

FREE THEME

Tiger milk

Issues such as pleasure, love and death have little to do with the correct order of things. I have never felt too young or too old to feel or make others feel. I was born blind of age. In my life very soon, it was too late. In my childhood it was already late. And became old. It was brutal way of becoming old. But instead of frightening me, I observed with the same interest that a good movie would have produced in me. I have preserved a young face with firm contours, but the internal matter is destroyed. With senescence I became shameless and irrational. I wrote about my parents to kill them, to see them suffer. I wrote about me to save myself. And about the pleasure of being possessed by my enemies till the point to making them cry of love for me.

Being born in a megalopolis like Mexico City and in the family in which I lived, I was taught to be afraid of all those who did not belong to our guild because they could be kidnappers, murderers or rapists. My empathic and emotional relationship with the outside world was limited during the first fifteen years of my life; I grew up in a family full of inter-religious clashes, syncretisms and also witchcraft practitioners for five generations. I witnessed the demonization of sexuality and the inability to talk about what happened when the doors of the house were closed, that is why terrible events took place among with my family members. Situation that I have worked in facing up to the present, for many years I have been unconsciously scratching my skin, almost imitating the blood and suffering that encouraged me to feel. I was ten years old when I decided not to practice religion and at sixteen, I left home because I thought I could forget a long period of my childhood, I attended psychoanalytic therapies for a period of a year, wander through the most recondite and quirky of my city without apparent direction and approached all kinds of strangers. Over the years I discovered that my deepest feelings and complex experiences had built them with people of the age of my parents and grandparents because I have lived submitting myself to understand my sexualized trauma during most of my life. That is why humanity has become for me an object of indecipherable desire, a secret that surpasses me and with which I end up establishing a relationship as passionate as aggressive that culminates in the disturbing fusion of the erotic and the tanatic.

During the last ten years of my life I have worked creating images that document my mental and family maps, tracing the damage generated between human beings too close . In this project I describe my memories of how I went from being a child to an object that is sexualized by older people and how older people have become interpreters of my age to help me rewrite a dark period of my life. My photographs explore the harmfulness of the family institution in its idealization, of witchcraft as an act of freedom and intimacy, because for several years I have been able to go out and live the world, but the demons have not stopped persecuting me.

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