To live in any of Mexico City’s zones implies more than a mere vague location, a subjective stereotype, or level of privilege. Social stratification, statistics, and census data bestow seemingly objective qualities on the city’s inhabitants in each area. Personal living spaces shrink as people are relocated to far away areas to be urbanized (or not), pushed out, isolated, or protected. Through such relocation mechanisms, as well as the media, zones are qualified as violent or desirable, and yet they confer only a reductive, illusory view of individuals’ relationships to their surroundings.

I want to ask instead: What contrasts or parallels could be drawn between an inhabitant and our imaginary projection of them? Are we psychologically determined by our geographic location? In what ways?

Let’s call this an experiment under construction, where I neither seek to gather hard statistics or derive definitive conclusions from them. Instead, I created a Facebook account in order to find individuals and groups from different delegaciones (boroughs) in Mexico City and its urban districts, to collect answers from inhabitants who first had to be identified by their personal profiles. Some happily took part in the project, while others were suspicious and questioned my intentions. I persisted until I obtained some answers to the following broad questions:

a. What area of the city do you live in? (Borough and neighbourhood)
b. How many windows are there in your home?
c. Look out your window and share with us any thought that crosses your mind, the first thing, an experience, a description, a sensation, a critical idea. You decide.
to build a collective imagery of the city, built through distance.

The use of technological surveillance perhaps raises an internal contradiction: I am seeking individual perception by means of a tool that deprivés me of direct experience—social networking. This medium embodies a person’s public body, implying a secondary dimension of subjects exposed to new statistical mechanisms focused on their recognition and location. This is why I sought to approach this topic by creating a sort of Situationist dérive, although I realize that contemporary subjectivity has changed greatly since the 1960s: modern social networks suppose a new dimension of being, a virtualization of experience and communication that both reduces and amplifies our relation to the world. The dérive proposes a reflection upon forms of seeing and an experimentation with urban life within the frame of psycho-geography as a way to escape the alienation of the daily routine; the dérive seeks to observe emotions, intuitions, and situations within the city in a way that involves direct presence. Virtual encounters, however, reduce experience to a screen through which we are able to see the environment of the contacted person on Google Earth; the subject is reduced to a “profile” and a chat window. So this experiment may be some kind of virtual dérive lacking one of its fundamental components: the direct experience of reality. But is not this lack of reality now part of our everyday life? And moreover, can social networks bring up a new understanding of people and spaces? I do not seek to directly answer the questions I have posed in this project, nor do I intend to take any specific position. My purpose was to generate contrasts by way of free association, inviting a reflection about subjectivity and its current relation to reality, understanding virtual communications and surveillance technology as aspects that have reconfigured this relationship. Perhaps geographical isolation is reflected in the virtual world, or perhaps the virtual world pushes geographic and social boundaries into the realm of illusion. The interpretation of this ambiguity is left to the observer.

Notes
2 Ibid.
Life is a bitch, depression loads up on people’s backs and in the way young people walk, advertising is bolder than the sparkle in the eyes, even the white lines in the middle of the asphalt, are purer than the “Good morning!” we say to each other.

I want something that I doubt I will accomplish, to reach other universes and to get lost in space alone.

It is night and raining. When I look out I listen to the far away clamour of cars driving over the asphalt, and further away I see the Latino tower. At this time and in the cold, inside my home, I feel sheltered and warm.”
I am sick and tired of waiting.

The light between the trees, big and small leaves. They are juxtaposed, I enjoy their silence. I do not want to arrive yet to D.F.

Go fuck yourself.

I think we all live under the illusion that everything has been somewhat put in place by our holy father and we are not even aware.

I like looking at the city. It is huge, and at night, I get nostalgic by seeing lit up houses. I try to find the addresses of friends and lovers that I do no longer see, and that I miss. Each light is inhabited by a person or a family, there are so many of us. During the day, the city is like a growing ocean that covers all the hills leaving small green islands.

I get a little bit stressed out when I look through the window, too much traffic, cars, people, but at the same time, I feel happy to be on this side of the window sheltered by the walls and by my home.
The street comes in through the windows, the noises of people inhabit this place. Birds are foreigners everywhere, like me. I look at the world the way someone looks at a rice grain or like someone who thinks that is seeing a whole constellation of people in the subway. I look and I am the a beam of light that comes in through the window.

Under the rain.

Nostalgia for the place where I live, my birth place, site of hope, of return, the place that I love, there is my home.

Art, nature and sustainable development. To see how a field full of flowers and children running around thrives, everyone is very happy.

I have a very humble home, with tin sheets for a ceiling that leaks during this time of the year.