

REGINA JOSÉ GALINDO

Regina José Galindo was born in 1974 in Guatemala, lives and works in Guatemala

*Regina José Galindo's artistic practice situates her own body in a public dimension in a way that can be identified by anybody who has witnessed the violence and sadism of certain political events and personal disgrace. Since she was invited by Harald Szeemann to the 49th Venice Biennale with the work *El dolor en un pañuelo* and made on the occasion the performance *Piel*, Regina José Galindo has presented her work in numerous international exhibitions.*

*Awarded the Golden Lion for best under 35 artist two editions later for *Himenoplastia*, in the 51st Venice Biennale where she also presented *Golpes* and *¿Quién puede borrar las huellas?*, Galindo has also participated in the Istanbul, Prague and Tirane biennials, as well as in major international institutions such as *Pac* in Milan, *Tate*, *Guggenheim*, *PS1* in New York and *Le Plateau* in Paris. Her work is also present in important private and public collections, such as the *Pompidou*, *Guggenheim*, *Rivoli Museum* in Torino, or the *Miami Art Museum* and *Cisneros Fontanals Collection* in Miami.*

2014

Mazorca

Aldea Chotacaj, Totonicapán, Guatemala



They destroyed our homes, robbed our belongings, burned our clothes, took our animals, chopped our cornfield, and pursued us day and night.

*Case 5339 (Achí man testimony) Plan Sánchez, Baja Verapaz, 1982.
Tomo 1. Capítulo Tercero. Remhi.*

During the war in Guatemala, as a part of a military strategy, cornfields were chopped, burned, and destroyed by the national army in the intention of destroying the indigenous communities, considered by them as guerrilla bases. Peace agreements were signed in 1996. The cornfields stayed strong. In 2014 the Congreso de la República approved a law commonly known as the “Monsanto law”, which risks the alimentary autonomy from the country, risking also the corn.

The indigenous people were the ones who opposed the most achieving the abolition of the Monsanto law.

I hide in a cornfield. Four men chop with a machete all the corn around me to discover my body. For a few minutes, I remain on my feet in the destroyed cornfield.

Vídeo: José Enrique Juárez / Edgar Osorio

Photos: David Pérez / Alex Socop

Combustible

Santo Domingo República Dominicana.



The strength of immigrant as an engine for a society to advance. The strength of immigrants as fuel.

In the city of Santo Domingo, eight men with Haitian origin, push a public car which makes its common route, without fuel.

With the support of centro de cultura de España de Santo Domingo y ArtEstudio)

Vídeo. José Enrique Juárez

Photo: David Pérez

Big Bang

Museum of Fine Arts Boston



The origin of the crisis for some, is the origin of the crisis for all.

In 2008, during the big financial crisis in the U.S.A., the government announced General Motors (it was the No.1 business worldwide for 70 years) in bankruptcy. The fall from this giant speeded up the financial collapse of the industrial sector of the U.S.A. and left in evidence the fragility of the economic system. In this new and last crisis it was demonstrated that in a globalized age, it's difficult to save yourself. When one falls, all fall. The origin of the crisis for some, is the origin of the crisis for all.

A group of U.S. citizen men dismantle completely a car, a General Motor's Chevrolet Suburban, which I drive. A group of immigrant men, make a radial composition with all the car pieces.

Funded by the generous support of members of the Contemporary Visiting Committee, this performance forms part of the exhibition Permission To Be Global/Prácticas Globales: Latin American Art from the Ella Fontanals-Cisneros Collection.

Curator: Liz Munsell

June 25, 2014, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Videography: Greg Heins, Jared Miederos, Michael Gould

(courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston)

Edition: José Enrique Juárez

Photography: Shane Godfrey, Ricardo De Lima

Courtesy of the artist

Pecora Nera

Italy



I guess it would be easier to isolate the black sheep. I do see the black sheep. In fact there are quite a few ones around and I can see all of them. As I told Moravia, this is the problema... Pasolini.

In a far-off country many years ago there lived a Black Sheep. They shot him. A century later, the repentant flock erected an equestrian statue of him, which looked very good in the park. From then on, every time Black Sheep appeared they were promptly executed so that future generations of common, ordinary sheep could also indulge in sculpture.
Augusto Monterroso.

I remain as a sculpture, with my body half buried, inside a shed for sheep. The sheep's bleat is amplified.

Commissioned and produced by Rave East Village Artist Residency / Vulcano unità di produzione contemporanea Colle di Sant'Ermacora, Torreato, Italia. with the support of: Regione Autonoma Friuli Venezia Giulia, Assessorato alla Cultura.

May 31, 2014

Curated by: Tiziana Pers

Production manager: Nico Covre

Camera operators: Andrea Giannone, Stefano Sonda

Sound recordist: Pablo De Biasi

Still photographers: Claudio Bettio, Nico Covre, Tiziana Pers

Estoy Viva
(exhalación)
Milan, Italy 2014



I remain completely anaesthetized on a white base. The audience is free to take a small mirror and see my exhalation to prove that I'm alive.

PAC - Padiglione d'Arte Contemporanea

Produced by PAC - Padiglione d'Arte Contemporanea, Milan, Italy, in the frame of the exhibition *Estoy viva*, curated by Diego Sileo and Eugenio Viola, 2014

Photo and video: Andrea Sartori

Edición: José Enrique Juárez

Verstecken / Hide-and-Seek

Berlin, Germany 2014



*Let's play hide-and-peek
Let's play that you don't find me
Let's play that I stay and don't have to go*

For more than one year I found myself within a migratory battle to get a German visa for my one-year residency at Künstlerhaus Bethanien. In the end, I lost the battle. The German Embassy in Guatemala gave me an entry permit for 84 days that is about to expire.

I have many ideas, many wishes. I would like to stay but I cannot.

My body is fixed under my working-table in my studio.
A hidden but evident body. A evidently hidden body.
In my studio there will be artworks and materials that the public can review and consult.

Kuntlerhause Bethanien

Photo: Regina Sebold



I am here, but I am not...

Limbo is an abstract concept, conceived according to the ethics and beliefs of each person. Non-existent for many, scary for others. Limbo is a vague image, which represents the vacuum, created according to our own fears.

For over a year I felt in the limbo amid a migratory battle trying to gain my German visa to then, made my residence of one year in the Kuntlerhause Bethanien. At the end, I lost the battle, the German Embassy in Guatemala gave me the permission but only for three months.

Hundreds of individuals trying to leave their country for any reason will go through that or worse. Such is life, so are the rules, some up, some down, some in limbo

In my own studio, empty, will be located one bed. I will be under the bed, naked, lying face up, head turned and their eyes open. A small lock of my hair will leave out of bed as a sign that there is someone underneath. The public should stoop to ground level to meet my eyes and find my body.

Photo: Regina Sebald

2013

ESTOY VIVA

*Iron sculpture
475 x 75 x 3 cm.*



I'm alive.

Iron sculptures of testimonies of ixil women who survived the armed conflict in Guatemala. They were heard during the trial for genocide of General Efraín Ríos Montt in Guatemala City.

Guatemala

*Nuevo Museo de Arte Contemporáneo, NuMu,
Ciudad de Guatemala*



A small territory of 108,889 square kilometers with a population (always rising) of 15.400.0001 habitants. A tiny country in the middle of the Americas, in the middle of planet Earth. Always in conflict, always on the edge of chaos.

The tiny space of the NuMu were used as a metaphor of Guatemala. The egg shaped building was full of diverse people, men, women, children, and they, completely uncomfortable and tight, coexisted in a pacific way during an hour.

Curator: Stefan Benchoam y Jessica Kairé

Photos: Byron Mármol

Vídeo: José Enrique Juárez



No matter what they try so hard to shut us up.

The truth is there, no one can silence it.

For 36 years Guatemala experienced one of the bloodiest wars. It was a genocide that left more than 200,000 dead. The army that was fighting the insurgency described that indigenous people as internal enemies, claiming they were sympathizers of the guerrillas, and it pursued and killed them during several bloody periods. The rape of women and children, torture, the scorch earth strategy, violence and persecution and other inhuman tactics were common practices in the army.

In 1996 peace agreements were signed between the state and the guerrillas. In these agreements amnesty was granted for the majority of serious crimes, with the exception of crimes against humanity.

Several years later, indigenous *ixil* people, victims who had survived the massacres, managed to get to of the most influential military men. General Efraín Ríos Montt and intelligence chief Mauricio Rodríguez Sánchez, putting the dock under the charges by genocide “crimes against the duties of humanity”. The most important trial in the country’s history began in April 2013 in the Palacio de Justicia, Guatemala City, two weeks after it began, and after hearing dozens of horrifying testimonies and seeing reports that clearly demonstrate that there had been genocide in Guatemala, the trial began to suffer setbacks from the defense, and it was suspended as a result of threats and *amparos* (constitutional judicial reviews), from the defense and the intervention from the president of the

republic, General Otto Pérez Molina, who was sighted by a witness as having taken part in torture and murdered during the war, when he was recognized as Coronel Tito. The trial eventually resumed and the court reached a historic conclusion, sentencing Efraín Ríos Montt to 80 years imprisonment for crimes against humanity and genocide. Ominously the trial and sentence were quashed weeks later. The case is currently on the review and is set to be resumed in 2014 when the whole precedence will have to begin again from scratch.

For an hour I read testimonies from survivors of the armed conflict in Guatemala while a dentist attempted over and over again to silence me, anesthetizing my mouth.

Vídeo: José Juárez

Photos: David Pérez / Jorge Linares

Piedra
Sao Paulo, Brazil



*I am a stone
I do not feel the blows
the humiliation
the lecherous stares
the bodies on top of mine
the hate.
I am a stone
in me
the history of the world.*

My body remains still, covered with coal, like a stone. Three volunteers urinate on the stone-body.

Photos: Julio Pantoja, Marlene Ramírez-Cancio

Video: Víctor Bautista, Henry Castillo

VIII Encuentro hemisférico del Centro de Estudios de Arte y Política, Sao Paulo, Brazil.

Negociación en turno

*42 salón (inter)nacional de artistas.
Medellín, Colombia*



A queue of individuals waits their turn to carry a cast ironbox containing me, which weighs 500 pounds. The individuals take turns to carry the idea of death. They wait in silence and when their time comes they carry it responsibly. Knowing that, if they bend their knees, the load will be heavier for others.

The load seems lighter when shared with others. The idea of death shared with others seems lighter.

Curator: Oscar Roldan-Alzate.

Video: Daniel Gil y Felipe Restrepo.

Photos: Víctor Robledo

Descensión

México City, México



Absolute fragility of life. Absolute fragility of death. A fine line separates one from the other. In a second we will descend below the line of the horizon and we will be earth.

Naked, and lying down, unable to move, on the grass.
My hair is tied to a stone that I brought from Guatemala and the stone has been buried.

Photos: Liliana Zaragoza

Curator: Belén Romero.

Tierra

Les Moulins, France



– How did they kill people? – the public prosecutor asked.

– First they ordered the machine operator Officer García, to dig a hole. Then they parked lorries filled with people in front of El Pino and they filled past one by one. They didn't shoot them. Often they jabbed them with bayonets. They tore open the chests with bayonets, and carried them to the pit. When the pit was full they let the power shovel fall onto the bodies.

(Testimony heard in the trial for genocide against José Efraín Ríos Montt & Mauricio Rodríguez Sánchez).

Curator: Clare Caroline.

Camera and photographs: Bertrand Huet.

Camera: Didier Martial.

Operator: Pascal Pauger.

Assistants for Estudio Orta: Tiziana Abretti, Sofia Cavicchini, Andrea Rinaudo, Alberto Orta.

Commissioned and produced Lucy + Jorge Orta.

Made during Les Moulins residency programme. Con el apoyo de University of the Arts London y La Maréchalerie centre d'art Versailles.

Cortejo

*Proyectos Ultravioleta
Guatemala City*



Living in a dangerous city means leading with the idea of death always close. People live with the acceptance that anything might happen and will live our life with anxiety because we know that we could lose it at any time.

In a hearse, I'm inside a coffin made to measure for me. The hearse travels the streets of Guatemala City and the public accompanies the funeral cortege.

Curator: Emiliano Valdés.
Vídeo: José Enrique Juárez.
Photos: Byron Mármol.

Clausura

Gran Canaria, Spain



I remain inside a concrete mortuary niche while it is closed in front of the audience. They don't see me, but they know about me by my breathing, which is amplified, from the inside.

Curator: Blanca de la Torre

Commissioned and produced by CAAM.

Caminos
Concepción 41
Antigua Guatemala, Guatemala



All the roads lead to death.
All the roads lead to life.

My body remains hidden in a thicket. The body is a bump, tied up with four strings which four women take outside the space. The strings make drawings in the streets of Antigua Guatemala. The audience has to follow the strings to find my body.

Curator: Rosina Cazali.

Vídeo: José Enrique Juárez.

Photos: Jorge Linares, David Pérez.

Volunteers: Ana Monroy, Rosina Cazali, Carol Robles, Edna Sandoval

2012

No violarás
18 km to Guatemala City
Guatemala



Billboard with the text “you shall not rape”.
4 m x 6 m

Photos: David Pérez

Necromonas

Tenerife, Spain



My body is nude and passive on a base concealing the carcass of a decomposing pig.

Curator: Blanca de la Torre.

Video: Roberto Lucas.

Photos: Emilio Prieto Pérez.

Hilo de tiempo

San Cristóbal de las Casas, Chiapas, México



You have to go back in time to find the reason for so much death and thus to find life.

I remain hidden in a bag woven for corpses. The public is free to gradually unravel the bag until the body is uncovered.

Production: Doris Difarnecio, Caleb Duarte Piñón.

Camera: Mia Eve Rollow, Thomas Erling, María Jiménez Romero.

Editing: José Enrique Juárez.

Photos: María Jiménez Romero, Lydia Reich, Cecilia Monroy Cuevas.

Commissioned and produced by Centro Hemisférico de Performance y Política en Chiapas y EDELO casa de arte en movimiento y residencia intercultural.

Paisaje
Bienal de Arte Paiz
Guatemala City



*"The danger of beauty is its appearance. And the danger of landscape is that it swallows reality."
- Mario Monteforte Toledo*

With our back turned we see life pass by. With our back turned we wait for death. With her back turned, next to a man who is digging a grave, stands a woman. They never see each other, he digs a hole, an empty space, she receives the earth thrown up by the shovel, until she is buried.

Curator: Santiago Olmo.

Vídeo : José Enrique Juárez.

Photos: David Pérez.

Piel de gallina

Vitoria-Gasteiz, Spain



The phenomenon of goose bumps is caused by a tiny group of muscles called *musculus erector pili*. It is a natural response to stimuli such as cold or emotional stress. The erector muscle then contracts and the hair stand on end, and this pilomotor reflex occurs.

My body lies inside a refrigerated mortuary cabinet. The public must open the cabinet and draw out the tray with my body on it to observe the effect of cold on my skin.

Curator: Blanca de la Torre

Video: Karin Dolk

Photos: Gert Voor in't Holt

Commissioned and produced by Artium.

2011

Alud
Thessaloniki, Greece



The water flows. The body is there, dirty. The passive positions of the public as onlookers is replaced by the action of participating and cleaning the body, motivated perhaps by certain empathy towards this unknown person, hidden under the mud.

Curator: Eirini Papakonstantinou.

(Thessaloniki Performance Festival, parallel programme of the 3rd Thessaloniki Biennale of Contemporary Art.)

©State Museum of Contemporary Art & the artist.

Rabia

*Cuerpo de Trabajo.
(Ex) Céntrico. CCE Guatemala.
Guatemala City*



Subcutaneous administration of anti-rabies vaccine.

Tonel
*Cuerpo de Trabajo.
(Ex) Céntrico. CCE Guatemala.
Guatemala City*



Stainless steel sculpture for the storage of corpses, made to the scale of my own measurements.
75cm x 45 cm diameter.

Compartimiento

*Cuerpo de Trabajo.
(Ex) Céntrico. CCE
Guatemala City*



Stainless steel sculpture with 9 storage spaces for corpses and nine inner trays, made to the scale of my own measurements.

Compartment 2.10 m long x 1.66 m deep x 1.38 m high. Tray 150 x 50 cm.

Falso león

*Pabellón de América Latina ILLA.
54th. Venice Biennale
Venice, Italy*



In 2005 I won the Golden Lion as best artist under 35 at the 51st. Venice Biennale.

In 2007 I sold the Golden Lion to Spanish artist Santiago Sierra, who in turn sold it to a collector.

In 2011 I ordered an exact copy of the Golden Lion from my sculptor friends, Angel and Fernando Poyón in Guatemala. They gave me an exact copy, cast in bronze coated in Guatemalan gold.

20 cm x 9 x 16.5 cm

Pelotón

*XIV Festival del Centro Histórico
Guatemala City*



Squads of civilian men, without any type of military or police training or experience, possess powerful weapons and opt for the most requested job by lower and middle class men in Guatemala, in the private security police. These are our new armies, our national defense.

Five squads formed of private security police (45 policemen in total) stand in line for an hour, with loaded weapons, in front of the national flag in the Plaza de la Constitución.

Vídeo: José Juárez

Marabunta
Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic



Caribbean Ants

*You imagine the Caribbean Sea like an anteater devouring the Antilles.
- Homero Pumarol*

And action that consisted of totally dismantling a car, on the public highway and with me as the driver inside. A team of 21 men approaches me when I park and begins to take apart the car, piece by piece, until it has entirely disappeared.

Commissioned and produced by Arte Estudio, Centro Cultural de España, Santo Domingo y Prometeogallery di Ida Pisani.

Collaboration of Reyes Vicente Pérez y Centro Automotriz Luciana.

Cameras and editing: José Enrique Juárez y Nicandra Mejía.

Alarma

Guatemala City



Guatemala City, which has been labeled one of the most violent cities of Latin America, is shown to us from a static perspective, in apparent calm. The sound of the alarm and the obvious state of alert of its residents show another perspective of this city accustomed to living in fear, always on the verge of something happening.

Video filmed from inside an ambulance, which was hired to drive through Guatemala City with its siren blaring throughout the journey.

Vídeo: José Enrique Juárez

Lesson of Dissection

Colchester, Essex UK



An anatomy lesson for a group of students is given by teacher Dr. Paul Carter. My body is used as a reference and a medium and the students draw on me the lines of dissection indicated by the professor.

Surgeon: Mr Paul Carter

Medical students: Michaela Augustine, Russell Channer, Tara Henshaw, Patrick Popat, Daniel Whitlock

Curaduría: Jessica Kenny

Camera operator: Will Wright

Photography: Matthew Bowman

This commission was led by Art Exchange at the University of Essex, with the support of Arts Council, Firstsite, ESCALA and ROLLO.

2010

Móvil

*Muac, Museo Universitario de Arte Contemporáneo.
México, D.F.*



*Drugs go north. Weapons go south. Live bodies go north and come back
dead to the south.*

My body lies in a metal coffin on a stretcher trolley and the audience moves
it wherever it likes.

Fotografía: Francisco Caviedes / Lalo Lomas

Video: Marco Casado

Joroba
Guatemala



A man walks through a Guatemalan village carrying a coffin on his back.

Fotografía: David Pérez

Vídeo: David Pérez

Hermana
Guatemala City



My latin body is slapped, spit on and whipped by a Guatemalan indian woman.

In collaboration with Rosa Chávez.

Video: José Juárez

Caparazón

MADRE. Museo D'Arte Contemporane Donna Regina,
Napoli, Italy.



Fear in its sound form, in every explosion, in every hit.

My naked body lies in a fetal position under a sealed dome. A group of people armed with sticks frantically beats the dome until their weapons are broken.

Corpus. Arte in Azione.

Video: Pietro Menditto

Fotografía: Rafael Burillo / Teresa Margolles

Punto Ciego

17th. Bienal de Arte Paiz
Guatemala City



There is a small part of our enormous visual field that we do not perceive and that gives us no information. In actual fact, we do not even see it.

My nude body is standing in the middle of an empty home. Only blind people can enter this space. When the blind meet the body, a whole series of reactions are sparked off.

Foto: Edna Sandoval

Vídeo: José Enrique Juárez

Looting

Guatemala/Berlin



On the one hand, conquest, war, scorched earth, exploitation of the soil, humiliation. On the other, the conqueror – the one who commands, with one hand held on high – is left with all the gold.

In Guatemala the dentist drills my molars and sets 8 encrustations of the purest national gold.

In Berlin, a German doctor removes all the gold fillings from my molars. These little sculptures – a total of 8 – are left on show as art objects.

Commissioned and produced by Hause der Kulturen der Welt, Berlín, Germany.

Foto: Judith Affolter / Marlon García

Vídeo: Mike Rettel / David Pérez

Object
Bucarest, Romania



My nude, motionless body. All around, a system of alarms and sensors which are automatically triggered every time anyone goes beyond a set limit.

Commissioned and produced by Mnac, Bucarest, Rumania.

Foto / Video: Larisa Sitar.

2009
Stretch Marks
Ljubljana , Slovenia



A volunteer grabs my leg and pulls my body down onto the ground. I cling onto the wood with my fingernails, creating sound patterns. Through two little microphones in my hands and amplifiers in the space, the sound is broadcast to the audience.

Commissioned and produced by City Of Women, Lubljana , Slovenia

Foto: Nada Zgank

Vídeo: Ursa B. Potokar / Robertina Sebjanic.

Crisis Cloth



I sell all the clothes I'm wearing. After paying me, the buyers have to take them off me to get them.

Commissioned and produced by Exit Art, NY, USA.

Foto: Wing Yin Yau.

Vídeo: Geraldo Mercado

Crisis Hair

Prague CZ



I sell my hair to buyers at the normal market price for human hair.

Commissioned and produced by Futura, Centre for Contemporary Art.

Karlin Studios, Futura,

Foto: Tomas Soucek

Vídeo: Jan Vidlicka

Crisis Blood



I sell my blood to buyers at the normal market price for human blood.

Commissioned and produced by Futura, Centre for Contemporary Art.

Karlin Studios, Prague, CZ.

Foto: Jiri Thyn

Vídeo: Jan Vidlicka

Crisis Dignity

Prague, Cz.



I beg, in the normal position used by beggars in this city. I hide my face.

Foto: Francisco Toralla

Vídeo: David Pérez

No fantasy

Trebesice, CZ

Dragon

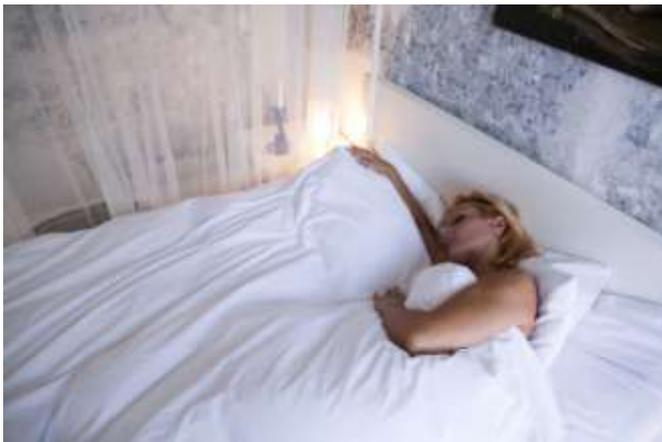


Breathing fire from the south tower of Trebesice Castle.

Photo: Regina Galindo

Vídeo: David Pérez

Princess



A prostitute in the blue room of Trebestice Castle.

Foto: Tomáš Soucek

Video: Ivan Svoboda

Commissioned and produced by Futura, Centre for Contemporary Art.

Libertad Condicional

Livorno, Italy



My body is immobilized and fastened by seven chains and seven padlocks. A circle of 35 different keys is placed so the public can reach them. The public decides whether or not to open the padlocks

Commissioned and produced by Fortezza Vecchia,

Fotografía: Laura Teodory

Vídeo: David Pérez

Juegos de poder

Sao Paulo, Brasil



A hypnotist puts me into a trance and gives me a series of humiliating orders.

Commissioned and produced by Mac USP.

Hypnotist: Fabio Puentes.

Video: TV USP.

Autofobia

Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic



Vídeo.

I use a 9 mm gun to shoot my shadow.

Vídeo: David Pérez

Tumba

Perfomar, Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic



Seven sacks are thrown into the sea to make them disappear. Each sack is full of sand and weights about as much as a human body.

Vídeo: Oscar Oviedo / David Pérez

Busto

10th. *Bienal de la Habana, Cuba.*



Classic bust of myself, made in resin.

Sculpture: Eduard Severino

Photos: Patrick Hamilton

Warm up

*The Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Art, Oxford
United Kingdom*



The action consists in raising the body temperature of a group of people, most of them of English origin.

Photo y Video: Paul Whithers

La Conquista

*Modern Art Oxford
United Kingdom*



Wig made with hair bought from indigenous women in Guatemala.

.

Photo: Carlos Galvez

2008

Polígrafo
Honduras



I subject myself to a polygraph test – a lie detector. The results are totally negative.

Commissioned and produced by MUA, Tegucigalpa, Honduras.

Vídeo: David Pérez

Breaking the Ice

Oslo, Norway



My nude body, motionless, remains in an extremely cold room. A number of garments are on the ground at my feet. The audience decides whether or not to dress me. Whether or not to leave me in the cold.

Act II Oslo Kunstforening, Oslo Norway

Photo: Arne Borgan

Video: Unity Media Productions. Carl Proctor.

Trayectoria

Bergen, Norway



A volunteer grabs me by the hair and drags my body on the floor.

ActII. Stiftelsen 314, Bergen, Norway.

Vídeo: Are Hauffen

Photo: Erik Bjerkelund

Museum voor Moderne Kunst Arnhem, Netherlands.

Photo & Vídeo: Omar Carrera Knebel

Extensión

San José, Costa Rica



The DNA in every individual is also found in every single hair. The Extensión project aims to symbolically extend the life of those women who have died without trace. This is why I have collected the hair from four dead women, whose bodies were neither identified nor claimed. Now seven extensions have been made with their hair. One of these extensions has been sewn into my hair. The others have been sewn into the hair of other six women volunteers. For a certain period of time we continued without everyday lives, wearing these extensions.

Commissioned and produced by TEORÉTica. San José, Costa Rica, 2008.

Photo: Pedro Murillo

Video: Jurgen Ureña

Cabecita Negra

Córdoba, Argentina



Perón gave homes to the blacks and “los cabecitas” made charcoal out of the parquet. Jorge Lanata in his autobiography.

Using an axe I dismantle all the Wood in an area. With the wood I make a sculpture shaped like a bonfire.

Commissioned and produced by Proyecto Demolición Construcción, Córdoba, Argentina,

Photo: Dolores Esteve

Vídeo: David Pérez

Reconocimiento de un cuerpo

Córdoba, Argentina



My body remains anaesthetized on a small bed, covered with a white sheet. The audience decides whether or not to raise the sheet in order to identify me.

Centro Cultural de España. Córdoba, Argentina.

Photo: Paulo Jurgelenas

Vídeo: David Pérez



I draft a contract for the services of an intelligence expert so that he can infiltrate a contemporary- art exhibition, “Desaparecidos/Horror Vacui”, as a spy.

The spy hands me a complete report of the event with pertinent information about each participant.

Los Desaparecidos Horror Vacui, Antigua Guatemala

America's Family Prison

San Antonio Texas, U.S.A.



“What is fascinating about prisons is that, for once, power doesn’t hide or mask itself; it reveals itself as tyranny pursued down to the smallest details.” - Michel Foucault.

I rent a family-sized cell from a company that offers all types of products and services to the private-prisons industry in the United States. Taking T. Don Hutto’s family cells as my model, I adapt it and live in it with my daughter and husband for 24 hours. When we come out, the door remains open and the cell is shown as a work of art.

Funded and produced by ArtPace, San Antonio, Texas, USA.

Photo: Todd Johnson y Kimberly Aubuchon

Let's Rodeo
San Antonio, Texas
U.S.A.



I get on a mechanical bull over and over again, in an attempt to break it in.

ArtPace. San Antonio, Texas, U.S.A.

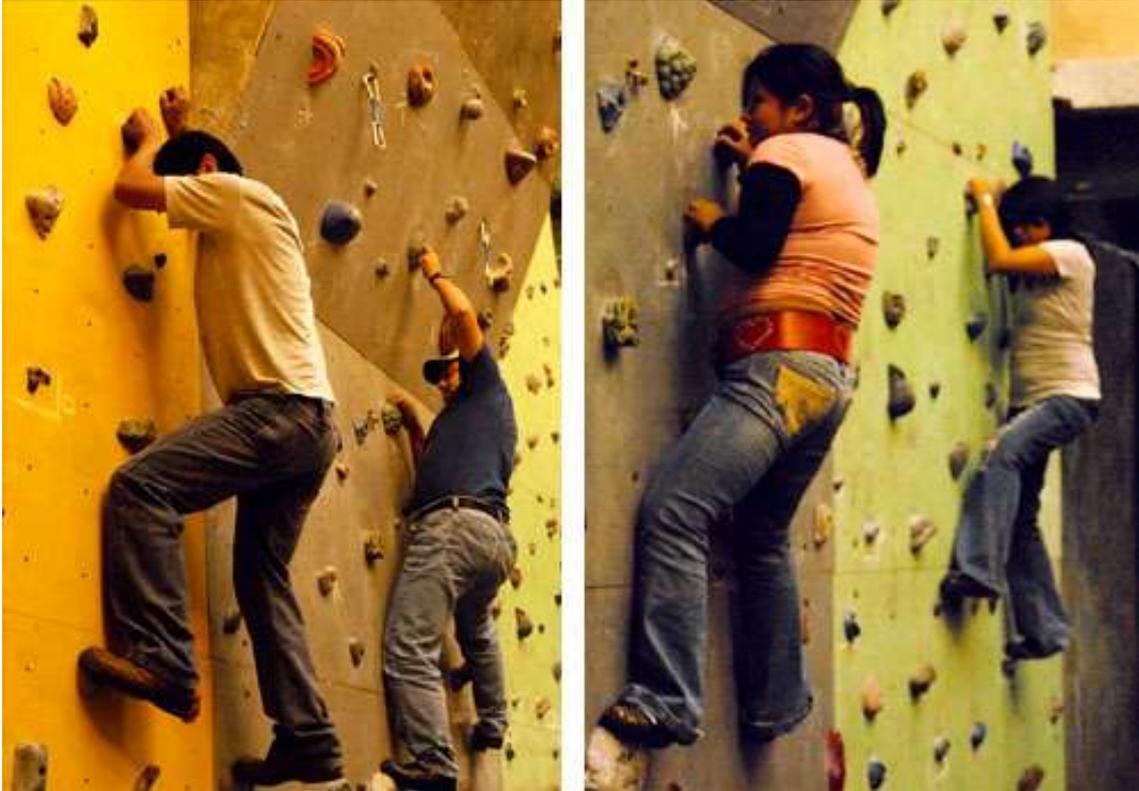
Photo: David Pérez y Kimberly Aubuchon

Vídeo: David Pérez

2007

**Curso de supervivencia para
hombres y mujeres que viajarán de
manera ilegal a los Estados Unidos.**

Guatemala City



I organize an intensive survival course for a group of 10 people who are about to embark upon an illegal journey to the United States. During this course, they learn forms of resistance and about orientation, safe travel, map reading, refuges, fire, survival kits, first aid, and how to climb a wall.

Guatemala City, Guatemala.

Instructor: Carlos Ixcot

Photo: Marlon García

Vídeo: David Pérez

Desalojo Guatemala City



Floor consisting of 160 tombstones from exhumations in working-class cemeteries in Guatemala City.

Centro Cultural de España, Guatemala City, Guatemala.

Photo: Marlon García

Confesión

Palma de Mallorca, Spain



A volunteer performs the water-boarding torture technique on my body.

Commissioned and produced by La Caja Blanca, Palma de Mallorca, Spain.

Photo: Julian Stallabrass

Vídeo: Eva Montes Palmer

Cepo
Rome, Italy



Man is condemned to be free. Jean Paul Sartre

My body remains blocked in a pillory for 12 hours in a row.

Espacio Volume, Rome, Italy

Photo: David Pérez

150,000 Voltios

Lucca, Italy



My body receives a discharge of 150,000 volt from a device commonly used by the police.

San Mateo Church, Lucca Italy

Photo: David Pérez

Video: NOIT TV



In a country like Guatemala, where the land is strewn with clandestine cemeteries, mass graves, and unidentified bodies, as though showing an intention to erase not so much a historic conscience as the very humanity of our fellow beings, not recognizing them as equals, it is necessary to rethink mourning- without pomposity but simply as a form of mutual recognition between human beings. Leonel Juracán.

52 tombstones were placed in La Verbena cemetery above bodies buried ad NN. Bodies that were neither identified nor claimed.

Guatemala City, Guatemala

Photo: Aníbal López / David Pérez

Vídeo: David Pérez

Mientras, ellos siguen libres

Guatemala City



"I was raped fifteen times in a row by soldiers and men dressed as civilians. I was in the seventh month of pregnancy, and a few days later I aborted".

*C 16246. Marzo, 1982. Chinique Quiché.
Guatemala: Memoria del Silencio.*

"They bound me and blindfolded me, I was in the third month of pregnancy, and they stood on my body to immobilize me. They locked me up in a little windowless room. Then they suddenly burst into the room, beat me and raped me. I started bleeding profusely. That's when I lost my baby".

*C 18311. Abril, 1992. Mazatenango, Suchitepéquez.
Guatemala: Memoria del Silencio.*

During the armed conflict in Guatemala, rape became a commonly used by the army against indigenous women. The fact that the pregnancy wasn't ignored by the aggressors, who showed their direct intention to have the victims abort through repeated sexual assault, and thus eliminate this way, the origin of life from indigenous people.

Edificio de Correos, Guatemala City, Guatemala.

Photo: David Pérez

Vídeo: Aníbal López

Ablución

Guatemala City



A former gangster uses water to wash away a liter of human blood that has been poured over him.

Guatemala City

Vídeo: David Pérez / Aníbal López

2006

Corona
Guatemala City



I lay a 4.5m x 4.5m scale funeral wreath during celebrations of the tenth anniversary of the peace treaty in Guatemala.

Plaza Central de la Ciudad de Guatemala, Guatemala.

Photos: David Pérez

Un espejo para la pequeña muerte

San José, Costa Rica



Bound hand and foot, and in the sixth month of pregnancy, I remain motionless in a motel room above a pool of liquid made of my own urine.

Comisionado y producido por TEORÉTica. San José, Costa Rica.

Photos & Video: Donna Conlon

Carnada

Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic



I remain motionless in a fishing net, hanging from a tree some meters from the ground, facing the sea.

Malecón de Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic

Photo: Ivory Núñez y David Pérez

Vídeo: David Pérez

Camisa de fuerza *Bélgica*



“Every marginal act, is an act of madness” (Foucault)

Rigid social structures impose what is normal and what is not.
Acting against these means marginalization, paralysation.
It is the other one who takes control.

Three days living inside a psychiatric hospital, with a straitjacket. A nurse accompanied me and was my hands.

Mens (Mankind) S.M.A.K. Bélgica

Photo: Kara Andrade

Plomo

*(Clases para aprender a disparar todo tipo de armas)
Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic*



An intensive course, given by a professional, in which I learned to handle different firearms; pistols, revolvers and shotguns of various calibers.

Proyecto subvencionado por CIFO Miami.

Yesoterapia

Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic



I remain completely in plaster for five days running, a nurse looks after me during three days.

Barceló Nuevas Propuestas, Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic

Photo: Sayuri Guzmán y Engel Leonardo

Vídeo: Jeannette Senior

Peso
Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic



I remain chained up and shackled for four days continuing with my daily life.

Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic

Photo: George Delgado

Vídeo: David Pérez

Tanatoterapia *Guatemala*



To migrate is to go away forever, a final migration with no possibility of returning. Guatemala, a country of eternal violence, death occurs any minute, it cannot be disguised, it is always there, present.

A woman who works as a makeup artist in a funeral parlour makes me up, during the opening off the show.

Colectiva Cielo Al revés, Guatemala

Photo: Alfredo Ceibal

Limpieza Social

Italy



I am given a pressure wash with a hose, the method used to quell demonstrations and also to wash newly arrived prisoners.

Il Pottere Delle Donne, Galeria Cívica Nacional, Trento, Italy

Photo: Hugo Muñoz

Isla

Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic



I remain immobile on a reef forming a puddle with my own urine around me.

Photo: Engel Leonardo

2005

Toque de Queda
Paris, France



Ten days shut in and completely isolated in a reflective exercise on what happens in the human being when deprived of his or her freedom.

Le Plateau, Paris, France

Perra
Italy



I write the word BITCH with a knife on my right leg. Condemnation of the acts committed against women in Guatemala, where tortured bodies, have appeared inscriptions carved on them with knives blades.

PrometeoGallery, Milano, Italy

Vértigo

Tirana, Albania



“Life hangs on too fine a thread, often incapable of supporting the weight of our own chaos.”

My body, like a pendulum, urinates, while it remains hanging by a cable, several metres from the ground.

III Bienal de Tirana, Albania

Recorte por la Línea *Caracas, Venezuela*

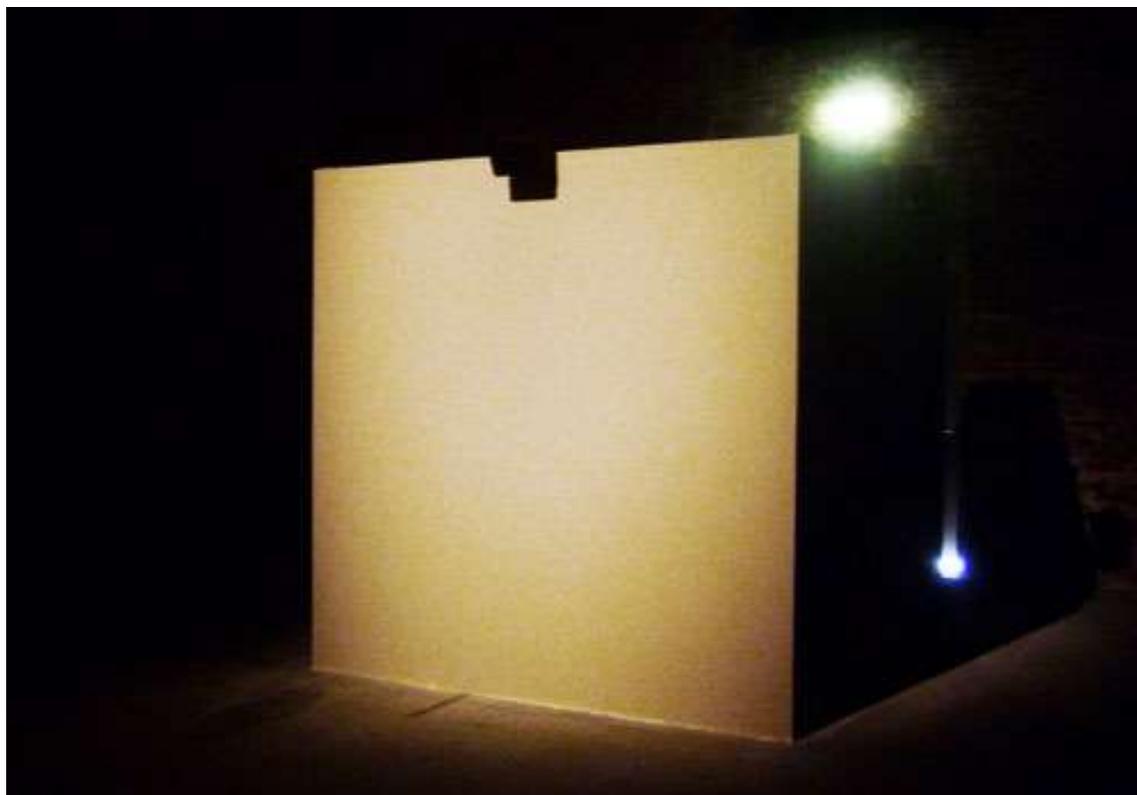


A performance delivered with the participation of one of the most highly regarded plastic surgeons in Venezuela; Dr. Billy Spence, who marked on my body all the areas that should be operated in order to achieve the perfect body, according to the aesthetic codes adopted by our society.

Primer Festival de Arte Corporal, Caracas, Venezuela

Photo: Alejandra Herrera

(279) Golpes
Italia



Sound performance. Shut in a cubicle, where no one can see me, I hit myself once for every woman assassinated in Guatemala from 1st January to 9th of June 2005. I turn up the sound, so that it can be heard from outside the cubicle.

Siempre un poco más lejos. 51 Bienal de Venecia, Italia.

Photo: Yasmin Hage

Picacebollas

San Cristóbal, Dominican Republic



Odor performance. I chop two bags of onions in a popular restaurant.

Fuera de Lugar, San Cristóbal, Dominican Republic

2004

El Peso de la Sangre
Guatemala City



A litre of human blood, falling drop by drop, on to my head and body.

Plaza Central Guatemala City

Photo: Belia de Vico

Vídeo: Danilo Montenegro

Himenoplastia

Guatemala City



A surgical operation in which they reconstruct my hymen to make me a virgin again.

Cinismo, Espacio Contexto, Ciudad de Guatemala

Photo: Belia de Vico

Vídeo: Aníbal López

Boda Galindo-Herrera

Antigua Guatemala



I dress as a bride and take a picture in a photographic studio that specializes in wedding photos to leave a record of an event that didn't happen.

Comunicarte e Invitados, Antigua Guatemala

Photo: Canche Serra

2003

¿Quién puede borrar las huellas?
Guatemala City



A long walk from the Constitutional Court to the National Palace of Guatemala; leaving a trail of footsteps made with human blood. In memory of the victims of armed conflict in Guatemala and in rejection of the presidential candidacy of the military, genocidal and former coup supporter Efraín Ríos Montt.

Calles de la Ciudad de Guatemala

Photo: Víctor Pérez

Vídeo: Damilo Montenegro

Ella, permanece

Guatemala

My mother, hidden behind a screen, shows only her feet full of varicose veins as a consequence of having given birth to five children.

Maternidades Plus, Cultura Hispánica, Guatemala

Photo: Alejandra Hidalgo

Proxémica

San José, Costa Rica



I shut myself inside a cubicle of cement blocks for one night and part of the day, putting the last block in place from the inside. To get out I had to break down a wall with a hammer and chisel.

Colectiva Días Mejores, San José de Costa Rica

Photo: Andrea Aragón

Vídeo: Alejandro Paz

2002

Sin Título (Hasta Ver)

Lima, Perú



I take a non-trip to Peru. I censor my eyes before leaving; I stay like this for five days until I return to Guatemala where, on arrival, I discover my eyes again.

Tercera Bienal de Lima, Perú

Photo: Rosina Cazali

Vídeo: Rosina Cazali

Lucha *Guatemala City*



I face a professional fighter in a ring.

(Colectiva Blanco y Negro, Guatemala)

Photo: Yasmin Hage

Vídeo: Lui Donis

Autocanibalismo

Guatemala City



Acción de comerme las uñas de manera compulsiva.

Contexto, Arte Contemporáneo en Guatemala. Santa Catarina Pinula, Guatemala.

Photos: Belia de Vico

Vídeo: Alejandro Marré

2001

Bandera Nuestra
México D.F.



I present the Guatemalan flag in black and white.

Suyo Ajeno, Ex Teresa Arte Actual, México, D.F.

Photo: José Osorio

Piel
Venice, Italy



I shave off absolutely all the hair on my body; I walk through the streets of Venice like this.

La Platea de la Humanidad, 49th. Venice Biennale

Vídeo: Anibal López

Angelina
Guatemala City



An activity carried out during a month dressed as a maid, performing all my daily activities like this.

Guatemala City

2000

Todos estamos muriendo
San José, Costa Rica



I connect myself to an oxygen pump in order to breathe, as I remain shut inside a small cell outside the gallery.

Seminario Temas Centrales, Galería Nacional, San José C.R

Photos: Rosina Cazali y Belia de Vico

Valium 10ml.
Guatemala City



I inject myself with 10 mg of Valium, I remain sedated in the gallery space.

Colectiva Vivir Aquí, Museo Ixchel, Guatemala

Photo: Rosina Cazali

No perdemos nada con nacer
Guatemala City



Put in a clear plastic bag, like human rubbish, I am placed in the dump.

2000, 9 Festival de Performance Ex Teresa Arte Actual, México D.F.

Segundo Festival del Centro Histórico, Basurero Municipal, Guatemala

Photo: Belia de Vico

Video: Pablo Bromo

1999

Esperando al príncipe azul
Guatemala City



I lay in a bed covered by a nuptial sheet. This kind of sheet covered the whole body of the woman and had a small hole where the vagina is, in order to give the sexual act just a reproductive purpose.

Segundo Festival del Centro Histórico, Colectiva Tripiarte, Guatemala

Photo: Andrea Aragón

El cielo llora tanto que debería ser mujer

Guatemala City



Submerged in a bathtub full of water, I hold my breath until I can't stand it any longer. I raise my head and gasp for breath, then I go back down, over and over again.

Galería Belia de Vico, Guatemala City

Photo: Marvin Olivares

Vídeo: Rony Mocán

Lo voy a gritar al viento
Guatemala City



I suspend myself from the Arch of the Post Office Building in the city of Guatemala and read poems in the air.

Segundo Festival del Centro Histórico, 1999, Guatemala

Photos: Marvin Olivares & Ron Mocán

El dolor en un pañuelo

Guatemala City



Tied to a vertical bed, news of violations and abuse committed against women in Guatemala are projected on to my body.

Colectiva PAI Sin Pelos en la Lengua, Guatemala

Photos & Video: Marvin Olivares
