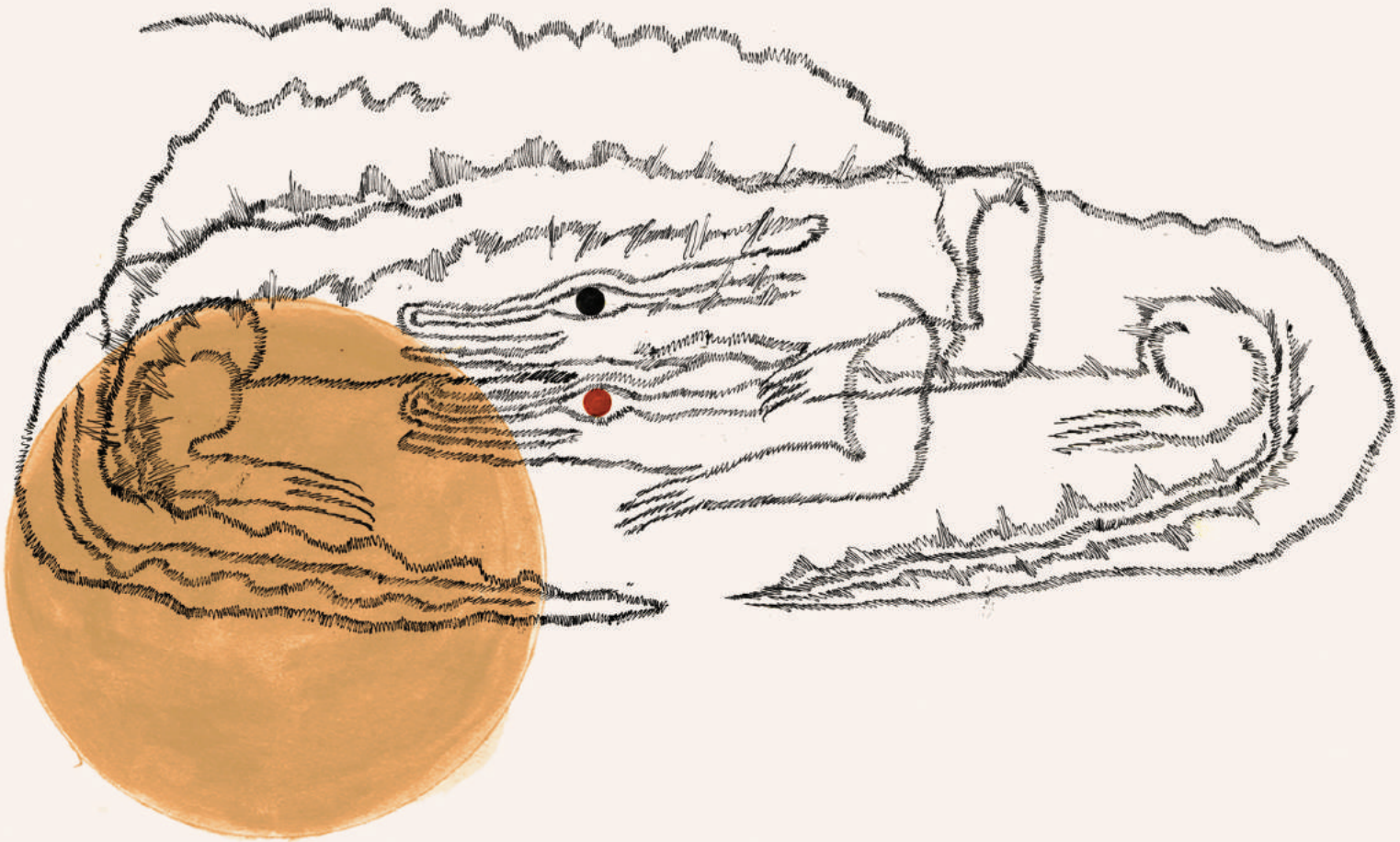
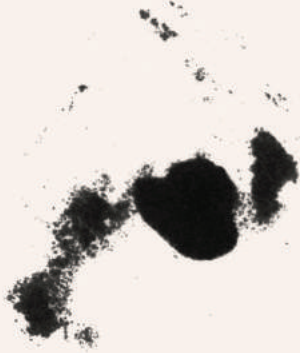


EMOTIONS IN COLOR

ARMANDO FONSECA

The heart pumps (active). Blood is put into motion (passive). The lungs receive and transform, participating by purifying (intermediate). Blood returns to the heart (passive). The heart pumps again (active). Blood is once again put into motion, returning to the heart where the cycle began. The heart pumps (active), producing a certain tremor in the blood (passive). The blood moves through the veins toward the hand (intermediate). The blood becomes a pulse; the pulse, a crisis; the crisis, rhythm; rhythm becomes creation. All creation returns to the crisis where the cycle began. The line drawn is the mark of the pulse (passive), which is the tremor in the blood (active). The blood sketches in uncertainty.





HERNÁN GALLO

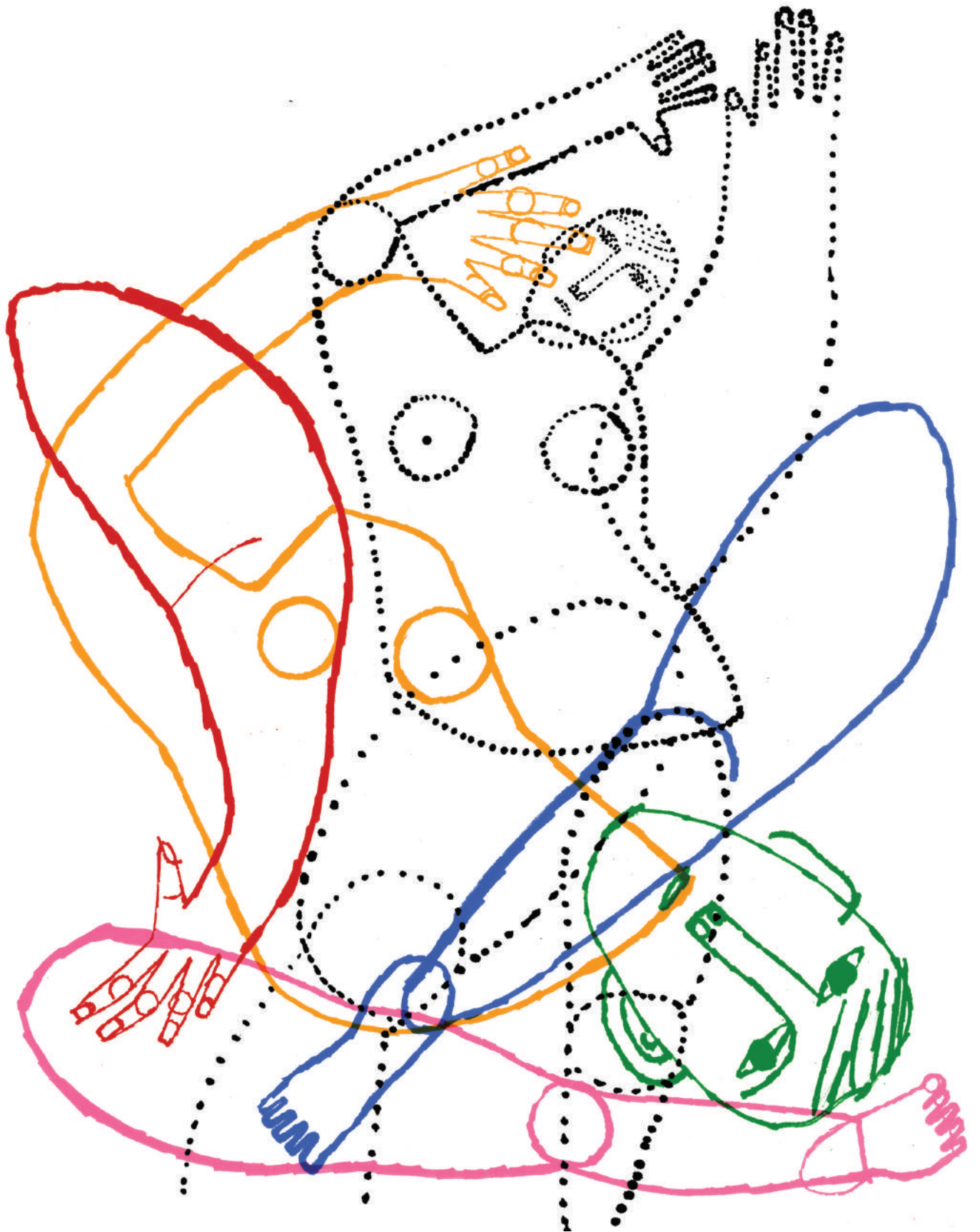
Cycles. Once I read about Nietzsche's idea of eternal recurrence, which says that every cycle returns to its point of origin to begin again in an infinite loop. There was a moment in my life, when I was about 20, when I never stopped thinking about loops. Thirty-two years later, at the same age that my father was in 1985, and precisely on a September 19, I got out of bed when I heard the earthquake siren. We were scared, but the second later we thought, "There's nothing to be alarmed about; it's just a drill." And we went back to sleep, never imagining that a couple of hours later there would be a real earthquake, as though a cycle were being completed.

Mexico is a country that has been battered thousands of times and in many different ways. I no longer believe in infinite cycles; I think variations always exist. That's the basis for evolving and moving ahead. We must never forget that when the earth trembles, we all tremble with her at the same time; it's a reminder that we must join together before and after the earthquake, but closer and closer together.

AMANDA MIJANGOS

I have that feeling that here we're always on the brink. On the brink of changing things, on the brink of changing ourselves, on the brink of achieving what we want to become as a city, as a society, as a country.

In a precarious equilibrium that is broken when one or three hundred thousand disappear; when we hear about scandalous looting and frauds; or every so often when the earth shakes, wakes us up, and brings us together as brothers and sisters. After that, little by little, as always, we forget each other and everything, and we get our balance back in that way that either resists or is on the brink of collapse. Who knows?





GALA NAVARRO

After the earthquake, like in all disasters, heroes came to the fore: useful, good, agile. The ones who seemed to know exactly what to do. There were also anti-heroes who stole, defrauded, and made a profit out of the tragedy, the government itself. The ones who made things worse.

I had so many questions. Is someone guilty or is there justice? Who is and who isn't? Who's lying, who's stealing, who just wants applause, who's telling the truth? What's being done; what's being said? Who is to be trusted, who's right?

Where were the rest of us? The ones who didn't cry; the ones who didn't run outside when the quake hit; the ones who took food and hot meals where they already had too much, wasting them; the ones who spread fake news; the ones who got in the way of the work in the disaster areas because there were too many of us; the ones who panicked or sank into paralyzing depression; the ones who weren't doctors, brigade members, or volunteers. Sometimes the aid you gave, if you weren't a hero, seemed so small that it was easy to feel impotent, insufficient, and broken, like the city itself.

There were no absolute answers, but it seemed like something, silent, brutal, and important was explained to all of us on that September 19. Hopefully we'll understand it someday and never forget.

JOHN MARCELINE

For someone like me, who had never been in an earthquake in the first 31 years of my life, quakes seemed to even have an aura of myth. Today, I understand the reality, and opening my eyes to it was cheap: no one near me was terribly affected. However, the pain and shock at what I saw has not ended; their remnants are everywhere. If I get anything out of this it is the certainty that once in my life I saw strangers doing everything they could for other strangers; we had to be together; we had to take care of each other. The moment passed, and today, as always, times are hard in many ways. But I'm thankful for having witnessed a real phenomenon: compassion and mass solidarity. ■■■

