



Quesadilla without cheese, Border without border.

artist: Charlotte
@micorazonmexica
by: @preste_juan

"for us opposites are not excluded, borders are not a limit, but a face of the same coin."



Borders are common in Mexico, something so common that sometimes we don't even notice them. When they say "border" we all imagine by habit the mojados going towards the yunaited esteits in search of the American dream. That is only one of the many borders (but if that's the case... that territory belonged to us before, but that's ancient history).

What about, for example, food? It's another apple of discord in Mexico, always. And it's not just a matter of northerners and southerners, or coast vs land within. Every fucking state is bragging that their food is the peak of the gastronomic evolution: in Puebla there are cemitas, but if you cross the border there are tortas de tamal. Neta, who the fuck came up with the delicious idea of putting a tamal in a bolillo? It's dough over dough!

And that is within the bizarre things that define Mexican everyday life, borders are one. Some will think that it is because we do not know how to put limits to things; hahaha well if we can put half the street a tianguis and half the street a parking lot, and still circulate cars! Where does it start? Where does it end?

The güeritos, whether from the other side of the river, or coming from the other side of the charco, always get flabbergasted. Their binary thinking does not allow them to understand Mexican lukewarmness. To them it's Yes, or it's No, it's Good, it's Bad, Penis, Vagina, Devil, God, Beginning, End. But here we do things with another tenor; for us opposites are not excluded, borders are not a limit, but a face of the same coin. It's just like those stupid images of: is it a drink or two faces? Fuck it, they're both at the same time, is it a rut or a bump? (Trick question, it's a matallantas, i'm late for work). There is distinction but no border, there is no separation. And do you know where this kind of thinking comes from?: Mesoamerica.

It found it so excellent that @micorazonmexica agreed to collaborate for the bimonthly of Fronteras, because his artistic style that makes complete allusion to the pre-Hispanic Mexica/Aztec Mexico is the ideal example of the concept of border, limit, which we Mexicans have in mind. My favorite work is Ometeotl. Which is translated poorly to something like "Dual God". Both the Mexica and many other peoples of antiquity conceived a double vision of nature and things; that is why we can often observe creation and destruction, life and death, sacrifice and rebirth represented together. It's not like God and the Devil; you're



up and I'm down, period, we don't touch each other at all. There's no border here. It is like the tree, whose roots are in the underworld and its leaves in the sky, but they are one object and both nourish of life to the tree. For that reason Templo Mayor is next to the Cathedral, there is a line, but there is no border (although your religious tía denies it, the Virgin of Guadalupe has its origin in Tonantzin).

You can see that the artistic reproductions which @micorazonmexica makes are really good. He combines excellently the ancient Mesoamerican style with all its symbolism and inspiration through illustrations that dance between the old and the new. Old gods, new artists (or tlacuilos). And not only does it cross the border of past times with the present, but it also crosses the cultural border of Mexico and the United States... But that is no longer news for us Mexicans, because for us the borders are just lines drawn on a sand floor.



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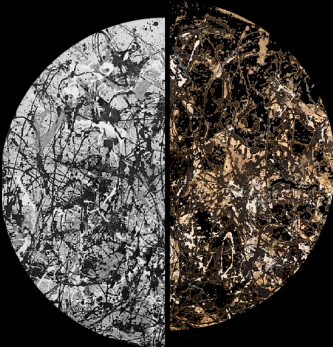
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