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Harness

by

Nickolas Viele

A Thesis Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for
the Degree of Master of Fine Arts in Fine Arts Studio

School of Art

The College of Art and Design

Rochester Institute of Technology

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Abstract:

The struggles individuals encounter in their lifetime have as many peaks and valleys as a roller coaster at an amusement park. The goal of my thesis work is to unpack the complex feelings of personal breakdowns so that the viewer can empathize with the raw emotions of these chaotic situations and establish a bridge of empathy from person to person. My investigation uses the relationship of life casting and found objects to create a personal, tangible connection for my audience. The struggle and turmoil we encounter in life can create the common ground needed for others to identify with these experiences. When creating my life cast molds, I document the individual stories of the models I work with to bring their perspectives into the piece. This allows me to construct a narrative around the physical artifacts from our interaction. We cannot control the absurdity that life throws at us; the response to emotional chaos will vary from person to person.

List of Artwork

Figure 1- *Dreamer*, 2020, Detail, Nickolas Viele

Figure 2- *Dreamer*, 2020, Nickolas Viele

Figure 3- *Plague*, 2021, Nickolas Viele

Figure 4- *Plague*, 2021, Detail, Nickolas Viele

Figure 5- *Assembly Line*, 2021, Nickolas Viele

Figure 6- *Assembly Line*, 2021, Detail, Nickolas Viele

Table of Contents

Abstract	2
List of Artwork	3
Introduction	5
Section I	7
Section II	9
Section III	12
Body of Work I	17
Body of Work II	19
Body of Work III	21
Conclusion	24
Bibliography	25

Introduction:

Every one of us will find ourselves in some sort of chaotic situation in life. The way we respond to stress varies from person to person, but the raw emotion at the center of an individual's breakdown allows us to relate to others. Past interactions mold our personalities, coupled with specific moments in our upbringing. Life's experiences and the people we have encountered shape the way we respond to the world around us. Cultivating empathy provides a means for us to connect to others' struggle and anguish. This can shift trauma into triumph.

If we look at ourselves as an assemblage of our past experiences and think about where we should be, we can find common ground within each other. I relate to others by using a figurative closet made up of years of accumulated angst and pain. In my work, I use found objects to form personal, tangible connections to my audience's past traumatic experiences. I do this by taking relatable objects intended for one thing and giving them a new purpose. I examine the question of what can be gained, or how can one be strengthened by reliving traumatic situations.

Loss of control, addiction, and death are clear causes that lead to individual breakdown, or pivotal points in our everyday life that help lead us to the brink of despair. We tend to take mental snapshots of these life-altering moments and relive them in a way that provides us comfort or understanding. We then take the accumulation of these artifacts of our past traumas and use them to share our story with others, creating an empathetic bridge between individuals battling similar emotions and themselves.

The artwork created for this thesis is a collection of many moments of individual struggle and unrest. These forms are intended to be glimpses into the psychological stress we can find ourselves in and its ability to negatively impact our lives. They are notches in my belt that I have pulled tightly during my journey through life to become my current self. It is my opinion that the human experience is not complete without these moments of pain that create the peaks and valleys in our path.

The processes that I have chosen to complete this body of work: life casting, and metal casting, are designed to enable production of a copy of the original object. I have chosen this process of substitution, along with found objects, to establish a relationship with my audience to reproduce my own personal turmoil in a form with which others could identify with. Both processes involve reiteration of many constant controlled steps that increase the chances for success. In the end, it was serendipity that helped me achieve my goal of a greater conceptual communication and clarity.

Section I:

When people reminisce about their childhood, they often feel a yearning to relive simpler times and fond memories. My younger years were the antithesis of that and not anything I ever wish to recollect. My daily life was riddled with anxiety. I was alone with an ill single mother. This led to multiple job losses and numerous evictions. When she was finally unable to work, I was thrown into the “man of the house” position at a very young age. I did not have time for friends or normal teenage activities; I was thrust into survival mode. My only outlet from such a mundane routine was art. The everyday stress of an adolescent overseeing adult situations caused intense anxiety and depression which resulted in sleeping problems. Sleep always eluded me; when the world was dark and quiet, I used my solitude to paint my feelings. Applying colors to canvas was my only outlet; it was my therapy, my escape from reality. It served not only as my sense of peace, but also my sense of normal. I never had the money for traditional art supplies, so I found everyday objects and turned them into my canvas.

One positive memory I draw from is the television show *Pee Wee’s Playhouse*. The bright colors, over-the-top paintings, and unique set designs left me enamored, even as a young child, before I really understood what I was seeing. I was mesmerized and it enhanced my idea that I could turn anything into art. The set designer used everyday materials and created fine art. I no longer felt like the poor kid just because I could not afford sophisticated, expensive supplies. Art was not a luxury; I could make something equally amazing with things I had just laying around the house.

I grew up in the eighties. Socially, it was very black and white. Private or uncomfortable situations were part of life, but still not spoken about aloud. As I aged, becoming more aware of

these instances, there seemed to be an explosion of advocacy. Artists like Keith Haring were not only broadcast on Sesame Street, but also strewn across walls, subways, and buildings throughout New York City. He was commanding attention by creating it publicly, and viewers could relate to it on their own level. The symbols were not as charged or uncomfortable as people made them. His usage of straightforward designs, carrying complex emotional messages are recognizable to audiences even more today. I aim to bring awareness to the present-day difficult situations that plague society, making them part of the conversation, eradicating prejudice.

Section II:

When diving deeper into the research of the assemblages of Robert Rauschenberg, I found his work to be inspiring. Rauschenberg is well known for his combines, a group of artworks that incorporate everyday objects as art materials and blurred the distinctions between painting and sculpture. At this point in my studies, I started to enjoy mixed media and the symbolism I could get using found objects in my work. I felt like, at that point, I was doing something new to contribute to the art world. I later found the importance of digging deeper into a broader scale of the meaning these objects would hold for others across generational gaps and cultural diversities. Just because I felt an object held a certain meaning to me, it did not necessarily translate to others the same way. Choosing the objects in my work, along with their meaning across a wider range, and the connections they hold to the viewer, became even more important.

To consider each new work a success in my understanding, bigger was better. I had to include as much as possible, highlighting the new techniques I had just learned. This led to a narrowed connection with my audience, only a few were able to associate in the way I was hoping to accomplish. Initially, fabrication was the driving force in my work, and I did not see that until later. Growth in my research began to make me understand that by shifting focus back to the concept, the process itself became bigger and more important. My body of work has always been about human turmoil, but with the focus on the found objects, the concept was lost. I learned to place greater importance on the conceptual vision of my pieces, prompting my audience to form an emotional tether to my labor.

My research began to focus on the power the concept held, while providing less visual confusion. My sculptures deviated as well, as I explored the working relationship between life casts and found objects. The most important aspect in the preparation of my studio work became my sketchbook. My life has a unique level of chaos in the everyday. Due to the constant revolving door of surprises, ideas come to me at all times day or night. These are what I call the “bare bones” of my project. I can decompress from everyday life when I get to my studio.

When I take a cast from a person, I reflect on what went well and what I can improve to achieve the piece I envision. I think about how I can streamline the process and the stories I took from the model I was casting. This does not dictate what I am about to create, but helps to guide me conceptually with what I am thinking. At this point, I sketch two definitive images of what the final sculpture will be. I sometimes start by adding color to think about what scheme I would like to work with and what material I would like to produce my final piece. Once I have completed the final sketch of my piece, I consult with my peers, taking into consideration their positive and negative feedback, and I describe what I want to achieve.

As much as I crave the physical interaction, I acquire from the entire casting process, when I begin to build, I need to be completely alone, whether it is at my studio, or in my kitchen at night when everyone has gone to sleep. This is where the act of doing begins with headphones on and often a cold Dr. Pepper to keep me awake, I set out to create my sketch in a tangible form. I keep my image close by, but this is where my natural alterations take place freely and without a uniform structure. Sometimes I will work to completion, other times I will step away and come back before making the final determination of being “done”. Regardless of

if I feel the piece is complete, or if there is more to do, I then take some time in the day to serve as a personal critique.

I think about how I have grown and developed from the last sculpture I completed. I look to see if I have stayed true to the idea of providing a clear and powerful concept without all the visual confusion. My output has become more focused on that tangible connection to my audience. It is my hope that the viewer can intimately connect to the chaotic situations that I illustrate and feel the raw emotions of a personal breakdown. The objects used in my body of work are now secondary, while the way I want to provide personal, tangible connections to scenarios of individual struggles and turmoil we encounter in everyday life have become very much common place in my discipline.

Section III:

I do not want to be labeled as just a painter or just a sculptor. I prefer to be an amalgam of all mediums. The ability to create in multiple mediums provides more avenues for me to connect with a broader audience. As I explored Robert Rauschenberg's work, I found he also created performance art, photography, and printmaking. Rauschenberg was able to take random found objects and fabricate them into a fluid piece as if they existed as one unit from the start. His concepts are easily distinguishable with no visual confusion when looking at the works. This opened the door to installation artist Edward Kienholz and how he viewed aspects of modern life that were found to be taboo for most.

The Illegal Operation was a gritty depiction that was inspired by the personal experience he and his wife encountered during a procedure she endured when abortions were still illegal. Both Rauschenberg and Kienholz did assemblage work. This is where I developed a deeper understanding of symbolism and the potential influence found objects held as I added them to my sculptures. Kienholz took objects that almost everyone had in their home and used them to create familiarity, connecting his viewers to the piece. I recognized the crucial significance of objects when assembled in a particular work. When looking at *The Illegal Operation*, Kienholz' rendering of blood-soaked rags held much more meaning than just a soiled piece of cloth. To him, they were bloody. However, being void of the expected red color, someone could interpret this as the tears of a mother who had no choice but to give up on her child. In lieu of an operating table, the subject is placed on a shopping cart, a commonplace, everyday item that is pushed around without thought, going only the direction we steer it, and thrown back when we are done with it. This is to symbolize the value of women and their restricted rights,

even within their own bodies. I strive for my sculptures to be fabricated in a way that diverse objects would merge as if they were perpetually one piece. These objects would provide the personal relationships I want my audience to be compelled to experience. Items people recognize from their personal lives reinforce authentic vulnerability within each of us.

Further into my research I looked to expand the range of connectivity with the viewer. I needed to understand that found objects gain their identity as art from the designation that I assign to them while also respecting the social history that is predisposed to the object from various cultures. Nick Cave achieved the ability to shift the dialogue around to advance beyond their intended use. In Cave's book, *Until*, I read how Cave took many racially charged objects and reconfigured their meanings to provide a platform for re-education of their essence instead of taking the ignore-it-and-it-did-not-happen stance on things another artist may not want to touch. Cave decided to push these issues to the forefront, bringing the history to an entirely new audience. He instilled awareness over avoidance, that to learn from the past it must stay current in everyday dialogue to continue to normalize mutual respect, omitting history does not eradicate it.

Cave used pieces like cast iron "Jacko" style lawn jockeys to demonstrate his point that art should not be destroyed. Instead, Cave reinvented these negatively charged objects and the subject matter they represented so they could still be studied, while being made into a vessel for a new, informed, positive collective thinking, hoping that history does not repeat itself. Much like the outcry for the demolition of confederate statues today, the turbulent feelings that surround these monuments are valid. However, some argue that destroying them acts as if the events never happened but does not erase their history. Learning about the past is how we

grow. To better ourselves and reiterate the lesson we must continually communicate history regardless of our comfort level surrounding the events. I recognize that there is a difference between artists of color reclaiming hurtful symbols in their work and the glorification of hurtful symbols by a white populace.

I began to have better success with my art as I continued my research. I recognized that I had become too comfortable with my own logic and process, causing my work to become stagnant. Cai Guo-giang's documentary, *Sky Ladder* helped to refresh the way I approached my art. Guo-giang showed me there are no boundaries when it involves space, scale, and the invention of your work. You must evolve while furthering understanding. There is no failure in art, only learning. Regardless of how many attempts are made to succeed in executing your concept you must keep trying. His goal was to connect Earth to the universe using his creation of a five-hundred-meter-long ladder in the sky. It was not until his fourth try over his long career that he was able to accomplish his *Sky Ladder* as he envisioned. It took many years and many roadblocks to reach his goal. Throughout my academic career I was overly concerned with failing, worrying more about my grade than the importance of my piece. Failure is a necessary part of growth. Disappointment opens your mind to other ideas. When I let go of the control and focused only on the piece, I felt a sense of freedom within my abilities. I worked on what I wanted instead of what I thought others wanted.

In earlier work, I was more concerned with combining various elements along with processes. Bigger meant better, and layers meant a high level of sophistication. In my first semester I created *Stand-by*, a full room experience including elements of color, light, projection, and sound, to provide a reality that engulfed my audience. Viewers were

invited to sit in a cushioned chair pointed directly at the outer wood casing of a vintage RCA television set from the early 1950's. Replacing the TV screen, were a multitude of colorful faces that were illuminated by ambient color changing light, mimicking the old soft glow of the television set. In the background, the cheerful "hold" theme played, that signified television signing off for the night in an era of dead air. Upon close examination, details depicting the emotion on the faces emerged through the color. The instillation referenced the people's submission to follower mentality. The meaning behind the message was not important, just that you did as you were told. In recent pieces, I wanted to construct my work in the most basic form I could, providing a stronger piece overall without unnecessary static. I focused on strengthening my concepts by stripping down any visual confusion. This has made my work stronger and just as powerful, by providing a clear understanding of my concept.

Marc Quinn's works introduced me to pushing the confines of using nontraditional materials, exploring things that could be considered impossible mediums and making them entirely feasible. Quinn's artwork *Self* uses his own body as a material, which is significant. As part of a series of work, he casts his head every five years to document his own physical deterioration. The work was made while Quinn was battling alcoholism, so the notion of dependency was at the core of his sculpture. The frozen blood that the bust of his head is cast in provides realistic function, requiring constant refrigeration to maintain its form. Survival is an apparent concept, since the cast of his head needs electricity to keep the piece frozen.

I recognize the importance of understanding the relationships and the intensity of sentiment people place on objects as well as being mindful of their potential effects on my sculpture. I am adamant that the process I use cannot become more important than the

concept itself. I understand that just because I have a knowledge of material, fabrication does not require me to use of all these processes at once to create powerful art. I have accepted through my own experimentation there is no failure, only growth as I continue my body of work. The concept is paramount, the physical act of creating is cathartic. I connect to my audience with minimal visual interference. My artwork creates the common ground needed for my audience to be able to connect with these experiences and provide pathways of communication for one another.

Body of Work I: *Dancer*

This piece emerged from an overwhelming sense of disconnect. Growing up with asthma I was able to participate but often not to the degree I wanted; I watched the neighborhood children play blissfully with no boundaries. I, however, could not always keep up with the physical exertions that seemed to come so freely to others. This is when I realized that I had to accept that I was incapable of participating in certain activities. My wife has also dealt with her own constraints. Being born premature, she ran into many of the same obstacles I did. The most imperative being the ability to walk. The doctors said it would never happen with her condition and that if she managed to prove them wrong, she would inevitably end up in a wheelchair at some point in her life.

The model I cast from is a symbol of torment we encountered through our adolescence. The life cast was taken from a teenage girl, my own daughter, positioned as though she were lying down in a field of grass, dreaming the afternoon away. (Figure 1) Mounted on the wall horizontally, she is posed in the image of a ballerina in fifth position with her arms in a tilted posse. (Figure 2) My daughter is a carbon copy of my wife without the impairment. Unlike her mother, who grew up going through physical therapy, surgeries, and braces that eventually allowed her to walk, my daughter is a natural multi award-winning dancer. This connection is the driving force between the segmented presentation of the pieces that make up the sculpture itself. Each chunk of cast body part alone served as an exact replicate of the original flesh. Arranged together, they formed a tangible articulation of self-reflection, a silhouette of a shattered dream, and the embodiment of what could have been but never was.

The sculpture is cast aluminum and complimented with an onyx patina to pick up even the smallest dimples and crevasses found in the skin. Each wrinkle and crease emerge demanding attention. The human form brings a warmth to the cold, hard metal that we are accustomed to. Imperfections are softly highlighted throughout the cast by the tones and depth the onyx patina provides, which add in the pride of the failures that are inherent in the casting process. No amount of precision or meticulous precaution results in perfection. Even with adequate replication of standard procedure, there is an expected remnant of failure at some level. It is all in what you make of it, so embrace it just as you would in life.

Body of Work II: *Plague*

Acknowledging and sympathizing with current events inspired the conception of this piece. Everyone has experienced sickness both in the patient and caregiver roles. Illness is not always outwardly obvious. It is also not as simple as just not feeling well. On the surface, everything may seem copacetic. However, the effects of illness in either role can deteriorate any aspect of the mind, body, or soul. The unnerving element being the indiscriminate ability to disregard any person's creed, gender, age, or status. It can strike anyone, anywhere, at any time. While working on my pieces I contracted COVID-19. Worrying about how this would affect me, I also had to worry about my family. There was the additional stress of the unknown, how to go about even the simplest things that only days before were routine and without upset. Watching fevers hours on end, oxygen levels dipping every time I moved even the slightest amount, some of the symptoms were physically visible while the most destructive manifestations were not. There was no cure, no timeline, no confines to the severity of side effects. There was also no real treatment. The wait-and-see approach was agonizing for all parties involved.

Though my ailment was physical, the internal war was far worse. My wife and daughter struggle daily with anxiety and depression. There have been many doctors' visits and I have concluded that there are two main approaches to remedy their disease: "Get over it, you're fine, it's all in your head," or "Here take these and call me in six weeks so we can adjust it." This seems very robotic and automatic without much afterthought to not only those dealing with the affliction, but also those caring for their loved ones. They continually hand out unknown powerful medications like free samples, without worry about what could happen later. If all goes well, you now depend on these aids to function at your version of normal. However,

because your daily routine now includes a controlled substance, you are “flagged” when all you asked for was help. You worry about how to feel better while fighting to get the remedy; it is a never-ending vicious cycle.

These twenty-eight faces are constructed from cement. (Figure 3) The structure contains both male and female profiles to show no bias to gender just as illness shows no preference. Before the cement completes the curing process, I add various prescribed and over-the-counter medications to each face in order observe the influence the remedy has on the cement once it solidifies. Each does something different; some create voids, others create cracks. (Figure 4) All have permanently altered the cement. The magnitude of deterioration fluctuated with each antidote, ranging from indistinguishable to distorted, while others are consistent with what cement should resemble, just not as durable. Each cast represents an individual with an unknown ailment. They all started as regular people while some have deteriorated, and others remain visibly unchanged. Just because you cannot see the devastation with your eyes does not negate any person’s suffering; breakdown is universal.

Body of Work III: *Assembly Line*

This piece brings focus to the dehumanization that occurs within medical settings by critical care professionals. When you deny a person's psyche, reasoning, and spirit, humanity and dignity are stripped away. The Patient's identity becomes a distraction and hinders the job at hand. Society looks to their doctor to provide them with information, reassurance, and compassion. There seems to be a disconnect in the treatment of the person's physical self and maintaining mental well-being.

March of 2012, I was told my mother was going to die. Her body was shutting down from the cancer consuming her from the inside. It spread from her liver to her lungs, before settling in her brain. In two weeks, she suffered three strokes that progressively got worse. The third was catastrophic and left her with the inability to communicate, unable to form even the simplest sentences. She was completely aware and receptive to her surroundings; she knew exactly who she was and recognized those around her. However, she was incapable of verbal or written communication. A prisoner in her own body, she faced hell on earth before I could finally lay her to rest.

The head doctor of six, disclosed the cruel truth while nurses began to strip her from any form of palliative care she had been receiving. They decided, without discussion, that the next morning they would move her to a hospice facility where end-of-life treatment would begin. I barely understood that the cancer had won, and my mom was not going to survive the illness. I simply and quietly requested one last family dinner with her before I personally broke the news that we had come to the end of the road and she was not going to make it.

The doctors audibly chuckled when I gave my request. Only if it is done before ten o'clock in

the morning, because discharge is at that time. The entire staff failed to inform me that I would be transporting her to the hospice facility in my personal vehicle, our state insurance did not cover the costly ambulance transport. I arrived well before discharge to discover her petite frame in a dimly lit room, quietly weeping alone in her bed. She was no longer connected to any machine, void of any medication, not receiving any kind of medical care, with zero medical staff to be found. The only item found there was a single, cold croissant placed haphazardly next to her on a tray by the bed. The same doctor had already informed her about the details of the situation, disregarding my minuscule request so he could leave and start his weekend.

The ten arms I chose to cast are a symbol of the turmoil we encounter when the hospital beds we look to recover in are transformed and given the qualities of an industrial assembly line. Instead of motor vehicles, human lives and the body parts that make us unique are removed and sometimes stapled into place at an alarming rate in a labyrinth of operating rooms. You no longer have identity, you now are called by your condition. You are stripped of clothing, submitting to tests, exams, and blood work that you do not understand by people you do not even know.

These ten casts of arms were taken from men and women of all different backgrounds with unique medical experiences. (Figure 5) They range from preschool to their twilight years. These wax casts are finished with a metal coating along with face plates mounted flush to the wall at eye level. (Figure 6) They hang in a singular horizontal line with approximately a foot of space between each appendage, while the arms reach out to the viewer. This provides an intimate, yet focused look at the forms and the stories each arm carries. Hex bolts go into four individual holes located at each corner of the face plates, connecting the arms to the wall and serve as

subtle reminder that the bolts themselves are in relation to interchangeable parts that hold little or no value and can be discarded without concern. These life casts are complimented with a warm caramel and a tiffany green patina, to pick up the delicate sentiment we carry within the human spirit, capturing the smallest dimples and crevasses found in the skin. Each wrinkle and crease emerge demanding attention and most importantly, identity. The peculiar color adds life to the cold, hard metal in its unemotional lifeless state. IV bags hang over each arm, mounted just as if they were above the beds in a hospital. Tubing travels down, connecting to each form at various locations, dispensing the transparent, habitual care that is attributed to standard procedure.

Conclusion:

While I did succeed in producing the body of work I envisioned, the final product of each sculpture opened my eyes to an entire new beginning in my artistic career. I found it difficult to accept certain feedback, particularly in relation to letting go of specific control and allowing art to just happen. My ability to create narration through cast sculptures accomplished an element of control throughout my work by its ability to connect with my audience on a larger scale.

As I proceed in my career, I know I can apply this logic to everyday life. Some of my work was created many months prior to the exhibition, but much like life, there were curveballs thrown my way. I always believe a well calculated approach is the path to creating a successful ending to any endeavor, whether it is applied to art or just life in general.

The final instillation was a celebration of me letting go. This specific work surprised me with its ability to connect to others using a straightforward approach. I planned to tell a story, realizing you do not always have to make it a novel to impact someone's life. I started my research believing that I needed to use everything I knew regarding the process to prove that I was a good artist. By letting go while creating, I recognized my obsession with perfection. I practiced pausing and stepping back and understanding the value of failure.

I learned that in art, failure does not exist. Instead, it is another step towards opportunity and growth. This entire journey has been a test of self and will serve as a foundation to evolve from as I move forward. I value art as therapeutic, serving as a bridge of communication for uncomfortable discussion. I no longer execute solely for perfection, but as a catalyst of motivation. I strive to obtain unexplored possibilities of connection to my concepts.

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Figure 1. *Dreamer*. 2020. 7'W x 3'H x 9"D



Figure 2. *Dreamer*. 2020. 7'W x 3'H x 9"D



Figure 3. *Plague*. 2021. 6'W x 5'H x 7"D



Figure 4. *Plague*. 2021. 6'W x 5'H x 7"D

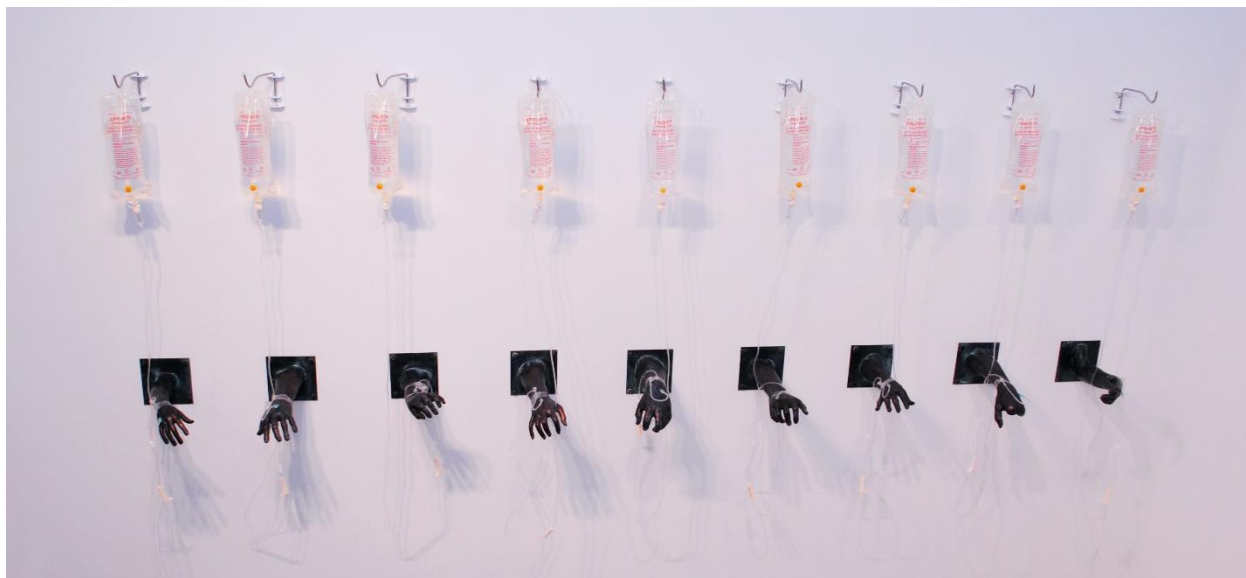


Figure 5. *Assembly Line. 2021. 13'W x 8'H x 16"D*



Figure 6. *Assembly Line. 2021. 13'W x 8'H x 16"D*

