













I'm ninety seven years old...I'm doing well for my age, but my mind... I don't remember things... I do remember... I was eighteen years old. I had worked for an attorney. I knew his reputation. One day he touched my shoulder. The next day he pulled at my dress at the shoulder. I didn't say anything. I just left. I never went back... I needed a job. In 1916 we were in World War One. The navy needed workers. I held the highest rank a woman could have (Yeoman, Female). I worked in the head office of the Chief Supply Officer in Portsmouth, New Hampshire... I loved working there... they were like fathers to me... I loved my uniform. I wish I had kept it.

Tengo noventa y siete años... estoy bien para mi edad, pero la cabeza... no recuerdo cosas... sí me acuerdo... tenía dieciocho años. Trabajé para un abogado. Sabía de su reputación. Un día me tocó el hombro. Al día siguiente me jaló el hombro del vestido. No dije nada. Nada más me fui. Nunca regresé... necesitaba un empleo. En 1916 estábamos en la Primera Guerra Mundial. La marina necesitaba trabajadores. Obtuve el rango más alto que podía tener una mujer (Oficial Oficinista, Femenino). Trabajé en la oficina principal del Chief Supply Officer en Portsmouth, New Hampshire... Me gustó mucho trabajar ahí... eran como mis padres... Me encantaba mi uniforme. Me hubiera gustado conservarlo.

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My husband was an architect. He lost his leg in W.W. I. We were engaged. We were married after the war. I was 24. Is it better for women now? I'm not a feminist at all. I'm old fashioned. There's nothing so much as a woman who takes care of a man. I've always believed men could do everything better.

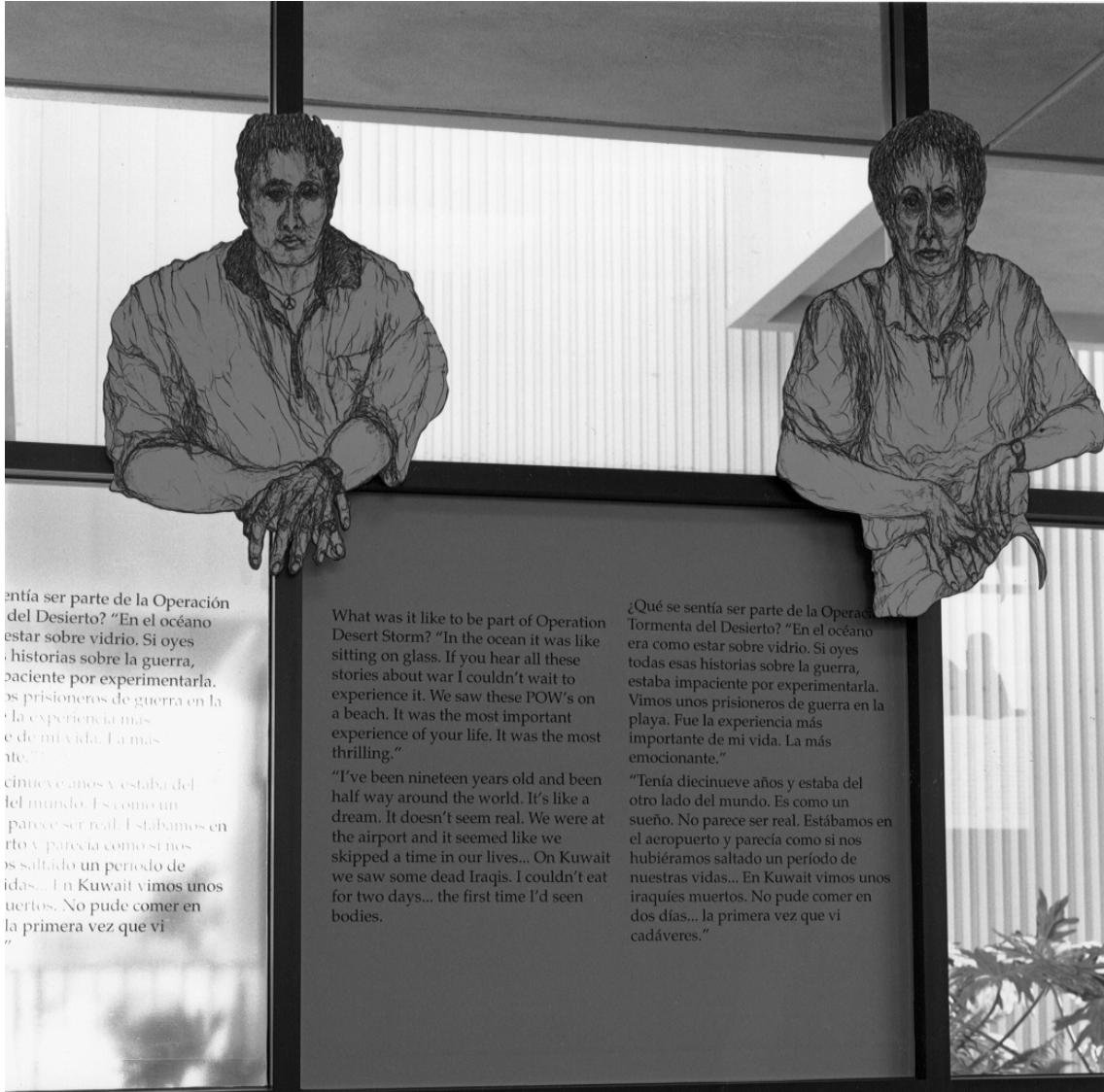
Ellen B. Petzold - Agosto, 1994

Mi esposo era arquitecto. Perdió una pierna en la Primera Guerra Mundial. Estábamos comprometidos. Nos casamos después de la guerra. Tenía veinticuatro años. ¿Han mejorado las cosas para las mujeres? No soy nada feminista. Estoy chapada a la antigua. No hay nada como una mujer que cuida a un hombre. Siempre he creído que todo lo pueden hacer mejor los hombres.

Ellen B. Petzold - agosto, 1994

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"

What was it like to be part of Operation Desert Storm? "In the ocean it was like sitting on glass. If you hear all these stories about war I couldn't wait to experience it. We saw these POW's on a beach. It was the most important experience of your life. It was the most thrilling."

"I've been nineteen years old and been half way around the world. It's like a dream. It doesn't seem real. We were at the airport and it seemed like we skipped a time in our lives... On Kuwait we saw some dead Iraqis. I couldn't eat for two days... the first time I'd seen bodies.

¿Qué se sentía ser parte de la Operación Tormenta del Desierto? "En el océano era como estar sobre vidrio. Si oyés todas esas historias sobre la guerra, estaba impaciente por experimentarla. Vimos unos prisioneros de guerra en la playa. Fue la experiencia más importante de mi vida. La más emocionante."

"Tenía diecinueve años y estaba del otro lado del mundo. Es como un sueño. No parece ser real. Estábamos en el aeropuerto y parecía como si nos hubiéramos saltado un período de nuestras vidas... En Kuwait vimos unos iraquíes muertos. No pude comer en dos días... la primera vez que vi cadáveres."

no allá, con mi mejor amigo, que posiblemente no regresamos. Le escribí a mi papá... e esta sea mi última carta. Le dije si iba a regresar. Le dije todo. Le dije lo bien que me

caer bien?" le pregunté a Bladimir

caer bien?" No contestó "que lo querías?" Una larga pausa. Luego dijo "Sí."

Alguno tiempo después, alguien le dijo a Bladimir que cuando su padre leyó la carta, lloró.

Bladimir Genoves julio, 1994

"On the way there, with my best friend, we said we may not come back. I wrote to my dad... this may be my last letter. I told him I didn't know if I'm coming back. I thanked him for everything. I told him how much I liked him."

"Liked?" I asked Bladimir

"Well"

"Did you say 'liked'?" He didn't answer. "Did you say 'you loved him'?" A long pause. Then he said, "Yeah." Sometime later, someone told Bladimir that when his dad read the letter, he cried.

Bladimir Genoves July, 1994

"En camino allá, con mi mejor amigo, dijimos que posiblemente no regresáramos. Le escribí a mi papá... que esta sea mi última carta. Le dije que no sabía si iba a regresar. Le di gracias por todo. Le dije lo bien que me caía."

"¿Caer bien?" le pregunté a Bladimir

"Pues"

"Dijiste 'caer bien'?" No contestó "Le dijiste que lo querías?" Una larga pausa. Luego dijo "Sí."

Alguno tiempo después, alguien le dijo a Bladimir que cuando su padre leyó la carta, lloró.

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Military discipline does not mean that the whole range of individuality must be suppressed. You do give up some personal freedoms when you do it willingly... Yet this does not mean that the image of military discipline is always negative. It plays an important role in the comfort of women in uniform. If you choose to give up the right to do what you want, you must accept the consequences.









Memorial Garden, featuring portraits of elderly residents and their life stories, located at the entrance of the building.



## THE HUMAN CONDITION JOYCE CUTLER-SHAW

project titled "The Human Condition," is a series of portraits, poems and wall murals. It is conceived as a visual pairing of two cross sections of the human condition, from newborn through adult. Joyce Cutler-Shaw's role as Artist-in-Residence/Visiting Scholar (1992-95) at the School of Medicine of the University of California San Diego was the inSITE94 project's primary sponsor. Project partners include the Hospital General de Tijuana, Veterans Affairs Medical Center in La Jolla, and El Colegio de la Frontera Norte.

celebrates our diversity, as well as our common humanity.

These two installations are a part of a larger body of work, titled "The Anatomy Lesson." It is being developed during Joyce Cutler-Shaw's role as Artist-in-Residence/Visiting Scholar (1992-95) at the School of Medicine of the University of California San Diego. The inSITE94 project's primary sponsor. Project partners include the Hospital General de Tijuana, Veterans Affairs Medical Center in La Jolla, and El Colegio de la Frontera Norte.

## LA CONDICIÓN HUMANA JOYCE CUTLER-SHAW

Este proyecto explora y celebra la riqueza de la expresión humana, así como también nuestra diversidad. Estas dos instalaciones forman parte de una mayor obra titulada "La Clase de Anatomía" ("The Anatomy Lesson"), realizada durante el cargo de Artista Residente/Becaria en la School of Medicine of the University of California San Diego, patrocinado por inSITE94. Los copatrocinos fueron el Hospital General de Tijuana, Veterans Affairs Medical Center en La Jolla, y el Colegio de la Frontera Norte.

