

Experiences

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I have experiences with life's episodes. I don't know if these are sad or not. They are simply experiences, and these have shaped me. They have been the fountain of my wisdom, the fountain of what I can speak, of that I know.

These experiences visit me, appearing as memories.

And I prefer them. Above all, I prefer them.

Without the scenes of violence that I witness as a child, perhaps I would be different...

Without the tremors, the scares, the bombs. Without the coups, the you-father, you-mother. Without the pledges to the flag, the cousins in the States, the maids... Without the volcanoes in the landscape, the rainy weather, the gray sky. Without people starving, cheap cocaine, tortillas with lime. Without vultures circling overhead, cops in black, and the gangbangers killing people. Without Pana, el Cerrito, my mansion in zone 2.

Without the marvelous image of a girl inside of me, contrasting with the sole idea of 15 soldiers raping me when I was seven months pregnant...

Without the gun shot in my daughter's window, without the damn daily gunshots... without the desire to leave, the desire to stay...

Without the life I have chosen, or the life that chose me. Maybe I would do something else. Without that which I have seen, I have lived, I have heard, I have learned, maybe everything would be different. But I have lived what I have lived. I have played the cards I was dealt. I was born where I was born, I have done what I have done, and now I do what I do.

And what I do is simple. I rethink, I reinterpret. I create from something already created. I transform my own experiences and those of others into new images, new actions, where the order of the elements does affect the product. An art product, yes... but a product nonetheless...

What follows is a selection of art works or art experiences that I have created over the past years...