

remixes, injecting dread or joy into Williams's words as he describes his career designing thousands of public buildings and residences across the American continent as segregation still reigned in the United States. The parable-like excerpts speak to the power of adaptation and imagination – soul, in short – the very characteristics that made Williams a brilliant architect, equally known for overcoming challenging topographies and for designing spaces in which his clients could truly revel. "Some architects like designing only the exterior of buildings because that's what everyone sees. I like designing both" – Williams's words offer a fitting description of Cokes's inward approach to filmmaking, with most of its content invisible to the eye yet decisively present to the acute spectator.

Meanwhile, Aretha's voice emerges from speakers blending with Thom Yorke's distorted vocals, highlighting the acoustics of a house designed for entertaining, whose architect also designed Frank Sinatra's. *Fade to Black* (1990), the earliest work in the show, chronologically samples the opening credits of Hollywood movies to illustrate the vacuity of the portrayal of black people in their narratives as well as their absence from casts and crews. "Della's House" examines what it means and looks like to be more than those pervasive images, reviving the ubiquitous forms of footnotes, remixes, samples, eulogies, honors, fan art, and film credits to translate the look and feel of interiority, starting with Cokes's choice of the show's title and ending when you step out of Williams's design.

6 MARK A. RODRIGUEZ

Paul Soto / Park View, Los Angeles by Eli Diner

It seems appropriate that Mark A. Rodriguez's new show should be not altogether new. I know I've seen those flowers before, simpering six-foot folk-art confections now playing bouncer at the gallery door. Same with the framed mailers for dubious-looking life insurance policies, printed on cardboard and carved up into puzzles. But even you hadn't caught these at the old Park View, even if

you'd never before laid eyes on Rodriguez's turned-wood table legs and tchotchkes, you'd still catch a whiff of that carrion familiarity which the work preys upon. It's the bummer and bounty of the thrift store. The swap-meet anxiety dream: patinated Americana set askew.

Among the new stuff, we find a collection of storybook window shutters painted mint green (*Will call cabin 1*, 2019) – fourteen in all – which, according to the press release, are reproductions of an original pair salvaged from San Francisco's Winterland Ballroom by a "historian and Grateful Dead fanatic." A legendary venue in the annals of rock music, Winterland (shuttered in 1978 and demolished in 1985) is where Frampton came alive and where the Band danced their last waltz, but somehow the photos of the arena that that come up in an image search show no sign of Rodriguez's shutters. Which of course doesn't have to mean that his story is apocryphal, just that it doesn't matter if it is or not when we're talking about replicas of relics of fairytale window treatments.

Next up: the Pushons. The press release does not address the name, and I didn't ask. Apparently, though, there is a breed of dogso known – a portmanteau of Pug and Bichon Frise. Like the flowers, these are freestanding cutout figures made of painted wood. Blank in the back – as a sign should be – they have fronts in streaky, washy, mottled blues: running down through curving forms, these might have a littoral or even celestial bearing but for those faces – saccharine, giggling, and profoundly creepy faces. These might be the ghosts of an old colloquialism, sinister and banal.

7 LEWIS HAMMOND  
"The Keep"

Arcadia Missa, London by Alex Bennett

Used as the final shelter, the keep – a fortified tower popular to castles of the Middle Ages – performs a last-ditch attempt at sanctuary. That this should exist in the center of a castle braces against the possibility of impending destruction. The keep had another historical usage: to incarcerate prisoners. A space reflective or representative as refuge, yet structurally binding or imprisoning, coalesces in Lewis Hammond's paintings.

Given late capitalism's reterritorialization of everyday life, the "outside" reads as antiquated. Hammond's vignettes reckon with such claustrophobic contexts: the insinuation of the segregated, disenfranchised individual into a totalizing whole. Drawing from his own experience and black history,

