

nicknacks, gadgets n gizmos,
thingamabobs, trash & tr
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whatnots, tchotchkes, gee

TRINKETS

gaws, novelties, souvenirs,
bibelots, curios, gauds, trifl
es, mementos, keepsakes,
kickshaws, gimracks, dood
ads, gizmos, gewgaws, tru
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teries, things, objects d'art

I moved in January from an Ithaca 10-bed house to a NYC 3-bed unit, then again in July to a studio in the same building. My sister and her fiance moved apartments in April. My parents moved in July out of our childhood home in California to a new home base in Florida.

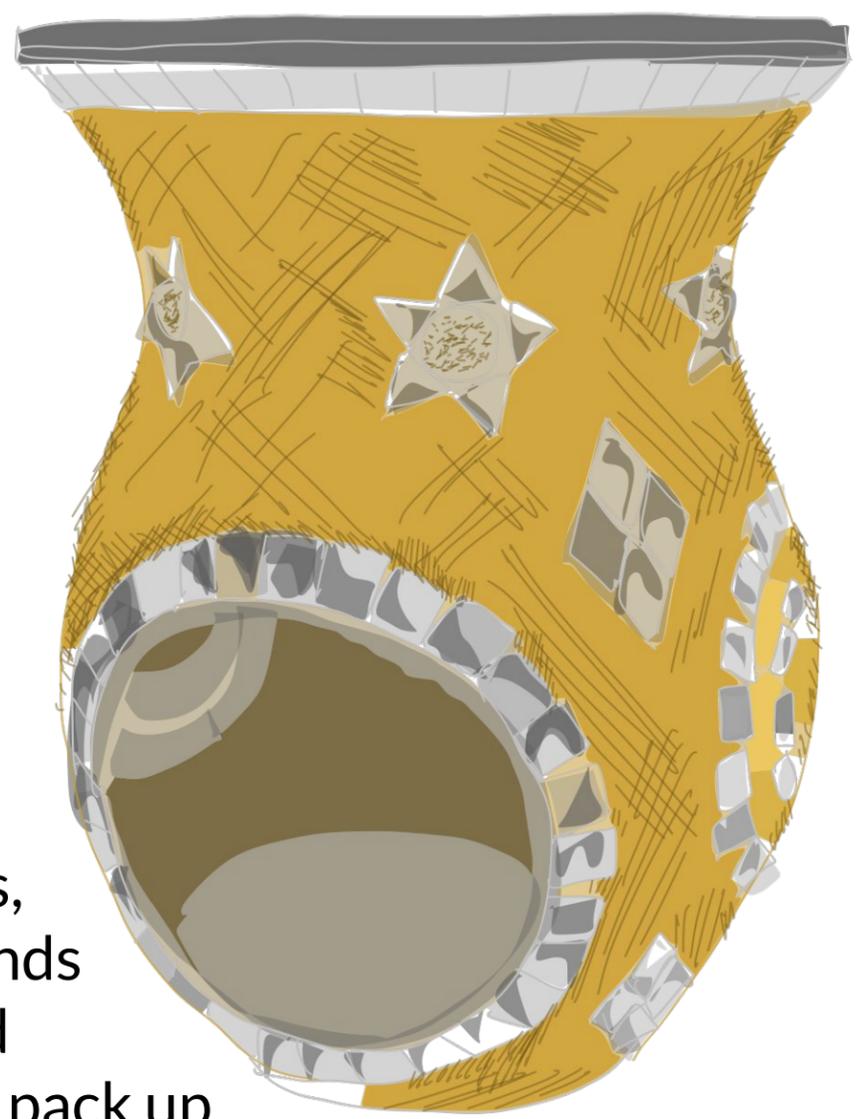
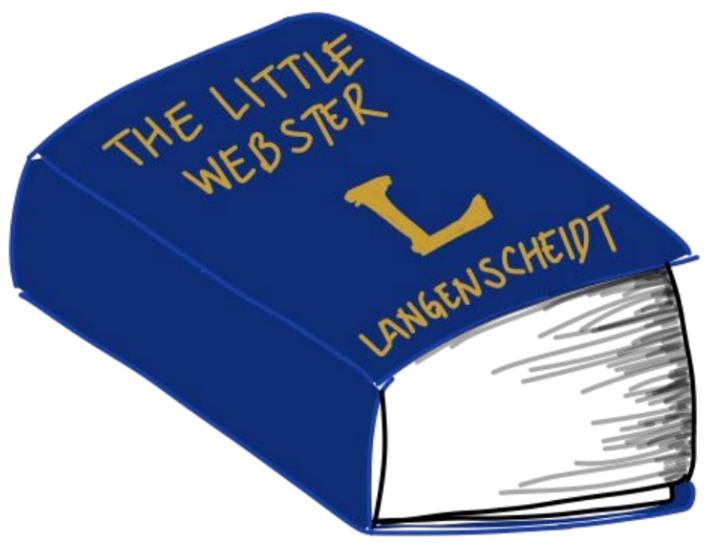
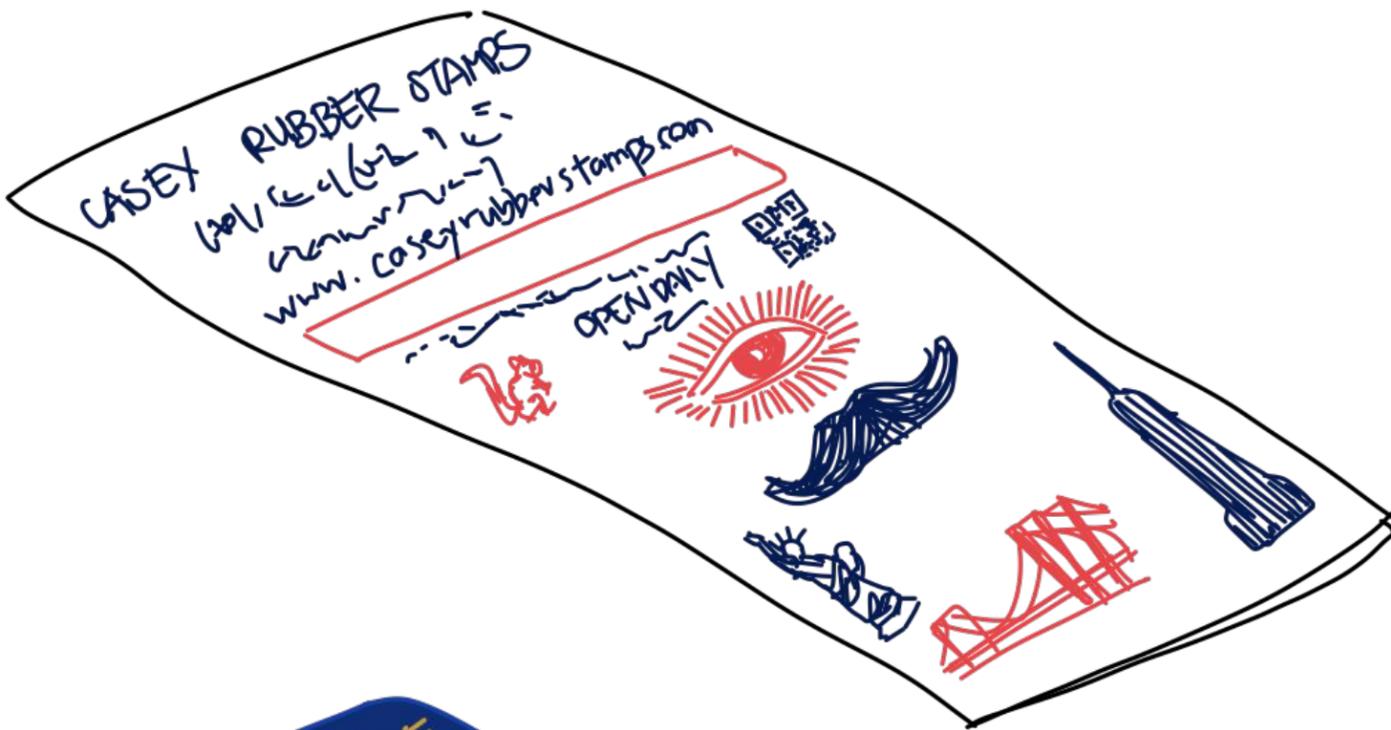
My thoughts about the phases of moving are as follows. The y-axis roughly measures some abstract concept of entropy, but the reader is welcome to come up with their own interpretation.



Phase 1: Big easy-decision items. The packing process starts out nice and civil. Books are placed tidily in the bottom of the moving box. Out-of-season clothes, already tucked away in the closet, get picked up in bulk and moved to the packed-away corner. Plates are wrapped in some protective material before joining the growing pile of possessions that are ready for the move. Some things get pushed to the side– we'll decide what to do with them later.

Phase 2: Uncertain short time scale items. Without fail and regardless of any amount of good planning, we hit that point where there's too much stuff left and nothing seems to have value anymore. We're tossing half our mugs in the donation pile. We're asking how we ended up with so many different shapes of usb cables. We're questioning the value of that plant that the guy at the farmers market said would brighten up the room but we just can't seem to make happy.



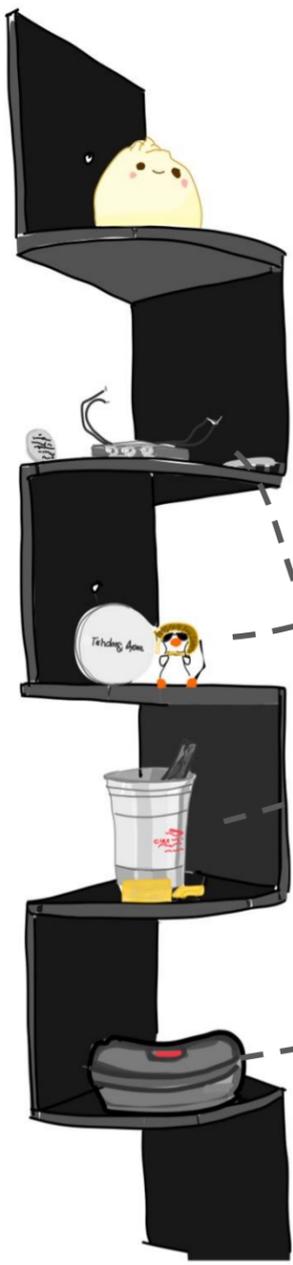


Phase 2 (cont): Temporary trinkets. I come upon the pile of things that didn't make sense to pack, but I couldn't bring myself to throw away right away. These are the little gifts and notes from friends, those surprisingly robust paper wristbands from events, the small dictionary I found when I went home to help mom and dad pack up the house, a pamphlet for that stamp store that I'll order a custom stamp from for my sister's wedding, the zipper pull tab that I pulled too hard on while rushing to the subway, koozies from my first 9man nationals... a whole lot of junk-seeming items that I keep on my dresser top for the sole reason that looking at it is to replay a recent episode of my life in my head. My collection of whoozits and whatsits.

This zine reflects on these things. A handful of friends shared their current trinkets collections with me. Over the next few pages, I share some of them with you. Through the annotation and illustration, I hope might see a flash of what I admire in them.

Ayaaz. Frisbee fanatic. Engineerd. Car guy.

Relentlessly challenges loved ones to be their best no-bullshit self achievable.



Old sports glasses from before before he got PRK.

Birthday gifts from me. "Tish doog" is our alternate way of saying "good shit".

Cup and wristband from the US Grand Prix 2022. Inside the cup is a torn-off piece of carbon fiber from one of the cars from the Formula E race in Brooklyn.

Spare amplifier from a set of tower speakers given by a professor from undergrad.

"My favorite? This one, the orange one, is from my high school coach who introduced me to frisbee. It's a freestyle disc, not an ultimate disc, and the back is signed by him. It says 'Ayaaz, dream big! - Jens Velasquez.'"

"NY Rumble is a defunct major league ultimate team. There was a player, Marcus Brownlee- he's a big YouTuber- he was on that team and he signed it."

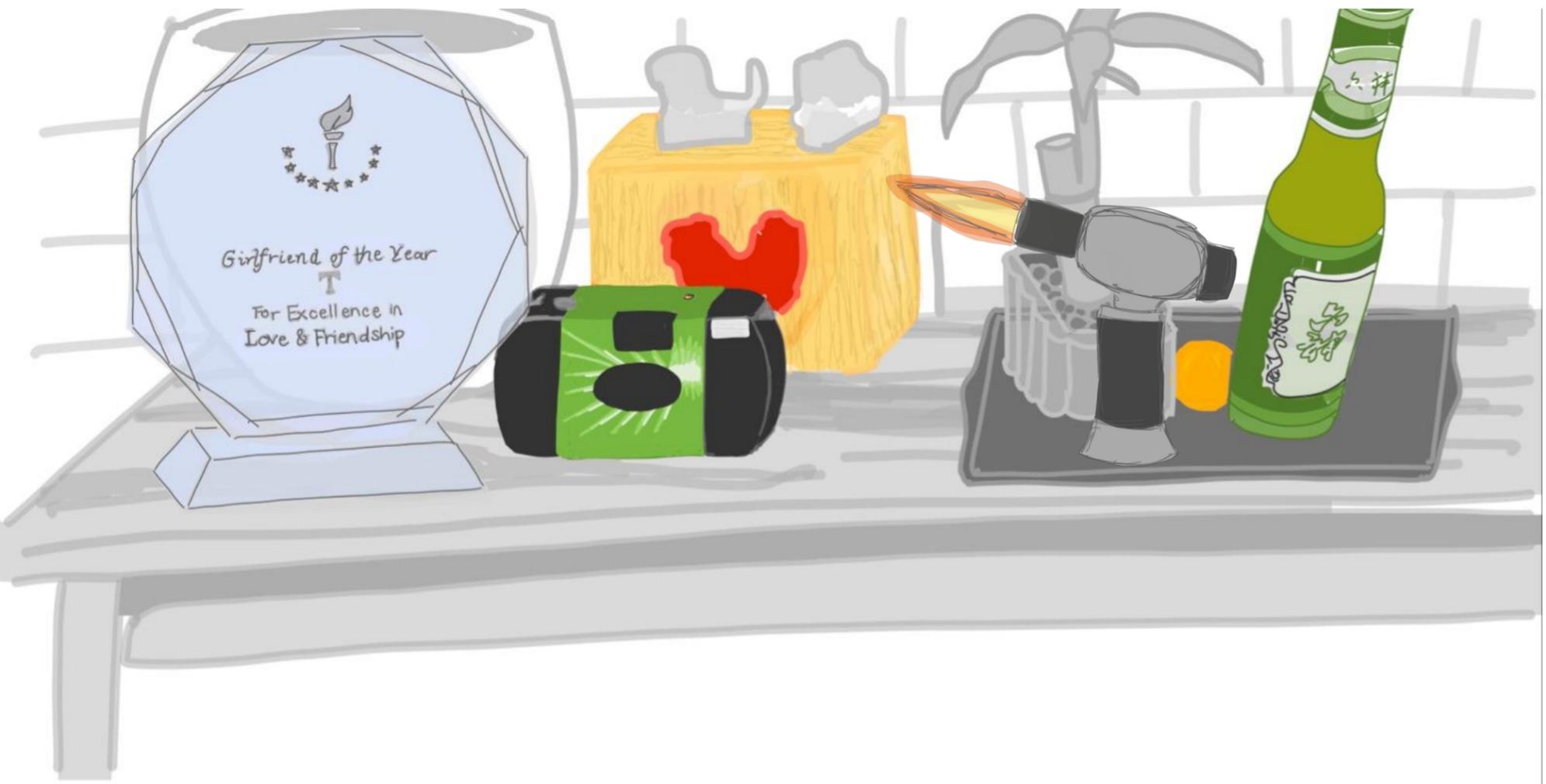
"The last of my favorites is this disc, it's signed by all the players of my high school team."



Andrew. Soul searcher.

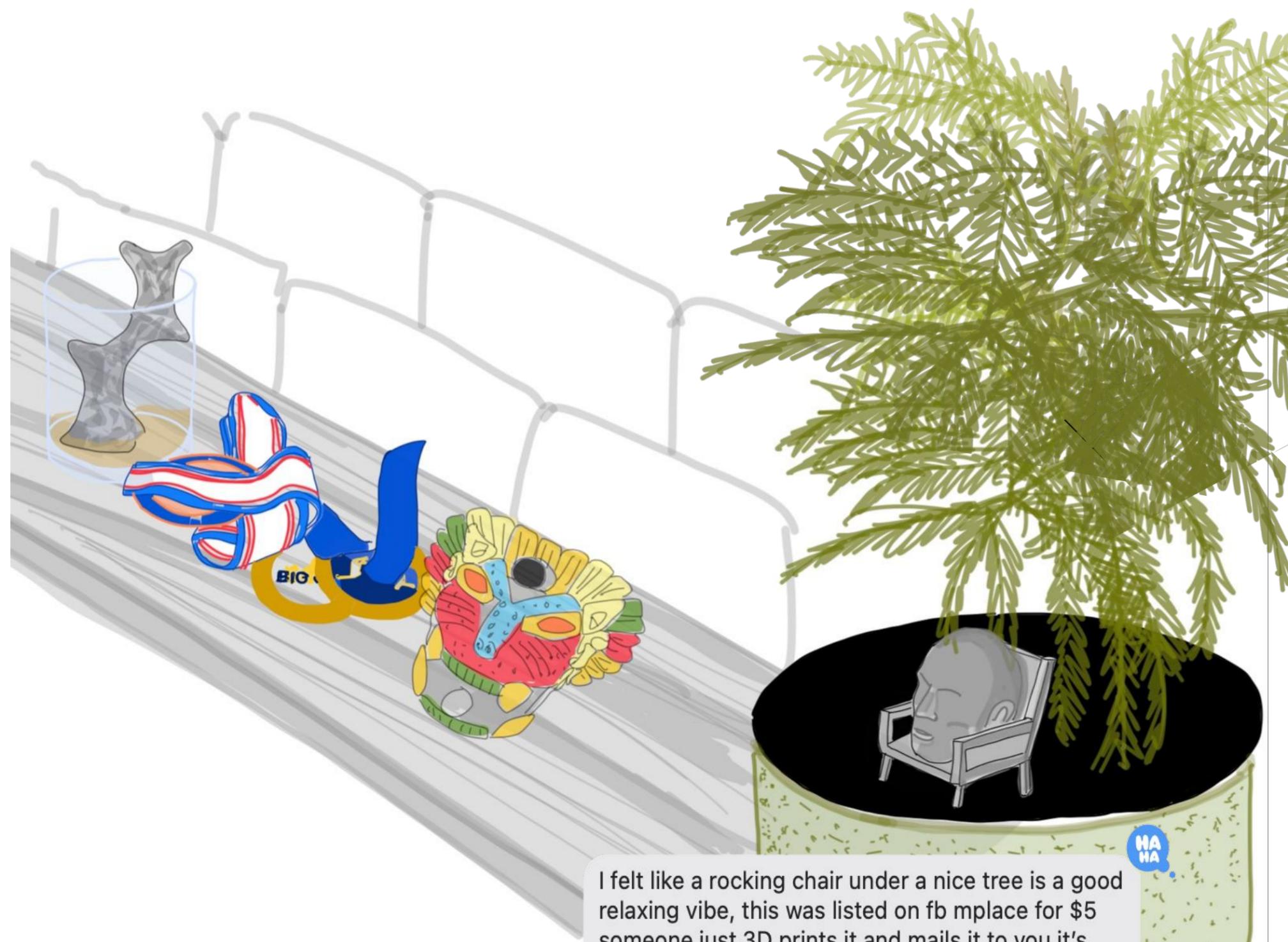
Scrapbooks, photographs, reflects.





Tiffany. Community connector, Girlboss.

Unique functional items with a garnish of comedy.



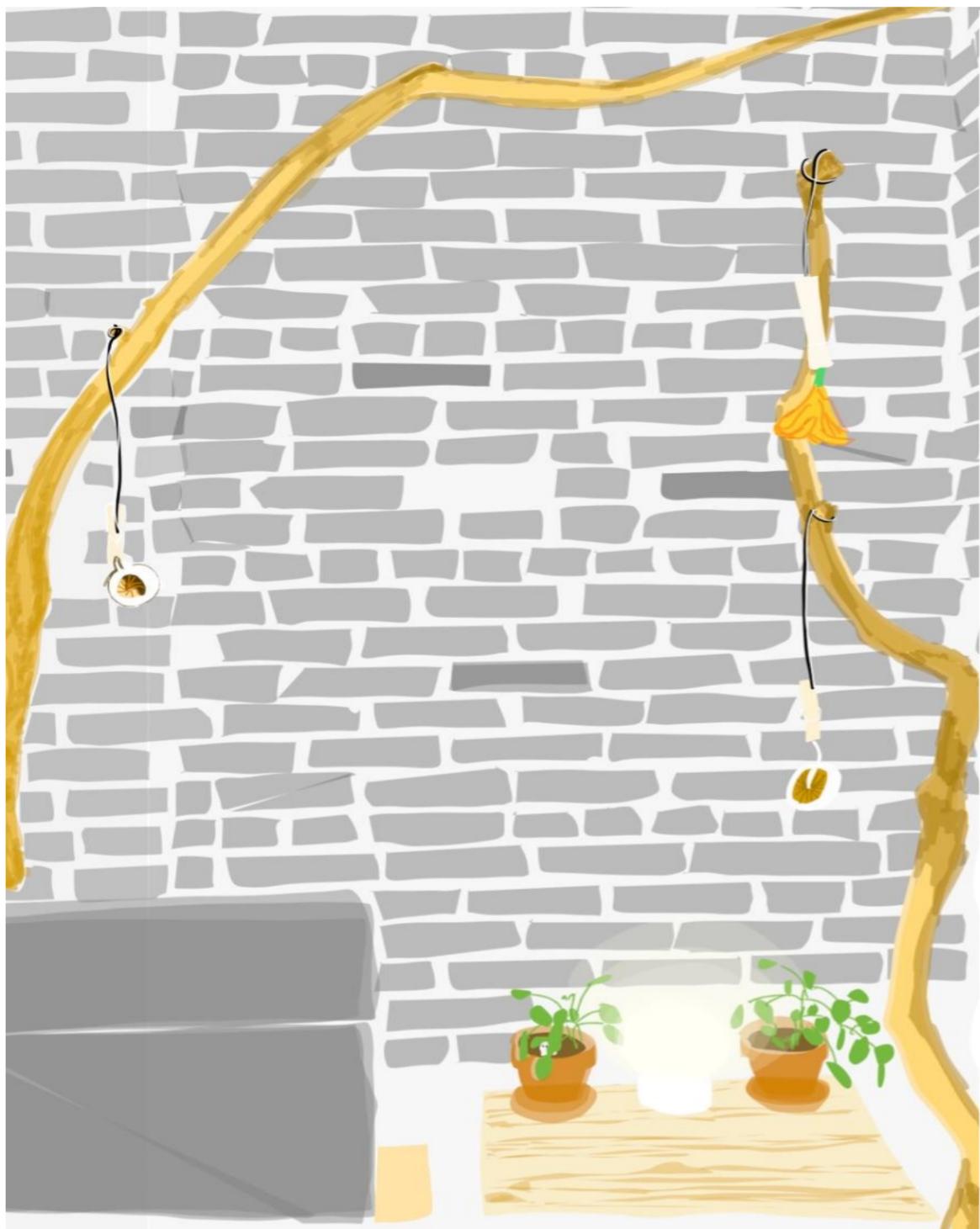
I felt like a rocking chair under a nice tree is a good relaxing vibe, this was listed on fb mplace for \$5 someone just 3D prints it and mails it to you it's called "rock"-ing chair, i like him he's cute

Victor. A new friend.

The first time we met, we played a round of I-Spy in McSorley's. (Look up an image of the inside if something does not immediately come to mind.)

As an ode to that friendship origin, play a game of I-Spy with his display of trinkets and doodads.

- ❑ A huge square bolt found streetside
- ❑ A large drill bit from London
- ❑ (Missing) A giant nail from Canada
- ❑ Handmade bunny clay sculptures from his little sister
- ❑ A ginormous stick from central park brought home on the subway
- ❑ A jumbo stick from elsewhere on the streets of NYC on the way home from the gym



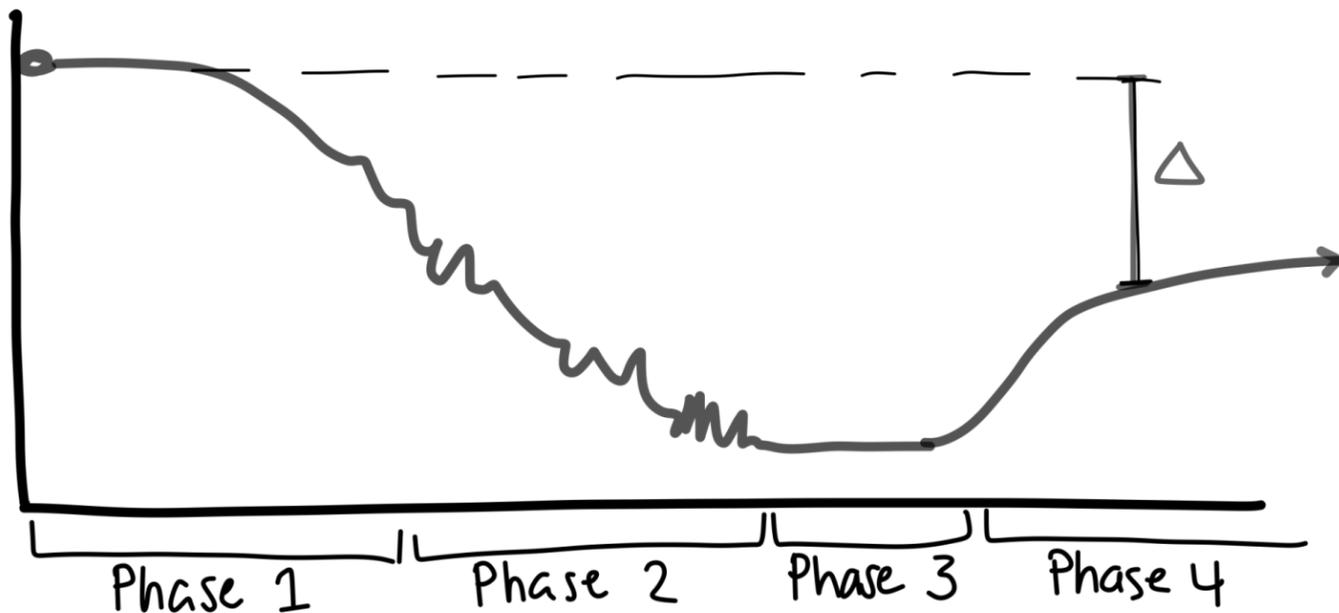
- ❑ Paper cutouts of the dimensions of his bed and his room, to figure out the ideal setup
- ❑ Stack'o'Lei
- ❑ Painted rock from his younger sister
- ❑ The first bullet he ever shot
- ❑ Assorted plane tickets between Romania, Canada, USA
- ❑ A dried flower from the road
- ❑ Watercolor paintings as a goodbye gift from a friend who was in the city for internship
- ❑ A swiss army knife
- ❑ A 2x2x2 wooden cube
- ❑ Two dried mushrooms from the soil below one of the sidewalk trees on the way home from the laundromat
- ❑ A little ghost sculpture, hiding in some green



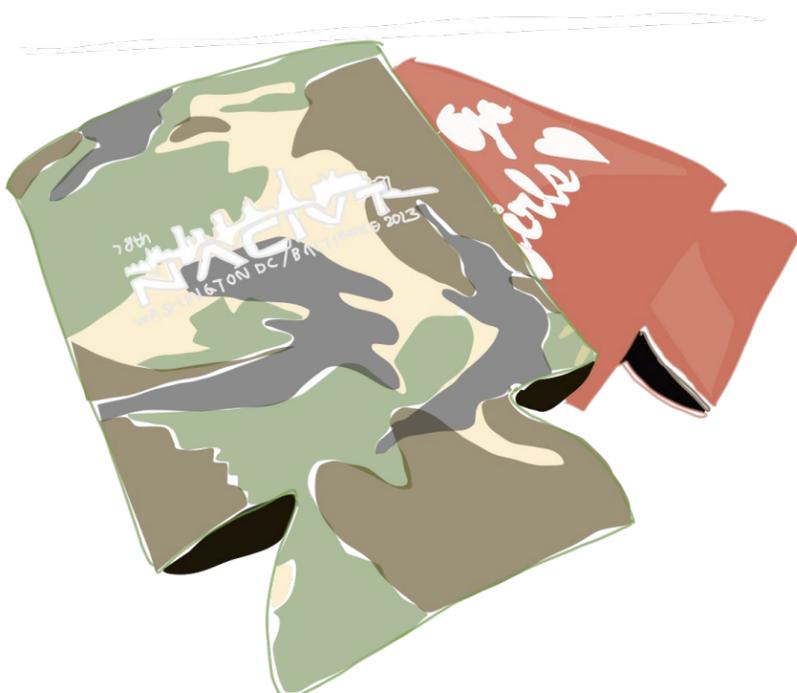
Peter. Creator of the tremendous and of the miniature.

Has a good story for anything you could lay your eyes on.

Phase 3: All packed up. Those things deemed enough a part of me to be included in my next home are in boxes or on my person as we do the physical move.



Phase 4: Unpacking. Things are redistributed into our new home, but there remains a delta between the starting state and the end state. My claim is that the delta is made of those nicknacks, gadgets n gizmos, thingamabobs, trash & treasures, pieces of bric-a-brac, gimracks, gewgaws, whoozits and whatsits, baubles, whatnots, tchotchkes, geegaws, novelties, souvenirs, bibelots, \curios, gauds, trifles, mementos, keepsakes, kickshaws, gimracks, doodads, gizmos, gewgaws, trumperies, curiositiies, bijouteries, things, objects d'art, trinkets, and temporary memories that we opted to leave behind.



Ghosts of trinkets past.

My love language is gifts. When I was dating my ex, showing up at his door (we were neighbors) with a gift or delectable in hand was a common occurrence. When I sat in his room and looked around, I would see that chicken coaster I got him from the farmers market, the infinity light box I made him for Christmas, the “girlfriends are the sisters we choose for ourselves” home decor sign I found on the street, the sticker of a squid I drew him, my old candle, and the slot missing in his bookshelf where he had lent me Dune when we were first hanging out and I never got past the first quarter of. Seeing them there, accompanying him in the space he curated as his, I felt welcomed into his life. Part of his life. I wonder where those keepsakes are now.

Now share yours!



(what is it?) _____

(where's it from?) _____

(illustrate it)





