APRIL 5-21, 2023

MIRRORED INTERIORS is an exhibition at the Williams College Museum of Art (WCMA) of four films by Cecilia Aldarondo, an award-winning documentary filmmaker and professor in the Williams art department.

MIRRORED INTERIORS

films by CECILIA ALDARONDO

WILLIAMS COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART

15 LAWRENCE HALL DRIVE
WILLIAMSTOWN, MA 01267

WCMA is open to the public Tuesday through Sunday, 10 a.m.–5 p.m.
Admission is free.
artmuseum.williams.edu

film screenings

APRIL 5-21, 2023

YOU WERE MY FIRST BOYFRIEND

Wed, April 5, 6:30PM AT IMAGES CINEMA, 50 SPRING ST.

LANDFALL + OPENING SHORT PICKET LINE

Tues, April 11, 4PM • Tues, April 18, 4PM AT WCMA

MEMORIES OF A PENITENT HEART

Fri, April 14, 4PM • Fri, April 21, 4PM AT WCMA

MIRRORED INTERIORS
films by CECILIA ALDARONDO

CECILIA ALDARONDO is a director-producer from the Puerto Rican diaspora who works at the intersection of poetics and politics. Her feature documentaries **MEMORIES OF A PENITENT HEART (2016)** and **LANDFALL (2020)** premiered at the Tribeca Film Festival and were co-produced by the award-winning PBS series POV. Her third feature **YOU WERE MY FIRST BOYFRIEND (2023)** was selected for Opening Night of the 2023 South by Southwest Film Festival and will broadcast on HBO in 2023.

JORDAN HORTON

Curatorial Remarks

Cecilia Aldarondo is a storyteller who highlights people and places that are momentous to her and become so for us too. Her films navigate memory as an unstable truth; through investigation, archival material, and reenactment, she amends moments that have been altered, forgotten, and deliberately redacted. She takes us by the hand and leads us through her world, enacting her home videos and photographs, and demonstrating the importance of holding onto these archival objects as our memories grow distorted over time. Not only do they stabilize a murky past, but they remind us of how innocent and unknowing the future once seemed.

MIRRORED INTERIORS presents a selection of three feature films and a short. Throughout the exhibition, we catch a glimpse of the artist reflecting on the intimacies of her life through the form of documentary film. Aldarondo's documentaries, while undoubtedly observational and illuminating, are also sincerely personal and vulnerable. Themes of reconciliation, resistance, and compassion run through her work in ways that are deeply resonant. In her latest film, **YOU WERE MY FIRST BOYFRIEND**, we follow Aldarondo as she reunites with her peers at her high school reunion. She transforms reminiscing into reenacting, unpacking the emotions and previous understandings that she lacked the vocabulary to articulate in her adolescence. Her hybrid documentary style demonstrates a delicate balancing act between past and present, sustaining the throughlines that hold the tenses together. Many of us will empathize with the filmmaker/protagonist as she shows what it is like to be misunderstood, not only as a young adult but also as a person of color in a predominately white space, and how those issues carry into adulthood.

MEMORIES OF A PENITENT HEART illustrates how we suddenly find ourselves as adults within our families. We watch as Aldarondo recollects the sharp fragments of her family history and uncovers the truth of her late uncle's life, which had previously been shrouded in secrecy due to the stigmas harbored by her family and society at large. In the course of her journey, she realizes that many of the things that went unchallenged in her youth do not seem as concrete through her adult eyes as she probes the question of when we have the agency to question our family narratives.

LANDFALL sheds light on the various external engagements in Puerto Rico after Hurricane Maria as residents fought to recover the island against exploitative crypto investors, real estate companies, and incompetent government aid. Here, Aldarondo, now living in the diaspora, trains her lens on her homeland, as it tries to fight off venture capital and natural disaster.

One of the highlights of my time as a curatorial fellow at WCMA has been learning how to care for art and artists and helping to bring their projects to fruition. Most meaningfully, I have had the incredible opportunity to work with Cecilia Aldarondo to craft this presentation of her films. Together we identified the films to include and how best to show them. WCMA collects and exhibits video and other time-based media, but museum galleries are not generally well suited to the unique needs of feature films. Films are best experienced in a theater or auditorium setting, shown from beginning to end, uninterrupted by people passing through, and on a big screen. **MIRRORED INTERIORS** gave us the chance to expand what is considered exhibition space in the museum and, through collaboration, to present a form of artistic practice that we do not

MEMORIES OF A PENITENT HEART

LANDFALL

often get to share with our visitors. To this end, we partnered with Images Cinema and with the Williams art department to help make the exhibition possible. WCMA values being an interlocutor of the community and ensuring the many modes of access are shared among the general public, students, and the college community. In line with our values, each screening will be introduced by a student.

With every film I watched, the closer I felt to Cecilia. As her former student, and as a colleague, I knew her, but after "meeting" her family, learning her nickname, and seeing the many places she has called home through her films, I felt as if I was a close friend. Through Cecilia's insightful introspection and generosity, we also see ourselves.

JORDAN HORTON, MA'23, is a Mellon Curatorial Fellow at WCMA and curator of MIRRORED INTERIORS.

SALLY BERGER

Coming of Age: The Reenactments of Cecilia Aldarondo's *You Were My First Boyfriend*

Cecilia Aldarondo's **YOU WERE MY FIRST BOYFRIEND (2023)** is a seriocomic drama/hybrid documentary based on her experiences growing up in Winter Park, Florida, where she attended middle school and high school during the 1990s. Throughout the film, Aldarondo reflects on coming-of-age events that so haunted or embarrassed her they followed her into adulthood. She says in the film: "My memories shine almost like a diamond but not because I love them. My memories shine because I hate them." The film uses absurd humor and hilarious sketches to lighten up her pensive reflections, but the tone shifts when the unexpected loss of a close neighborhood friend with whom she had lost touch causes Aldarondo to dig deeper into the paradoxes and consequences of childhood behavior and longing.

The blend of drama, comedy, social commentary, and documentary is propelled by a series of reenactments based on particularly poignant moments and references to popular culture, framed by Aldarondo's unrequited crush on a classmate named Joel that consumed her school years. The director acts as both documentary narrator and leading actor playing herself, supported by a cast of talented young actors chosen for their uncanny ability to channel the characteristics of her fellow students and friends during their teens. The film is laced with amateur home movies of birthday parties and Christmas events spent with her diasporic Puerto Rican family, treasured photographs of teenage beach parties, and personal mementos.

YOU WERE MY FIRST BOYFRIEND opens with a montage of scenes featuring Aldarondo as a grown woman re-performing her

awkward adolescent self, conjuring an unnerving conflation of adulthood, adolescence, and outsider—amidst disaffected kids at a middle school dance, in a solitary workout for the Presidential Physical Fitness exam, and among a group of girls parlaying for seats at the same school lunchroom table. Documentary shots of idyllic and exclusive Winter Park locales follow: pristine white mansions, a bridal boutique, golfers shooting on a golf range, lawn maintenance workers blowing leaves, and a waiter serving distracted customers at a busy restaurant. Meanwhile, with the help of her older sister Laura, the director prepares, with trepidation, to attend her twentieth high school reunion, deciding on "revenge-red" nail polish in lieu of straightening her curly dark hair and lightening her skin. A boat slips along a waterfront, pelicans alight on a cypress tree, Hitchcockian music plays, and night descends, as she nervously arrives at the private club where her reunion is taking place—armed with a cameraperson ready to roll.

The story transpires within a cloistered teenage milieu, a world where adults exist, but far in the background.[1] Aldarondo copiously records her most private thoughts in a journal, and courageously, if stubbornly, seeks the acceptance of the other students, in particular a clique of thin, white, long-haired girls (played by her "frenemies" in the film), who revel in pulling rank, bullying, body-shaming, and luring her into humiliating games, specifically a deceitful invitation to dance with Joel delivered by his girlfriend, an experience which brought both pleasure and pain to Aldarondo. She narrates, "Over the years this one night has deposited itself on my soul." Reenacting their "meet cute" moment at that infamous dance, with a young actor playing Joel (Xander Black), she reflects: "For the next seven years I tried to get back to that moment. For when you don't know any better, humiliation can feel a lot like love."

In this film Aldarondo combines subjective filmmaking with reenactment to say something about the present by examining the past from a personal perspective.[2] She creates a series of reenactments using different approaches and critiques that reference dramas, TV series, and music videos from a similar time frame as her storyline. As leading subject/actor, Aldarondo brings her character to life through razor-sharp humor and a willingness to experiment and be

YOU WERE MY FIRST BOYFRIEND

vulnerable to explore her personal experiences via enactment and reenactment:

> I honestly don't even know when I first got the idea to play myself, but I just couldn't stop laughing. I would be in the shower or driving my car and I would think of things we could re-enact, and I would start giggling. It was like "oh my god, this is too fun." To be able to have fun and poke fun at things that are painful is also liberating.[3]

Aldarondo realized that she wanted to create a reenactment film, both realistic and effective, that did not take advantage of its subjects, nor resort to banalities. She presents the story in ways that make it possible for viewers to reflect on their own experiences during their school years. Importantly she was drawn to reenactment for its ability to get at emotional truths: "I think for me there is something in reenactment, that as a strategy, has at its core a fundamental contradiction, which is that it both literalizes the impossibility of going back in time and then through the act of theatricality gets us close to something that feels real. There is a way in which the reenactment can shiver with the past, like the past coursing through it."[4]

Two key scenes spoof popular media that played a part in her coming of age. In one hilarious ice-breaking sketch, Aldarondo and her boyfriend Gabe reenact a scene from the American teen TV drama **MY SO-CALLED LIFE** (August 25, 1994–January 26, 1995,

YOU WERE MY FIRST BOYFRIEND

created by Winnie Holzman), known for its serious approach to teenagerhood. Bearing no resemblance to the leads Claire Danes (Angela Chase) and Jared Leto (Jordan Catalano), she dons a cheap red wig to play Chase and he plays Catalano wearing an ill-fitting wig, signature choker, and lambskin jacket. Later, Aldarondo and her sister, committed fans of alternative rocker Tori Amos, rehearse and exquisitely reperform her music video **CRUCIFY**:

> Why do we, crucify ourselves, every day?
> I crucify myself and nothing I do is good enough for you. . .

Two dialogical reenactment art works influenced Aldarondo and co-director Sarah Enid Hagey: Jeremy Deller's **THE BATTLE OF ORGREAVE (2001)**, a public performance reenactment and film (directed by Mike Figgis) and Martha Coolidge's narrative non-fiction hybrid film, **NOT A PRETTY PICTURE (1976)**. Deller's **THE BATTLE OF ORGREAVE** restages a political confrontation between striking miners and police forces at the Orgreave coking plant in South Yorkshire, England, in 1984 to re-examine and challenge the historical memory of the event. Veterans of the miners' strike and ex-policemen present at the time, Orgreave residents, and actors from historical reenactment societies participated in the reenactment.[5]

NOT A PRETTY PICTURE is a reenactment of a date rape in high school that haunted Coolidge later in life. She works with an actor who had also experienced rape to play herself, with other actors representing other students from the time. The actors reflect on their feelings and motivations in the rape scene as part of the filmmaking process with Coolidge; candid conversations, scripted and improvised scenes appear in the film. The realness of people playing themselves, documentary filmmaking, dialogue between and among the director and reenactors, and the interrelationships between drama, documentary, and transparency regarding the filming process, were what the co-directors of **YOU WERE MY FIRST BOYFRIEND** also sought.

> I think it's about this tension for me. It's not about documentary and fiction merging, but it's more about the slippage between reality and fiction that reenactment makes possible. It's like this in-between space. And I think there is this very potent therapeutic possibility there.[6]

The film took many years to incubate from Aldarondo's initial idea in 2008, to when filming began in 2016; she and Hagey's process of making the film evolved over time. Together they shared an encyclopedic knowledge of both teen movies and TV series and of dramatic films. They were influenced by late 1980s dramadies such as **STEEL MAGNOLIAS** (1989, Herbert Ross, director)—which begins in a lighter vein, and then becomes more serious—to help them envision a way to toggle from comedy to more consequential topics. The finale is an homage to **BIG** (1988, Penny Marshall, director), when Josh (Tom Hanks) finally reunites with his best friend. **YOU WERE MY FIRST BOYFRIEND** ends on a bittersweet note, with Aldarondo and Caroline (Trinity Soos) walking and talking in companionable conversation as the cameras pull back to reveal the film set and crew wrapping up.

YOU WERE MY FIRST BOYFRIEND is filled with cogent observations and experiences about teenage life, and perhaps therefore new mechanisms for coping. It is an acknowledgement of mean girls, but also meaningful friendships. As Aldarondo lays bare her greatest humiliations and fears, the film transforms from comedic revenge fantasy to thoughtful analysis. "I think of these recreations as an emotional exorcism," she says to the two young actors she is coaching as Joel and his (unnamed) girlfriend. With the perfect timing from her multiple roles as documentary filmmaker/dramatic director/

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reenactor/actor, she says pointing to one: "You are my greatest fantasy" and to the other, "You are my greatest fear."

"It's not about them anymore, it is about healing."[7]

SALLY BERGER is a film and media arts curator, writer, and teacher.

ENDNOTES

1 "I wanted to communicate the sense that very often in adolescence authority figures are almost beside the point, or if they do exist, they exist to further tighten the screws of alienation." Author's interview with the director, February/March 2023.

2 For more on the relationship between past and present in reenactment, see "Sally Berger on *Performing Past-Present: Transforming Reenactment,*" and "John Muse on Dred Scott: Slave Rebellion Reenactment (New Orleans, November 8–9, 2019)," in *Performing Past-Present: Transforming Reenactment,* ed. Sally Berger, John Muse, Gustavos Stadler, and James Weissinger (Haverford, PA: Cantor Fitzgerald Gallery, Haverford College, 2022).

3 Author's interview with the director, February/March 2023.

4 Author's interview with the director, February/March 2023.

5 "*The Battle of Orgreave* is best understood as a dialogical artwork, containing multiple strands created through conversations between the artist, veterans of the Miners' Strike, reenactment specialists, the audience of the work, and its art-historical context (93–94)," Alice Correia, "Interpreting Jeremy Deller's *The Battle of Orgreave,*" *Visual Culture in Britain* 7, no. 2 (2006): 93–126.

6 Author's interview with the director, February/March 2023.

7 Film quote spoken by Jo Anne Taylor, documentary protagonist, as she watches the reenactment of a bullying event that she experienced.

ADE J. OMOTOSHO

I'll Speak in the Present: On Cecilia Aldarondo

If you want to understand the ethos that underlies Cecilia Aldarondo's documentary films, listen to her voice. That voice—gentle, wry, deliberate—inflects all of her feature-length films, which include **MEMORIES OF A PENITENT HEART (2016)**, **LANDFALL (2020)**, and **YOU WERE MY FIRST BOYFRIEND (2023).** Sometimes we hear her banter with or pose questions to her subjects. At other times we hear her recite a monologue in voiceover. In every instance, she pitches her voice against the limits of conventional documentary, which has long disavowed the voice of the director in favor of so-called objective narration. (Think of all those stentorian narrators who crowd the genre, gravely diagnosing this or that phenomenon.) These are porous documentaries, by which I mean they are saturated with their director's subjectivity—and with it, the intricacies of memory.

We like to imagine that individual and collective memory surge along in divergent courses, but so often in Aldarondo's work the two join in a confluence, forming a single, insistent current.

LANDFALL (2020) immerses us in that current. It is a luminous portrait of a beleaguered Puerto Rico following the devastation of Hurricane Maria, a portrait intimately tuned to the tenor of its people. The film concentrates on the turbulent interregnum between the immediate aftermath of the storm and the uprising in the summer of 2019 that resulted in the ousting of Puerto Rico's then-governor Ricardo Rosselló. Despite the immensity of the issues it examines, **LANDFALL** is a quiet, mesmeric film. It refuses the spectacle that pervades the genre. Its score is atmospheric. There are no talking-head interviews, and there is no archival disaster footage of the storm's onslaught. Instead, the film derives its tone and pace from the meter of everyday life. Lushly the camera drifts to various cities on the

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island, from Orocovis to Dorado to Mayaguez, and so on, gathering interviews of survivors who relate their experience of the storm and its aftereffects in their lives, as well as their mounting frustration with the government.

At the start of the film, one participant, before describing a harrowing escape from their destroyed apartment, prefaces their account by saying: "I'll speak in the present." Here that present-tenseness functions as a kind of ethics that undergirds the film: the devastation of the hurricane isn't confined to the past; its bleak winds ceaselessly buffet the present. As they continue in voiceover, their voice quavering with grief, the camera paces along the shore—surveying its rocky topography, drinking in the undulating waves—as if to offer our protagonist a reprieve from its intrusion.

The strength of **LANDFALL** lies in the way it allows us to gradually observe how the tragedy of the storm and the government's inadequate response to it fueled in part the ferment of the uprising. In this way, the film expands on the preoccupations of Aldarondo's 9-minute short **PICKET LINE (2017)**, which documented the actions of striking workers at the Momentive chemical plant in Waterford, New York. We watch the political consciousness of the populace deepen, even as opportunistic forces encroach. Luxury real estate companies cater to the rapacity of the wealthy, and cryptocurrency entrepreneurs, in their brash, neocolonialist way, deem the island a tax haven for investors. All the while, Puerto Ricans describe their dire circumstances—the food and housing insecurity, the lack of electricity—and contend with the instability wrought by the debt crisis. Their collective experience of deprivation enlarges the stakes of their struggle, urging them toward solidarity.

In her 2016 debut feature film **MEMORIES OF A PENITENT HEART**, Aldarondo, addressing her mother, wonders, "Can't we survive and look out for others as well?" **LANDFALL** offers a kind of answer. "Hurricane survivors made it thanks to other hurricane survivors," a participant explains. The residents learn how to care for one another despite the state's fecklessness and brutal indifference. One woman, who transformed a derelict school into a kind of relief center, describes her efforts to provide housing and employment opportunities to displaced survivors. "It's socialism," she proclaims. "We are living socialism in our daily life." Implicit in the film is a refusal of a state-sanctioned collective memory emptied of the harsh realities that undercut Puerto Rican life. It proposes instead a collective memory forged from communal struggle. A people's memory.

At the film's end, we watch city workers clean up San Juan following the demonstrations. They paint smoothly over the demonstrators' graffiti, which reads: "We're coming for the Junta." Perhaps by holding fast to the memory of their resistance, with its thrilling, defiant force, they might arrive at a future transformed by that promise.

Aldarondo's keen attention to the particularities of memory is also on display in her astonishing **MEMORIES OF A PENITENT HEART**. The film is an ardent and elegiac excavation of the life of Aldarondo's late uncle, Miguel Dieppa, a closeted gay man who died of AIDS at the height of that epidemic. In the film, Aldarondo aims to uncover a portrait of her uncle alive with all the halftones and shadows that defined him, and her excavation inevitably dredges up fractures, conflicts, and family secrets.

Dieppa was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico, to a devout Catholic mother and an industrious, diffident father who, we later learn, harbored a secret of his own. Spurred on by his show business ambitions, Dieppa moved to New York City in the early 1970s, where he promptly rechristened himself "Michael" and pursued studies in playwriting at Hunter College. His alternative education in gay life bloomed apace: Dieppa was a habitué of downtown Manhattan's gay bars and clubs, and before long, he developed a romance with a man named Robert. The two remained lovers until Dieppa's death in 1987. Dieppa's family, disapproving of his sexuality, scorned Robert,

and after Dieppa's funeral, they lost contact with him altogether. Decades passed before Aldarondo sought him out.

The film captures interviews with an aggrieved Robert, a few of Dieppa's close friends, Aldarondo's mother, and other friends of the family. The director's investigation yields a story of Dieppa's life startlingly at odds with the one spun by his mother and dutifully enshrined in the family lore. These interviews are richly interleaved with archival material depicting Dieppa's life, chiefly collected and preserved by Robert and Dieppa's mother, the "unofficial family archivist." The contents of their respective archives clash and conflict. Whereas Dieppa's mother primly effaced any trace of her son's sexuality (any image that might tarnish the pious, gilt surface of her religiosity), Robert treasured the vital totems of their love and the chosen family they forged together. So there's Miguel, yes, and there's Michael, too.

Dieppa comes to us through his personal effects, his letters to his relatives, his love notes to Robert, his mother's scrapbooks, and a host of photographs and 8mm films. We see tender clips of Dieppa as a boy, now splashing in a pool with his father, now grinning into the camera; poignant photos of an ailing Dieppa in hospital beds in New York, tended to by his mother here, by Robert there; a black-and-white publicity photo of Dieppa the actor, all swarthy charm and glimmering edge. At one point, a male narrator recites a passage from one of Dieppa's unpublished plays. The monologue no sooner ends than it gives way to Aldarondo, in voiceover, intoning a monologue of her own, plangently riffing on the themes that animate her uncle's text. It's a gorgeous, stirring sequence that registers their shared artistic affinity. Watching it feels like bearing witness to the passing on of an inheritance. Perhaps it's Aldarondo's own way of drawing herself into deeper sympathy with her late uncle, a way of laying claim to the "fun, charming, seductive" man she scarcely knew.

The question of who lays claim to the memory of a loved one is the animating tension of the film. Aldarondo knows perfectly well that memory is a ruthlessly contested terrain, mined with rumors, ruptures, and repressions. **MEMORIES OF A PENITENT HEART** tautly negotiates the contestation of Dieppa's memory by Robert and Dieppa's family members: his mother, his sister, and even the director herself. The

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friction between their memories gives the film its emotional gravity. Aldarondo handles this friction with rigor and grace: she probes the lapses and fills the gaps, she resists her family's homophobia and pointedly questions their culpability in Dieppa's suffering. Her project is not only recuperative, but corrective—a "quest for justice" she calls it. She can't save her uncle's life, but she can wrest his memory from the fate of hundreds of gay men who perished during the AIDS crisis: a legacy flattened by the distortions of respectability.

In her most recent film **YOU WERE MY FIRST BOYFRIEND (2023)**, Aldarondo turns her rigorous archival sensibility inward. It is her most personal and experimental film to date—a kinetic, comic plunge into her past. In it, Aldarondo revisits the years that elicit for most a surge of embarrassment: adolescence. But she doesn't just revisit them. She re-inhabits, reconstructs, and reanimates them. "There's no escaping the primal stuff of memory and experience," Margo Jefferson tells us in her memoir **CONSTRUCTING A NERVOUS SYSTEM.** "Dramatize it, analyze it, amend it accidentally, remake it intentionally." Drawing upon her scrupulously kept archive of journals and photo albums, Aldarondo submits her youthful memories to the rigors of the discipline enumerated by Jefferson.

"I just feel like this is a huge mistake," Aldarondo says early on in the film. Reluctant and nervous, she's driving to her high school reunion in Winter Park, Florida. The soundtrack is eerie and foreboding, like something you'd hear in a horror movie, which is exactly right: a glimpse of one's past life is rather like a jump scare.

As she awkwardly mingles with old classmates, her voiceover muses, "If reunions are a chance to see how we've all changed, then why do I have this horrible case of déjà vu?" Indeed, the film, which melds home video footage with newly devised dramatic recreations, whisks us back to all the familiar fixtures of high school: the unrequited crushes, the bullies, the anxious attempts to ingratiate oneself with popular classmates. With disarming candor, Aldarondo recounts negotiating her identity, her struggle with her self-image, and her formative friendships. As her recollections unfurl, we watch as she collapses the distance between her present and past selves.

The most striking formal aspects of **YOU WERE MY FIRST BOYFRIEND** are the reenactments of scenes from the director's childhood. In these sequences, Aldarondo—joined by various young actors who serve as stand-ins for her former classmates—restages the drama of her memories. She directs and coaches the actors in the nuances of her experiences and the textures of her feelings: the tainted thrill and humiliation of a school dance, the jaunty rebellion of a trip to Washington, DC, with a close friend. She refers to the process as a kind of "emotional exorcism"—a way to jettison memory's freight.

The director extends these reenactments to the cultural fixations of her youth. Consider the film's centerpiece, in which she recreates the music video for Tori Amos's 1992 single **CRUCIFY**, complete with costumes and choreography. As an avid teenage fan, Aldarondo was in thrall to the force of Amos's femininity, as moody as it was radiant. And so with the help of her older sister, Laura, Aldarondo transforms herself into her erstwhile and unattainable ideal. On set for the shoot, Aldarondo bitterly recalls her experience of being constantly compared to her sisters, of always falling short of the available standards of beauty. She sobs to Laura and asks, "Is this an homage or a trauma exercise?" That ambivalence is, of course, inherent to memory. **YOU WERE MY FIRST BOYFRIEND** asks again and again: Why do some memories elude us, while others mark us indelibly? Perhaps we can never know, but the risk involved in revisiting them might offer us our only hope upon release.

ADE. J. OMOTOSHO, MA'22, is an art historian and writer. He is The Nancy and Tim Hanley Assistant Curator of Contemporary Art at the Dallas Museum of Art.