

I got tickets to the premiere of the opera “Frida”, in Spanish, but I gave them away the night of the show. I hate Frida Kahlo and her era. It’s not hatred without motive; I’m convinced that the very attitude that has taken to such heights a mediocre painter obsessed with her misfortune (For God’s sake! Why didn’t that tram finish her off?), is the one that forces Mexico to remain a poor country. Mexico has plenty of resources, in contrast to Korea, Singapore and Ireland, which were examples of underprivileged countries 30 years ago. These nations used to produce massive tides of immigrants, but they are rich today, because they chose to follow a path opposed to the one of Mexico.

Let’s go into detail. Frida, with her Tehuana costumes, is the very example of a woman that can’t work in a factory or even take a bus to go to work. In regard to her painting, she represents what the American Art market can draw out of its sleeve. The times of Frida and Diego are the times of cheap nationalism, which is the foundation of the policies that keep us chained to poverty and preserve the defects that hold the Mexicans back. One of these defects is xenophobia: foreigners always come to steal from us, and the proof is that they become rich as soon as they arrive here, according to a wise old taxicab driver. It is not that a self-absorbed people watches back and sees them prosper quickly because they work harder or have better education or skills. No. They take advantage from Mexicans.

To Hell with Frida

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