It’s not a stretch to think this installation as turning the tables on her WhiBi installation, the endurothon live-in where everyone gawked at her, the object viewed, inverted to set instead the viewer on heavily amplified stage, a sort of DIY version of Abramovic’s spectacles less concerned with (ostensible) spiritual risk of, like, all encompassing ego death in another’s gaze and more just like the day to day drudgery of moving a lumpy sweating thing through space along with stacks of records and books and your like metaphorical underwear for all to see, there was, afterall, some Camus in her belongings did you see? I think the moral here is that it’s hard to be looked at but easy to decide to be looked at. There’s some saleable objects on the backwall.