



1st Marianas History Conference

ONE Archipelago, Many Stories

June 14-16, 2012 · Fiesta Resort & Spa

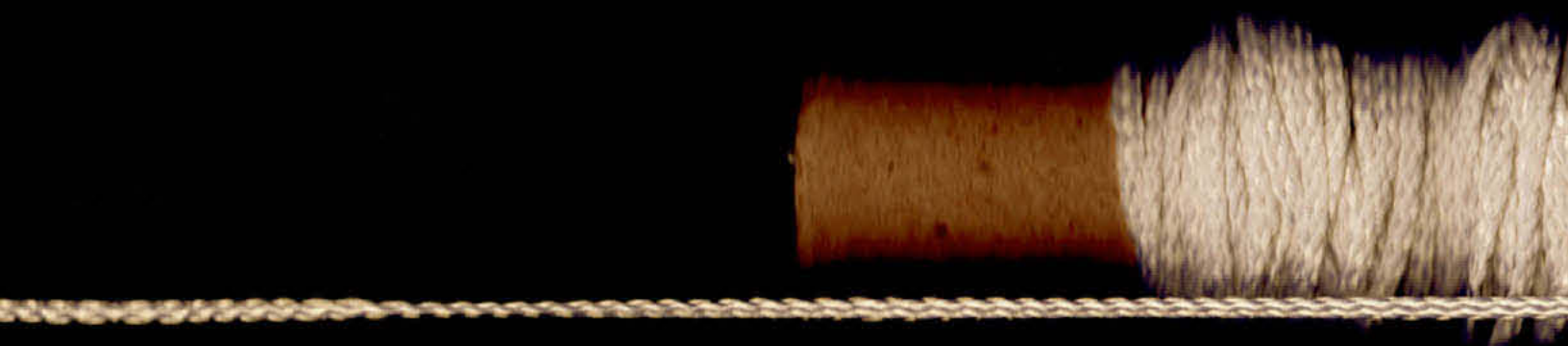
Recent History Additional Material

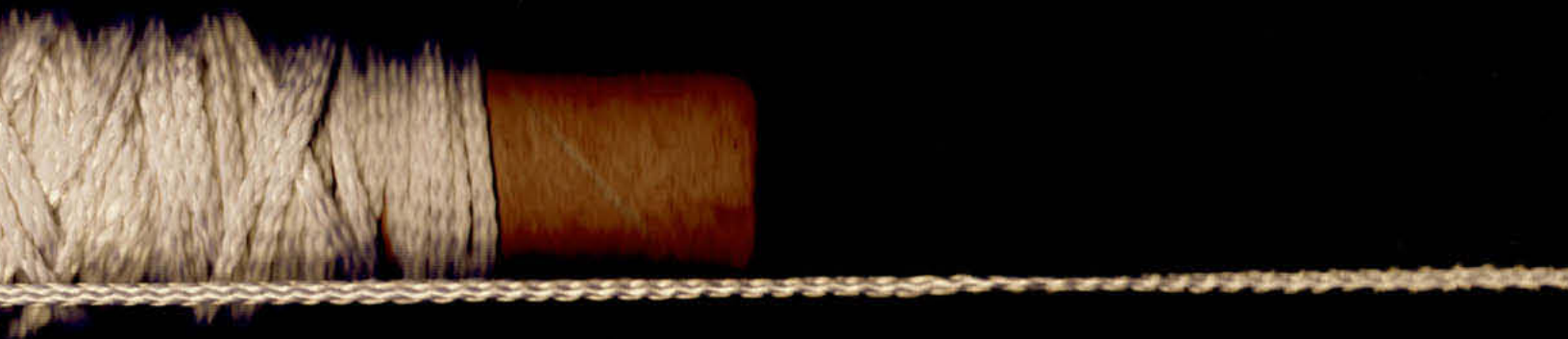
Close of Day

By Mariquita Davis

Play pinball
Flirt with your mother
Buy pickled papaya
Pay me ten cents to sweep the storage room
Give me a piece of candy
Ask me to count the change
Pick up some: carnation milk, canned goods
frozen soup, beef, spare ribs, sausage
charizu pica, fresh fish, rice, eggs, spam
soy sauce, zories, jar of daigo, jar of rakkio
RC Cola, empanadas, mickey twist

CLOSE OF DAY







These 2009 Guam
Commemorative Quarters
are a keepsake to say
Thank You
for joining us in celebrating our
50th Wedding Anniversary

Ignacio & Rita Limtiaco
September 26, 2009

My mother and my oldest brother make plans to visit and attend a 50th wedding anniversary in San Diego. The bride of 50 years is my grandfather's first cousin. At the wedding reception we are shown her original wedding photos. The church is Mount Carmel in Agat. My grandfather and several relatives flank the youthful newlyweds. It is black and white and the contrast of dark skin and white teeth ripples outward from the bride's stylish modern white gown to the edge of the photograph, the groom handsomely wears a pompadour. The present day party is held in a naval convention center, the ballroom has high ceilings and there is a dance floor surrounded by round tables that seat ten. A quick calculation would assess there are over a hundred people in attendance, my brother and I recognize no one. At this moment my mother explains to us that we are somehow related to everyone in the room.

This day is made especially for the anniversary couple, but upon my mother's entrance one would have assumed she was the bride. Many of these people had left the island as my mother did, but while most moved to Hawaii or California, my mother found herself in the foothills of Appalachia. All hundred relatives want to catch up.

My brother, Jay, and I are not unaccustomed to the barrage of family members, but what is most overwhelming is the need for our new family to touch us, to pat our shoulders and to examine our faces all while sharing family history.

They ask us questions, but they are not looking for answers. They have too much to share. Everyone wants to talk about grandfather's store.

Your grandfather used to...

Pay me ten cents to sweep the storage room

Give me a piece of candy everyday

Ask me to count the change he would give me

Walk me to school when he caught me playing hooky



For the past three years I have staged numerous projects using memory and storytelling as a starting point for a chain of events that accumulate into an event where the subjects of the work become the audience.

This project follows that methodology but attempts to extend the potential audience beyond the primary participants, by opening issues of the personal and the familial out into broader concerns, both formal and aesthetic as well as historical.

Informal discussions with members of my Guamanian family and community lay the foundation for the works, but it is not my intention to present an archive of these exchanges.

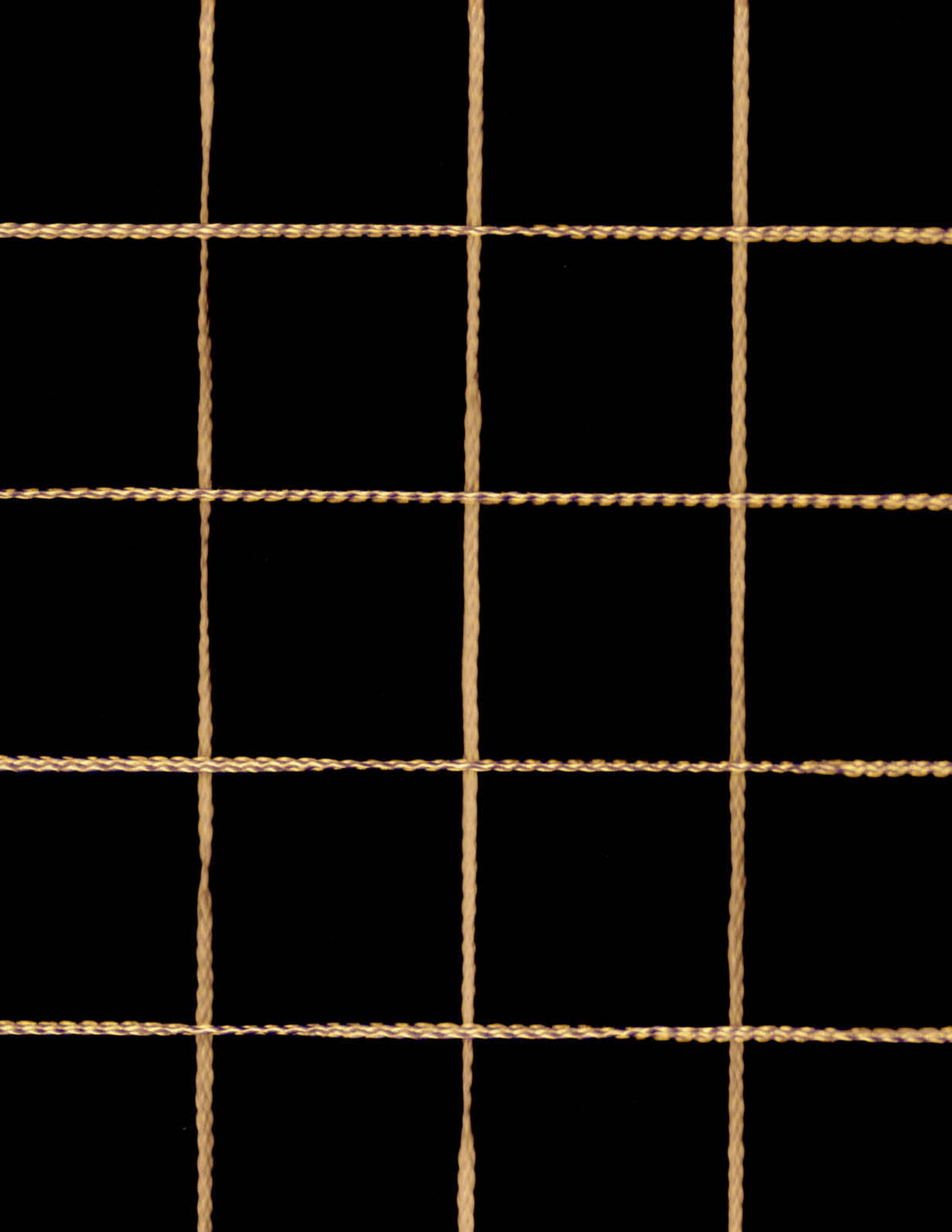
Rather, I'm interested in transforming them into an experience that can be shared within the gallery by staging them in the context of objects and atmospheres to create an environment wherein I author an experience vested in both the past and the present.

Close of Day is an exploration of my heritage via the lives and memories surrounding my Grandparent's small grocery store, Rivera Store, in Agat, Guam. It is an invitation for you to share this imagined space, to have a beer and some food and gain a sense of this island and its people.

The theme stated in the title of the show, Close of Day, reoccurs in several variations throughout the video and installation:

Close of Day is a social hour, it is a time of day when our ancestors are most active and it is the time when we reflect on our present, our past and speculate on our future.

Taped in the month of July 2010, several hours of home footage, interviews with villagers about Rivera store, and semi-theatrical staging of daily rituals are composed into my version of a visual fugue.



1. *'A polyphonic composition constructed on one or more short subjects or themes, which are harmonized according to the laws of counterpoint, and introduced from time to time with various contrapuntal devices' (Stainer and Barrett). double fugue (see quot. 1880).*

2. *Psychiatry. A flight from one's own identity, often involving travel to some unconsciously desired locality. It is a dissociative reaction to shock or emotional stress in a neurotic, during which all awareness of personal identity is lost though the person's outward behaviour may appear rational. On recovery, memory of events during the state is totally repressed but may become conscious under hypnosis or psychoanalysis. A fugue may also be part of an epileptic or hysterical seizure. Also attrib., as fugue state.*

NOVENA
NOBENAN
TO THE CHRIST CHILD
I NINO JESUS



TINIGE
PALE ROMAN
MARIA DE BERA
giya Guahan
Misioneron Kapuchino

There is a decorative practice my mother exhibited within our home during the Christmas holiday. She would unbox several figurines of the biblical nativity scene, small porcelain figures of the Jewish cast: Mary (the virgin), Joseph (the carpenter), Jesus (as a baby), goats (as themselves), cows (as themselves) and last but not least, a donkey (also playing himself). There was also a close to life size replica of the baby Jesus, donning a halo and two fingers posed in a lax version of a peace sign. She would lay felt down into our defunct fireplace, and pose fake lush moss atop the fabric as a bedding for a stage where she would arrange the larger Babe, sometimes as a central figure, but often off center. The smaller nativity cast would be placed carefully on the felt and moss ground. There was a porcelain stable that she usually placed toward the top of the “stage”. From the stable the scene would cascade: all the major players (Jesus, Mary, Joseph) nestled closest to their “cover” of the stable, while the animals sit toward the base, facing up toward the presence of both the large and tiny savior. The three kings also made their cameo, but as the scene was usually created a week before December 25th, the kings would be placed as far away from the set as possible, moving an inch closer to the stable until finally on January 6th they would be placed at the feet of either the behemoth babe or the miniature babe.

As a child my mother took part in the larger installations my grandfather would create in a small structure he built specifically for these catholic displays. The structure was built adjacent to his store. There were three walls and a roof and there was no facade. This open wall allowed the installations that were created within the structure to be displayed.

As a child I would attend the ceremonies of Novenas at this structure.

I remember kneeling on pavement with several elderly women from Agat, who crooned in a synchronous fashion in response to one prayer leader who was also an elder woman. We all faced the structure and the display within.

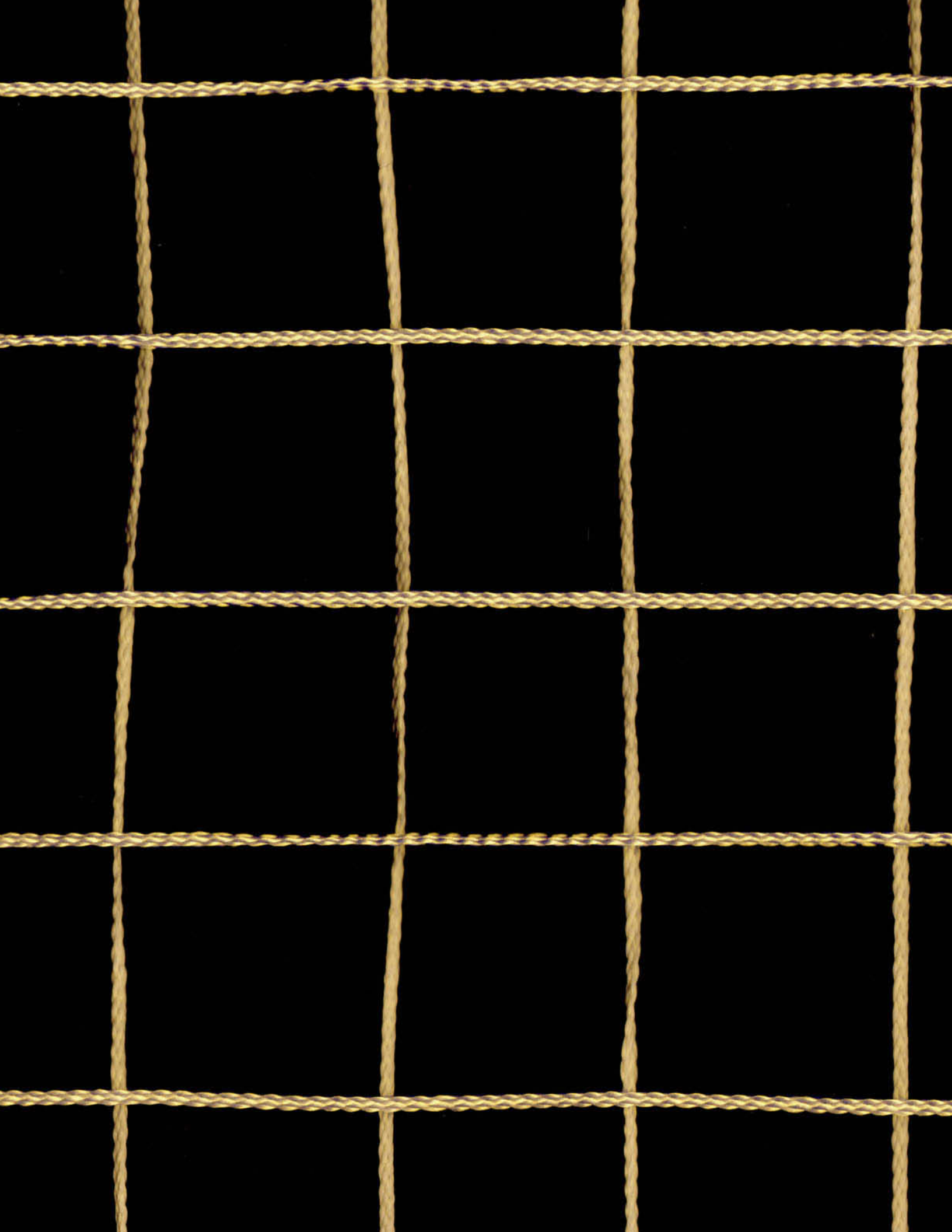
A five year old mind could never forget what a drag it is to kneel on pavement, or the humidity-and-heat-intensified fragrances of the potions and lotions old women wear. All these distractions, but I manage to recollect the scene displayed in the structure: lush green moss, damp and fragrant, and a bearded Jesus kneeling against a rock, hands clasped, large brown eyes gazing at the aged ceiling, with a lemon and lime aura emitting from his profile.











Why radio?

It's a tool to get sound to the table.

It disconnects us from the image spatially and physically, gently disrupting our sense of direction and at the same time asking us to get close to what we hear, to listen.

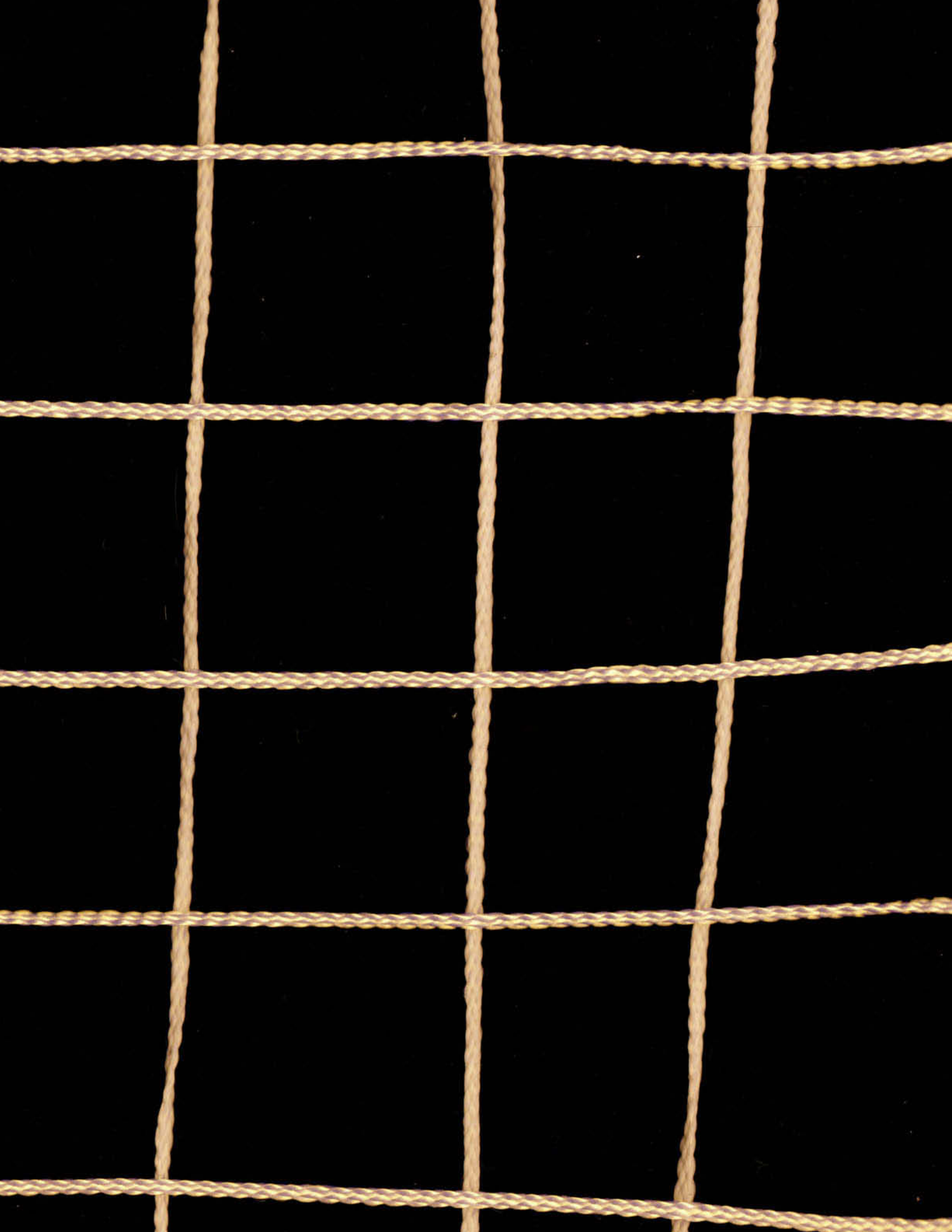
Why video?

Images echo in long slow cycles, children in the bright light of day, the older generation laughing and reminiscing in the darkness of the evening, the earnestness of memories recounted, the unexpected intrusion of weather - rain, wind, stark calm of a tidal pool. Strange attractors draw us to the center of the room: the relation of the table to the vastness of the gallery, the skewed angle of the table in relation to the tarp, and the image of tables recurring in the video, always a stage for another story that the video can't show, a reminder or an invitation to get lost in conversations, there and here. Just enough resistance to get traction.

Cross modulation.

Radio literalizes a "tuning in", not tune in Tokyo, it's tune in Guam.

At any moment the sound coming from one of the four small radios on the table could be the center of attention, or another voice in the jumble of conversations going on at the table. 4 channels of video and audio were choreographed to work in relation to each other, but at times sounds were allowed to overlap and work against each other, and at other times spaces were left so that attention could drift in silence or to happenstance conversations taking place elsewhere around the table or in the room. So, while sound was an element that was designed, controlled and locked in the cycle of the 4 channel loop, it was also open-ended and dispersed as far as the participation of the audience, their relative placement around the room, their willingness to listen or to speak with each other, to laugh or to play a game of cards or ask for another beer, or to stop and reflect on the banalities of the day. In this sense, you cannot really think about the arrangement of sound in the piece without considering the cues that set into motion a field of potential sound. You have to consider not just the arrangement of radios on the picnic table, but the table itself as an invitation to sit down - along with the availability of cold beer, cigarettes, playing cards. You felt compelled to make good on an unusual hospitality, and at the same time, this scene was frequently being replayed in the videos themselves, people gathered around tables, day turning to night. You eavesdropped on them, but at the same time they invited you to join in, in your own way.



The store is the psychological container for the project. What becomes the distance to the material [the photographs, the videos, and the people in them] if you are placed in the center of this vessel? Do the stories need materialization in order to be understood?

I was born in Gainesville, Georgia in the next year my parents would relocate our family back to Guam because my grandfather was in poor health having suffered from tuberculosis. We stayed on the island for five years, and then my parents decided they would move back to Georgia to be closer to my father's family, and to take advantage of what they believed to be better educational opportunities available was on the mainland. The understanding I had of my mother's origins came from my childhood on the island, scores of pictures my mother brought with her back to Georgia, a few pictorial history books centered around occupations on Guam, and most importantly, the stories my parents would recount for my brothers and I. Guam became a distant home. For my mother this move meant leaving a community with inherent communal values where the family unit extends well beyond the "nuclear family" common to America. Although my father's family was large there was a sense that one could have his or her own family, living in a separate household, as far or as close as each household deemed fit. This was not a possibility when we lived in Guam. This loss of a familial and interdependent community made way for my mother to adapt by transforming the idea of family and community,

Witnessing this transformation made a strong impression on me, and for this body of work it is a challenge. Is it possible for this transformation to exist, even briefly within the gallery?

Although my initial interest in the community of Agat, Guam comes from a curiosity about my own origins, I began to imagine the ways in which the stories surrounding my grand father's store could be read on a more global scale. All those stories aren't just stories about my grandpa's store. They are stories about a way of living and a way of connecting, an opportunity to revisit something, to remember how a place can ground a sense of belonging.





Installation view. 4 channels of video, 4 radios playing soundtrack, 72 minute loop. Tarp, 16 foot picnic table, photographs, lightbox, cards, cigarettes and beverages.

objects continued

Jukebox

pin ball machine

Anecdote

- stacking drinks at store for candy or soda
- scared of grandpa
- old man collecting bottles
- Auntie Ni's husband.

Grandpa was investing in empty lots in the village. his husband was a gambler ~~and~~ "bum" - doesn't work, and he's a play boy, grandpa uses money to bail out his debt?

- believes in education sends my mother + sister to her school.

helps Cristobal with homework

- helps his sister w/ money
- active in church, supporting the church in any occasion never charges the church for supply + Enrique is the carpenter, Grandpa producer

- Names all grandchildren god that draw "Jose" or "Josef"

- They get a fight w/ his sister and doesn't go to school but my grandfather catches him and sends him home.



Lot No. 14

1	2	S 42°52'W	22.21 m	1	Iron Pin
2	3	N 47°08'W	27.43 "	2	"
3	4	N 42°52'E	18.25 "	3	"
4	5	ALONG CURVE	L= 14.34 "	4	Conc Mon
		Δ= 25°40'13"	R= 32.00 "		
		C= N55°42'07"E	C= 14.22 "		
5	1	S 24°56'E	26.22 "	5	Iron Pin
Mon. at Cor. 1 of Lot #1 to Cor. #1 N 49°26'38"W					
Area = 501.1 sq. meters					

Lot No. 15

1	2	S 42°52'W	22.21 m	1	Iron Pin
2	3	N 47°08'W	27.43 "	2	"
3	4	N 42°52'E	18.25 "	3	"
4	5	ALONG CURVE	L= 14.34 "	4	Conc Mon
		Δ= 25°40'13"	R= 32.00 "		
		C= N55°42'07"E	C= 14.22 "		
5	1	S 24°56'E	26.22 "	5	Iron Pin
Mon. at Cor. 1 of Lot #1 to Cor. #1 N 49°26'38"W					
Area = 746.5 sq. meters					

Lot No. 16

1	2	S 65°04'W	27.37 m	1	Iron Pin
2	3	N 24°56'W	22.77 "	2	"
3	4	N 70°47'E	24.94 "	3	"
4	5	ALONG CURVE	L= 4.63 "	4	Conc Mon
		Δ= 86°58'34"	R= 3.05 "		
		C= S65°43'43"E	C= 4.19 "		
5	6	ALONG CURVE	L= 8.01 "	5	"
		Δ= 2°41'34"	R= 170.38 "		
		C= S23°35'13"E	C= 8.01 "		
6	1	S 24°56'E	9.10 "	6	"
Mon. at Cor. 1 of Lot #1 to Cor. #1 N 25°35'33"W					
Area = 585.1 sq. meters					

Lot No. 17

1	2	S 64°10'27"W	27.43 m	1	Conc Mon
2	3	N 24°56'W	17.54 "	2	Iron Pin
3	4	N 65°04'E	27.37 "	3	"
4	5	S 24°56'E	9.19 "	4	"
5	1	ALONG CURVE	L= 7.92 "	5	"
		Δ= 0°53'33"	R= 508.48 "		
		C= S25°22'47"E	C= 7.92 "		
Mon. at Cor. 1 of Lot #1 to Cor. #1 N 25°43'45"W					
Area = 474.2 sq. meters					

Lot No. 18

1	2	S 62°14'47"W	27.43 m	1	Iron Pin
2	3	N 26°47'24"W	18.03 "	2	"
3	4	N 64°10'27'E	27.43 "	3	"
4	1	ALONG CURVE	L= 17.11 "	4	"
		Δ= 1°55'40"	R= 508.48 "		
		C= S26°47'23"	C= 17.11 "		
Mon. at Cor. 1 of Lot #1 to Cor. #1 N 25°15'05"W					
Area = 481.3 sq. meters					

Lot No. 19

1	2	S 60°19'07"W	27.43 m	1	Iron Pin
2	3	N 28°43'04"W	18.03 "	2	"
3	4	N 62°14'47'E	27.43 "	3	"
4	1	ALONG CURVE	L= 17.11 "	4	"
		Δ= 1°55'40"	R= 508.48 "		
		C= S28°43'03"E	C= 17.11 "		

16	17	N 42°52'E			
17	18	N 42°52'E			
18	19	ALONG CURVE	L= 14.34 "		
		Δ= 2°14'47"	R= 32.00 "		
		C= N69°39'36"E	C= 14.22 "		
19	20	N 70°47'E			
20	21	S 24°56'E			
21	22	S 24°56'E			
22	23	S 26°47'24"E			
23	24	S 28°43'04"E			
24	1	S 28°43'04"E			
Mon. at Cor. 1 of Lot #1 to Cor. #1 S 56°59'26"W					
Area = 4269.1 sq. meters					

NOTE #1
This drawing supersedes P-219 dated 1 Sept 1947

N 40.300 m

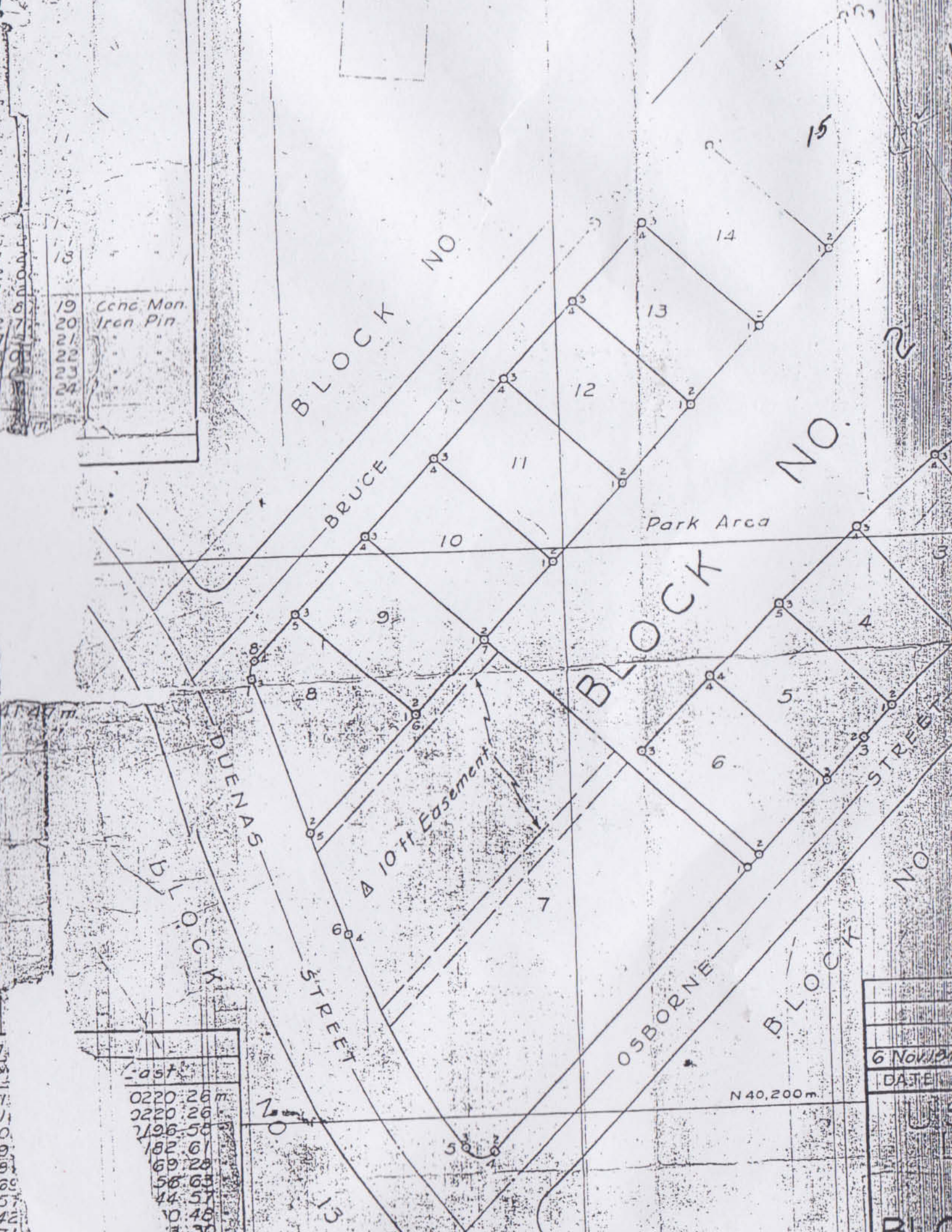
NOTE #2
Coordinates for Δ New A
N 39994.81 m - E 39994.81 m

Coördina

Station

Nor

Cor. 1 of Block 2	403
Cor. 1 of Lot No. 1	403
Cor. 1 of Lot No. 2	403
Cor. 1 of Lot No. 3	402
Cor. 1 of Lot No. 4	402
Cor. 1 of Lot No. 5	402
Cor. 1 of Lot No. 6	402
Cor. 1 of Lot No. 7	402



19 Cenc Mon.
20 Iron Pin
21
22
23
24

East
0220.26m
0220.26
7196.58
182.61
69.28
56.63
44.57
10.48

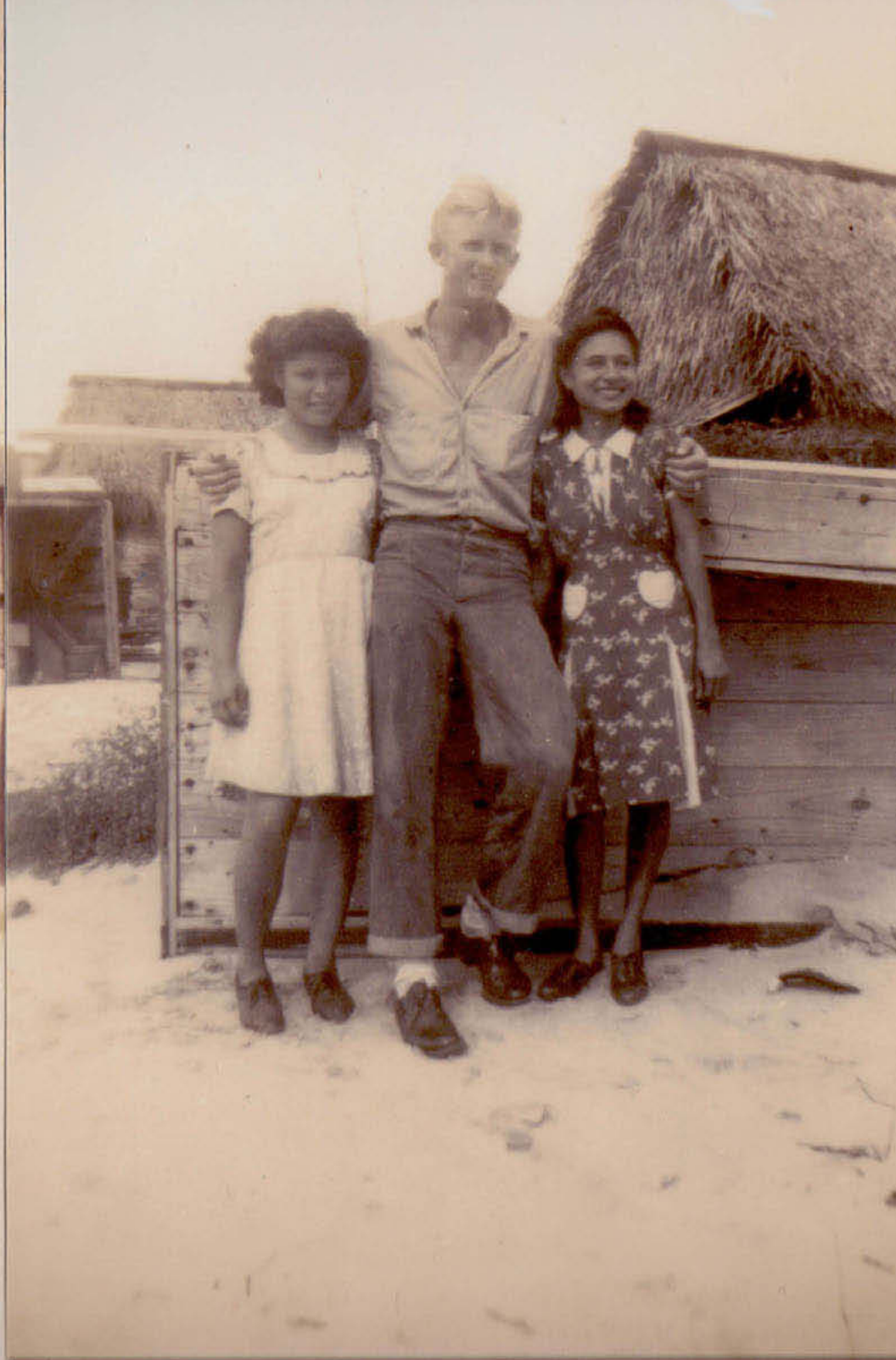
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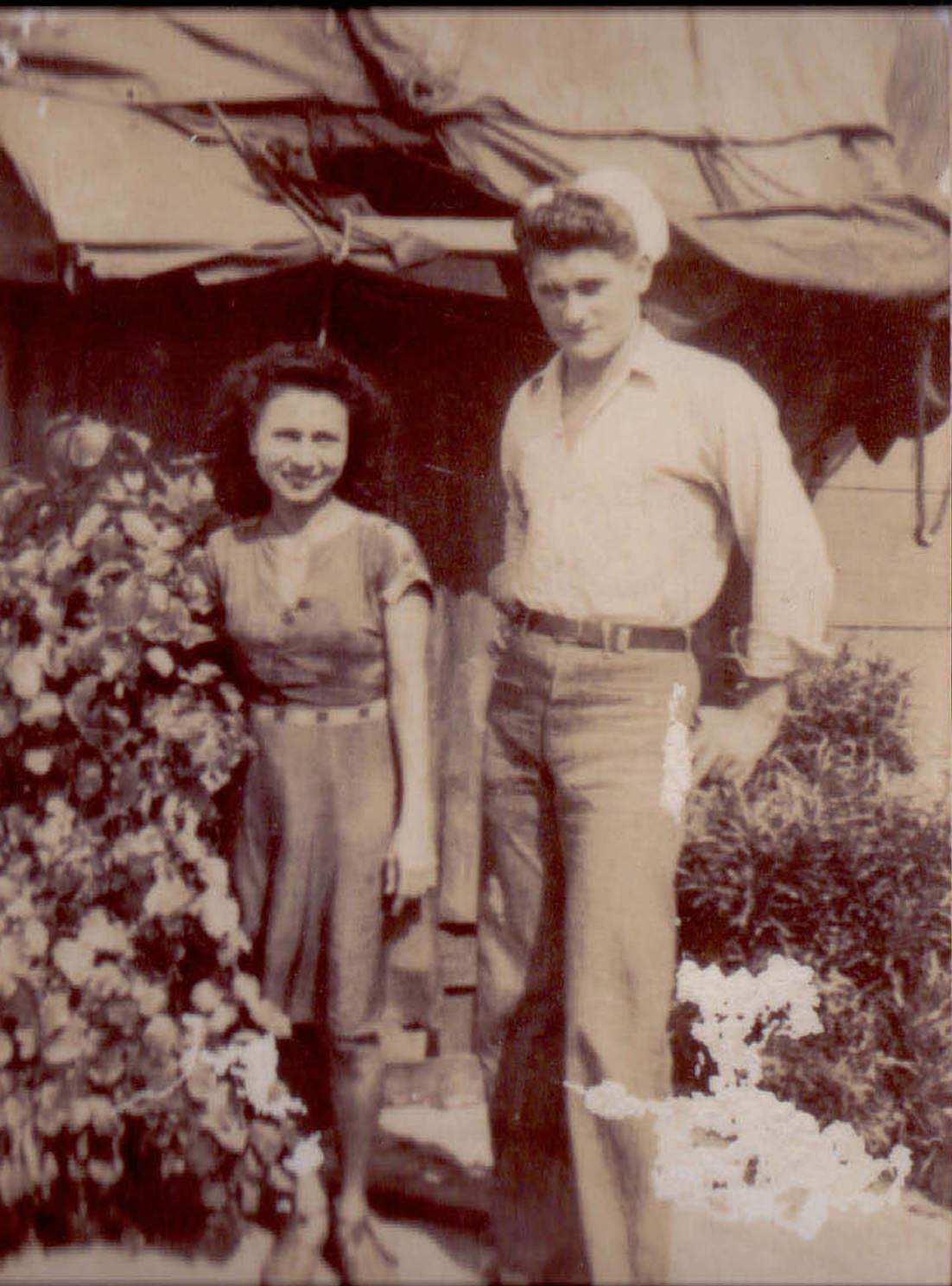


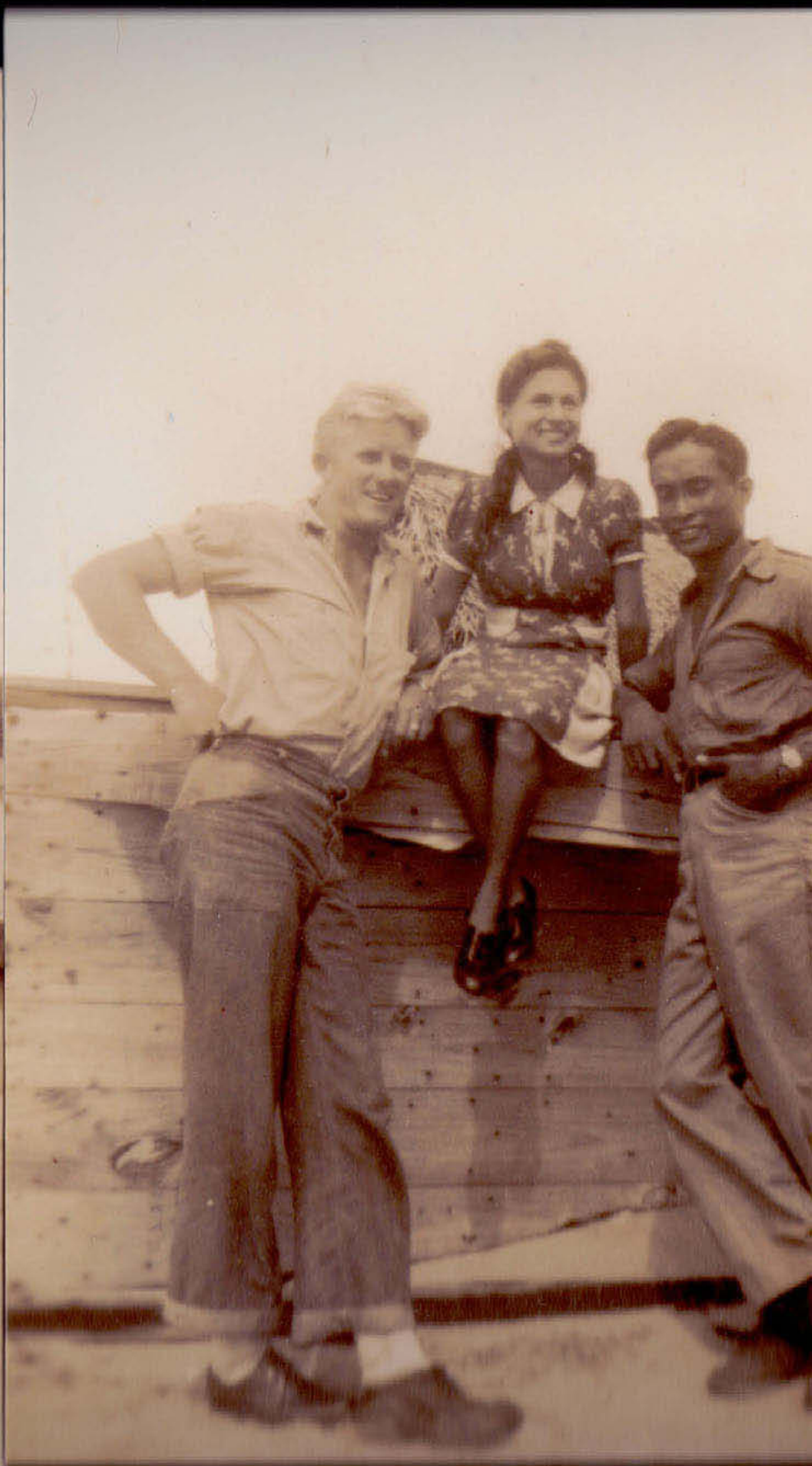
What does Give me a piece of candy look like?

Rivera Store is a haunt.

What is it with this store?

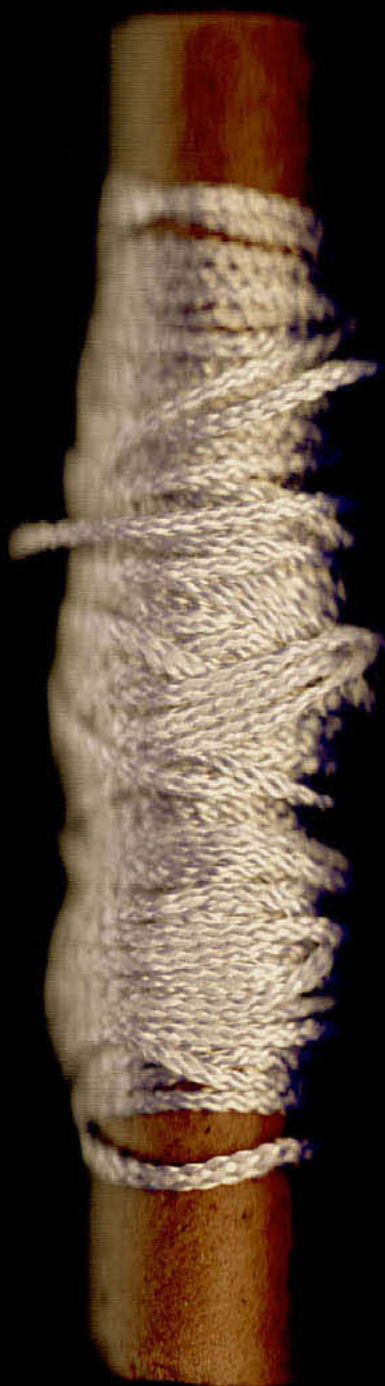














This catalog is a companion piece to the show *Close of Day*. The physical book is comprised of two booklets that correspond to one another.

This version is a representation of the booklet that acts as a diary of the artist's reflections of the objects within the show. The second booklet not represented here is a collage of the ephemera observed as the artist gathered research in preparation for the film. The books, newspaper clippings and encyclopedia were scanned and curated into the pages of the unpictured booklet as physical evidence of her investigations into the history of Guam.

Mariquita practices art under the name Micki Davis. Her and her siblings were the first generation of her mother's Chamorro family to reside off island. Upon moving to California to pursue her Master of Fine Arts she began exploring the origins of her identity, largely due to the exposure of an overwhelming asian pacific islander community in Southern California - something that she had limited access to being raised primarily in the southeastern United States.

For inquiries on the project or to obtain a copy of the video which contains several portraits of her family and community members of Agat, Guam, please contact Mariquita at: mmickidavis@gmail.com

She is eager to share her work and experiences with other islanders or those who focus their energies on the Marianas, asking only for their accounts and knowledge, however feasible, in return.

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