

INDEX FALLS – SANTIAGO MORILLA

The invisible hand

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Give me that which I want, and you shall have this which you want.

Adam Smith, *The Wealth of Nations*, 1776.

Give us what we need, and you'll get what you want – that's what we're told, promised – but always in this order, there's no way around it – us first, then we'll see. We should have sniffed it, it stank, it sounded like a broken promise the moment it was spoken; it sounds like vile extortion, a despicable trap, a con, a swindle, like a cruel lover's pledge, playing with our hopes, and disappointing them, taking advantage of our selfishness and ambition, but also of our kindness and affections. Some realize the fraud, but still we keep on buying it, keep on giving our all without expecting anything in return. And that's what we get – nothing – or something worse, much worse. The fault is our own, we're comfortable, selfish, and easily duped – that's how they keep screwing us, that and because capital never speaks the truth, it lies through its spokesmen, through the liberal market that acts as its henchman, its thug, its mercenary.

A free market that isn't free at all, an invisible hand that governs all things - Adam Smith had warned us, he'd given them the perfect excuse, inventing a theory that would fix any catastrophe - an invisible hand that leaves each thing in its place, with no head or leader – seeing is believing: we can't see, yet we believe. The truth is the market is always governed by the same dogs, those dogs who don't bother even to change their collars – our fish's memory affords it: an instant after we're beaten we've already forgotten. Not even our wounds, still fresh, remind us of what's just happened to us – we're little fish, as our fathers before us, falling into their net time and time again, then, now and forever. All they have to do is cast their net, take it up and cash in. While, from above, the invisible hand clenches its fist, and lifts a finger – the middle finger.

An efficient fishing tool, the net does not stop falling and rising, loaded with benefits only they enjoy, up on top. Its cycle is constant, effective and destructive – just look at their numbers, the balance sheets of the financial oligarchy, of industrial monopolies... The Stock market line charts are the teeth of a saw that amputates our illusions, our hopes and lives: we climb, thinking we are allowed to, and when we gain altitude, when we begin to believe in the impending expectation of happiness, that same invisible hand that had lifted us lets us fall down to hell. The free fall is far from free – it's down that you fall, straight down, at speeds made faster by gravity, uninterruptedly, and the impact is usually hard, as strong as the impact the figures projected by Santiago Morilla make against these marble Carrara walls - a beautiful and solid stone against which to break our bones, against which to crack our skulls, over which to slather our brains.

And it seems that the daily struggle is bound within the strict pyramid that defines our disturbed and alienated society, a wide-based geometric figure with an exclusive apex, a single, exact summit, a zenith reserved for the few, who watch us from above, without descending into the mud, from their privileged viewpoint, where choreographers set our absurd contortions. We submit so we may barely get by, we may barely breathe and not

die drowning, in this adamant economic triangle strangling us, in this contemporary prison of classic shape oppressing us, in this jail that tests our flexibility, waiting to see when we'll snap.

This peculiar façade contains the twisted bodies of us all, mangled to aberration, in a pose so forced it is almost incompatible with human life. Santiago Morilla collects this cruel iconography of a new power – which is actually always the same – and tries to open our eyes, to make us see; he tries to get us to understand where we are, and what is being done to us – so that, all together, we may join forces and push ourselves away, breaking the frame that binds us, lest our bones be shattered. And after the impact, after the latest empire has fallen, Lord Elgin shall come again – never a gentleman – and collect our pieces, and make a museum with them, and we will go back to paying entrance, to see what once was ours.