

# Vernacular Excavations José Sherwood González







# V e r n a c u l a r   E x c a v a t i o n s



J o s é      S h e r w o o d  
G o n z á l e z  
S i l v i a      G o n z á l e z



In memory of Chucho...



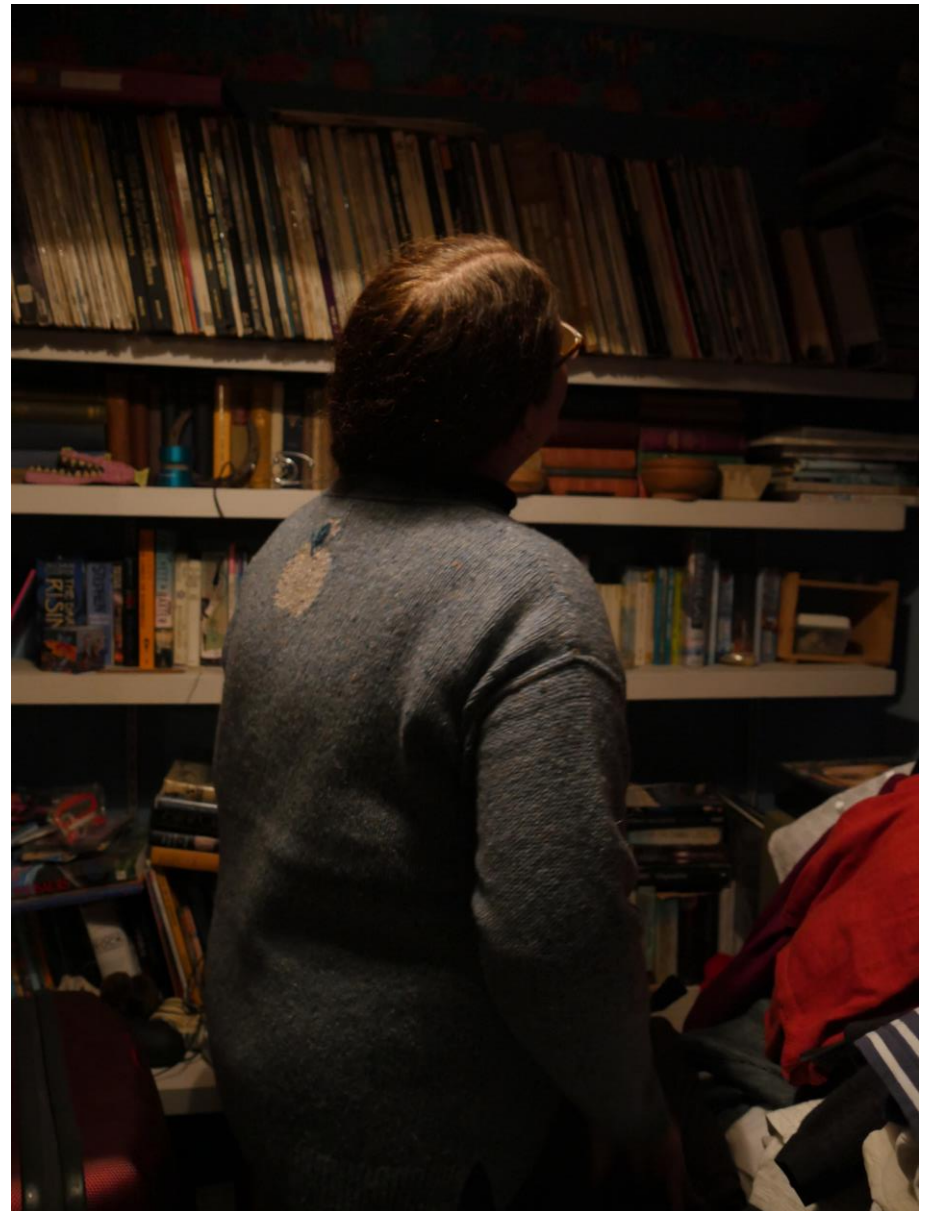




# Cada quién habla de cómo le fue en feria...

*Everyone sees things from their own point of view...*

Definitely there are moments in life where you are sort of walking this path and then you come to a place where you think “ok, I’m going to go that way”. But if you went another way, it would have been completely different. You know, everybody chooses the way they want to go but things can turn up in a completely different way...





I remember at some point, you know much much later  
on, I went back and I remember thinking “oh, it’s so  
small” because you know, when you are a kid,  
y o u   s e e   e v e r y t h i n g   s o   b i g .







The day that your parents die,  
you won't feel the same  
urgency to return home.

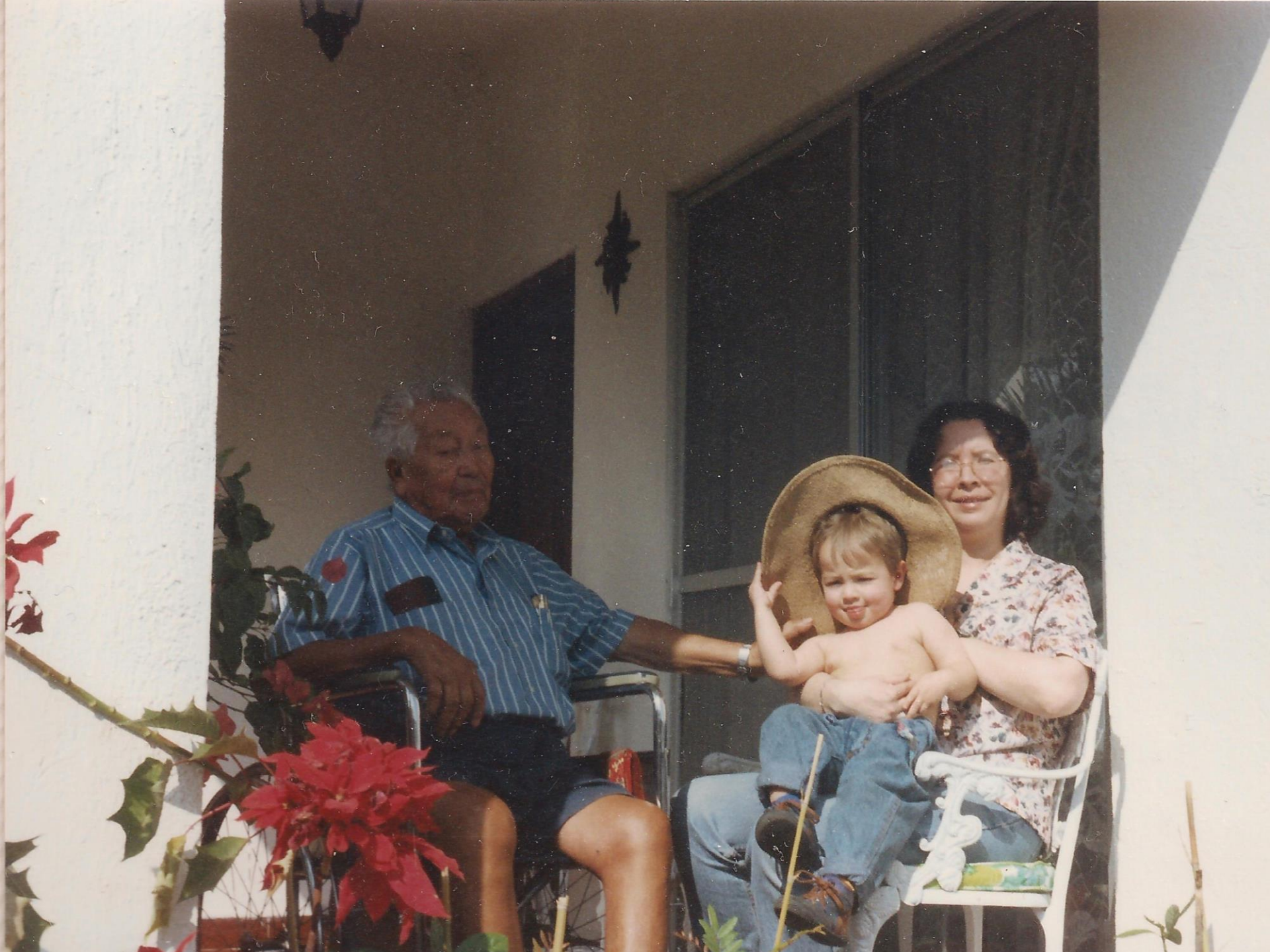
What keeps me constantly  
returning back are the older  
members of the family, our  
parents, my aunt, the heads  
of the family. Of course we  
communicate and get along  
with everyone else but it's not  
as strong or intense with the  
o t h e r s . . .



You were six months old when you first swam in the sea. Chucho could no longer walk and was in a wheelchair. I called him and said, hey Chuchito, do you remember the first time you took me to the beach? Let's go now to Z i h u a t a n e j o .

When we arrived at the beach, we placed the wooden planks on the sand so he had a pathway to the sea. It's a shame we didn't take any photos...We placed him facing the ocean where the waves were breaking so he could bathe his feet. Typical macho, he was also a very emotional man... that was the last time Chucho went to the beach.





I don't know why but I was constantly interested in knowing where other people were coming from, what they did, certain things at certain times. I couldn't understand how people didn't have the curiosity to ask. That's very strange. I've always been asking people and I always spoke a lot with Chucho.











Entre los trabajadores de nuestro cine abunda el buen humor, manifestado esta vez por Jesús González H., recordista de sonido, quien aparece en la foto "luciendo" un penacho azteca que, en honor a la verdad, le sienta estupendamente. Como el buen humor también existe entre productores y directores, no será difícil que próximamente le ofrezcan un papel para actuar de "ídolo" en alguna futura producción. En cuanto a lo de "recordista", eso sí no es guasa.

Cheerful dispositions abound among the workers of our cinema, manifested this time by Jesús González H. sound recordist, who appears in the photo "exhibiting" an Aztec headdress which, speaking truthfully, suits him marvellously. As cheerful dispositions also exist between producers and directors, it isn't hard to imagine that they soon offer him a role to act as an "idol" in some future production. As for him being a "recordist", that is no joke.







You know, okay, he was my grandpa but I really liked him and I felt a lot of affinity with him.

*Why was that?*

Because he had an interesting life and I could understand his desire to go away from where we were and then come back. He always loved adventure and I always liked that.

I thought that he was a very brave man. Because, to be able to swim el Río Grande, with that sort of conditions – and I’ve been in the desert, you know, around the border with Mexico and the U.S. so I know the conditions and for somebody, at that time, to go to the other side then to walk and to survive, you hear lots of – in the news these days, that people are being found in the desert, dead, because it’s a very harsh environment and people are just not used to do that type of walk with no water or training. So the fact that he survived that trip, I always felt a lot of admiration.





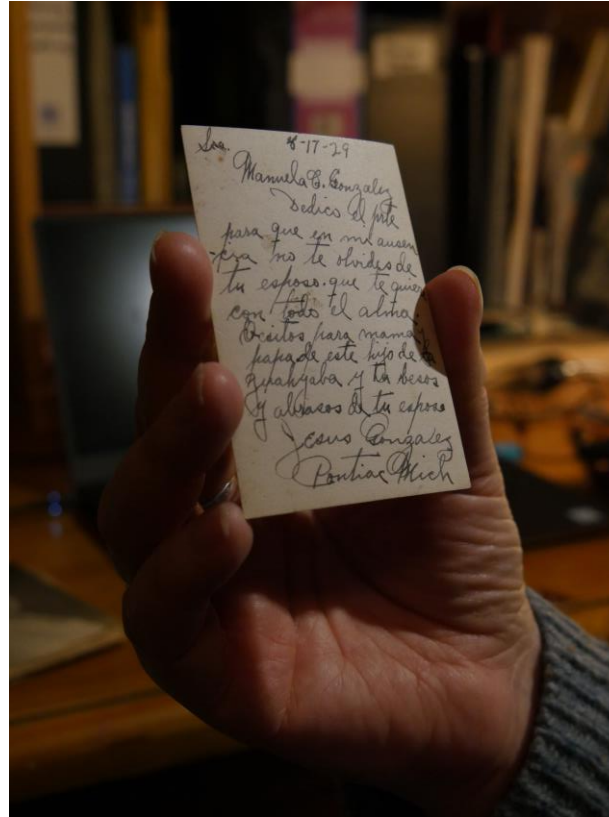


He went as well when he was younger with his grandparents because there are some pictures of Mamá Mariquita around Chicago and I know that they were looking for this Uncle and that the only thing they knew was that he was a boxer and they found him somehow after 15 years. So I don't know what happened there because I suppose that that Uncle remained there and his family must remain there. But we just lost the contact with them.









*To my dear wife*

*Manuela C. Gonzalez*

*Jesús Gonzalez*

*Mrs. 8 – 17 – 29*

*Manuela C. Gonzalez*

*I dedicate this present*

*so that in my absence you do not forget about your husband who loves you with all his soul. Kisses to mum and dad from this son of a gun and kisses and hugs from your husband*

*Jesus Gonzalez*

*Pontiac Mich*

With all  
 my love, to my  
 dear husband.  
 Manuela C. de González  
 Laredo Mex. Noviembre 27 de 1929

To  
 Jesús González  
 Pontiac Mich.





Manuela was a very strong woman with a very strong character. The typical, you know... head of the family.







They were both very strong willed... That's probably why they had these monumental fights at times.



















In some way these stories continue with  
us retelling them...maybe there's no end  
to this project as it's just a  
s n a p s h o t  
of a moment in time... So let's see what  
happens over the next fifty years...





