

ROSE SALANE

CARLOS/ISHIKAWA



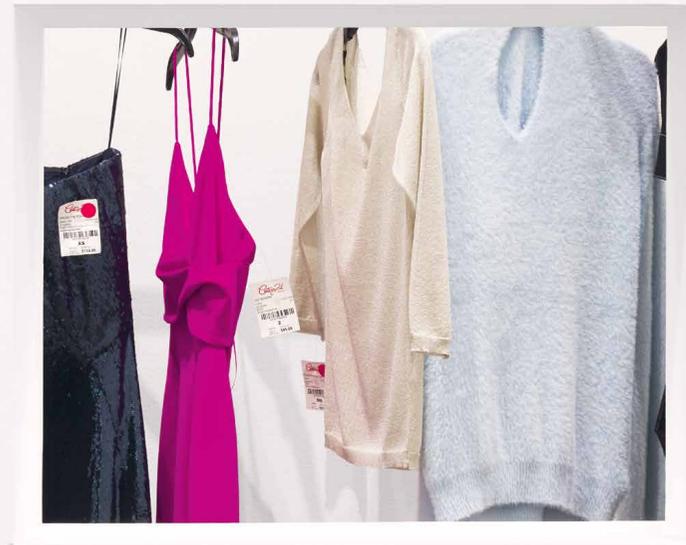
Peggy Ahwesh
Tolia Astakhishvili
Elene Chantladze
Chen Ching-Yuan
Yu Nishimura
Rose Salane
Kandis Williams

Fall 2021
Issue 77

ISSN 2035-2565
9 772035 256103

Energy Potential
in Lost Objects

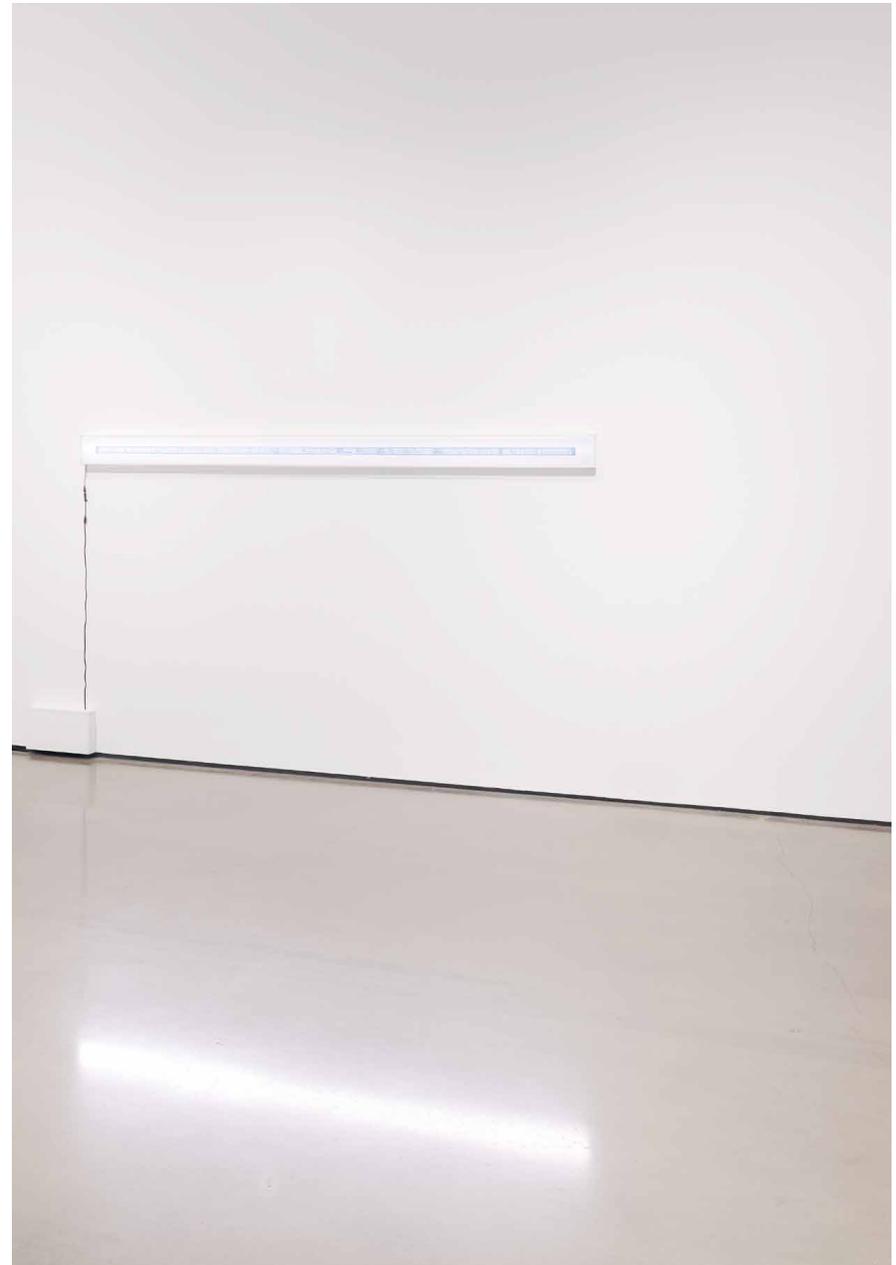
ROSE SALANE



BY
Wendy Vogel

World-altering events are often remembered as a series of non-linear, sensorial impressions. I know this for a fact. Twenty years ago, at age eighteen, I moved to Manhattan to attend New York University. My second day of classes was Tuesday, September 11, 2001, beginning with 9:30 am French. That day, and those that followed, can be grouped into discrete fragments of memory: the panicked conversation that filled the dorm-room elevator that morning; seeing the flaming World Trade Center buildings on television in the lobby, then rushing outside to gaze downtown at the billowing smoke; walking outdoors with a wet cloth over my nose and mouth so as to not inhale the dust; posters of missing people that plastered the city streets like a macabre wallpaper. I didn't journal in those days. Two decades later, I find my recollections clustered around ghost objects and encounters, filtered through the subjective lens of a teenager.





Conceptual artist Rose Salane's work revolves around the discovery of overlooked memories and archives that compose a parallel world history. Her practice telescopes major events through personal stories and eclectic collections of artifacts. The ordinariness of her objects at first glance—newspaper clippings, half-filled library bookshelves, lost rings, a dissembled department store kiosk—belies their larger meaning. Instead of creating bombastic imagery or didactic statements, Salane asks her viewers to read her work closely to discern larger patterns. With pathos and wry humor, her constellations of objects and characters reveal their adjacency to the World Trade Center's history, the AIDS crisis, the politics of neoliberalism, rapid technological change, and economic inequality.

Salane's early exhibitions paired fake newspaper articles (which she herself writes) with cast and painted sculptural objects. These works related to scenes or environments that Salane had observed. Since 2018, she has zeroed in on the exploration of existing collections, archives, or stores, sometimes supplemented with her fictional news texts. For several projects, she has worked with groups of objects preserved by women employed in public-facing jobs: Deb, a former reservation agent at the Windows on the World restaurant; Carol, a librarian; Jill, a public-school teacher and metal-detector hobbyist. For another project, the artist bought a set of rings that people had misplaced on New York City public transportation. And during the first wave of the COVID-19 epidemic in 2020, she frequented the liquidation sale of New York City department store Century 21 to assemble her own collection of items from the bankrupt business. The compendia that Salane acquires are not ends in themselves, but rather points of departure for a conceptual cataloging of history. Her working method has been described as "entering history through the pedestrian entrance." Salane gets at history sideways, through the untold stories and discarded bits of material culture that make up the patchwork of urban life.

One of Salane's major subjects is New York City itself. Her work hints at its cultural clash between labyrinthine public infrastructure and neoliberalism—that is, the hyper-capitalist idealization of the private sphere. Salane seeks to understand the economic, political, and technological forces that have contributed to the instabilities seen in her lifetime, including the erosion of public services. As a native New Yorker, she is uniquely suited to examine the transformation of her hometown. Salane was born in 1992 in the borough of Queens. She received an art education at two of Manhattan's most prestigious tuition-free institutions: LaGuardia High School, then Cooper Union, where she graduated with a BFA in 2014.

Salane's practice evinces the strong conceptual art foundation of Cooper Union, whose legendary teachers include Hans Haacke and Walid Raad. Although she did not study with either artist, connections can be drawn between her practice and various waves of conceptual art. Her interest in classifying urban data links Salane's work with first-generation Conceptual artists of the 1960s and 1970s, while her appropriation of the newspaper format relates to the strategies of the Pictures Generation. Her stints as an amateur archivist and fictional journalist reflect the

influence of post-conceptual artists like Raad. Outside of the classroom, Salane's college years coincided with a pivotal moment in New York City's collective political organizing: her four years at Cooper Union overlapped with the populist economic-equality movement Occupy Wall Street and student-led demonstrations to preserve Cooper's commitment to free education (a tuition charge was publicly announced in 2013).²

After Cooper Union, Salane went on to a graduate degree in urban planning at the City College of New York. The program was spearheaded by the architect and theorist Michael Sorkin. The *New York Times* described Sorkin as "a natural radical who saw architecture through a political and social lens, [and who] maintained an outsider's critical perspective even as he entered the establishment."³ A former *Village Voice* columnist, Sorkin was a vocal critic of Reagan-era conservatism and an advocate for preserving public space. Under his mentorship, Salane sought to write about the changes in technology and collective anxiety that took place during the early 2000s. An era of unease arose not only from the War on Terror—a conflict once again at the forefront of international consciousness due the United States' botched military withdrawal from Afghanistan—but also from rapid technological transition and the transformation of the world's access to information.

From 2014 to 2018, Salane's practice consisted of sculptural installations accompanied by short faux newspaper clippings. The quasi-absurdist articles—chronicling high school embarrassments, couples' outings, a gelato stand—merged the language of the human-interest story and a long-form tweet. Her installations included sculptures that resembled ghostly, deflated objects. To make these textured works, Salane would pour casting material into discarded materials like bags or balloons. She appreciated how the residue of action, like a plastic bag's crinkly surface, was preserved in the resulting sculptural "negatives." The stories, Salane explains, acted as placeholder voices for the objects.⁴

This way of working reached its apex with Salane's first solo show in 2018 at Carlos/Ishikawa in London. *All These Events Are True, but None of Them Happened* paired ersatz newspaper clippings with objects like a baseball signed by Margaret Thatcher, a reconstructed McDonald's bench, and metallic-painted casts of punctured balloons. A glowing review compared Salane's powers of description to novelists like W. G. Sebald or Ben Lerner. Despite her stories' obvious falseness and purposeful digressions, Salane sketches characters that tug at the heartstrings. It's hard not to feel sympathy for the under-sung subject of the article *Let Us Not Forget the Scene* (2018): a confetti thrower on New Year's Eve 1999 who remembers to write the year 2000 on his checks in the new millennium. "Rather than falling back on that tireless 'is-it-real-or-is-it-fake' approach, Salane instead spins an ekphrastic yarn with these pieces, developing the narrative through image and material rather than rising and falling action," the review stated, concluding that "the truth or happening of any event are moot if that event can be reconstructed as a genuinely moving story."⁵

A major shift occurred in Salane's work when she made a connection with an unlikely collaborator.

She found her while bidding on eBay for postcards of the former World Trade Center restaurant Windows on the World. Salane bought several of the iconic postcards, depicting a spotlight table overlooking sweeping views of the city at night, from a user named Indigo237. She soon connected via email with the seller, Deborah Rodi, and their conversation blossomed into a rich personal and artistic exchange.

Rodi, known as Deb, worked as a reservation agent at Windows on the World from 1981 to 1993. She began her job as a fresh-faced twenty-three-year-old, and quit shortly after the World Trade Center's parking garage was bombed in 1993. Deb's public-facing job at Windows on the World made her known to New York's swankiest set. Located on 107th floor of the North Tower, the white-tablecloth restaurant was a destination for New Yorkers and tourists alike. It opened to acclaim in 1976 and became the highest-grossing restaurant in the country during its twenty-five-year existence. There, Deb rubbed elbows with downtown royalty (Andy Warhol) and actual royalty (Princess Grace of Monaco). From her office she observed the stock market boom and bust of the 1980s, growing political conservatism, and the devastating toll of the AIDS epidemic. An avid amateur photographer, she frequently brought her camera with her to work. In addition to her extensive photographic archive, she saved a random cache of objects related to her employment, like her business cards, matches, and the restaurant's salt cellars.

For her 2018 show *Indigo 237*, held at Company Gallery and hosted by Carlos/Ishikawa during Condo New York, Salane presented objects from Deb's collection along with fictional news articles that draw from Deb's memories. The pieces include *Just Say No* (2018), a framed print that comprises an anti-drug pin with a story about First Lady Nancy Reagan's visit to Windows on the World. "Oh god, she's back to save the United States with her drug campaign even though half the population is dying from AIDS," reads a quote in the article from Deb's coworker Gerald. The story's atmospheric details include recollections of the breezes on the 107th floor in inclement weather, which swayed the plants and toilet water. The photograph illustrating the faux news article, printed with a weathered yellow tinge, is credited to Rodi.

Salane's interest in the World Trade Center focuses not on the 9/11 terrorist attacks, but around the building as a symbol of neoliberal ideology. Its opening in 1973 represented an aspirational, glamorous vision for the city—a far cry from its reputation at the time. New York in the 1970s was plagued by financial ruin, crime, suburban flight, and the escalating War on Drugs. In the 1980s, the AIDS crisis would cast a further pall over the city. The Twin Towers came to stand for New York's alliance with the booming financial industry. It signified a swaggering, aggressive image of global world trade powered by speculative financial technology. Salane's work reconstructs this pre-9/11 history, some of which has been lost to time, through the unassuming artifacts of workers like Deb.

It is challenging to convey the complex economic, financial, and social forces that led from the early post-Fordist era to today's advanced techno-capitalism. Salane's work charts this history on the micro level.

On the macro level, I thought of the grand narrative undergirding *HyperNormalisation* (2016), British documentarian Adam Curtis's film tracing the various figures and events that have shaped our simplistic, "fictional" reality. One of his origin points is New York City's 1975 financial crisis. Curtis unfurls a broad thesis: the world abandoned negotiation politics and collective action for a rationalist system ruled by finance and big tech. While Salane's work avoids such sweeping statements, it quietly connects the dots between loci of power.

For her 2019 exhibition *List Projects: Rose Salane* at the MIT List Center, the artist found a new collaborator indirectly connected to the World Trade Center: a librarian named Carol Paszaman. The librarian, whom she met in 2018, owned a floppy disk containing a record of the holdings of the former Port Authority Library of New York and New Jersey. Until 1995, the library was located on the World Trade Center's 55th floor. Due to budget cuts in the mid-1990s, the Port Authority closed the library and moved its inventory to a sub-basement level. In April 2001, six floppy disks were sent to various other libraries in the hopes that one of them might acquire the 23,000-volume collection. During the 9/11 attacks, the books were destroyed. The data contained in the archive was nearly lost to history as well, until Salane connected with Carol to reimagine a curated version of the former collection.

Salane's exhibition, once again, took the form of a sculptural installation and framed pieces containing fictional newspaper articles. A series of bookshelves dominated the exhibition space, which Salane filled with copies of selected volumes once held in the Port Authority library. Employed as a reference library for workers, most of the books were dry manuals related to subjects such as engineering. Several names, however, caught Salane's attention. *Aftershock: Helping People through Corporate Change*; *Driving Fear Out of the Workplace: Creating the High-Trust, High-Performance Organization*; and *Combating Air Terrorism* seemed to telegraph the political transitions of the 1960s through the 1980s.

Salane installed copies of these books on shelves engraved with their Dewey decimal call numbers. The same call numbers were written, by hand, next to the fictional articles inspired by that book. For the work *El Comercio, The Trade* (2019), for example, Salane wrote a fictional article loosely related to her mother's life in Peru, illustrated by a photograph of her mother, aunt, and grandmother near an Esso gas station. References abound to the RAND Corporation. The same frame contains the cover of a RAND report on Peru, a metal-with-enamel Esso logo, and the Dewey decimal numbers of two books on display (*Think Tanks and Latin America at the Crossroads*). The work *Upholding Structures* (2019) relates to the reference tome *Who's Who in the Socialist Countries*. In the book, Salane found the name of the Ukrainian sculptor Oksana Zhnikrup, an obscure ceramicist who is known today as the maker of kitschy ballerina statuettes that Jeff Koons copied as the basis for large sculptures. Koons acquired the rights to Zhnikrup's mass-produced sculptures from the ceramicist's former employer, the Kiev Experimental Art Ceramics





factory (which shuttered in 2006), as well as her heirs. Salane was fascinated by the process of value inflation as the same artistic object—that is, the sculpted ballerina—shifted authorship from a female artist (Zhnikrup) to a male artist (Koons), and from a Communist mass-production factory to the rarefied atmosphere of the Western artist's studio.

Salane explored retail value literally in *C21OWO*, a show curated by Camila Palomino at Bard College's Center for Curatorial Studies in April 2021. This solo exhibition was inspired by the closure of the downtown department store Century 21. The shopping destination, headquartered steps from the World Trade Center, filed for bankruptcy in September 2020 as a direct result of the pandemic. Salane's installation-based work for the show included artifacts from the store—an office phone, a disassembled cash register kiosk, and a rack of clothing purchased during its liquidation sale—along with components that obliquely referenced it. As the exhibition statement describes, "Salane intercepted these elements and reassembled them into a highly charged network of objects and images connected through sensors and shared data."⁶ As much it paid homage to the store, the exhibition considered the way memories are shaped by analog and digital technology.

The "luxury-for-less" department store Century 21, offering designer clothing at sharply reduced prices, loomed large in the artist's childhood memories. Due to its location in the Financial District—one of the only stores of its kind in the area—it was also a major tourist destination. Salane recalls visiting with her father in the early 2000s. The disorganized racks of glitzy clothes represented financial aspiration as well as the desire to grow up. After 9/11, Century 21's reopening signified the neighborhood's revitalization after unspeakable devastation. As part of the exhibition, Salane included a microfilm reel of the *New York Times* edition that reported on the store's grand reopening (*March 1, 2002, Page B00001* [2021]). The headline blared: "Gucci Bags, Satin Blouses and Joy; Century 21, a Downtown Fixture, Reopens to Cheers."⁷ Salane's research process kicked into gear a few weeks after Century 21 announced its bankruptcy. Her recounting of visiting the store soon thereafter featured some unsuspecting heroines that seemed somehow familiar: the female liquidation agents who finalized sales of inventory and infrastructure in the final days.

This October, Salane will present a new work in the New Museum Triennial, *Soft Water Hard Stone*, curated by Margot Norton and Jamillah James. The project will catalogue a series of rings found by a metal-detector hobbyist on the beaches of Atlantic City, New Jersey. The collector, Jill, amassed her treasure trove over thirty years of beachgoing. Salane's work will chart the rings' value through three methods: assessing their value at pawnshops, readings with a clairvoyant (to interpret traces of their previous owners), and electrical frequency tests.

The project follows a similar methodology to *Panorama 94* (2019). Salane's project that catalogued ninety-four rings lost on the MTA, New York's public transportation system. Salane bought the rings, collected over a two-year period, at an MTA auction. To assess their material and spiritual value, she took

them to jewelry appraisers and to a psychic reader she met in rented office spaces near Wall Street. She also attempted to assess their genetic value, renting space at a community biology lab called GenSpace to perform mitochondrial DNA tests on any remaining genetic material. The neat presentation of the project, with rows of rings and typewritten data, stands in ironic contrast to the speciousness of the procedures that assessed their value. But that contrast is the point. The monetary or metallurgical value we ascribe to objects is subject to interpretation, just like their auras.

Salane sees the forthcoming Atlantic City rings series as a statement about the beleaguered beach town, which is synonymous with a manufactured mystique, attracting con artists and gamblers of all persuasions. Atlantic City's storied past includes its history as a drinking spot during the 1920s Prohibition era, as a mafia hangout, and in 1976 as the first city on the US Eastern Seaboard to legalize casino gambling. The betting houses lent it a certain dark glamour, but in recent years, it fell on hard times. In 2014, four major casinos closed, including Trump Plaza. COVID-19 only exacerbated the dire economic situation, raising the region's unemployment rates to 24 percent in July 2020. Against the backdrop of Atlantic City's casino culture, Jill's metal detecting for errant jewelry seems like an innocent analogue to betting addiction and the conditions that drive people to it. Salane acknowledges the area's depression and economics.

But rather than seeing Atlantic City and its lost rings as a cautionary tale, or a larger metaphor for economic inequality, she sees some glimmer of hope. For Salane, material traces hold energy potential that never fully expires. This is the thread that connects the chapters of her practice. From her experiments in casting to her reinvention of existing archives, Salane finds more than nostalgia in "lost" objects. She offers us a context to appreciate the overlooked, the eccentric, and the marginal in material culture and technological artifacts. And with that, an opportunity to honor the collectors who preserve these memories.

1 From the press release for Salane's exhibition *Indigo 237*, Carlos/Ishikawa at Company Gallery, Condo New York, 2018.

2 Sangamitra Iyer, "You Can't Just End an Era," *n+1*, October 2, 2013, <https://www.nplusonenmag.com/online-only/online-only/you-can-t-just-end-an-era/>.

3 Joseph Giovannini, "Michael Sorkin, 71, Dies; Saw Architecture as a Vehicle for Change," *New York Times*, March 29, 2020, <https://www.nytimes.com/2020/03/29/arts/michael-sorkin-dead.html>.

4 Rose Salane in conversation with the author, August 9, 2021.

5 Elliott Mickelburg, "Rose Salane: All of the Events Are True, but None of Them Happened," *The Seen*, May 10, 2018, <https://theseen-journal.org/rose-salane/>.

6 Rose Salane, *C21OWO* exhibition booklet, Hessel Museum of Art, Center for Curatorial Studies at Bard College, 2021, 3.

7 Terri Pristin, "Gucci Bags, Satin Blouses and Joy; Century 21, a Downtown Fixture, Reopens to Cheers," *New York Times*, March 1, 2002, <https://www.nytimes.com/2002/03/01/nyregion/gucci-bags-satin-blouses-and-joy-century-21-a-downtown-fixture-reopens-to-cheers.html>.

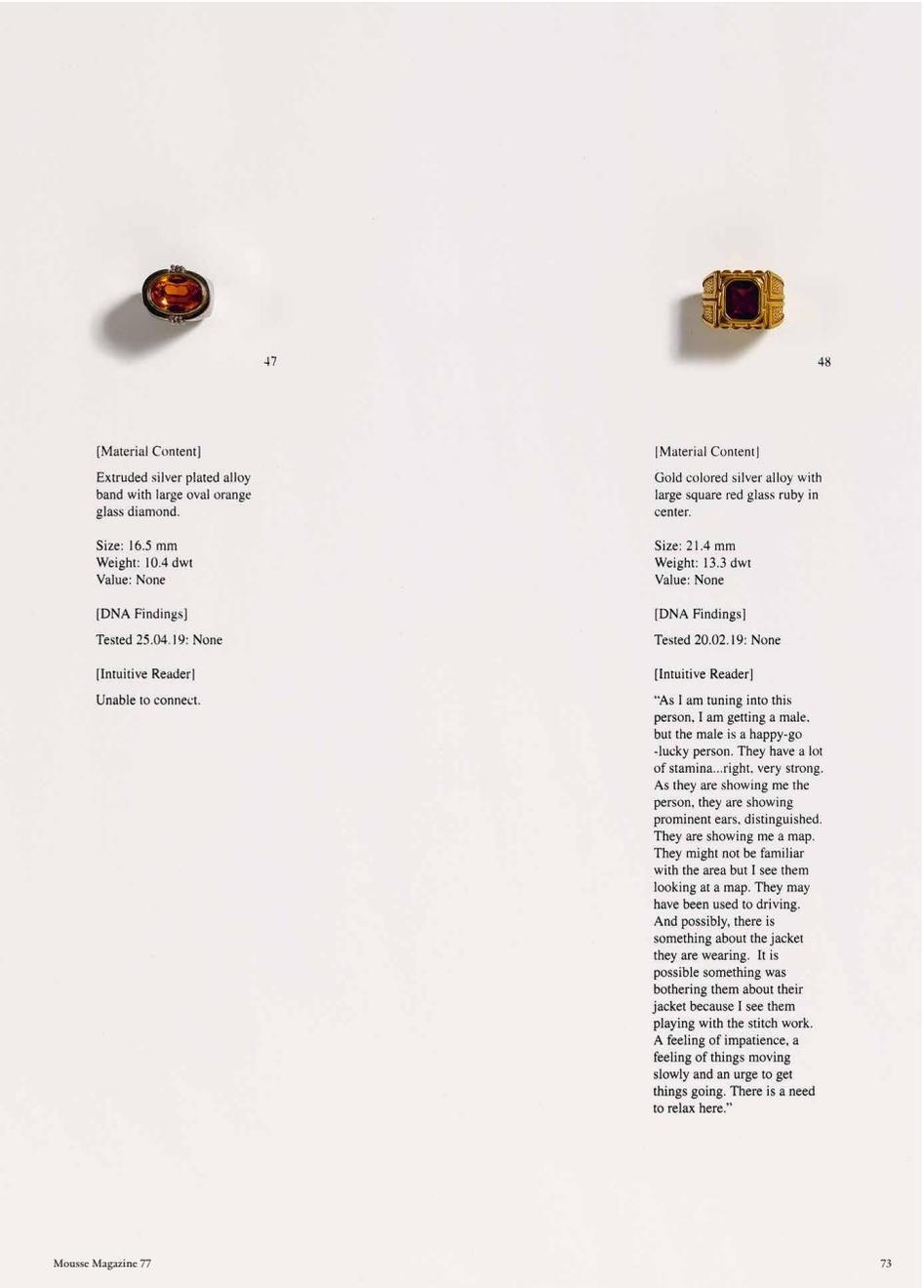
- 59 *A Memory From* (2002<2020) (detail), 2021, *Rose Salane: C21OWO* installation view at Hessel Museum of Art, CCS Bard Galleries, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, 2021. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; Hessel Museum of Art, CCS Bard Galleries, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York. Photo: Olympia Shannon
- 61 *Site of transaction* (detail), 2021, *Rose Salane: C21OWO* installation view at Hessel Museum of Art, CCS Bard Galleries, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, 2021. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; Hessel Museum of Art, CCS Bard Galleries, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York. Photo: Olympia Shannon
- (Bottom) *After Participant Observation*, 2021, *Rose Salane: C21OWO* installation view at Hessel Museum of Art, CCS Bard Galleries, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, 2021. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; Hessel Museum of Art, CCS Bard Galleries, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York. Photo: Olympia Shannon
- 62–63 (From left to right) *Site of transaction*, 2021; *March 1, 2002, Page B00001*, 2021, *Rose Salane: C21OWO* installation view at Hessel Museum of Art, CCS Bard Galleries, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, 2021. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; Hessel Museum of Art, CCS Bard Galleries, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York. Photo: Olympia Shannon
- 66–67 *Range 1*, 2019, *List Projects: Rose Salane* installation view at MIT List Visual Arts Center, Cambridge, MA, 2019. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; MIT List Visual Arts Center, Cambridge, MA, 2019. © Charles Mayer Photography
- 68 (Top) *Upholding Structures*, 2019, *List Projects: Rose Salane* installation view at MIT List Visual Arts Center, Cambridge, MA, 2019. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; MIT List Visual Arts Center, Cambridge, MA. Photo: Charles Mayer Photography
- (Bottom) *El Comercio, The Trade*, 2019, *List Projects: Rose Salane* installation view at MIT List Visual Arts Center, Cambridge, MA, 2019. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; MIT List Visual Arts Center, Cambridge, MA. Photo: Charles Mayer Photography
- 69 *Range 1* (detail), 2019, *List Projects: Rose Salane* installation view at MIT List Visual Arts Center, Cambridge, MA, 2019. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; MIT List Visual Arts Center, Cambridge, MA. Photo: Charles Mayer Photography
- 71 In-process images taken at GenSpace biology lab, New York, for *60 Detected Rings (1991-2021)*, 2021. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist and Carlos/Ishikawa, London. Photo: Rose Salane
- 72 *Person 31 - 60*, 2019, *Rose Salane: Panorama 94* installation view at Art Basel Statements, Basel, 2019. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist and Carlos/Ishikawa, London
- 73 *Person 46 - 50* (detail), 2019, *Rose Salane: Panorama 94* installation view at Art Basel Statements, Basel, 2019. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist and Carlos/Ishikawa, London
- 74–75 *The Portal* (detail), 2018, *Rose Salane: All These Events Are True, But None of Them Happened* installation view at Carlos/Ishikawa, London, 2018. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist and Carlos/Ishikawa, London
- 76–77 *Rose Salane: All These Events Are True, But None of Them Happened* installation view at Carlos/Ishikawa, London, 2018. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist and Carlos/Ishikawa, London
- 78 (Top) *Just Say No* (detail), 2018. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist and Carlos/Ishikawa, London
- (Bottom) *The Failure to Address* (detail), 2018. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist and Carlos/Ishikawa, London
- 79 *Windows on the World* postcards, *Rose Salane: Indigo 237* installation view at Carlos/Ishikawa at Company Gallery, Condo, New York, 2018. © Rose Salane. Courtesy: the artist; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; Company Gallery, New York





ROSE SALANE (b. 1992, New York) is interested in locating individual lived human life, considering how it relates to, shapes, and is shaped by larger social and cultural political events. In this way, Salane's practice becomes a democratizing act that seeks to acknowledge the value and humanity of each individual life and the interconnectedness of individual lives through history, whether it was a life commemorated publicly in society or a life lived quietly in the mass. Within this acknowledgment of individual humanities, there is a political, social, and spiritual implication. What would it mean in a society to really acknowledge the value and humanity of an individual life? Major solo presentations of Salane's work have included *C21OWO*, Hessel Museum of Art, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York (2021); *List Projects: Rose Salane*, MIT List Visual Arts Center, Cambridge, MA (2019); and *All These Events Are True, but None of Them Happened*, Carlos/Ishikawa, London (2018). Her work will be featured in *Soff Water and Hand Stone*, the New Museum Triennial, New York (2021). The artist recently completed her MA in urban planning at the Bernard and Anne Spitzer School of Architecture, CUNY, following on from her BFA at Cooper Union. The artist lives and works in New York.

WENDY VOGEL is a writer, critic, and independent curator living in New York. She regularly contributes to *Artforum*, *Art in America*, and *art-agenda*, among other publications. Vogel teaches in the Photography department at Parsons School of Design, New York. She is a 2018 recipient of the Creative Capital | Andy Warhol Foundation Arts Writers Grant.



[Material Content]

Extruded silver plated alloy band with large oval orange glass diamond.

Size: 16.5 mm
Weight: 10.4 dwt
Value: None

[DNA Findings]

Tested 25.04.19: None

[Intuitive Reader]

Unable to connect.

[Material Content]

Gold colored silver alloy with large square red glass ruby in center.

Size: 21.4 mm
Weight: 13.3 dwt
Value: None

[DNA Findings]

Tested 20.02.19: None

[Intuitive Reader]

"As I am tuning into this person, I am getting a male, but the male is a happy-go-lucky person. They have a lot of stamina...right, very strong. As they are showing me the person, they are showing prominent ears, distinguished. They are showing me a map. They might not be familiar with the area but I see them looking at a map. They may have been used to driving. And possibly, there is something about the jacket they are wearing. It is possible something was bothering them about their jacket because I see them playing with the stitch work. A feeling of impatience, a feeling of things moving slowly and an urge to get things going. There is a need to relax here."







"Just Say No."

From Page 77

Tonight in the Bungalow Hall a private benefit was being held for Nancy Reagan's drug campaign "Just Say No." A different kind of agency struck the staff when Mrs. Reagan could make her appearances at Windows.

"The Secret Service is always so sprightly! Hasn't she been up here, multiple times?" Gerald asked rhetorically as he watched the hanging plants in Deb's office move back and forth slightly. When the wind was strong, the top of the World Trade Center would sway, causing slight level water to wash around and the Windows staff to feel a bit nauseous.

Gerald, an artist living in the West Village with his wife would always joke with Deb in passing. He was never a doomsday person but would get very concerned when he heard workers from other floors discussing small fires that went unknown throughout the Tower. Gerald would often tell Deb, "Something is going to happen here one day."

Gerald phoned a party favor from an open cardboard box—it was a green circular pin with a slogan that read "Just Say No" in friendly white writing.

"Oh god, she's back to save the United States with her drug campaign even though half the population is



View of the hanging plants and New Jersey from Deb's office on the 106th floor in the North Tower of the World Trade Center, 1993.

specified by Mrs. Reagan's team, we cannot let anyone out of their designated office while the First Lady is in the building."

If one was in Deb's office looking towards her door in the upper right corner was a small surveillance camera. At precisely 6 p.m., a shape entered the frame of the small security camera and on Deb's screen was the top of Nancy Reagan's head, appearing smaller as she walked down the hall towards the Bungalow entrance. Dining as they were said, Deb and her staff immediately called the other offices to notify them of the First Lady's arrival.

The Failure to Address

1993

On Wednesday at around 12:30 PM, Chuck, a rubber man with antlers on his arm was eating lunch with Deb in the employee cafeteria on the 106th floor.

"One of the Maline Ds got mad at me yesterday!" Deb said while she waited for her soup to cool down.

"What happened?" Chuck asked.

"This secretary called me wanting to make a reservation for Andy Warhol and a guest. I made the reservation and forgot to specify if they wanted brunch or buffet."

"Oh, so when the Maline D went to get them in the cocktail lounge they didn't know what room they were sitting in?" Chuck finished the story laughing. "Exactly," Deb replied.

"You lost a bit of weight, Chuck."

Deb couldn't help but notice something different about her friend. "Yeah, the doctor does know what's going with me, they said I've sunk," Chuck replied slowly.

Deb, 25 years old, began noticing that more and more of her friends were becoming ill, and many of them were gay men. Last week, Deb went to deliver a reservation she had taken to the Maline D that worked at Windows on Wednesdays. As she reached for the reservation, he pocket-less outfit for a place to put part of his arm. Deb noticed purple swelling between that looked very bad.

In her newspaper this morning an article briefly mentioned that a virus called AIDS was circulating but little information was provided on how the WTC. I especially notice when I'm walking around with a candy wrapper and have no idea where to throw it."

Deb had her coffee cups swapper up afraid to use the phone after Chuck



Photo by Nicholas...

Chuck looking at his sandwich said, "You know the other day, Roy, a restaurant captain, got so sick they had to carry him out of the restaurant."

After lunch was over, Deb picked a coffee candy from the tray at Windows on Wednesdays. As she reached for the reservation, he pocket-less outfit for a place to put part of his arm. Deb noticed purple swelling between that looked very bad.

In her newspaper this morning an article briefly mentioned that a virus called AIDS was circulating but little information was provided on how the WTC. I especially notice when I'm walking around with a candy wrapper and have no idea where to throw it."

Deb had her coffee cups swapper up afraid to use the phone after Chuck



Photo by Nicholas...

Chuck looking at his sandwich said, "You know the other day, Roy, a restaurant captain, got so sick they had to carry him out of the restaurant."

After lunch was over, Deb picked a coffee candy from the tray at Windows on Wednesdays. As she reached for the reservation, he pocket-less outfit for a place to put part of his arm. Deb noticed purple swelling between that looked very bad.

In her newspaper this morning an article briefly mentioned that a virus called AIDS was circulating but little information was provided on how the WTC. I especially notice when I'm walking around with a candy wrapper and have no idea where to throw it."

Deb had her coffee cups swapper up afraid to use the phone after Chuck

