

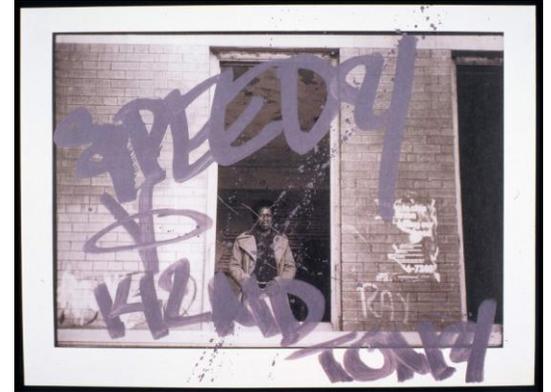
Tuesday November 11 at 4:50 pm three women come into Fashion Moda. I ask one of them to take me wherever she wants in the Bronx. She thinks about it for five minutes, and then accepts. Her name is Gill. She is 20 years old. She says she was taken to the land that the pope blessed when he came to the Bronx in 1979. The land is situated on Morris Avenue. She says she doesn't like the Bronx because she suffered so much there. But she likes this land... "The pope blessed it and they are going to build new buildings for people to live a little more decently." I take pictures of her. She asks me if another day I could photograph her posing in suggestive attitudes and clothes. She says she'll come to see the pictures and will try to find out more information about the land. She asks me if I'd like to wear up a few minutes with her in the waiting room of the nearby hospital. I decide not to go. We shake hands.

TONY
WEEKLY
3/19



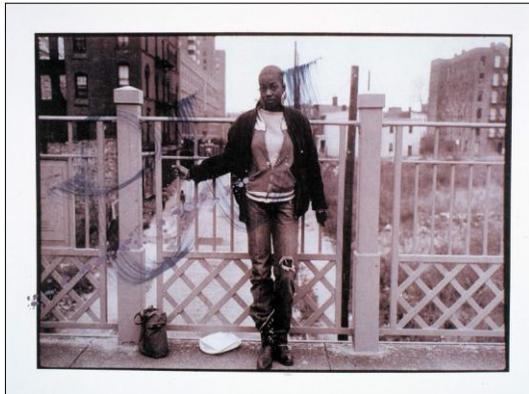
Thursday November 13 at 4 pm a man comes into Fashion Moda. I ask him to take me wherever he wants in the Bronx. He accepts and says "Come on." He takes me to his house. His name is William. He is 27 years old. I ask him what he does. He answers: "This and that." He adds: "I'm on a religious program. We have free drugs in this country." I ask him where he takes me. He says: "The address was 1530 Milford Place. It is the house where I was born and where I lived for 20 years. Then I went away. I went to jail. For 7 years. For armed robbery with a toy gun." His mother stayed in the house until the destruction of the building in 1971. He says: "This destruction is like a plague, one infection from one building to another. You'll be surprised. It looks like a country after a war." He says that when a white person comes to the neighborhood, it is either a policeman, a dog peddler or it is a mistake. On the way he shows me a destroyed and deserted area. He says: "This is my block." He stands up in front of the window of an empty building and says: "This was my living room." He takes the opportunity to pay a visit. I wait outside. At 5:30 pm he takes me back to the nearest subway station. He says: "Can you do me a favor." I help him out.

SPICE



Friday November 14 at 2 pm a woman comes into Fashion Moda. I ask her to take me wherever she wants in the Bronx. She readily accepts. Her name is Deborah. She is 22 years old and has spent her last 12 years in the Bronx. She wants to take me to a bridge on 101 street and Eagle Avenue. We ride the bus. She says she remembers the Bronx before it was destroyed, when everything was up. She says she designs clothes but now she is disenchanted with this. "It is a competitive and racist field." We get off the bus and cross a destroyed area. She shows me an empty corner and tells me there was a shop there, where her mother used to buy clothes. She couldn't stand the smell of the clothes. We arrive at the bridge. She tells me why she took me there: then she was young, she was very wild and naive and the other kids threatened to beat her up. "...They would hit my head because they wanted my lunch money." She said she would sneak out the back door of the school and go to the beach. She would go home by way of the bridge. It was her escape route. She adds: "If it was not for this bridge, I would have been beaten up many times... my first solution is still to run." She enjoys being photographed. Afterwards she takes me to her old school, to the playground, and to her apartment.

SPICE



Thursday November 13 at 5:10 pm two men come into Fashion Moda. I ask both of them to take me wherever they want in the Bronx. They immediately accept. Curtis Hayes, 22 years old, is a hair stylist. He says he could have been a model but he is a little too short. He gives me his address: 2420 Williamsbridge Road ... and his telephone number. He declines to take me to Franklin Park on East 153 and Grand Concourse. He says: "This is a place where I feel closest to nature." He would have liked to have his picture taken under a weeping willow tree but there is none. He wants me to take a picture of him from a low angle, looking up, so that he can feel he is on the top of the world. I do it. For another picture, he makes a peace sign. The encounter is very friendly and easy. At 5:30 pm we separate. He'll come to see the pictures.

SPICE

