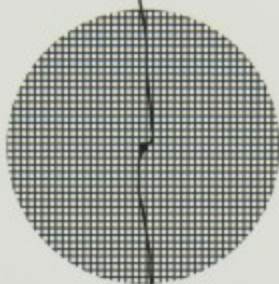
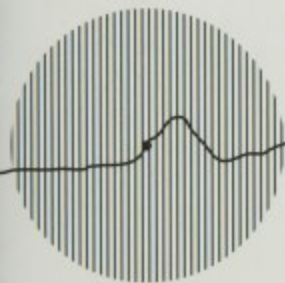


I am the place where I am



4




5

A

I want to be home inhaling the  
real air after finishing a long day  
at the studio. Even though ocean is  
far from here, sea gulls fly around  
the downtown. It is around midnight.  
Is it because the wind is blowing  
the way? Ocean smell. Wave sound  
and wind. Jumping fish. The number  
of fish has been growing for a few  
several days, and now they are  
dying in the dark. Dying fish are  
struggling among the dead fish on  
water. I feel the sound. Watch the  
death of fish. I have been watching  
the scene for a while. The sound of  
water is a little quiet.

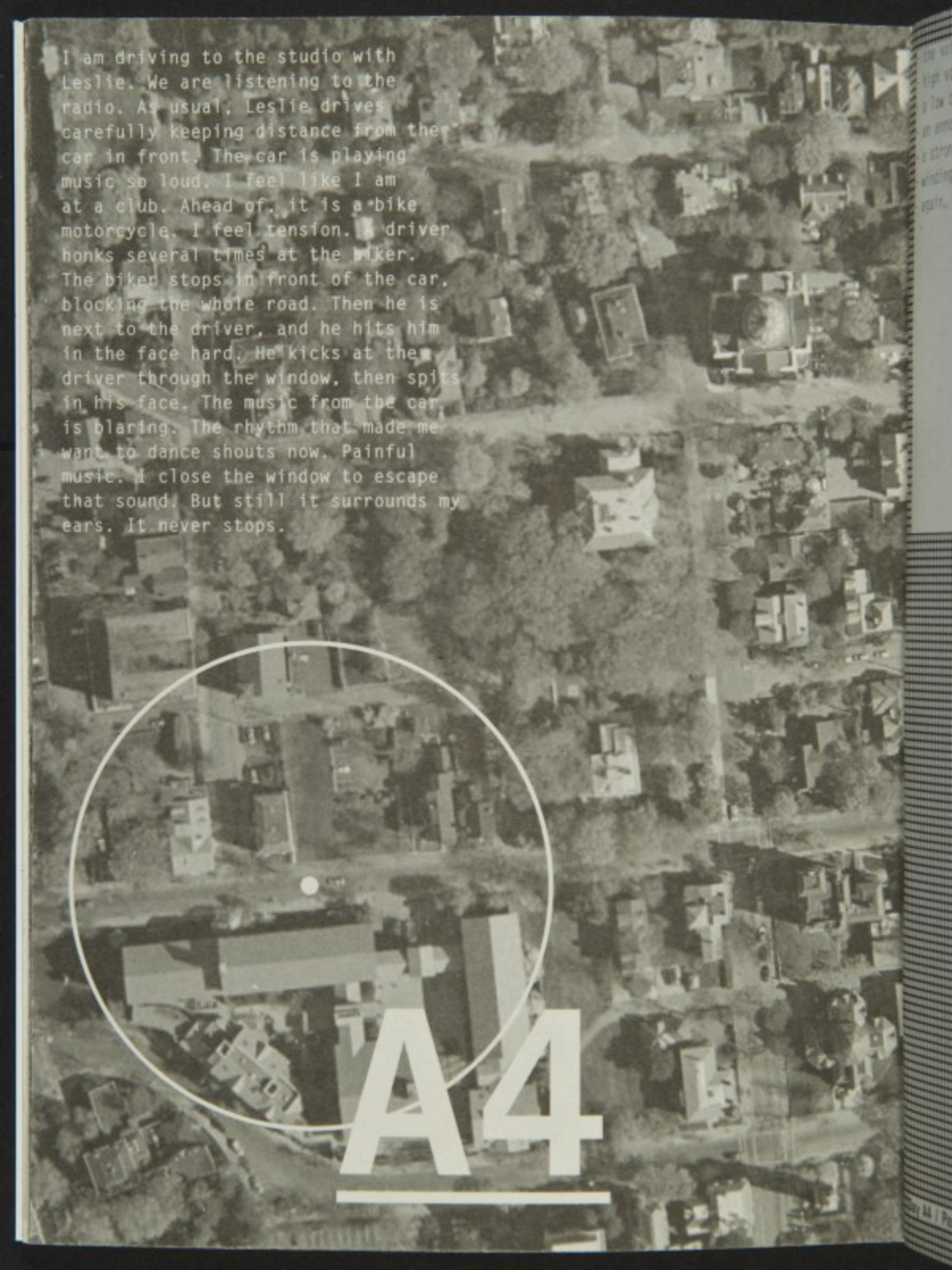
sea gulls crying  
imaginary waves from the ocean  
smell  
imaginary cold wind from the ocean  
smell  
hundreds of swimming fish under the  
surface of the water  
almost dead fish jumping over the  
surface of water  
fish jumping again over the surface  
of water  
water flowing, sounding like quiet  
music



An aerial photograph of a city street grid. A white circle is drawn around a specific intersection in the upper-middle part of the image. A small white dot is placed at the center of this intersection. The surrounding area shows a dense pattern of buildings and streets.

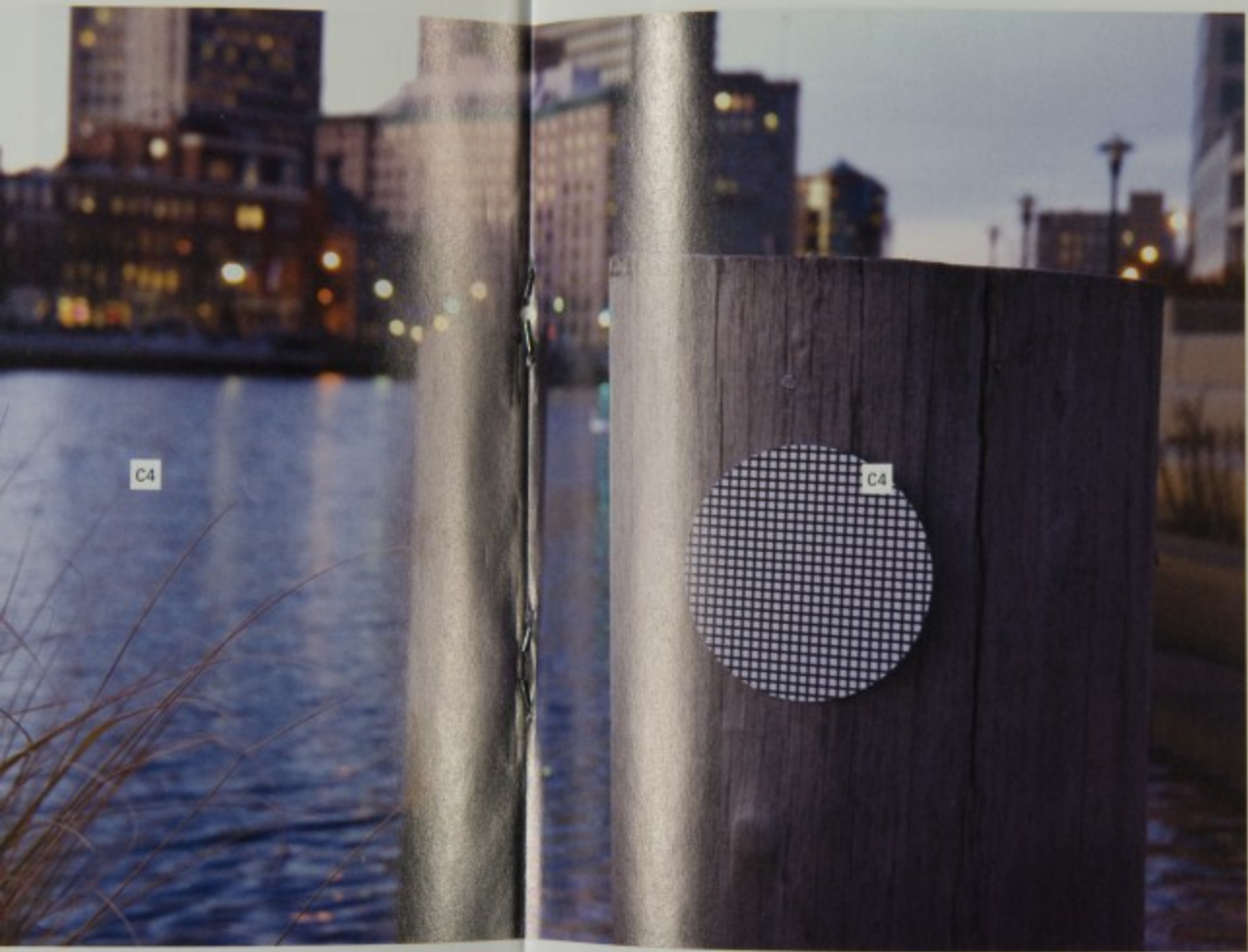
I heard John on and Wales does not have classes on Friday. I think that is why J.W. students come out to the street every Thursday night. Everyone is dressed up, heading to bars or clubs. I cannot focus on my work because of that loudness. A group dances to the loud music of a car stereo. Others are waiting for friends and getting into cars. Many people are talking into cell phones. These sounds make a island every Thursday. It is a unique island in Providence.

the high heels of girls dressed in short skirts.  
music with a fast tempo and low pitch, like club music  
strange sound of people making fun of each other  
other people's voices from speaker phone.

An aerial photograph of a residential neighborhood, showing numerous houses and trees. A white circle is drawn around a specific area in the lower-left quadrant of the image, containing a small white dot. The text is overlaid on the top left of the image.

I am driving to the studio with Leslie. We are listening to the radio. As usual, Leslie drives carefully keeping distance from the car in front. The car is playing music so loud, I feel like I am at a club. Ahead of, it is a bike motorcycle. I feel tension. A driver honks several times at the biker. The biker stops in front of the car, blocking the whole road. Then he is next to the driver, and he hits him in the face hard. He kicks at the driver through the window, then spits in his face. The music from the car is blaring. The rhythm that made me want to dance shouts now. Painful music. I close the window to escape that sound! But still it surrounds my ears. It never stops.

**A4**



C4

C4

