

Patrick Shamsuddoha
Re-Purposed Treasures

Artist Statement

When I first met one-armed Frankie he was in bad shape; he showed up in a scorched, folded up envelope with a few photos and an amazing story of adventures traveling the globe. Frankie and his story instantly brought out my inner child as well as my passion for travel. When creating *The Adventures of One-Armed Frankie*, I meant it to be an escape and to be an uplifting message about overcoming all obstacles and disabilities to fulfill ones dreams.



Carrie McClintock
Re-Purposed Treasures

The Story

One-Armed Frankie

Mixed with bits of paper containing names and places – rough maps to hot springs and directions to hidden corners of Arizona, New Mexico, California and Hawaii – I found a fat little envelope. As soon as I saw it, I knew it was something special, different from everything else in that box labeled, “Top of Desk Day of Fire.” When I opened the smoke-stained envelope, who popped out? One-Armed Frankie!

“Long time no see Frankie!”

“Buenos noches senorita!”

“Last time we spend any time together was on our trip to Savannah, Georgia.”

“Amiga, that was one long escalator! But those cheetahs and alligators – amazing! Such natural power! That’s what I loved about America del Sur too. The Amazon, such a huge, fresh river, nourishing and rejuvenating just to be near it. Traveling to inspiring natural places, that’s what makes life worth living, no?”

“Sorry we haven’t traveled more lately, Frankie.”

“That’s okay, chica, ever since losing mi brazo, art celebrating amazing places works for me. As long as I know they are still there, I enjoy them in my mind – I’m happy.”

“I’ll do my best to make sure they stay healthy and strong Frankie.”

“Muchas gracias, chiquita.”

Seeing Frankie again reminded me of another old friend, one I met when he hitched a ride in the van on the coast road between Santa Cruz and Half Moon Bay. The road had been hard on him; he was filthy! I washed him off, and Gumby traveled with us to protests of redwood forest clear cutting and gatherings in San Francisco of artists and activists demanding accountability for the price the environment was paying for corporate profits. Gumby hung around for years, but one day, when I went looking for him, he was gone. He’d hit the road again.