

ART / CULTURE

Ghost Town Artist

abril 26, 2022 - por [AtencionSMA](#)



Art Piece: "Ghost Town Fiesta" "Fabric collage on canvas 36"x36"

I came reluctantly to Mexico in 2005 after the death of both of my parents. The sunset glowed on the lake and the ochre buildings as the taxi drove me into town. Church bells rang, and an old man and his donkey, loaded with branches, walked on the cobblestone street. Wow, I thought, 16th-century Italy. It was love at first sight.

Two weeks later, I went to visit an artist colony in a "ghost town" called Mineral de Pozos. This Pueblo Magico, has a dusty old-west atmosphere and is located in the high desert plains northeast of San Miguel. The landscape is dotted with cacti, magueys, mesquite, and hundreds of old stone ruins. One of the ruins, called the Escuela Modelo, had stone steps, and as I was climbing up, a huge eagle circled above. I had never seen an eagle before! A sign from the gods. I thought to myself: I could live here.

A few margaritas later at the local boutique hotel, I was offered a house tour. One of the available properties was located across the dirt road from the Escuela Modelo. I asked how much (remember, I came reluctantly to Mexico), and it was the exact small sum that I had inherited. "I'll take it." Two weeks in Mexico and I was a homeowner in a ghost town.

Then I flew back to Boston.

Adobe houses are alive. They are meant to be lived in. After being uninhabited for 10 months, my Casa del Cielo had returned to its natural cave-like state, filled with spider webs, scorpions, mice, and mold. I didn't know where the water came from and not a clue where the sewage went. I stood out on the barren street crying, when along came a sturdy, handsome Mexican man, Luis Cruz, who asked me, "What's wrong lady, why are you crying?"

"My house is a disaster!" I sobbed.

He came into the house and pronounced, "Oh, this is nothing! We can clean this up right away!"

I mentioned that I had purchased this house because of the eagle that flew over my head the previous year. Luis began to laugh and said, "That was my one-eyed eagle! I let him out of his cage once a day to exercise his wings."

"You bought your house because of my stupid Eagle!"

Luis became my dear friend and gateway into Mexican culture. Pozos was once one of the wealthiest towns in Mexico. Thousands of people died mining the rich veins of gold and silver networked under the town. I often burned copal incense as I walked through the house hoping to assuage the fantasmas that flitted by. Ghosts became my friends and found their way into my work too.

I am represented by Galería Moyshen in La Aurora. In addition, some of my Mexican inspired handmade paper and fabric collages will be exhibited at Galería Blue Moon's Terrain | Terreno opening on April 22 from 5 to 8pm. For more information, contact painter.klein@gmail.com.