

Dominic Pelicano Memorial Foundation Tribute from Maria Picazo



[One of Maria's pieces]

Hi, my name is Maria Picazo, and I am a Senior at MICA. I was a good friend of Dominic's. I found out about his Memorial Site and was really pleased about seeing some of his work, and even some pieces which I recognized.

We shared a class almost two years ago, and he was one of the only few people I talked to. He was so friendly, and always complimented my work. I was never really intrigued by abstract art until I saw his work, and talked to him for so long about his process and materials. I was always so interested in what he had to say.

We would sit together at lectures, and he'd ask me what I thought. Then he asked me questions like, where I was from, or how I learned English (I am currently from Madrid, Spain, and lived there my whole life). He always seemed to be so interested and willing to talk.

I remember two pieces he made, in my class, and how much I loved this flesh colored one. I remember it so well, to this day. And I told him.

Later on in the semester, I began working on this abstract piece, and he came up to me and told me how much he liked it.



[Dom's mom Therese, left, and Maria, right] About 6 months later, which was exactly a year ago, I bumped into him at school, after not having seen him since the previous semester, and we exchanged phone numbers. He told me we should hang out more, and I agreed, since I really thought so highly of him. Exactly a week before Thanksgiving, he called me. It was a Friday, I remember. He told me he wanted to make a painting trade with me, since he liked my work, and I didn't think twice about it. However, I told him, I couldn't give it to him until about May or June, since I had to shoot slides of my work (because I was applying for the New York Studio Program, which I attended this past Spring of 2004). But we agreed on trading paintings upon my return, in May. So we spoke for a few minutes on the phone, about what his plans were for Thanksgiving and such, and I remember scribbling his number down on a paper, which I still have, to this day.

I left for New York in January, and thought about calling him several times, but never got around to it because of my busy schedule. However, I knew he'd remember the painting trade as soon as I got back, so I didn't think about it too much.

On May 13th, I believe, I received the news, and cried on my way home. I tried to hold in my tears. I just couldn't believe it. I had a show on the night of May 11, and I never knew that that was the last time anybody was ever going to see him. I took a bus down to Baltimore, hoping to make it to Damascus, for the funeral, but I was unable to.

I think about him everyday, and seeing those photos, and self-portraits on the site made me smile, knowing how much everyone cares for him, because he deserved it. He was one of my favorite artists, and introduced me to so many things I didn't know before. He was always so happy to see me, and gave me the warmest hugs. And it's so sad, because I still have the painting he wanted, and every time I see it, I miss him so much. I still feel like I have a part of him.

We will forever miss you, Dominic.

Maria Picazo