

MY PERSONAL HISTORY

Just to give you a rough outline of who I am. I am 90 years old. I live alone. I live in New York City where I've lived for 75 odd years. I gratefully live half a block from Central Park. I was born in Copenhagen, of Danish Protestant father and Ukrainian Jewish mother. I came to the US at age 13 in my mother's second marriage to my stepfather in America, a Freudian psychoanalyst. My mother a sculptress. I was in Denmark through WorldWar2 with my father. I am reasonably healthy in spite of considerable medication for various slightly comprised lungs, heart and thyroid glands.

When I came to New York City, Manhattan, after half a term in public school, I went for 4 years to the Highschool of Music & Art after presenting an art portfolio audition for acceptance. My architectural education began there and then seriously at MIT, then University California, Berkeley, and Royal Fine Arts Academy in Copenhagen. I had final architectural thesis in hand intending to complete it in Paris but failed to do it because I wanted to be an artist and actor. I had married an American actress in Germany and we lived for the following three plus years in Paris. I worked in an architectural office in the daytime and we did theater at night. We returned to New York after five years in Europe, both hoping to have a career in American theater.

In early 1960s, after divorce, I met my common-law Afro-American wife-to-be, and mother of our two daughters, and together we built a fashion company 52BOND driven by her design talents and my administrative skills. After five years we separated and I continued the business with her designs and a new division 52B designed by me of architecturally inspired designs. At the 10 year mark I discontinued the business.

I had started an Architectural Presentation service in 1960 illustrating my client architects' designs and kept that up for 50 years to finance all the professions that followed which never earned money to speak of. I met an artist and we lived together for the next 10 years when in 1980 we separated. That is when I started my serious study and performing in

modern dance for the next 13 years. I produced and performed in 12 dance concerts under my producing company MovingSoundConcert ending in my final production age 60 in 1993.

I continued throughout with the architectural illustration work and also with more dedicated attention to my earlier begun journal-writing. I started a 15 year social dance training life and met my next romance in our mutual love of Argentine tango dancing. We started a documentary filmmaking business named JANCY MOVIES that lasted 5 years to about 2000.

I continued filmmaking in autobiographical ways making films on the life of my former common-law wife, mother of our children, and on my own life. Still doing freelance architectural presentation for architects and real estate developers. I turned those earlier 20 years of journals into 16 self-fabricated bound books "1980-2000" and then 8 further bound books "2000-201" incorporating more and more journaling work in my life. In 2010 I turned the camera exclusively on myself and have been recording myself in video and audio and even text full time since then. I started a Friday video-blog to subscribers that has and is continuing for now 10 years, and nearly the same time I was offered an 11pm Saturday night program spot for my best autobiographical video product, 30 minute episodes of "the compulsive newYorker" which I'm still producing weekly for nearly 10 years as well.

I had expected that the experience of my cross cultural European-American life, several marriage-like relationships, being father of two, grandfather of two and great grand of two, not to mention my 20 years in psychotherapy, my many professions, being vegan and forever exercising would be enough foundation to give me a steady hand on my old age. That seems not to be. I could be wrong. I'm often delusional.

I remain fearful, interactions with others provoke anxiety in me. Still I long to be at peace with the world and myself. I feel the need to explain myself to myself and to you. To be naked physically and psychically. I long for transparency and that's why I make journal works.