**reMexico.**

*Carmina Eliason*

Audio. Projection. Limes. Salt. Salsa. Tortillas.

**reMixing. reLearning. reAdopting. reInterpreting.   
reAffirming. reClaiming. reCreating.**

I am often confused and awkward as I engage in my mother’s culture. On the one hand I can say I have a legitimate claim to her homeland. I was conceived there, after all. But on the other hand, her culture is not the one I was born or raised in. And yet, I cannot help but to try and learn my Mexican family’s ways of doing things. Additionally, I have an intense curiosity about what my reality would have been like if she had stayed in Monterrey… or if I had not been granted US citizenship upon my birth.

The dominant culture of the here and now is full of conflicting notions of what culture and race is, fueling the fears I have in claiming my rights in belonging. Surrounded by trending topics like “birthright citizenship” and “cultural appropriation” I find myself frustrated, uncomfortable and questioning my claims to the all the cultures I belong to.

In an act of reaffirming that I am a whole human and not simply halves of two cultures, I offer this work for consideration and reflection. Set in a reinterpretation of my family’s patios and backyards, I project old family photos with new photographs of old things. I combine this with mixed audio recordings made during a recent visit to Mexico, along with the tastes and smells of my childhood.

My goal is to capture, investigate, explore and perform the parts of my mother’s culture that I have inherited in an effort to make sure I do not waste or forget the cultural gifts I have been given.