

SCAVENGER

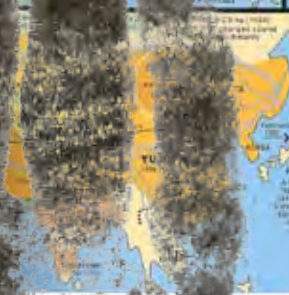
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AL-ALEXANDER, HUAN TSANG, LI TAI-PO, AL-KARISI, AL-KINDI, AL-BATTAN, ABU KASIM, PI-CHENG, BHASKARA, ROGI, ALEXANDER, TAO-YUE, RU-TAOTSE, AL-KINDI, AL-BATTAN, AL-HASSAN, AL KHAYYAM, IBN RASD, TAN, BRAHMA GUPTA, LI-PEN, LI TAI-PO, PO CHU-I, AL-BUKHARI, AL-RASI, MI-FU, TSHU-HI, WALTER, TU-FU, AL-BUKHARI, AL-MASUDI, AL-BIRUNI, IBN SINA, TOBA-SOJO, AL-IDRISI, WALTER, PISA, COLUMBAN, BANA, SHANKARA, AL-TABARI, FIRDAUSI, HILDEGARD, MAG, BU BAKR, OMAR, KUMAR, HARUN, AL-ASHARI, RAMANUJA, X WACE, RABI, SAO, GREGORY I, PEPIN II, LOUIS I, HENRY I, BASIL II, HENRY IV, FREDERICK, FREDERICK, THOMAS, FRANCIS, AL, BELISARIUS, SUI WEN, TAI TSUNG, CHARLES MARTEL, PHOTIUS, ABD AR-RAHMAN II, MAHMUD, WANG-ANSHI, MANCO CAPAC I, KUB, KOSHRU I, SHOTOKU, TENJI, HUAN-TSUNG, ARPAD, WANG-ANSHI, MANCO CAPAC I, KUB

CHRISTIAN ART: INTRINSIC OF BARBARIAS ADAPTED TO ACCOMMODATE THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY. CAROLINGIAN ART: INCREASE OF NORTH EUROPEAN INFLUENCE IN ART FORMS. ROMANESQUE: CHRISTIAN EMPIRE, HEAVY CHURCH STRUCTURES WITH ROUND ARCHES. BYZANTINE ART: EMPHATIC WALLS, DOMES, AND MOSAICS. PAPAL DOMAINS: THE SEALS OF THE PAPAL SEAT, THE SEALS OF THE ROMAN EMPEROR.

EARLY MIDDLE AGES: VIKINGS, EMPIRE OF CHARLEMAGNE, WEST FRANK. KDM, EAST FRANK. KDM, HOLY ROMAN EM. HIGH MIDDLE AGES: ROMANESQUE, BYZANTINE ART, PAPAL DOMAINS.

BYZANTINE EMPIRE: ELECTED CALIPH, OMAYYAD, DAMASCUS, ABASISID, BAHRIDAD. CALIPHATES: HARESHA'S EMPIRE, SOUTH PALLAVA PERIOD, SUI, DIANG-AN, TANG, CHOLA KDM, KHITAN, KAPENG, NORTHERN SUNG, CHIN EMPIRE, SOUTHERN HANG, KAMAKURA.





2006

<cadavre exquis>

"[A] game of folded paper that consists in having a sentence or a drawing composed by several persons, each ignorant of the preceding collaboration..." - excerpt from the 1939 Abridged Dictionary of Surrealism

Exquisite corpse (also known as "exquisite cadaver" or "rotating corpse") is a technique through which words or images are collectively assembled. Invented by French Surrealists in 1925, the name is derived from the phrase "Le cadavre exquis boira le vin nouveau," meaning "The exquisite corpse will drink the new wine." It is based on an old parlour game called Consequences, during which players would write in turn on a sheet of paper, fold it to conceal their portion of the writing, then pass it on to the next player for further contribution.

The exquisite corpse game is played with similar rules, except that each person is allowed to see the end of what the previous person wrote. The game was initially played to construct sentences, but later evolved into a means of creating collaborative poems and stories. Perhaps inspired by certain children's books in which pages were cut into thirds to display "mix and match" creatures by turning pages, the game was also adapted for drawings and collages.

this game has been played by,
Brenda McManus,
Giovanni Jubert,
& Miles Seiden

as a project for
Communications Seminar
Graduate Communication Design
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EVENTS

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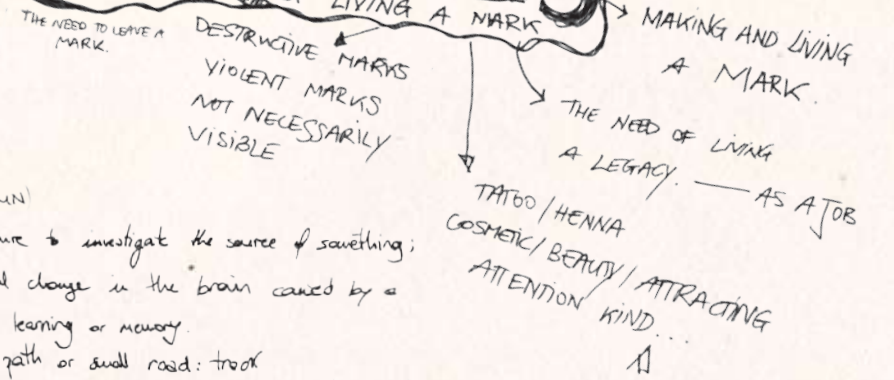
- 1) 1960 Puerto Rico | Old San Juan
- 2) 1972 New York City | Lower East Side
- 3) 1973 Puerto Rico | Old San Juan
- 4) 1973 Old San Juan | Correccional de menores
- 5) 1986 Puerto Rico | Released from jail
- 6) 1987 New York City | Lower East Side
- 7) 1988 Brooklyn | Williamsburg
- 8) 1995 New York City | Back to jail
- 9) 2003 New York City | Upper East Side

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- 1) Bedford poster collage
- 2) Baby photo
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- 8) Rusty 2
- 9) Matchbook
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- 12) Lucia drawing
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- 16) Sign language sheet
- 17) Toy gun
- 18) Contact sheet
- 19) Horosopo sexual
- 20) Can prints
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TRACES

THE NEED OF LIVING A MARK



THE SCAVENGER/ARTIST
 NOTE BOOK, LIST OF FOUND
 HIS WICK, HIS LIFE,
 HIS TRAVEL

THE CONCEPT
 HUMAN TRACES

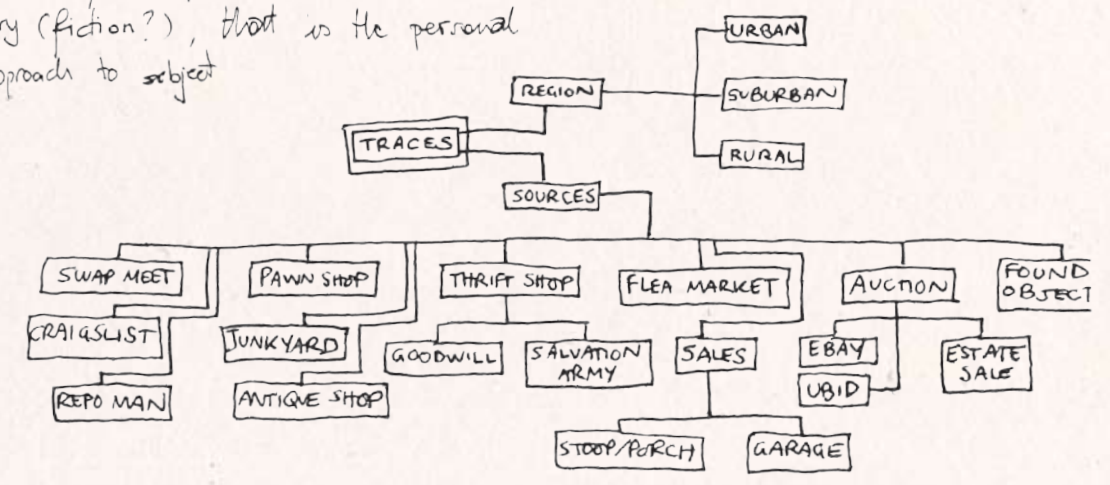
- TRACE (NOUN)**
- A procedure to investigate the source of something;
 - A physical change in the brain caused by a process of learning or memory.
 - A beaten path or small road: track
 - A mark, object, or other indication of the existence or passing of something.

- TRACE (VERB)**
- Find or discover by investigation
 - Find or describe the origin of development.
 - Give an outline.



JOURNAL OF FIND OBJECTS

Every object has a story.
 LETS TRACE THE LIFE BEHIND OBJECTS
 the need of a voice & a message
 the lost link.
 Something unique and poetic.
 With the found objects we will build a
 story (fiction?), that is the personal
 approach to subject



PREFACE

Much like the random discovery of objects on the street, human traces became our topic for Communications Seminar largely by accident. Perhaps we chose it above all the other topics we had considered because it was broad, flexible, and intensely centered on collaboration. Human traces, more so than hats, shit, guilty pleasures or slang (to name some of our proposed topics), allowed us to explore a variety of avenues that would ultimately lead to a highly personal and poetic story of discovery and chance.

As the weeks passed during the semester, we began to realize little by little that human traces could be found anywhere and everywhere; in fact, we were surrounded by them. This realization became almost oppressive, since everything we could sense or imagine was a potential human trace. It was time to refocus from a new perspective, so we hit the streets in search of found objects that could reveal an historical journey from creation to abandonment. The idea was to assemble a collection of diverse objects that, when enhanced by creative storytelling, would allow us to explore a life through the human traces that the objects represented.

Garbage. Trash. Waste. Rubbish. Junk. Crap. Stuff. Shit. That's what we all get rid of daily. The reasons don't really matter, because they're all pretty much the same. Maybe your computer became obsolete, maybe you lost your sentimental attachment to a teddy bear, maybe you were moving away. Or maybe you died. So, where does all that junk go? Most people just assume away, because there's always something new to replace what we no longer want. But we forget that our discarded items add up, most of them just sitting in a landfill, probably for the next thousand years. Do you care? Maybe not, except for the occasional visit to the antique store or stoop sale. Most of us, busy with our hurried city lives, will never notice the few people who devote their life to collecting what we discard. Our story begins with a chance meeting of one such man during his daily routine.

They call him the Scavenger, or at least that's what he has become over the years. He used to have high hopes and dreams like anyone else. He wanted to be an artist, to create installations in public spaces. He wanted to be a good husband and a good father. He wanted a lot of things. But not anymore. All those dreams are long gone. Now he spends most of his days living off other people's garbage, maybe even yours. And there's no lack of here in New York. But he would say that he can't really complain too much. All this garbage is what keeps him alive.

To the Scavenger, garbage equals survival, an idea that would probably never occur to anyone who didn't have to live off table scraps and used hairbrushes. Reading these words, you might think that he should be thanking us. But he would say that it's you that should be thanking him. Without people like the Scavenger, there would be a lot more trash going unnoticed into a dump, a lot less recycling, and a lot more homeless people begging in your way. Scavengers don't beg because they have all that they need. And it all comes from your trash.

The Scavenger knows almost every place in the city where a bargain or a good piece of valuable trash can be found. His main places of discovery though he won't say where exactly, are swap meets, flea markets, antique stores, thrift shops, junkyards, recycling plants, pawn shops, porch sales, stoop sales, and garage sales. Each of these places sell a different type of item that allows him to gain a different benefit. Sometimes he uses those items for himself, sometimes he sells them, and at one point in his life they became a part of his art. Now he just focuses on the cans and plastic bottles that he collects from the street to make a living. Believe it or not, he is your recycling process.

DADAISME

Como rebelión total contra las formas culturales del gastado convencionalismo político, social y artístico, surgió en Zurich el 8 de febrero de 1916 en la tribuna de emigrantes del Cabaret Voltaire, un primer movimiento dadá que abarcaba todos los géneros artísticos y que en poco tiempo tuvo repercusión internacional. El nombre “dadá” aplicado a esta corriente artística destructivo-satírica, surgió más o menos casualmente cuando los artistas del grupo, Richard Huelsenbeck y Hugo Ball, buscando un nombre para su teatro de Zurich, por el procedimiento de abrir al azar un diccionario alemán-francés, tropezaron con el concepto “dadá”.

La contradicción entre la praxis de la vida y el mundo idealizado del arte tradicional llegó a hacerse insoportable para los representantes del dadá, marcados por la emigración y por la protesta contra la guerra. Por ello derribaron la torre de marfil de un arte armónicamente bello y proclamaron en su lugar el anti-arte de la protesta, del shock, del escándalo, con ayuda de medios de expresión irónico-satíricos adecuados al objeto. Lo absurdo, lo carente de valor, fue descubierto en su importancia como estampa de la realidad, y se elevó a consciente la introducción del caos en la escena artística, de manera que, partiendo de la destrucción de las formas artísticas tradicionales, del rugido entrecortado de la poesía fonética y de la música ruidosa, del montaje de fragmentos y objetos de desecho cotidiano, se estableció la identidad entre el arte y la vida, como nuevo despertar de un arte orientado hacia la problemática de la realidad. Tras la fundación del dadá en Zurich por Hans Arp, Tristan Tzara, Hugo Ball, Richard Huelsenbeck y Marcel Janco, encontró este anti-arte una rápida difusión por los centros artísticos de entonces, París, Colonia, Berlín y Nueva York. El grupo de fundadores se amplió en Berlín con Raoul Hausmann, Johannes Baader, George Grosz y John Heartfield, quienes se concretaron intensamente en la sátira política y en la crítica social, desarrollando formas expresivas adecuadas, tales como el fotomontaje, la tipografía libre y el cartel de propaganda. Precedentes de Zurich, en 1919 Hans Arp, Max Ernst y J.T. Baargeld fundaron el grupo dadá de Colonia. En 1920, la exposición dadá que tenía lugar en una cervecería de Colonia, fue clausurada por la policía como contraria a las buenas costumbres. Hacia finales de año, Arp abandona Colonia y marcha a París. Max Ernst le sigue en 1922. En Hannover inició Kurt Schwitters con el nombre de Merz un movimiento comparable al dadaísmo. El nombre Merz procede de Commerzbank (Banco del Comercio). Schwitters realizaba sus cuadros-merz con un sentido subjetivo y poético, de tal modo que todas las cosas de la vida cotidiana, triviales objetos de desecho, ganaban valor estético; el objeto de la civilización de consumo, trivial y desprovisto de valor, es rescatado de la coerción a la que le somete el mecanismo de consumo totalmente unilateral, pudiendo así reivindicar una existencia propia. En París y Nueva York se lleva a cabo la unión entre el espíritu dadá y el surrealismo naciente, gracias a Max Ernst, Man Ray, Francis Picabia y, sobre todo, a Marcel Duchamp.

La técnica del collage desarrollada por el cubismo, se aplicó como démontage con los más diversos materiales, el lenguaje se descompuso en sus elementos de determinación fonética, y se reconstituyó en asociación simultánea de sonidos o en imágenes textuales que proporcionaban una nueva espontaneidad a la declaración mediante el acoplamiento de imagen y palabra. La forma libre, la posibilidad de que todas las cosas de la realidad fuesen objeto de la praxis artística, constituían los principios básicos de esta rebelión artística a través del anti-arte, desatando al mismo tiempo nuevas posibilidades constructivas de expresión.

Fue principalmente Marcel Duchamp, en su exposición neoyorquina de 1919, quien ensayó con sus ready-mades nuevos módulos de producción artística al proclamar como obra de arte, con el fantástico título de “fontana”, un producto manufacturado en serie como es la taza de un retrete. En este punto, el arte contemporáneo asume una nueva definición y, basando su valor en la referencia a la realidad, determina su función. El testimonio de referencia a la realidad vivencial llega a ser más importante que el producto material acabado de la producción artística. Duchamp decía de su ready-made: “Es un objeto, que por la simple elección del artista, se eleva a la dignidad de objeto artístico”. De esta manera el movimiento dadá se convirtió en vivero de nuevos métodos de representación artística, al poner al servicio del arte, con una alegría experimental sin límites, las conquistas de la técnica moderna, como, por ejemplo, la fotografía y el cine. De la dialéctica de destrucción y regeneración, fueron surgiendo las nuevas posibles formas expresivas del montaje de materiales, tales como el assemblage, el arte objetual, el fotomontaje, la poesía visual, la tipografía libre, la película de arte, la música ruidosa; viniendo todo esto a significar fundamentalmente la mixtura de los medios de expresión artística hasta entonces estrictamente separados.

NOUVEAU RÉALISME

Corriente artística, iniciada programáticamente por el crítico francés de arte Pierre Restany hacia el final de los años cincuenta, que aspiraba a una renovación del movimiento dadá. El nuevo realismo suponía una contracorriente con respecto a la abstracción lírico-informal y constructivista entonces dominante, inclinándose preponderantemente por el arte objetual y el arte de acción, en forma de happenings, y assemblage de materiales. Al reducido círculo del nuevo realismo parisiense también pertenecían Yves Klein

con sus acciones de color (muchachas que recubrían sus cuerpos con pintura y acto seguido se echaban a rodar sobre el lienzo), César y Chamberlain con acumulaciones a base de carrocerías de automóviles prensadas, Christo con las acciones de empaquetado y Tinguely con sus absurdas y estrepitosas antimáquinas.

El nuevo realismo ejerció gran influencia en el Pop art de los primeros tiempos y dio gran impulso, con sus variadas formas combinadas, al arte objetual. El movimiento que en 1960 toma el nombre de Nouveau Réalisme no compromete ni limita la libertad de intervención de sus componentes. «Estos nuevos realistas consideran el mundo como un cuadro, como la gran obra fundamental en la que se apropian de algunos fragmentos dotados de significado universal. Nos muestran lo real y los distintos aspectos de su totalidad expresiva. Lo que se manifiesta mediante el tratamiento de esas imágenes objetivas es toda la realidad, el bien común de la actividad de los hombres, la Naturaleza del siglo XX, tecnológica, industrial, publicitaria, urbana».

Se utilizan los materiales más diversos: los carteles publicitarios, las imágenes del cine y las fotografías de los periódicos, las luces de neón y fluorescentes, los colores acrílicos, todo tipo de plásticos. El evento artístico ha de producirse en el contexto de la fenomenología del mundo moderno, y ha de iluminar algunos de sus aspectos significativos; pero ¿qué sentido puede tener este evento imprevisto y no solicitado si no es el de alterar un orden preconstituido, el de provocar una ruptura en la rutina del consumo? Naturalmente, también el rechazo de la técnica es una técnica: lo que se rechaza es la técnica organizada, de proyecto; es decir, la técnica mediante la cual la sociedad industrial organiza su actividad. Y lo que se le contrapone es una técnica carente de proyectos que consiste en tomar y utilizar cosas o imágenes que forman parte del contexto social, del ambiente.

Es la técnica que en la antropología cultural Levi Strauss denomina del bricolage, es decir, la del hombre primitivo que vive de recoger alimentos. Es la forma de comportamiento propia de las épocas prehistóricas, y que lo son precisamente porque la humanidad aún no ha formulado un proyecto acabado para su propio desarrollo. Este proceso puede ser estudiado especialmente en la obra casi paradigmática de Arman. Su primer momento no es el del conocimiento (es decir, el de la definición de un objeto respecto de un sujeto), sino el de la «apropiación» de cosas que forman parte del contexto fenoménico del mundo moderno.

El segundo momento es la repetición instintiva del gesto, la acumulación de las presas. Este segundo momento puede tener una variante, la de que la cosa atrapada puede ser rabiosamente destrozada. Es lo contrario de la acumulación, del assemblage: podríamos denominarlo desmembramiento, disassemblage. Restany observa acertadamente que «la acumulación de x objetos de la misma naturaleza sugiere más cosas y distintas que un objeto único, considerado aisladamente»; en cuanto al objeto seccionado o separado, tiene un significado distinto del objeto en su totalidad.

Sin duda el comportamiento de Arman es una repetición del del hombre primitivo, que acumula con avidez o que destruye brutalmente lo que coge. Existen tres hipótesis respecto de esa actitud: frente al comportamiento de la sociedad respecto de esos mismos objetos, el artista contrapone una actitud diversa, distinta y contradictoria; el artista repite un comportamiento de la sociedad; el artista revela el verdadero comportamiento de la sociedad bajo el orden aparente de su proyecto tecnológico. Esta última hipótesis es la más plausible: la civilización industrial o «de consumo» devuelve a la sociedad a un nivel prehistórico, convierte al hombre civilizado en un primitivo, en un salvaje, en un bricoleur.

ARMAN

Hoy había quedado con Arman. Quería enseñarme su trabajo, que se expone en la Fundació La Caixa de Paseo San Juan. Yo no lo conocía mucho, de hecho me lo habían presentado hacía poco. Todo era algo extraño, pero la curiosidad y el desafío eran grandes, así que me dejé llevar por lo que él quería enseñarme y me dirigí a la cita. La verdad es que tenía curiosidad, lo que suele exponerse en este museo, casi siempre resulta enriquecedor. Quizás sea que definitivamente todos los museos son casi siempre enriquecedores. Bien. Llegué a la hora convenida y ahí estaba, con su porte serio y silencioso, no cruzamos ni una palabra y enseguida empezamos a descubrir lo que tenía que enseñarme. Arman me acompañó durante el breve e intenso trayecto de su antología sin decir una palabra, dejando que fueran sus obras las que me hablaban y señor, cómo lo hacían. Cuando estaba llegando al final de la última sala me percibí que él ya no estaba. Miré a mi alrededor, y ni rastro de él, sólo sus obras alrededor de mí pero no su presencia física. Desde entonces no lo he vuelto a ver.

De hecho, no he vuelto a saber de él, pero desde aquel momento le veo en todas partes, o mejor debería decirte, en todas las cosas, en todos los objetos, en todos los espacios a través de lo que me mostró y me habló con su silencio y su trabajo. Así que desde aquel día, desde aquella manifestación de intenciones y aquel baño de humildad que Arman me dio, no he vuelto a saber de él pero se ha forjado entre nosotros una estrecha amistad de respeto mutuo y consideración de aquellas que no se olvidan. Tal cual, y tu te preguntarás, que es lo que vi que me provocó estas sensaciones? Pues bien, te lo explicaré. Como ya te he dicho cuando nos encontramos no nos dirigimos prácticamente la palabra, andamos en la misma dirección hacia la sala, y después de un giro a la izquierda comenzaba a presentarse las primeras obras, dos primeras cajas llenas de cosas... Ahí me olvidé por completo de su presencia y recogí el guante que me había echado. Esas primeras dos cajas llenas de cosas varias eran algo enigmáticas. Recogía desechos y objetos cotidianos de una persona y con ellos dejándolos tal y como los había encontrado lograba detener el tiempo y retratarlos a una persona desconocida, acercarnos a ella.

Giré la cabeza en busca de más información enseguida me topé con más explosiones. Ahí había cuatro o cinco contenedores más, pero esta vez la historia era más simple y más compleja en sí misma. Había llegado un punto en el que Arman había decidido simplificar la pieza recogiendo directamente los desechos o las basuras y mostrarlos tal cual en unos contenedores transparentes, consiguiendo algo más complejo, hablarlos ahora ya no de una sola persona, sino de nosotros, de todos.

Empezaba yo ya estar algo mosqueado a la vez que gratamente sorprendido, pero sobretodo me estaba abstrayendo del lugar para volver a la cotidianidad más real de fuera del museo. Tenía la sensación de estar viendo pasar nuestras vidas, nuestra realidad más cruda a través de sus primeras obras expuestas. Y por algún motivo lo que veía me entristecía. Volví hacia la derecha y me encontré con más contenedores, que habían dejado de acumular basura y ahora acumulaban objetos repetidos. Desde chapas o tenedores, hasta cámaras de fotos o máquinas de escribir. Daba igual lo que fuese, la cuestión es que había muchos de lo mismo. Muchos objetos, muchas cosas que cualquiera tenemos y no sólo una. Cosas que por su repetición, por su acumulación perdían todo valor como tal y se convertía parte de un universo banal de cosas iguales.

Pero yo no podía detenerme en esta reflexión, porque mientras acababan de hablarme estas obras ya me estaban llamando las de al lado y todo esto sin que Arman abriera la boca ni una vez. Así que me dejé llevar a hacia otra sala por donde continuaba el juego. Aquí le daba la vuelta a la tortilla. Ya nos habíamos adentrado bastante en el tema, era evidente que Arman quería hablar de los objetos, o quizás lo que pretendía era que hablarán los objetos?. En esta sala veíamos como Arman había querido descubrir el espíritu de éstos, o quizás más simplemente si los objetos tienen o no espíritu, y así, como un cirujano había seccionado algunos instrumentos musicales minuciosamente en busca de éste. En algún momento del proceso creo que Arman sintió que este espíritu se le resistía a su cortes puros y su metodológica de-construcción y no se si como reacción o como paso siguiente decidió abandonar la técnica y el método y lanzase sobre le objeto en busca de este alma de un modo más violento.

Así es la serie donde los instrumentos en vez de haber sido seccionados han sido explosionados, destruidos por impactos violentos y no calculados que pretendían abrir el cuerpo del objeto para encontrar el alma en estado puro. Eso es lo que veíamos mientras al mismo tiempo oíamos a los objetos hablarlos de su intimidad, de su propiedades, de sus raíces y su orígenes. Al sentirse descontextualizados, los objetos se

veían desnudos y nos hablaban de un todo como unión de pequeñas cosas individuales. Seguí mi camino absorto y confuso, para comprobar que a Arman no le había bastado con llegar aquí, quería insistir en lo que había descubierto y además pretendía volver a darle la vuelta al concepto último. Esta nueva sala marca el cambio de residencia de este artista a New York, lo que se verá reflejado por una alegría más vital representada a través de algunas obras con más influencia de los colores, lo que aportará un aire más desenfadado a tamañas reflexiones.

La primera obra con la que nos encontramos es una paradoja, es una reafirmación de sus criterios de acumulación y repetición del todo, pero a la americana, con zapatillas deportivas de colores contrastados colocadas de modo preciso para crear un todo con una ambición artística por crear una composición pictórica. Seguimos avanzando con la sensación de que esta obra es una concesión a las Américas, un actualización de sus obras pasadas para esta nueva etapa. Junto a esta obra hay otras que insisten en la reflexión de que un objeto está formado por pequeña antes pero dándole la vuelta de nuevo. Así desde pequeñas entes Arman se propone crear un todo. Repetirá llaves inglesas dispuestas una al lado de otras con la intención de retratar el movimiento de dicha herramienta a la vez que pretende crear una unidad, un objeto en sí. Lo mismo hará con tuercas, tornillos y otros objetos.

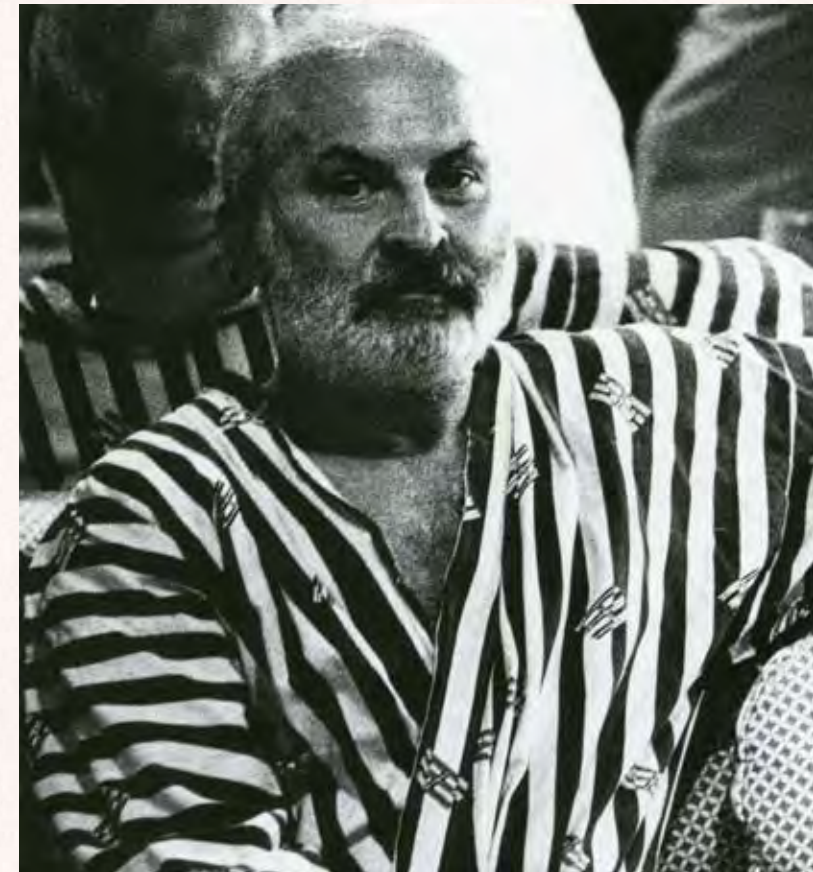
Pero Arman quizás llegado este punto siente algo así como la llamada del arte y decide hacer obras que continúen hablando de los objetos pero que se vean como conjuntos armónicos, atractivos, bonitos o artísticos y de nuevo lo logra, a través de la colocación y laminación con resinas de objetos que utilizaríamos para crear una pintura, así aparecen ante mí repeticiones de pinceles que forman un cuadro, repeticiones de botes de acuarelas de diferentes cromatismos que también crean un cuadro y un universo de color, o con botes de óleo que siembran un reguero de su propio color, creando en todos ellos combinaciones armónicas que dan como resultado un cuadro, una nueva pintura no pintada si no compuesta. Empiezo a estar desbordado ante tanto ingenio, ante tanta declaración de intenciones y ante tanta comprensión de la realidad. Y aun me queda la recta final del recorrido...

En ella sigo viendo como da igual que objetos utilice Arman, este podrá seguir denunciando lo que quiera, apilando, construyendo y deconstruyendo a su interés. Ahora, zlegado a este punto, ya ha alcanzado la sabiduría del objeto, ya puede jugar con él a su antojo para crear movimientos, unidades, fragmentos, lo que quiera.

Ya estoy al final de su exposición. Ya hace rato que he sido convencido, pero aun me queda el último desafío, la magnitud. Porque Arman ha decidido que también es capaz de ganar a la escala y construir piezas gigantes, con las que definitivamente nos desbordará. Así me dejo impresionar al ver la repetición de sillas en el espacio, que saliendo de la nada llegan al suelo describiendo un arco lleno de movimiento, pero mi sorpresa es total cuando me planto delante de un muro lleno de una montaña de carritos de la compra. Ya no se si veo carritos o veo un castillo.

Como si fuese una construcción arquitectónica me paseo por debajo en busca de la clave a mi dilema. Busco el sistema por el cual Arman ha logrado construir ese todo tan temible y espectacular y oigo hablar al movimiento, a la unidad, a la repetición y a la unidad. Estoy un tanto conmocionado. Busco a Arman para que me de una explicación, pero no lo encuentro. Tengo una sensación extraña. El tiempo ahora pasa más despacio, y decido marcharme para volver a ver el mundo tal cual lo vía antes. Me encuentro en la calle, algo extraño ha pasado en las dos horas que he estado ahí. Al salir no me encuentro con lo que esperaba encontrar, mi ciudad ha cambiado de cara, ahora todo se repite. Veo un coche y veo mil, uno al lado del otro, igual que los edificios que se repiten en una calle, y estas también se repiten, formando la ciudad, llena de entes, de cosas, de objetos repetidos. Vivimos en el caos, en el absurdo absoluto y yo he necesitado de Arman para volver a darme cuenta. Gracias amigo, por hacernos ver más allá de nuestras narizotas.

Arman Fernandez passed away November 2005. We dedicate this work to him, our constant source of inspiration throughout our storytelling process. He was the true scavenger of the 20th Century art scene.







PUERTO RICO | *Old San Juan*

I entered the world through our small one bedroom apartment just around the corner from the Plaza de Armas in Old San Juan, Puerto Rico. We were too poor even to hire a midwife, let alone hire a doctor, so it became kind of a social event. Only women were allowed into the apartment itself. **My aunt, my mother's sister, did most of the work. Her mother, my grandmother, gave her advice and held my mother's hand.** The men, my uncle, my two grandfathers, my father's brothers, and some close family friends waited downstairs in our antique shop. My sisters played outside while people we didn't even know from the neighborhood crowded around the shop trying to sneak a peek. My father never saw me until late that night, he was so busy trying to clear the crowd. I never knew how so many people found out.

All I know is that I'd never have that comfort and support again.



1950



I was the youngest in that one bedroom apartment above the antique shop that my father ran. I don't know how we managed, but we did. Two parents and three children. It was crazy sometimes. My father and mother loved each other, I know, but they were always fighting about something. Money troubles and kid troubles usually. Ever since I can remember, I would help my father work at the store while my sisters helped my mother with household chores and her at-home sewing business.

I loved the aisles full of antiques and souvenirs for the curious tourists to buy. Not only did these objects bring me closer to my father, who could be silent and cold, but it also gave me my first lesson in understanding objects and how people relate to them.

When I was old enough, I worked at the store about six days a week after school. Not because my father asked me to, but because I could feel that underneath his hard exterior, he respected my dedication. I wanted to impress him, and I was a pretty good salesman to boot.

My favorite day of the week, though, was Sunday. I guess I didn't really have many friends back then, something which hasn't changed much over the years, so I would stay at home. I didn't much care that it was a day off from work. Sunday was my father's hobby day. He would sit at his desk in the back of the store with his old paints and create beautiful landscapes to sell. Or he would make a birdhouse to feed the pigeons. He had even painted the sign that signaled visitors to come into our shop.

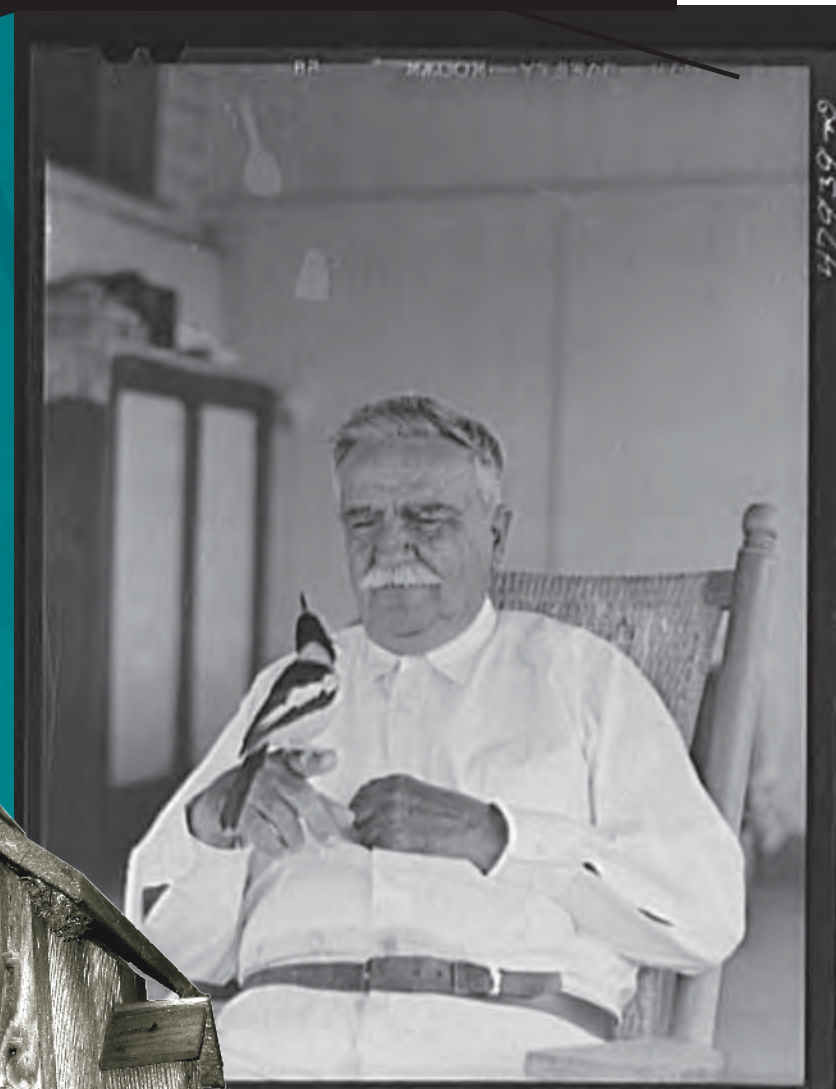
If I wasn't watching him at his craft, silently and wordlessly working away, then I would watch my mother at hers. Being poor, we couldn't really afford much, and it was her amazing sewing skills, a tradition held by our family for generations, that kept us afloat. It was amazing what my mother, and later my sisters, could create: anything from pillowcases to household drapes to tablecloths to our own clothes. The sewing not only saved us from having to spend extra money, but also added a lot to what we brought in from the store.

1963

1964



...TURE,
EVERYTH
CASH
...R PETS, ETC.
FOR HOUSEKEE
OR LIBERAL CREDIT



1965

1966



PUERTO RICO

- FEATURES**
- AMERICANA HOTEL**
Pool, Interchangeable Dining, Night Club
 - DIENER TOWER HOTEL**
Located one block from ocean, Air-conditioned rooms with balcony, All rooms with kitchen facilities, Pool
 - DORADO BEACH HOTEL**
(Dorado) Oceanfront, Air-conditioned, 2 18 Hole Golf Courses, 2 Pools, Tennis
 - DORADO HILTON HOTEL**
(Dorado) Oceanfront, Air-conditioned, All rooms with terrace, 2 Pools, Tennis, 18 Hole Golf Course, Casino
 - DUTCH INN**
Oceanview, Air-conditioned rooms with balcony, All rooms with individual snack and ice machine, Pool, Beach privileges at Condado Beach Hotel
 - EL CONQUISTADOR HOTEL**
(Las Crobas) Oceanfront, Air-conditioned, Pool, Tennis, 18 Hole Golf Course
 - EL CONVENTO HOTEL**
Located in Old Spanish Quarter, Air-conditioned, Pool, Night Club, Casino
 - HILTON HOTEL**
Air-conditioned, Tennis, Golf privileges at Hilton, Night Club
 - HOLIDAY INN**
Oceanfront, Air-conditioned, Pool, Entertainment
 - HOWARD JOHNSON'S NABORI LODGE**
Located 1 block from ocean, Air-conditioned, All rooms with balcony, Roof-top pool
 - LA CONCHA HOTEL**
Oceanfront, Air-conditioned, Pool, Tennis, Night Club, Casino
 - MAYAGUEZ HILTON**
(Mayaguez) Air-conditioned, Some rooms with balcony, Pool, Tennis, Transportation to beach
 - PIERRE HOTEL**
3 min. to Ocean and Beach, Air-conditioned, Pool, Use of all facilities of Da Vinci Hotel, Interchangeable Dining
 - PUERTO RICO SHERATON HOTEL**
Oceanfront, Air-conditioned, 2 Pools, Tennis, Roof Top Dining, Night Club, Casino
 - RACQUET CLUB HOTEL**
Located 1 Block from beach, Air-conditioned, 2 Pools, 8 Tennis Courts, Pro Shop
 - REGENCY**
Oceanfront, Kitchen or refrigerator in all rooms, Use of beach and pool facilities of San Jeronimo Hilton Hotel
 - SAN JERONIMO HILTON HOTEL**
Oceanfront, Air-conditioned, All Rooms with Terrace, 2 Pools, Golf privileges at Dorado Hilton, Night Club, Casino
 - TANAMA**
Short walk to Beach, Air-conditioned, Pool



PUERTO RICO

- CONDADO LAGOON HOTEL**
Oceanfront, Air-conditioned, All rooms with balcony, All facilities of Condado Beach Hotel
- CONDADO BEACH HOTEL**
Oceanfront, Air-conditioned, 2 Pools, Tennis, Night Club, Casino
- FLAMBOYAN HOTEL**
Air-conditioned, All rooms with terrace, Pool, Night Club, Casino
- HOLIDAY INN**
Oceanfront, Air-conditioned, Pool, Entertainment
- HOWARD JOHNSON'S NABORI LODGE**
Located 1 block from ocean, Air-conditioned, All rooms with balcony, Roof-top pool
- LA CONCHA HOTEL**
Oceanfront, Air-conditioned, Pool, Tennis, Night Club, Casino
- MAYAGUEZ HILTON**
(Mayaguez) Air-conditioned, Some rooms with balcony, Pool, Tennis, Transportation to beach
- PIERRE HOTEL**
3 min. to Ocean and Beach, Air-conditioned, Pool, Use of all facilities of Da Vinci Hotel, Interchangeable Dining
- PUERTO RICO SHERATON HOTEL**
Oceanfront, Air-conditioned, 2 Pools, Tennis, Roof Top Dining, Night Club, Casino
- RACQUET CLUB HOTEL**
Located 1 Block from beach, Air-conditioned, 2 Pools, 8 Tennis Courts, Pro Shop
- REGENCY**
Oceanfront, Kitchen or refrigerator in all rooms, Use of beach and pool facilities of San Jeronimo Hilton Hotel
- SAN JERONIMO HILTON HOTEL**
Oceanfront, Air-conditioned, All Rooms with Terrace, 2 Pools, Golf privileges at Dorado Hilton, Night Club, Casino
- TANAMA**
Short walk to Beach, Air-conditioned, Pool

CAR RENTAL IN SAN JUAN: A Ford Cortina may be substituted for sightseeing. The value of the sightseeing has been applied to the cost of the car rental. A car will be waiting for you at the San Juan Airport. Rental for one week. Included in rental rate is gas, oil, maintenance, insurance; PLUS 200 FREE MILES.

Party of ONE: Add \$60.00 per person to cost of tour; additional days \$6.00 per day.
Party of TWO: Add \$29.00 per person to cost of tour; additional days \$3.00 per day.
Party of THREE: Add \$19.00 per person to cost of tour; additional days \$2.00 per day.
NOTE: 10¢ per mile is charged over 200 miles.

PRICE INCLUDES: 1. Accommodations with Private Bath. 2. Pre-dinner rum cocktails at Swiss Chalet, Top of the First, Frascati, La Locanda and Cafe Pierre. 3. Reserved seat at El Comandante—OR—at a Supplementary charge of \$2.00 Half-day Tour in Old San Juan.

ALL RATES PER PERSON

HOTELS		SINGLE		TWIN		TRIPLE		
		6 Night Pkg.	Extra Night	6 Night Pkg.	Extra Night	6 Night Pkg.	Extra Night	
Darlington*	Apr. 15-Dec. 14	Standard	\$ 74.00	\$12.00	\$ 47.00	\$ 7.50	\$ 40.00	\$ 6.65
		Superior	110.00	18.00	74.00	12.00	58.00	9.35
Tanama*	May 1-Dec. 14	Minimum	74.00	12.00	47.00	7.50	38.00	6.00
		Standard	86.00	14.00	53.00	8.50	42.00	6.65
Regency	May 1-Dec. 14	Standard	74.00	12.00	50.00	8.00	44.00	7.00
		Superior	98.00	16.00	62.00	10.00	52.00	8.35
Cecilia's Place*	May 1-Dec. 14	Minimum	104.00	17.00	56.00	9.00	48.00	7.65
		Standard	116.00	19.00	62.00	10.00	52.00	8.35
		Superior	128.00	21.00	71.00	11.50	58.00	9.35
Condado Lagoon*	May 1-Dec. 15	Budget	86.00†	14.00†	56.00†	9.00†	46.00†	7.35†
		Standard	98.00	16.00	62.00	10.00	50.00	8.00
		Superior	110.00	18.00	68.00	11.00	54.00	8.65
Dutch Inn*	May 1-Dec. 14	Standard	98.00	16.00	59.00	9.50	52.00	8.35
		Moderate	116.00	19.00	68.00	11.00	58.00	9.35
		Superior	128.00	21.00	74.00	12.00	62.00	10.00
Pierre	May 1-Dec. 14	Minimum	98.00	16.00	59.00	9.50	50.00	8.00
		Standard	110.00	18.00	65.00	10.50	54.00	8.65
		Superior	122.00	20.00	71.00	11.50	58.00	9.35
Condado Beach*	May 1-Dec. 15	Minimum	98.00†	16.00†	62.00†	10.00†	52.00†	8.35†
		Standard	122.00	20.00	74.00	12.00	60.00	9.65
		Superior	146.00	24.00	86.00	14.00	68.00	11.00
		Deluxe	170.00	28.00	98.00	16.00	76.00	12.35
Diener Tower*	Apr. 15-Dec. 14	Minimum	98.00	16.00	62.00	10.00	48.00	7.65
		Medium	116.00	19.00	71.00	11.50	52.00	8.35
		Deluxe	128.00	21.00	77.00	12.50	58.00	9.35
El Convento*	May 1-Dec. 14	Minimum	98.00	16.00	62.00	10.00	52.00	8.35
		Standard	110.00	18.00	68.00	11.00	56.00	9.00
		Superior	122.00	20.00	74.00	12.00	60.00	9.65
Flamboyan*	May 1-Dec. 15	Minimum	110.00	18.00	65.00	10.50	54.00	8.65
		Standard	128.00	21.00	77.00	12.50	62.00	10.00
		Superior	146.00	24.00	86.00	14.00	68.00	11.00
		Deluxe	164.00	27.00	95.00	15.50	74.00	12.00
Holiday Inn*	May 1-Dec. 15	Minimum	110.00	18.00	65.00	10.50	54.00	8.65
		Standard	128.00	21.00	74.00	12.00	60.00	9.65
		Superior	140.00	23.00	80.00	13.00	64.00	10.35

canda and Cafe Pierre. 3. Reserved seat at El Comandante—OR—at a Supplementary charge of \$2.00 Half-day Tour in Old San Juan.

ALL RATES PER PERSON

HOTELS		SINGLE		TWIN		
		6 Night Pkg.	Extra Night	6 Night Pkg.	Extra Night	
Racquet Club*	May 1-Dec. 15	Minimum	104.00	17.00	65.00	10.50
		Standard	116.00	19.00	71.00	11.50
		Superior	128.00	21.00	77.00	12.50
		Deluxe	146.00	24.00	86.00	14.00
Da Vinci*	May 1-Dec. 14	Minimum	110.00	18.00	68.00	11.00
		Standard	122.00	20.00	74.00	12.00
		Superior	134.00	22.00	80.00	13.00
El San Juan*	May 1-Dec. 15	Minimum	122.00	20.00	74.00	12.00
		Standard	140.00	23.00	83.00	13.50
		Superior	158.00	26.00	92.00	15.00
		Deluxe	176.00	29.00	101.00	16.50
Howard Johnson's Nabori Lodge*	May 1-Dec. 14	Deluxe	122.00	20.00	74.00	12.00
Puerto Rico Sheraton*	May 1-Dec. 14	Minimum	122.00	20.00	74.00	12.00
		Standard	140.00	23.00	83.00	13.50
		Superior	158.00	26.00	92.00	15.00
		Deluxe	176.00	29.00	101.00	16.50
San Jeronimo Hilton*	May 1-Dec. 14	Minimum	122.00	20.00	74.00	12.00
		Standard	140.00	23.00	83.00	13.50
		Superior	158.00	26.00	92.00	15.00
		Deluxe	182.00	30.00	101.00	16.50
Americana	May 1-Dec. 15	Minimum	128.00	21.00	77.00	12.50
		Standard	146.00	24.00	86.00	14.00
		Superior	170.00	28.00	98.00	16.00
		Deluxe	194.00	32.00	107.00	17.50
La Concha*	May 1-Dec. 14	Standard	122.00	20.00	77.00	12.50
		Moderate	134.00	22.00	83.00	13.50
		Superior	158.00	26.00	95.00	15.50
		Deluxe	182.00	30.00	107.00	17.50
Caribe Hilton*	May 1-Dec. 14	Minimum	134.00	22.00	80.00	13.00
		Standard	152.00	25.00	89.00	14.50
		Superior	182.00	30.00	101.00	16.50

NOTE: 5% Puerto Rican Government Tax to be collected by hotel.
 *Children's rates available.
 †During the period Sept. 7-Oct. 31 deduct from per person per night: Single \$1.00; Twin \$2.50; Triple \$1.65.



NEW YORK CITY | Lower East Side

Because Puerto Rico was, and still is, a province of the United States, my parents had always been obsessed with the idea of the American Dream. Many people had left to find a new life there.

When I was 11, my parents followed suit, and we all moved to New York City.

It took months of planning and convincing, but finally, with some reluctance, my father decided that we would move to the United States. We left the antique shop to my mother's ever-helpful sister, who lived nearby and whose husband had recently died. Anyway, we arrived in New York after having spent much of our savings on the journey over. **After a number of months of odd jobs and such, we set up a new antique shop in the Lower East Side where we lived. Somehow my father, with the help of my aunt, had found a way to import goods from Puerto Rico, adding a new flavor to our offerings for a different audience. He also encouraged us to explore the city with him, searching for interesting items from flea markets then selling them in the store.** Our customers were intrigued by many of these items we had found, and the business was doing well. Unlike in Puerto Rico, our customers were more than just tourists. Sometimes they came from back home, maybe out of a sense of nostalgia. Others sought to furnish their expensive apartments cheaply. And still others were simply curious about the items of our culture.



PAN AM 345

1972

TRANSFIGURATION
LYCEUM
 122 WHITE STREET
 NEW YORK

TRANSFIGURATION LYCEUM 9

PROGRAMME
PART ONE

JOHN C. JACKEL,	STAGE MANAGER
1 OVERTURE	Burns
2 McKISSICK and SHADNEY	Colored Singing and Dancing Act
3 JOHN REILLY	Comedy Juggler
4 MISS ALICE ROTH	Illustrated Songs
5 WYGAND and DELLMONT	Comedy Musical Act

If the Ladies will kindly Remove their Hats it will be appreciated
 Gentlemen are requested to refrain from smoking except in Refreshment Rooms and Lobby
 SEE STAGE CARDS FOR EXACT ORDER OF PROGRAMME
(Programme continued on Page 10)

TRANSFIGURATION LYCEUM 11

PROGRAMME
PART TWO

6 VALENTI SISTERS	Juvenile Singing and Dancing Act
7 MISS BELLA M. HATTON	Popular Songs
8 McKISSICK and SHADNEY	Colored Act
9 FUN ON THE SCREEN	Showing the Following
(1) Fireworks	(2) Ten Wives for One Husband
(3) A Pleasure Trip	(4) The Moon Lover

COMMITTEE RESERVES ALL RIGHTS

The above Entertainment furnished by John C. Jackel & Co., Vaudeville Agents and Managers, Licensed under the Laws of New York State, Newham Building, Nos. 143-145-147 East 23d St., N. Y. Representing none but the Best Acts in Vaudeville. Phone, 260 Gramercy

WEBSTER HALL



*Not a
 neck
 hem
 Top standing
 on front.*

* Mieux du devant—Placez cette ligne sur le pli du tissu
 Centro del frente—Coloque esta línea sobre el doblado de la tela
Center front. Place this line on fold of fabric

During this time, my mother landed an incredible job at the downtown Lyceum as a couturer.*

Impressed with her talents, my mother's boss allowed her to create fashions for actors and actresses. While my sisters helped with the fittings, I split time helping my father at the store and coloring my mother's designs when she got too busy to do it herself. This was my first taste of "professional" artwork, and I loved it.

I definitely tried to spend as much time as I could at her workplace, especially to catch a glimpse of the many half-naked American actresses that would come to the back room to try on the pieces my mother was cutting for them. It was pure joy for me, being surrounded by all these beautiful ladies. They didn't seem to mind me being there, because to them I was just a child. If they only knew how they filled my dreams.



1
SKIRT FRONT A
 DELANTERA DE LA FAJDA

McCALL'S "ADJUST-FOR-YOU" PATTERN
 8281 Sizes 12M-14M

FITTING: TRY GARMENT ON AFTER MAJOR SEAMS ARE STITCHED, MAKE ANY NECESSARY ADJUSTMENTS FOR YOUR INDIVIDUAL FIGURE BEFORE FINISHING CONSTRUCTION.

SEWING DIRECTIONS

SHADED AREAS SHOW RIGHT SIDE OF FABRIC

3/8" seams are allowed on all edges unless otherwise specified on the pattern.
Match corresponding notch numbers.

DRESS A—9 STEPS

DRESS B—8 STEPS

STEP 1. FRONT SEAMS

Stitch center front seam to circle.
Stitch side fronts to front, leaving free between circles for pocket openings and easing in fronts between notches 3 and 4. Clip seam allowances as necessary to press seams open.

STEP 2. POCKETS

Stitch pocket sections (1) to pocket extensions on front, RIGHT SIDES TOGETHER. Clip pockets at lower edges of extensions as indicated on pattern. Turn seams and pockets toward front.
Stitch pocket sections (2) to pocket extensions on side fronts RIGHT SIDES TOGETHER. Clip pockets at lower edges of extensions as indicated on pattern. Turn seams and pockets toward front.

STEP 3. BACK SEAMS, ETC.

Stitch dart in backs. Press toward centers.
Stitch center back seam.
Stitch side backs to back. Clip seam allowances as necessary to press seams open.
Stitch shoulder seams.

STEP 4. TO FINISH NECK EDGE

Baste interfacing to WRONG SIDE of under collar, trim away corners of interfacing as illustrated.
Stitch upper collar to under collar along front and lower edges, RIGHT SIDES TOGETHER. Trim interfacing close to stitching. Grade seam allowances. Clip curves.
Turn RIGHT SIDE OUT. Baste raw edges together, matching notches and circles.
Baste collar to neck edge, RIGHT SIDES UP, matching center backs, having collar circles to shoulder seams and front edges of collar 5/8" in from front edges of front.

STEP 5. FACING, FRONT ZIPPER, ETC.

Stitch shoulder seams of facing.
Stitch 1/4" from UNNOTCHED curved and lower edge of facing. Pink, overcast or machine-zigzag.
Stitch facing to neck edge, RIGHT SIDES TOGETHER, matching seams. Trim interfacing close to stitching. Grade seam allowances. Clip curves.

STEP 6. SIDE SEAMS

Stitch side seams.

STEP 7. SLEEVES OR ARMHOLE FACINGS

SLEEVES A
Control ease in sleeve cap, with a single row of stitching on seam line, regulation stitching between underarm and notches, machine-basting between notches.
Stitch sleeve seam.
Turn up hem. Baste. Press. Finish upper edge of hem same as facing. Sew with invisible stitch.
Pin sleeve into armhole, matching underarm seams, small circles and large sleeve circle to shoulder seam. Starting at LARGE circle, pull up bobbin thread so that sleeve fits.
Baste, adjusting ease. Stitch. Press seam edges together. Turn seam toward sleeve.

STEP 8. HEM

Try on dress. Mark hemline.
Turn up hem and baste. Trim to an even width.
Machine-baste 1/4" from upper edge of hem. Pull up bobbin thread to ease in fullness. Press. Pink, overcast, machine-zigzag or bind. Sew with invisible stitch.
OR, finish with lace seam binding, following instructions on package.

STEP 9. BELT A

Baste interfacing to WRONG SIDE of belt. Trim away corners of interfacing as illustrated.
Stitch facing to belt, RIGHT SIDES TOGETHER, taking up a 1/2" seam and leaving an opening at center back for turning. Trim interfacing close to stitching. Grade seam allowances. Clip curves.
Turn belt RIGHT SIDE OUT. Slipstitch opening edges together. Baste. Press.
Sew hooks to pointed end of belt facing at center front. Sew eyes to straight end of belt at center front. (See illustration.)

STEP 10. ARMHOLE FACINGS B

Stitch seams of armhole facing. Finish UNNOTCHED edge same as facing.
Stitch facing to armhole, RIGHT SIDES TOGETHER, matching seams. Grade seam allowances. Clip curves.
UNDERSTITCH facing. Turn to INSIDE. Press. Catch-stitch to seams.

STEP 11. BELT B

Stitch center back leaving open above large circle.
Turn belt RIGHT SIDE OUT. Slipstitch opening edges together. Baste. Press.
Sew hooks to pointed end of belt facing at center front. Sew eyes to straight end of belt at center front. (See illustration.)

SEWING GUIDE 5019	FABRIC ILLUSTRATION KEY		Important! Mark Center Front and Center Back with basting thread. Match Symbols and Notches accurately. Baste with pins or thread. Try on. Fit before you stitch.	STITCH Stitch along Seamlines and Stitching Lines accurately. Stitch dart, tapering to single small dot as shown.	TRIM Trim enclosed seams into layers. Trim corners. Clip inner curves. Notch outer curve.	PRESS Press as You Sew. Press all seams open unless otherwise indicated, clipping where necessary so seams will lay flat. Press pleats and straight seams on Flat Surface. Press darts and curved seams over Rounded Surface.
	Right side of fabric	Wrong side of fabric				
Underlining	Interfacing	Lining				

VIEWS A and B

NOTE: Both views are made the same.

STEP 1

Stitch darts in FRONT 1 and BACK 2. Press front darts toward center. Slash along remaining back darts; press open.
Stitch front to side fronts, ending at large dots. Clip front 1/2" below large dots.
Stitch front to back at shoulders. Press all seams open.

STEP 2

Stitch FRONT FACING 3 to BACK FACING 4 at shoulders; press open. Turn in 1/4" on unnotched edge; stitch - or - stitch 1/4" from unnotched edge, trim to 1/8", overcast.
Trim 3/8" from long unnotched edges of INTERFACING 3 and INTERFACING 4.
Baste to wrong side of front and backs, as shown.
Pin facing to neck edge. Stitch. Trim.
To under-stitch, open out facing, stitch to seam allowance close to seam. (This will prevent facing from rolling out.)

STEP 3

Stitch FRONT ARMHOLE FACING 5 to BACK ARMHOLE FACING 6 at shoulders. Press open.
Stitch side front seam to large dot. Clip front to large dot. Press open. Turn in 1/4" on unnotched edge; stitch - or - stitch 1/4" from unnotched edge, trim to 1/8", overcast.

STEP 4

Turn facing to inside; press. Tack at shoulders.
Insert zipper in back opening, following instructions given on Pattern Tissue.
Turn facing down, turning in ends to clear zipper; slip-stitch. Fasten neck edge with hook and thread eye.

STEP 5

Fold BELT 7; stitch long edge and ends, leaving an opening for turning. Trim.
Turn. Press. Slip-stitch opening edges together.

STEP 6

Stitch side front seam to large dot. Clip front to large dot. Press open. Turn in 1/4" on unnotched edge; stitch - or - stitch 1/4" from unnotched edge, trim to 1/8", overcast.

STEP 7

Try on dress with hem pinned in place. Adjust if necessary. Baste close to fold. Finish raw edge with seam binding - or - stitch 1/4" from edge, trim raw edge to 1/8", overcast. Blind-hem, easing in fullness. Press.

STEP 8

Stitch BACK 8 and SKIRT FRONT 9. THEY HANDLE EACH AS A SINGLE LAYER OF FABRIC.
STITCH SKIRT BACK AT CENTER BACK BELOW Y AND TO SKIRT FRONT AT SIDES.
INSERT ZIPPER AT CENTER BACK, FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS WITH ZIPPER.
GATHER TOP OF SKIRT.
FOLD BELT 10; STITCH ENDS AND ACROSS TO CENTER BACK SMALL dot. TURN AND PRESS.STITCH BELT TO SKIRT ADJUSTING GATHERS.
HEM FREE EDGE OVER SEAM INSIDE.
HOOK BELT.
TRY ON SKIRT, ADJUST LENGTH AND TURN UP HEM. FINISH SAME AS BLOUSE HEM.

STEP 9

Stitch BACK 11 AT CENTER BACK.
STITCH YOKE BACK 12 TO BACK, CLIPPING BACK AS NECESSARY.
STITCH SIDE FRONT 13 TO FRONT 14, CLIPPING FRONT AS NECESSARY.
STITCH SHOULDERS AND TOP OF SLEEVES, EASING YOKE BACK.
BASTE SIDES AND UNDERARM OF SLEEVES.
FOLD RIBBON SEAM BINDING IN HALF LENGTHWISE AND PRESS. BASTE RIBBON SEAM BINDING TO UNDERARM CURVE AS STAY. STITCH AS BASTED. CLIP SEAM AND PRESS OPEN.
BASTE INTERFACING 15 TO WRONG SIDE OF FRONT.

STEP 10

Stitch SKIRT BACK 16 and SKIRT FRONT 17. THEY HANDLE EACH AS A SINGLE LAYER OF FABRIC.
STITCH SKIRT BACK AT CENTER BACK BELOW Y AND TO SKIRT FRONT AT SIDES.
INSERT ZIPPER AT CENTER BACK, FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS WITH ZIPPER.
GATHER TOP OF SKIRT.
FOLD BELT 18; STITCH ENDS AND ACROSS TO CENTER BACK SMALL dot. TURN AND PRESS.
STITCH BELT TO SKIRT ADJUSTING GATHERS.
HEM FREE EDGE OVER SEAM INSIDE.
HOOK BELT.
TRY ON SKIRT, ADJUST LENGTH AND TURN UP HEM. FINISH SAME AS BLOUSE HEM.

STEP 11

Stitch SKIRT BACK 16 and SKIRT FRONT 17. THEY HANDLE EACH AS A SINGLE LAYER OF FABRIC.
STITCH SKIRT BACK AT CENTER BACK BELOW Y AND TO SKIRT FRONT AT SIDES.
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HEM FREE EDGE OVER SEAM INSIDE.
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GATHER TOP OF SKIRT.
FOLD BELT 18; STITCH ENDS AND ACROSS TO CENTER BACK SMALL dot. TURN AND PRESS.
STITCH BELT TO SKIRT ADJUSTING GATHERS.
HEM FREE EDGE OVER SEAM INSIDE.
HOOK BELT.
TRY ON SKIRT, ADJUST LENGTH AND TURN UP HEM. FINISH SAME AS BLOUSE HEM.

STEP 16

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INSERT ZIPPER AT CENTER BACK, FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS WITH ZIPPER.
GATHER TOP OF SKIRT.
FOLD BELT 18; STITCH ENDS AND ACROSS TO CENTER BACK SMALL dot. TURN AND PRESS.
STITCH BELT TO SKIRT ADJUSTING GATHERS.
HEM FREE EDGE OVER SEAM INSIDE.
HOOK BELT.
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STEP 17

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GATHER TOP OF SKIRT.
FOLD BELT 18; STITCH ENDS AND ACROSS TO CENTER BACK SMALL dot. TURN AND PRESS.
STITCH BELT TO SKIRT ADJUSTING GATHERS.
HEM FREE EDGE OVER SEAM INSIDE.
HOOK BELT.
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STEP 18

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HEM FREE EDGE OVER SEAM INSIDE.
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STEP 19

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STEP 20

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HEM FREE EDGE OVER SEAM INSIDE.
HOOK BELT.
TRY ON SKIRT, ADJUST LENGTH AND TURN UP HEM. FINISH SAME AS BLOUSE HEM.

SKIRT SEAMS

LINING IS OPTIONAL

1 BASTE LINING TO WRONG SIDE OF SKIRT BACK 8 AND SKIRT FRONT 9. THEY HANDLE EACH AS A SINGLE LAYER OF FABRIC.

2 STITCH SKIRT BACK AT CENTER BACK BELOW Y AND TO SKIRT FRONT AT SIDES.

3 INSERT ZIPPER AT CENTER BACK, FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS WITH ZIPPER.

4 GATHER TOP OF SKIRT.

5 FOLD BELT 10; STITCH ENDS AND ACROSS TO CENTER BACK SMALL dot. TURN AND PRESS.

6 STITCH BELT TO SKIRT ADJUSTING GATHERS.

7 HEM FREE EDGE OVER SEAM INSIDE.

8 HOOK BELT.

9 TRY ON SKIRT, ADJUST LENGTH AND TURN UP HEM. FINISH SAME AS BLOUSE HEM.

JACKET SEAMS

1 STITCH BACK 11 AT CENTER BACK.

2 STITCH YOKE BACK 12 TO BACK, CLIPPING BACK AS NECESSARY.

3 STITCH SIDE FRONT 13 TO FRONT 14, CLIPPING FRONT AS NECESSARY.

4 STITCH SHOULDERS AND TOP OF SLEEVES, EASING YOKE BACK.

5 BASTE SIDES AND UNDERARM OF SLEEVES.

6 FOLD RIBBON SEAM BINDING IN HALF LENGTHWISE AND PRESS. BASTE RIBBON SEAM BINDING TO UNDERARM CURVE AS STAY. STITCH AS BASTED. CLIP SEAM AND PRESS OPEN.

7 BASTE INTERFACING 15 TO WRONG SIDE OF FRONT.

TRANSFIGURATION
LYCEUM
 122 WHITE STREET
 NEW YORK

TRANSFIGURATION LYCEUM 9

PROGRAMME
PART ONE

JOHN C. JACKEL,	STAGE MANAGER
1 OVERTURE	Burns
2 McKISSICK and SHADNEY	Colored Singing and Dancing Act
3 JOHN REILLY	Comedy Juggler
4 MISS ALICE ROTH	Illustrated Songs
5 WYGAND and DELLMONT	Comedy Musical Act

If the Ladies will kindly Remove their Hats it will be appreciated
 Gentlemen are requested to refrain from smoking except in Refreshment Rooms and Lobby
 SEE STAGE CARDS FOR EXACT ORDER OF PROGRAMME
 (Programme continued on Page 10)

TRANSFIGURATION LYCEUM 11

PROGRAMME
PART TWO

6 VALENTI SISTERS	Juvenile Singing and Dancing Act
7 MISS BELLA M. HATTON	Popular Songs
8 McKISSICK and SHADNEY	Colored Act
9 FUN ON THE SCREEN	Showing the Following
(1) Fireworks	(2) Ten Wives for One Husband
(3) A Pleasure Trip	(4) The Moon Lover

COMMITTEE RESERVES ALL RIGHTS

The above Entertainment furnished by John C. Jackel & Co., Vanleville Agents and Managers, Licensed under the Laws of New York State, Neilliam Building, Nos. 143-145-147 East 23d St., N. Y. Representing none but the Best Acts in Vanleville. Phone, 260 Gramercy

WEBSTER HALL



*Not a quick
 hem,
 Top stitching
 on front.*

* Mieux du devant—Placez cette ligne sur le pli du tissu
 Centro del frente—Coloque esta línea sobre el doblado de la tela
Center front. Place this line on fold of fabric

During this time, my mother landed an incredible job at the downtown Lyceum as a couturer.*

Impressed with her talents, my mother's boss allowed her to create fashions for actors and actresses. While my sisters helped with the fittings, I split time helping my father at the store and coloring my mother's designs when she got too busy to do it herself. This was my first taste of "professional" artwork, and I loved it.

I definitely tried to spend as much time as I could at her workplace, especially to catch a glimpse of the many half-naked American actresses that would come to the back room to try on the pieces my mother was cutting for them. It was pure joy for me, being surrounded by all these beautiful ladies. They didn't seem to mind me being there, because to them I was just a child. If they only knew how they filled my dreams.



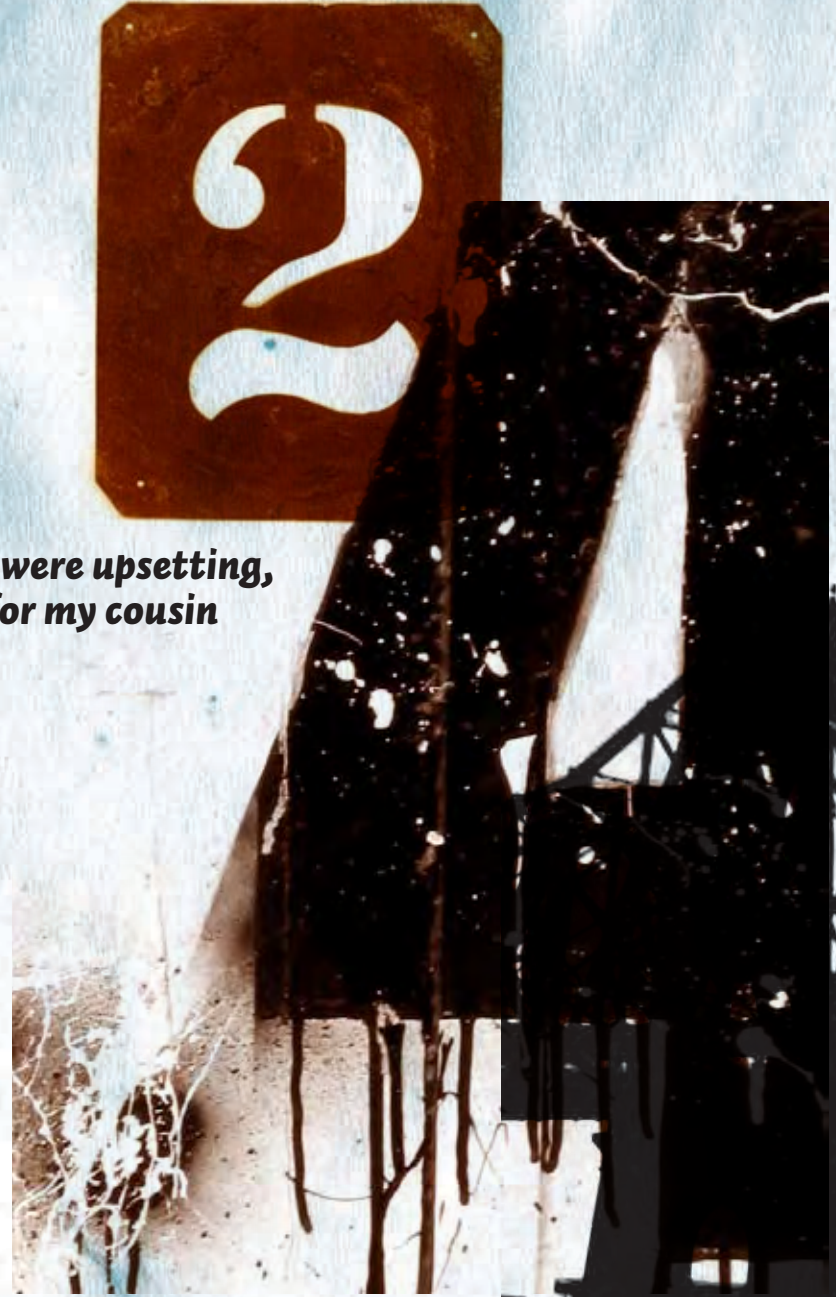
1
SKIRT FRONT A
 DELANTERA DE LA FAJDA

McCALL'S "ADJUST-FOR-YOU" PATTERNS
 8281 Sizes 12M-14M

Even though I enjoyed working at my mother's office, and our newfound success had made my father a bit warmer, but New York itself was bitter cold for me. We had arrived during the winter, and I was used to the tropical warmth of island life. My family was totally unprepared for the cold, arriving without jackets or hats or even scarves. Yet as bad as the weather was, it was the least of my troubles. School was much worse, with little hope for improvement. Maybe I didn't have many friends in San Juan either, but school in New York was terribly lonely. I didn't know anyone, not even the kids from Puerto Rico. Both white and black kids would make fun of me because of my skin color and because I couldn't speak English very well. Obviously I've improved since then, but I struggled in my studies so much that my teachers told me that I was going to be held back for the next year. When the Puerto Rican kids, many who were doing better than me, found out about this, they decided to abandon me as friends. I became depressed and even worse in my studies, to the point that I was failing most of my classes. My only comfort was drawing sketches in my books and notes, which I would often do during class, and which frustrated the teachers to no end. When they called my parents to tell them about my "behavioral problems," my father became angry and hit me for the first time.

All of these problems were upsetting, but worst of all was the longing I felt for my cousin

Just before we had left, a love had been blossoming between us. We would talk to each other every day at school and had become very close. We had even kissed once or twice. Here in New York, I couldn't even send her letters for fear of my aunt finding out and telling my parents. Once in a while we would talk on the phone when my father called my aunt, but such conversation were rare and brief.



1973

1974

1975

1973



PUERTO RICO | *Old San Juan*

When I wasn't dreaming of models, I was dreaming of Lucía, and it was driving me crazy. So I begged my parents to let me return to Puerto Rico, telling them that the reason was that I hated New York. After weeks of begging, my father had become fed up with me and wanted nothing to do with the decision. I became pretty useless to him as a store clerk, being more interested in coloring for mother, and he had enough success to hire some help. So I asked my mother, who was a bit more compassionate. She finally agreed when I told her I would return for school the next September.

WHAT HE THINKS HE IS DOING

WHAT HE IS DOING

"21"


CASE COVER - STRIKE MATCH ON BACK

3150

1973

1974





But there was no way I was going to return, especially after the summer that would follow. I knew I didn't want to from the moment I returned home. It was like a breath of fresh air. No smell of garbage and friendly people all around me. It was wonderful.

As the outsider from New York, I became well-liked by the neighborhood kids, popular even. I lived with my aunt and once again helped to run our store. Best of all, I could see Lucía every day.

Every night even. Lucía, my love! She was becoming more and more beautiful, with her deep black hair, smoky chipotle-brown eyes, and creamy brown skin. It was difficult, but we managed to keep our forbidden love secret from everyone, including my aunt, her sons, and my family. That summer, we spent a lot of time together walking around, talking, eating lunch, and sometimes sneaking out together at night. I began to realize that she felt the same way about me as I did about her. Of course it was all very innocent then. We were just mimicking adults and the older kids in their neighborhood. We'd kiss, hold hands, and explore each other's bodies a bit. It never really went beyond that because, like my family, my aunt lived in a one bedroom apartment. It was too small and too risky for bigger moves.

By the end of the summer, I had convinced my aunt to enroll me at the local school, where Lucía still attended and where I had gone before we left. My mother was furious at first when she found out, and had many heated conversations with my aunt over the phone. She knew she wouldn't see me in a long time, and most mothers don't much like the idea of leaving their children behind. But she soon resigned herself to the situation when she realized that I would be much happier in Puerto Rico than I ever would be in New York.

Over the course of the next year and a half, I became completely involved in my artistic goals. I took all the art classes that were offered at school, and really pushed myself to succeed.

Thankfully, my teachers were very supportive of me. One teacher, Señor Manolo García, told me that I had talent and said that I could go far with it. I knew at that moment that I had to become an artist. Señor García became my mentor during art class and every Wednesday after school. He even helped me improve in my most difficult subject: English.

As my seriousness about art grew, so did the seriousness of my relationship with Lucía. It evolved and intensified, becoming less childish and more passionate. It was still secretive, and luckily no one had yet found out, even though Lucía's brothers might have been a bit suspicious at seeing us together all the time. Still, they never bothered asking, maybe because they were too busy with their own women-chasing or whatever. By September of 1973, our longing for each other had grown, and we had become a little more sexual together.



U.S.S. TRADE MARK
Mars Pencil Works
 BAVARIA **TRADE MARK** GERMANY
 STAEDTLER PENCILS SINCE 1662



OLD SAN JUAN | *Correccional de menores*

LEY'S
MINT
GUM
LEY'S
MINT
GUM

STAEDTLER'S famous "MARS" products are only genuine when pencils and packing bear the name "MARS".

2



I was exploding inside for this girl that I loved. I told her to wait at the bench, and in my anger I ran into the bathroom with a pencil.

Two months later, tragedy struck. One day after school, we were starting to walk home together as usual when Lucía said she had to go to the bathroom. While I was waiting, sitting alone at a bench, the time started passing, becoming longer and longer. I became worried. Suddenly, Lucía ran awkwardly out of the bathroom, screaming, crying, hysterical. She was bleeding from her legs and blood was on her hands. Barely able to speak between sobs and shaking, she told me that two older students had entered, broken open her stall, and raped her. I could not contain myself.

I don't know why those two hijos de puta were still there, but I didn't care. I attacked with full force, repeatedly stabbing one of them as the other ran out. Splattered with blood, I returned to her and we both washed up quickly before running home.

Lucía was brave. She told her mother the whole story immediately even though she was embarrassed that it had happened. Unfortunately, we could not afford hospital treatment, so my aunt examined her and did what she could to ease the pain. Later that night, we got a knock on the door. The police had arrived to tell her that the kid I had stabbed died. I didn't run when I heard the news because I was holding onto Lucía, and did so until they took me off to jail.

1973



1974



I awaited trial for months, but the trial itself went quickly. It only took a few days before I was sentenced to 12 years without parole.

When my sentence was read, I was crushed, a defeated man.

It didn't matter that the monsters had raped her at all, which luckily never caused her to become pregnant. My actions would cost me a good part of my life, but there were no such consequences for the rapist who ran. Why? Because like his friend, he was a rich white boy from a respected family of lawyers. Not a poor antique shop clerk like me. Even if I had known all that, I probably would have done the same thing.

Even the support of my family, who had learned of the situation and understood what I had done, did not ease my pain. The only thing that gave me hope was to see Lucía when she visited me in jail, an allowance I was permitted as a minor. She seemed to look to me as her savior, or at least she said so, and our passion for each other grew. We needed each other badly then, and I eagerly awaited her weekly visits.

Lucía visited me every week without fail for six years. For a while, our relationship was conducted through a chain-like barrier that only allowed us to touch fingertips. But when we reached 16 years of age, we began to have private visits. The strain of that barrier and the time limit of her visits had been great, so the first time we had a private visit, we held each other like never before. And kissed. And kissed some more. Within minutes, we fell into a passionate lovemaking that I would never equal in my entire life. It was strangely wonderful and horrible at the same time, because I knew that my desire for her could not be fully realized until I was out of jail. Lucía and I had about four or five more of these visits before she became pregnant, and our first child Roberto was born in October of 1976.

1972

1974

1975

1975

1976

1977

1978

1979

1980

1981

1982

1983

1984

1985

WALKER



047912

28

You will be showered with good luck.



Dear Lucia,
Words can not express the pain I

feel when I am not around you.

Your smile, eyes, are all I

think about. Your warm breath on

the back of my neck.

Manufactured by:

Organizzazione Pozzi
S.p.A.

Via Serbelloni 14 - Tel. 702.210 - 700.313

L U C I A



BOOKS



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1972

1974

1975

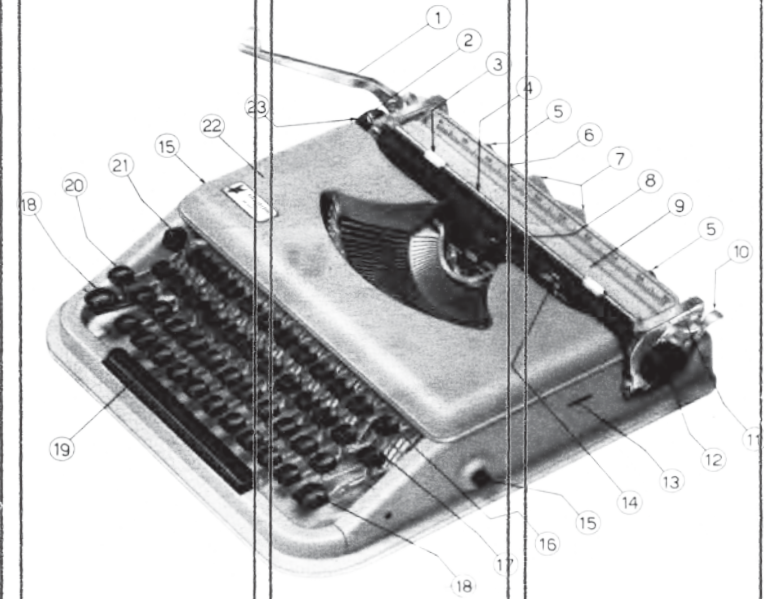


I was a proud father, but ashamed at the same time. How could I really be a father while stuck in jail? I decided to take on the responsibility of educating myself so I could provide for my family when I left. Thankfully, the jail had a learning center and library, since most of us were criminals or delinquents under 18. At the learning center, I spoke with a priest who helped me study a number of career paths, including art, business management, and cooking. I figured that studying business would give me the skills to succeed, and hoped that my desire to create art would return. Father Juarez rekindled that artistic passion, and to him I owe a great deal. He turned me on to an artist named Arman, who made installations of objetos encontrados. I knew right there and then that I wanted to become an installation artist. I saw Arman's life as almost a parallel to my own, especially since his parents had also owned an antique shop. I was unable to create installation art in jail, but I started drawing and painting as much as I could, making sketches of pieces that I would create when I left. During the next few years, I was so driven that I almost forgot that I was in jail at times.

One of the greatest moments in my life was soon to become my downfall. The birth of Lucinda, our second child, brought me a joy that I had never known. But instead of inspiring me to work harder, it made me become more frustrated that I could barely see my family, my wife, my children.

My desire to be out of jail increased, and I could not stop thinking about it.

I became worried that I would not be able to provide well for my daughter, and angry at myself for getting into this mess. One day in the mess hall, the tension between me and some of the white prisoners who had been assholes from day one exploded into an all-out brawl. Up until then my behavior had been good, but I beat one of them so badly that the warden restricted my visitation privileges. Lucía, now limited to writing letters, chastized me for my stupidity and carelessness.



NOMENCLATURE

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1 Line space and carriage return lever | 12 Platen knob |
| 2 Line space selector | 13 Manual ribbon-reverse control |
| 3 Paper bail rolls | 14 Stencil and ribbon switch |
| 4 Paper bail | 15 Push-button carrying case locks |
| 5 Margin stops | 16 Margin release key |
| 6 Scaled paper rest | 17 Back spacer |
| 7 Scaled paper support | 18 Shift key (for capital letters) |
| 8 Positioning scale | 19 Space bar |
| 9 Erasing plate | 20 Shift lock |
| 10 Paper release lever | 21 Key to free jammed type bar |
| 11 Carriage release lever | 22 Cover plate |
| | 23 Platen free head |

9851

Meanwhile, I had been receiving letters from my family since I started my sentence. They had eventually discovered Lucía and my relationship through some of their friends, which was slowly causing a rift between my mother and my aunt. As a result of the constant fighting, they fell out of partnership with each other, and both antique shops began to suffer. The shop in Puerto Rico soon closed, and my aunt began putting pressure on Lucía, blaming my mother and father for her financial troubles. She had become somewhat feeble, which was not helped at all by her emerging depression. Still harboring her shame that a forbidden love had developed under her nose for so long without her noticing, she guilted Lucía into finding work to help support her. Our visits, already restricted, now became even less frequent.

Lucía became a secretary for a lawyer in the city. She worked long, hard hours to support her mother, which she resented since she had less time for our children. She became angry at me for my uselessness, enough so that she began a relationship with her boss. I was shocked at the betrayal. You could say I was despairingly numb.

The rest of my sentence...is just a bad memory. It's too painful to relate my years of torture at having lost my greatest love and joy in life.

Lucía claimed that the relationship was out of convenience, but it had destroyed my hopes of being with her. We spent the remainder of her visits and letters arguing. Two years before I was out, she asked me to sign divorce papers, then stopped seeing me and writing me altogether. And she didn't want our children to see their father, so they stopped coming as well.

FIRST CAME THE WORD

1980

a party not going to the offer. But by the so called firm of attorney Ingrid Kumpf thought to accept to C. Whatever he does however is done entirely for B's account & liability.

Go in a store & tell dealer if X. does not pay you, I will. Dealer supplies the goods & you refuse to pay. You are not a debtor, you did not receive the goods. X purchased the goods but the dealer refused to trust him & you: guaranteed.
Action of Indebitatus Assumpsit ag. X
" " Special " " " You.

Judgment & Execution.
A. gets judgement ag. B. Sheriff is ordered to levy execution. All B. has is \$1,000 in bonds, stocks. Sheriff has great difficulty to seize. Paper is not the stock, simply evidence. What can he do. A will go in County & state that def. must be compelled to take bond for the debt.



A D

VITA SINE LITTERIS
MORS EST

E U
A O

Z H V
M G K
Y B F O
N D R

PUERTO RICO | Released from jail

When I left jail, I had no prospects for a job. No one would hire me because they saw that my degree was earned in jail. I was homeless, living on the street. I knew that this could not go on, so I turned to the only person who might understand. I'm not sure what I was thinking, especially after all those arguments, but I still was naïvely hopeful. Heart pounding from nervousness, I walked up to her door one evening and knocked. Lucía opened slightly, and seeing me tried to shut the door on me. I told her that I needed her help and also that she had to let me see my children, but she told me it would be best for me never to return. I could not accept this decision, so I began shouting at her and trying to push the door open. Lucía's boss-turned-husband, who was in the apartment and had heard all this, ran into the room and shoved me out, but not before I had seen that my love was pregnant with his child.

Right then, I knew it was over, that I would never see Lucía or my children again, and in that moment of realization I lost all desire to live.

I spent the night shivering on the streets, and in the morning had decided to start a new life.





NEW YORK CITY | Lower East Side

There really was nowhere else to go but New York. Where else could I be hired with my background? So I called my family and they graciously paid for my trip over. I got to see them for the first time in over twelve years.

It was a bittersweet reunion, emotionally positive but sad because my father was clearly dying, sick with cancer.

To allow him to rest, I began to work again at the antique store, which had been losing money ever since the family split and we lost the means to import from Puerto Rico. The store was still holding on somehow, probably through the help of one of my more successful sisters, who were all on their own at this point. We decided that it would be best if I managed the business with the training I received while in jail. I was becoming responsible again and was mentally in a better place. There was newfound hope that I could truly start over. There was one positive benefit to the decline of the store, and that was the amount of time that I had to pursue my artistic career again. I began to create some of those ideas I had sketched while in jail, using objects I acquired through work and others that I found on the street. Finally, I sold my first pieces of art: some of my collages I created in jail that were lying on my desk in the store, not even on display.

After the sale, I was doing a fine job of managing, but the store could just not stay afloat with our diminishing customer base and the increasing Lower East Side space rental prices. When my father died in July 1987, I closed the store and moved to Spanish Harlem with my mother, who was no longer sewing due to arthritis in her hands.







BROOKLYN | Williamsburg

I immediately began searching for new employment, which came quickly through the help of a family friend. Carlos was working at a limo service located near the 85 in the Upper East Side, a rich neighborhood. It was a great opportunity to make some serious money driving the rich around. I spent some time learning to drive and getting a limo license, and was on the job within a couple of months. Driving came easily and naturally to me, and I became friendly with all the other drivers. But after a while I began to tire of the routine and the isolated nature of limo driving. I wanted something else, but wasn't sure what that was. Only my body knew what it wanted, and that was drugs. While talking to some of my driver friends one evening, I discovered that many of them made deliveries of cocaine and heroin to their high-paying customers on the side. Easy money, easy supply. I joined in their ranks that same week.

Once I started making money, I wanted more and more and I figured that I could start my own service business. Then I could do my artwork, which I was finding little time for because of the irregular driving hours. My goal was to open a studio from which I could create art and sell drugs. I put the word out, and sold my limo driver's license for \$60,000 to a Russian immigrant. With this money, I bought ten well-priced kilos of cocaine from one of my contacts and hired two deliverers. I was now in a new phase of life, ready to redefine myself as an artiste, so I bought a large tan and white hearse. The hearse became an icon, a symbol of fear for my competitors. Driving around in this beast, I began to look for a new place to live, and finally found Williamsburg, a northern part of Brooklyn.

Williamsburg was a perfect place to hide and scavenge for my art.

It was a sparsely populated, post-industrial landscape where I would feel free, secure, and have plenty of space and resources. After all, I needed some freedom of movement while being able to watch over my mother. I set up shop in the warehouse that I had found in Williamsburg, one that would also serve as my apartment and studio. My confidence and power in the neighborhood quickly grew.



There it was, just lying on the pavement in pieces. Out in the open. No way, I thought. Is that real? I stooped down to get a closer look after making sure no one was around. Man, it really looked real. The smooth black slide was off and lying about a foot away, exposing the barrel. Just beside it was the mainspring, which had also been dislodged, maybe during some getaway. Who knows in this neighborhood. It was just like the movies, where the guy shoots someone then ditches the evidence. Throws it in a garbage can or something. But this one was right on the street. It took me a little bit to notice the Made in China deboss on the grip, which gave it away as a toy gun, but from a distance it was pretty convincing.

I hadn't ever seen a gun lying on the street before. I know it wasn't real, but it got me thinking about guns and how they reflected on my Williamsburg neighborhood. If kids had toy guns to play with, then most likely so did the adults. It was a gun culture in this industrial wasteland; I just couldn't believe that I had never realized that before. Back to my studio I went, since I had been on an errand, and returned to the spot with camera in hand. The gun was actually still there, so I went to work finding as many creative photography angles I could imagine. Guns would soon become my inspiration for a series of pieces that I was to create.

I bought my first gun, my own gun, just a few weeks after moving to Williamsburg. In the drug game, you've gotta be protected. Anyway, it made me feel more secure. I used to shoot at cans with my father out in back of our store, before mamá found out. The rifle I used then was never mine, but one of the ones we sold to customers. I was no sniper, but I felt comfortable enough with my skills so that by the time I bought my own, I knew how to handle it. Having my own gun gave me a sense of power and security. But I hoped that I would never have to use it for real. That would mean I was involved cops or something bad like a deal gone sour.

But there was more to that gun than worrying about shooting someone else. Just about every morning, I took it out and just consider ending it all. One bullet, that's all it would take. No more worries. Maybe I would be like those other artists who got famous after they died. Then again, maybe not.

It's my fucking life, man. My path. I just don't know; it doesn't seem right. I want to make it so bad as an artist, but I make more money dealing drugs.

I found that quote on a scrap of paper I still have. It was a good life, but still not a clean one. In a way, I had felt like I was at the peak of my life. But somehow I felt suicidal at the same time. Sometimes it was all too much. The constant parties I had at the warehouse were distractions. All the women, they didn't matter to me after a while. I had lost my true love a long time ago. No one could ever be as good for me. I had tried to accept the loss, but I could never let go. It haunted me, one more failure in a string of failures. I didn't even sound like a success to myself anymore.



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Although my mother and sisters became a bit suspicious of me, I was so involved with myself and what I was doing that I didn't really care. Among my peers, I had become respected, almost prestigious. I was free to build big sculptures and installations like my idol Arman, and not even have to worry about selling them.

At the height of my power, I made almost \$80,000 per month, and frequently hosted massive underground parties that became the talk of the town.

Whenever I would go out for the evening, I went with a posse of women who would pleasure me whenever I wished. I never forgot Lucía, and would feel somewhat empty about these flings, but it did not phase me enough to stop having multiple sexual relationships going on at one time. Since they never become permanent, I never felt unfaithful to her. But I was not on completely firm ground. I was inching my way into drug addiction with cocaine, an expensive habit. On one of my evenings out, I met a guy named Billy at a punk club. Billy was a gruff, tough motherfucker that ran an antique store in downtown Manhattan. I thought maybe I could use him as a bodyguard at some point, or at least use some of the items in his store for my art. During our conversation, he told me that he had heard of my underground fame and might be interested in purchasing some of my pieces.





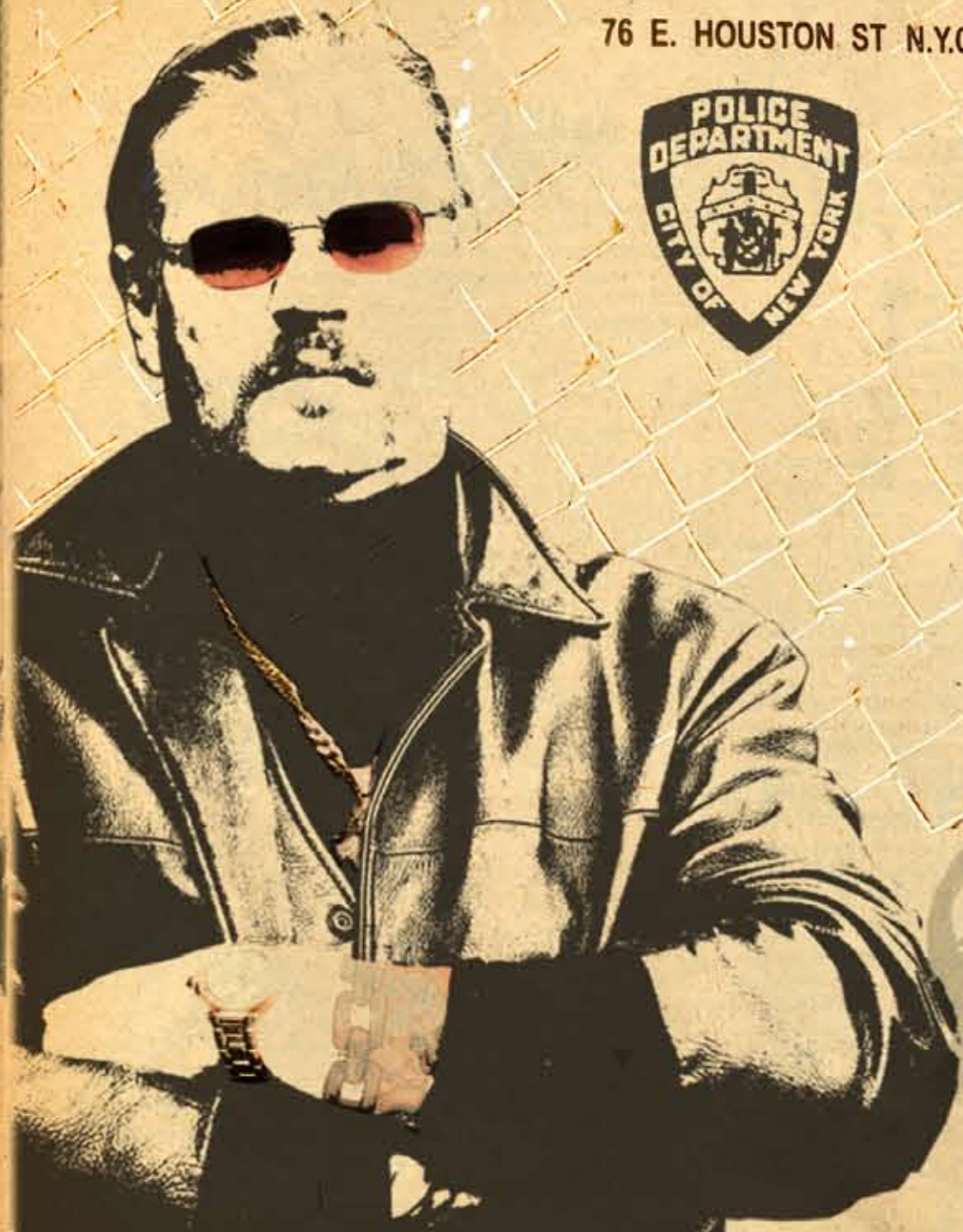


Blancas, morenas, rubias, trigueñas: de todos sabores y de todos colores había en aquella cordialísima reunión, primer "acto formal" organizado por la sociedad estudiantil del digno plantel. Y como todas iban debidamente aleccionadas, no hubo ninguna que no cumpliera con su "papel" al pie de la letra. Todo estaba dispuesto "artísticamente", y todas, conforme fueron haciendo acto de presencia, se fueron despojando de sus prendas de vestir para ir "calentando" el ambiente.



BILLY'S ANTIQUES & PROPS

76 E. HOUSTON ST N.Y.C.



Of course, unknown to me Billy was also an undercover cop. I am not sure if he was ever genuinely interested in the art, but I learned that he had found me because he had been trailing one of my dealers. Thinking I was still on top of the world, I started getting higher than I could control. Business suffered. Meanwhile, Billy had been tracking my activity, and eventually busted me at my studio while I was in the middle of one of my trysts with the ladies. All my dealers and partygoers who were present at the orgy, even my girlfriends, were taken into custody. My business was completely ruined, and the studio and all its contents were repossessed by the cops who arrived to make the arrest. My friends, associates, and girlfriends turned against me, and everything I had ever earned was reduced to nothing. After a quick trial, I got four more years in jail, which I served diligently. Once again, I was all alone and truly lost.

HOROSCOPO SEXUAL







75

NEW YORK CITY | Back to jail

FR EEDOM



face that I pass
one extreme to the other."



9661

Sometime while in jail, the police must have held an auction of my possessions, especially of my art.

The only reason I discovered this was a single scrap of paper I found, an announcement for a gallery opening in Chelsea called 'Art of The Unknown Scavenger.'

The picture on the announcement was one of my pieces. While they gained acclaim, my name was unmentioned and I never gained the fame that I deserved. No one but the police knew my name, and by the time I left jail no one would believe that I was the artist.

Once again, I emerged from jail with no home and no money. I went to my family, who had not visited me once, and pleaded for forgiveness. Apparently, while in jail my embarrassed family had disowned me, so they threw some money my way and told me to leave them alone. I kept begging, but to no avail. So I had lost my great love and my family in just two stints in jail. I became addicted to crack, a cheaper alternative that had evolved from my coke habit. One of my sisters pitied me for a while, secretly helping me out sometimes, and urging me to seek help at a clinic. When she find out that after a year I was still in the same place, getting hired and fired from jobs, she rejected me as well.

With no other options, I resorted to collecting cans and other discarded items off the street, recycling and selling them respectively to make a living. What was once the material for my art now became the material for my subsistence.

Scavenging became my daily ritual, at at the outset it barely kept me alive because I would waste \$50 of my \$70 average daily earnings on a dose. While high, I couldn't work on anything but collecting. I had no home anymore, so I began to live on the street in temporary cardboard shelters, alternating between parks in the Upper East Side and various nooks in Williamsburg. I hoped that in these locations, no one would bother me and I would find waste items to make enough money for a living.

1999
1999



NEW YORK CITY | Upper East Side

CANS



CANS

2003

clock (KLOK) *noun*. A device, often large or stationary, for showing the time. —*verb*. To note the speed of a person, animal, or thing; to time.



On one of my trips out, I found an abandoned clock in a trash heap. It reminded me of all the time I had wasted in my life in jail and on drugs.

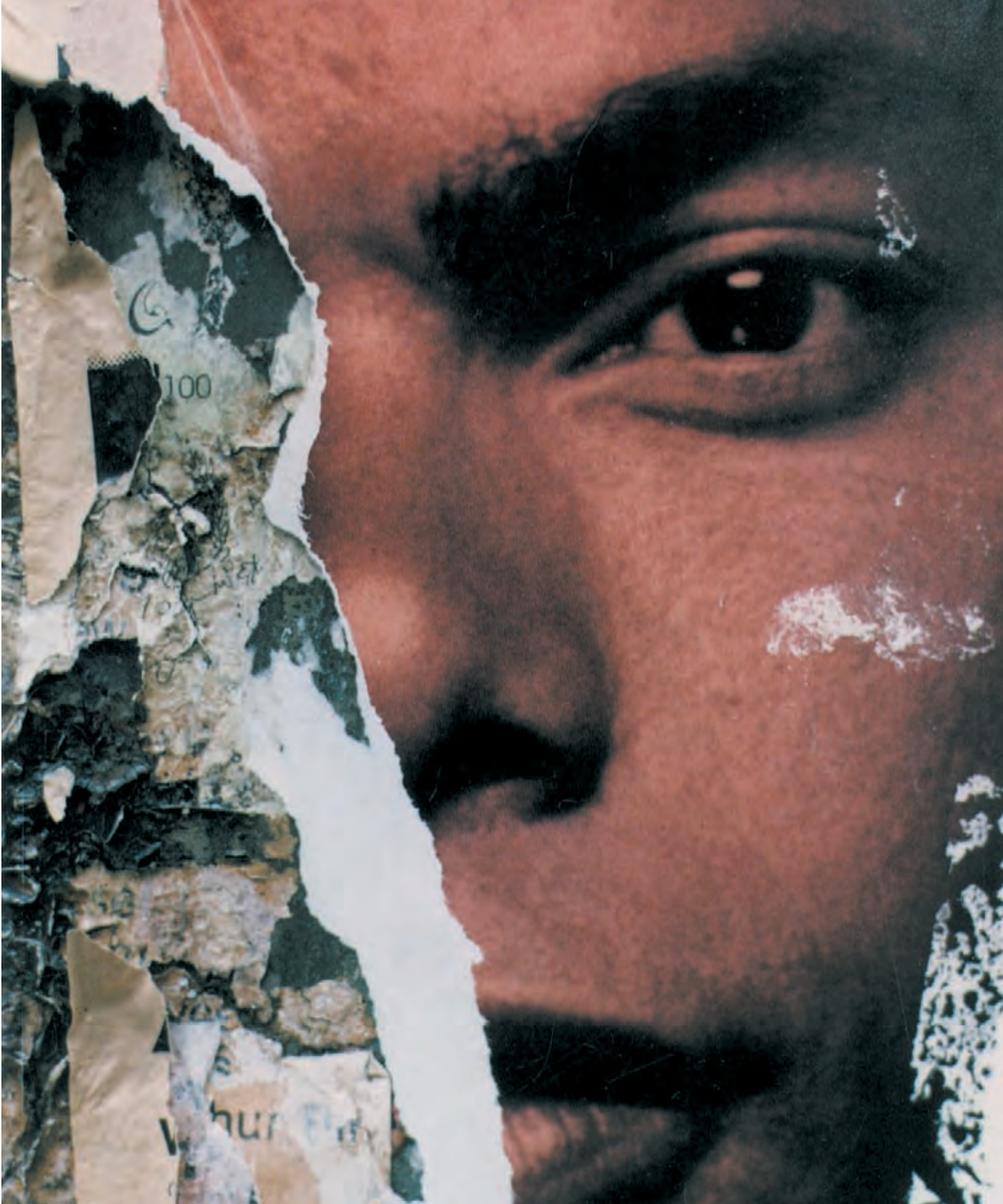
In a symbolic move, I began looking for a pawn shop or clock repairer where I could get rid of this lost time that the clock represented for me. I found such a shop, cluttered with clocks and barometers such that it felt almost timeless. The shop was kept by Sebastian, a kindly man who not only fixed clocks, but also fixed lives, as I was soon to find out. He seemed to see the good in me, and it seemed that fate had brought us together so I could be helped and eventually recover. Sebastian let me stay with him for the evening, and found out about my addiction in one short conversation. Concerned, he began detox at his place, which lasted for two agonizing weeks. After my body had been mainly cleared, he took me to a clinic supported by public funds, where I started treatment with Methadone.





Now I am clean, but am still living off the streets. The only thing I want to do is to make enough money to eat and buy myself supplies for painting and drawing. One day I would like to start up my installation art again, but not yet. For now, I am happy to watch the occasional movie. My main source of income is to find books, records, cans, and plastic bottles from garbage piles in rich neighborhoods. The first two I recycle, and the second two I sell to street vendors and flea market sellers. Yesterday, I happened upon a book that documented the art scene in the late '80s and early '90s. I flipped through it with a heavy heart, wishing I had been a part of the scene, when I found that one of my pieces was featured in it. When I read the caption, 'anonymous artist featured in the Chelsea gallery called 'Art of the Unknown Scavenger,' I knew for sure that the work was mine. On the same spread was printed two more of my pieces, and as I looked up from the book, I could not hold back the tears, which rolled down my cheeks like a timeline of pain.





DON'T LITTER



PLEASE!

DEPARTMENT OF SANITATION

THANKS

<cadavre exquis>

To all the people who played cadavre exquis with us. It was their contributions that allowed us to create this book, a collection of human traces that has become a human trace in itself. To Victor for relating his story to us. To Billy from Billy's Antiques on Houston Street in NY, for allowing us to photograph him and his store. To Sebastián, the good-natured clock and barometer repairman at Sutton Clocks on 53rd Street in New York. To Ned for his grandfather's sewing box and to Patsy, who found those incredible sewing patterns in Oklahoma. To Thibault and Susana for the Puerto Rican antiques. To whomever lost that gun on the street, the first trace we discovered. To Williamsburg for being such a good playground for source material. To the people at Gallagher's for their wonderful magazine graveyard. We would also like to thank our mothers and fathers, who left us as human traces upon the Earth.

*No thanks, though, to the virus that kept Brenda six weeks in bed, nor to the motherf*** that broke into Giovanni's apartment and stole his equipment, nor to the flu and Strep throat that made Miles suffer for a combined week.*

This book was set in the Mrs.Eaves OT font family, designed by Suzana Licko for Emigre, and the Auto font family, designed by Underware. It was printed and bound on May 1st, 2006.

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