

Becca Albee & Willa Wasserman

In My Dreams You Were Complete

December 7, 2025 — January 11, 2026

Opening Reception Saturday December 6, 2025, 4 - 7PM

28 Varick Ave. Brooklyn, NY 11237

...often when she walks by the port she closes her eyes and inhales deeply. To her the smell of the ocean is the same anywhere she goes. Inside the darkness behind her eyelids she could picture herself standing anywhere surrounded by sharp scents of salted earth. She could feel every body of water she's ever touched flowing into each other as the waves glimmer and blur into large spots of glares.

She dreams of becoming a translator of specific species. Her English has improved greatly since she moved here years ago, but she still struggles to name breeds of dogs and types of flowers. Most of the time she doesn't even know what to call them in her first language, which has been sneakily fading away from her body. She remembers the first time she stopped dreaming in her mother tongue. Her friends from childhood appeared as different characters speaking like they were Americans. It shocked her to awake in the middle of the night. She called home immediately to her parents but nobody picked up. Then she remembered that they had passed away long ago. The confrontation of death soothed her back into reality. Later on, her parents would show up in her dreams sometimes but not with any recognizable speaking voice. She wants to figure out what they say so she makes herself zoom in onto the shapes their mouths make. It feels like trying to identify bodies of water by reading waves. She doesn't get any good guesses.

She likes to bring friends and lovers bouquets of freshly cut flowers from her friend's floral shop at the market. Not necessarily for special occasions. She never bothers to ask the florists to teach her what species each stem is, although she could very easily do so. In this instance she enjoys the fact that she could gift people she loves something that she can't quite name. The lack of a name for something requires language to be applied attentively descriptive, which seems silly to her. Instead she prefers to close her eyes and smell.

When she smells roses a peculiar memory from childhood returns. She was running. She's not sure why. Perhaps she was playing hide and seek with her friends. She ran past by a section of tall fences in the yard and tripped over a pile of soil with bricks laid around. She fell into a large bush of dark red roses penetrating the fence from the other side. When she got up she smelled the rose bush first before she smelled her own blood. The thorns left long thin marks all over her forearms. It looked like they were carving something into her body in the same color as their flowers. She didn't have any urge to cry or shout for help. Instead she took her time observing the roses. She looked for spots of the stems that had been stained by her blood. She couldn't find any.

She often thinks about this memory. The cuts have long healed but there is one thin line of a permanent scar. Over the years she covered her arms with tattoos but always avoided inking over it. She thinks of it as a letter from the roses that is yet to be read or translated. She attempted to read it again recently when someone she has a crush on told her half-jokingly that she's hard to read. Right afterwards he appeared in her dreams. She can't remember what he was doing. The next morning she texted the boy "You were in my dreams last night" without any further explanation. Looking into the scar reflected in her bathroom mirror she thought to herself: "I'm not in pain. I'm not in love".

Benny's Video is a nomadic curatorial project conceived and operated by Craig Jun Li since March 2025. The current programming is generously hosted in the studio space of artist Grant Mooney.

All inquiries to bennysvideoprojectspace@gmail.com

Becca Albee (b. Portland, ME) is an artist based in New York City. Albee's work has been presented in exhibitions at institutions including MIT List Visual Arts Center (Cambridge, MA), Portland Museum of Art (Portland, ME), and Irish Museum of Modern Art (Dublin). Fellowships and residencies include IASPIS (Stockholm), Emily Harvey Foundation Venice), MacDowell (Peterborough, NH), Yaddo (Saratoga Springs, NY), and LMCC (New York, NY).

Willa Wasserman (b. 1990, Evansville, Indiana, USA) lives and works in New York. She gained her BFA at Macaulay Honors College at Hunter College in 2013, and received her MFA at the University of California, Los Angeles, in 2019.

Recent solo exhibitions include Travesía Cuatro Madrid, Spain (2025), Travesía Cuatro Guadalajara, Mexico (2024); François Ghebaly, New York (2023), Los Angeles (2022); High Art, Paris, France (2022); Downs & Ross, New York (2021); Good Weather, Chicago (2020) & In Lieu, Los Angeles (2020). Selected group presentations include James Cohan, New York (2024); Modern Art, London (2023); Michael Werner Gallery, London, UK (2022); Sargent's Daughters, New York (2020); and Park View / Paul Soto, Los Angeles (2019).

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