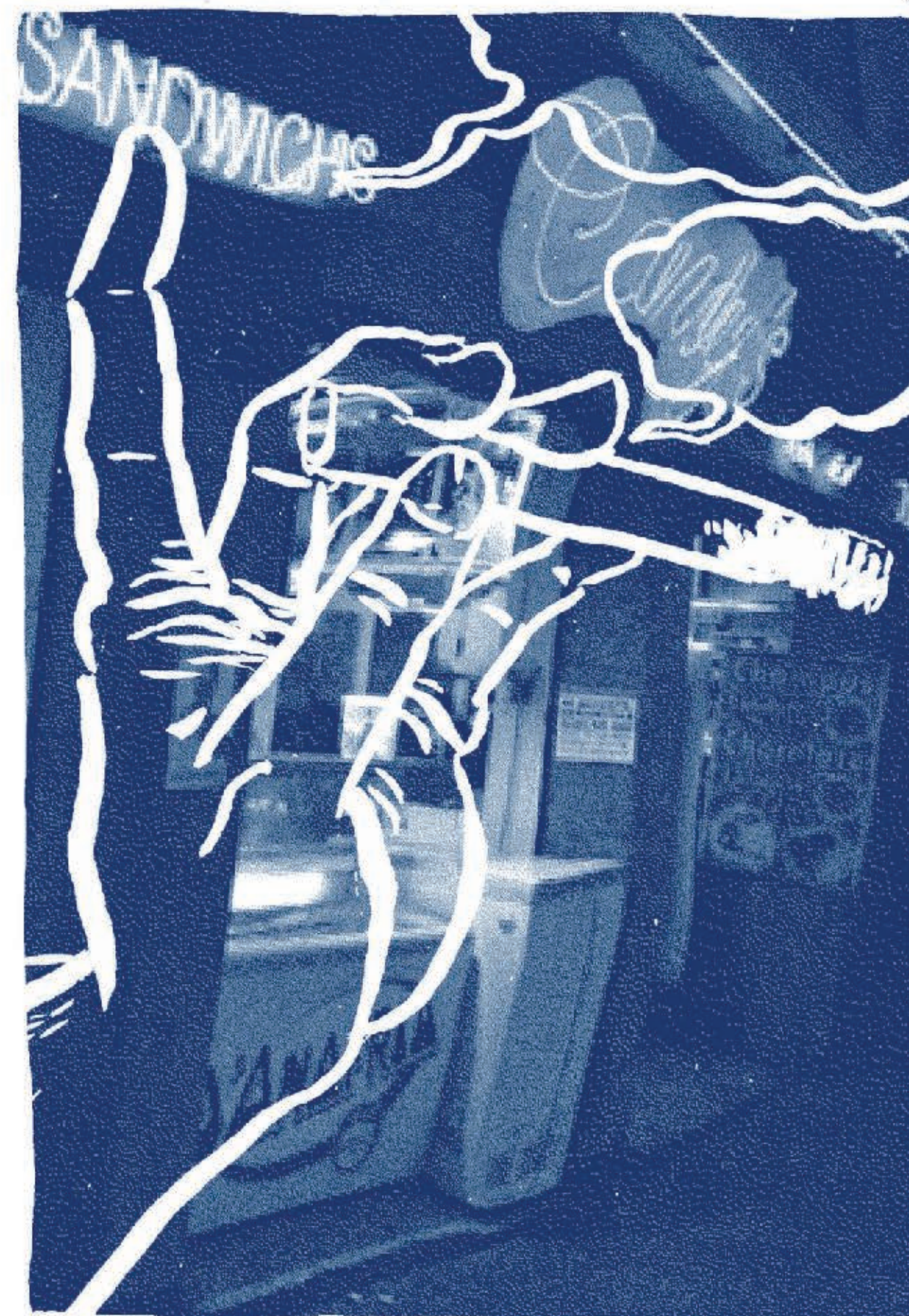
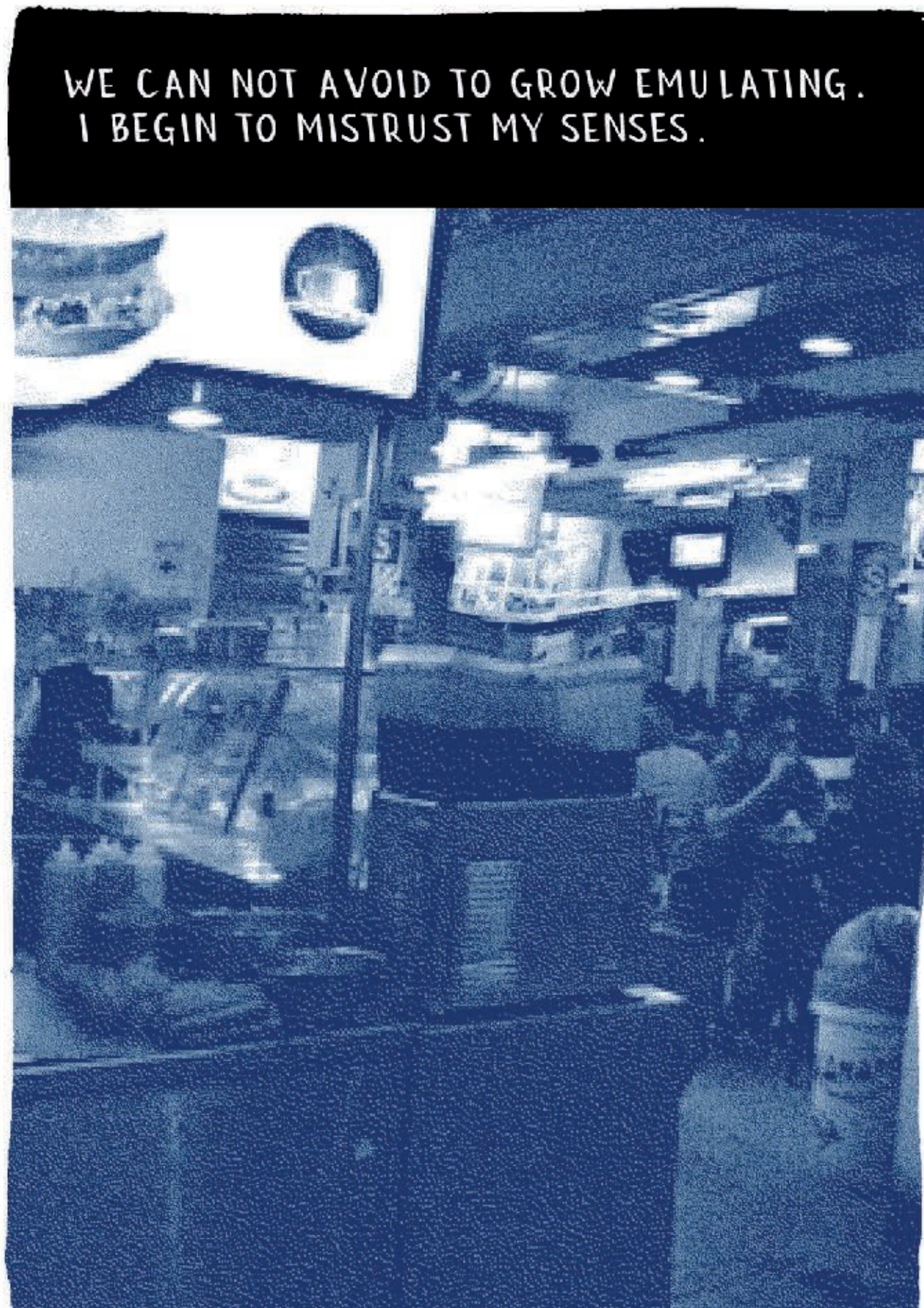
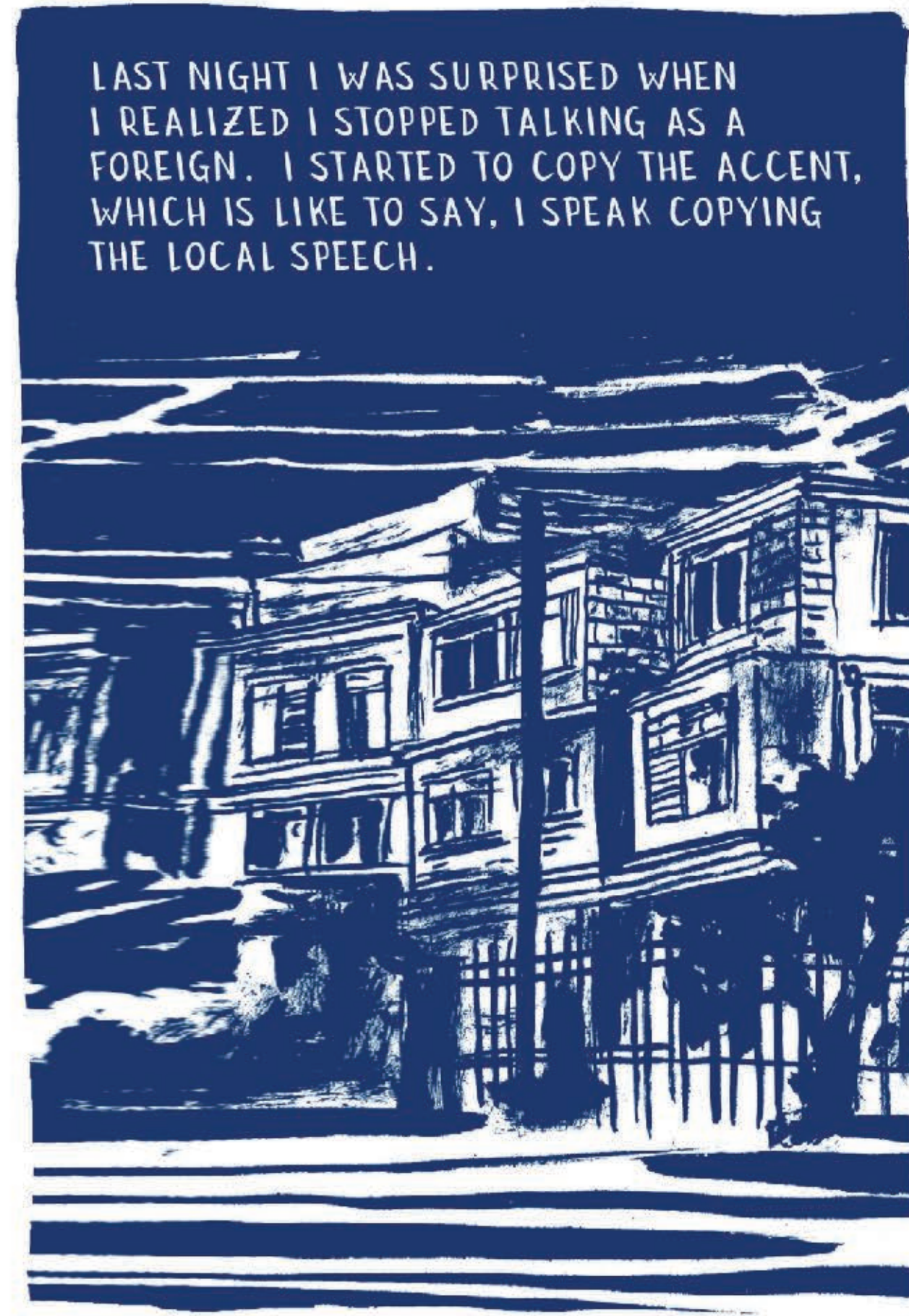
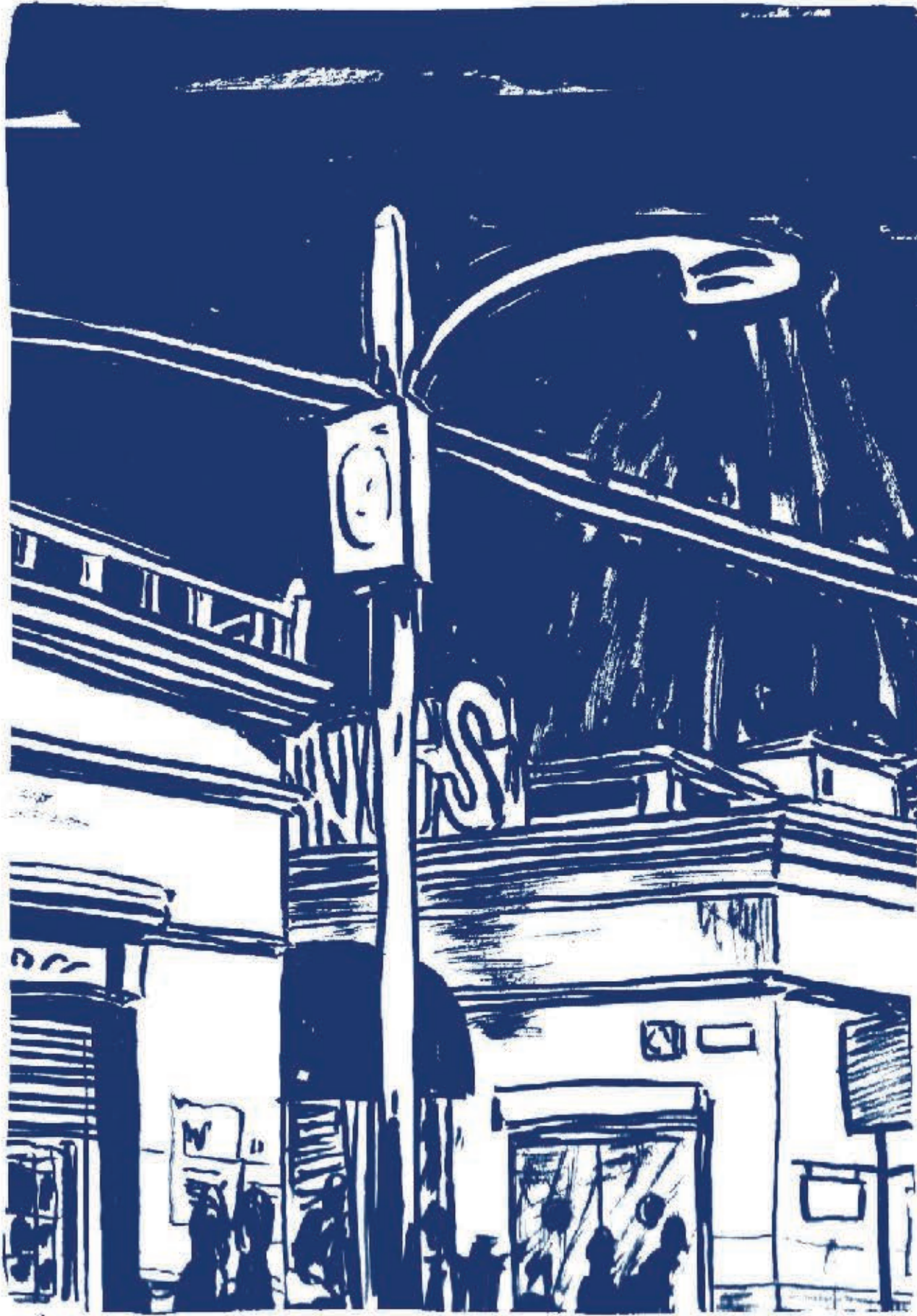


A SCULPTURE IS NOT BREATHING,
DOESN'T HAVE SKIN, OR WRINKLES,
OR TIRED OF BEING QUIET.



OBJECTS EVEN
SEEM TO BREATHE

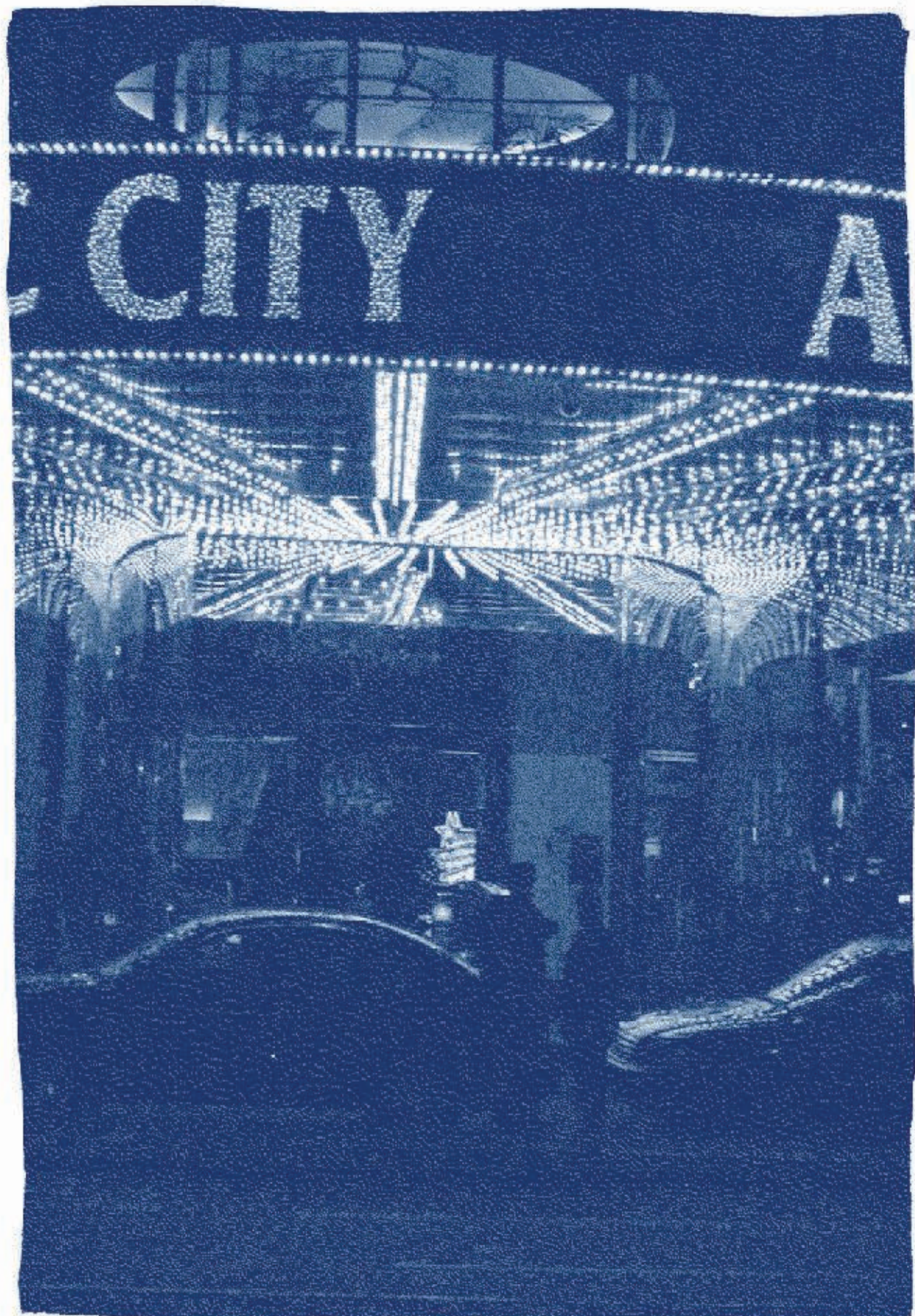


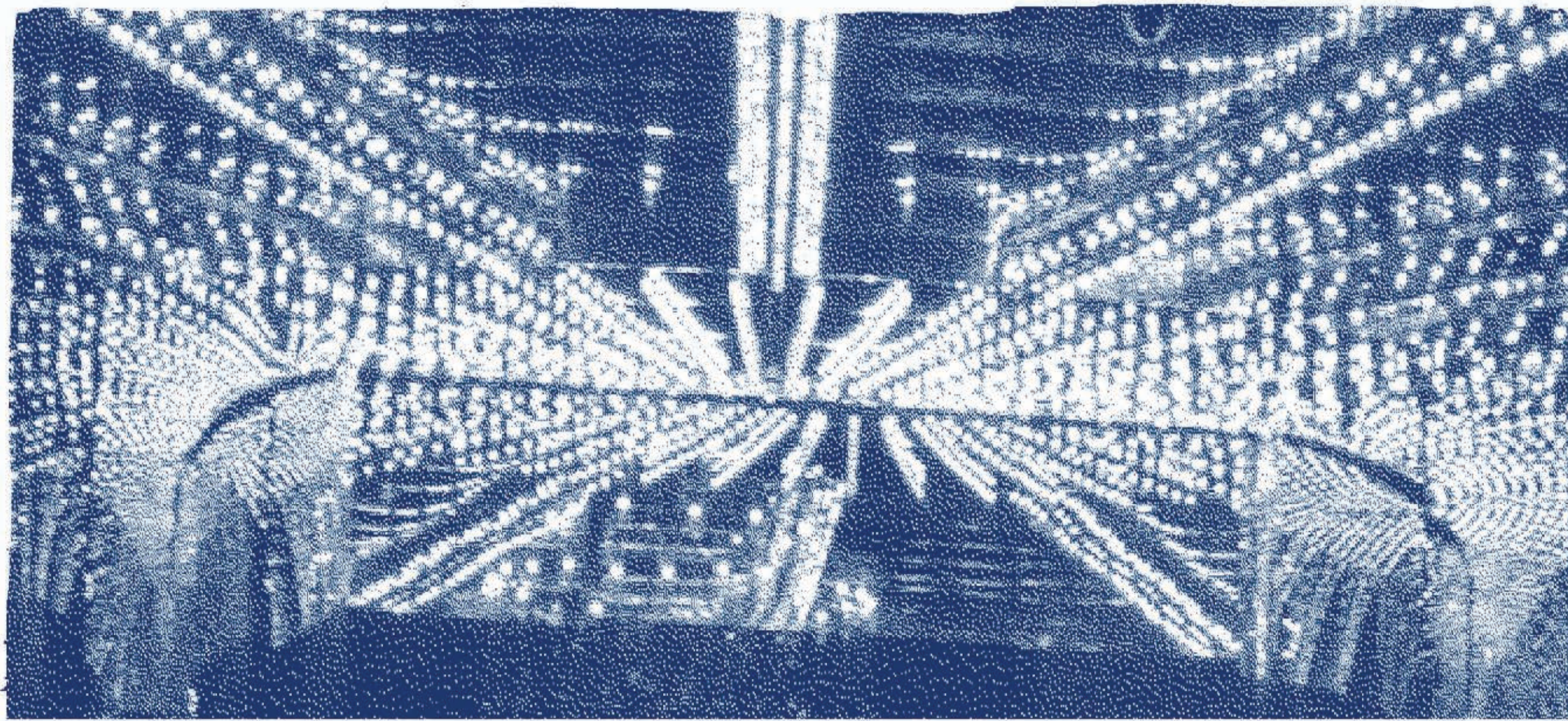




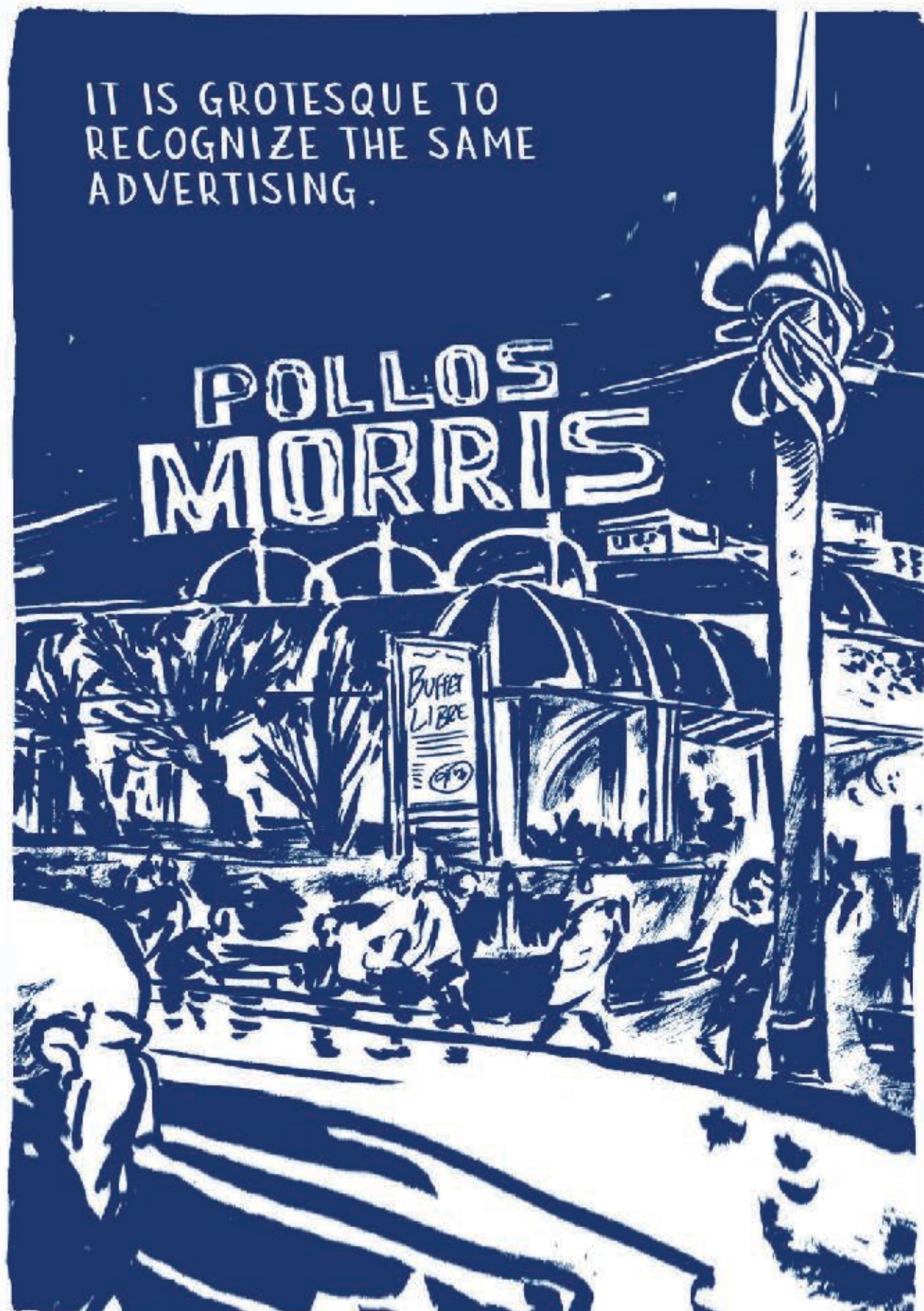
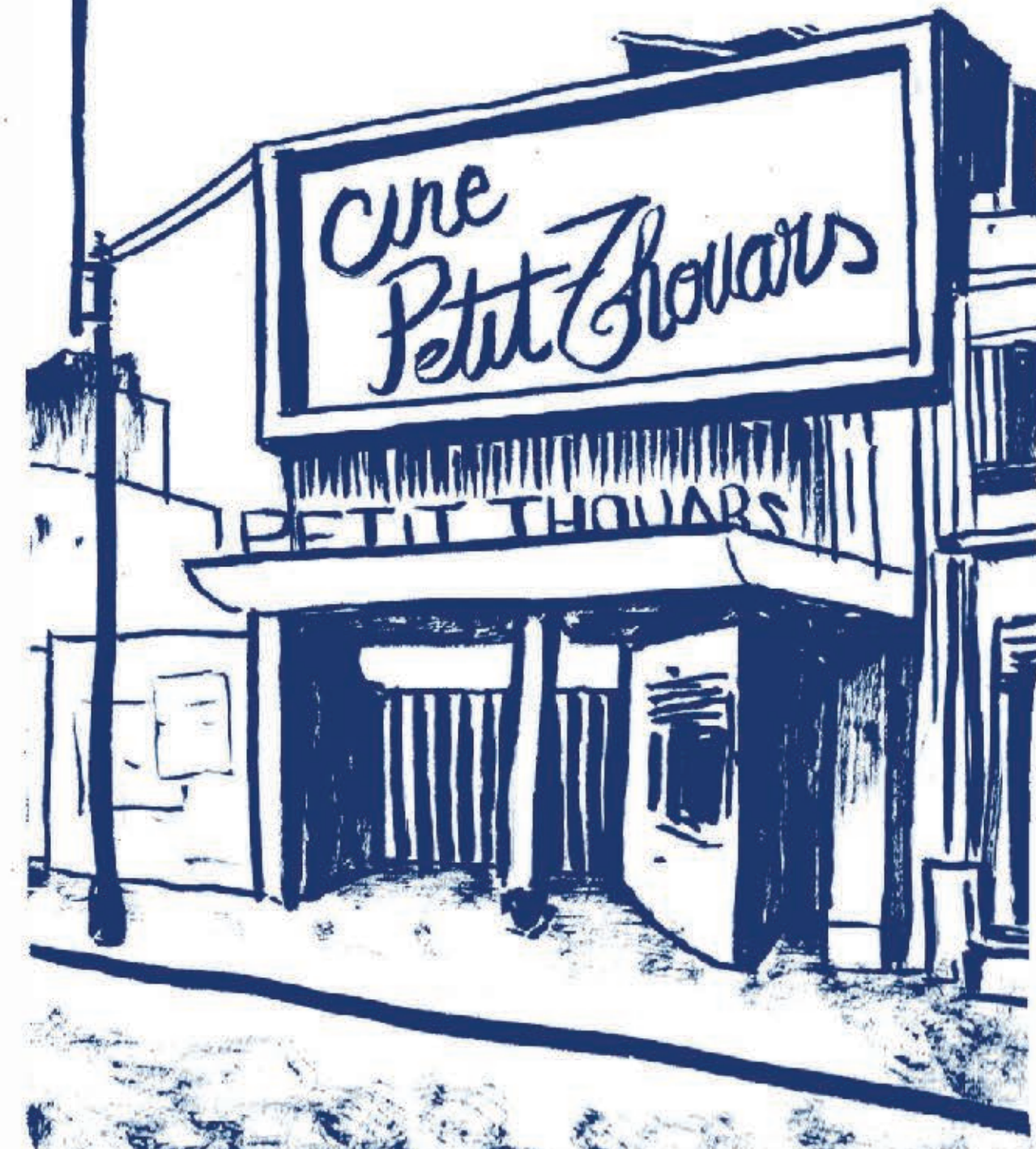
THERE IS A PART IN EVERY CITY THAT MAKES IT EQUAL TO THE OTHER IN THE WORLD. A KIND OF WELFARE ARCHITECTURE, JOY AND SUCCESS

THOSE BUILDINGS THAT DEMONSTRATE THE ECONOMIC PROGRESS AND, CONSEQUENTLY, THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE.





NO REGALAMOS MAS DE \$70,000 EN MAQUINAS !!!
SORTEO EXCLUSIVO BACCARAT \$6,800



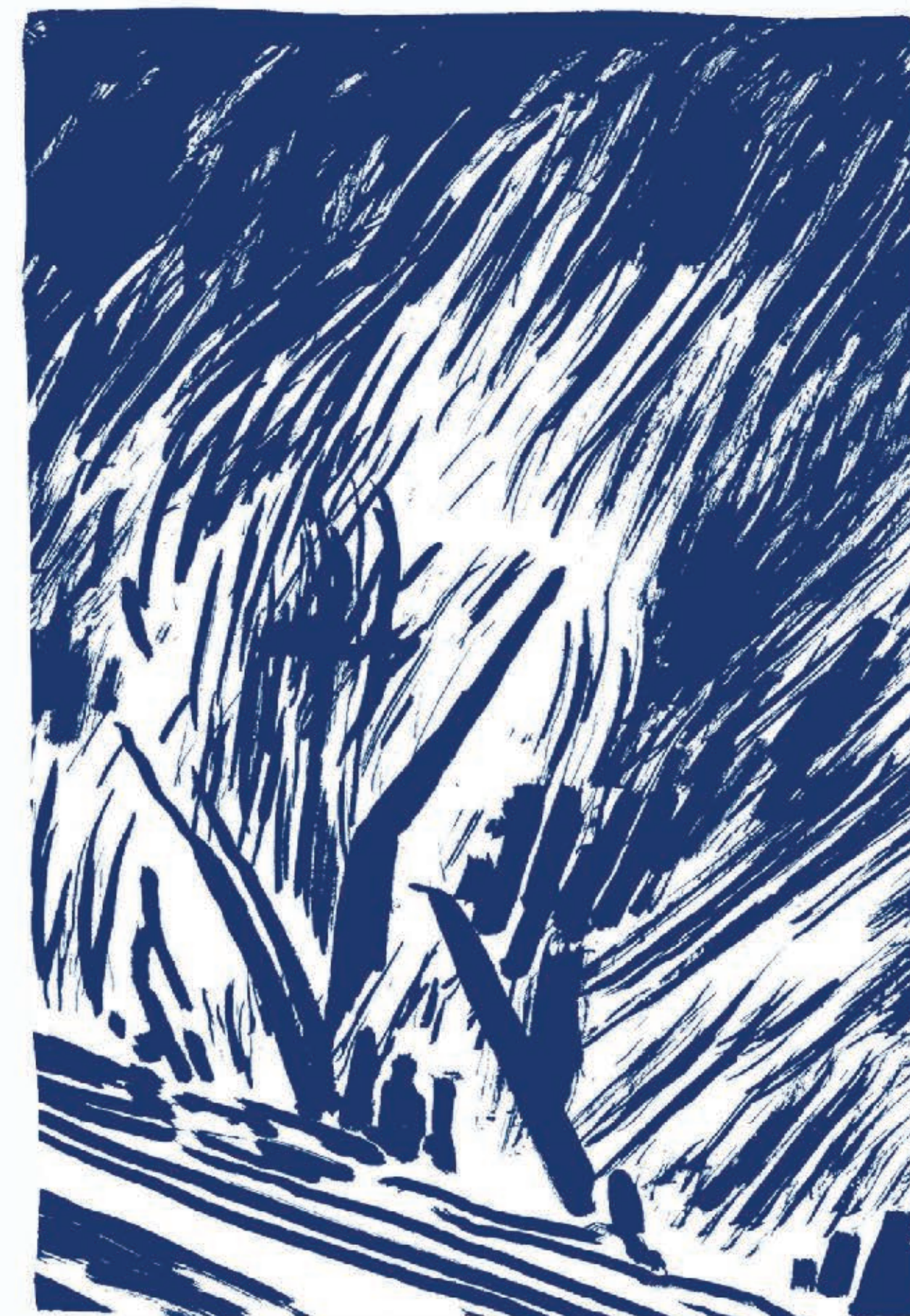
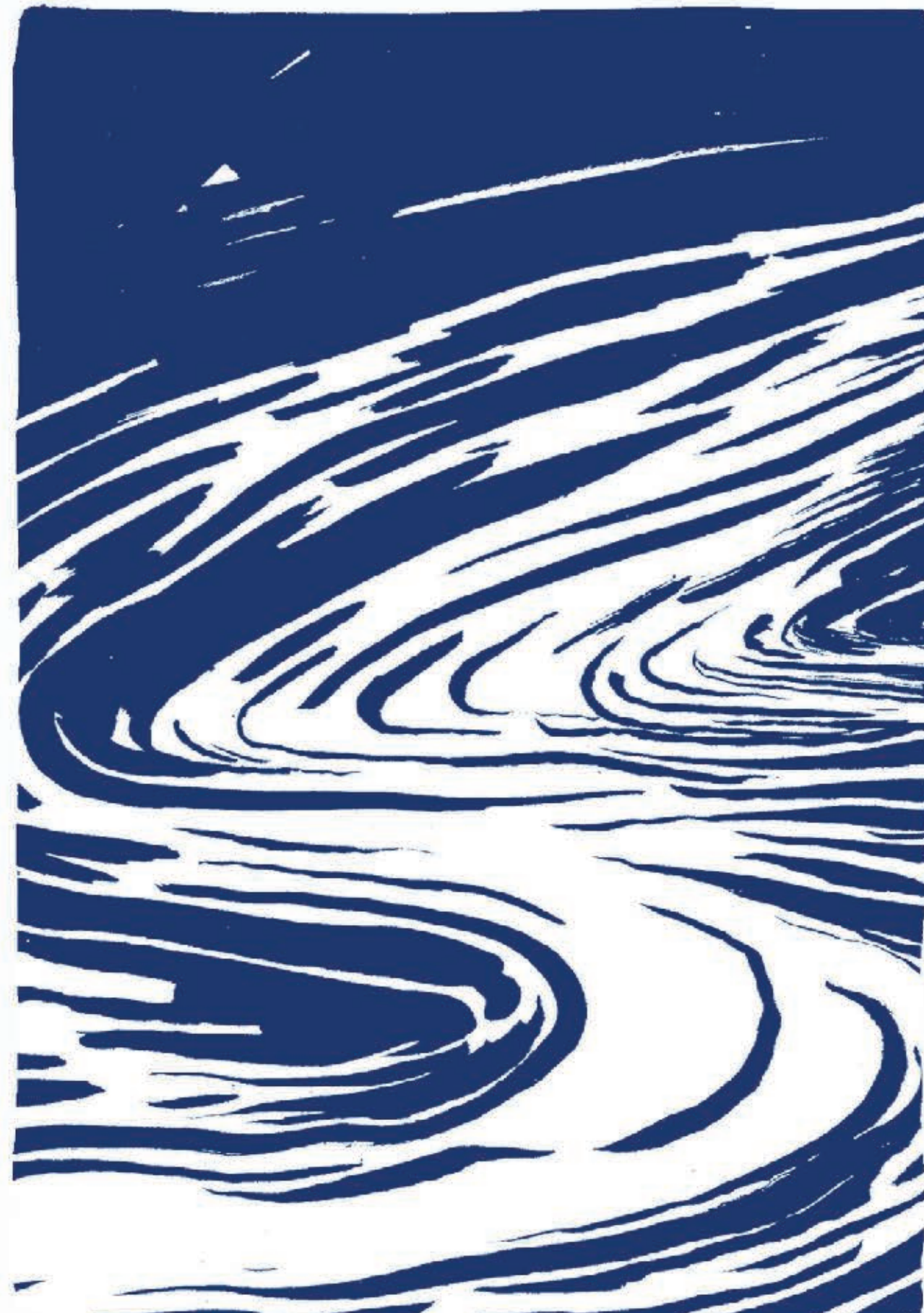
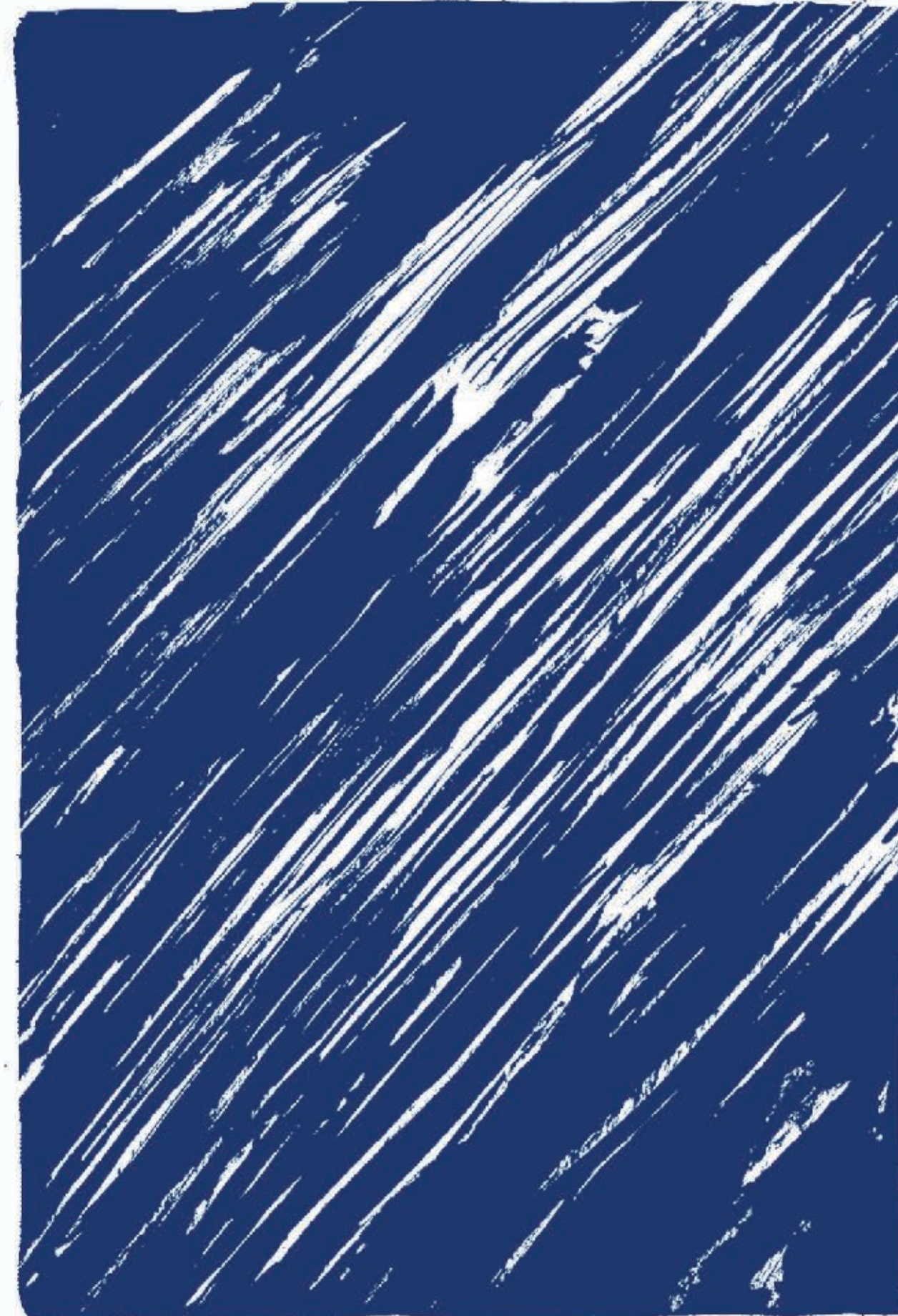
HAVE YOU TRIED DRAWING
THE NEON LIGHT?



IN THE CINEMA THE LIGHT IS ALWAYS
VICTORIOUS, THE LIGHT ON THE OPACITY
OF THE SCREEN. IN THE PAPER IT'S
ALWAYS AN ARTIFICE, IT'S ONLY
LEVELS OF DARKNESS. IT'S A OPAQUE
LIGHT.



LIGHT.
SHADOW.
PERHAPS THE
ONLY CERTAINTY.





IN OUR SOCIETY THERE IS A DIRECT
RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN LIGHT AND
HAPPINESS.

NOW I UNDERSTAND THE MAN ON THE
AIRPLANE WHEN HE SAID IT WAS VERY
SAD TO LIVE HERE. NEVER SUN.
PEOPLE AND THINGS DO NOT CAST SHADOWS.

IT IS AS IF THERE WEREN'T.

