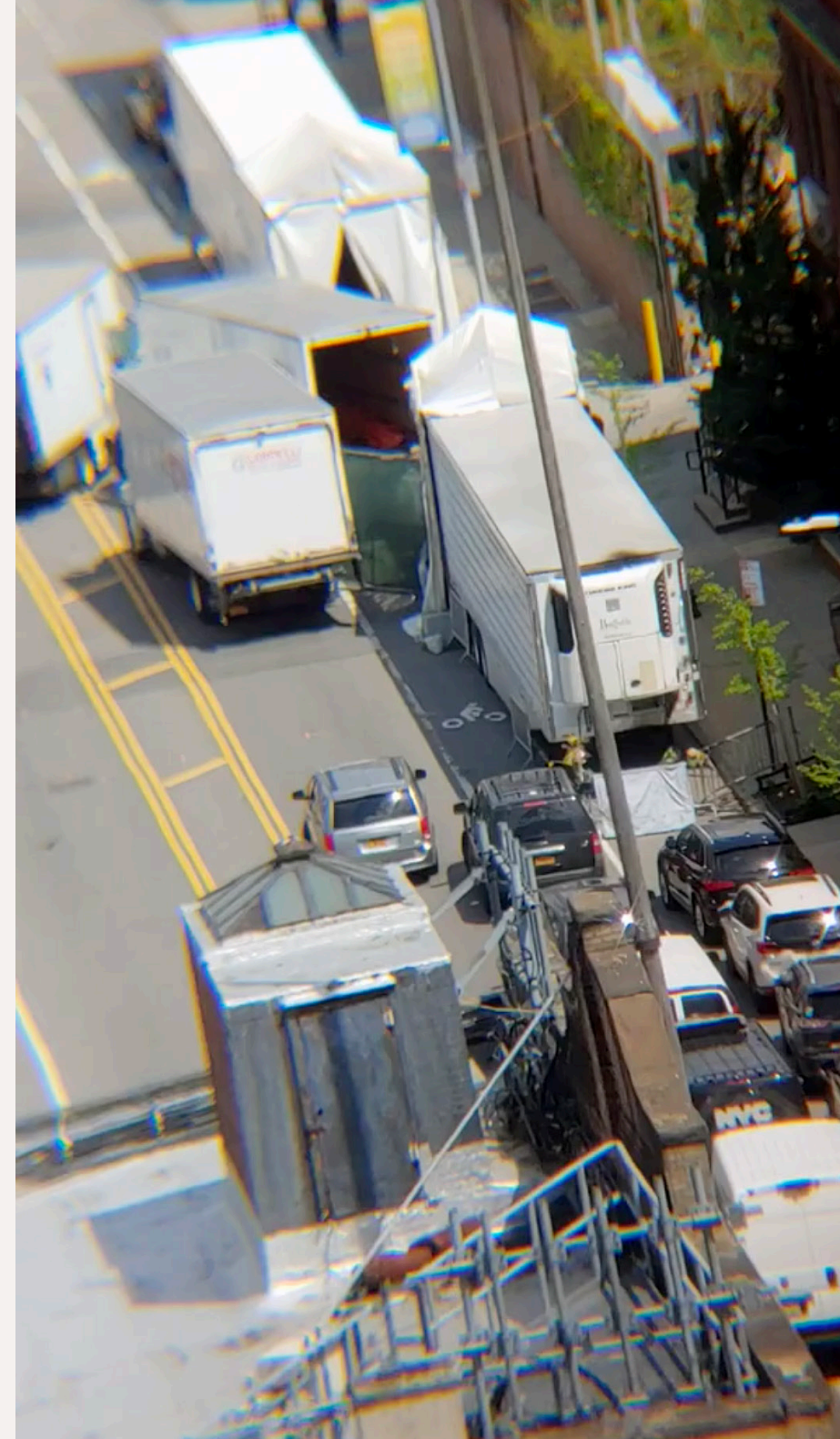


A PROPOSAL AND A PANDEMIC

In April 2020, one month after the World Health Organization officially declared the Covid outbreak a global pandemic, I receive an email from a German curator. She is organizing an exhibition of site-specific artworks in public spaces in the Ruhr Valley in Germany on the environment and the climate. What a time, she writes, to show art in public space, now that all the spheres—the public and private, work and home, online and off—have become completely muddled! Would I consider making an artwork reflecting on this muddle, she writes, and on the current climate? Possibly an impossible task she says and I agree, though not out loud. At the time, Germany is in lockdown and New York, where I live, is fast becoming an epicenter. The university is practically sealed off and I'm teaching my classes from home. We're wiping down deliveries with bleach and wearing masks outside, even on our bicycles.

I think to myself optimistically, taking on this project could help me navigate this weird and worrying time, but I also wonder how I could reflect on a global crisis while in the middle of it, without any kind of distance. Even though, during that first year of the pandemic, distance is all we have. I accept her invitation.

The question soon becomes how to make an artwork about a global catastrophe while safely sheltered in my comfortable home. Outside, the world is on fire. Forests and homes are burning. People are losing their jobs, their homes, their parents, their lives. Corpses are piling up and are being crammed into emptied hospital rooms and trucks and trailers parked on the streets and the piers on the edges of the city while I am cushioned from the blow in my climate-controlled apartment being paid to work from home.





DISTANCE

When I was a kid in 1969, my family packed up our things, loaded the station wagon and moved out of our rental in the Bronx. We drove along the Hutchinson River Parkway that Robert Moses built and that we affectionately called “The Hutch”, under the stone arch bridges too low for buses to pass. We traveled only five miles north, but we crossed into another world, joining the white middle class sprawling into the suburbs and leaving the city in shambles. We moved for the schools, my parents would always say when I asked.

On the other side, everything was further apart. Instead of parks we could walk to, we had our own backyard. Shared housing and mass transportation were replaced by a single-family house and first one car, later two, and later still, a home alarm. I don’t remember how I felt about the move at the time, but my sister was sure that now that we owned our very own house, a fire would burn it down.

The pandemic prompts another mass flight. Fleeing from contagious crowds, from dangerous density, from those who will die of the disease at rates far higher than any of us, we who can pay for distance, who once again desert the city, leaving those who stay and service it in jeopardy.



GEISTERSPIELE

Creating a site-specific artwork usually involves spending time at the location where you plan to make and install the work. During that first year of Covid, with overseas travel suspended, this is out of the question. Instead, as I'm figuring out what to do for the show in Germany, I try to learn something about the Ruhr Valley, a place I had barely heard of, while confined to my home in Brooklyn.

Online, I read that the Ruhr is Germany's most densely populated region, crowded with the descendants of generations of workers who came from the south and east for jobs in its coal mines and iron and steel mills. As the plants began to shut in the 1970s, the workers retired or retrained. Germany did a lot better than the U.S. in handling this transition. I also read that besides heavy industry, European football is the second great shaper of the mythos of the Ruhr Valley. There are more soccer clubs there than anywhere else in Germany, a country crazy for football and for clubs. I read that the fierce commitment to soccer in the Ruhr creates cohesion among the otherwise fractious, ethnically diverse population. I wonder. The legions of fans, with their collective chants and colorfully clad bodies, sway in tune with the players and boo and hurl insults at the opposition. They are so fundamental to the game that they are known as the "12th Man", and they give the home team a formidable advantage.

When the first wave of the pandemic hits Germany, its football games, like most live events everywhere, are canceled. After two months the games begin again, only this time behind closed doors and without a live audience. The German language of course has a name for this, *Geisterspiele*, which translates as "ghost games". Ghost Games predate the pandemic and are used as sanctions for the 12th Man's bad behavior, as when fans turn violent or racist. During the pandemic, they become the norm.

Ghost Games are eerie, haunted affairs. When the 12th Man is pulled from the team, the game feels wrong, undone. The stadium, built for tens of thousands of screaming, rowdy fans, becomes an echo chamber. The hollow thud of the ball, like a punch to an empty stomach, bounces around the cavernous hall that can't hold the sound in place. The referee's whistle screeches, slicing through the silence. As the ball strikes the goal, its steel bars hum metallicly, a poor substitute for the avalanche of applause that doesn't arrive.

Back in Brooklyn, the first phase of the pandemic is also audibly strange. At first we hear silence, if silence can be heard. No cries or cheers from children heading home from school, no chatter of pedestrians passing by our windows. Everyone walks alone, faces covered, heads turned down. No traffic, no honks, no thumping bass, no laughter.

Then we hear birds. Everyone mentions the birds, as though they suddenly arrived to fill the empty space. Then, just when we start to feel soothed by the lull and smitten with the birdsong, the shocking shriek of sirens pierces through the muted streets. The assault runs up and down the scale, from high to low from faint to loud to deafening, as lights flash through our windows and tint the darkness red.

Sound becomes invasive, breaching our ears like the virus breaching our bodies. It refuses to respect our boundaries. Penetrating what Freud called the protective shield of our stimulus barrier, the shrill scream of the ambulance barges into our bedrooms and our skin and our minds, the only cry of the virus we can hear. It breaks through locked gates, solid walls, latched windows, bolted doors. It enters our kitchens, crawls up our stairs, and slinks down our hallways, worming into our ears through earplugs and pillows crushed over our heads. The whoops and wails worry us during the day and keep us up at night, always followed by funeral bells tolling from the churches at either end of our small Brooklyn block, announcing a gathering that, we all know, no one can attend.

Sound needs a listener to be heard, and a listener in the presence of sound changes it, absorbing it, buffering it, holding it in place. The sounds we make and listen to with others can unite us. We form a collective, a united front of listeners. Any pain felt as our stimulus barriers break involves not just our own but also the pain of others. Like Ghost Games, the 12th Man isn't really absent. The streets are deserted, but we're still there, together, watching, listening, feeling along with others, even while apart.

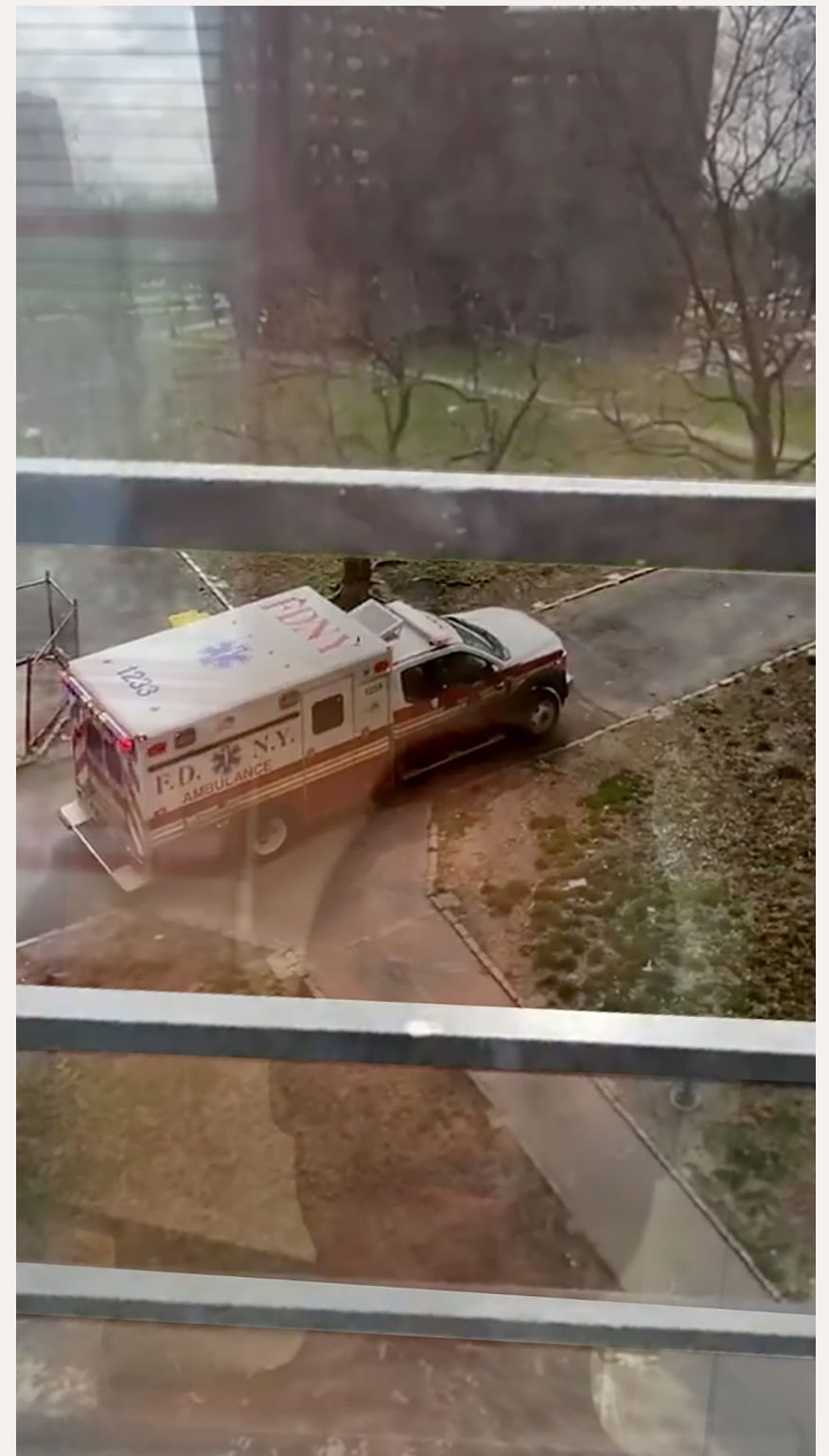
HOW A CRISIS IS LIKE A WORK OF ART

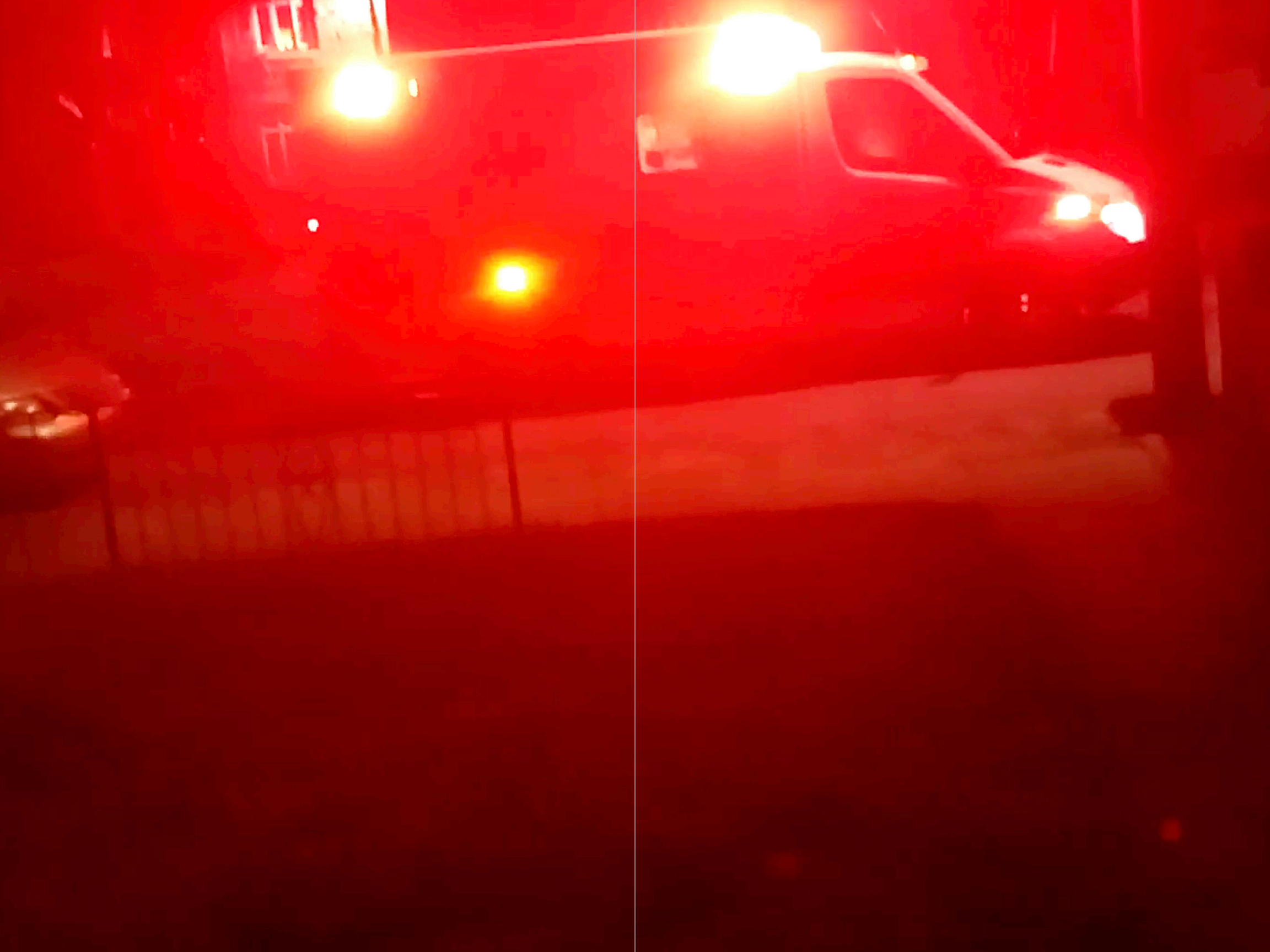
Others have noted, sometimes controversially (see Stockhausen on 9/11), how a global crisis can be like a great work of art. Both crisis and art can cause a disruption, break or unstick habitual ways of perceiving. The normally invisible contradictions that shape our everyday lives can momentarily come into view.

Many people observed how the pandemic worsened the social and racial inequalities that make up everyday life in the West, but I would add that some of us who had the luxury not to notice before now have more opportunity to pay attention. When we're working from home, staring into the distance to give our eyes relief from our screens, it becomes more difficult to avoid seeing what's always been there, right before our eyes.

Those of us who still have jobs and can work from home, especially those without children at home, find we have time to spare. Sure, transitioning to working remotely takes time, but after we find our rhythms, without the commute or social lives, without places to go or friends we can see, time accumulates as it slows down. We have time to see who is getting sick and dying most, and mostly it isn't us. We see who's delivering our groceries, our prepared food and our liquor. We see who's going out each day to keep the city open so we can stay inside. Every night at seven, we bang our pots to celebrate the nurses and the doctors, but up and down my block, the ambulances come and the Black men and women, even those who'd been cheering, are taken away. We watch their vacant brownstones go up for sale and fill with young white couples leaving Manhattan for more green space and room for their growing families.

All these facts that we forget or ignore in the frenzy of our daily lives come into view, like how we depend on each other, and how, in order for some of us to live the way we do, others have to die. As the global supply chain breaks, as its gears shift, the veils that hide its violent human impact lift.







CALL FOR PARTICIPATION

I decide for the installation to explore the claustrophobic feeling of being surrounded by four walls, feeling more or less safe at home, more isolated and separate than ever, while the world burns and the smoke starts to seep in. I want to reflect on how, however briefly, our separateness and atomization is revealed in all its nastiness to be something of an illusion while also very real. The violence, that is, is real. The illusion is that it's just the way things are and have to be. I want to linger in this strange moment. How long it will last we still have no idea. It's still very early in the pandemic and many months before the promise of a vaccine is even hinted at. Experts are still struggling to understand the disease and how it is spread. I call the installation Ghost Games.

In early June I send out a public call across the internet. I ask for people to make short videos of the sounds they hear or make in their homes during their confinement and what they see while listening. I'll use what I receive to create a sonic and video portrait of collective experiences of being apart together during the pandemic. The curator and her team help to spread the call for participation. So do friends and colleagues. We translate the call into Spanish, German and Persian.

Over the summer and into the fall, I receive responses, hundreds of videos, from all over the world. A filmmaker in Brussels who recognizes my last name (he knows of my uncle) sends me his private stash; he'd already been making them. Someone I knew in graduate school and haven't seen for nearly 40 years spends months making me videos. But mostly they come from strangers. Each new one feels like a gift. I open each video immediately. Especially now, as the pandemic stretches on, they feel especially intimate, as if someone had invited me inside their home, inside their head, to witness and hear as they do. The videos touch me with their details, their banality and extremity, the things their maker chose to record, the shape of their views, the sounds and stuff that fill their homes, what's happening outside their windows, that they would even bother to make videos and send them to me.

THE VIDEO CONTRIBUTIONS

Air conditioners, computers, appliances beep and buzz, whizz and grind, acoustic noise, coil whine. In Chile a lime-green glowing light signals on, three sharp chirps, a rush of water starts then stops, starts then stops. In Canada a circle, silver-rimmed, embedded in a cabinet covers a blur of motion, hum click, hum click, hum, I've got no idea what it is.

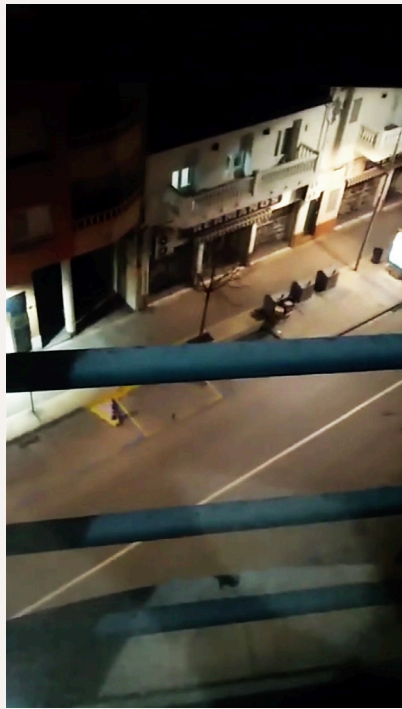
A dimmed Brooklyn bedroom, a medical device, luminescent aqua, four thick plastic tubes snake towards a body under covers, swollen feet exposed, the machine purrs while a piano plays single notes of melody, intermittent explosions, fireworks, summer in the city. In Berlin a washing machine beneath a kitchen counter cluttered with cups, a neti pot, toilet paper, a half-filled glass of water, a dish rack, rattles like a jackhammer, none of the dishes shake.

The one anonymous submission, the only video I don't watch through, a white man, face obscured, masturbates on the edge of a bathtub next to a toilet with a bamboo lid, the European kind with a dirty dangling string knotted at the end with a toy figurine you pull to flush. I delete it but I keep his other submission, the same bathroom, a washing machine sighs a long deep-throated moan, spin, pause, repeat and on and on. Far away above a knotty pine and strap-hinged bureau topped from edge to edge with women's golf trophies, an air and heating unit softly exhales. This is Australia so it must be blowing warm.

Meanwhile it's summertime in the Northern Hemisphere, three vacant swimming pools, Los Angeles, Illinois and Tehran. A beach ball, the colors of a summer party, floats semi-deflated on a splashless surface shaded by trees in reverse, a fleck of setting sun. Nine recliners face another pool protected by a chain-link fence, a purring pump the only sign of life.

In Quebec a chrome spinning ceiling fan, a fragment of a bookshelf, the tallest, thin-spined, green with towering yellow words NOUS LES ARBRES, We The Trees. Nearby in another home daylight pours through a window, an exhaust fan, three whirling blue kaleidoscopes, a steeple in the distance. On the west side of that country in the north, an old brown unit, dangling broken chain caked with cobwebbed dust, blades wobble dangerously round and round. Further south on the continent, the camera closely cropped, a floor model violently chops the air. East to Brooklyn now a cheaper plastic and metal fan's labored breath panting like an





overheated dog. It's steaming hot this summer and a couple subway stops away, a bladeless fan sashays left and right beside a window open onto blackness, its smooth shhhh drowned out by firecracker pops like gunshots, another slice of a bookshelf, the Kid, Sapphire, Until We Reckon.

The dim chatter of radio news, canned laughter, muzak, children yelp and sirens sing, so many sirens. In the suburbs of Chicago, a TV's blue blaze, the only motion in a darked room where a plastic bag hangs limply from the handle of a half-opened door and a cardboard box sits on the only chair in sight. Boost your credit cards instantly the TV roars. Reopening restaurants and dining rooms with your safety in mind is our top priority.

Water boils in Amsterdam. You can see steam rise, condensation forming on a pot on the adjacent burner. Another video, the same kitchen, a timer like a timebomb tick tick tick tick tick. The camera shakes. Dinner for one or two. In Germany a small silver kettle on a sleek induction stove starts to rattle, louder and louder as the pressure builds. Somewhere in Korea three silhouetted masks set out to dry, dancing in the window, Neomed, Kleenex, Blue. They obstruct my view of the parking lot below, the slice of sea in the distance. In Halifax a jagged triangle of tarnished well-worn metal vibrates into place on a magnetic knife bar, a hollow croon, a one-note octave double.

A fresh newspaper lies on the floor by a front door in Santiago, shifting morning light, clic clic clic clic clic goes the pilot light, a couple coo, coffee being made, the paper not yet read. The headline reads Pese a las prolongadas cuarentenas, Chile registra jornada con cifras récord de fallecidos y contagiados. Despite an extended quarantine, Chile records a record number of deaths and infections.

Someone's peeling a potato in Seoul while a baby screams. In Barcelona a hand grips a slim glass pitcher with a single bear's breech, water washes over its thick green stem, lobed leaves and white flowers wilting in the stainless-steel sink. Elsewhere a child flings a small red plastic ball. Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat, it dribbles along the tawny wooden floor. In another room the child, gray tank top reflected in the metal rim of the dryer door, pudgy hand slams the door open and closed four times thdump thdump thdump thdump. Another video, the baby babbles banging behind a plastic playhouse, all bold and primary colors, baby's dressed in blue,



a navy onesie with teeny white paw prints, the playhouse cries sheep baaaaa, elephant, orange, bananas, let's go!

Out windows facing apartment blocks, anonymous rectangles, neighbors' windows with pulled blinds, single-family houses, laundromats, McDonald's double arches, Petro Canada, BR Petrobras, gas stations, condos, fire escapes, window bars, fenced-in yards, Secured by ADT, ADS, EUFY, Vivinit, Frontpoint, Brinkshome, SimpliSafe®, solid stone walls, stained picket fences, vacant plazas and concrete courtyards, an empty sand box. Out the window of a high-rise in Asia a lantern swings back and forth and back and forth filling the frame, through its glass studded with etched stars a haze of shiny street wet from passing rain, distant green mountains, four cries of a crow. Inside, dishes clank, murmurs. In Los Angeles jasmine vines twisted round an iron fence painted white, the flowers dried and shriveled, across the street someone struts

by, cropped mid-torso, long sleeve shirt sleeves folded up, cutoff jeans, muscular tan legs, brown ankle boots, eight sharp steps, a small brown dog scurries to keep pace.

At a window above the edge of laptop, the light like luminous billowing clouds refracted on the screen turns the bushes into a lattice of light and shadow and patches of green. In another window, a fine mesh screen overlays a twilight sky. Fireworks flash and thunder but they don't disturb the trees. Daytime now, the blinds are drawn, a worker in a fluorescent top across the street repairs a roof while another worker below shoves shingles into stacks of black garbage bags, pounding percussion from band practice in the apartment below practically shakes the camera. Another window, a cotton curtain pulled aside to watch and record, a neighbor, an old man in a red shirt is escorted down a path by two younger men in uniforms to a stretcher at the curb. They strap him in and lift him onto a Maryland red EMS and Fire Department Transport Unit. A cat jumps up to watch and blocks my view.

In a German home, Berlin maybe, behind a chestnut fence wrapped in ivy, a grey-ribbed glove or sock covers one of the slabs, across the street a sheet stretched over an olive green entryway, a hand-painted rainbow and lettering Wir vermissen Euch. We miss You. A woman and a child with matching pastel helmets bike by. In another backyard, a small patio table, a collapsed umbrella, a single chair, on the other side of the fence, houses with shades drawn, a church bell chimes for so long it must mean another funeral.

PRIVATE AND PUBLIC

The curator and her assistant begin to scout for sites for the installation. I am struck by one in particular, a vacant penthouse apartment in a residential building in downtown Herne, a mid-size city in the Ruhr Valley. A boomtown after the war, Herne never fully recovered from the loss of jobs after the decline of heavy industry. The penthouse towers above its neighbors on the 10th floor of a brutalist high-rise completed in the 1970s, shortly after the mines began to close.

It's six hours ahead in Germany and we arrange for a time for me to see the apartment while there's daylight there. Still sipping my first morning cup of tea, they walk me through. The view is pixilated and the connection keeps dropping, but I can already tell it's perfect. A shell of a home, empty and in disrepair, mid-century modern and '70s kitsch, the place has personality. The once elegant apartment bears the burden of the region's boom and bust. It was likely too lavish to be rented for long and at some point an optimistic real estate firm moved in, replacing some of the wood doors for heavy glass for nameplates. After they abandoned the place, people began using it as a squat, a hang out joint, great views of the city, spacious, private, what else would you want?

Throughout, the walls are sooty white, decorative stucco and brown veneer paneling, built-in wooden cabinets. Brass and iced glass pendant lamps drop from the ceiling. Unhinged wood sags from shelves and cabinets, fallen panel propped against walls or laying on the floor, kicked aside. In the hallway corner, a walnut plywood closet is wedged open by dirty yellow insulation oozing from the innards of the building. Down the hall, a bouquet of artificial flowers is nailed into the wall, its faded fabric flowers and dusty leaves push upward towards the sky as if continuing to grow. A jumble of flowerpots full of dried-out plant debris litter the brown tiled floor.

All but one room are modest in size, each looks outward towards the city and to the streets below, the traffic steady on the busy corner, brown, red-brick and khaki asphalt shingled rooftops on small houses and humble apartment blocks, gothic church steeples and spires, industrial smoke stakes in the distance still pumping carbon monoxide into the air.

I like the idea of showing Ghost Games in an abandoned home turned office space turned semi-public gathering space in disarray. People would



gather to see a public installation about private homes and public spaces in decline and the fragile walls that separate and secure them.

As the curator's team work to secure the site, I'm back in Brooklyn working through the videos, editing them into montages, combining them, layering and cutting and mixing them up with each other and videos I shoot and some more I find online. The project manager sends me dozens of detailed snapshots of the penthouse which I assemble into crazy David Hockney-like panoramas, trying to imagine the space, the light, the sound, the feel, the smell, the streets below, the neighborhood. Googling does little good. The pandemic drags on. We are still at home stir-crazy and discouraged by the incompetence and worse of our president's response and so much illness, death and isolation.



THE BODY BREACHED

Before the pandemic, I had been struggling to articulate why the concept of the self-sufficient individual bothered me so much but always got lost in abstractions. Then the pandemic makes everything vivid and tangible and obvious. The flesh and blood body that the internet pledged would fade away reemerges with force. Both data and the body can catch a virus, but data doesn't die.

We keep building walls and then we find them breached. Covid penetrates our bodies and our homes. The pandemic makes concrete just how fragile, leaky and porous the surfaces that secure and separate us are. The the skin of our bodies, the four walls of our homes, they hold us and contain us but can't keep us apart. Your outbreath is my inbreath; your choices—not to wear a mask, say—can kill both of us. The self-reliant individual cuts both ways. We are and have always been connected to and dependent on each other.

This fact stirs anxiety and for some, epiphany. For some there is movement toward change but for others there's an entrenchment—our interdependence feels like a violation, a violation of the self. It strikes at the heart of heroic myths of individual freedom, the American way of life. The walls have been stormed and now must be fortified. Batten the hatches, we're under attack! Don't tread on me. They throw down their masks and pick up their guns. As if they could shoot the virus.

Then a video goes viral. A cop jamming his knee onto the neck of a Black man he'd forced to the ground for ten minutes, a full ten minutes with his knee on another man's neck, murdering him in cold blood. When water in a kettle on the burner reaches a boiling point it needs release. Put an egg in a microwave, the internal pressure builds and the egg explodes. Suppressed by the quarantine and held back for longer still, tens of millions of people break out of confinement and pour onto streets, in small towns and large across the United States, a spectacular rush, a mass uprising, a protest against the relentless injustice and murder of Black lives in America. It is the largest protest movement ever in the U.S., and amazingly it spreads, spreads far beyond our borders, across the Atlantic Ocean and still further.





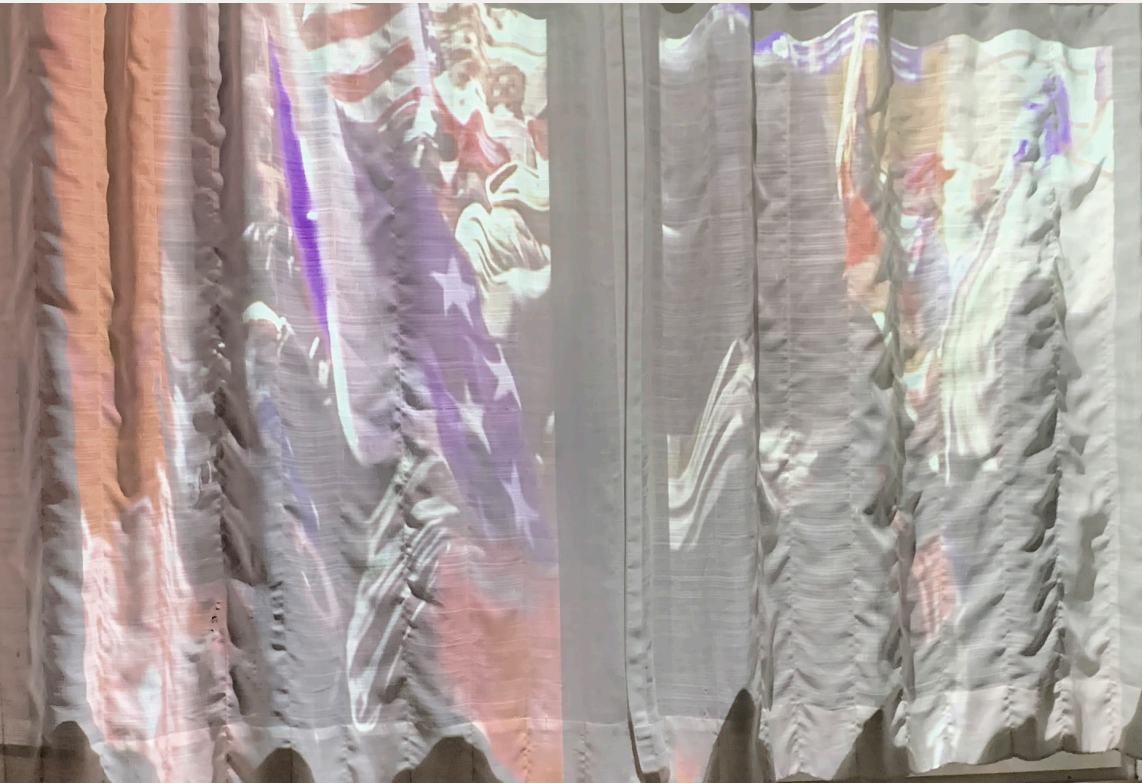
Still, many remain inside. Even though we yearn to join the protests, we're scared of getting sick. We still don't know what's safe. Protest chants mix with the still steady song of the sirens. Fireworks rattle the window glass all summer long. During the day, we search through the branches of the plane trees for helicopters thundering overhead. At night, police patrols tear down our streets, burning red and white and blue into the darkness. Our cat crawls under the bed.

The protests continue through the summer and into the fall. But then fall turns to winter and they're replaced by something else. There is a video still floating around on YouTube. I include it in one of the montages I make for the installation. It begins with a view from outside a building—a home, a mansion? It's not clear at first where it is. A white man, one gloved hand gripping a riot shield on its side, uses it as a weapon to smash through one of the windows. We'll later learn, when he's charged with sedition, that he stole the shield from the Capital police. An arm reaches into the frame from the left, recording the act on a cellphone. More heads on the screen now, red baseball caps, olive green beanies,

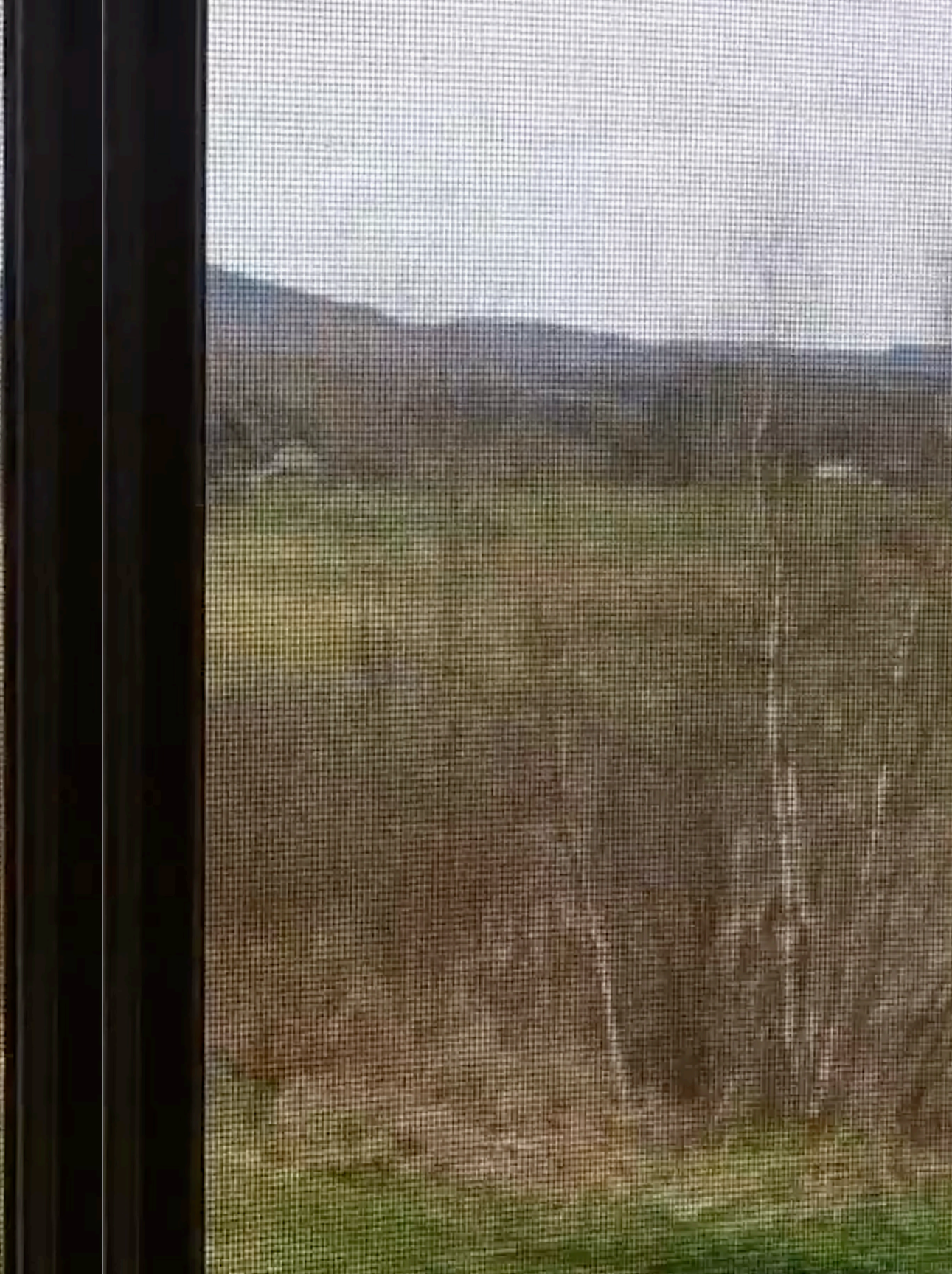
hoods, helmets, army fatigues and cellphones everywhere, a crew of men playing as soldiers, war games gone too far, team fascism vs. team democracy, someone jams a long wooden plank through the glass to finish the job, a mob piles through the window. Another threshold crossed. Unlike protests breaking out, criminals—insurrectionists—breaking in. Not all walls, not all uprisings, are the same.

THE PENTHOUSE FURNISHED

The videos and sounds I edit into montages fill the empty rooms of the penthouse in Herne. The tunes and views from a hundred different homes, a hundred points of view. Noise bleeds through cracks under doors, through walls and through windows, medleys, cacophonies, harmonies, echoes, rhythms, synchronized sirens and songs, the sounds of spaces and silences, of life and of death. Flickering images animate textured and paneled walls, a curtained window, cabinet doors, a ceiling, a corner, the physical and the phantom blend and dissolve and disappear depending on the sunlight. Global and local blur and smudge, inside out and outside in, the home and the streets, here and there, presences and absence. The seepage of the world beyond. The story of a year of mass confinement. You are apart and a part, in many places all at once, alone and with many others.







NOTES ON THE IMAGES



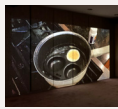
P.2—Geisterspiele installation view, an iPad mounted on a shelf in a small semi-detached room in the penthouse displays a live feed of the room and anyone who approaches.



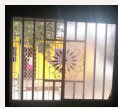
P.5—Still from video sent by a participant showing a view out an apartment window as bodies are carted from Brooklyn Hospital and loaded onto trucks.



P.6—Video still out the window of an apartment in Barcelona during lockdown. Two masked figures walk by.



P.9—Installation view of one of three synchronized videos projected onto three walls in the largest room in the penthouse, where a half-hour three-channel video with six channels of surround sound plays on a continuous loop. The entire installation, installed throughout the penthouse, is composed of edited, collaged fragments from the hundreds of sounds and videos I received from people responding to my call.



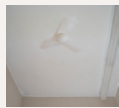
P.10—Still from video that included the title *Una Vista desde mi Ventana durante el encierro del coronavirus*.



P.12—Video still out the window of a residential skyscraper that I think is in Marine City in Busan, Korea. The view shows a slice of a neighboring tower and looks down onto the Suyeong River. The camera appears to be pointed partially at the high-rise, whose reflective surface splits the view in two.



P.14—Installation view. On the left, a still of a video of an air vent in a home in Silverlake, Los Angeles; on the right, the corner of a bedroom ceiling somewhere. You can hear someone singing a cappella *Tell them all I know now, Shout it from the rooftops, Write it on the skyline, Impossible, Impossible*, the humming of the air vent and muffled chants in the distance *George Floyd! No Justice No Peace! No Justice No Peace!*



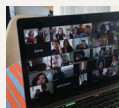
P.17—Installation view of the ceiling of the smallest room in the penthouse. The projection—a continuous loop of a spinning ceiling fan cropped from a video of a room in Spain—blends with the ceiling, fluctuating with the light. Despite the illusion of a breeze, the projector, on all day long, heats up the room.



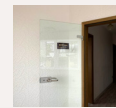
P.18—Cropped still from the three-channel video. On the left, the edge of a washing machine; in the middle, homes in Los Angeles and Brooklyn collaged together; on the right, a bedroom somewhere, a zoom dance party playing on the laptop, someone is dancing in front of the mirror out of the frame.



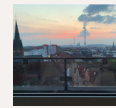
P.20—Installation view, a projection onto a stucco wall. The ghost window mirrors the window in the penthouse, dissolving with daylight into the wall.



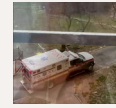
P.22—Still from video of a remote class streaming on a laptop in a kitchen in Los Angeles.



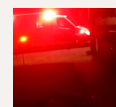
P.25—A door in the penthouse.



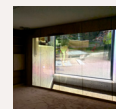
P.28—View from the penthouse balcony.



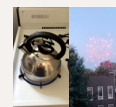
P.33—Still from collaged video, public housing in New York, an ambulance coming for someone's grandmother in the Midwest and someone posing for the camera in a bedroom in an unknown location, now a shadow in the window.



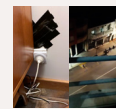
P.34—Video still. An ambulance in front of a home, location unknown.



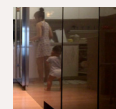
P.36—Installation view. Multiple videos collaged into one.



P.39—Still from videos, New York.



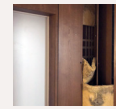
P.40—Video stills, Australia and an unknown location.



P.42—Cropped still from video from Korea.



P.45—The apartment building in Herne, Germany.



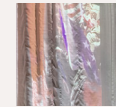
P.47—The penthouse before the installation.



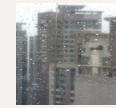
P.49—Video still. View out the window of Black Lives Matter protesters, location unknown.



P.50—Video still, protest in front of a home, location unknown.



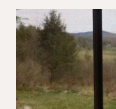
P.52—Installation view, a projection onto a window curtain in another room in the penthouse. A protest outside the window becomes a riot and then a protest again in a continuous loop. Inside, you hear murmurs and a podcast of someone leading a yoga class in German.



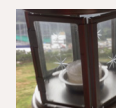
P.54—Still from video, out a window in Korea.



P.56—Cropped video still from Germany, across the street the banner reads *Wir Vermissten Euch. We Miss You*.



P.58—Still from a video from a home in Worcester, Vermont. Johnny Cash is singing.



P.60—Video still. View the window of a high-rise in Korea, a lantern with an unlit candle swings back and forth.

