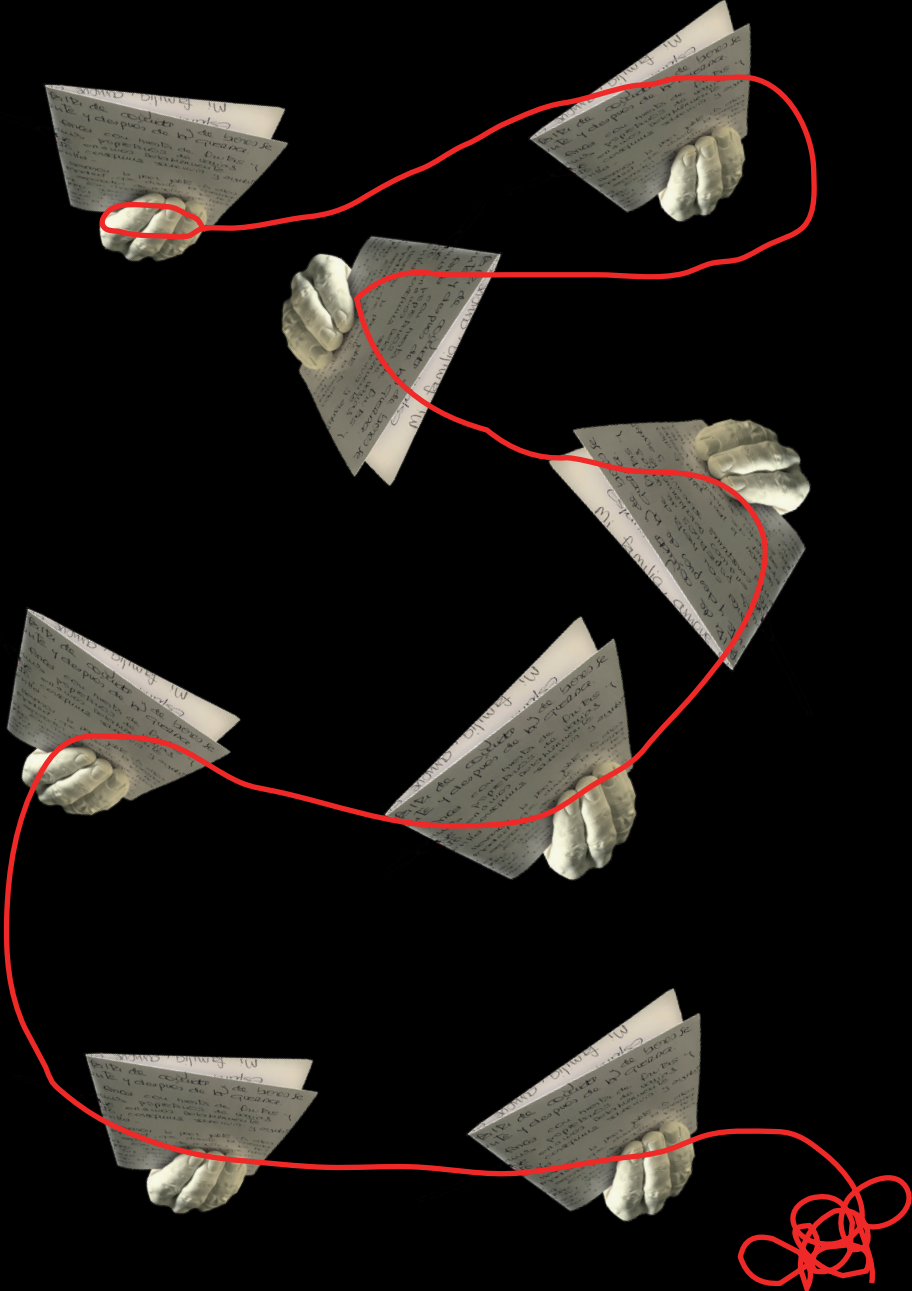




Patricia Sánchez-Lozano

“Leaving Traces”

Mock up idea for
future installation:



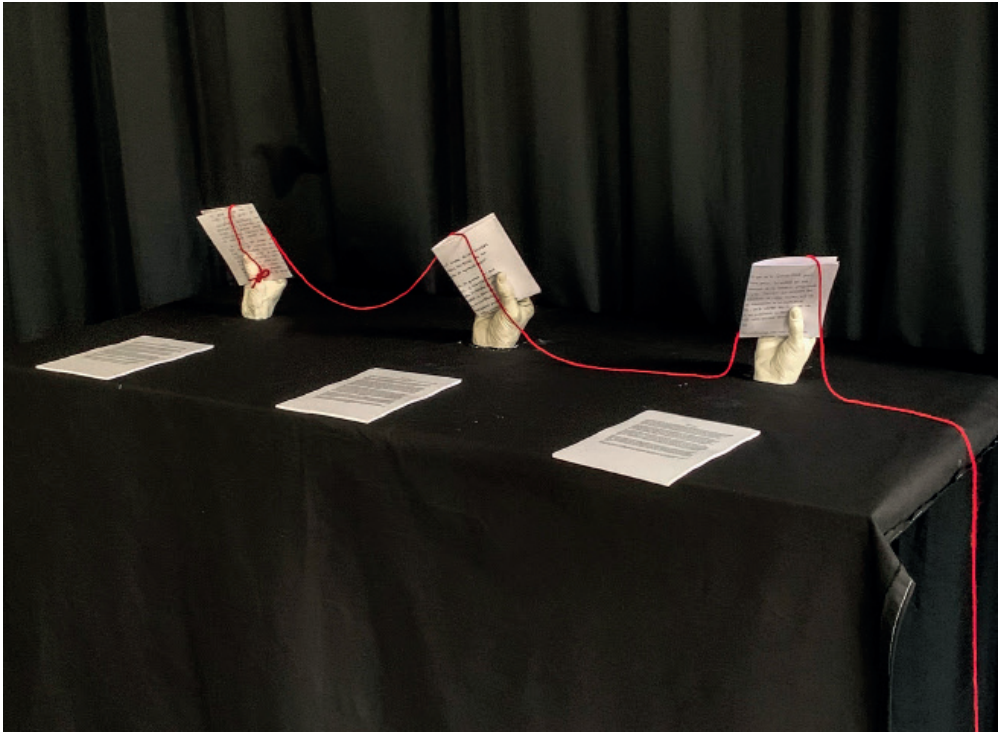
The Bridge Book highlights the work produced by the Parsons Paris first year students for their Integrative Seminar and Studio classes. By offering insight into the creative research of artists and designers, this publication grants access to the backstage where reading, writing and making come together. Each student project was designed to reflect a central component of the creative process: the reciprocity of practice and theory. On several occasions, both classes met for intense and productive 'Bridge' sessions to engage in a critical reflection on students' work in progress.

LEAVING TRACES

For this project I was inspired by the idea of intergenerational transmission of traumatic events. For this piece I focused on the passing down of the Spanish Civil War knowledge. My grandfather recently passed away and I became aware that I will never truly understand and perceive this traumatic event the same way he did. I realised that the way my grandfather lived the event and the way I have been told about it is completely different. I was particularly interested in how information gets lost throughout generations, making the remembering of such a traumatic event very much harder for younger generations. Each family lives an event a certain way and the memory is passed down differently depending on the family. However, it is very interesting how some stories stay with us longer and in a more strong way than others.

The medium I have decided to use is sculpture, text and sound, creating an installation piece. I have made molds out of plaster of my grandmother's, my father's and my hand, since DNA is also a way information is passed down in society. Each hand holds a piece of paper with a personal testimony about the Spanish Civil War. My grandmother will hold her testimony, my father his and I will hold mine. Also, their voice is going to be played reading out the testimony. Since the text and recording will be in Spanish, I have decided to print out translations of the texts so that people can take them away and read them. I will hold her testimony, my father his and I will hold mine.

Preferably, the surrounding will be black, making the white plaster stand out. The 3 white plaster hands will each be on a table creating some space between them, the thread will be the connecting point. It will start tied to my grandmother's hand, it will travel through my fathers and mine and finally it will be left hanging as a sign of future generations to come. Each hand will have the translation in English. The background is a black curtain. Behind the curtain two large speakers will play with the testimonies.



“Leaving traces”, 2019, Plaster hands, 2x1 m



ABSTRACT

The intergenerational transmission of information is an issue all societies deal with when trying to transmit the emotions of a traumatic event. The Spanish Civil War has a strong meaning and is still very present in Spanish society. This article challenges the representation of trauma and image theories by the analysis two famous sources that represent the event: The Falling Soldier, a photograph taken by Robert Capa in 1937, and Guernica, the painting by Pablo Picasso, finished in the same year. However, how efficient are they in the way they transmit this traumatic event? When feelings and emotions are involved, traumatic experiences can never truly be recounted objectively, and therefore, could even be misinterpreted.

In this paper, the study of how the mind reacts after a strong trauma, losing in many cases the capability of language is possible thanks to writers like Susan Sontag's book Regarding the Pain of Others and other theories. That is why war photography is not only common but also necessary. However, its efficiency can be questionable. This article concludes that neither one of these sources can fully transmit and convey the true horrors of war. Only those who have lived the event can truly understand. Guernica, being a painting, can only be a biased representation of the event, and The Falling Soldier, even though it is photography, has a manipulated backstory that makes it unreliable.

“Those who do not
remember the past
are condemned to
repeat it”

Quote by: George Santayana

Handwritten notes on a piece of paper, held by a gloved hand. The text is written in a cursive script and includes phrases such as "M!", "Mr. S.", "Mr. T.", "Mr. W.", and "Mr. X.". There are also several lines of illegible cursive text. A red string is attached to the top of the paper.

TESTIMONY 1

I was born in 1938, in the middle of the Civil War, so I don't remember anything from those years. My knowledge of the Civil War is based on stories and testimonies that my family told me years later.

I was born in Seville, area that was liberated from the Republicans by Queipo de Llano, a night in 1936. Barricades were formed in the areas where the republicans were and they were brutally defeated by the soldiers. That same night, the general announced through a megaphone (thanks to Unión Radio Sevilla) that he had come to fight and liberate Spain.

My family, although they were from Seville and from the Nationalist side, struggled during the war. The lack of food and other basic necessities brought pain and suffering before, during, and after the war. We had a 13 acre planting site with vegetables, fruits and we even owned some cows. We could say we were relatively lucky. Thanks to this, we were able to prevent famine internally and also help many families from Seville.

My sister and my father had to deal with the worst part. They had to live the war in Madrid, which was Republican. They were separated from us for the 3 years the war lasted. In Madrid they had to make incredibly long queues only to be able to eat something, anything. Unable to deal with the situation any longer, my Aunt Irene realized she could become Cuban thanks to her Cuban family on her mother's side. She placed the flag on the balcony of her house and the "milicianos" respected her. She never had any problems, and she helped Joaquín Planel and Pilar Turmo take refuge in Madrid with them.

Another big problem in the war was survival during the cold winter. My grandfather was the director of a sugar plant and thanks to the alcohol and wood from the factory we were able to survive.

The prison is another horrible story. A lot of prisoners from my family: uncles, cousins and my grandfather were assassinated when the "milicianos" burnt it. All of them were burnt alive.

War is always a tragedy that divides families and countries where no one ever wins.

TESTIMONY 2

My memories of the civil war come from the stories my father used to tell me. Stories that on the one hand are sad but on the other are full of life lessons.

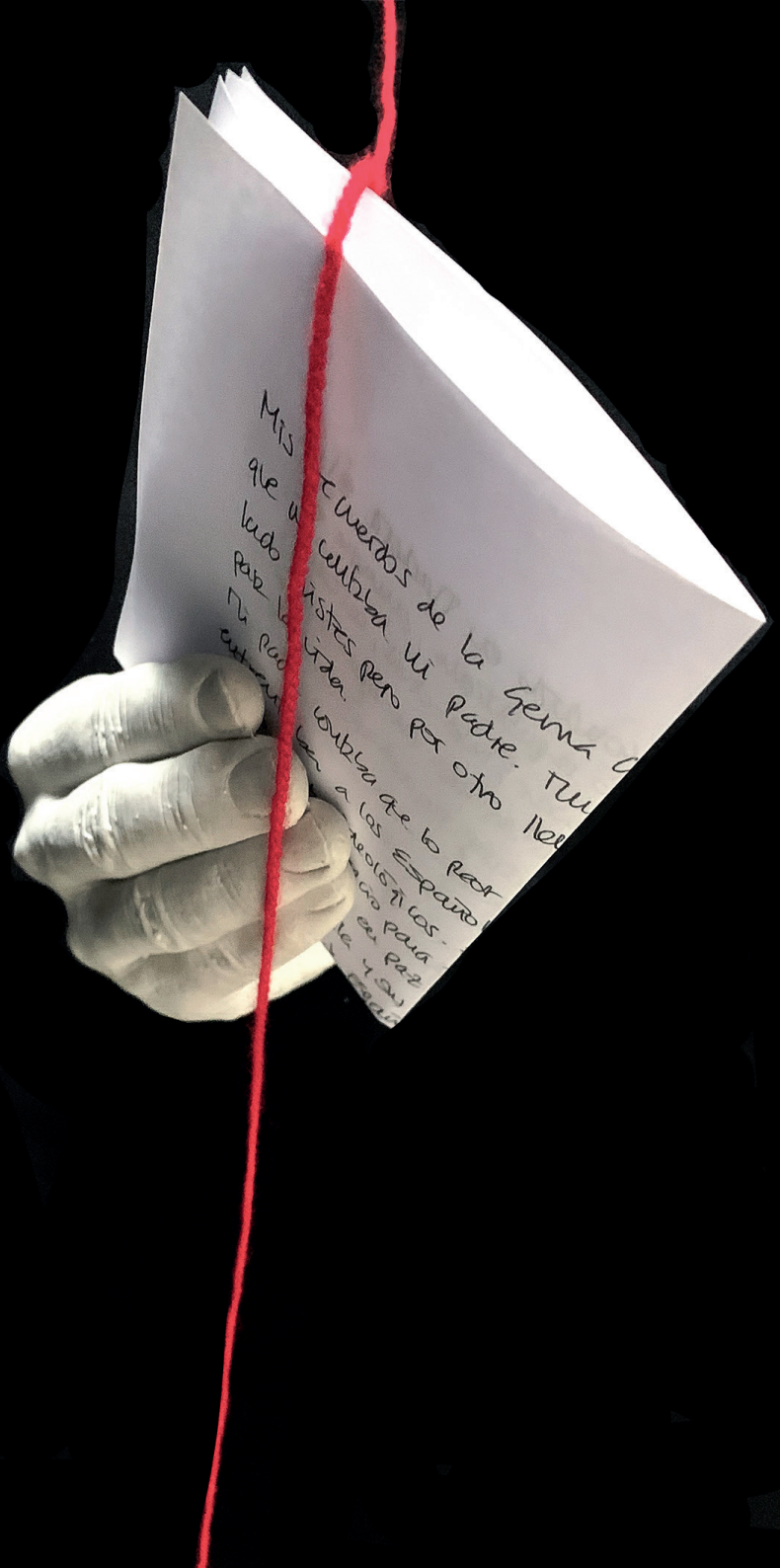
My father used to say that the worst thing about war was the confrontation between Spaniards that divided Spain in two. That filled him up with sadness. He used to say that there needed to be space for everybody to express their ideas in peace, without killing each other.

My father, my grandmother and his brothers passed the war in the north of Spain. They spent their summers in a town called Guipuzcoa. His father, my grandfather, however, was in Madrid when the war began. Madrid was Republican. My great grandfather was killed in the street a few days after the war began; someone shouted "Hey you, the one with the tie", and when he turned around he received two bullet shots. It is interesting how only by the way people dress people are defined and identities are created. After the war ended, in a hat shop in Spain a poster was made saying "not only the republicans wear a hat", because the makis (republican guerrillas) wore a beret as a distinctive symbol.

My grandfather spent the war hidden in Madrid. He was not a republican, even though he did have a republican mindset, intellectual and close to the ideas of the "Generación del 98". A republican building engineer that lived in Madrid, built a double wall in a room in his house with a hole that was $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ meters covered by a table. He lived there with nothing to entertain himself during the day and he would only go out at night, covered up to get some quick air. Three long years trapped between 4 walls. My father, his mother and his brothers didn't hear a word from him until the war ended. They didn't know if he was dead or alive. When they first saw him after three years they didn't recognize him. His appearance had changed so much: he had gotten older, his hair was white, he was listless...

San Sebastián was an area controlled by Franco. My father's family had great economic trouble. During the first year of war, no one went to school, my father at 9 years old remembered those years as very fun years, playing with kids from the little town they lived in. The clothes he wore were inherited from his older brother; they were filled with patches and pieces mended together, pants and retreaded boots.

Maybe the most recurring memory of all the stories my father told was the lack of material possessions, the shortage of everything, and the austerity. It is very different to the world we live in now where everything is abundant and excessive.



Mis
que a
ludo
pap
Tu pap
cuerdos de la gema
cubisa vi padre. Tu
vistes pero es otro Nel
vida.
cubisa que lo por
a los Españ
realización los
para
es paz
le y su
magi



...y Patricia y tengo 18 años. A
puedo contar. Mi abuelo murió
ha que contar esa espinita en el
más, de haberle sacado ma
tema mi abuelo la deca que no
contara mi cosas, pero en
de... el le casó, pero a
de... el le casó, pero a

TESTIMONY 3

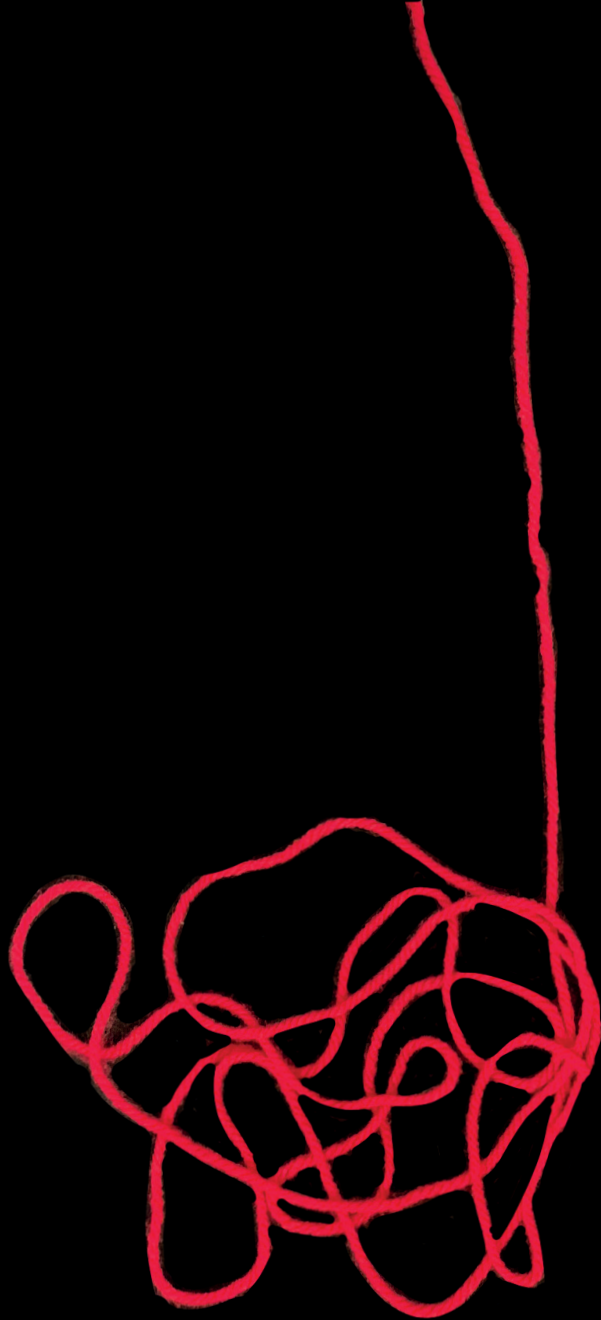
I am Patricia and i'm 18. From the Spanish Civil War there is not much I can tell. My grandfather died recently and I now have the feeling I would have liked picking his brain a lot more, but it is too late. Every time he brought up the topic of the war my grandmother would tell him to stop talking, to not talk about sad things, to not talk about the war. At the time, I appreciated it because he had a lot of trouble talking about it, but also, seeing him suffer hurt me a lot. However, now that he's passed, I've realized he was part of a deep and special generation.

I've always gone to a Spanish School and therefore I have learned about this topic with increasing detail every year. From the rebellion of Morroco, the March of Madrid, the Battle of Madrid, the northern campaigns, the republican offense, the Battle of the Ebro, the capture of Cataluña and finally the end of the war. I have studied people like Queipo de Llano, Mola, Franco, largo Caballero, Negrín, Azaña, and many more. But it strikes me how we talk about the war with an incredible coldness, as a series of events no one lived, pure anecdotes.

My grandfather talked about returning to Madrid after a separation from his father for 3 years. He remembered not recognizing him: it looked like he had gained 10 years, become incredibly malnourished, worn-out.... He explained that the war changed him. His father hid from the war in a hole with no light or air for three years, leaving the space for 10 minutes every night to get fresh air. Saying it like that it doesn't sound rough, but if we think about it is more than 1000 days alone and without light. My grandfather's father, his mother, his family, was never the same.

Nowadays in Spain the hatred has not ended. The war created so much damage in my country that it is still divided into two. The hatred has not ceased and we try as hard as we can to differentiate ourselves. We dress differently, we go out to different places, we live in different areas... and with those who are not like us, we treat them with disdain without realizing that by forgetting about the Civil War the hatred does not end, we are condemned to repeat the same errors.

Now, I I can only live the aftermath that this tragedy has left in my country. An aftermath that will not leave, that remains, and that not even those who hold a grudge can understand.



Patricia Sánchez-Lozano

4/5/2019