

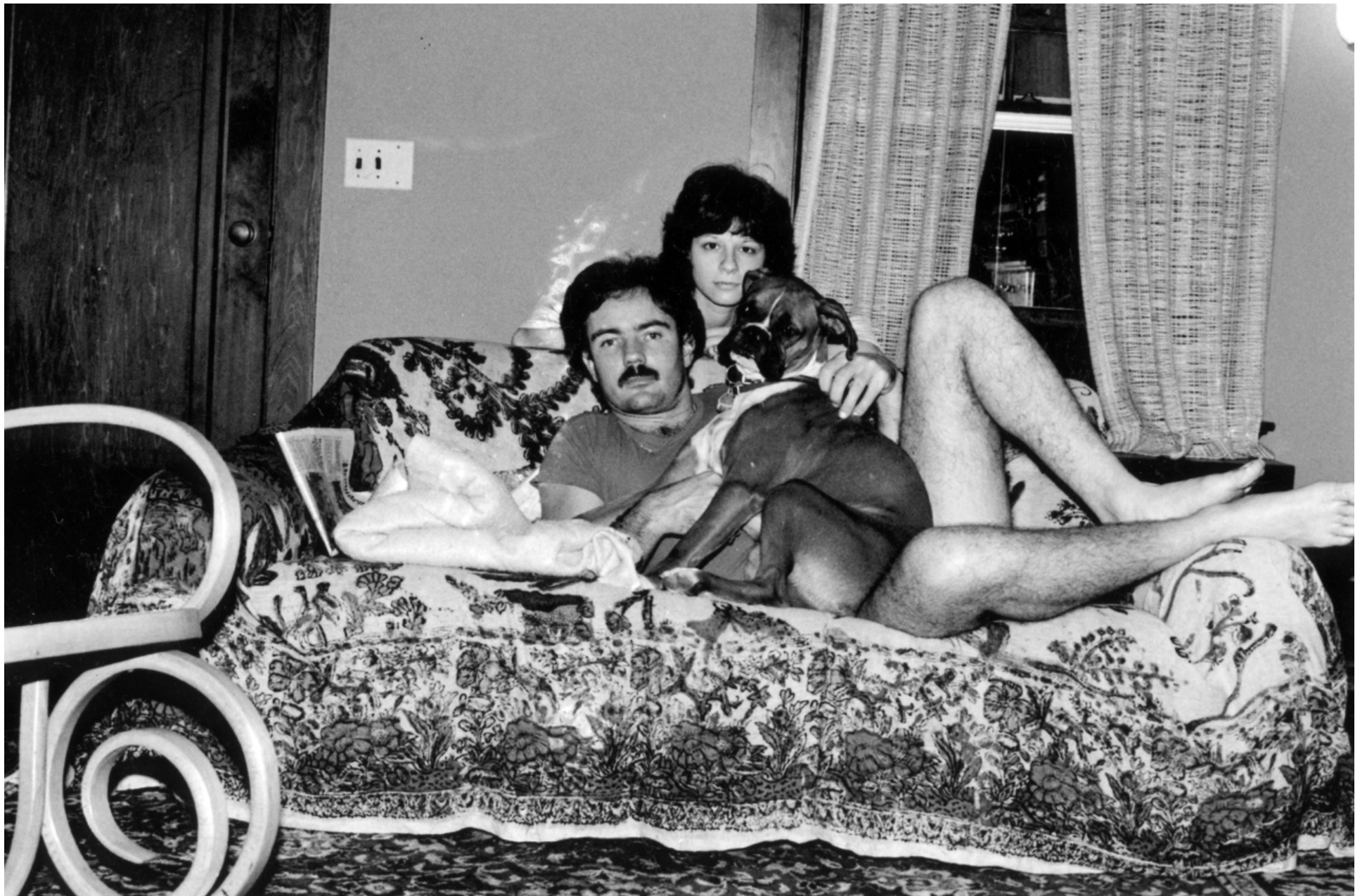


PROLOGUE

On the night she died, my mom drove to a motel to buy cocaine with two men: Peter Gilbert and Gerald Mastracchio. Once inside, Gilbert watched television while Mastracchio spread the cocaine on a table and demanded sex from my mother. She complied. Years later, Gilbert would tell a reporter that “Mastracchio emerged from the bathroom with a towel, threw it around Carroll’s neck and yanked. Mastracchio grunted to Gilbert for help as Carroll’s face turned purple. ‘Come on you rat,’ Mastracchio wheezed. ‘Give me the death rattle.’”

This happened at the Sunset View Motel in Attleboro, Massachusetts, just five minutes from the Rhode Island border. It was October 18, 1984. My mother was thirty. Her name was Joan Carroll. I had just turned four years old. At the Sportsman’s Inn, rooms rented for forty dollars a week. The ground floor was a strip club with a 24-hour Italian buffet. This is where Kevin Carroll, my father, died on December 28, 1998. That morning, the proprietor of the Sportsman’s Inn tried to open the door

to my father’s room. He couldn’t. My father’s dead body was blocking it. He was forty-eight years old. I was eighteen. Later, the police gave me his possessions in a ziplock bag: a pair of reading glasses, a Montblanc pen, an expired identification card from his job at the Providence Journal, roughly two hundred dollars in cash and change, and a bent pair of reading glasses. Who were these people, my parents, and how did they come to this place?



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOAN CARROLL

THE HAND PRESENTS

601 WILSON AVE.

BROOKLYN

NY

11207

LEAH CARROLL'S

Down City

EXHIBITION
&
PAPERBACK RELEASE



OPENING RECEPTION MARCH 10, 2018, 6 - 9 PM

ON VIEW MARCH 10 - 11

THE HAND
601 WILSON AVE.
BROOKLYN NY
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RIGHT OFF THE WILSON AVE. L TRAIN
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STATE OF
RHODE ISLAND
AND
PROVIDENCE
PLANTATIONS

PART EXAMINATION OF THE PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTING A REPORTED MEMOIR, PART CELEBRATION OF OLD, WEIRD RHODE ISLAND, this exhibit is also a farewell to a project that consumed me for over a decade. It is a tribute to my mother and father, both talented amateur photographers, whose work gave me a rare and unique insight into their lives and passions.

DOWN CITY began as an unwieldy collection of photos and documents - autopsy reports, FOIA requests, missing person's filings, personnel records, letters - that had to be wrestled into a coherent narrative about memory, family, and place. Now, on the occasion of the paperback release, please join me for an exhibition of the book "exploded."