

THE IMMIGRANTS

The year was 1912. As a poor orphan from Paris at the age of 16, you were on the flight of your life. Your antics had gotten you kicked out of that rotten orphanage in Montparnasse in the time of blossoming adolescence, and since then you've been kicking about the streets of the West Bank like an urchin, begging, shining shoes, and yes occasionally pilfering food at the local fish market to get by. Your last foray got you into trouble, and now you have the local police inspector at your heels eager to throw you into the tank. His name is Javert, and he is a man on a mission. Luckily, you were able to flee to England in the nick of time, where you contacted a long lost second cousin who begged you to jump on the first ocean liner to America. He entrusted you with a name, which is believed to be yet another long lost relative who can give you shelter in the New World. But Javert has followed your scent, and is on board.

It was a large ship. It's name was the Titanic, and it crashed early one morning into an iceberg. In your memory, it was a bleak night of struggling out of the second class steerage to find yourself hanging onto a first class mattress in the icy Atlantic waiting for the rescuers to fish you out. While paddling on your makeshift raft in that cold and eerie ocean, listening to the suffering around you, you had the presence of mind to place a written message for help in an empty wine bottle that floated by you. It was for your long lost love Fantine in the hopes that she would find you. She had disappeared from your life years ago.

Saved by a miracle of observation, you are placed on a rescue boat headed for Ellis Island, New York. This is home, but not the preferred mode of transport. You decide to jump ship as you enter

Hudson Bay, in fear that you will be sent back without the necessary documentation or clearance of health.

Among the 1500 passengers that perished, and not seeing him, you assume Javert must have been among them.

You wash up on the Brooklyn Shore near Court Street. You know not where to go any more than you know your own ethnic heritage. French, Italian, Irish, German? Wasn't there a bit of Chinese someone once told you about? As an orphan you really never knew your identity. Wouldn't that be the first place to start?

1. If you're yearning to be free,
To the promenade you must now flee,
What did the poor, huddled masses see?
T'was not the streets of gay Paris,
But a skyline that did beckon,
Up Montague you must now reckon,
Once there, to the right a scene's in sight,
Pierre comes up to make it right,
What awes you now was predicted,
In your knapsack it was well depicted.
2. When the ship ran aground,
You hid a letter that must be found,
Where on the wreck does it reside?
Check the schematic in your guide,
You might just find it near the bow,
A different ship here does allow,
It gave the lead to a cousin's address,
And to the New World much access,
Cross to the bank of this pictorial,
Near a place that's **immemorial**,
But don't go off and get too manic,
If you don't find it on the Titanic,

In this exhibit please don't tarry,
It might just be near the Queen Mary.

3. If you walk 4 blocks uptown to Fulton station,
At its Broadway/Nassau destination,
Jump on the 4 and 5 if you're keen.
It will take you south to Bowling Green,
But if you need some help with your morale,
Cab it then to your locale,
There you'll find people on the go
Running from a presidential chateau,
In the pre-Bush days when immigrants,
At their leisure came and went,
Javert's turned up and now gives chase,
Escape now with your briefcase.

4. There is something about your eyes,
That makes others think of Shanghai,
Is it possible someone crossed the fence?
These cultural roots start to convince,
For if you were truly French,
Wouldn't the word have been "Him, lynch!"
Put away all conjecture,
By finding the road east on 'ol Hester,
There in a lantern you'll find your lot,
If you travel down on Mott.

5. Cosa dici, immigrante!
Andiamo, per la sante,
E per quello che ti dico,
A cento sessanta sei serai pu rico,
Not a problem to translate,
If in Little Italy you congregate,
Add a ½ at a bar on Mulberry,

And there is the place where you now ferry.
Karen there is in the know,
But only the song “Amore” puts you in the flow.
Please forget the Forzano reference,
At the last minute they earned no deference.

6. You can soon satisfy your hunger,
A few penne will make you younger,
But in truth what’s in a noodle,
Is the whole kit ‘n caboodle,
Marius, you are no Mario,
Maybe it’s just time to blow,
To an Irish pub of great ol’ fame,
Where ye can reclaim yer name,
The pasta you’ll find is as numbered,
To E. 7th street you must now lumber,
You might need to call information,
For the address of this location,
A taxi ride is the best,
Away you *cruise* for your next test
Don’t *kid* around but have a brew,
Above the crowds you’ll find your cue,
Teresa’s there behind the bar,
Get there by four and you’ll be *Far*,
But if you’re not, you better rush,
Or your passport will turn to mush.

7. The N/R @ 8th/ Broadway is your next stall,
To a bookstore for your next call,
To 49th you head uptown,
It’s the love of a waif that has you wound,
If Valjean was truly a surrogate Dad,
Then his surrogate daughter should be had,
How did she arrive from *France*?

The thought makes you click your heels and dance,
Though that French cop isn't far behind,
Your ethnic roots you must now find,
Perhaps at this rocky square a block away,
Both love and country will hold their sway.

8. The French are quick to point,
When your lingo is out of joint,
If with all your signs francais,
Your accent was not quite "parfait,"
Perhaps you are of other descent,
The books' contents give you a hint,
A statue commemorates these countrymen,
Whose land was invaded now and again,
If you're slow, you'll have to fish,
The uptown F is your wish,
But stop at 63rd and Lex,
A walk to 59th might vex,
But if it's time to pick up tricks,
Then there you'll pick up the express 4,5,6,
It goes north to 86th,
I could be a bit more vocal,
If you decide to slow it with the local,
To Central Park walk over Fifth,
Curl around past an Egyptian pin,
There a girl's heart you'll surely win.
It may better instead to cab it,
And start to lose that subway habit.

9. Southward down the ethnic streets,
Isn't it time to find some eats?
The same 4, 5, and 6 you again meet,
Manhattan bound to the telephone beat,
It's that 42nd street station,

That makes a great film location,
Wander around without too much dancing,
Unless Robin Williams is out there prancing.
Across from Posman's is your meal,
With two places to eat you'll make your deal.

10. The reptiles were so insistent,
But Javert was quite persistent,
After the Revolution of 1830,
His record came up rather dirty,
Thus he left to follow your bait,
But in a sewer he met his fate,
Take the 7 to Times ²,
Change to the downtown 1239 fare,
To 34th you'll soon be ferried,
Is it not time that you be married?
Soon your nuptials you'll celebrate,
At a station's pearly gates.
To another mode of transport,
Your true origin we now report:
For a bit of culture shock,
You're a Hampton blueblood of Mayflower stock,
Born to traveling parents who are quite rich,
But a Parisian nurse made a baby switch,
Her own child was left to reap,
The benefits that were yours to keep.

HOTLINES: (310) 779-3057 MARC
(310) 489-5031 SUZ
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LITTLE CLUES

1. Behind picture

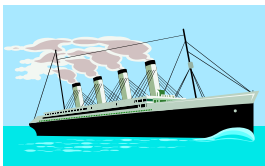


If you're truly in need of identity,
Then the path is shown by the water taxi,
Walk up north to the ice cream dock,
The aqua cabs run around the clock,
Take the first stop at the eleventh pier,
FDR up to South Seaport veer,
To be a true immigrant,
It's \$ 5.00 for each entrant,
You're back in the Water at Fulton west,
Walter Lord will be your test.

2. On ledge near Queen Mary in Walter Lord Gallery

Dear Marius,

*It is with great sorrow that I see you leave for America.
And you who do not even know your true origins! Please
Contact your long lost cousin and he may be able to offer
You a place to stay. He has a family of eight including a
grandchild, and I'm sure he always has room for one more.
The last I heard he was recently arrested for assault or
some such charge. What ever you do you can always find
a bench in the park. Or check with my old friend Giovanni
Verrazano, who lives nearby.*



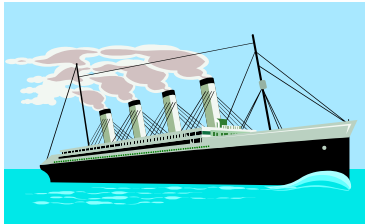
*Your good friend,
Jean Valjean*

3. In Immigrants' statue or Verrazano



A china man tells you 三十六
Is the secret way to find your fix,
If you go *pell-mell* into the mix,
It must be back on the local 6,
For your relatives were sent to Quebec,
They didn't pass the Ellis Island check,
Javert that old cop is at your heels,
North to a Canal you must now peel,
Though Dr. Chin is a good M.D.
You're just a hapless refugee,
Across from Mr. Fung Wong's bread,
You'll find a light above your head.

4. In lantern at Chang Wan's, hanging with penoni

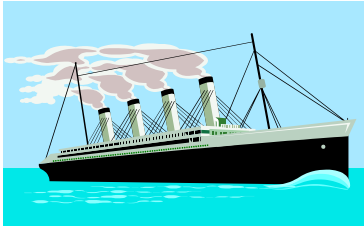


I guess your heritage did not show,
With the typical Asian gusto,
Maybe you were bred from a stallion,
Who's more or less Italian,
The Mulberry Street Bar is a better choice,
To Karen there you test your voice,
The tried and true song you possess,
Sing "That's Amore!" without redress.

5. In Penoni at a Bella Cosa

Built in with pennoni

Mc Sorley's



6. IN pin

**The ales have given you the strength,
To now travel another length
In the plaza is a boutique,
Of mostly French books I think,
Down a promenade you should be routing
Across from that famous fountain,
Deborah there will help you out,
If decent French you can still spout,
There it's time for a French chant,
Under rally rules you can't recant,
You must now hold your vow,
It's to her you must sing now,
What will get you through this phase,
Would be "The Marseillaise,"
No time to give us flack,
Just find it in your sack.
And then there's no place to go,
Without the help of Mr. Hugo.**



Hi Deborah! I know you're very busy so I have typed up these instructions for the scavenger hunt clue so that there is as little disruption as possible.

A team of three to four people wearing bowler hats will come in the late afternoon of Sat. 8/30 They will ask for Deborah, or whoever is designated. They will then sing the enclosed modified version of the Marseillaise. In return, they are to receive the enclosed note. This will send them to the Hugo book that should be placed beforehand that day in the Hugo section. It is marked and labeled sold.
(basement in the back on the right I believe)

The small plastic animal should be placed near the book on a shelf perhaps out of access of the general public.

I hope this is okay.

Thank you so much!

Marc Chomel

If you have any concerns I can be reached at all hours at 310 7793057.

NOTE:

Fantine has gone,
She has to Central Park walked on,
A book sits in the basement,
Be delicate and without defacement,
Where you're soon to find your chance.
Collecting dust on a shelf for France
Was a perfect **mise** en scene,
That will appeal to crowds again and again,
The play **enabled** you at a young age,
To one day become the **toast** of the Broadway **stage**.

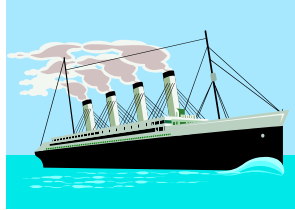
SONG IN BAG

**“ Allons enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrive
Contre nous de la tyrannie.
L’etendard sangle est leve
Entendez vous dans les campagnes,
Mugir ces ferores soldats,
Ils viennent jusque dans les bras,
Egorger nos fils, nos campagnes !**

**« Aux armes, citoyens !
Formez vos battalions,
Marchons ! Marchons !
Qu’un sang impur,
Abreuve nos sillons !
Amour sacre de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs,
Liberte, Liberte cherie,
Combats les defenseurs,
Sous nos drapeaux, que la victoire,
Accoure a tes males accents,
Que tes ennemis expirants,
Voient notre triomphe et notre gloire. »**

8. In shoe shine in Les Mis

Perhaps your shines from before,
Will tell you the background to explore,
At a certain pond Fantine does grieve,
A message in a bottle you now retrieve.
Point in the horseman's direction,
Soon you'll find your reflection.
Or find a porpoise from within
That your life may begin again.



8 . In porpoise and bottle at CP

It's now time to stymie hunger,
At Grand Central you'll feel much younger,
Now that you've delayed the standoff,
Surely a few oysters you can quaff,
Though the point will not be reached,
Security should not be breached.
At a fork in the road you should give praise,
A lobby's alleys help your malaise.



9. GRAND CENTRAL FORK:



Off 7th don't let your spirits harden,
On the lower level of Madison Square Garden,
Pick up your LIRR ticket from Otis Banks,
With the drinks, you owe him thanks
But first let us know with a quick call,
The number of column pieces in that side hall.
To the left of two women half unclad,
On two walls your clue is had,
You are the party animal on the train,
Get on the right track without refrain.
Upon one train car you'll soon alight,
A switch at Jamaica will help your plight
The first is the 8:48 Montauk bound,
The 9:07 change allows access to local towns,
Westhampton Beach is where you'll aground,
You find yourself finally party bound,
Head straight to **14 Blueberry Court**,
To Westhampton Cabs you now resort.
Turn your page on your life as a rogue,
Fantine and you have moved to **Quogue**.

7. **Extra**

8.

9. Basil, thyme and rosemary,
And other plants extraordinary,
Would be quite nice in your stew,
If a fire escape was left for you,
For now the one thing left to fry,
Is your East Village sty,
Along with a vaccine for small pox.
New immigrants need a fire box.

If the beer hasn't driven you numb,

Taxi now to the Green Thumb,
Between 5th and 6th on Avenue B,
Is a sorry tenement where you flee,
Teddy bears you must forgive,
If this strange tower is where you live,
But you can still enter the gate,
Through a gardener if you're late,
If you're still hesitating,

Then leave that taxi waiting

6. In bottle and dolphin at CP

**It's now time to stymie hunger,
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