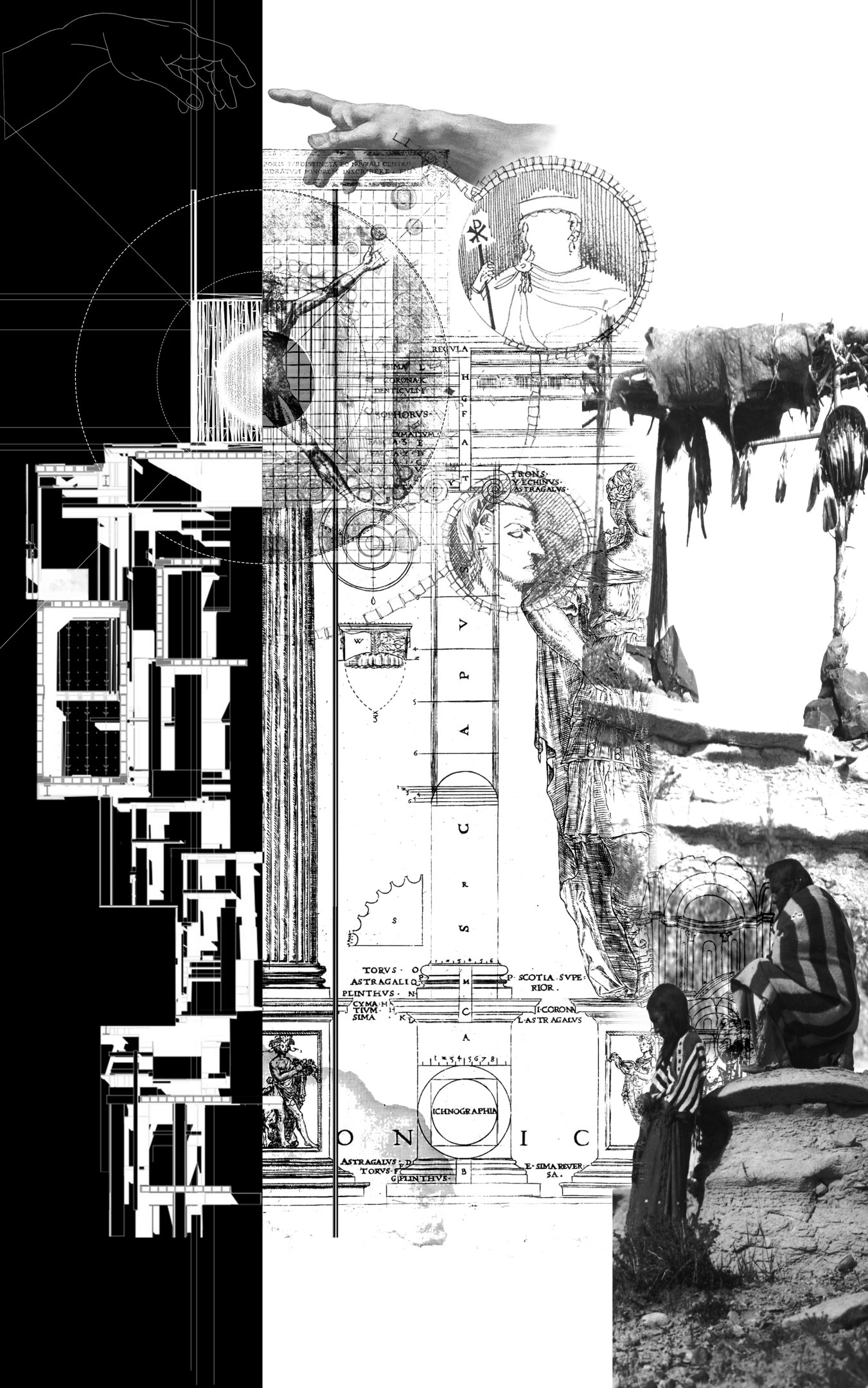
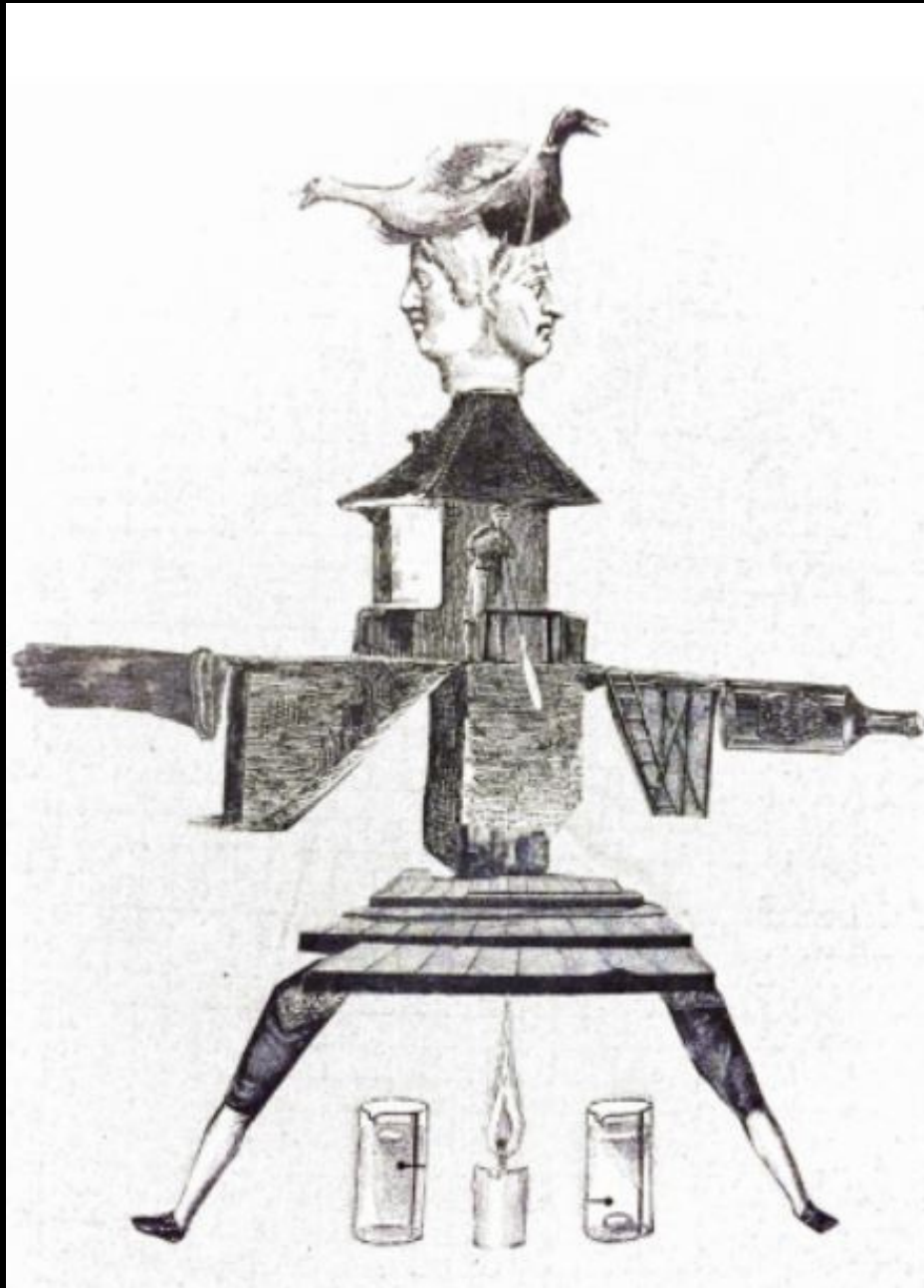


**THE REVERSIBLE
EDGE:
TRACES OF
ALTERITY AT THE
SITE OF LOSS
HART ISLAND, NEW
YORK**



“We cannot overlook the way in which the Industrial Revolution and its technological consequences have transformed the experience of death in people’s lives.”





"Exquisite Corpse"



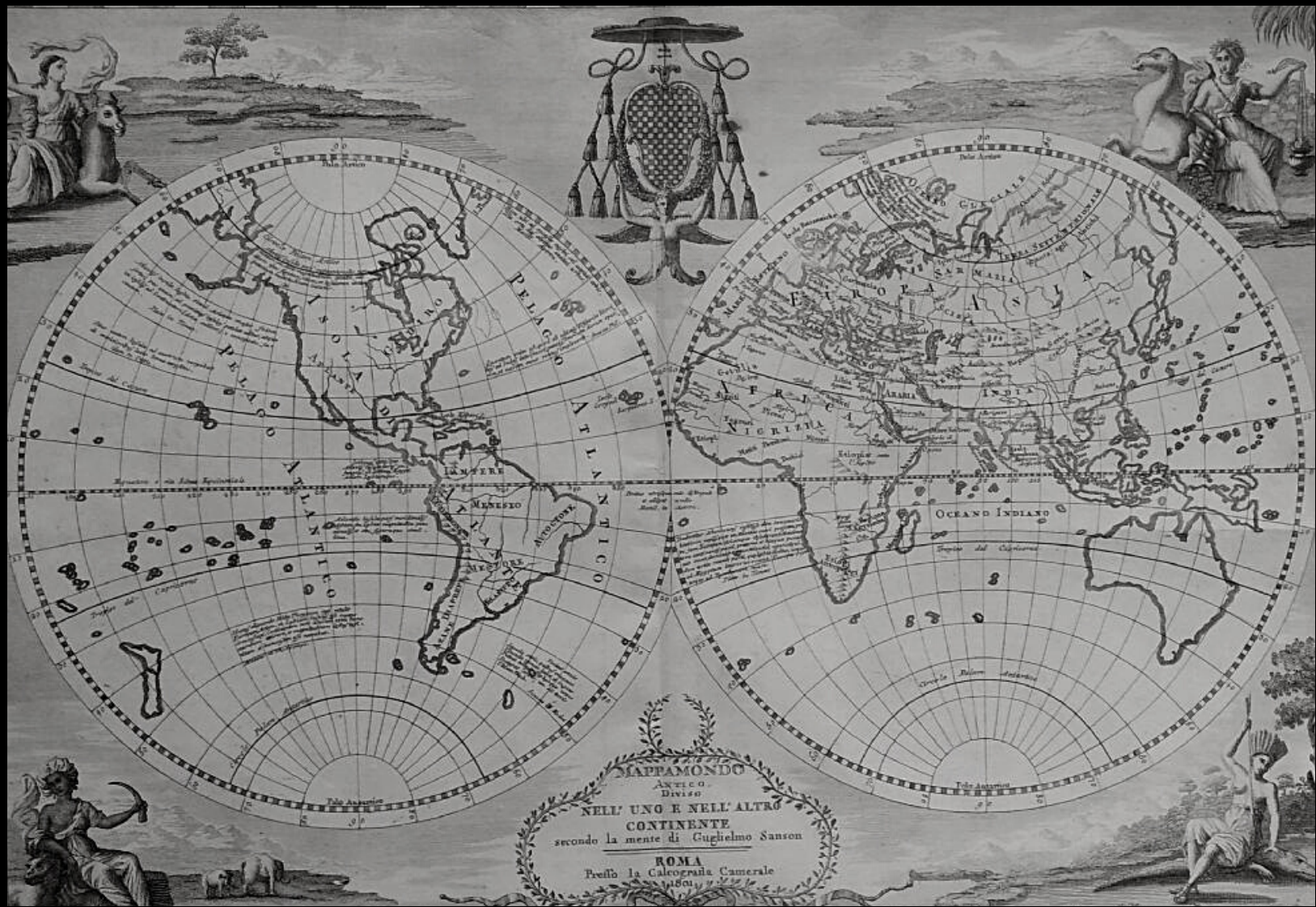
"Hart Island"



"Gustav Klimt, Death and Life"

“Edges reveal a chancy world whose very fullness is shot through with gaps, whose certainties are themselves uncertain, whose near side is already at a distance, and whose place cannot be taken for granted.”

-Edward S. Casey



" Guglielmo, Ancient Divided World Map"

“...we are confronted by a pictorial vacuum
that challenges our imagination”

-Edward S. Casey



"Albrecht Dürer, Melencolia I"

“the world is not some obdurate “other” that we manage to grasp; it is something that envelopes us “invaginates” us.”

-Merleau-Ponty

“In our ordinary experience of time, as it is lived, the past and the future reversibly cross over into each other in the (chiasmic) medium of the present. Our pasts open up onto a future that in turn crosses over into a past, which again opens up onto a future and so on. Until we die. Death interrupts this circulation of time. “ creating a folding of flesh.

-Suzanne Cataldi



"Michelangelo, Hands of God and Adam"

“A counteraction between sensing their presence and realizing their absence, a conflict between accepting and denying the reality of loss...I image grief as an injury; as a type of open wound, torn tissue”

-Suzanne Cataldi



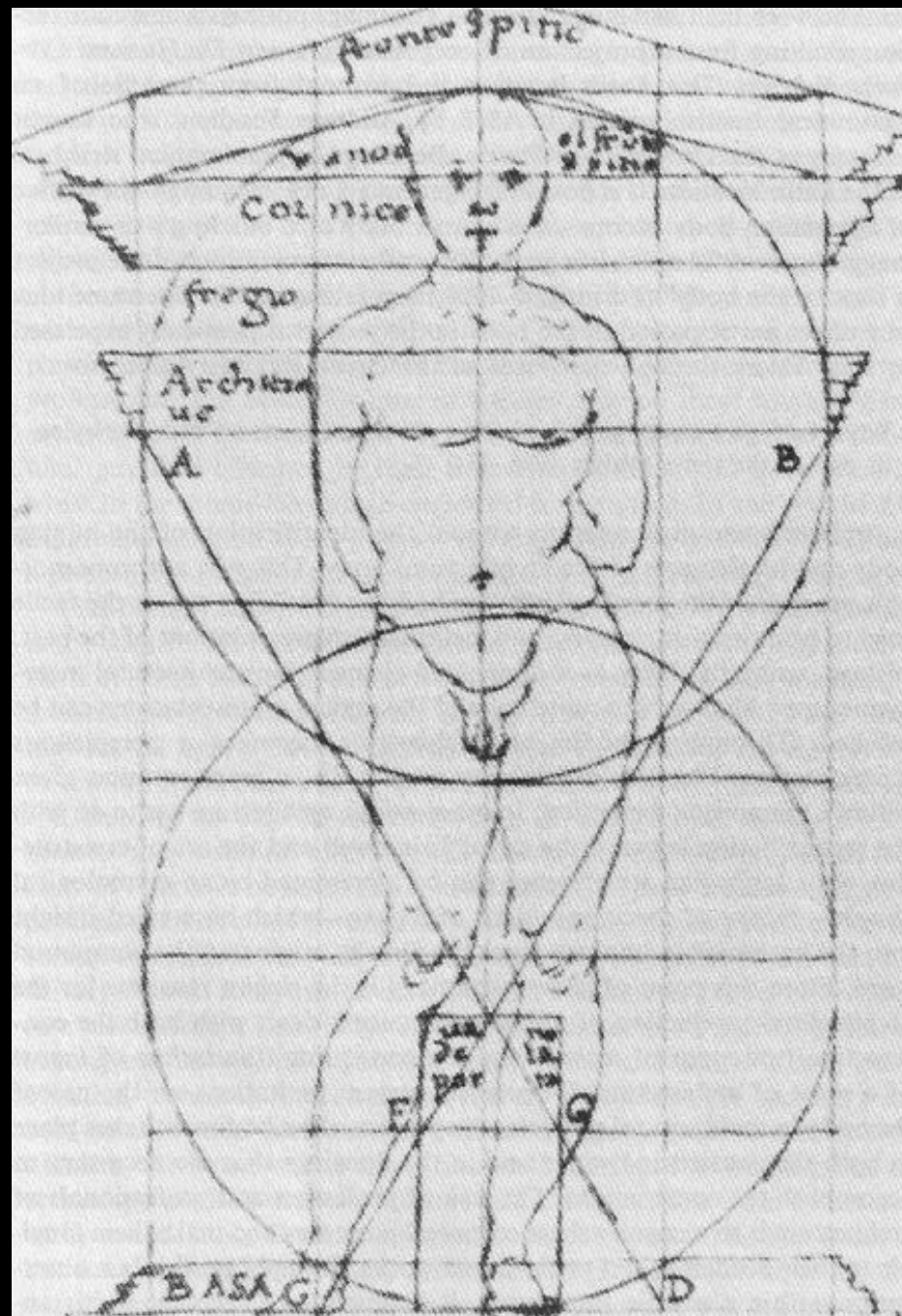
Invoking the contour of a ritual
that is no longer present



"Catharsis of Grief"

How can architecture materialize the catharsis of grief?

“Architecture is the monstrous frame of the “depiction” of life.”
-Fracari, Marco

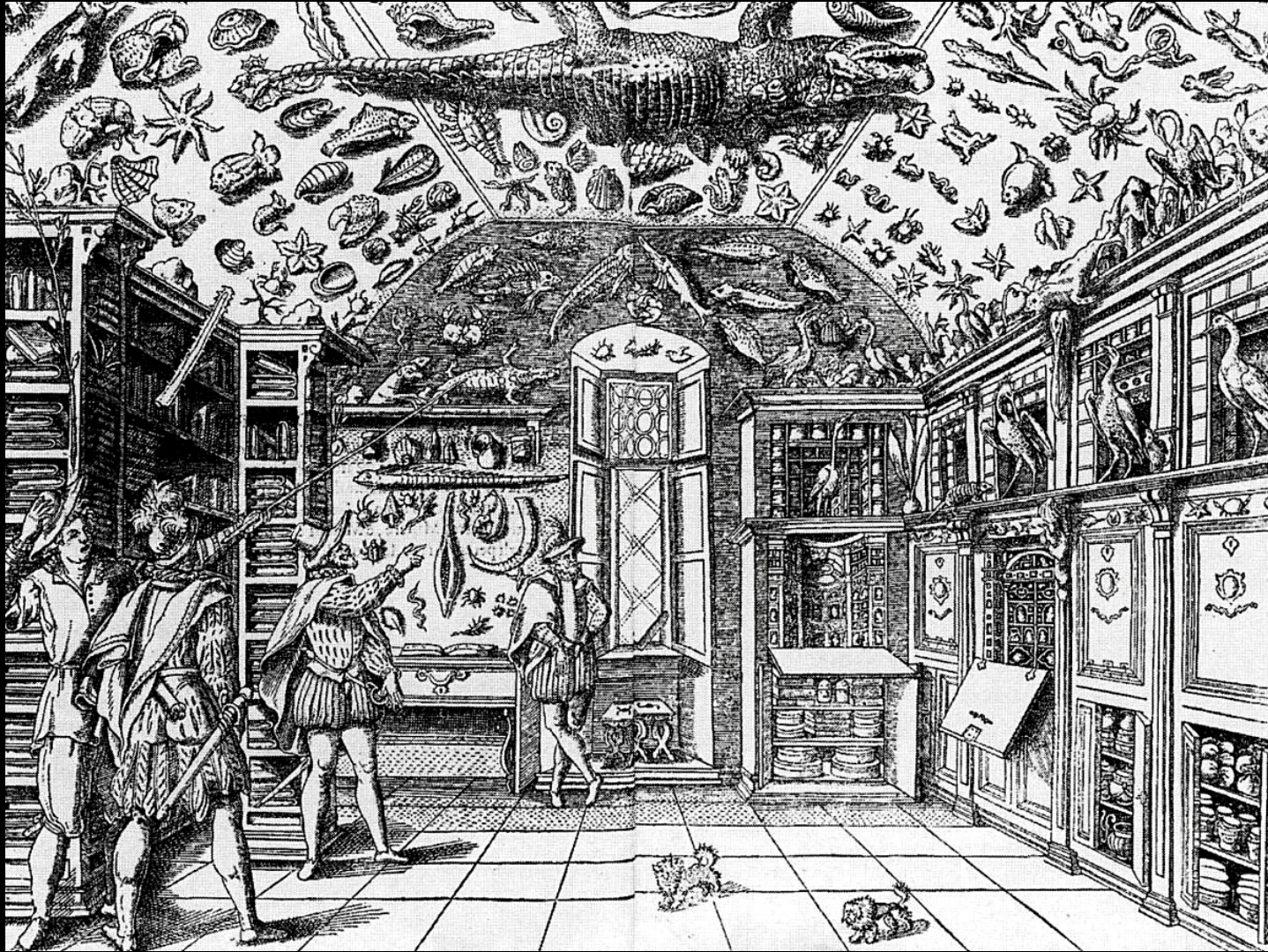


"Giorgio Martini, human proportions in church facade"

“There they transcended the text, first by making the relationship between the part and the whole an Enigma, and second by placing events within our vision that are capable of putting our thought out of place, of determining a buried but real possibility of meaning. Architecture makes possible a total world orientation in a universe of constructed signs.”



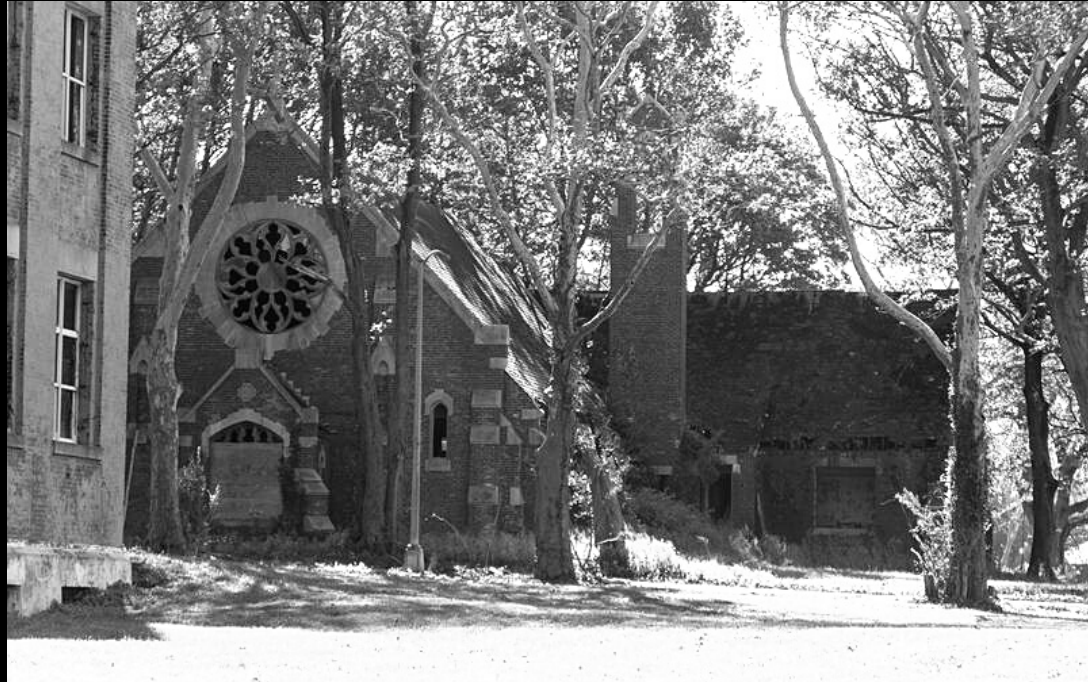
"Spoglia framgents"



"Wunderkammer, Cabinet of Curiosities"



Hart Island

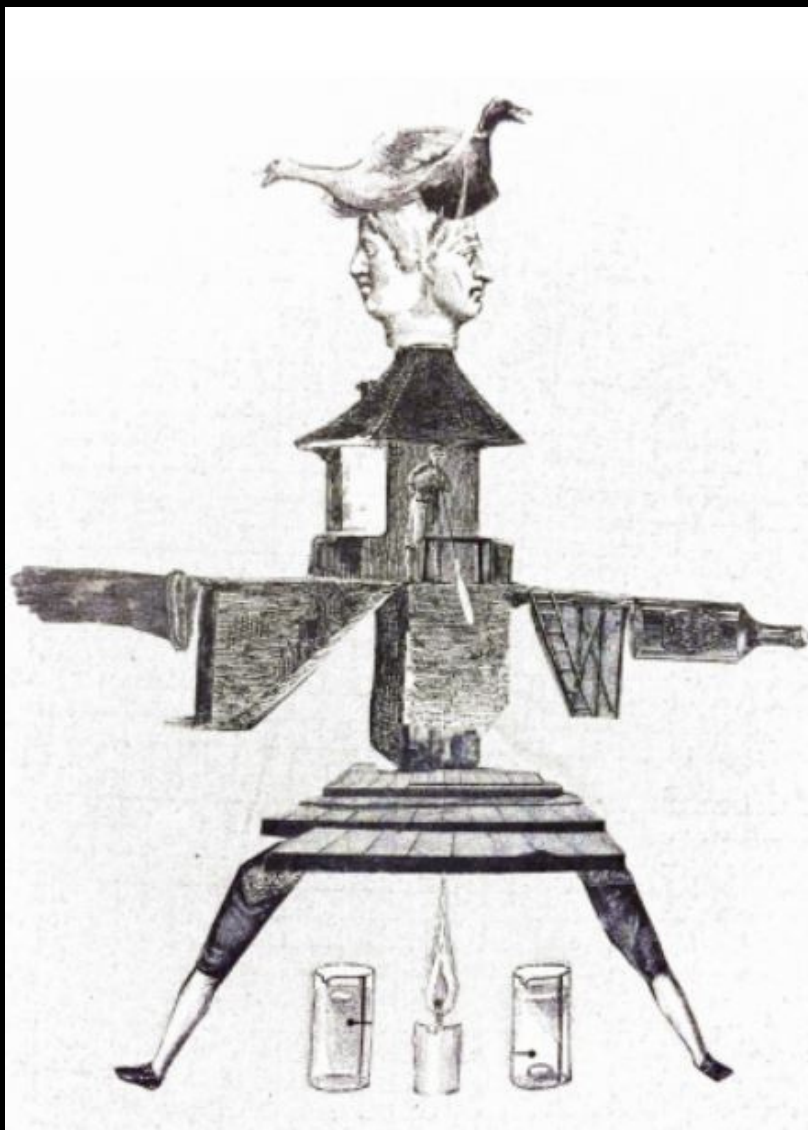


Ruins/Tropes of Hart Island

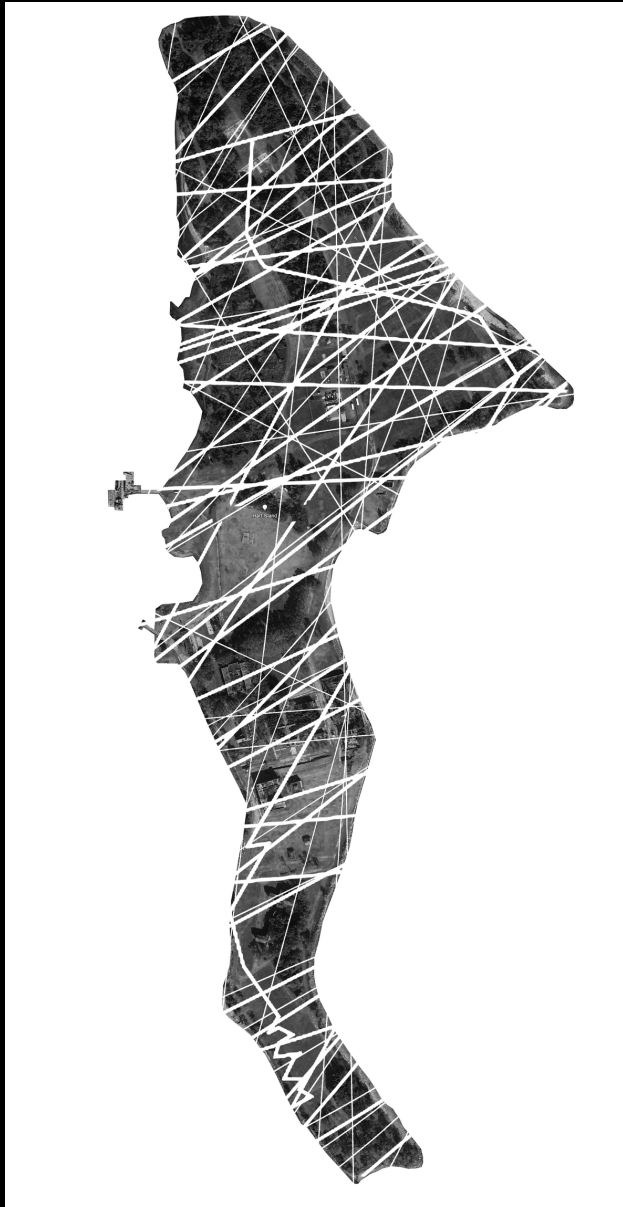


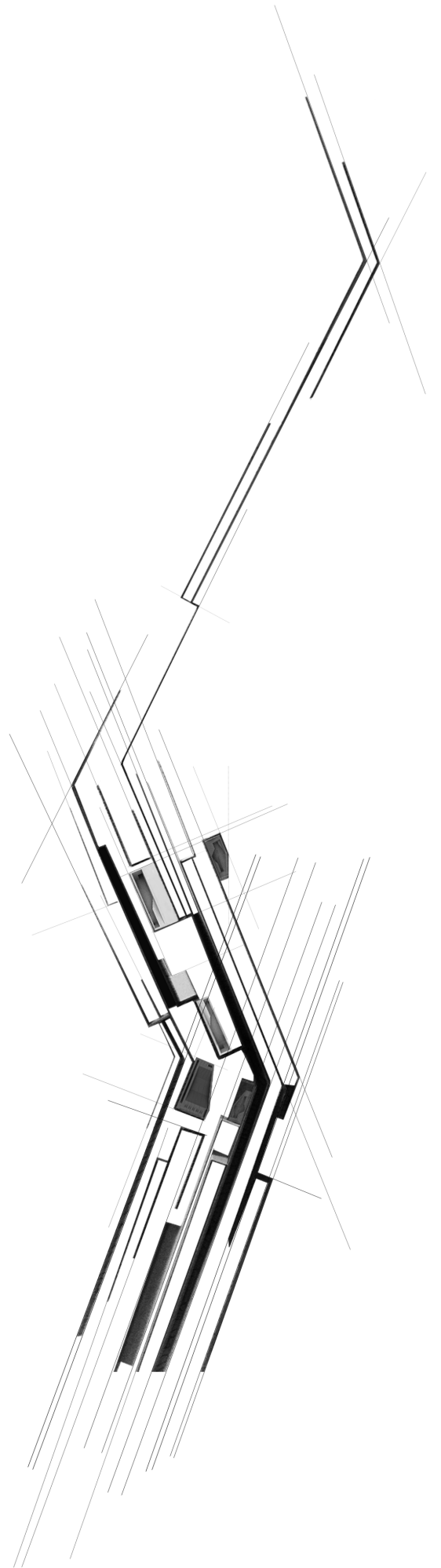
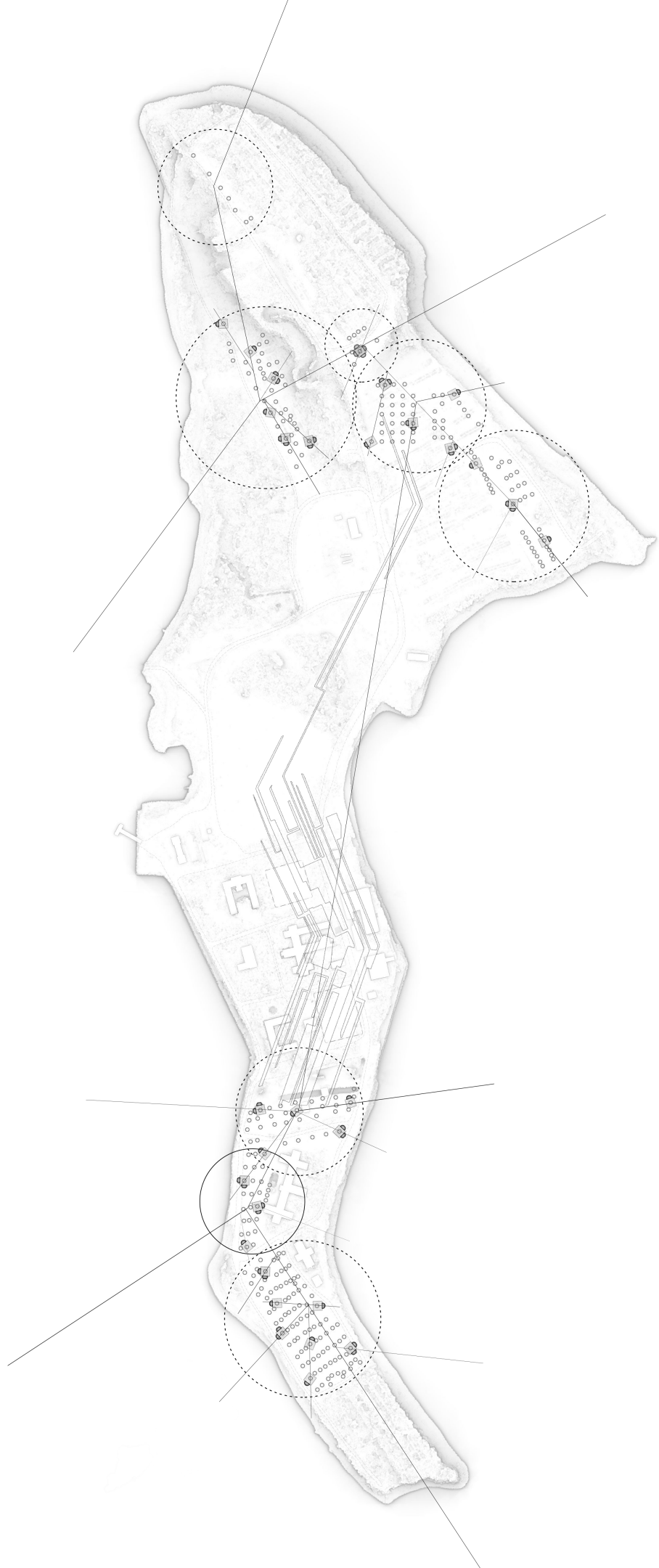
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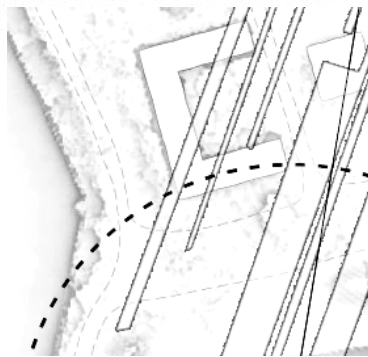
“the other side of the other”

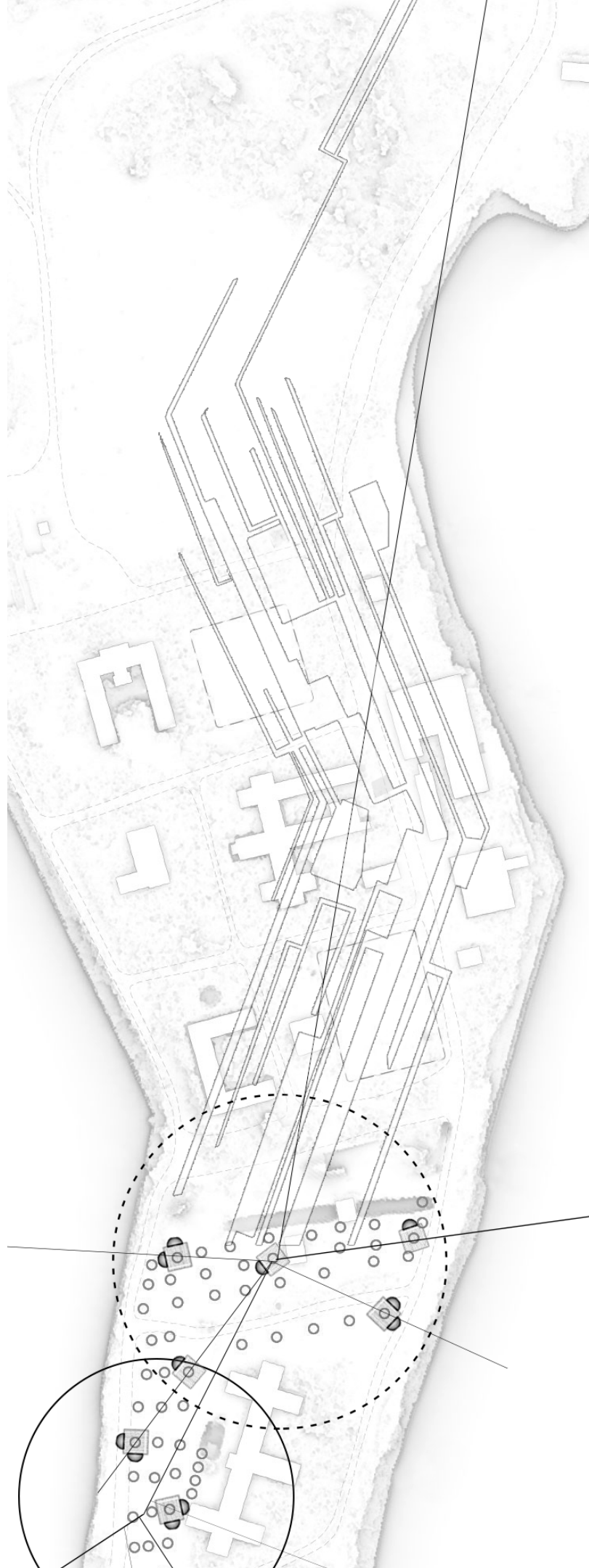
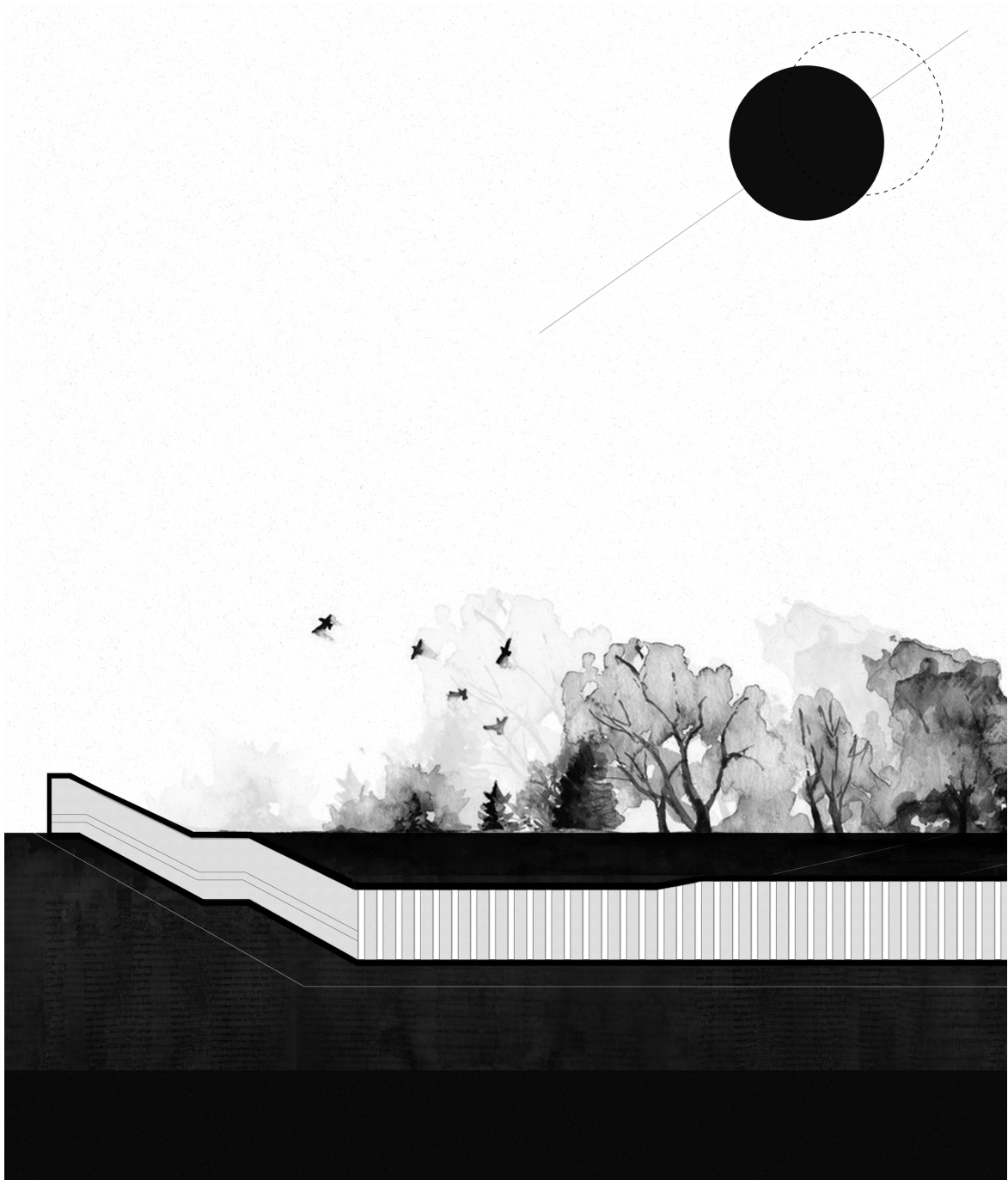


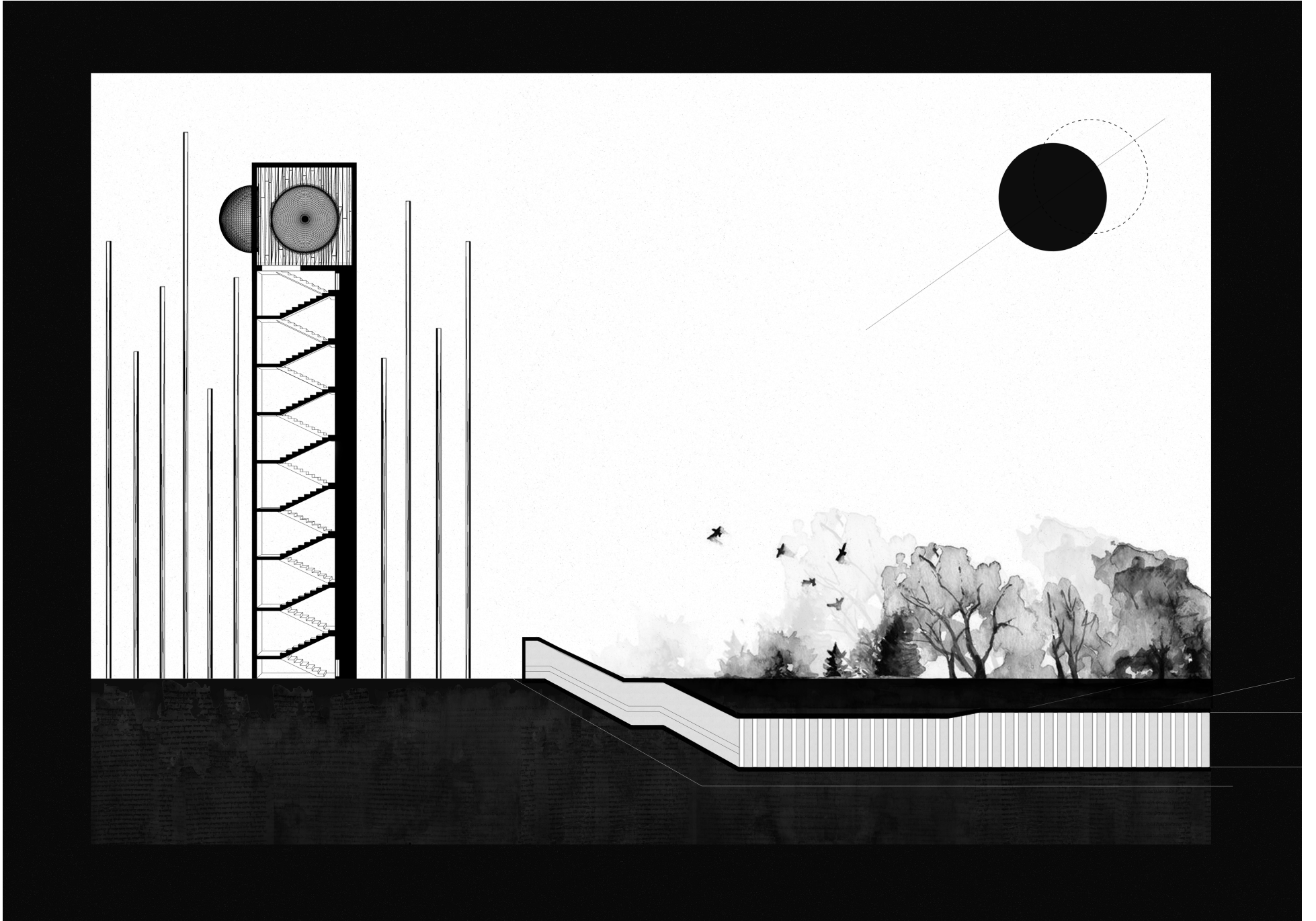
"Exquisite Corpse"











After 30 years of searching, I have finally found you, and in more ways than one. It's ironic that I began my search before you died. I would often get upset because I would come across someone who said they knew you from "back in the day" and you were a great guy, but they hadn't heard from you in a while. I could find no trace of you or your family. I felt like I was chasing a ghost. Maybe my mom had lied about the name of my father, maybe he was the one who had lied to her. Years would pass and I would stop searching for a bit but you were always there, a thought, an ache but more importantly a secret wish.

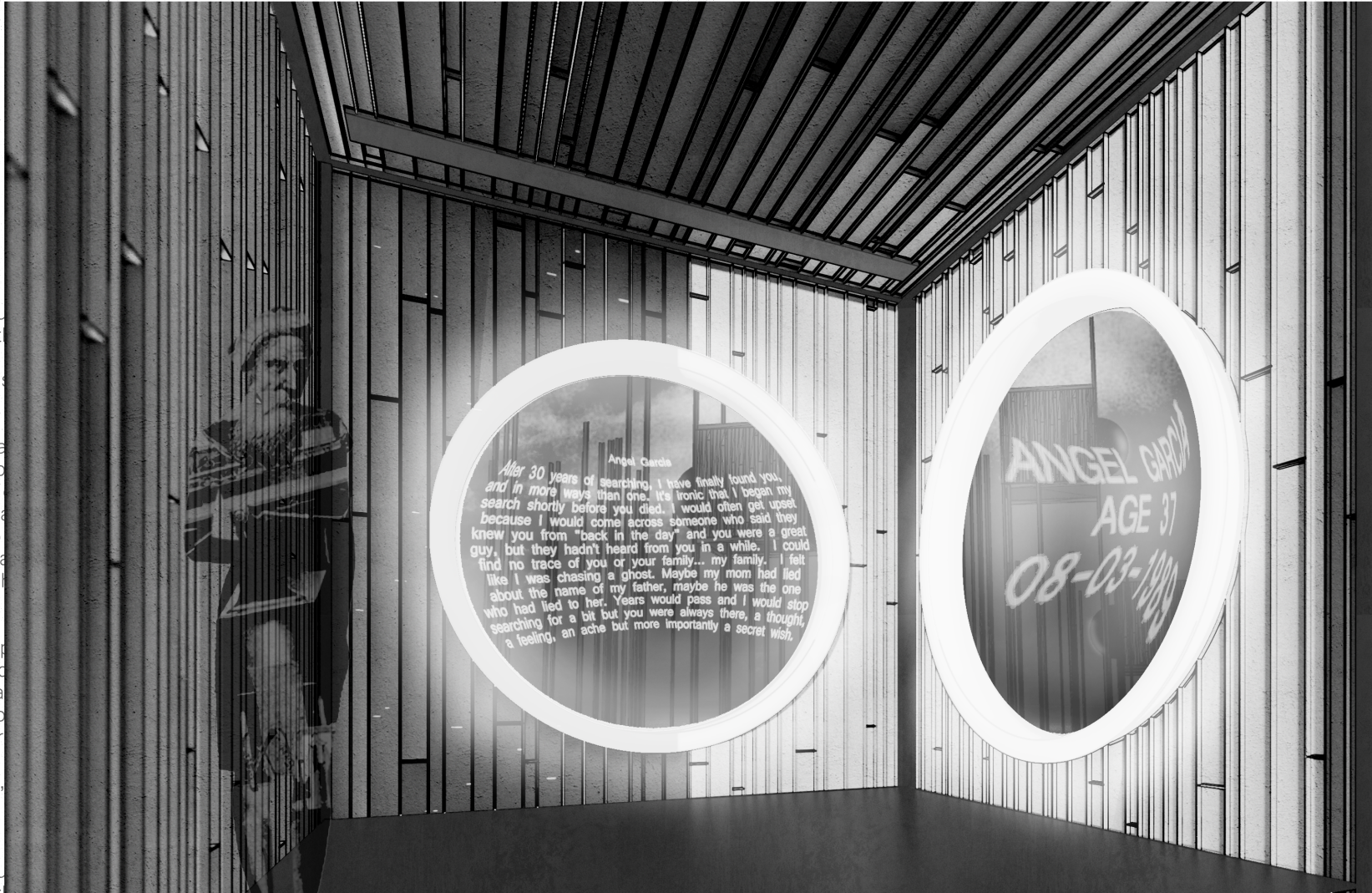
After becoming extremely ill in 2013 and surviving near death, my search for you became a mission. I can't say it's because you helped save me, or that I saw or heard you while in my comatose state but something did happen, that I know. I felt disappointed with every empty or fruitless clue, I had to continue. After much deliberation about life being too short to not take chances, my fiance and I decided to move to Florida. I continued my search for you on line looking in NYC and for your family in Puerto Rico. Finally, after all this time, I found them...your sister and nephews, my sister and nephews, here in Florida. Through them, I then found you. Stories of the type of person you were, the good, the bad and the really bad. They said they hadn't heard from you since 1989 after you told them you had pneumonia. After more searching, I found you! Thank God for the Hart Island Project.

You brings your soul peace, and your loved ones are finally smiling down on me. You were never abandoned. I accept the fact that I have a "new" family that is giving me all the love that I need. Thank you for the gift of life. I hate that this is why you are gone from that place and you are right by my side here in Florida because I am guided, protected and loved.

After 30 years of searching, I have finally found you, and in more ways than one. It's ironic that I began my search before you died. I would often get upset because I would come across someone who said they knew you from "back in the day" and you were a great guy, but they hadn't heard from you in a while. I could find no trace of you or your family. I felt like I was chasing a ghost. Maybe my mom had lied about the name of my father, maybe he was the one who had lied to her. Years would pass and I would stop searching for a bit but you were always there, a thought, an ache but more importantly a secret wish.

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Angel Garcia
After 30 years of searching, I have finally found you, and in more ways than one. It's ironic that I began my search shortly before you died. I would often get upset because I would come across someone who said they knew you from "back in the day" and you were a great guy, but they hadn't heard from you in a while. I could find no trace of you or your family... my family. I felt like I was chasing a ghost. Maybe my mom had lied about the name of my father, maybe he was the one who had lied to her. Years would pass and I would stop searching for a bit but you were always there, a thought, a feeling, an ache but more importantly a secret wish.

ANGEL GARCIA
AGE 37
08-03-1983

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