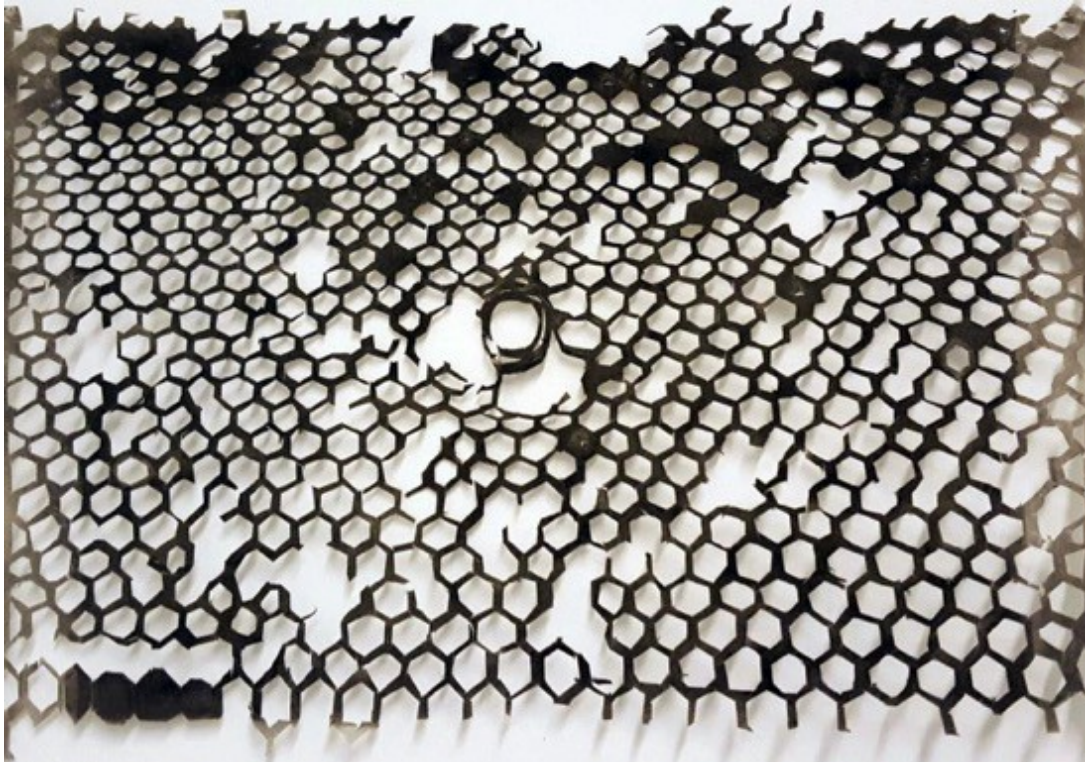




Mary Ting uses visual art, community projects, research and lectures as a means to reflect and comment on cultural history, trauma and the loss of nature. Solo exhibitions include Lambent Foundation, Dean Project, metaphor contemporary art, and Kentler Drawing Space and a 2020 exhibition, *Our Hive is Sick* at the Univ. of MA at Amherst. Ting has received grants and residencies from the New York Foundation for the Arts, Gottlieb Foundation, Pollack Krasner Foundation, Joan Mitchell Center, and the MacDowell Colony among others. Her research on wildlife demand and modern history has been presented at the Jane Goodall Institute, Nepal; UC Davis; The Explorer's Club, NY and on a 2019 South African conservation lecture tour speaking and in upcoming publications. Mary teaches in both the art department and the environmental justice program at John Jay College, New York City. maryting.com

Our Hive is Sick



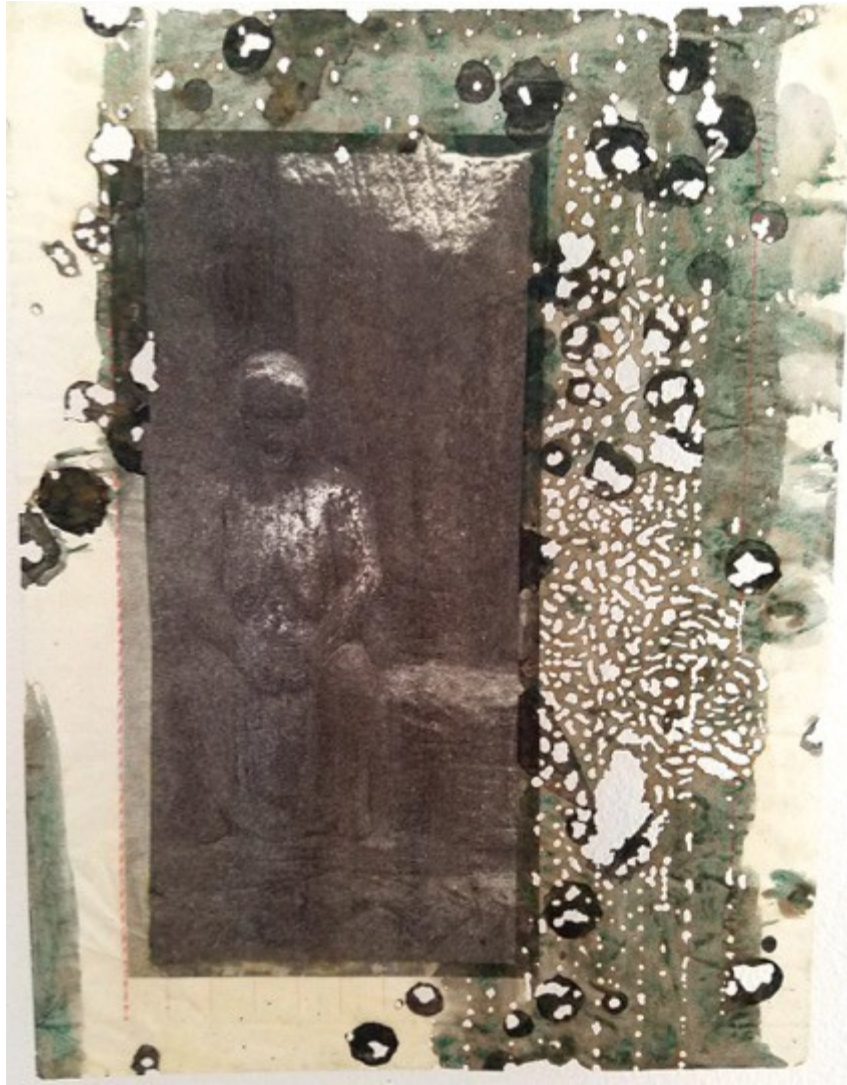
Sick Hive, soot on cut paper, 2016

The night is not silent. All is not calm. Sirens wail, helicopters circle.

2019 ended with a continent on fire – one billion animals incinerated alive.
2020 began with a new deadly virus leaping across species and oceans.
People hide in their homes. Airplanes stay on the ground.

Half a million people have died from COVID-19.
Locust clouds mob the skies. Siberia is 100 degrees.
Our hive is sick.

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Unsent Letter, collage, ink on stationary

Everyday we watched the news and stared at the numbers.
and then the numbers turned into names
and the names turned into faces we knew
faces we could no longer see.

No visitors allowed
No good mornings for the patient
No good nights for the family.

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Ex-Voto 4 WuQiang, ink on handmade paper

My dad is found naked, unconscious.
EMS takes a photo of his ID
noting he will likely not return.

My father returns home
the last of his nine lives.

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Ex-Voto 4. WuQiang, ink on handmade paper

In the hierarchy of care and giving
some live the multiple lives of others.
some only give and never receive care

Martha, his long time home aide had the virus.
After ten weeks of intubaton - her lungs collapse.
She was half his age.
Antonia, her niece now works in her place.

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Losing species before we got to know you, soot, 2018

We are jealous of the other creatures
the furry finned winged shelled and rooted
Complete unto themselves – no accessories needed.
They know what we will never know
sense what we cannot; be as we will never be.

We desire their majesty, authenticity
strip them of their skin, collect their heads
kidnap their children as playthings
till we get bored and ravage some more.

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Ginling In Memory, cut paper, soot, 2002

We fear our own
fear the variations among us
the nuances tones accents rhythms
other cultures other knowledge
Things we cannot possess.

Fear rumor suspicion anger
control their movements, mute their leaders
delete them - if they act out.

We despise ourselves.

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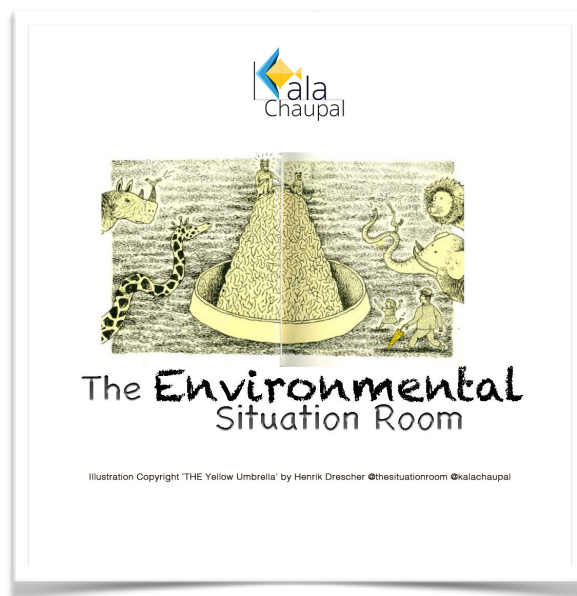
Grieving Sites no.4, collograph, 1999

Our hive is sick
She needs intensive care
life support restoration.

We are in the time of continual loss
We are in the time of being and doing.

Protect the hive
save them from us
save us from us.

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#thechaupalspeaks #theenvironmentalsituationroom@kalachau Pal

