The Relationship to Architecture is Not Insignificant

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The Relationship to Architecture is Not Insignificant

by

Rachel Hillery

Submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of
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The City University of New York

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Thesis Sponsor:

May 13, 2019
Alexandro Segade
Date
Signature

May 13, 2019
A.K. Burns
Date
Signature of Second Reader
Dedication

This paper is dedicated to Elizabeth and Robert Hillery.
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Writing, Contextualized

Text, voice, gesture, objects are the grounding for my practice. During my time at Hunter College, I have combined writing, psychology, photography, and architecture to develop texts spoken in minimal settings, using the malleability of language and unexpected spatial conventions to investigate the absurdity of daily life in a misogynistic environment.¹

Prior to graduate school, my writing practice existed separately from my visual practice. During my second semester, I began to use words in place of images, inspired by scores of Fluxus and writings by William Pope L. Instead of an afterthought or a chance to post-rationalize, text became an instigator. For Words Not Spoken, Many Waters, Insert[FirstName], of Mothers of Mothers of Mothers, the first pages were written unexpectedly, almost fully formed, after researching, collecting images/phrases, and/or observing.² I will discuss two early performances—Words Not Spoken (2017) and Lazy Susan (2018)—to examine how voice and text interact in my work.

Words Not Spoken was written after I saw Alberto Giacometti’s Standing Woman, and for

¹ Philosopher Kate Manne’s definition of misogyny as the “law enforcement branch of a patriarchal order, which has the overall function of policing and enforcing its governing norms and expectations,” which work in concert with sexism, the rationalizing and justification mechanism, to justify “patriarchal social arrangements,” pg 79
² See below for more specific explanations:
Words Not Spoken: initial writing after seeing Giacometti’s Standing Woman
Many Waters: initial writing after researching the path of Hurricane Harvey
Insert[FirstName]: initial writing after researching crying
of Mothers of Mothers of Mothers: initial writing after collecting phrases from childhood, researching matrilineal erasure
the first time identified the power of the creator, and the desire to be created...I saw Giacometti’s hands all over her, and I thought she was lucky...my writing started from an interior monologue transforming into a plea to Standing Woman, moving through eating disorders, archeology, fetishization of women’s bodies in art, groupthink, bossy tone found on lady “lifestyle” blogs (see Figure 1). The title of the piece was a note written in the margins; Words Not Spoken refers to the tightness of chest when words are physically unable to come out, and they have to be folded neatly away again.

It was an act of agency and necessity for me to speak my text- to be both its creator and its performer (see Figure 2). Anne Carson in “The Gender of Sound” says:

“...throughout most of the ancient and some of the modern discussions of voice: female sound is bad to hear both because the quality of a woman’s voice is objectionable and because woman uses her voice to say what should not be said.”

These objections to content and quality are uncomfortably true for me. My text is formal; it is not a casual piece of conversation. The poetic language allows for obfuscation of intent, and gives me the freedom to critique forms of politeness. Its formality is a mechanism to solicit a serious reception, so that I am able to “say what should not be said.”

Lazy Susan started off as a technical exercise in writing with active and passive sentence constructions (see Figure 3 for excerpt of text). After reading Do I Make Myself Clear?

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3 Carson, pg 133
by Harold Evans, I became fascinated by his analysis of how clear writing communications, and indirect writing conceals. Gaining a greater awareness of the methods of concealment, I wanted to investigate my tendency to “slip” into the passive voice within my writing. Conceived as a piece for two voices, I invited Alison Kizu-Blair to collaborate on the text and performance with me. We discussed our experiences in art school, and literally inserted comments for (most often, but not exclusively) male professors or students that typified us as a “girl,” “lacking context,” having no “subtext,” all the while making “cute” works. An example is oh wow- you make things. Phrases that weren’t often applied to our male peers. Within the script, the passive and the active voices started as one side of a conversation (in that we were saying the same thing twice over), two women in an echo chamber talking at or against one another. On the surface, the script was laid on the page like a conversation; internally, it was a mime in a mirror.

My motivation for this work was to understand how the casual asides undermine credibility, and to understand the ways in which I have personally have internalized those messages. The staging for the performance is related to the pressure of presentation. A table rested on the laps of the two performers, glasses of water and a pitcher on a lazy susan, heightened the experience of balancing (see Figure 4). After all, a nervous twitch in the leg could send everything crashing to the floor (and almost did). The one reprieve was when the table was lifted and the performers could speak freely beneath it, but only by taking the weight of the table and its contents into their arms.
Many Waters

Words Not Spoken marked two things: a way of making (poetic words spoken in a conversational tone in a spartan set), and an awareness of the huge gap in my knowledge of performance work, namely feminist work. Womanhouse and the performances of Faith Wilding and Judy Chicago are unconscious progenitors. I was unintentionally implicating this history not only in my speaking but also in my costume for the piece- “theatre black,” i.e. black tights/black skirt/black top. My ignorance of the history of the feminist performance art is symptomatic of being educated inside of the overwhelmingly white, male cannon. Magritte, Giacometti, Twombly, Judd, Rothko, Nauman, Kentridge- I was fed men; I feasted on men; I binged on men. I internalized the derision of the emotional and the feminine.⁴

In Many Waters (see Figure 5), I sit in a plywood Judd chair in a plywood Judd box to deliver a weather report tracing the path of Hurricane Harvey, interspersed with anecdotes about flooding from my hometown of Houston, asking at the end of every impassioned aside-

Will you leave me?

Not now, nor ever responds two performs as they continued elevate the desk around me.⁶ (See Figure 6)

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⁴ I couldn’t help being annoyed at seeing women in photographs, paintings, print. Passive, unfulfilled, languid, perpetually protected objects and things- just another form to create a composition. Not reflecting the agency and the chaos inside me. It is isolating to experience only this vision of the world.

⁵ In the summer of 2010, I interned at the Chinati Foundation, and spent a lot of time sitting in a Judd chair.

⁶ The call and response was adapted from the Brothers Grimm tale, “Fundevogel,” which I discovered at Rivka Galchen’s workshop at the Artist Institute at Hunter College in Fall 2018.
The call and response offers a communication between the performers, and presents a face of vulnerability in an otherwise impassive news anchor front. Jennifer Doyle in her book, *Don’t Hold it Against Me*, has a paragraph within the preface that allowed me to re-contextualize my desire to transfuse emotion into Minimalism:

“There is a lot of language out there celebrating the silence of John Cage and the sparseness of Donald Judd. The difficulty of a work of art that withholds, that turns its back on the spectator, that eliminates sentiment and romance is so fully absorbed into the sociology of contemporary art that for the fully initiated such works don’t feel very hard at all.”

I would previously hide my investigations of power dynamics within “safe” and “neutral” conceptual underpinnings, citing how technology affects our social relations. Throughout my schooling, I looked at male artists, studied male architects, read male authors, male critics, listened to men sing about women, listened to men sing about men. It was only when I left the institution and didn’t have the devices of the canon and meritocracy to explain away the frustration, confusion, and latent rage that I had to confront the inequality. Feminism became a necessity for me in an office environment.

*Insert*[FirstName]*

*Insert*[FirstName] is a performance and video installation for Hunter College MFA Thesis Exhibition. It expands on techniques from past performances: adaptable furniture, a dialogue between two performers, a chorus. At its simplest, the performance is three

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7 Doyle, pg xvii
conversations in three acts: being talked at, being talked with, being talked over. The conversations take place within familiar environments: a conversation with an old friend, a job interview, a sermon.

“You can’t exhibit architecture, you have to find a way around it.”

What I would like to do is find a way of showing the experience being within a misogynistic culture instead of telling it. I hope to accomplish this is through recursive text, and mise en scene.

I carried a phrase- you don’t own crying - and ten years later it aligned with the idea of punctum, to become an investigation of the ownership and emotions, who is allowed to emote and in what context. Our protagonist, Alice, takes us between the three acts. Alice is a version of myself, especially the part of me that is navigating the slow separation of self from family from home.

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8 The Studio, Heurzog and de Meuron, pg 169 from an interview in which they discuss the impossibility of exhibiting architecture within a museum. The beauty of the quote is the futility of representation, and the consequences of presenting the absent. How does one discuss a feeling around a situation, knowing that it is impossible to convey a replica of the situation. How can one interrogate a specific sensation/experience of relating to the world only with physical artifacts- words, lines, photographs, objects.

9 From an aside by a friend in architecture school in Fall 2008.

10 I am working with two definitions of punctum. From Barthes’s Camera Lucida: “The studium is the order of liking, not of loving; it mobilizes a half desire, a demi volition; it is the same sort of vague, slippery, irresponsible interest one takes in the people, the entertainments, the books, the clothes that one find “all right.”...The second element which will disturb the studium I shall therefore call the punctum; for the punctum is also: sting, speck, cut, little hole - and also a cast of the dice. A photograph’s punctum is that accident which pricks me (but also bruises me, is poignant to me).” pg. 27

The Women in the Neighborhood:
Yes, that happened- it does happen here. Not to us, of course! To others down the way, very
unexpected, but that’s why you have to think of these things all the time and Be. Prepared. You
are just so sweet and nice, your story is consistent, your memories are in sync, you look good in
photos, you have the same history, the same shows as us. Have you salted yet? Is that apart of your
morning regime? Haven’t you heard how amazing it is for your skin!

Alice:
Not yet!

[Chorus begins to mix salt into the water.]

The Women in the Neighborhood:
It is just so nice to have you back. Why don’t you sit down and stay?...why don’t you sit down and
stay? Why don’t you sit down and stay...Seated.

In the first scene, the chorus introduces Alice (performed by Alison Kizu-Blair) and The
Women in the Neighborhood, a video recording of the same performer. While developing
the script, I discovered the work of opera composer, Robert Ashley, and his operatic
work of putting “American words with music,” in particular how he cites the pacing and
language of the television as an influence for his work.11 Similarly, it became important
for me to look critically at the patterns of the media that were embedded within the
language and habits of the characters in the performance. The Women in the
Neighborhood’s language is a flood of words pulled from advertising, social media, and
corporate speak.12 It burrows in the head, until The Women in the Neighborhood might
find herself- unprompted, of course- extolling the virtues of essential oils misting,

11 The Guests Go In To Supper, pg 103
12 See Tim Wu’s The Attention Merchants: The Epic Scramble to Get Inside Our Heads (2016), which
examines the historical and contemporary dynamics of monetizing attention.
juicing, or salting. I wanted to explore the deep need of being in lockstep with the group, and how The Women in the Neighborhood is so insistently inclusive that it becomes suffocating, as Alice is unable to say no or even get a word in edgewise.

The two characters, Alice and The Women in the Neighborhood’s video screen are contained within the Lawn (see Figure 7), two carpeted walls and a floor nestled in the corner of the gallery- a place of power, in that no one can sneak up behind you, but also a place of display. The video places The Women in the Neighborhood within a domestic interior (see Figure 8), which is inspired by Mr. Roger’s Neighborhood, a deep yet flat space (see Figure 9). While the video set design references sitcoms, the props reference Instagram- green plants, a trendy ceramic mug, a pop of wall color, a misting of essential oils. This pairing is crucial as it emphasizes the artifice of those particular signifiers.

“This is a picture and I’m talking. Look at how my lips have sounds coming from them, synchronized in perfectly unity.” Not one of the female characters in *Singin in the Rain* could echo this claim with absolute clarity.”

Within the video there is the use of postdubbing, as The Women in the Neighborhood and their voice struggle to maintain cohesion. In *The Acoustic Mirror*, Kaja Silverman discusses how cinema placed female voice within a “diegetic context” to enforce “linguistic constraint and physical confinement- confinement to the body, to clastral

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13 Silverman, pg 46
14 See *The Little Mermaid* (1989) but also the transformation of Eliza Doolittle in the movie, *My Fair Lady* (1964), and the convoluted displacement of female voices within the movie, *Singin in the Rain* (1952)
spaces, and to inner narratives.”

Perhaps by verbally dominating the scene, *The Women in the Neighborhood* escapes her confinement to the screen, yet the mismatch of recorded speech to video indicates her own instability in that role of authority. I investigated dubbing in both movies, such as *Singin in the Rain*, as well as live performances.

Suzanne Bocanegra’s performance, *Farmhouse/Whorehouse*, employs a live version of dubbing. In *Farmhouse/Whorehouse*, the artist reads her artist lecture into a mic that is connected to the earpiece of an actor, Lili Taylor, who delivers the text to the audience. Bocanegra is on stage the whole time sitting at a desk and reading, so the linguistic apparatus is not hidden, à la the wizard behind the curtain, but self-consciously asserted.

The 205 Hudson gallery has a unique condition of a ground floor entry connected to a mezzanine level, allowing for a triangulated diagram of power relationship to be staged (see Figure 10). On the mezzanine is the interviewee (Alice), on the ground floor is the interviewer (Graham performed by Patrick Costello, see Figure 11), and on a ladder in an opening in the wall is HR (Shelley performed by Rachel Hillery, see Figure 12). Each has a desk. A carpeted podium raises the ground level desk to the mezzanine height so despite the elevation change, the desks of the interviewee and interviewer retain the same datum (see Figure 13). In Act 2, the dialogue between Alice and Graham, which uses

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15 Silverman, pg 45, later on in this chapter Silverman dissects the use of dubbing with *Singin in the Rain*
16 During the BAM performance on December 14, 2017, the one way current from the artist to the performer was ruptured only once when Taylor asked Bocanegra to speak slower.
17 Oxford English Dictionary, definition no. 3- “a line, point, etc., forming a basis for measurement; a baseline, benchmark, or reference point.” [http://www.oed.com/view/Entry/47434?redirectedFrom=datum#eid](http://www.oed.com/view/Entry/47434?redirectedFrom=datum#eid)

Donald Judd’s *Progressions* are hung at his eye level to present a tantalizing view of the front and top. Or so I imagine, my view is restricted to the front and bottom. One view has been established as the controlling datum, this is not inherently good or bad, just requires compensation for the fact we don’t all physically see at the same level.
familiar terms like “cover letter,” suggests a recognizable scenario to the audience, yet
atypical questions- will you please cry for me?- shift the interview into the absurd. The
interview restarts three times, reinforcing being stuck inside a never ending
miscommunication. Each part flows seamlessly into the next, not giving the audience
cues of the repeat. In each part, Graham and Alice undergo tonal shifts- moving from
belligerent to conciliatory in opposite directions. The shifts in tone test how
gender/tone/words interact to create new impressions of the character. The tone is
reinforced within the performance by the performers’ gestures and body language, in
particular Part 2 uses highly mirrored behavior to demonstrate a conciliatory tone. For
example, a hair tuck on one line is replicated by the facing performer on their next line.
There is a slight shift in the text from Part 1 to Part 2, and then a break with the pattern of
questioning in Part 3. In that final part, Alice refuses to perform the affective charade of
crying and returns the question to the interviewer- will you please cry for me? The
unwillingness of the interviewer to enact crying acknowledges the discrepancy of the
power dynamics of the two different positions and underscores how the character with
lesser power is expected to perform emotionally as well as intellectually.

Act 3 begins with the characters seated in their desks (see Figure 14). Alice’s declaration
of her emotion- I am not angry- is undercut by Graham and Shelley’s assessment- She is
angry. The choral interlude builds in volume, and the lead is passed from Alice to
Graham, and Shelley joins Alice in protesting the assignment of affect. The simple
language and repetition of choral interlude was informed by Bruce Nauman’s video
installation *Good Boy, Bad Boy* from 1985, in which banal proclamations in a pattern\textsuperscript{18} are spoken by two evening news anchors on separate monitors. As time passed, the phrases in Nauman’s video were said with increasing vitriol and anger, becoming an uneasy cacophony. In Act 3, the switching of the chorus signals the movement of alliances, from Graham and Shelley (as co-workers) to Alice and Shelley (as women).

For the last monologue, Graham addresses the audience as he stands on the podium, elevated yet approachable, comfortable, welcoming, content to speak (see Figure 15). Ending the performance with essentially a “mainsplaing” was an important device to convey the frustrations of Alice being trapped within these systems of behavioral reinforcement- both from her friend, The Women in the Neighborhood and from a job interview. While writing final speech, I embedded research from the biological, psychological, philosophical perspectives on crying.\textsuperscript{19} Of particular interest to me was how the acceptability of tears was correlated to culture,\textsuperscript{20} and how that has evolved historically. The outpouring of phrases at the end of the performance is spoken over Alice and Shelley, and it expounds upon the different spaces that male tears and female tears occupy. At times, this is literal, as is the Room of Tears in the Vatican,\textsuperscript{21} other times it is a cultural evaluation, such as *an ugly cry face*. The monologue begins and ends with a

\textsuperscript{18} “I am a bad good. You were a bad boy. We are bad boys. This is bad.” “I am alive. You are alive. We are alive. This is life.”

\textsuperscript{19} I draw from research primarily from Judith Nelson’s *Seeing Through Tears: Crying and Attachment* (2005), Helmut Plessner’s *Laughing and Crying* (1970), and A. J. J. M. Vingerhoets’s *Why Only Humans Weep: Unravelling the Mysteries of Tears* (2013).

\textsuperscript{20} From *Seeing Through Tears*, pg 11, “Cultural differences are not to be found in emotion, but in the rules for displaying the various emotions...crying at the time of the death of a close loved one is known in every culture in the world.”

\textsuperscript{21} Vingerhoets, pg 94. Room where popes go to be dressed in white to be presented to the world.
quote adapted from Isak Dinesen’s essay, "The Deluge at Norderney." The quote is evocative as it places water, salt and tears together, and particularly resonate as Isak Dinesen is the pen name for Karen Blixen. At the end, after re-stating the quote, Graham offers the last words of the performance to the audience- why won’t you listen to me?

Won’t You Listen to Me?

The relationship to architecture is not insignificant is quite a different experience than the assertion- the relationship to architecture is significant. I am at the beginning of learning and reading about feminist artists, writers, and theorists. I find myself alternatively angry and elated to read books written in 1983, 1978, 1988, 1852, and identify with their experiences and frustrations, to read Elena Ferrante and know immediately that no man could have written it, to read Nathalie Sarraute and to identify immediately with her manner of close observation, to read Gertrude Stein and be fascinated with her use of language and be disgusted with myself that I had previously known this writer only as a portrait. The women who were writing/working then are so close and so far from me. That distance between past and present, between home and family, and between images and affect plays constantly out in my work. A wall of words, a flood of emotions- the relationship between passivity performed and enforced, between power perceived and actual. As I shift from a photography practice into a interdisciplinary practice, one that begins with writing and incorporates object making, performance, and theatre, I will continue to investigate with how language, gesture,

22 Found in the introduction to an interview of Moriah Evans by Lawrence Kumpf, July 2015 https://bombmagazine.org/articles/moriah-evans/
images and tone are implicated within power and gender dynamics, always asking- who gets to speak? who gets to be heard?
Bibliography


Illustrations

Figure 1.
Figure 2.
Figure 3.

[Two women sit on stools, supporting a table top on their laps. See Figure 1]

I pulled the trigger.                             The trigger was pulled by me.
They said *this is how you succeed.*          They asked me *to lean in to hear them more clearly.*
They said *oh wow, you can make things.*   That’s cute.
Legibility is refreshing.                     They said *easy, hon.*
They told me *you don’t have subtext.*  They asked me *when are you going to grow up and stop acting like a girl?*

[Table is lifted from their legs. It is supported by their arms, and they speak underneath it.]

If painted by a female artist, it would have been panned.   When I look at that, I can’t help but think that it would be panned if a female artist painted that.

[Table is replaced on their legs, hands on desk.]

Panned over illegibility.                      A lack of eligibility is the cause of the panning.
Panning for the gold.                         The show was widely panned from the kitchen.
I pulled the trigger.                         You made me do it.
I put it away.                                It was taken from me.
It was not an insignificant relationship.    It was a significant relationship.
They said *not a chance, cutie-pie.*        They stand.
We sit.                                      Why did everyone leave?
Maybe everyone left because of us-           *shhhhhhhhhhhhh*

[Lights down.]
Figure 4.
Figure 5

Figure 6

*Many Waters*

Rachel speaks - *times new roman*, *times new roman italics*, ARIAL CAPS

Amra and Patrick speak - *arial bold*

Stage directions/actions - <*arial bold*>
<Rachel in chair/desk, Amra and Patrick are with the class to watch the performance>

Mitigated by glass, brick, energy, our normal is deaden muffled. We stand at the picture window - see the expansive sky, the soft moss, the heavy trees, their frantic swaying unrelenting churning signaling yes- today is the day.
Yet.
We are full, cool, safe.
We feel 65 degrees.
We smell plastic, carpets, potpourri, scents.
We hear a rhythmic hum, oscillated gusts, stillness, always in sync.
Out there is screened into a manageable experience.

Will you leave me? Not now, nor ever.

<After Amra and Patrick respond, they come to the desk, and one hands Rachel the script>
<Amra switches on a light, and Patrick and Amra keep switching on the lights>

A RELAXED SHEAR WAVE OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA DEVELOPED
INTO A TROPICAL DEPRESSION
INTO A DEPRESSION

We are ready.
We have our guns, amo, fire to turn into steam to power our convictions-
No sir, not us, we will be passed by.
We painted our door. We don't even have first born to offer, just a second born, a third born, a stillborn. Our ditch in the back contains, coaxes, correls, and directs.

Will you leave me? Not now, nor ever.

<Amra and Patrick begin to place bricks under the desk, using the wooden wedge to elevate the desk, they continue on with their work, responding with "Not now, nor ever" but otherwise not interacting with Rachel>
A RELAXED SHEAR WAVE OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA DEVELOPED
INTO A TROPICAL DEPRESSION
INTO A DEPRESSION
INTO A TROPICAL WAVE
INTO A CONVECTIVELY ACTIVE REMNANT

They have teach us explanations for everything. The earth is old, far older than us. The earth is round dangling. We all know this; the scene hangs in our mind like the planet hangs in space, in all that nothingness. We twirled the globe stopping it with our finger to know - where will we live? All the time asking - who decided up, who created down?

Will you leave me?                      Not now, nor ever.

I pull the car to the overlook next to the bridge. I carry the image on me for seven years. I had never stopped my car before. Why now? A lack of scale. The cutting of the canyon wall. Push my head against, I will be pushed back. Now the Rio Grande is a trickle.

Will you leave me?                      Not now, nor ever.

Many came, still you stayed next to me.
Many left, still you stayed on.
Many came, many surround us.

Will you leave me?                      Not now, nor ever.
A RELAXED SHEAR WAVE OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA DEVELOPED
INTO A TROPICAL DEPRESSION
INTO A DEPRESSION
INTO A TROPICAL WAVE
INTO A CONVECTIVELY ACTIVE REMNANT
INTO A LOW PRESSURE AREA

...... <Rachel tries to stand up, Amra pushes her shoulder down, Patrick continues placing bricks>

A RELAXED SHEAR WAVE OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA DEVELOPED
INTO A TROPICAL DEPRESSION
INTO A DEPRESSION
INTO A TROPICAL WAVE
INTO A CONVECTIVELY ACTIVE REMNANT
INTO A LOW PRESSURE AREA
INTO A TROPICAL DEPRESSION
INTO A CYCLONE

...... <Rachel tries to stand up, Patrick pushes her shoulder down, Amra continues placing bricks>

A RELAXED SHEAR WAVE OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA DEVELOPED
INTO A TROPICAL DEPRESSION
INTO A DEPRESSION
INTO A TROPICAL WAVE
INTO A CONVECTIVELY ACTIVE REMNANT
INTO A LOW PRESSURE AREA
INTO A TROPICAL DEPRESSION
INTO A CYCLONE
INTO A HURRICANE
INTO A MAJOR HURRICANE STALLED FOR FOUR DAYS OVER LAND
If there wasn’t a stall, if there hadn’t been pumping in instead of out, then it would have been another normal night. Seeps in, seeps in, creeps in, swells, envelops, I imagine waking up. My fingers are cold, no damp, as I flex each one dipping in a toe; I am not quite committed to diving. All around, encounters alters material surface. Nothing is impermeable, drips into the breath between the plastic and the screw. Out there is now in here.

Will you leave me? Not now, nor ever.

The question is then this: How does one mourn indirect experience? See the opening credits, hear the narrator make sense of it all after the fact - TODAY WAS THE DAY - I saw the Rio Grande. I don’t know what it would be to walk next to it. This emotional paean is to what end? They will come and then they will recede, and we will be left exactly as we are? Nothing changed? No difference? No matter, really. A drop to a deluge, they will come.

Will you leave me? Not now, nor ever.

<Amra and Patrick stop the bricks>
A relaxed shear wave off the coast of Africa developed
into a tropical depression <Amra switches off light>
into a depression <Patrick switches off light>
into a tropical wave <Amra switches off light>
into a convectively active remnant <Patrick switches off light>
into a low pressure area <Amra switches off light>
into a tropical depression <Patrick switches off light>
into a cyclone <Amra switches off light>
into a hurricane <Patrick switches off light>
into a major hurricane <Amra switches off light>
into a cyclone <Patrick switches off light>
into a tropical depression <Amra switches off light>
into a soft mist against our skin as we walk to the car.

<Rachel switches off light above her head>
Figure 7
Rachel Hillery, *Insert*[FirstName], 2019, Top image, Act 1- Alison Kizu-Blair as Alice on the Lawn, still from performance on April 18, 2019, images by James Chrzan.
Figure 8
Figure 9
Figure 10
Figure 11
Rachel Hillery, *Insert*[FirstName], 2019, Patrick Costello as Graham on April 18, 2019, image by James Chrzan.
Figure 12
Figure 13
Rachel Hillery, *Insert*[FirstName]*, 2019, Alison Kizu-Blair as Alice at the desk on the mezzanine and Patrick Costello as Graham on the podium from performance on April 18, 2019, image by James Chrzan.
Figure 14
Rachel Hillery, *Insert[FirstName]*, 2019, Alison Kizu-Blair as Alice at the desk on the mezzanine from performance on April 18, 2019, image by James Chrzan.
Figure 15
Rachel Hillery, *Insert[FirstName]*, 2019, Patrick Costello as Graham giving final speech on April 18, 2019, image by James Chrzan.
List for Thesis Show Pieces

Insert[FirstName], Lawn set with Video Installation
Insert[FirstName], Alice’s Desk
Insert[FirstName], Graham’s Desk
Images for Thesis Show Pieces

*Insert [FirstName]*, Lawn set with Video Installation
Insert[FirstName], Alice’s Desk
Insert[FirstName], Graham’s Desk
Hillery, Rachel, April 11, 2018 – April 27, 2019, Installation View