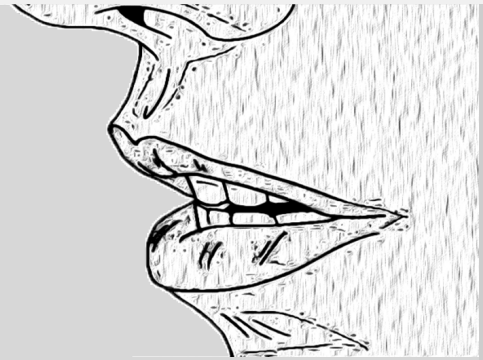




# MOUTH (ING)



[ inverösímil ]

Escúchanos en SPOTIFY TALLERES en línea



Sigmund Freud once said that we do not really want something, but that we want to wish, that is to say, we desire the desire above whatever the object of desire is (oh, what a nice lounge twister!)

I remember a certain time, especially when I was navigating between so many puffs, how horrible tobacco tasted; how clinging (vicious) I showed myself to finish smoking it; I just wanted to keep smoking without really paying attention to the horrible taste, smell, appearance, composition, and other characteristics of the damn cigarette.

It wasn't until my hands stunk and there was nothing left, but that bastard's, but that magically appeared at Eden's gate, an existential void satisfied with my last puff (surely Freud could explain better than I, my own oral anxieties). I tossed the cigarette to the curb and my emptiness returned to vacate / vice me, and so on, redundantly speaking.

It is curious the way in which our body demands satisfaction. We are always unsuspecting before the desire to revive pleasure, we always look for that emptiness that demands divine existence in itself, to be satisfied by the gluttony of thousands of things:

Company! Admiration! Luxuries! Vanity! A GIRLFRIEND! (it never hurts) Sex! Drugs!

Add a thousand more things:\_\_\_\_\_.

Let's go back to my very special experience. I remember that each puff had such an exquisite flavor in my mouth, somewhat similar to a mist of peace - that when it left my lips, it demanded to occupy all the space in front of me. The mouth becomes selfish, it dances in front of me, it only wants me to be the one to pay attention to her, she demands that all my senses be only for her, and it emanates that desire that symbolizes the ephemeral.

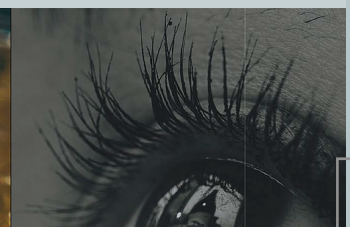
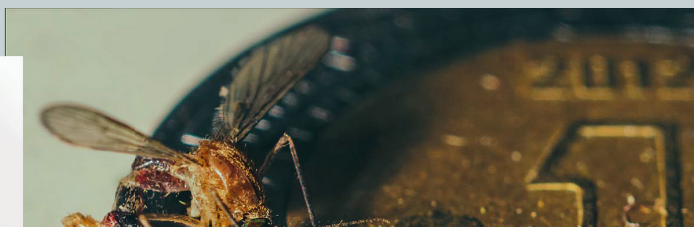
I really don't know if it's healthy to give my mouth these kinds of pleasures, I don't know if it's the best for someone like me. It is inevitable to love the sensation as soon as my mouth savors it: we become one with the smoke, it winds the reason for everything that disappears due to the immediacy of pleasure.

Even after that puff is no longer visible, there still are remains of the memories of what it was like to walk with such beautiful company.

Butttttt.....

The real deal is the exhaustive demand to finish the damn cigarette! What the hell was going on in my mind if my mouth screamed silently that it tasted horrible! He just wanted to disappear from my hands and leave me again, leave me unsatisfied with my emptiness... again.

But, I suppose it's the same damn demand that everyone suffers, that same demand that demands the mosquito to drink blood!



Si la carne  
se hace a palabras;

Matame, ya que existir,  
ni es una obligación.

Si ya tengo el arte,  
para que quiero dinero?

The accursed demand of the alcoholic to keep drinking even though nothing has flavor anymore! That of the rich man to keep getting rich! That of the religious to continue praying! The cursed vanity claim on social media! That of the human to continue living! THE DEMAND IS A DOG AND THE DESIRE IS HIS LEASH!

Brayantepec knows what I'm talking about, he knows exactly what I'm talking about, it even seems that we have heard the same songs by Gustavo Ceratti. These works make me think how crazy it is to always be in search of pleasure, especially oral pleasure. In the reflection of the forty, I can feel the appetite of that human's lips (it has happened to me), who wants a sip of a cold beer, who drinks it with his eyes, or vice versa, it doesn't matter! It feels his thirst.

That mosquito is confused because he perceived that this metallic taste of greed is not the same as that of freshly drunk blood; that woman with worn-out nails prefers to follow the bitter path of tasty alcohol than to buy a new nail polish, she knows that there is no comparison between the degree of pleasure that each one gives her: looking good vs. feeling "good".

Lambs and cod are sold in the name of God. His buyers are punished if their words are heard by him, but he never appears, instead, he demands and demands. Be careful what you wish for, remember that words become flesh, the fish dies through the mouth, and everything you say will be used against you.

I have no doubt in my mind that Brayantepec knows what I'm talking about. His art is a manifestation of the necessary dissatisfaction of pleasure that we have all come to suffer from, and that, in itself, makes it pleasant, even provokes an intense appetite. But, then, I wonder: if we have the art to think about all this, praise it and speak it... express it, why the hell would we ban it?

Art has come to be savored in its very expression and Brayantepec's works teach me a better alternative to continue to savor my emptiness, to continue to fight against these oral anxieties that inspire me to become a voracious subject and devour all life experiences.

Boy, do I now want another disgusting cigarette!



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To laugh



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