

**Hannah Hiaasen**  
**Pandempatch**  
**June 2020**

I am grieving. We are grieving. My grief takes the form of rage: hot, icy, heavy, hard, stinging, in my neck, arms, chest and backs of my legs. My thoughts are in a fog, nothing is linear in my mind anymore. Catching ideas and turning them into words feels like a small miracle. This month holds my parents' wedding anniversary, Father's day, and my mom's birthday which happens to be the same day of the anniversary of the mass shooting that killed my dad. Most of this month, I am horizontal, still, slow and selfishly obeying the message of heaviness from my body telling me to get down. Duck. In cover.

In moments of rest, I listen through my brain fog to the cacophony each day: human lives marked dead in numbers by the New York Times; blasphemy from the President empowering violence; cries of "Help me Jesus: we are worried!" from my Brooklyn neighbors backyard sermons; fireworks every night in all directions via undercover cops guising as protesters; NY department of labor line busy signal; Amy Goodman's voice reporting on black deaths; "No Justice, No Peace. Fuck These Racist Ass Police!". There are two raging pandemics in the United States, and one has been raging for 400 years - racism from white supremacy.

There is no one, and no thing uninfected by white supremacy in our country. I'm sure I don't have to say that. Our world would be so much better without it for all of us. I am white. White supremacy killed my dad. There is much more I can say that has infected my life and what I hold myself accountable for, but in this month I particularly dwell in the white fragility that caused this massive act of violence. It affects me everyday.

The Annapolis Capital Gazette Mass shooting is dripping with white supremacy. In 2011, the newspaper published an article on a Anne Arundel county citizen put on probation after harassing a former high school acquaintance. That man filed and lost a defamation lawsuit against the paper for running that article. Years later, he harassed via email and tweeted the editor, journalists, and judge who ruled the case.

June 28, 2018, the man arrived at the newsroom at 2:34 pm with a duffel bag containing smoke grenades, a shotgun, 50 rounds of ammunition and devices to barricade the door. He barricaded the doors to the newsroom, and methodically open-fired. After he killed five people, he called 911 and surrendered himself. When the police arrived, they found him hiding under a desk with his gun on the floor in front of him saying: "I surrender. I surrender." The police arrested him, alive and unscathed.

With a history of harassment and stalking, why was this person allowed a gun? With the fragility of a five year-old, why was this person allowed a gun? What a privilege it is to be a white cis male.

In my lament fog, I can't stop thinking about the words: "I surrender. I surrender." What privilege those words hold. It's hard not to think that in that moment a white mass shooter was given more respect by the police than a black man jogging at night (Amaud Arbery), or a black man arrested for counterfeiting just \$20 (George Floyd), or a black woman sleeping (Breonna Taylor), or a black trans man walking (Tony McDade): a black person living.

**Hannah Hiaasen is an interdisciplinary artist whose work is activated by the exposure of their queer body within public space: its underlying desire, labor and grief. Informed by training in fiber from Maryland Institute College of Art (2014), their practice oscillates between performance, text and textiles. They live and work in Brooklyn, NY.**