

EXVIDA

SANTIAGO COHEN
BOOK 2



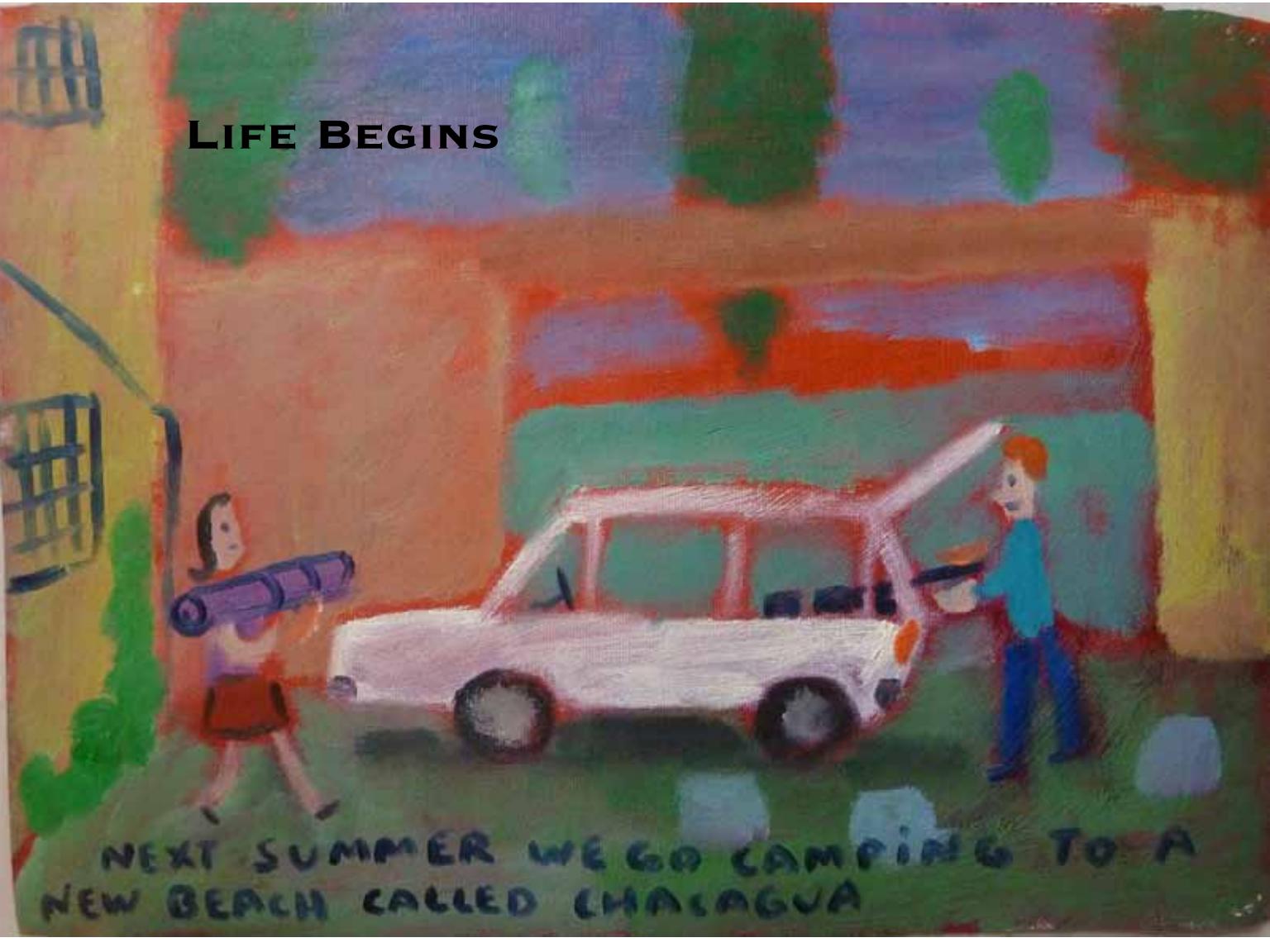
PART TWO: LITTLE POND

For the last six and a half years Santiago has been painting an ex-voto style project. He's already done more than 1150 oil paintings from different stories of his life.

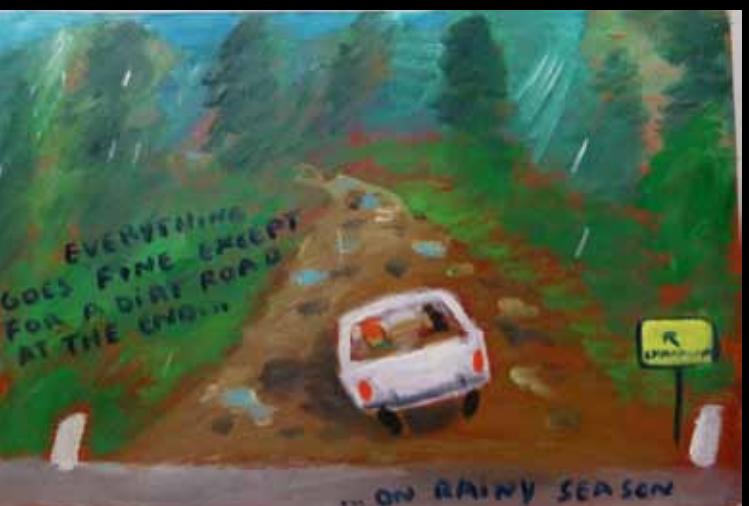
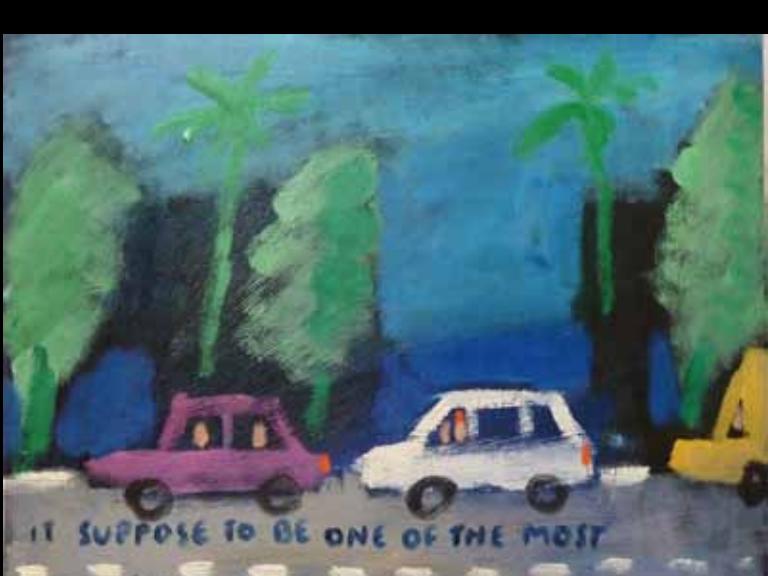
Here is part two

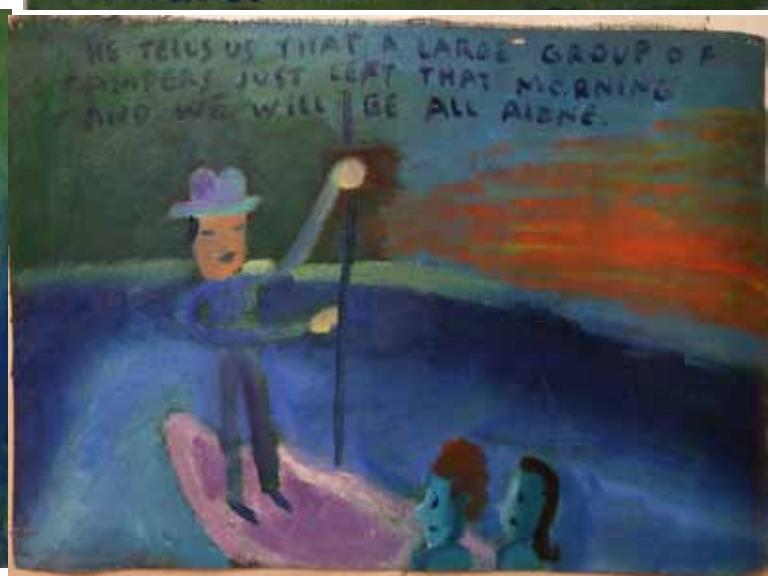
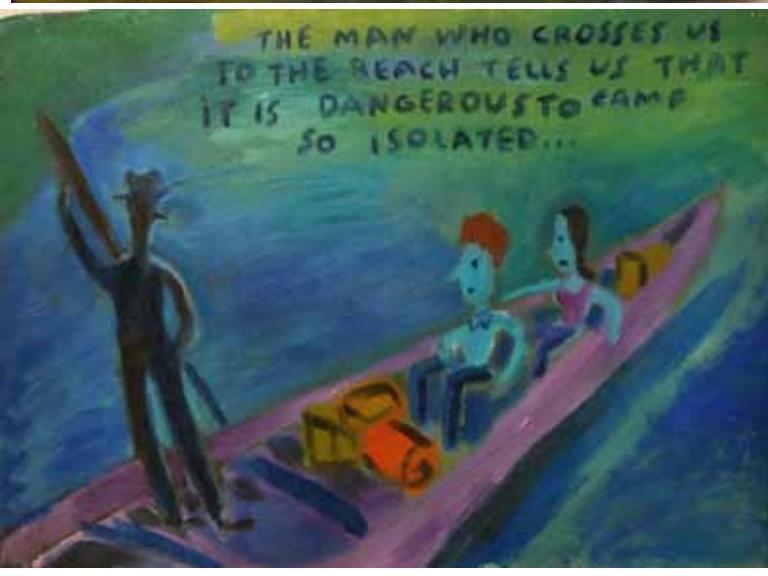
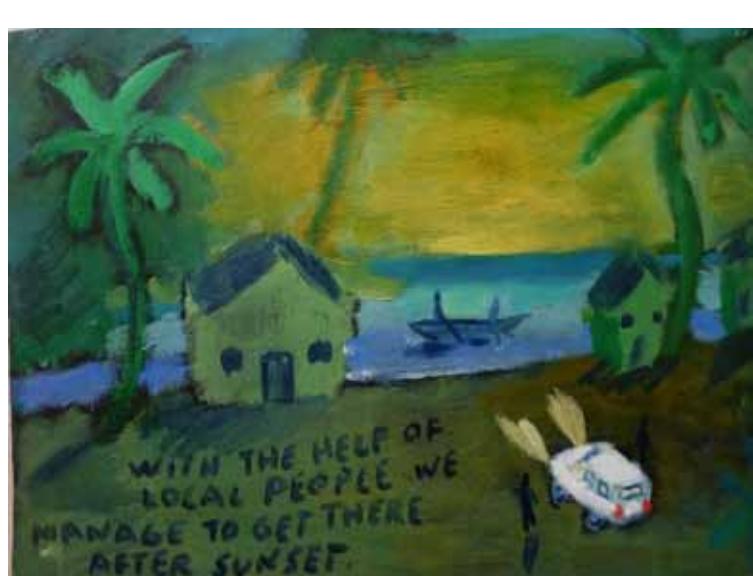
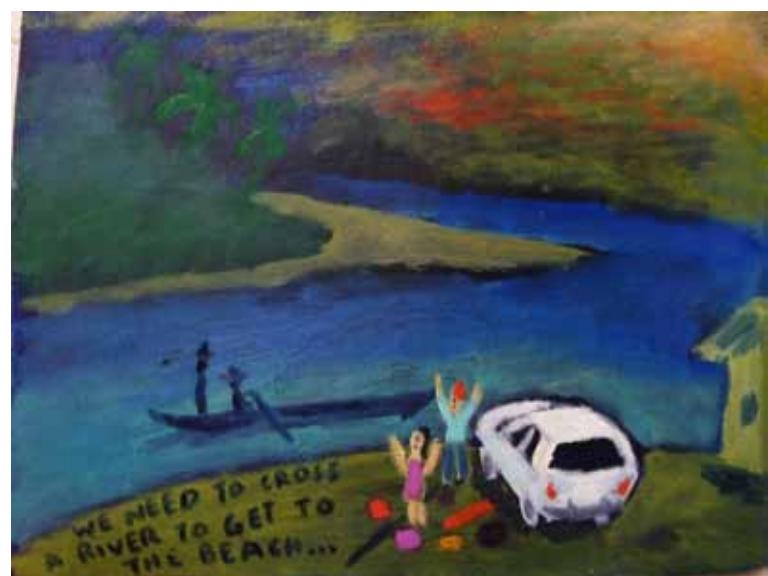


LIFE BEGINS



NEXT SUMMER WE GO CAMPING TO A
NEW BEACH CALLED CHALAGUA







ETHEL AND I THINK THAT
IT WILL BE FINE TO CAMP
THERE.



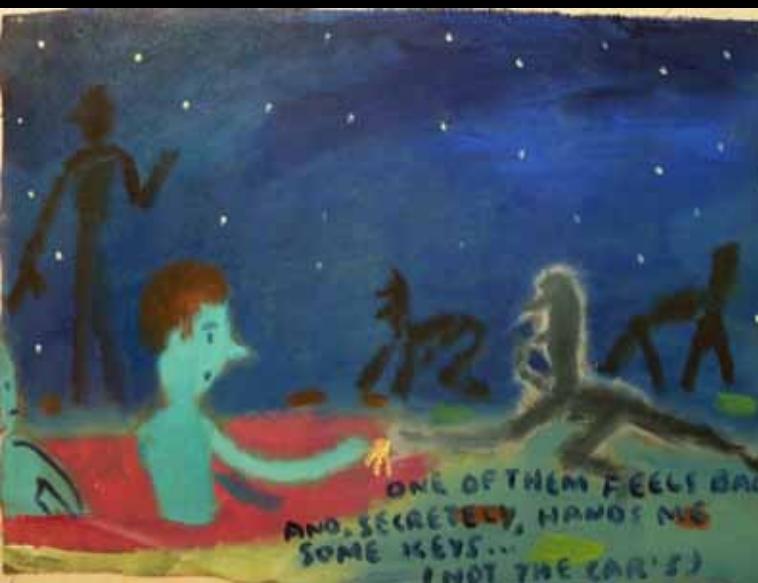
WE PREFER TO CAMP
ON THE BEACH THAN
ON A Muddy DIRT
ROAD.













WHEN WE'RE FINALLY ALONE
ETHEL WANTS TO GO TO SLEEP AGAIN

...I SAW HER TO LEAVE
BECORE THEY COME
TO RAPE ETHEL

BUT MY SURVIVING INSTINCTS KICK IN
THINKING THAT WE WON'T BE LUCKY TWICE



WE THINK THAT
THE MEN FOUND US

TO RAPE
ETHEL.



WE HAVE
TO BE TOTALLY
QUIET.

WE DON'T WANT TO GIVE AWAY OUR LOCATION.



BY A COW...



WE WALK IN
TOTAL
DARKNESS
TO FIND THE TOWN

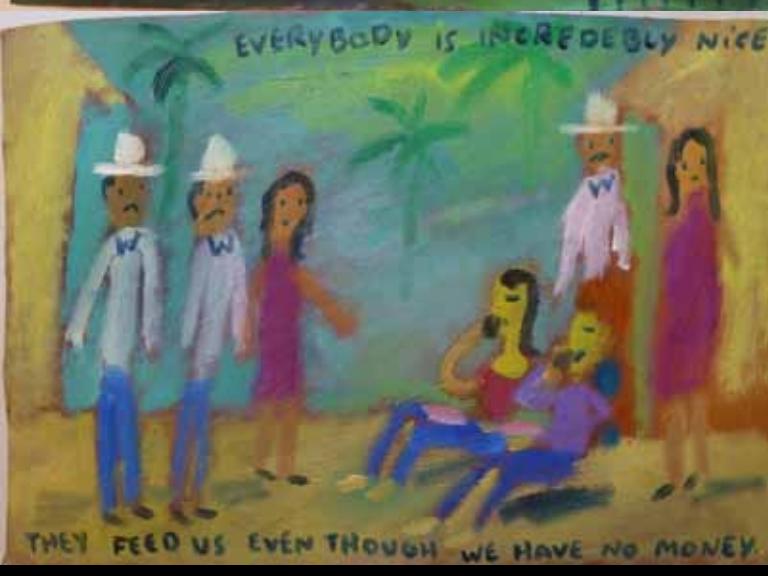


TONIGHT DEATH HAS
BEEN KIND TO
US.
WE ARE
SAFE FOR
NOW





AS LONG AS WE HAVE EACH OTHER WE CAN OVERCOME ANYTHING



THEY FEED US EVEN THOUGH WE HAVE NO MONEY.

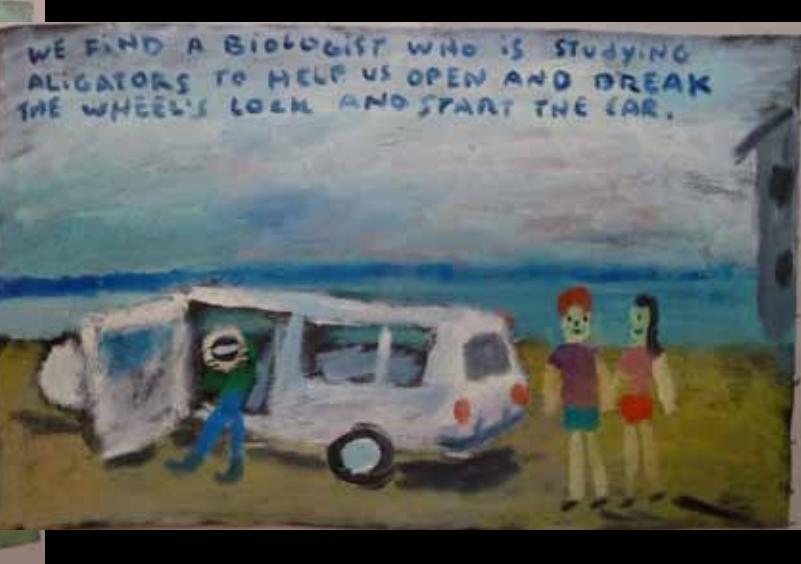
WE PAINT EVERYTHING TO CROSS THE RIVER BACK TO SEE IF THE CAR IS STILL THERE.



FORTUNATELY THE CAR IS STILL THERE BUT NOBODY KNOWS HOW TO UNLOCK IT.



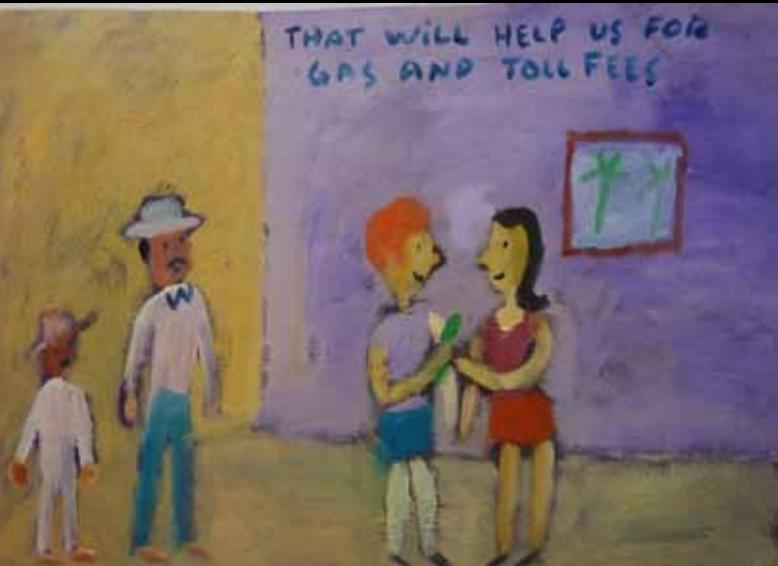
WE FIND A BIOLOGIST WHO IS STUDYING ALIGATORS TO HELP US OPEN AND BREAK THE WHEEL'S LOCK AND START THE CAR.



THE MAN WHO HELPED US TO CROSS THE RIVER
LEND US 100 PESOS, IT IS ALL THE MONEY IN
THE WORLD TO HIM.



THAT WILL HELP US FOR
GAS AND TOLL FEES

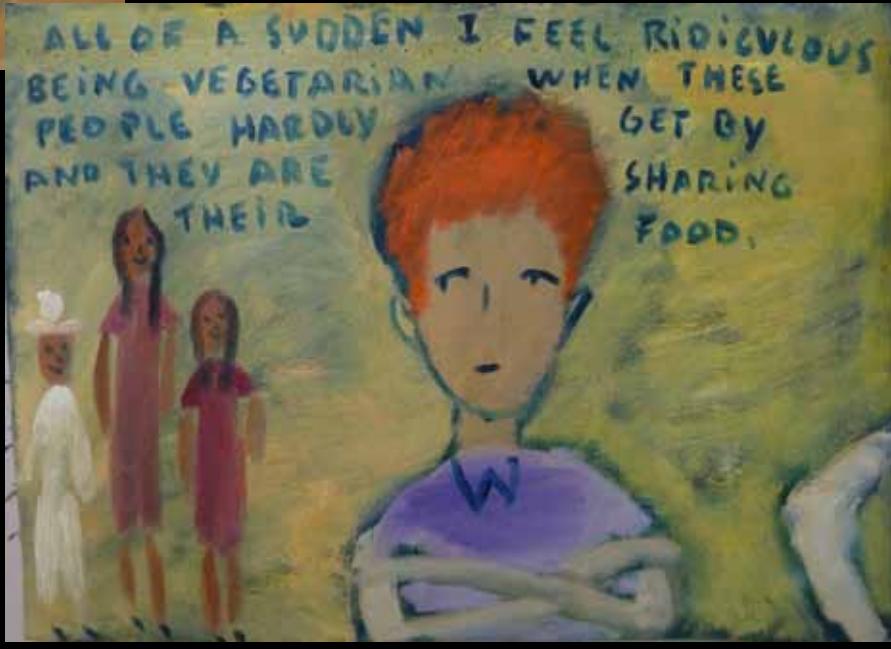


BEFORE WE LEAVE
HE ASKS HIS SON
TO GO AND FISH US
LUNCH.

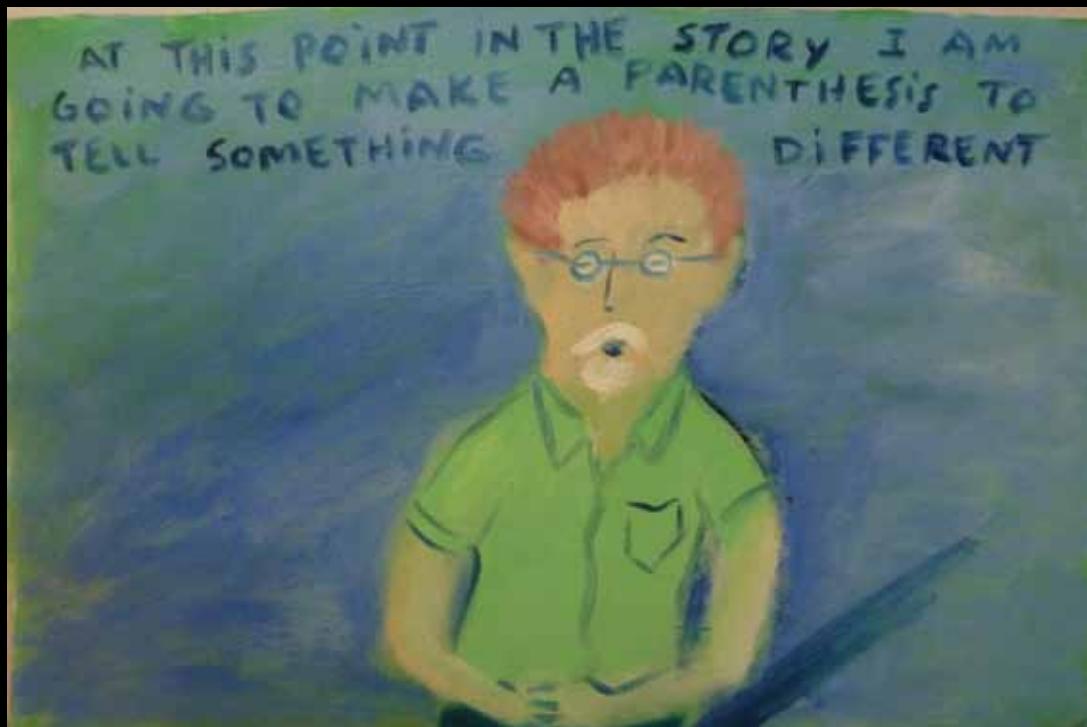


I HAVE BEEN A VEGETARIAN FOR
EIGHT YEARS ALREADY AND I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO DECLINE SUCH GENEROUS OFFER.





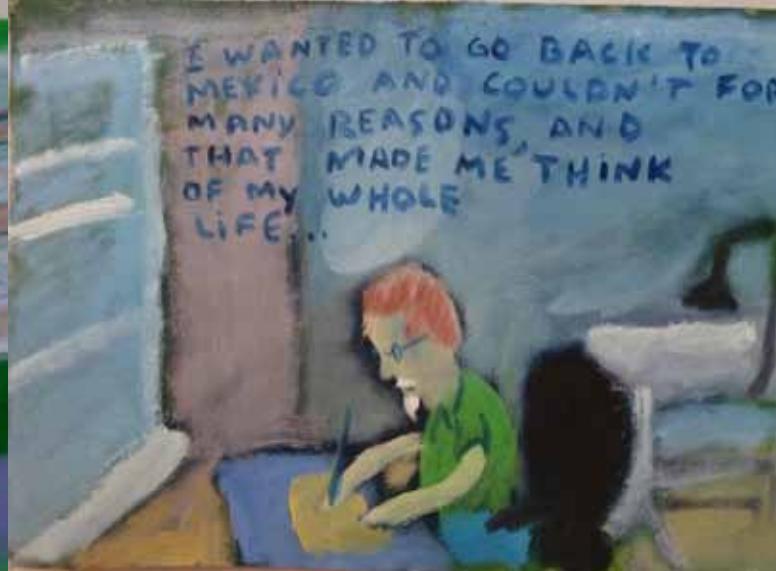
LIFE ENDS



WHEN I STARTED TO PAINT MY LIFE
THREE YEARS AGO, I WAS
THINKING OF THE IMPACT OF
IMMIGRATION TO A NEW
COUNTRY...



I WANTED TO GO BACK TO
MEXICO AND COULDN'T FOR
MANY REASONS, AND
THAT MADE ME THINK
OF MY WHOLE
LIFE...



THE PROBLEM NOW
IS THAT IN MEXICO
MY VERY GOOD FRIEND
ALEJANDRO IS
DYING WITH CANCER



IT IS FRUSTRATING THAT WE
CAN'T BE ALL THE TIME WITH
HIM AND HIS WIFE GEMARDETTE



WE JUST CAME BACK FROM A TRIP TO
MEXICO WHERE WE THOUGHT THAT
WE WERE GOING TO
BURY ALEJANDRO



THE FIRST
THERE IN
HE WAS
CRYING ALL
THE TIME



SOME TIME LATER BERNI SHOWS US
A GUN AND BULLETS THAT ALEX
KEPT IN HIS DRAWER...



THEY JUST MOVED TO A NEW APARTMENT
AND ARE STILL UNPACKING.
WE MAKE BERNI PROMISE THAT THEY WON'T
USE IT.



SCARING THE SHIT OUT OF US.

SHE ASSURES US THAT SHE HAS NO INTENTIONS



DOCTORS CESAR MAN'S OFFICE WAS MADE
BY THE THREE BROTHERS:



ONE
PSYCHOANALYST AND TWO CARDIOLOGISTS

DOCTORS CESAR MAN'S OFFICE IN THE 70S
WAS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT
IN MEXICO.

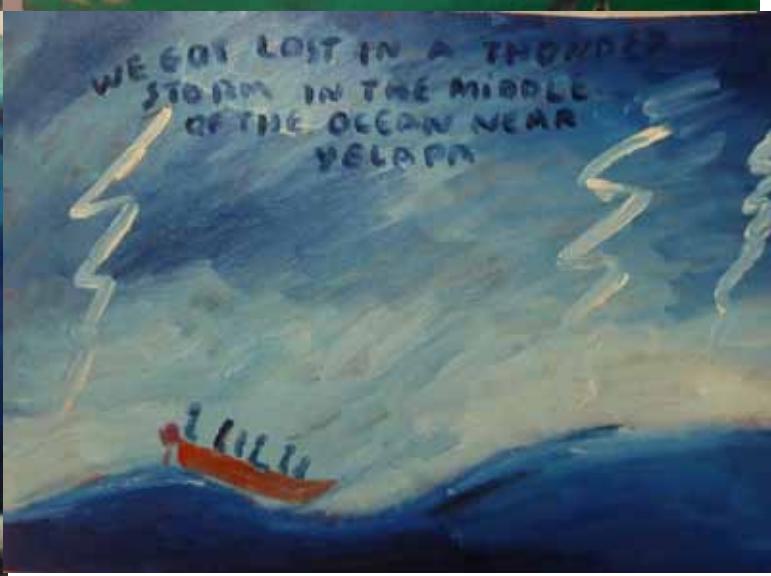
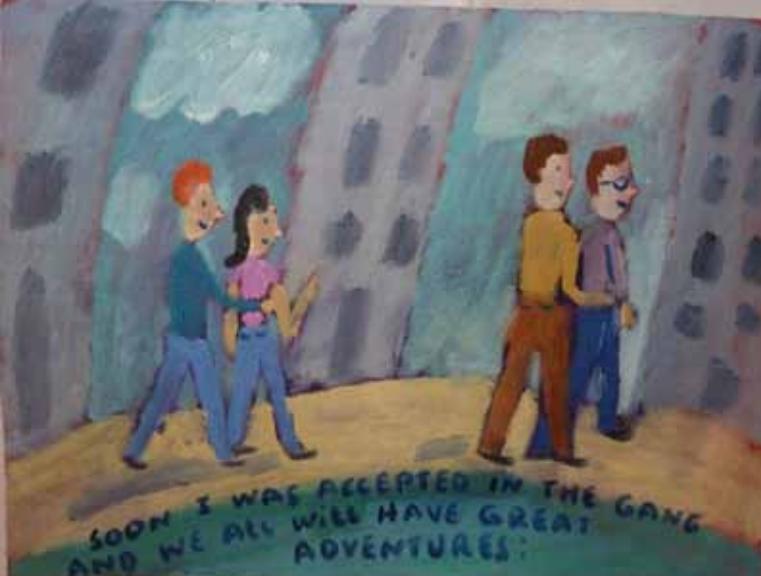


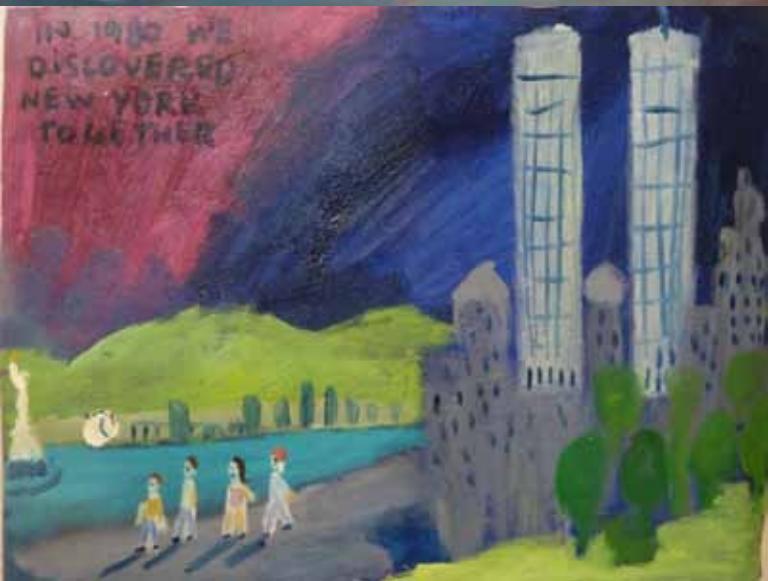
ALEJANDRO WAS A MEDICAL STUDENT



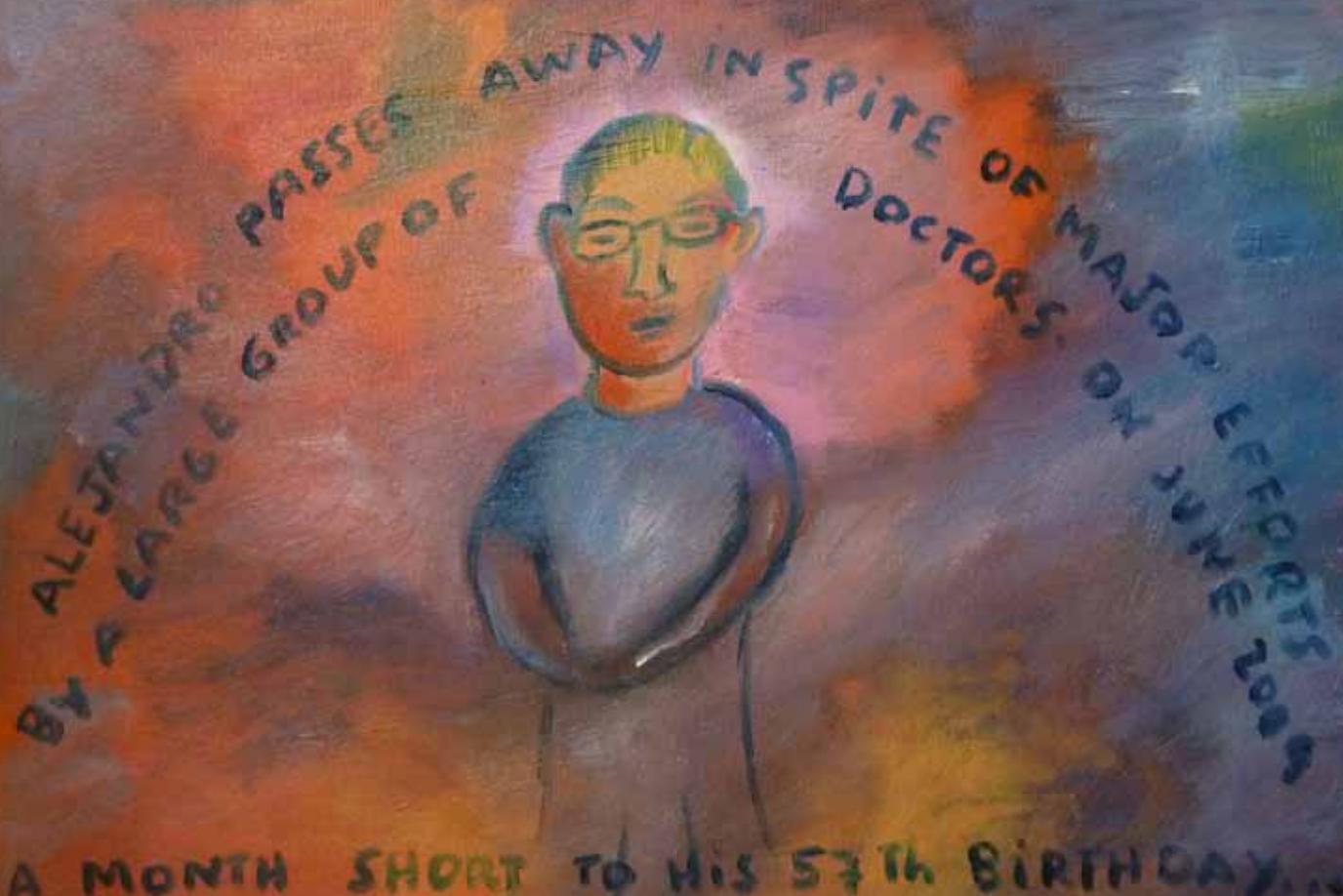
WHEN I MET ETHEL THE THREE OF
THEM WERE VERY CLOSE...











BY ALEXANDRA LARSEN
A LARGE GROUP OF
PEOPLES
AWAY IN SPITE OF
DOCTORS
ON JULY 14, 2005

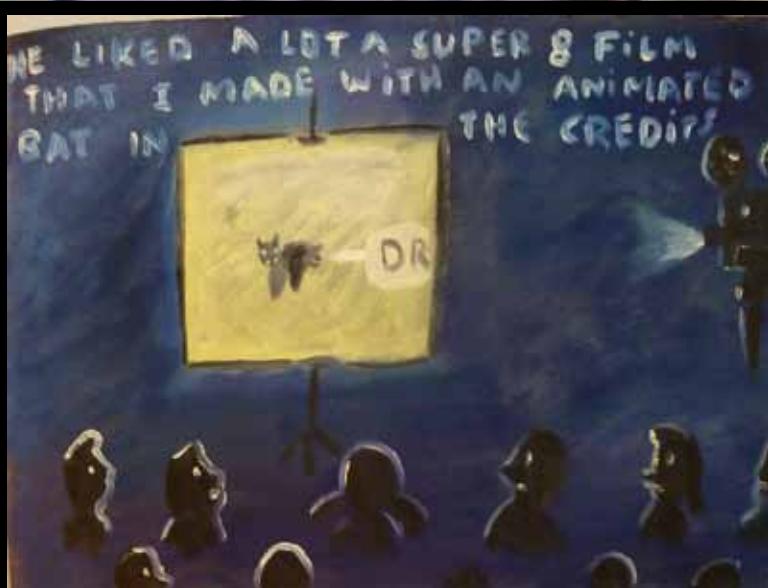
A MONTH SHORT TO HIS 53TH BIRTHDAY

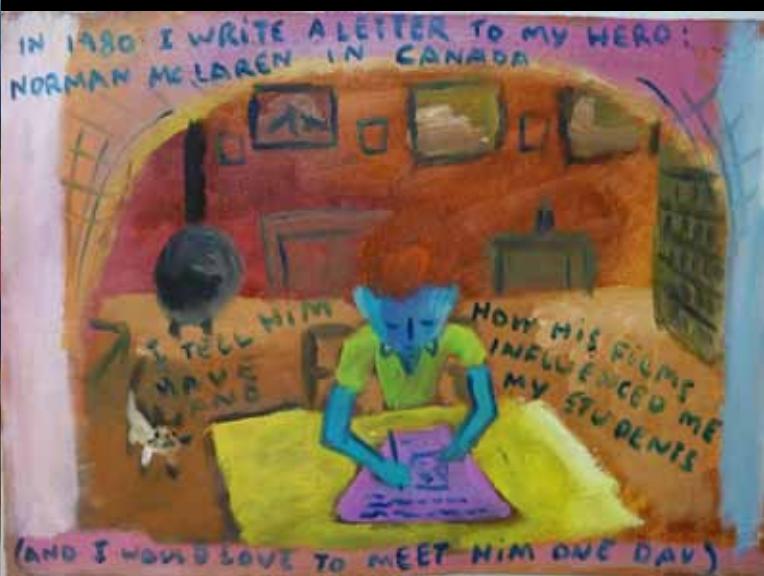
LIFE BEGINS -CONTINUED





TEACHER

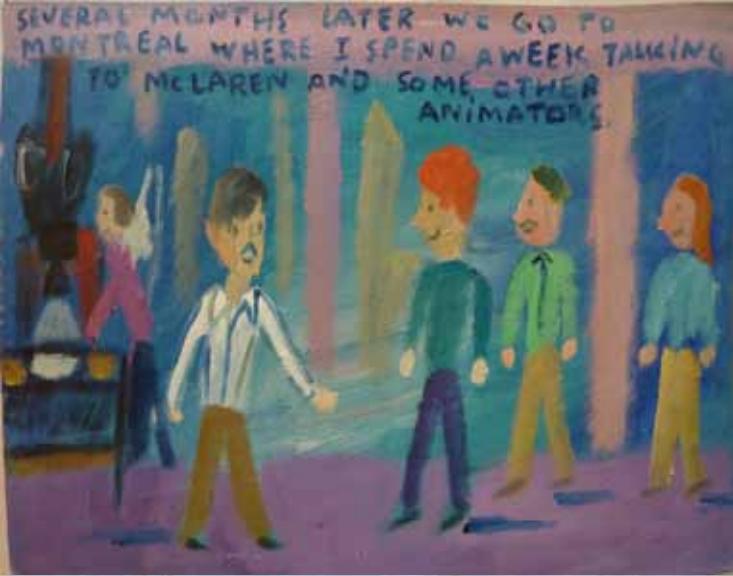




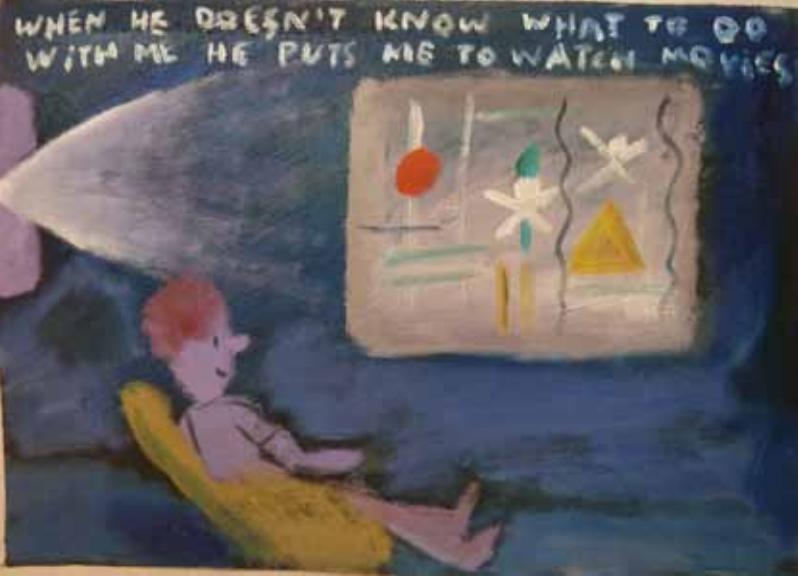
THE DEAN OF MY SCHOOL GETS ALL EXCITED
ABOUT IT AND MANAGES TO GET FUNDING
TO GO TO CANADA.



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER WE GO TO
MONTREAL WHERE I SPEND A WEEK TALKING
TO McLAREN AND SOME OTHER
ANIMATORS.



WHEN HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO
WITH ME HE PUTS ME TO WATCH MOVIES.



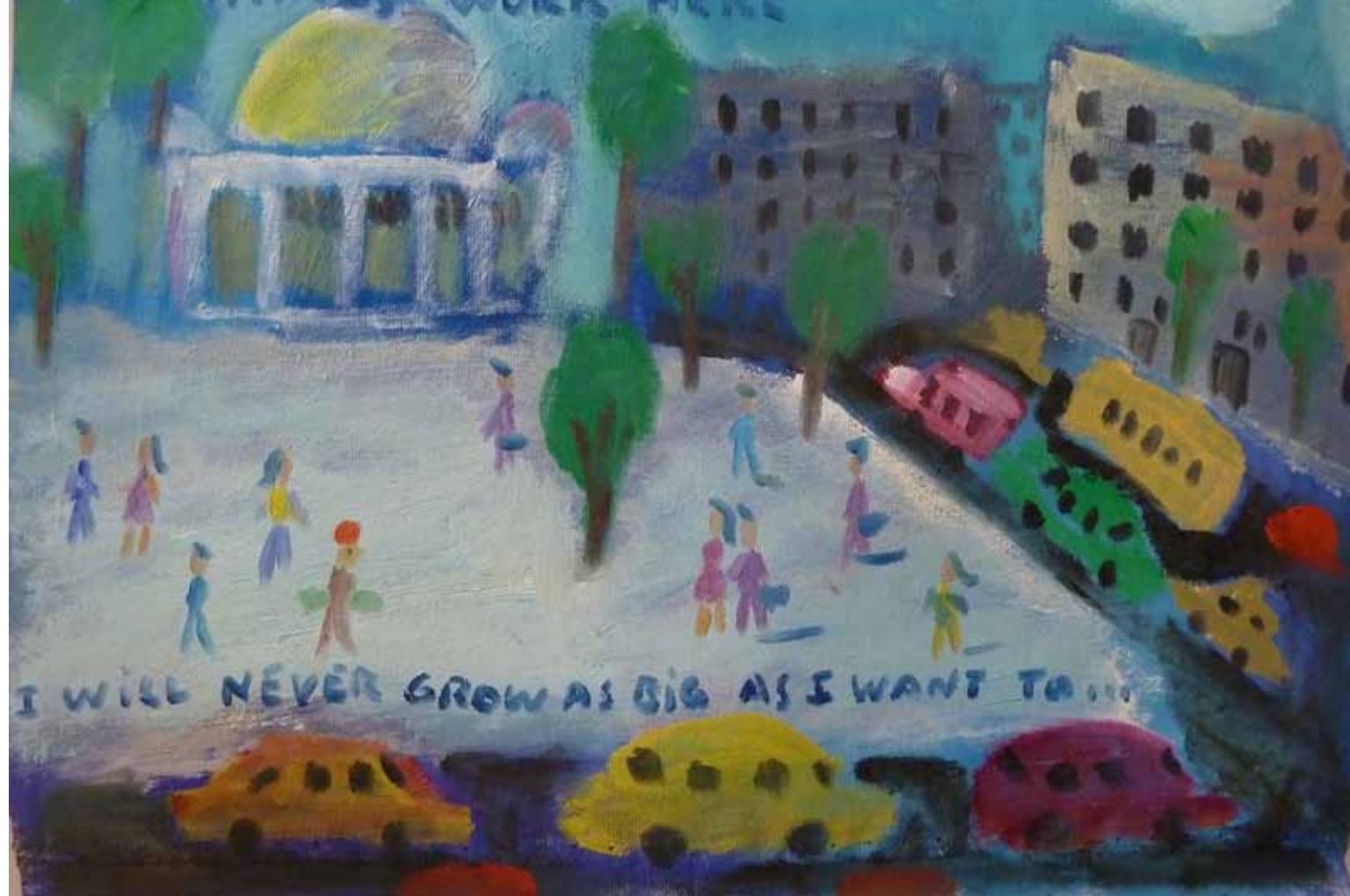
I AM SO MOTIVATED AFTER THE TRIP
THAT I DESIGN AN ANIMATED FILM
BASED ON AN
CREATION OF THE
AZTEC MYTH OF THE
SUN.







EVEN WITH ALL MY LOVE FOR MEXICO
I REALIZE THAT I DON'T LIKE THE WAY
THINGS WORKS HERE



I WILL NEVER GROW AS BIG AS I WANT TO

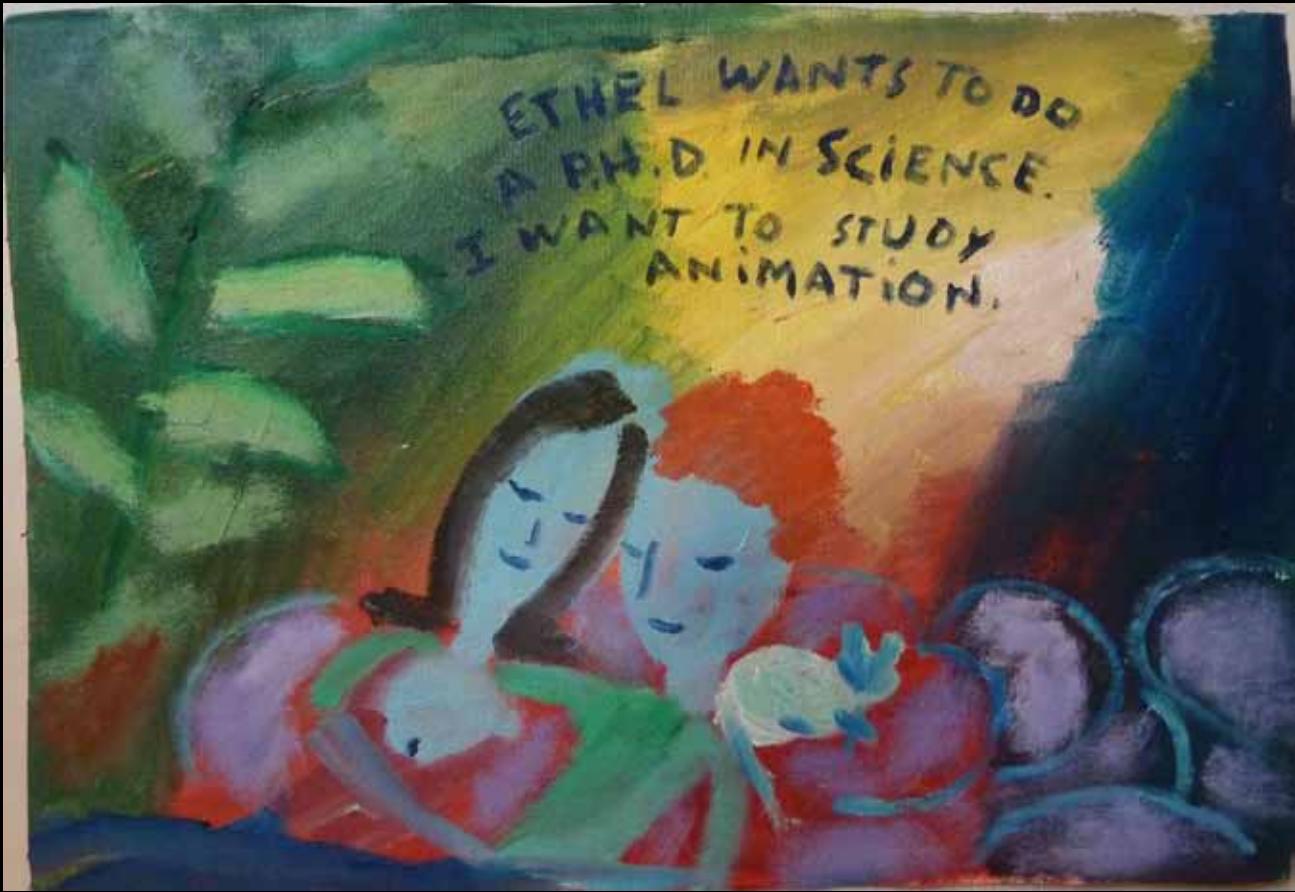
NUEVA YORK 1980







ETHEL WANTS TO DO
A P.H.D. IN SCIENCE.
I WANT TO STUDY
ANIMATION.



HALINA'S TROUBLES



A MONTH LATER, ONCE HER BRUISES
HAVE HEALED, SHE LOOKS LIKE AN
"IMPROVED VERSION OF HERSELF".



A COUPLE MONTHS LATER HALINA
IS DIAGNOSED WITH CANCER OF THE
MOUTH, AND SHE WILL GO TO NEW
YORK TO HAVE IT REMOVED...



ETHEL'S GRANDPARENTS PAY FOR A TICKET
FOR ME AS A COMPANION TO ETHEL
WHILE HALINA GOES THROUGH THE
ORDEAL IN NEW YORK.



THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME
ANG EATS WITH HER OWN TEETH



NEXT MORNING SHE WILL FACE A
VERY AGGRESSIVE SURGERY WITH
HEAVY RADIATION TO FINISH...



IN THE TWO WEEKS I SPEND IN NEW
YORK I AM BASICALLY ALONE WAITING
FOR THE TIME I AM ALLOWED TO
VISIT HALINA



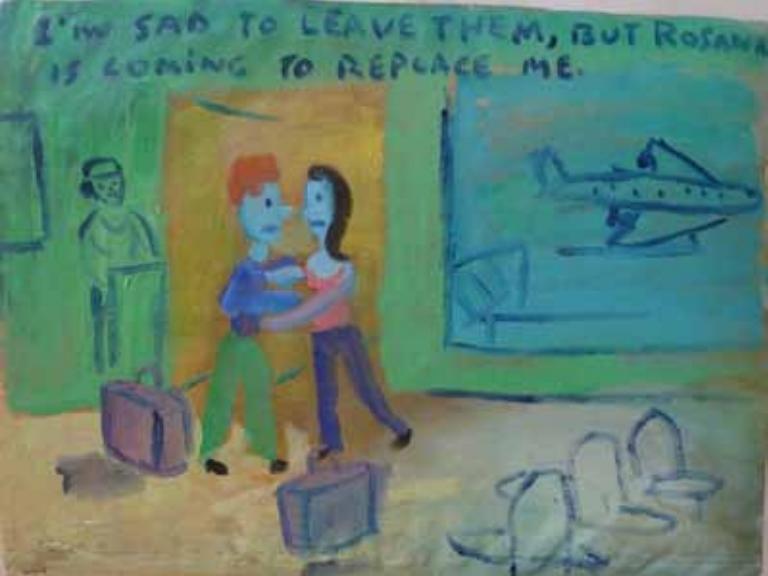
ETHEL IS ALL THE TIME WITH
HALINA AND IT IS DIFFICULT
FOR ME TO HELP.



WHEN IT IS TIME FOR ME TO GO BACK, HALINA IS STILL AT THE HOSPITAL, SHE NEEDS A PROTHESIS.



I'M SAD TO LEAVE THEM, BUT ROSANA IS COMING TO REPLACE ME.



WHEN I COME BACK TO MEXICO I STAY OUT IN HALINA'S HOUSE WITH BELINDA, ETHEL'S SISTER.



BELINDA AND ME BOND BY BEING SAD FOR HALINA.



IN TWO WEEKS SHE'LL GO TO NEW YORK
TO REPLACE ETHEL

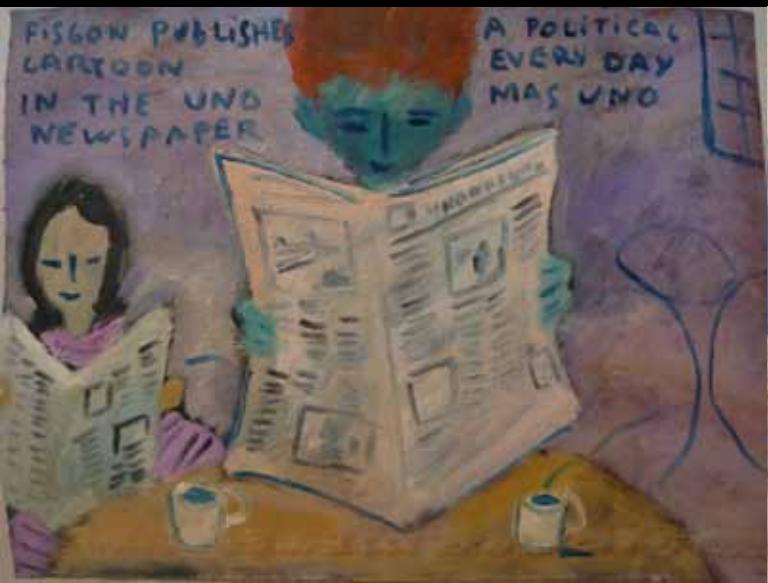


I THINK THAT HALINA BROUGHT ALL
THIS BY CHALLENGING HER GOOD
LUCK. HER "LOOKS", NOW, ARE
UNIMPORTANT.



(I HOPE SHE CAN EAT WITH HER PAINTED FINGERS)

PART THREE: MIGRATION



WE LOVE THE PRESS
BECAUSE IT IS CRITICAL
OF THE U.S. INFLUENCE
IN THE WORLD.



I'VE BEEN A PHOTOGRAPHER
ALL MY LIFE BUT I HAVE ALSO DONE
DRAWINGS
ANIMATIONS



FISGÓN AND ME BECOME GOOD
FRIENDS. I ASK HIM IF I CAN
PRESENT IDEAS FOR THE SUPPLEMENT
AND HIS BOSS: MAGÚ, WHO IS THE
ART DIRECTOR.



A COUSIN OF MINE BEGS ME TO BE
HER WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHER.
I DON'T WANT TO DO IT, BUT I CAN
USE THE MONEY...



I ARRIVE TO THE WEDDING
UNPREPARED.
(MY HEART IS NOT IN IT)



I FORGET TO SING THE FLASH



WHEN I DEVELOP THE PICTURES
I REALIZE THAT I ONLY HAVE
HALF OF
THE FRAME OF
EVERY PHOTO



WHICH MEANS THAT I HAVE PHOTOS
OF EITHER BRIDE OR GROOM
BUT
NEVER
BOTH
TOGETHER

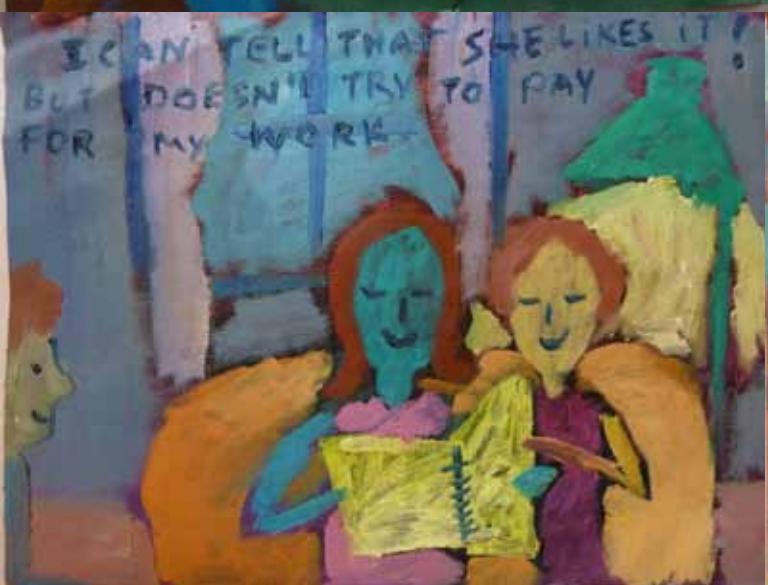


WHEN I TELL HER ABOUT IT
MY COUSIN GOES CRAZY AND
CURSES ME SOBBING

I TELL HER THAT I CAN STILL DO THE
PHOTO ALBUM WITH ANY IMAGES I CAN
RESCUE (FREE).

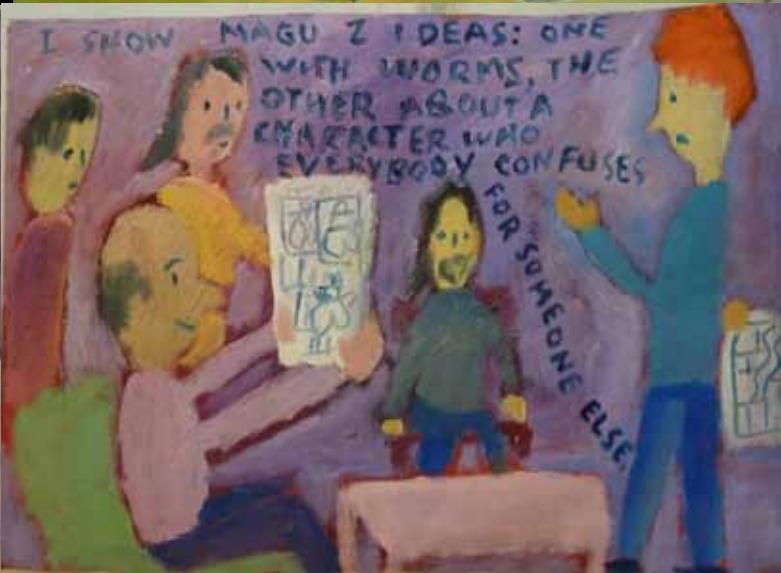
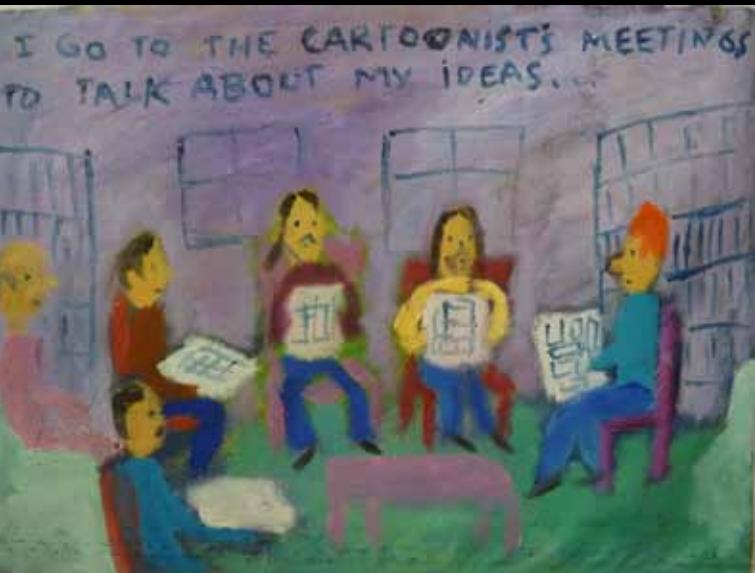


AFTER A FEW WEEKS I GIVE HER
THE FINISHED ALBUM FOR FREE



MAYBE I CAN BE A CARTOONIST...

BECOMING AN ARTIST



MAGU LIKES THE SECOND IDEA BETTER AND TELLS ME TO HAVE 10 STRIPS READY BEFORE GETTING PUBLISHED

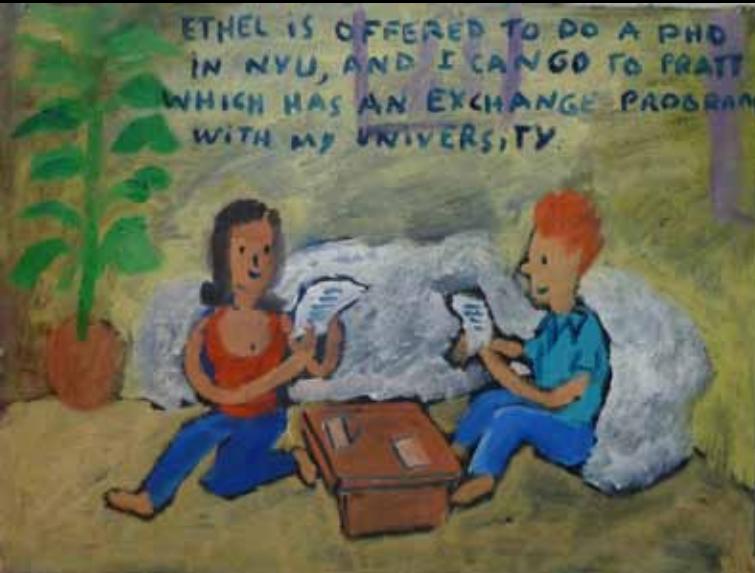
I WORK MY AST OFF FOR SEVERAL MONTHS UNTIL MY COMIC GETS PUBLISHED

WHEN I SEE PEOPLE READING THE PAPER ON SUNDAY, I FEEL REALLY FAMOUS.

BELINDA BREAKS UP WITH FISGÓN AND WE HAVE AN ARGUMENT THAT ALSO BREAKS OUR FRIENDSHIP



TIME TO GO

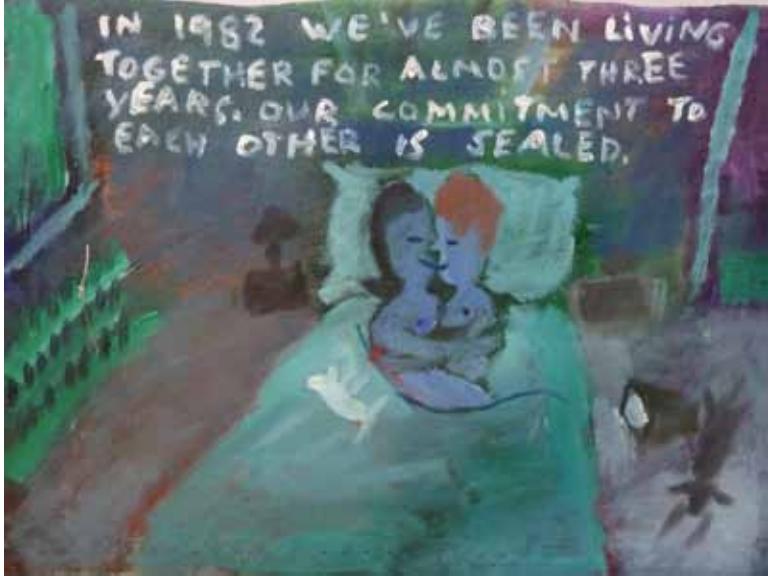




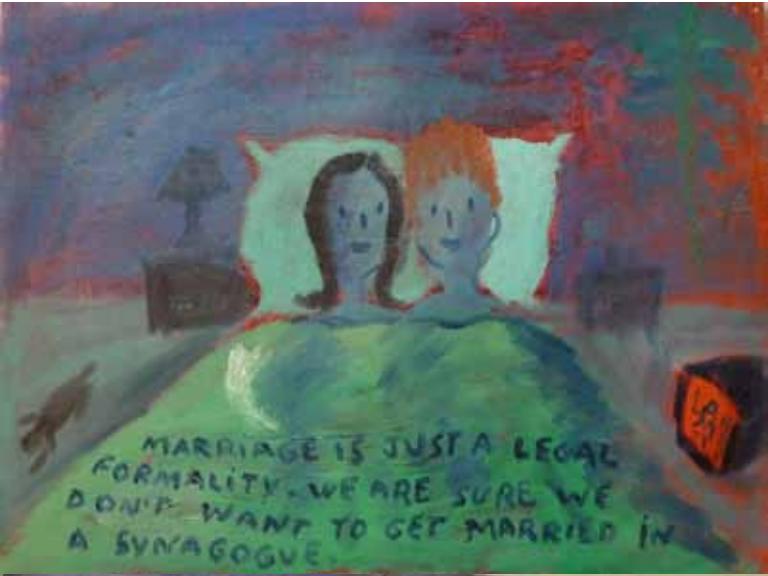
TIE THE KNOT



IN 1982 WE'VE BEEN LIVING
TOGETHER FOR ALMOST THREE
YEARS. OUR COMMITMENT TO
EACH OTHER IS SEALED.



MARRIAGE IS JUST A LEGAL
FORMALITY. WE ARE SURE WE
DON'T WANT TO GET MARRIED IN
A SYNAGOGUE.

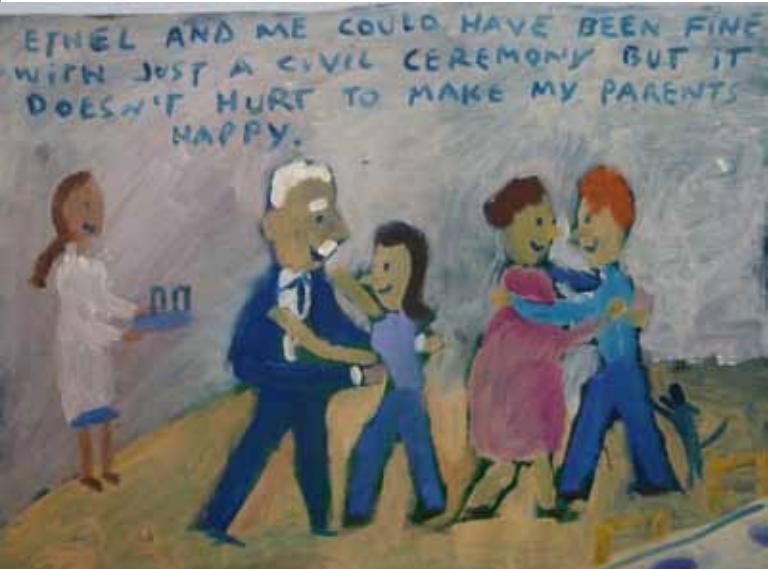


WHEN WE TELL MY PARENTS ABOUT OUR
MARRIAGE PLANS, THEY CONVINCE US
TO GET MARRIED AT HOME WHERE FATHER
WILL FUNCTION AS A RABBI.

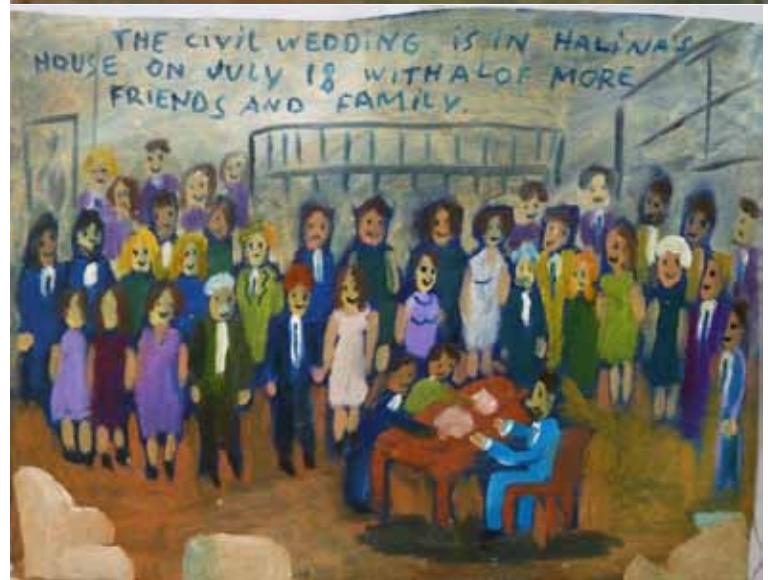


FATHER WILL GO TO HIS RABBI AND
WILL ASK HIM ABOUT THE JEWISH
COURT AND RITUAL.









THE TITANIC IS SINKING

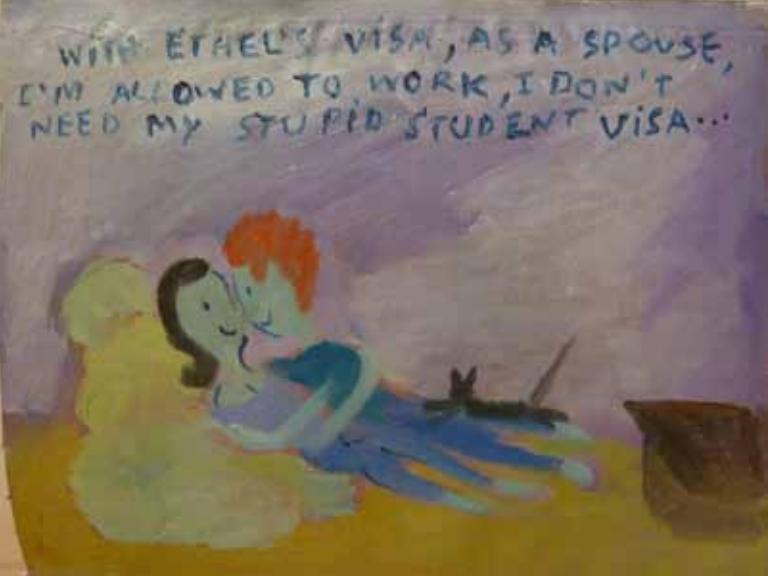


ETHEL GETS HER STUDENT VISA FIRST
AND IS READY TO GO, ON THE OTHER
HAND PRATT DOESN'T SEND MINE.
THE U.S. EMBASSY TELLS ME THAT
I CAN'T GO...



ETHEL RENTS A SUBLET APARTMENT IN NEW YORK FOR AUGUST

WITH ETHEL'S VISA, AS A SPOUSE,
I'M ALLOWED TO WORK, I DON'T
NEED MY STUPID STUDENT VISA...





PART 4

THIS LITTLE TOWN BLUES



WE ARRIVE IN NEW YORK AUGUST 17-81



WE GARELY FIT IN IT. WE HAVE
TO LOOK FAST FOR OUR "REAL"
APARTMENT.



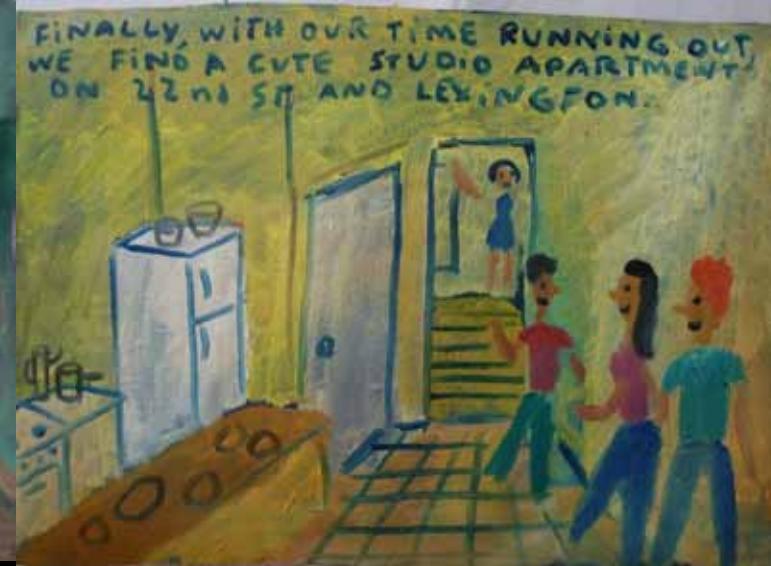
I FAVOR LOW RENT APARTMENTS
ETHEL PREFERENCES AREAS WHERE
HER MOM CAN STAY



VERY SOON WE DISCOVER THAT
OUR \$400 RENT BUDGET IS ALMOST
IMPOSSIBLE TO MEET.



FINALLY, WITH OUR TIME RUNNING OUT,
WE FIND A CUTE STUDIO APARTMENT
ON 42nd ST AND LEXINGTON.



THE BUILDING IS VERY CLOSE TO NYU
WHERE ETHEL WILL STUDY.



THE RENT IS GOING TO TAKE ALMOST
ALL OUR MONEY FROM ETHEL'S SCHOLARSHIP

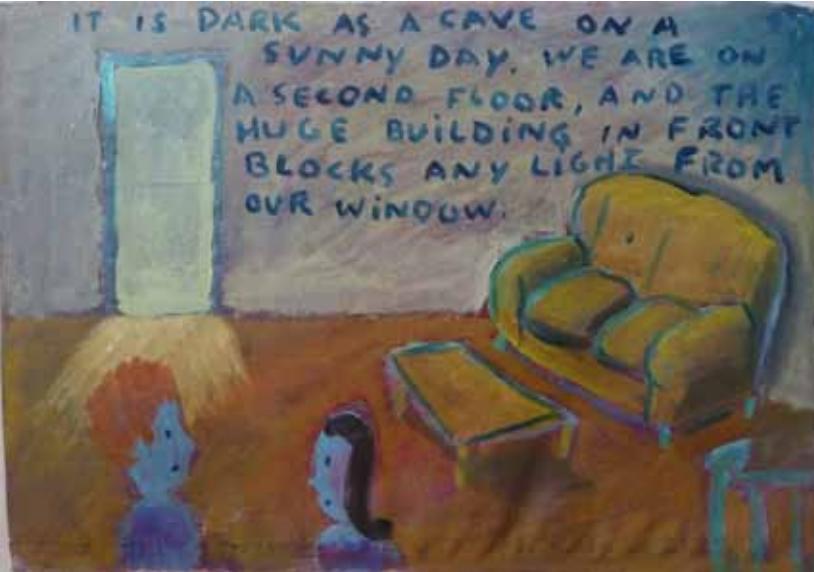


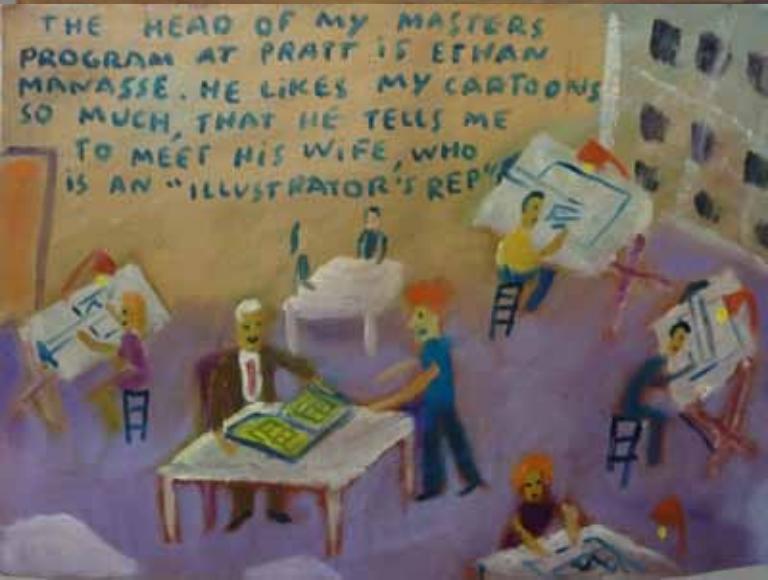
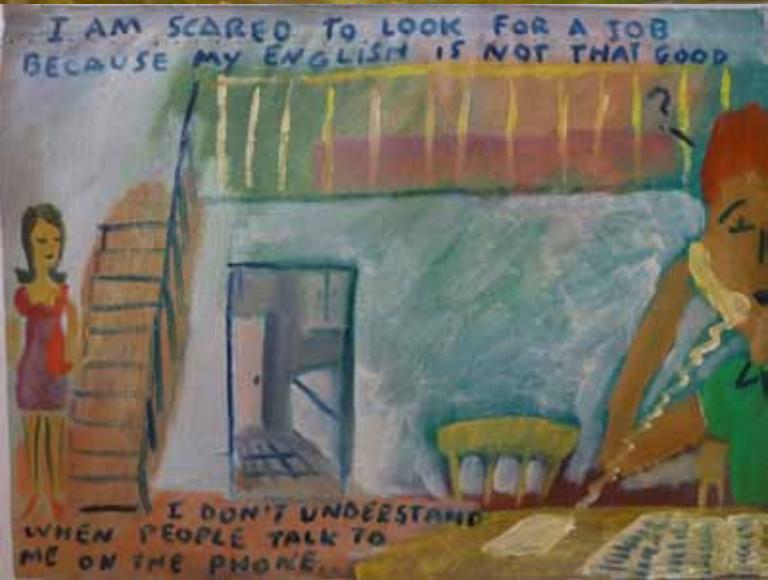
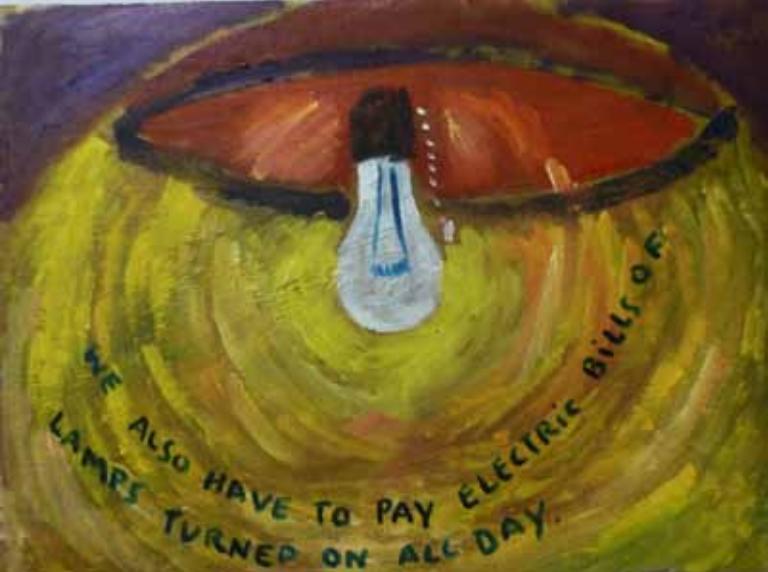
WE MOVE
IN THE
FIRST WEEK
OF SEPTEMBER
WITH OUR
FURNITURE



THE NEXT MORNING
WE WAKE UP LATE
REALIZING TO OUR
SHOCK THAT THE LOFT
HAS NO NATURAL LIGHT







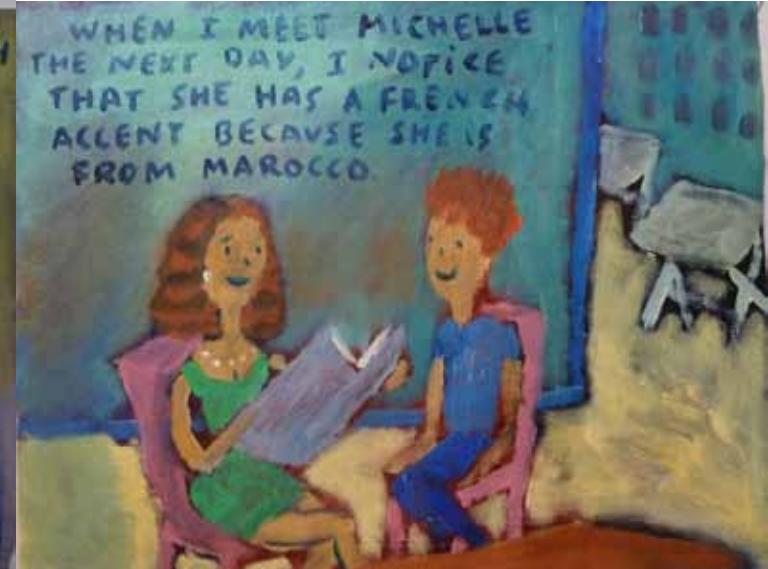
I AGREE TO SEE HER, EVEN THOUGH
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT
ILLUSTRATOR (OR REP) IS



WE LIKE EACH OTHER RIGHT AWAY.
SHE LIKES MY WORK AND WANTS TO
REP ME...



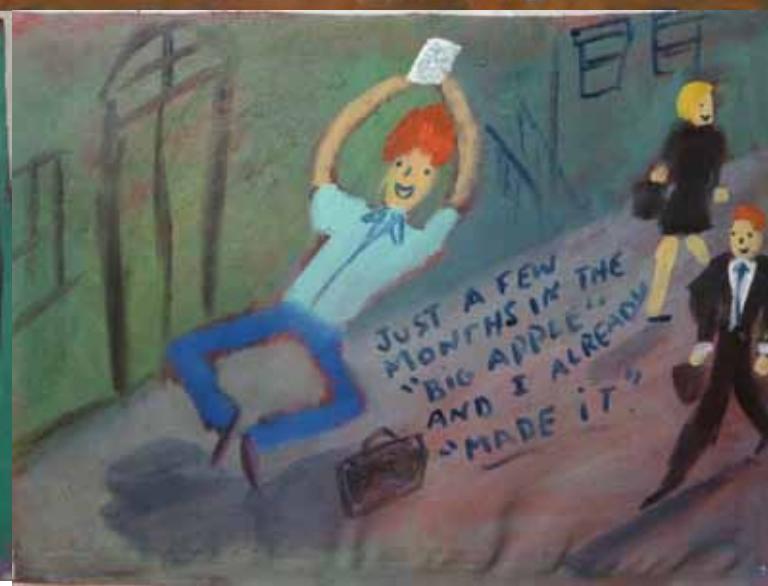
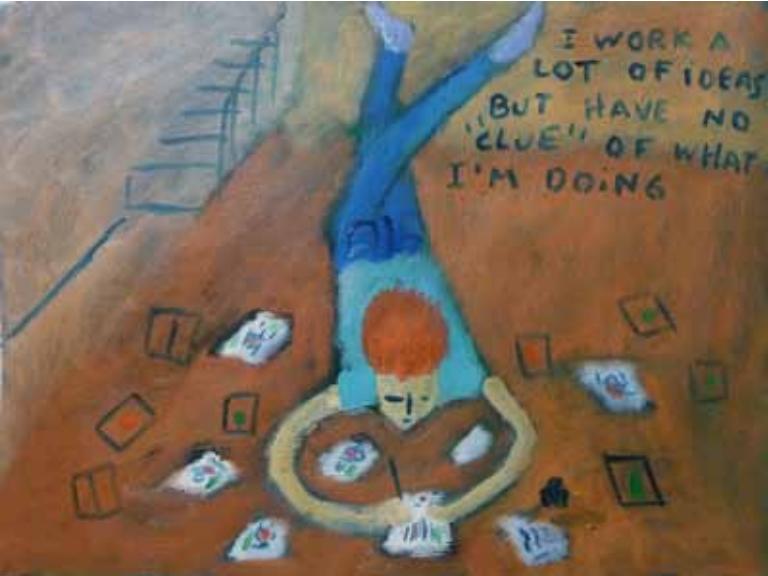
WHEN I MEET MICHELLE
THE NEXT DAY, I NOTICE
THAT SHE HAS A FRENCH
ACCENT BECAUSE SHE IS
FROM MAROCCO.



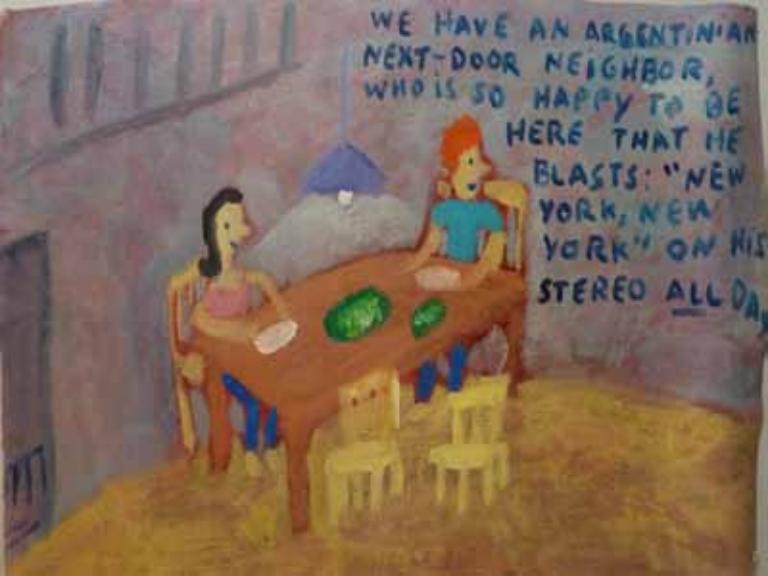
SHE THINKS THAT I SHOULD
MAKE AN "ILLUSTRATION"
PORTFOLIO WITH SELECTED
FRAMES OF MY CARTOONS

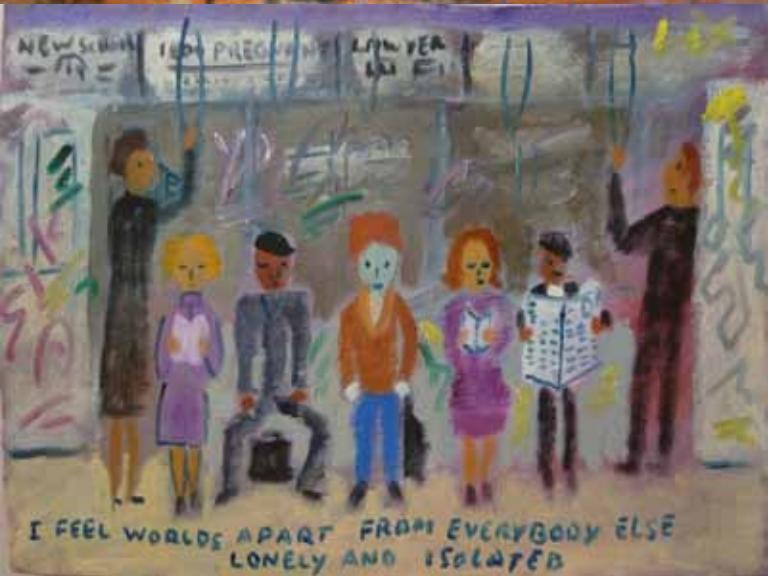


SHE ALSO ASKS ME TO MAKE DESIGNS
FOR A CHRISTMAS CARD TO SEE IF
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART WOULD
BUY IT



I WILL SURVIVE!





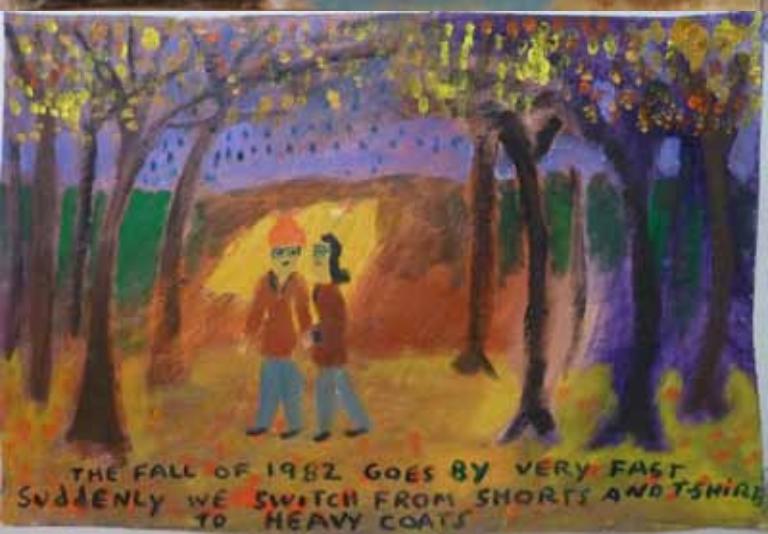
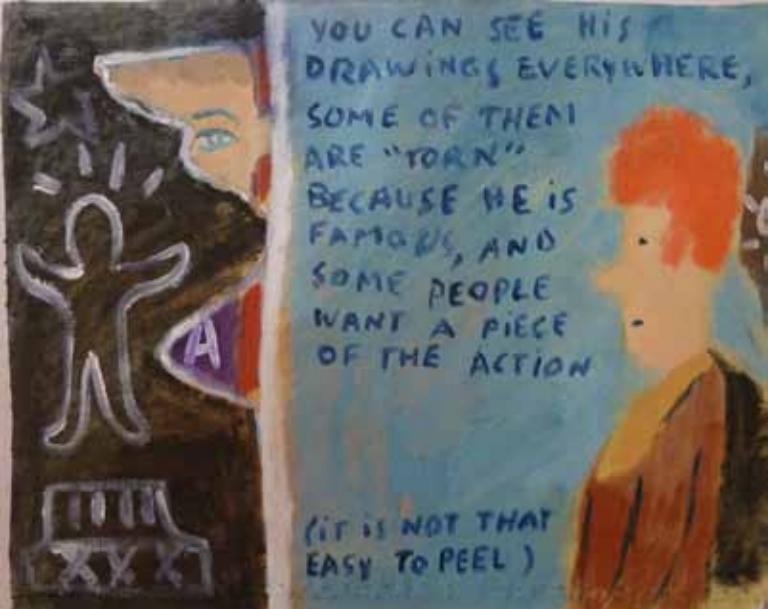
THE SUBWAY TRAIN TO PRATT LOOKS VERY
AGGRESSIVE ALL COVERED WITH GRAFFITI



I LOVE THE ARTISTIC ENERGY
THAT THE CITY HAS IN ALL ITS
CRAZY EXPRESSIONS.



ANOTHER GUY
DOES MOSAICS
ON THE SIDEWALK
AND LAMP POSTS



THE WINTER OF MY DISCONTENT



MY CLOTHES ARE NOT WARM
ENOUGH TO GO THROUGH ALL
WINTER, BUT I WON'T FIND THAT
OUT UNTIL DECEMBER



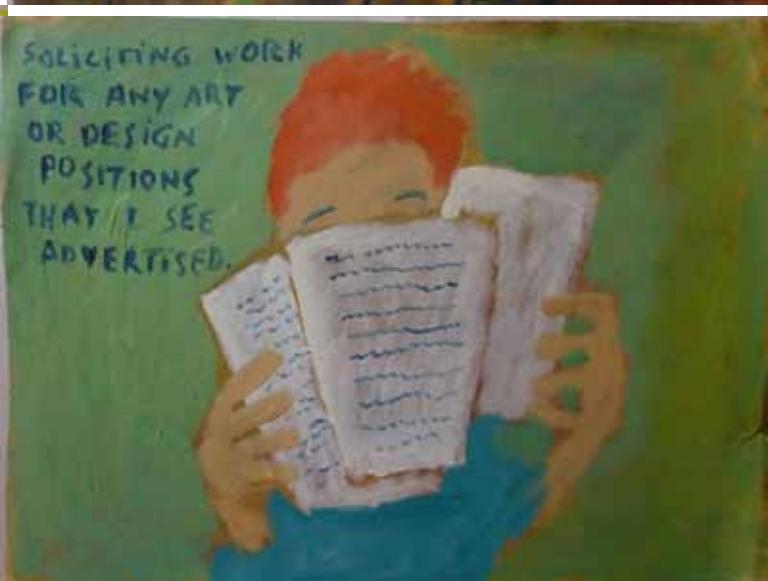
WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL IF WINTER
ENDS MARCH 21ST?



CAN YOU GIVE ME
JOB?

MY JOB
HUNTING
IS EXHAUSTING!

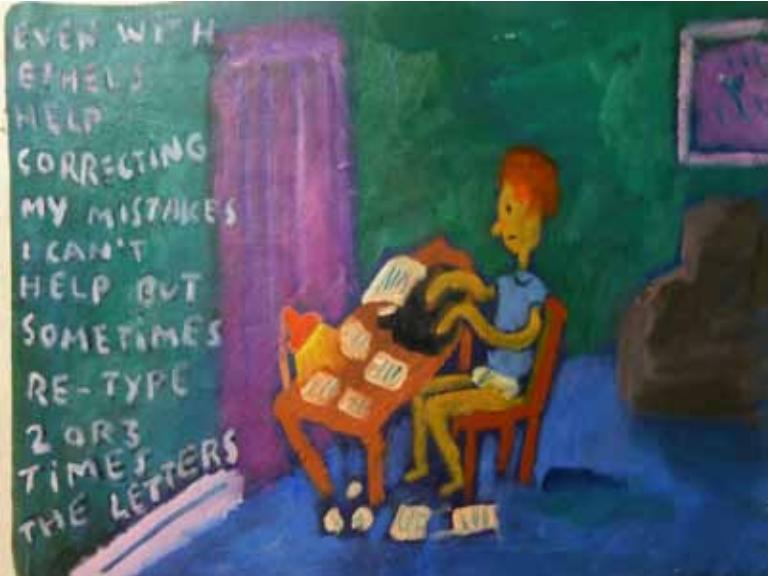






I FEEL LUCKY EVEN WHEN I GET REJECTION LETTERS (MOST OF THE TIME I GET IGNORED).

- ONE MORE WEP BACK IN AN IMMIGRANT'S TOWN...



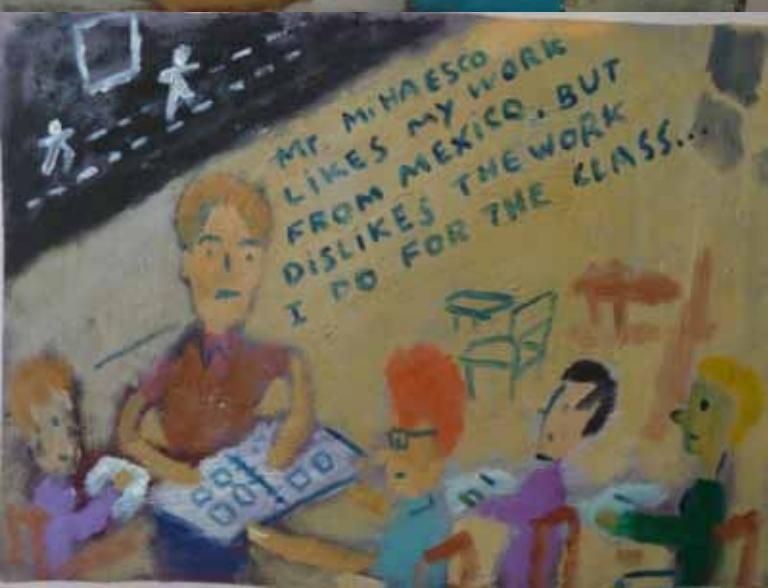
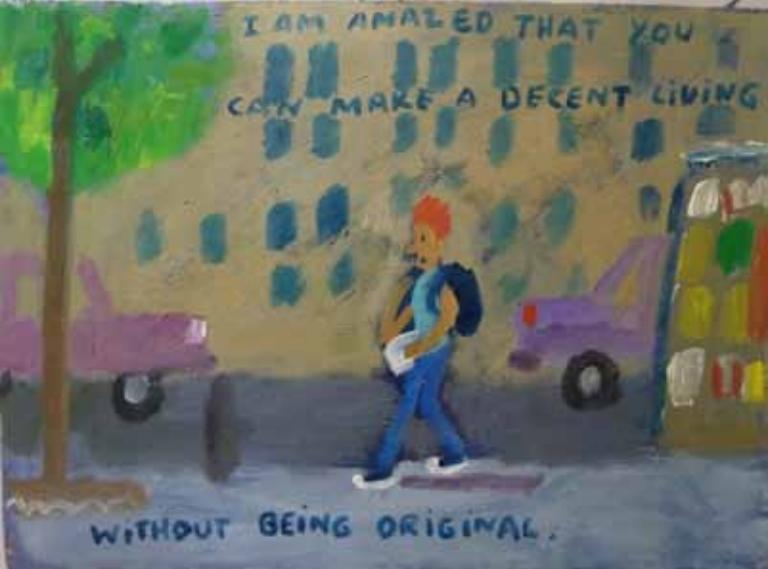
AT ONE POINT MY AUNT FROM SAN DIEGO SUGGESTS THAT I SHOULDN'T BE SO SPOILED AND GET A JOB A MOPPING BATHROOMS...



BACK TO SCHOOL

ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATION CLASSES IS
WITH EUGENE MIHAESKO - A WELL KNOWN
ARTIST WHO HAS A LOT OF COVERS





MICHELLE, MY REP, HATES IT.
SHE THINKS THAT I AM
GETTING BAD HABITS,
I SHOULD NOT CHANGE
STYLES...



WHEN MI MIHAESCU REALIZES THAT THE
STUDENTS
ARE
COPYING
HIM,
HE
NEVER-
SEES HIS
MISTAKE



IT DAWNS ON HIM THAT HE IS CREATING
POOR CLONES OF HIMSELF. CLONES OF
CLONES. HE IS MAKING STEINBERG-CLONES
-WITH HIS
STYLE



WE ARE
ALL
FOR THE SAME JOBS
AT THIS RATE
GOING TO COMPETE
AGAINST EACH
OTHER...

HE DECIDES THEN, TO INFLUENCE US
IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. HE
STARTS LIKING THE STUDENTS WITH
RADICALLY DIFFERENT STYLES



I START NOTICING KIDS THAT WERE
IGNORED BEFORE...



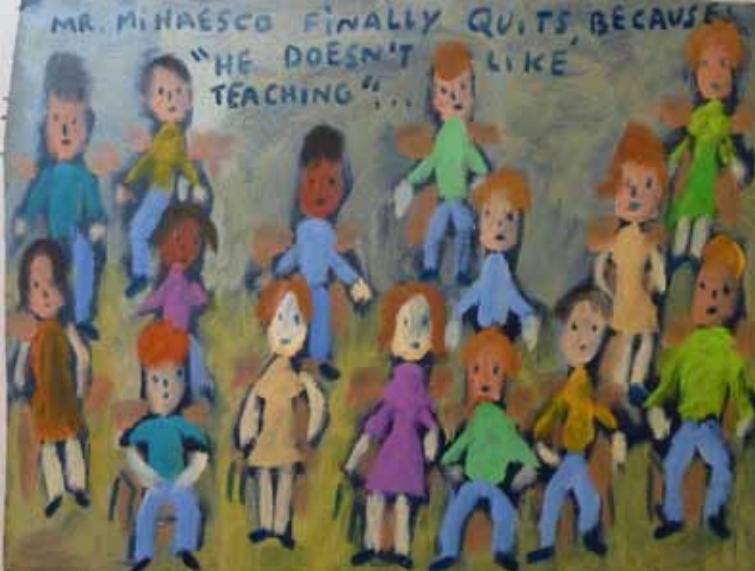
I DISCOVER THE POWER OF:
-DIFFERENT!



I DECIDE TO FIND A RADICAL
STYLE, ONE THAT NOBODY HAS
SEEN... BEFORE...

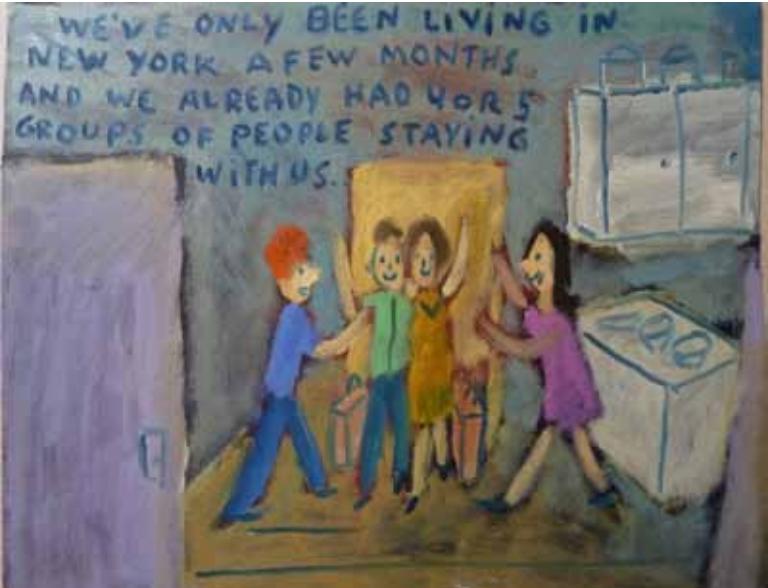


(FAT CHANCE)



**EVERYBODY
LOOOVES NEW
YORK**

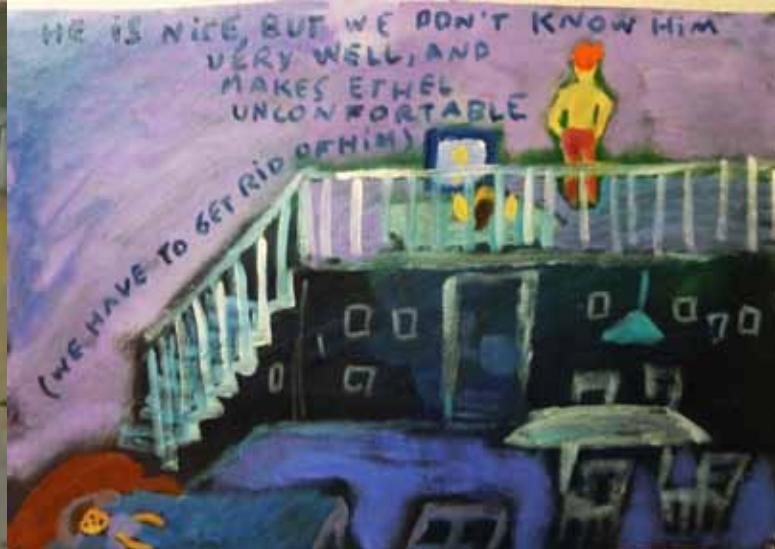




ANOTHER FRIEND HAS NO PLANS OF LEAVING UNTIL HE FINDS A JOB AND CAN AFFORD TO PAY HIS RENT...



HE IS NICE, BUT WE DON'T KNOW HIM VERY WELL, AND MAKES ETHEL UNCOMFORTABLE



WE ASK OUR FRIEND JENNY TO CALL US PRETENDING TO BE MY COUSIN FROM CALIFORNIA, WHO WOULD COME THE NEXT DAY...



OUR MEXICAN FRIEND "FALLS" FOR OUR PLOT, AND MOVES OVER. WE MAKE JENNY OUR OFFICIAL COUSIN...



I FEEL GUILTY ABOUT LYING, BUT WE ARE THRILLED TO HAVE OUR HOME BACK



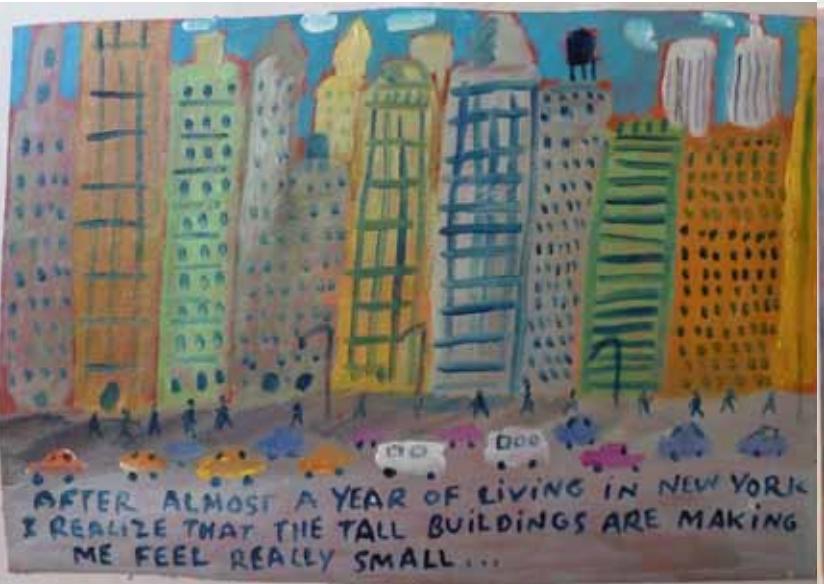
THEN, WE GO THROUGH SEVERAL MONTHS WITH NO BREAK FROM VISITS...



NOBODY COMES DURING WINTER, AND DURING A BLIZZARD WE ARE DELIGHTED TO STILL BE IN NEW YORK...

BUT WINTER LINGERS FOR EVER AND I FEEL DEPRESSED, BETWEEN THE DARKNESS OF THE APARTMENT, MY UNEMPLOYMENT AND ALL OUR EXPENSES.





EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE I HAVE THE "URGE" TO
FEEL THE OPEN SKY AND TO PUT THINGS IN PERSPECTIVE.



PETS IN NEW YORK

IN THE SHELTER THEY REJECT US
BECAUSE WE ARE STUDENTS, AND
WE DON'T HAVE A JOB



ETHEL AND I WANT TO ADOPT A CAT
FROM A PET SHELTER...

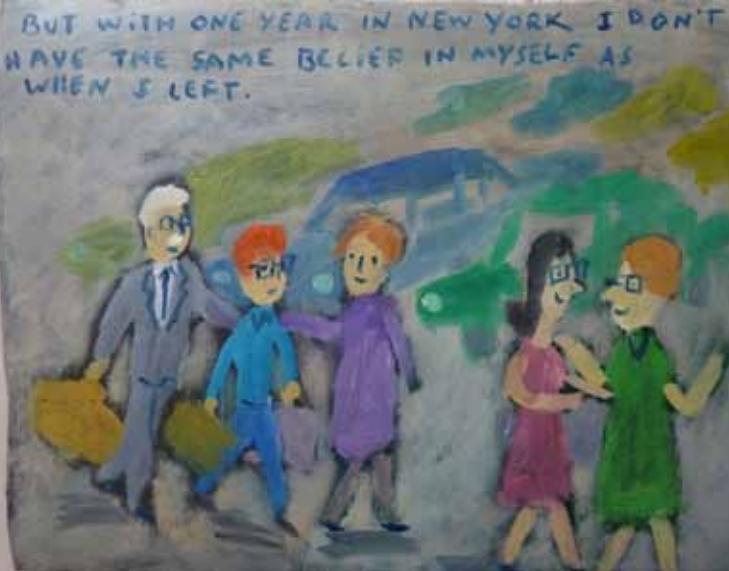


WE TELL THEM
THAT WE ARE
GRADUATE
STUDENTS WITH
SCHOLARSHIPS,
AND WE CAN
AFFORD TO
HAVE A CAT...



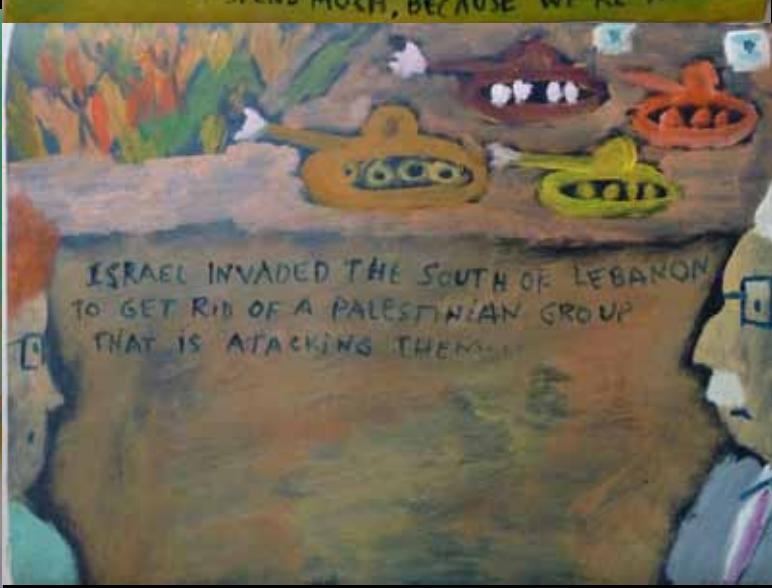


ONE YEAR LATER





THE RUPTURE



I GET ANGRY WITH FATHER
BECAUSE I DON'T AGREE
THAT ISRAEL HAS A
"DEFENSE" ARMY ONLY
UNLIKE ANY OTHER ARMY.



I AM REALLY ANGRY BECAUSE IT
DOESN'T JUSTIFY, TO ME, ALL
THE CIVILIAN DEATHS AND THE
INVASION TO THAT COUNTRY.



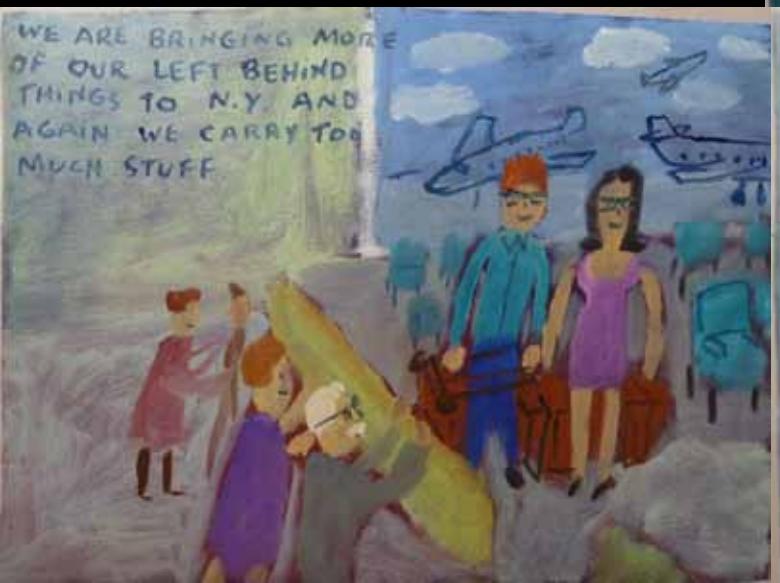
WE THINK
THE ARGUMENT HEATS UP REALLY FAST
MY MOTHER BREAKS IT BEFORE
WE REACH AN AGREEMENT.

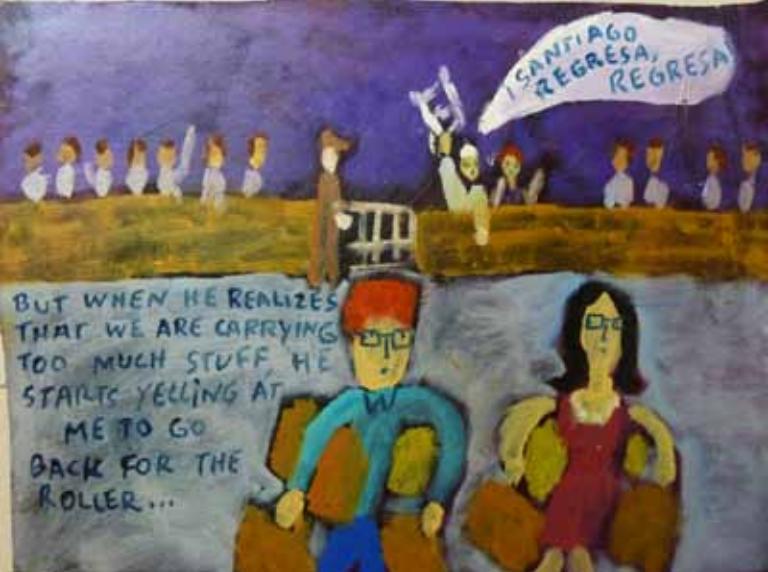


I FEEL THAT I WILL NEVER AGREE WITH
HIM REGARDING ISRAEL ANYMORE...

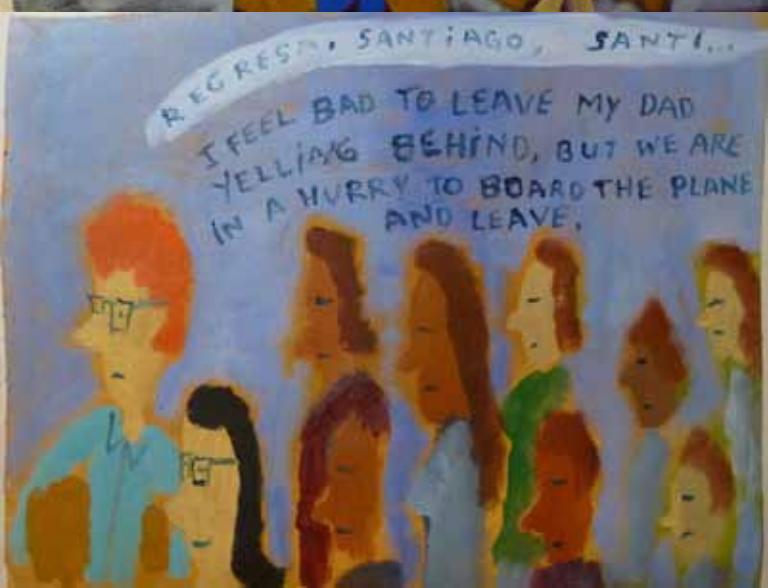


SAD GOODBYE

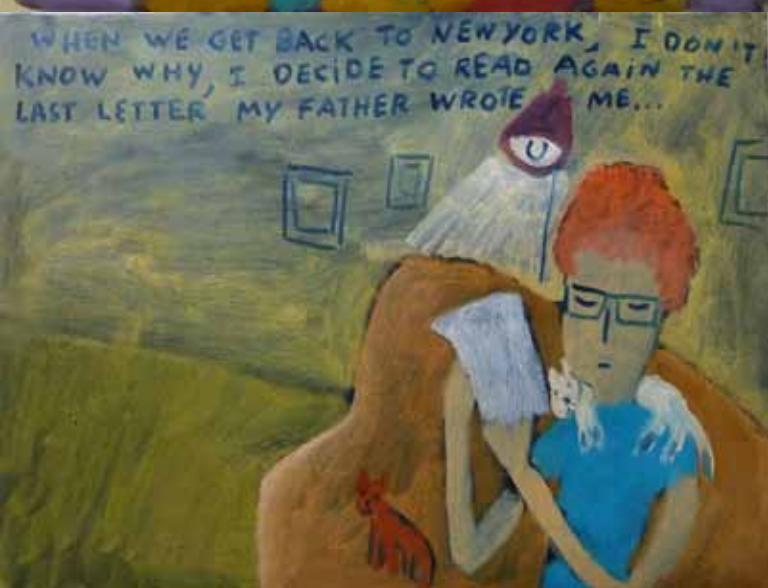




BUT WHEN HE REALIZES
THAT WE ARE CARRYING
TOO MUCH STUFF HE
STARTS YELLING AT
ME TO GO
BACK FOR THE
ROLLER...



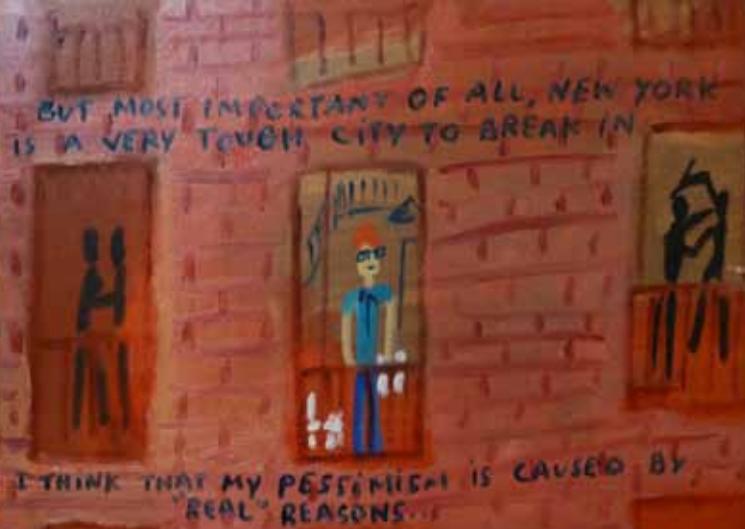
REGRESA, SANTIAGO, SANTIAGO
I FEEL BAD TO LEAVE MY DAD
YELLING BEHIND, BUT WE ARE
IN A HURRY TO BOARD THE PLANE
AND LEAVE.



HE TELLS ME THAT I SHOULDN'T BE
SO PESSIMISTIC THAT I SHOULD BE
COURAGEOUS IN 'NEW YORK BECAUSE'
"LIFE IS NOT CASUAL."



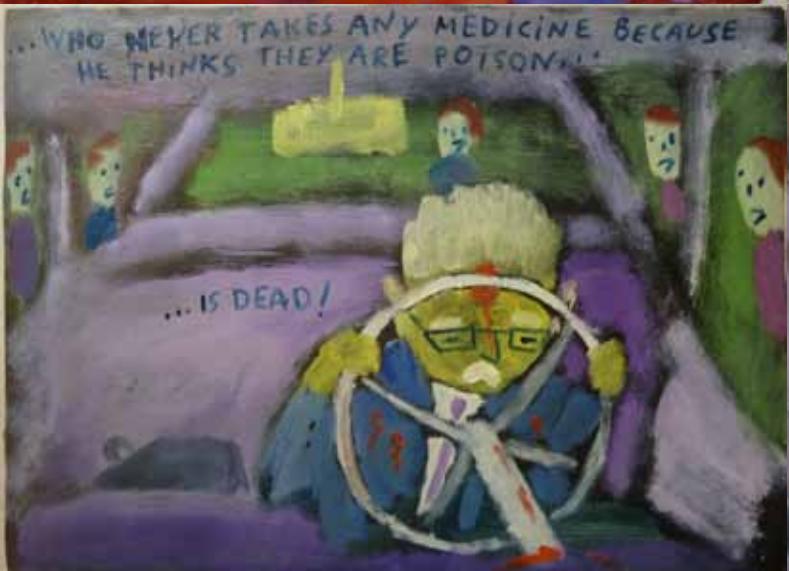
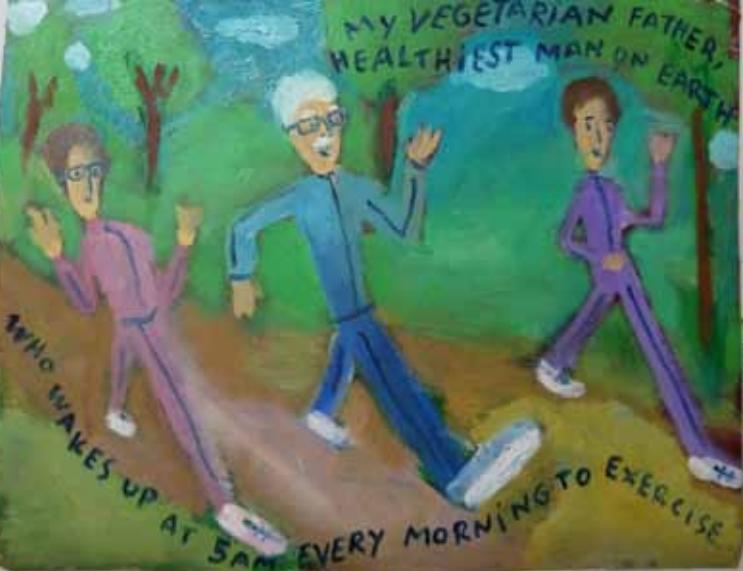
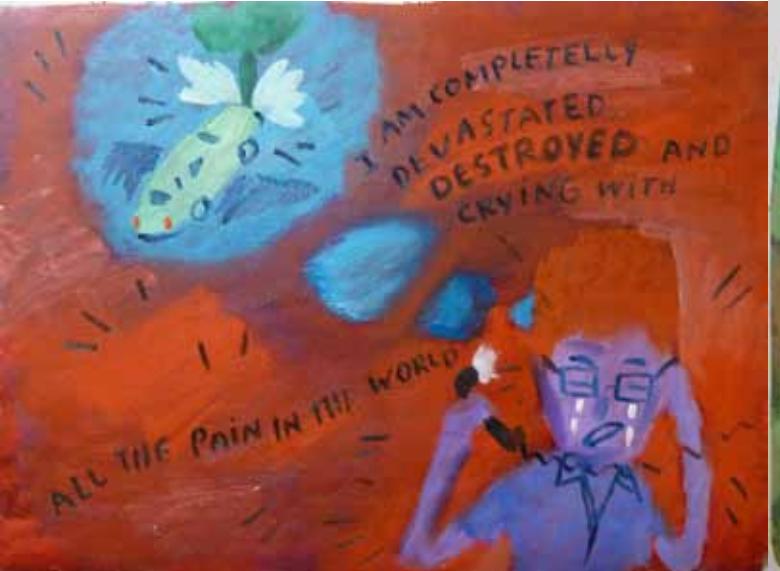
I DON'T LIKE THE LETTER BECAUSE I
DON'T FEEL THAT THERE IS A "PLAN" FOR
ME IN THE UNIVERSE...



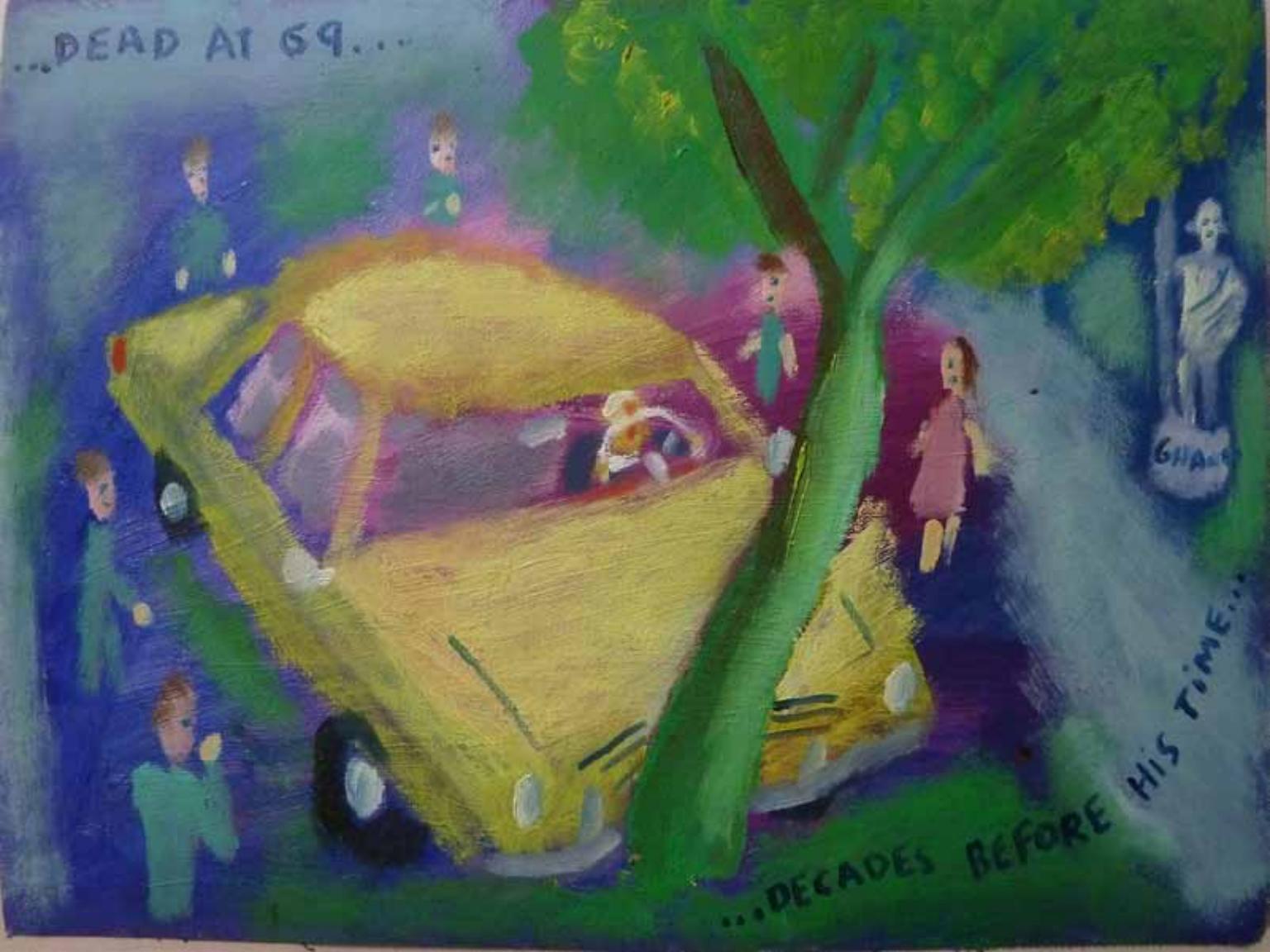
SHE TELLS ME
THAT FATHER
JUST DIED ON
A CAR CRASH...

A WEEK LATER, ON MY MOTHER'S
BIRTHDAY, MY SISTER SILVIA
CALLS ME AROUND
5PM...

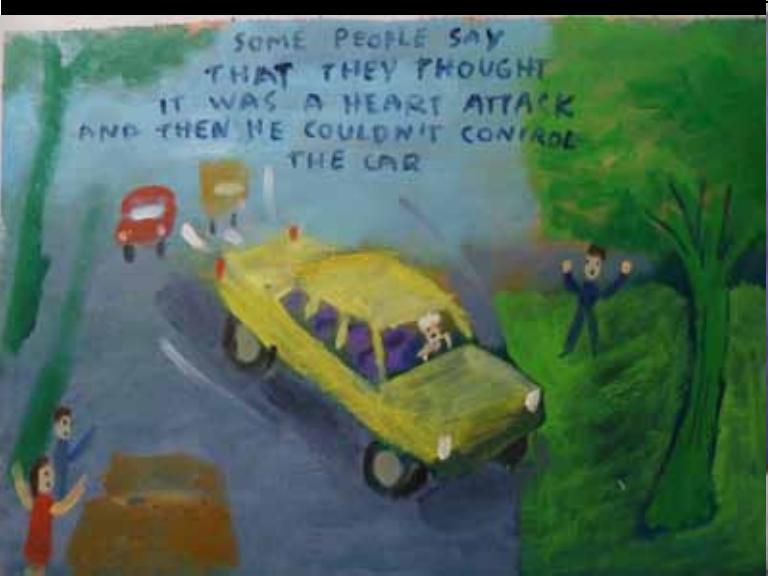
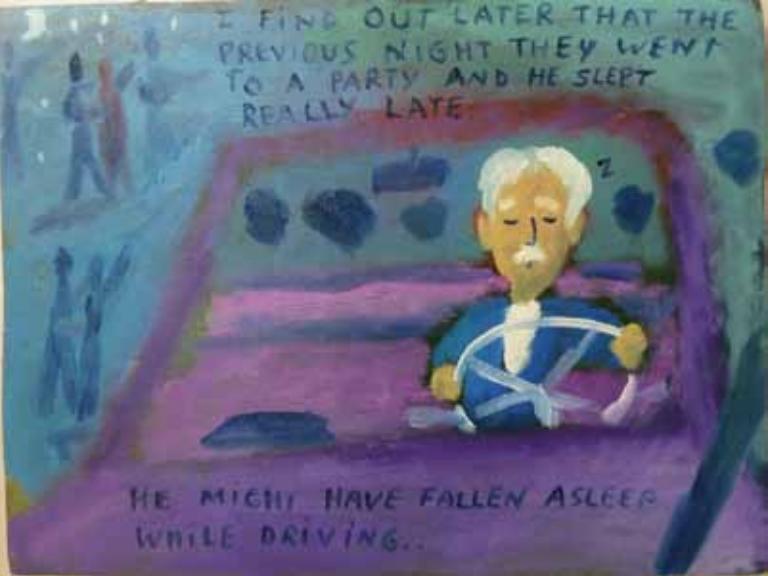


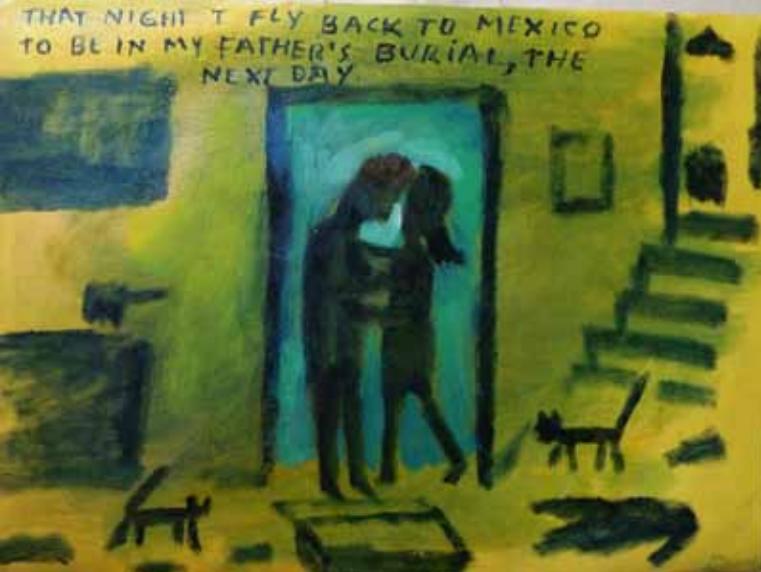


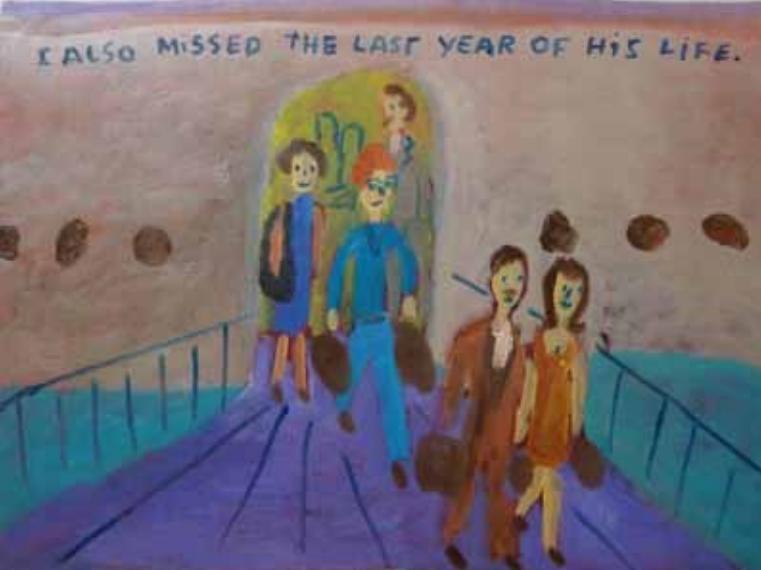
...DEAD AT 69...



...DECADES BEFORE HIS TIME...

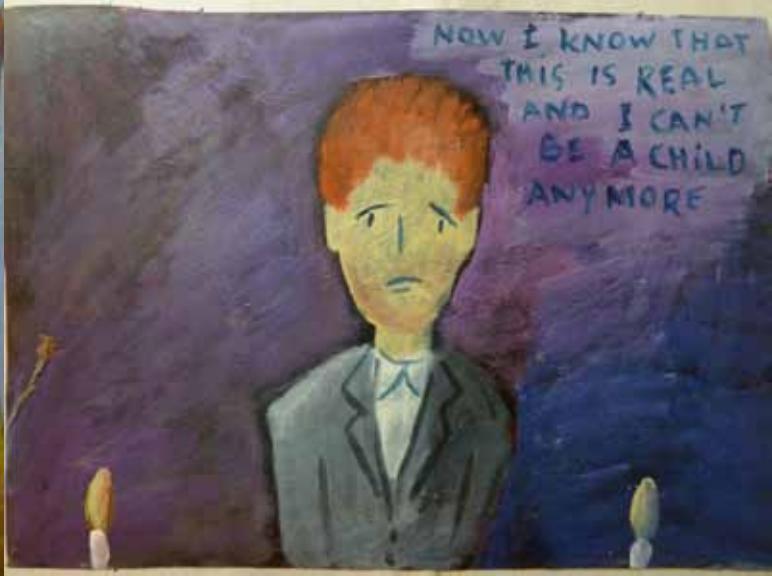








THROUGH THE CASKET'S WINDOW I SEE
A WAXED, LIFELESS VERSION OF MY FATHER



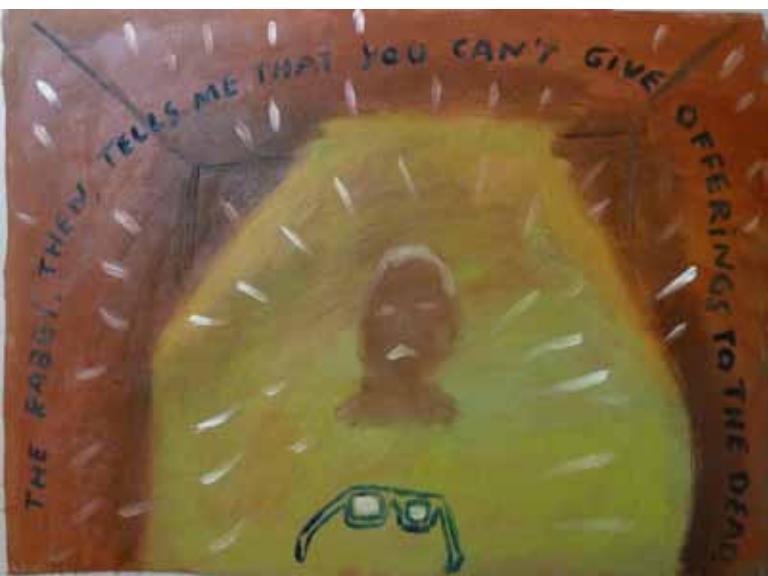
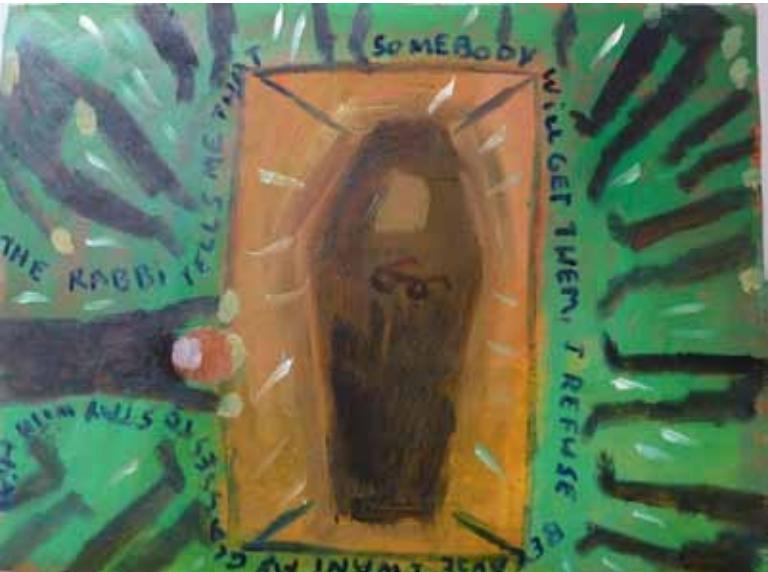
NOW I KNOW THAT
THIS IS REAL
AND I CAN'T
BE A CHILD
ANYMORE



NEXT MORNING IT IS POURING RAIN IN
MEXICO CITY

THE
GRAVEYARD
WHERE MY
GRANDPARENTS
ARE BURIED.





DURING THE SHIVAH, WE HAVE TO PRAY
WITH PEOPLE WE BARELY KNOW, AND
I HATE THE RITUAL.



I FEEL LIKE GOD IS NOWHERE IN
HERE, HE HAS ABANDONED ME...

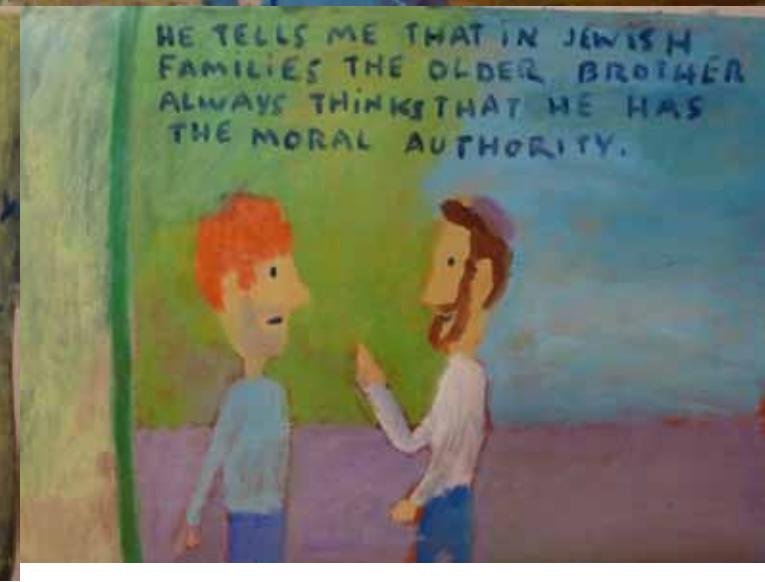
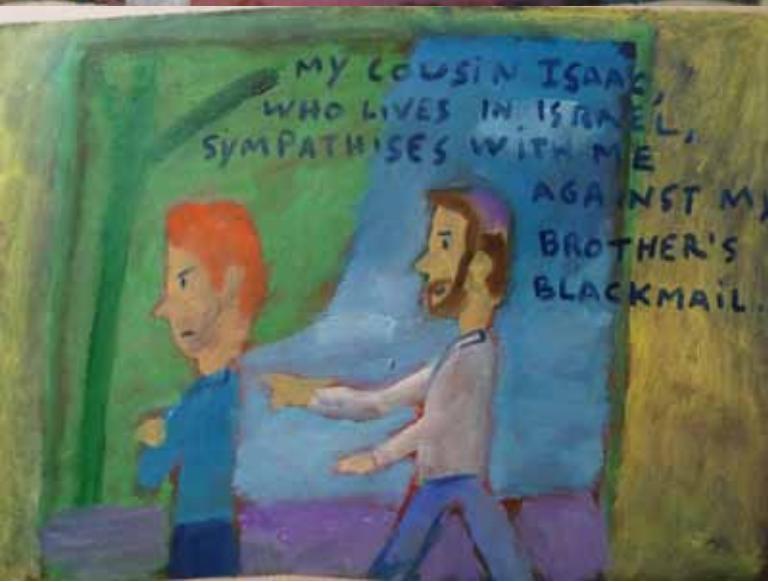
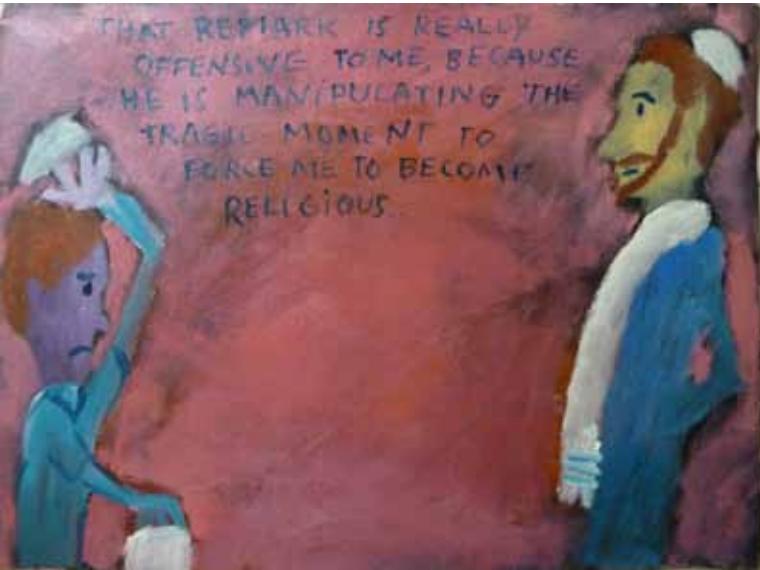


WHO CARES ABOUT PRAYING
WHEN THERE IS NO ONE ON
THE OTHER SIDE...



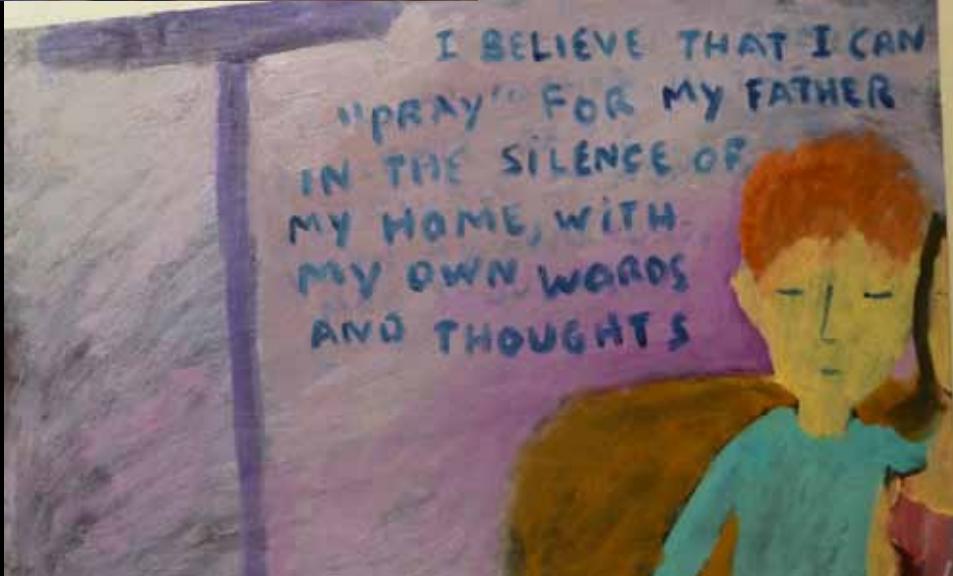
MY BROTHER VICTOR TELLS ME IN A
SOLEMN WAY THAT IN NEW YORK
I HAVE TO PRAY EVERY DAY
FOR A YEAR SO MY
FATHER'S SOUL
REACHES
HEAVEN.







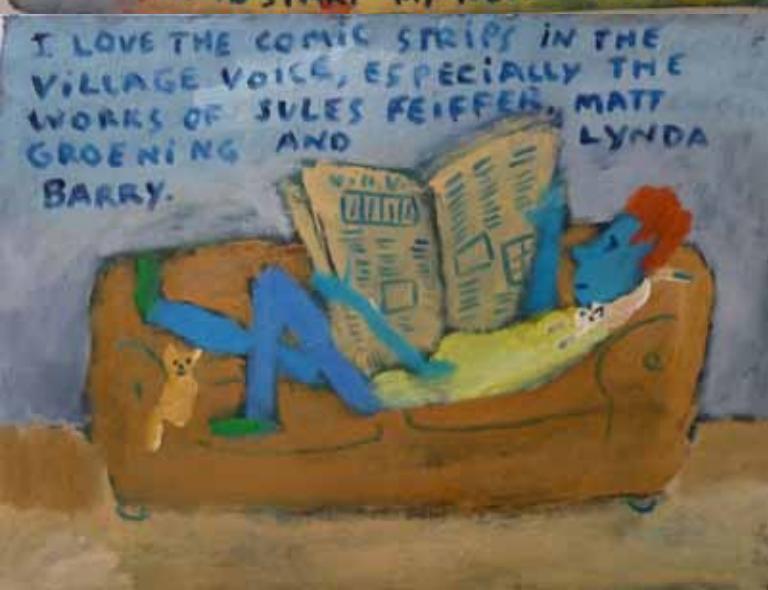
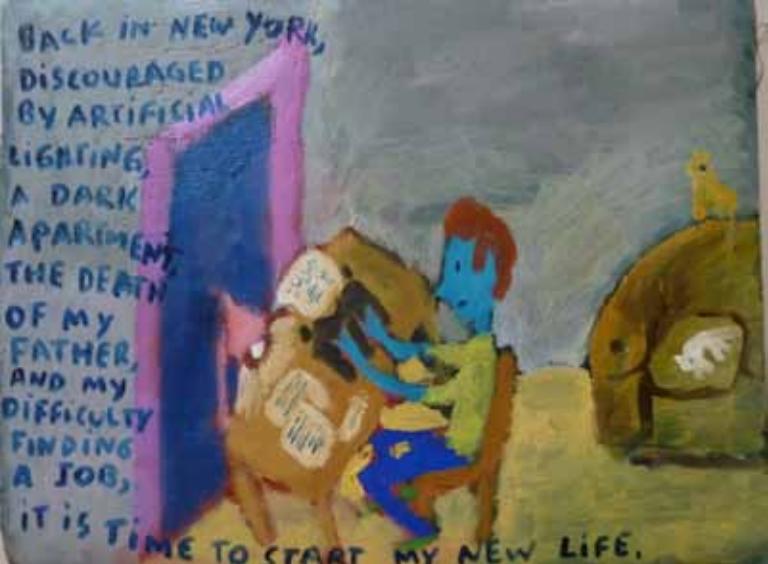
HE ALSO SUGGESTS
THAT I SHOULDN'T DO
ANYTHING I DON'T
BELIEVE IN...

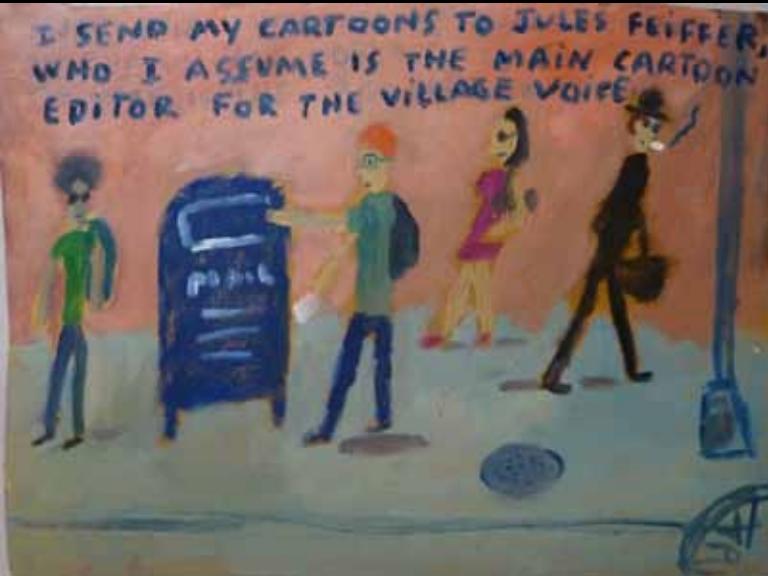
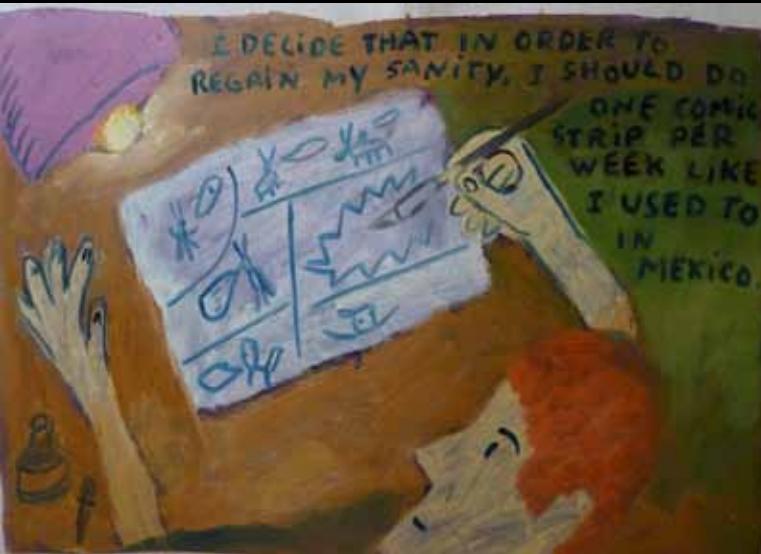


I BELIEVE THAT I CAN
"PRAY" FOR MY FATHER
IN THE SILENCE OF
MY HOME, WITH
MY OWN WORDS
AND THOUGHTS

PART 5 -WORK







MY STORIES ARE ABOUT HOW HUMANS
MAY TRY TO GET RID OF ROACHES BUT
THE BUGS ALWAYS WIN.



AFTER TEN WEEKS OF SENDING THEM, I GET
ANGRY BECAUSE MR. FEIFFER DOESN'T
ACKNOWLEDGE MY EFFORTS.

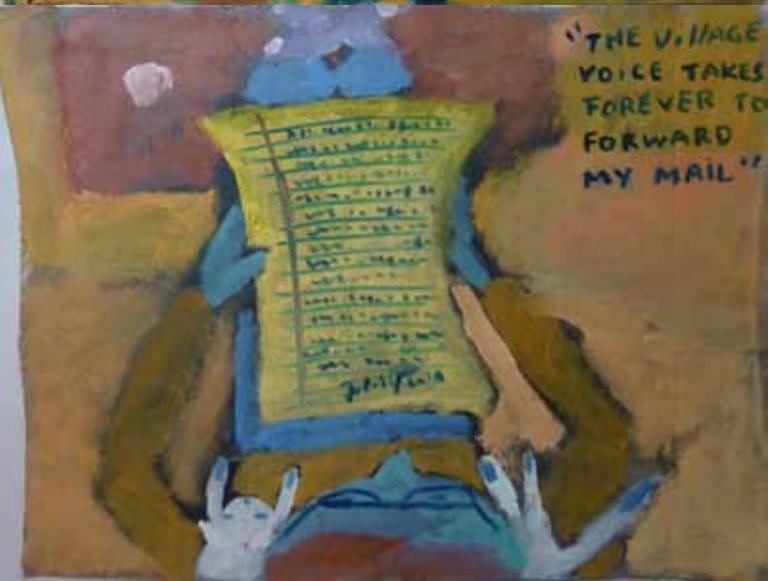
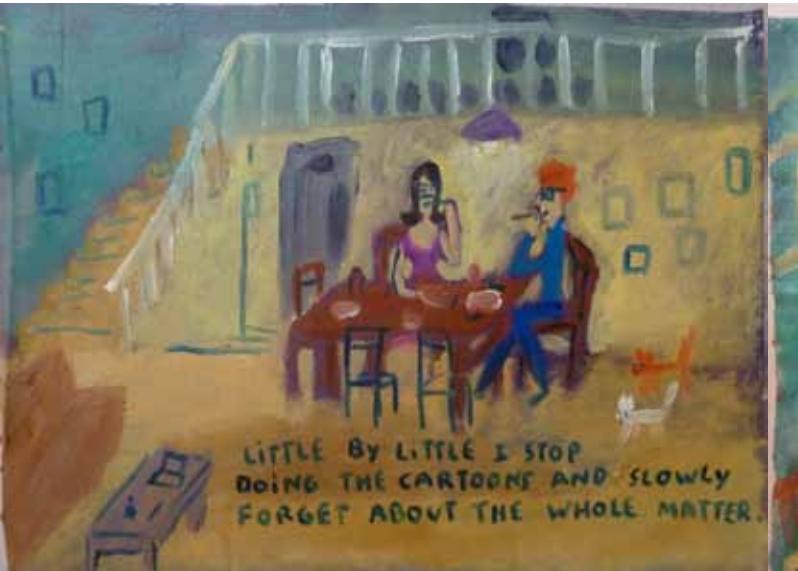


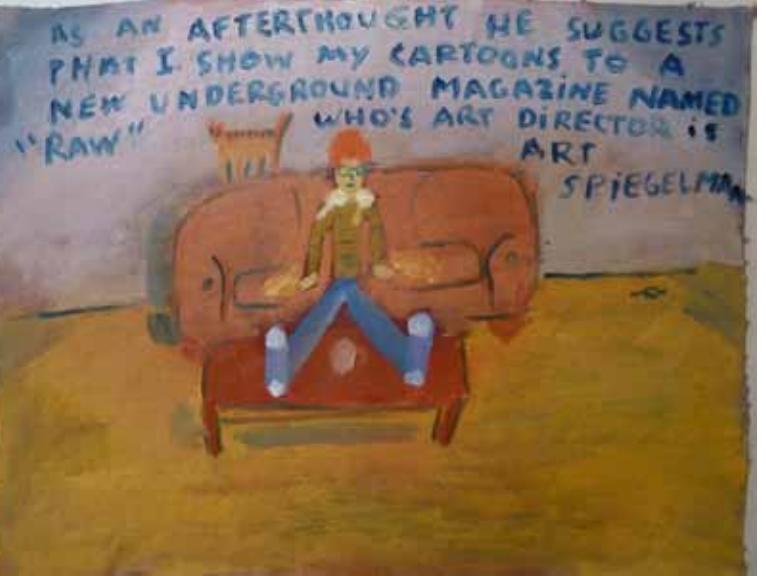
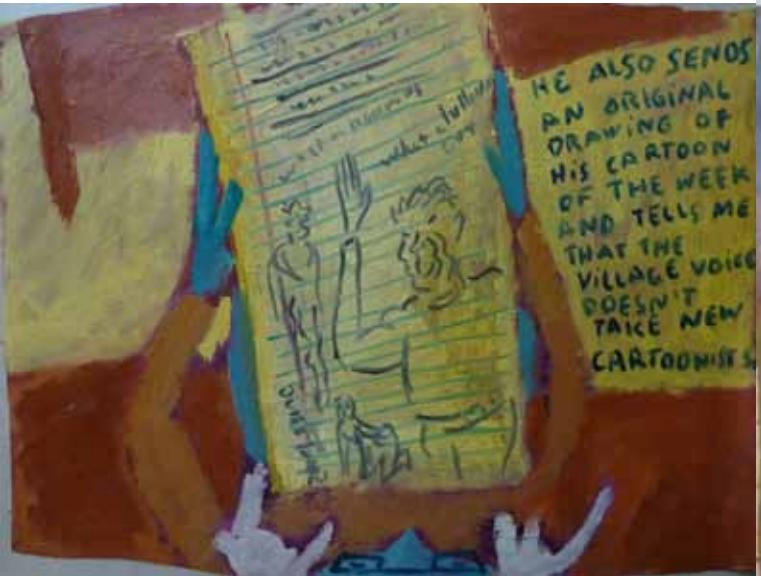
I IMPULSIVELY
WRITE HIM A NASTY
LETTER TELLING HIM
THAT HE IS ARROGANT
FOR IGNORING A
STRUGGLING
CARTOONIST.



I HAVE DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR IMAGINING
MY ROACH CARTOONS
IN THE VILLAGE
UNDERSTAND THE
MR. FEIFFER'S
SILENCE.







THE SPIRIT
OF THE
MAGAZINE
IS SIMILAR
TO WHAT
I WAS
DOING
IN
MEXICO.
BUT LESS
POLITICAL
AND
MORE
CREATIVE



ART SPIEGELMAN DRAWS
A SMALL INSERT IN
THE MAGAZINE ABOUT
HIS PARENTS'
EXPERIENCE DURING
THE HOLOCAUST



I AM HIRED



BACK IN PRATT, I TELL A GREEK
FRIEND THAT I AM IN URGENT NEED OF A JOB.

HE ASKS ME IF I WANT
TO BE AN ART DIRECTOR
AT THE ENGLISH
VERSION OF A
GREEK NEWSPAPER
CALLED PROINI.



MY INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR GOES VERY
WELL AND SHE HIRES ME RIGHT AWAY. NOT A
GREAT PAY, BUT IT IS A REAL "JOB".

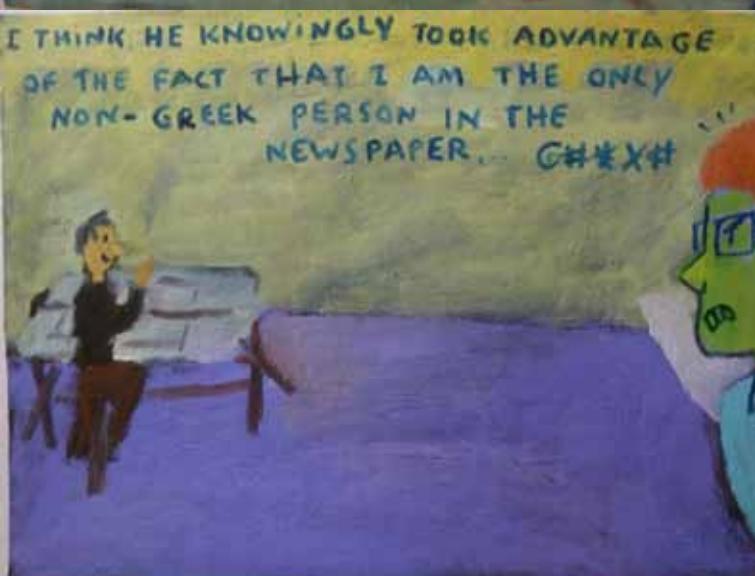


I TELL HIM A LIE THAT
I HAVE EXPERIENCE
DESIGNING
NEWSPAPERS
IN MEXICO,
AND I'D LOVE
TO DO IT.



I AM TO DESIGN A NEW SUPPLEMENT
OF THE NEWSPAPER IN ENGLISH
AT MY OWN DESK, PROINI
AND THEY GIVE ME
A TON OF WORK
TO
STAY
RIGHT
AWAY



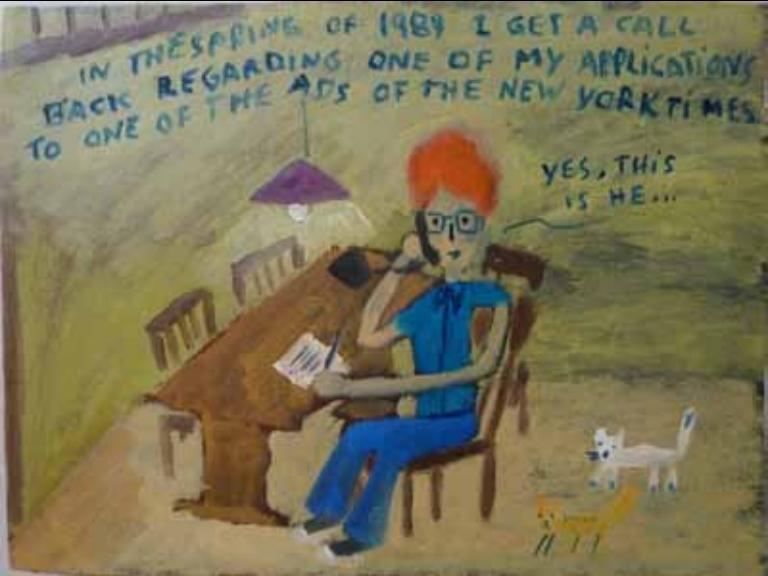


I GET FIRED
AFTER THE
FIRST ISSUE
COMES OUT.



HIGH TIMES

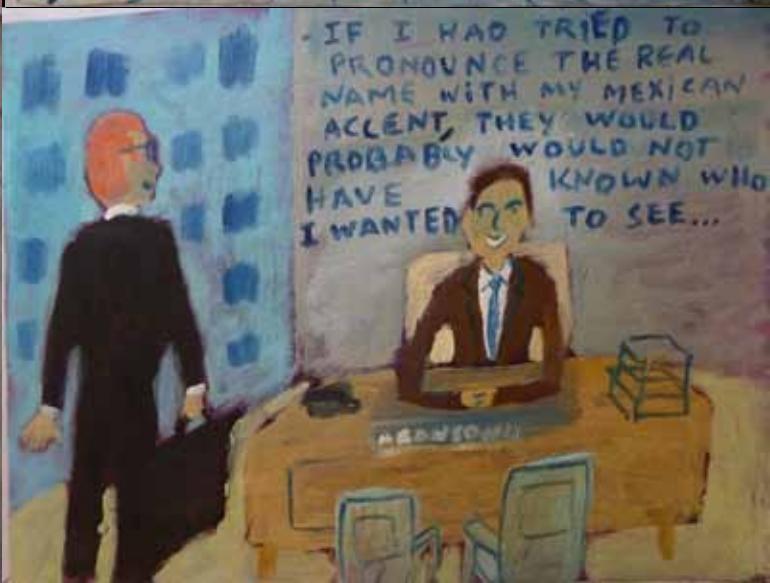
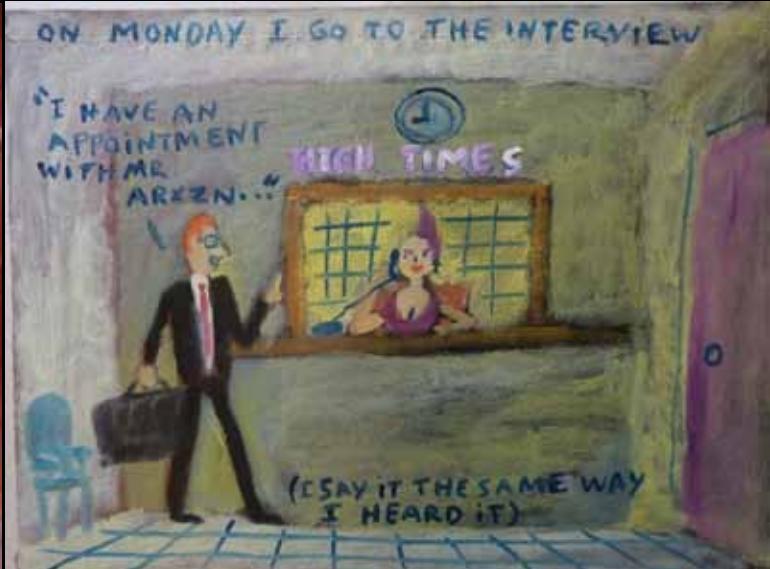
I GET AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE MR. ARXHIM? (THAT IS WHAT I HEAR) FOR A JOB IN HIGH TIMES MAGALINE.



I TRY TO WRITE HIS NAME AFTER THEY SPELL IT FOR ME 3 TIMES, BUT I FAIL...

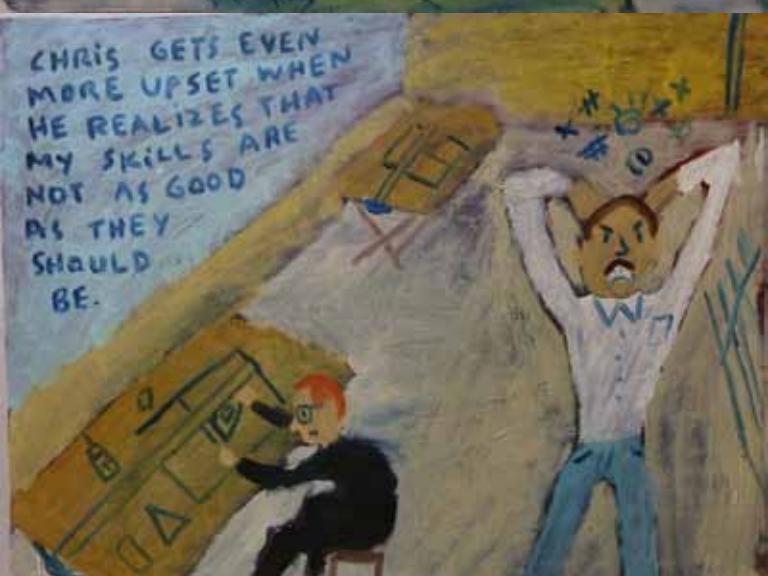
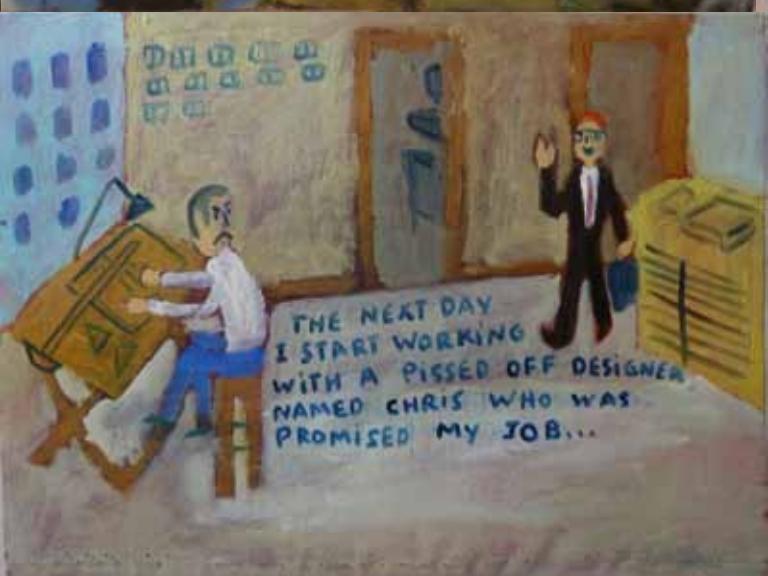






THE INTERVIEW GOES
REALLY WELL, AND I
THINK MR. ARONSON
IS GLAD TO SEE
SOMEONE DRESSED
"NICELY" FOR AN
INTERVIEW AT A
DRUGGIE
MAGAZINE FOR THE
FIRST TIME.

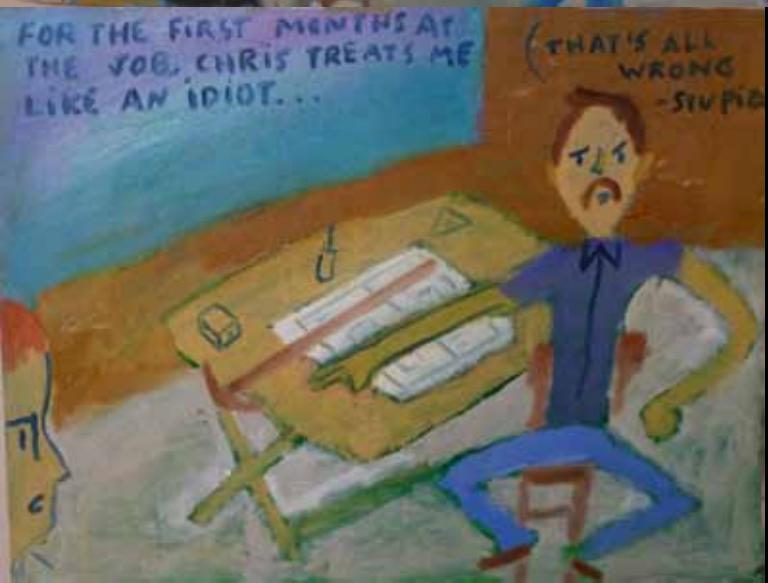
I GO AND TALK TO THE
EDITOR, LARRY "RATO"
SLOMAN, AND HE AND MR.
ARONSON OFFER ME THE
POSITION OF ART DIRECTOR
OF HIGH TIMES.



BEFORE I GET FIRED I BEG HIM
TO GIVE ME A CHANCE BECAUSE I
DESPERATELY NEED THE JOB...



RIGHT AWAY, CHRIS GOES
AND TELLS THE MANAGER
THAT I'M OK AS AN
ASSISTANT BUT NOT GOOD
AS AN ART DIRECTOR.



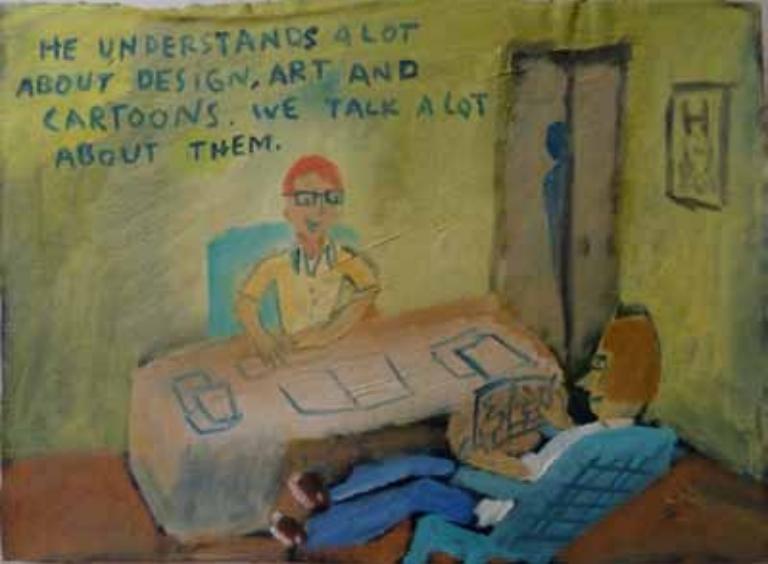
I FEEL SO DEPRESSED
THAT I WANT TO QUIT.
ETHEL CONVINCES ME TO
WAIT AND ENDURE MY
FRUSTRATIONS
FOR THE PAY.



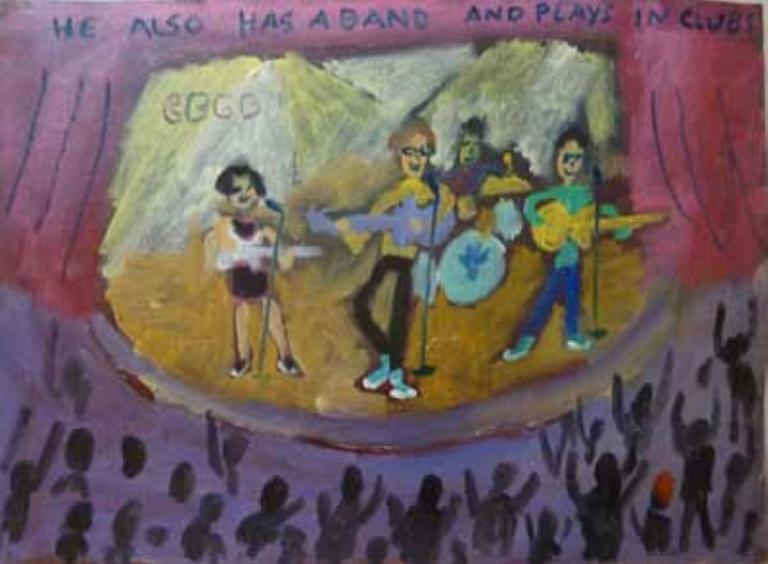
LITTLE BY LITTLE, CHRIS STARTS
TO LIKE ME BECAUSE I
LEARN QUICKLY.



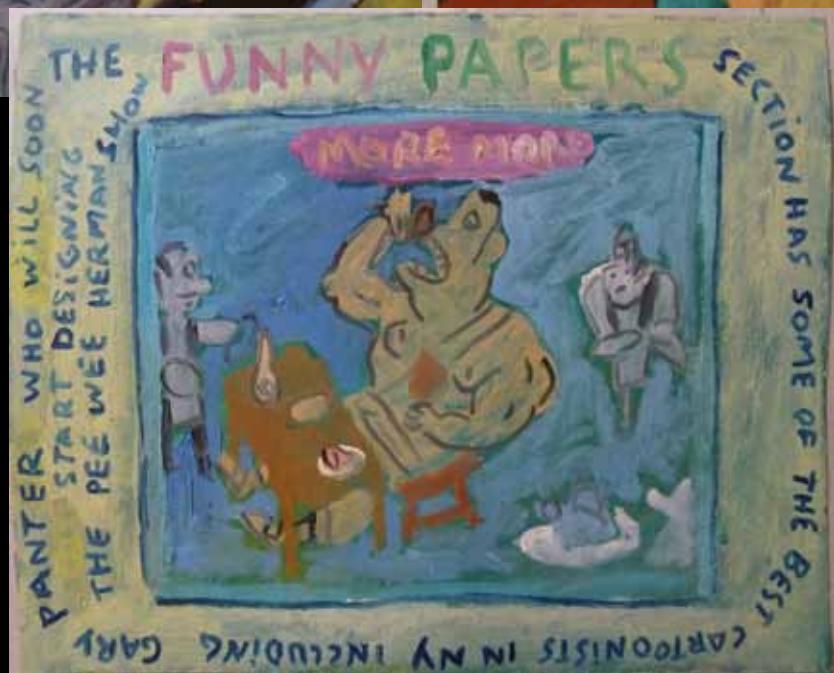
A WHILE LATER THEY HIRE DAN ZEDEK
AS ART DIRECTOR AND WE LIKE
EACH OTHER RIGHT AWAY.



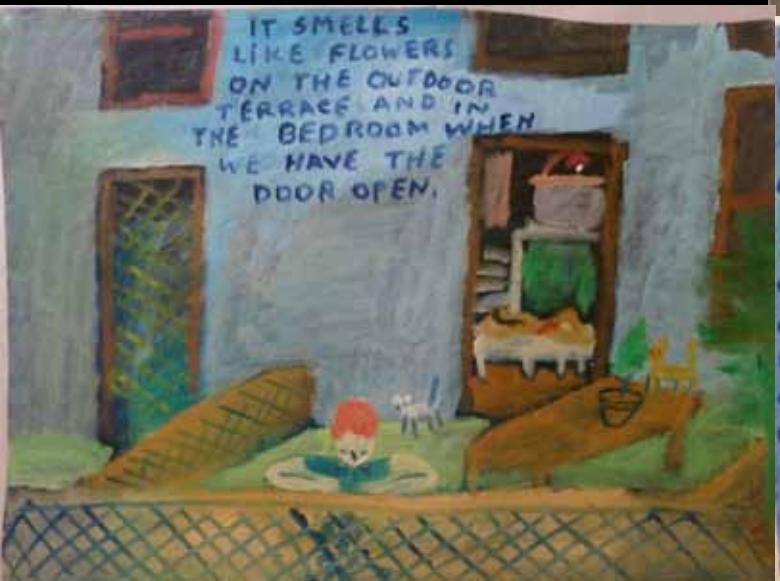
HE ALSO HAS A BAND AND PLAYS IN CLUBS



DAN AND I TALK ABOUT
DOING A COMIC STRIP
SECTION IN THE MAGAZINE,
RAYSO LOVES THE IDEA.



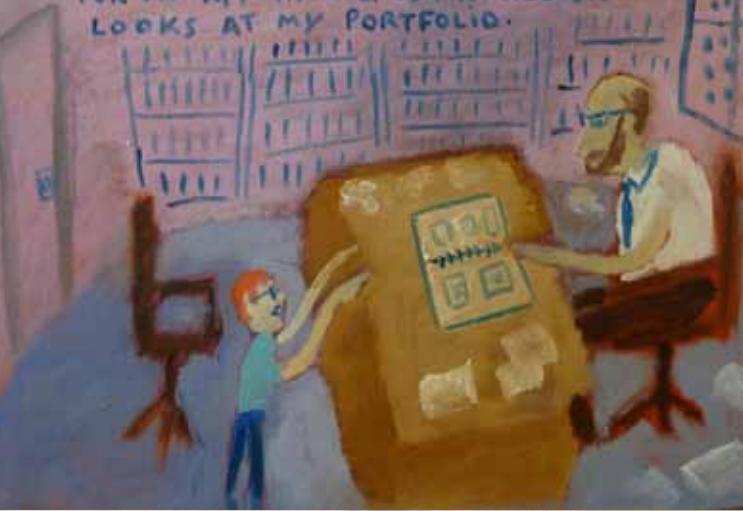
IT GETS BETTER



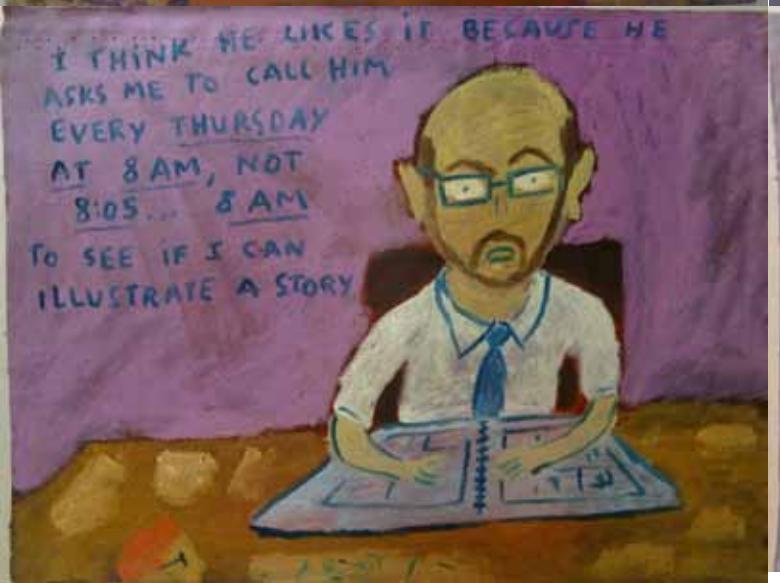
I LOVE THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE SUNDAY
N.Y.T. BOOK REVIEW. THE ART DIRECTOR IS
STEVE HELLER.



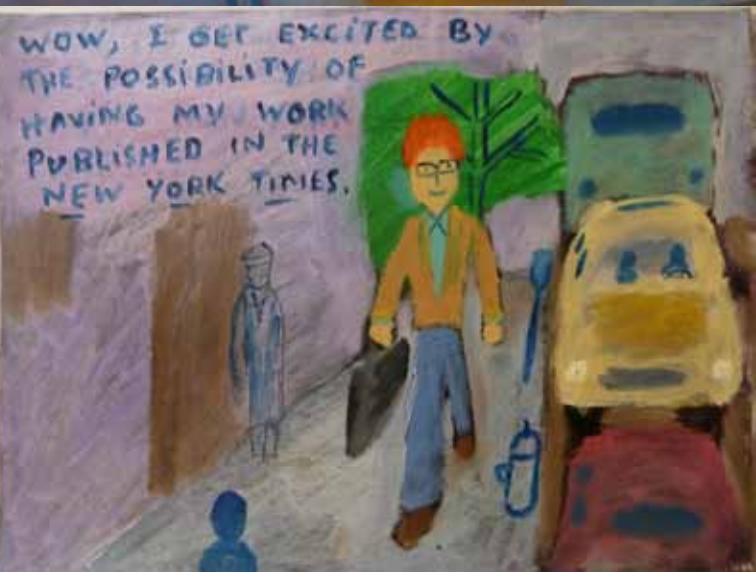
FINALLY AFTER WAITING SEVERAL MONTHS
FOR AN APPOINTMENT, MR. HELLER
LOOKS AT MY PORTFOLIO.



I THINK HE LIKES IT BECAUSE HE
ASKS ME TO CALL HIM
EVERY THURSDAY
AT 8 AM, NOT
8:05... 8 AM
TO SEE IF I CAN
ILLUSTRATE A STORY



WOW, I GET EXCITED BY
THE POSSIBILITY OF
HAVING MY WORK
PUBLISHED IN THE
NEW YORK TIMES.



FROM THAT DAY ON I CALL
HIM EVERY THURSDAY.

NOT THIS WEEK
CALL NEXT WEEK



ALL OF A SUDDEN I REALIZE THAT
IT IS THURSDAY AT 8AM...





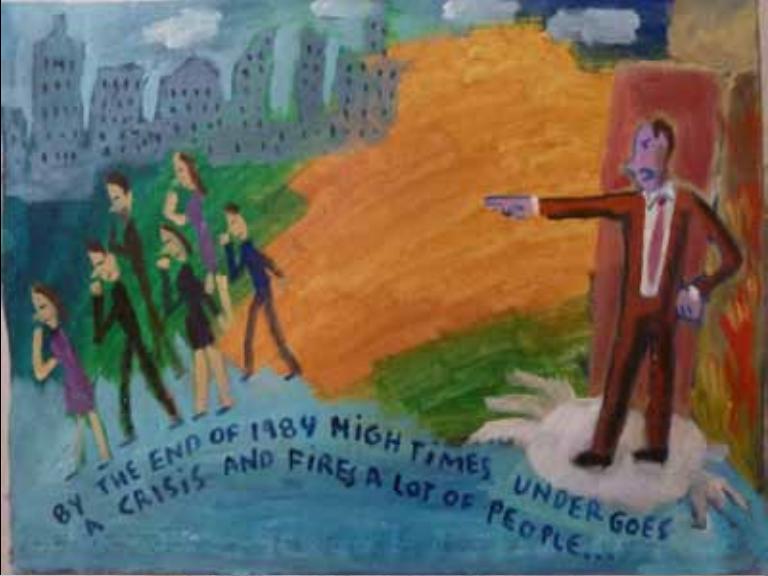
RAW

I TELL HIM THAT JULES FEIFFER
SUGGESTED THAT I SHOW HIM MY
CARTOONS.



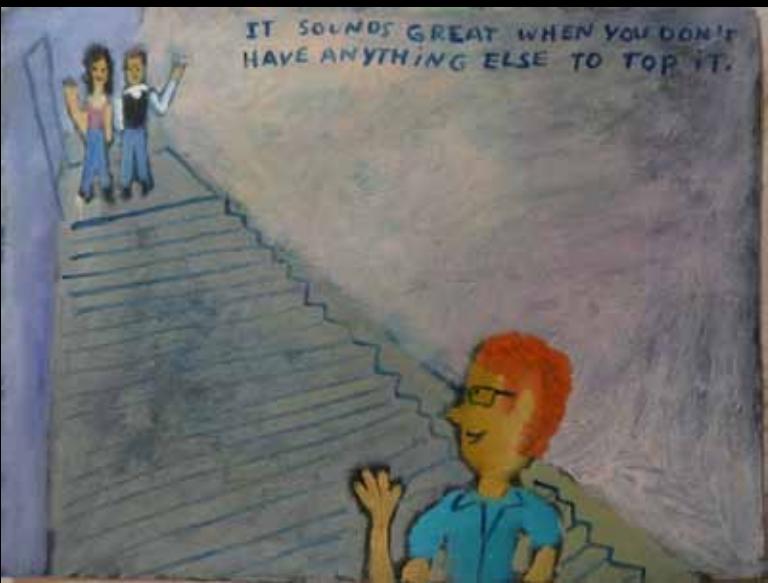


THE G.O.L CLUB AND THE “TURKEYS”





MAUS TRAP

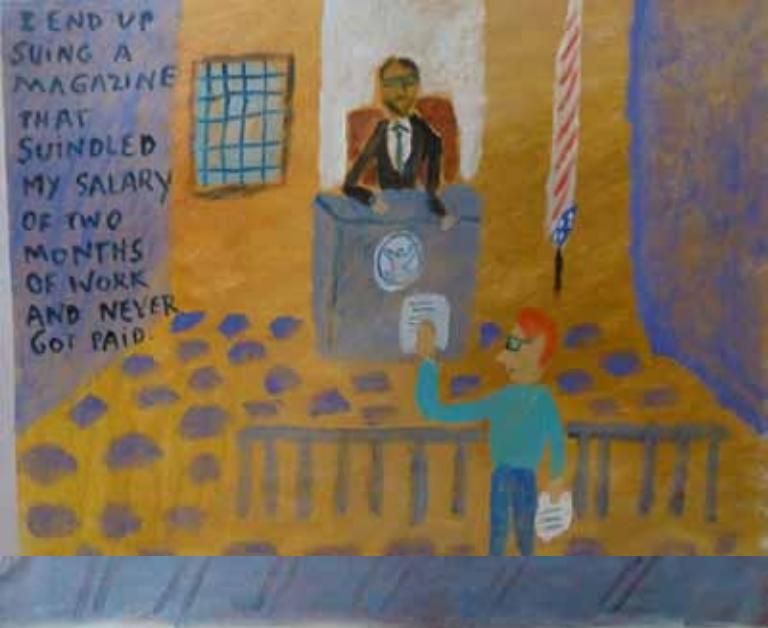






I QUIT RAW
MAGAZINE AFTER
A FEW MONTHS
AND START A
SERIES OF
DESIGN JOBS
THAT KEEP
ME ON MY
TOES.

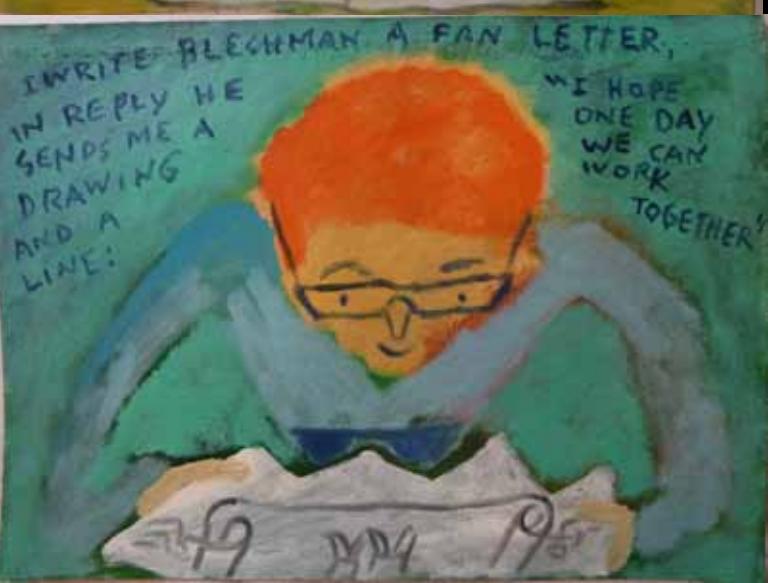
CALL ME Bob



BY NOW I HAVE A GOOD PORTFOLIO
AND I AM SURE I CAN GET A GOOD JOB...
BUT I WANT TO DO ANIMATION...



I KNOW THAT WHEN WE SEE "THE SOLDIER TALE" ON PBS BY R.O. BLECHMAN AFTER STRAVINSKY'S MUSIC.



BLECHMAN LIKES MY ILLUSTRATION A DESIGN PORTFOLIOS AND OFFERS A JOB FOR THE INK TANK ANIMATION STUDIO...

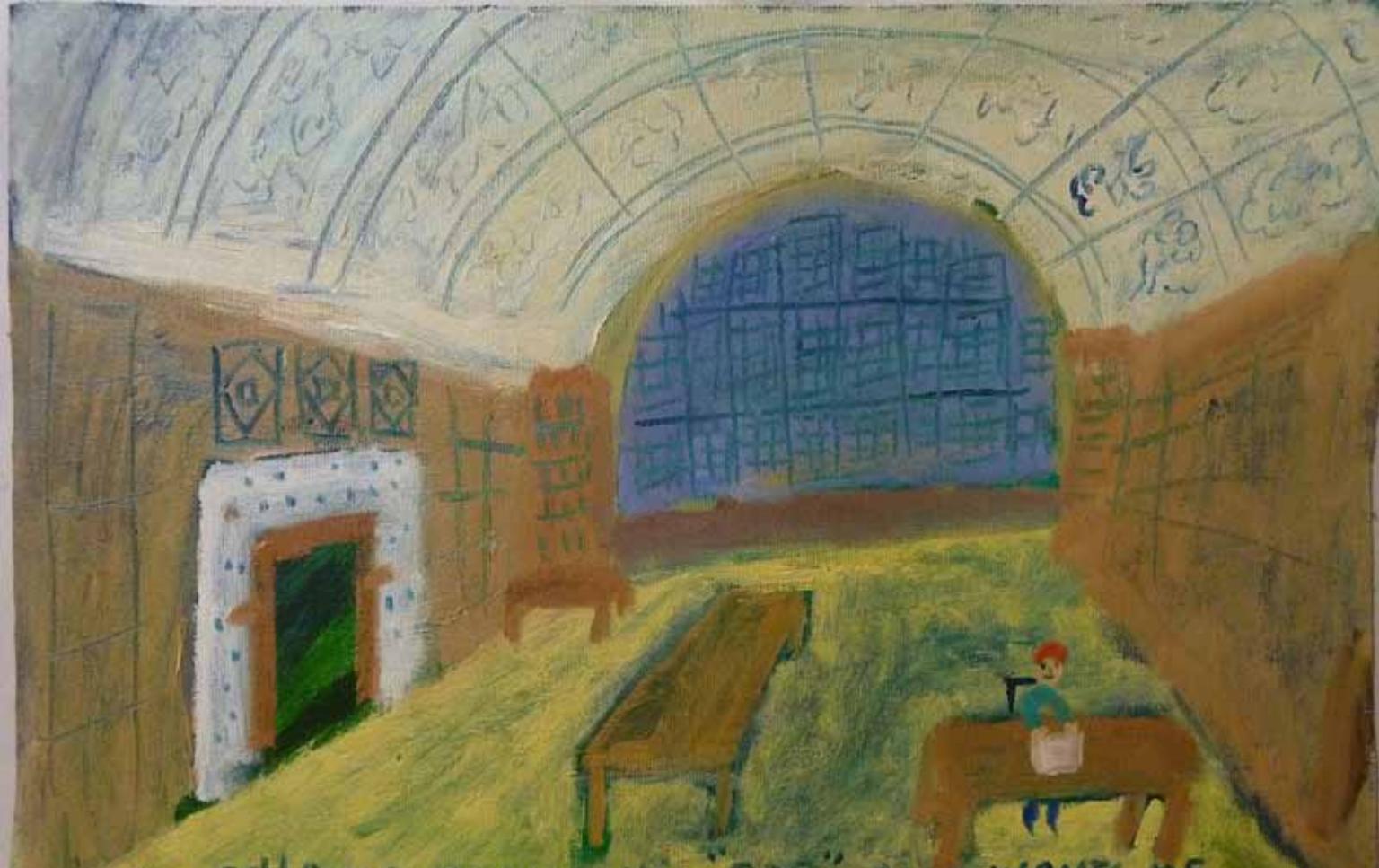


THE INK TANK IS LOCATED IN THE "DIAMOND DISTRICT" EVERYBODY ELSE DEALS WITH JEWELRY

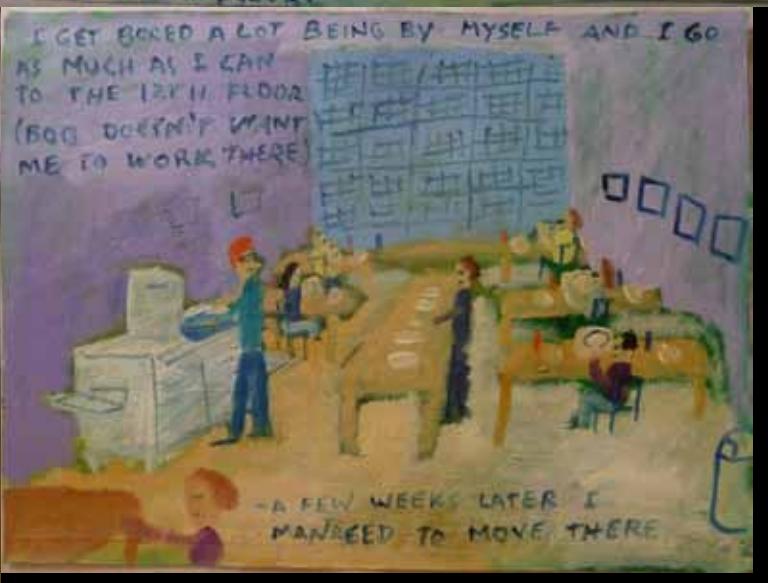
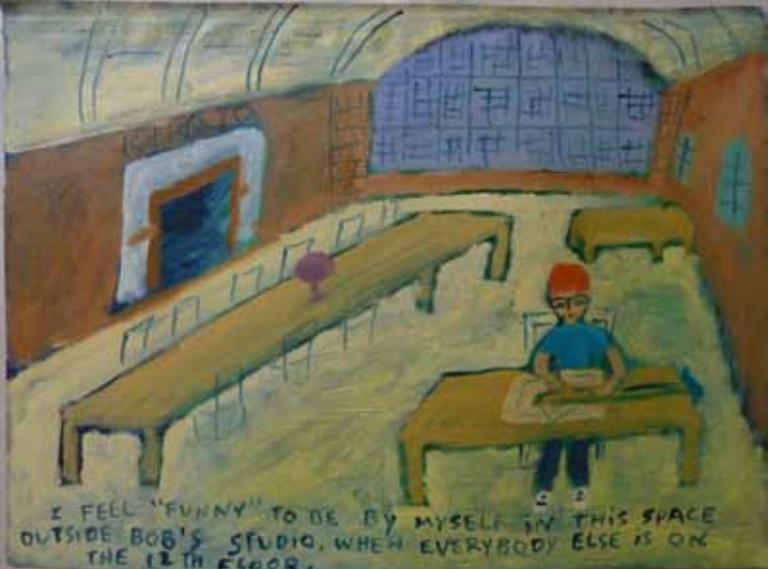


THE INK TANK IS DIVIDED IN TWO FLOORS: 12TH AND 14TH (THERE IS NO 13TH FLOOR, DUE TO SUPERSTITION)





R.O. TELLS ME TO CALL HIM "BOB" AND WANTS ME
TO WORK UPSTAIRS, OUTSIDE HIS STUDIO, IN ONE OF THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL SPACES I'VE SEEN IN MY LIFE....





BOB WANTS ME TO WORK ON HIS FILM: "THE GOLDEN ASS", WHO HAS SEEN DIFFERENT INCARNATIONS.



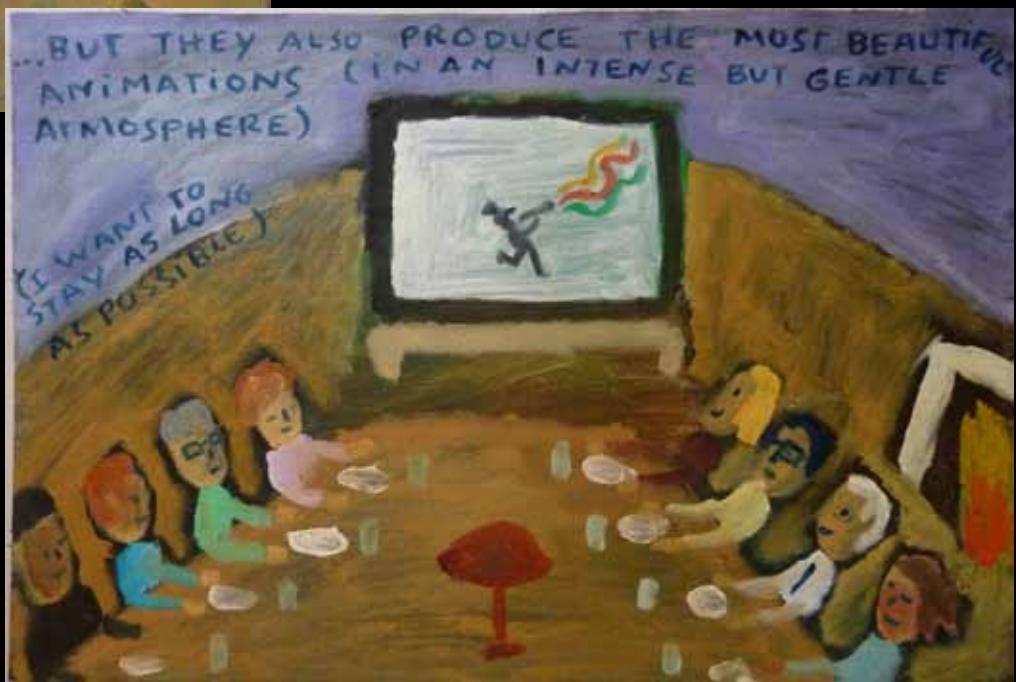
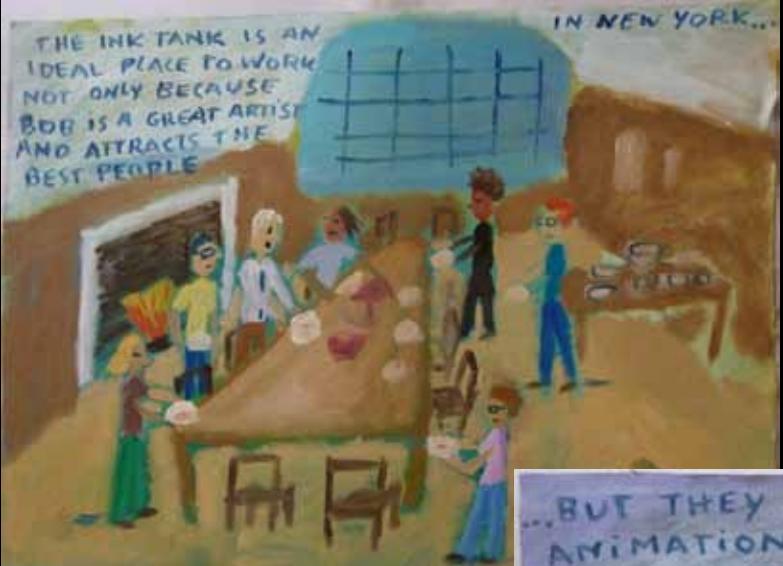
EVEN THOUGH THE FILM DOESN'T SEEM TO PROGRESS VERY FAST...



I THINK HE LIKES MY OPINION BECAUSE HE ASKS ME TO HELP HIM COLOR THE FIRST SCENES THAT ARE ALREADY ANIMATED IN PENCIL



I ALSO WORK DOING THE PRODUCTION OF DIFFERENT COMERCIALS AND MORE GRAFIC WORK



PART 6

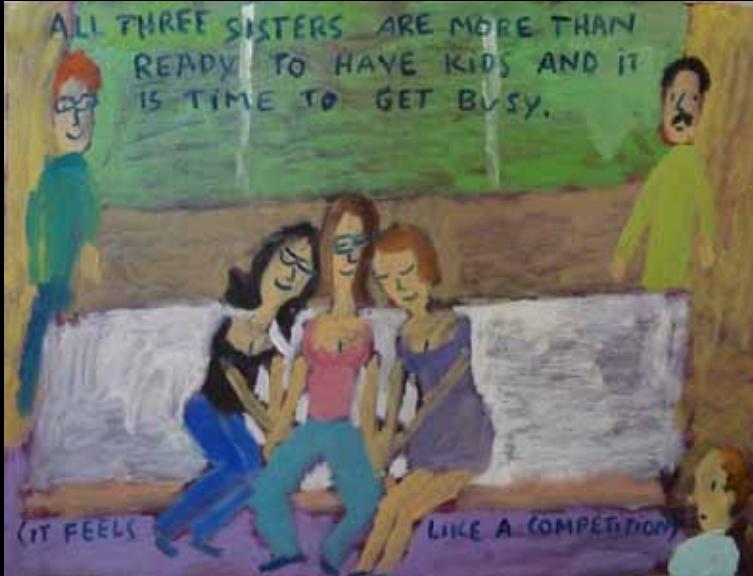
ONE FAMILY

CHRISTMAS PACT

AFTER CELEBRATING THE NEW YEAR ON THE FIRST DAY OF 1987, ETHEL AND HER TWO SISTERS ROSANA AND BELINDA DECIDE, TO MAKE A PACT...



ALL THREE SISTERS ARE MORE THAN READY TO HAVE KIDS AND IT IS TIME TO GET BUSY.



ETHEL AND I ENJOY LIVING IN NEW YORK VERY MUCH AND ARE NOT IN A RUSH TO HAVE KIDS, BUT ETHEL STOPS TAKING CONTRACEPTIVES.



BY APRIL, BELINDA
IS PREGNANT.

AND A FEW MONTHS
LATER, ROSANA
IS TOO.



(WE FEEL LEFT BEHIND).

BY DECEMBER WE DECIDE TO RELAX
AND JUST ENJOY THE PROCESS...



IN JANUARY ETHEL TELLS ME THAT
SHE THINKS THAT SHE IS
PREGNANT.



-SHE IS.



WE IMMEDIATELY REALIZE THAT WE NEED TO MOVE TO A BIGGER PLACE.



WITH ALL THE PAIN IN THE WORLD, WE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LIVE IN MANHATTAN ANYMORE...



WE RENT A CAR TO CHECK OUT THE DIFFERENT SUBURBS NEARBY.







SINCE ETHEL IS STARTING HER PATHOLOGY
RESIDENCY, IT IS VERY IMPORTANT FOR
HER TO CONTINUE HER MEDICAL
STUDIES.



IF SHE STOPS NOW IT WOULD
BE VERY HARD TO START
HER CAREER LATER



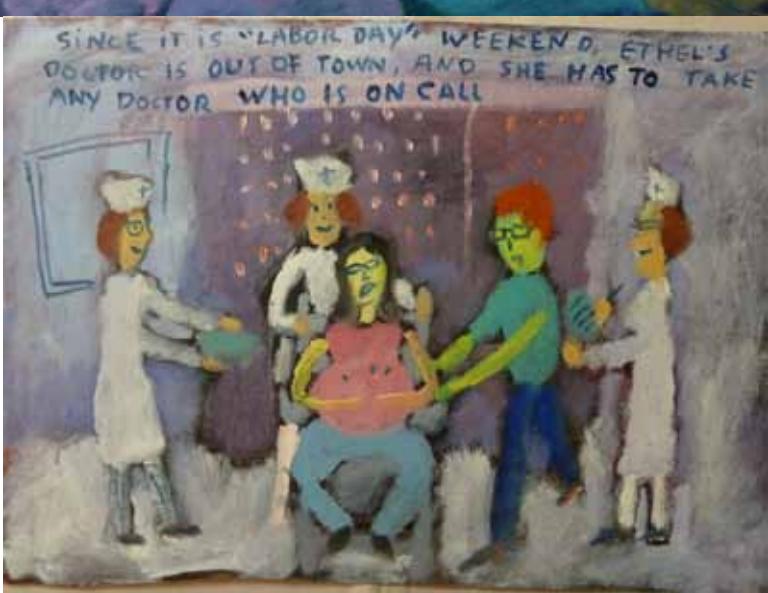
THE ONLY
DOWNSIDE
IS THAT SHE
DOES
AUTOPSIES
WHILE
PREGNANT.

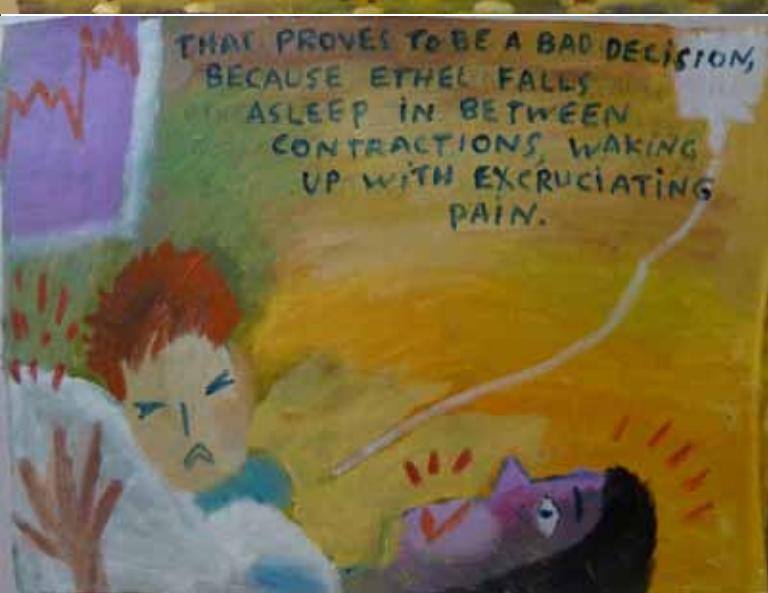
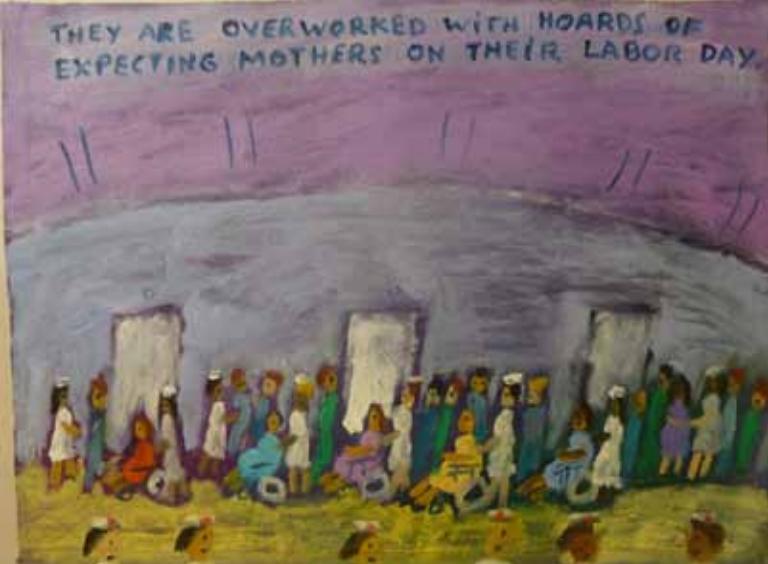


EXIT PARADISE









THE NURSES GIVE HER DEMEROL TO "CUT THE PAIN'S EDGE!"



DEFINITELY BY FAR
THE HAPPIEST
DAY OF OUR LIVES.





WE STOP BEING A COUPLE
AND BECOME A
FAMILY...



BEFORE DIEGO
LEARNED HOW
TO FEED HIMSELF
WE GET A VISIT BY
A RABBI WHO REMIND US TO
GIVE HIM A "BRIS"...



THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IT OCCUR TO US
TO DO A CIRCUMCISION TO OUR BABY...



LIKE MAGIC ETHEL'S
GRANDPARENTS SHOW UP
BEFORE WE DECIDE AGAINST
IT...

THEY TELL US THAT IT IS LESS PAINFUL
FOR THE BABY TO DO IT WITH A JEWISH
"MOEL" BECAUSE THEY ARE MORE
EXPERIENCED.

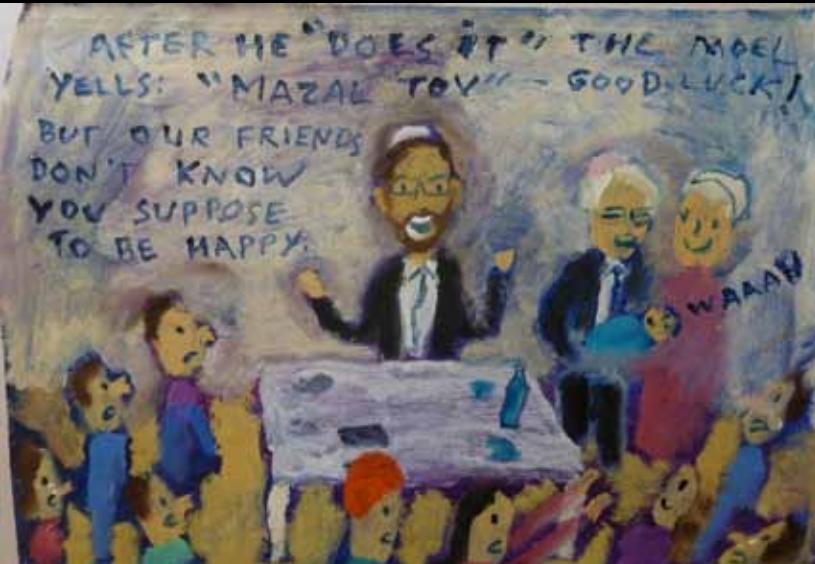


SO WE JUST RELAX AND MAKE A
"CIRCUMCISION PARTY" WITH ALL
OUR JEWISH AND NON
JEWISH FRIENDS



(MORE NON!)

AFTER HE "DOES IT" THE MOEL
YELLS: "MAZAL TOV" - GOOD LUCK!
BUT OUR FRIENDS
DON'T KNOW
YOU SUPPOSE
TO BE HAPPY.



WE ARE
HAPPY
BUT FEEL
TERRIBLE



TO
OUR HURT
BABY.