

## **CROSSROADS**

**Crossroads exist as a point of challenge at the intersection of one's history, present experience, and possible futures...**

**ARTIST/POET SEEKING MEMORIES/EXPERIENCES  
OF THE RAILROAD. TRAVELERS, REDCAPS, PROTTERS,  
MIGRANTS... PLEASE CALL**

**(ad placed in community papers across the nation)**

This project was constructed specifically for/within the site of the Baggage Building of the Santa Fe Depot (San Diego, CA. '94). The space had been shut down since the mid 1970's following a fire, having sustained considerable water damage. The elements of time, transformation, and random intersections were my focus. I spent three months sitting and listening, driving, stopping, riding trains and falling into conversations... Responses to ads placed were recorded as stories unfolded across the table and we slipped into a process of exchange. Voices were mixed together with ambient sounds recorded all around the country. These sonic narratives reentered the baggage building through windows and seeped from the walls. My own spoken recollections of the street, transient hotels, and found stories were transported into the space over the telephone lines.

Materials include found bills of lading collaged into layers papering three walls, patinated copper, rubber slat door, four tons of sand covering the floor, lead counter tops, belts and suspenders, license plates gathered all over the country, found luggage, found shopping cart, telephones...

**CROSSROADS/BAGGAGE is in memory of Beulah Harrison Coleman.**

*"...and I'm understanding that even the time has a function,  
it's like waves...*

*The first wave is no more important than the second wave;  
But it's the continuation of the wave that's important."*