

# Outdoor KAMASUTRA

artist: *Inimisqui*



[ inverosímil ]

Escúchanos en SPOTIFY



In the big cities (except for some) modesty and shame are deeply rooted in the average citizen. That insignificant spectator walks the streets, goes to work, does his chores, and after a long day, waits outside a cafeteria and looks at his cellphone to mask his nervousness while waiting for the woman he met on Tinder. It would not be common, in the first instance, to imagine him naked with a depressed will and a fearful penis; his soul wrapped in his wrinkled skin. Perhaps that woman, upon arrival, as established by certain urban laws, would greet that man politely with a handshake, and if the date goes well, she would kiss him goodbye with a kiss like the one a mother gives her child.

In large cities, despite the poetic and corporal inspiration that can impact the average citizen, buildings, towers, monuments, anti-monuments, jacarandas, bougainvillea, asphalt, and all the frivolities that the urban landscape offers, tend to be canceled; on the other hand, it is outrageous to hear a tourist say that he already "got to know Mexico City in just 5 days"; but it is even more outrageous when the person who walks and interacts in these spaces says that the city is boring or that it has nothing to offer.

Just look at the average citizen walking down the sidewalk; his shattered facial expression, his hesitant steps, his downcast gaze, his shoulders carrying his failed dreams. His vitality, curiosity, and senses are numb, anesthetized by a social environment that suppresses his relationship of the Self with the surroundings every day.



His intimate world is probably affected as well. When he enters his home, he is no longer an ordinary spectator, who after a demanding and exhaustive workday, turns on his tv and marvels at the next episode of his favorite show where superheroes have existential and even metaphysical problems; if he cannot mobilize his life, at least his fantasies lead him to imagine that he is an important part of the plot, but even that is not enough anymore.

While he is watching the superhero series, he observes the fake smiles of celebrities, who have enough financial resources to be part of the hedonistic philosophy, posts with admiration and envy.

The average viewer also has a philosophy of life, is it not lived in the best times where the individual has freedom of expression, choice, and adversity? Before going to sleep, the average viewer knows he is the owner of his body, of his time. This argument is supported by scientific evidence: he recently read a BBC article about the 5 benefits of masturbating. Every night, before going to sleep, the average viewer searches pornographic sites that nurture their eyes and appease their ability to feel and think.

When it seems that intimacy has also become a dead space, the art that focuses on the daily life of a person rethinks the daily experience in the public and private sphere. Through the illustrations and embroideries of Inimisqui, it is possible to imagine - perhaps idealistically and somewhat unlikely - a spectator where eroticism is present in the daily life of a person within their daily routine. Unlike the viewer that the erotic is absent despite the ideological sexual promotion through advertising strategies that incessantly say: "love your body, love your soul, love yourself", "explore your sexuality".



The erotic expressions of everyday life (such as Inimisqui's illustration of a woman being penetrated while embroidering) give the feeling of a pleasure "in order", a balanced enjoyment, but that at any moment, it is possible that this pleasure overflows, not only through the moans, but with the risk that the direction of the needle goes into another "canvas", to the skin, or perhaps to the genitals.

One of the characteristics of the erotic, taking into account what Keats once said, is "the negative capacity of existing in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without the irritable search for fact and reason".

It seems that today, eroticism, like other aspects of the human being, has been trivialized to a hashtag, part of a film genre, an empty concept lacking poetic intuition.

Is it possible to think of a spectator charged with eroticism, who inhabits and transforms cities? Perhaps we are not yet ready to witness and participate, as in Inimisqui's illustrations, in an erotic act where three people are practicing the Kamasutra on the outskirts of the Tamayo Museum.

The fact that something is contemporary, such as a museum, is not synonymous with "liberal". On the contrary, there are artists, public and private institutions, and works of art, which despite showing "human sexuality in its natural state", are, in the depths of their soul, conservative. Human sexuality is not natural, nor it is pure; it is transgressive, chaotic, unstable. If the viewer follows Keats's advice, willing to exist in uncertainties, they will notice that the city, in this sense, puts them in a situation of vulnerability and enlightenment. Eroticism will allow you to penetrate and open up to an unknown city.





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## PROMESAS DE TIERRA



FROM BELLOW, FROM UP TOP

## PIRIZI



ARCHITECTURE OR THE  
CHRONICLE OF AN INSTANT

## SARA SERRATOS



CITY, HOW AND WHAT  
(ACCORDING TO ME)

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