ANP
QUARTERLY

UTA BARTH

Images ourtesy of the artist and Tanya Bonakdar Gallery, New York
Potrait and interview by David Horvitz

In 2001 I was a 19-year-old undergraduate at UC Riverside when I serendipitously found myself in a photography class taught by Uta Barth. Realizing she was a prominent figure in contemporary art, I checked out all of her books from the library and read every article I found online about her work. I showed up at her office with questions about new ideas I had. She took interest in these ideas and pointed me down the right path, something that not all teachers take the time to do. When she had something to tell me, I listened to everything because I knew it actually meant something. She gave me books to read, music to listen to, and names of artists to look at. For the next three years I studied under her, and built a friendship that has lasted since.

Our conversations began at school. Later, they continued at her house, where we stared at the overcast sky through the tree in her backyard - the same tree that would occur time and time again in her photographs. We talked about life and art, but most of the time we just sat in silence. When I drank too much I slept on her orange couch - another recurrent presence in her work. It was as if I was inside of her photographs, which I guess - in a way - I was. The conversations (and silence) that started at school and in her home have since then drifted outward. They have occurred on the beach at sundown; through the night on Los Angeles freeways; across the Southwest to Marfa, Texas; in New York City (with a bottle of Pernod); on a train along the Hudson River to Dia Beacon; and out in Desert Hot Springs under the Milky Way. They have unfolded in late night emails and on post-cards sent from afar.

Uta Barth has a strange position in the history of photography. She is not interested in exploring subjects or narratives. Instead, she takes pictures that are about visual perception. From peripheral vision, to glances, to staring, to after-images (what you see when you close your eyes after looking at something), her work investigates the phenomena of sight. Born in Germany, she has been living in Los Angeles since attending UCLA in the eighties.

The following conversation is a continuation from ones started years ago. It took place while looking at images from a new body of work for her show *Sundial*, which opened in October at Tanya Bonakdar Gallery in New York.

Uta Barth, 2007
Potrait by
David Horvitz

Field # 20, 1997
Acrylic on canvas
132 x 204 inches

DH - The first thing you see when you walk into the gallery will be three large-scale photographs of light projected on a wall inside your house. They have a stillness and are quite amazing to look at. Can you tell me about this initial moment?

UB - (Laughing) when talking about my work, the hardest thing to talk about is always the most recent project. It is new and still lives in my mind, and I don't really have language for it yet. But I will try. These images are the key to the whole show, which traces the light that streams into the house—the places it lands and the marks it leaves on its path. The series is photographed over a period of many months, watching the light as it moves throughout the house at different times of the year. The house becomes like a sundial.

DH - Hence the title of your show...

UB - Exactly. These first three images have little distinct information, only diffused patches of light. They are made by the last light of day streaming through a window and striking my wall. Outside, the light falls through trees and these images are photographed at the last moment, the end of the day when the light disappears, when the sun dips below the horizon and shadows disappear. As the sun sinks, cast images erase themselves and what is left is only a blank wall. The whole exhibition is photographed at that moment, the last moment of sunlight casting its image into the house and the afterglow of light once the sun has actually set. It is still quite bright out once the sun disappears below the horizon, but the quality of light and the color of light has then changed. We call it twilight.

DH - That is my favorite time: twilight, dusk, the end of the day. The best is when you stare out at sea and the horizon suddenly becomes indiscernible in the darkness as dusk ends

UB - What I am looking at is subtle information, as it is being erased, as it disappears from view, disappears from the world. It is the last moment when all the illuminated imagery of our world gets put to rest. It has that certain stillness I chase down in all of my work. There are few pictures of objects in this project, only of the shadows they cast and the images trace how these shadows slowly dissolve. The show tries to capture elusive, glowing, fading moments as they dissolve before one's eyes. It is quiet and contemplative and sort of hallucinatory to me as well.

DH – And these new images, where are they coming from in relation to your past work?

UB - There are certain themes that are revisited, and to me, it feels that all of the past projects are somehow wrapped into this one. When I look back over years of my work I see a continual loosening of a rather tight logic found in the early projects. Back then, I tried to render what the eyes see but the mind is not paying attention to. I made images of background information, devoid of a central subject, because I didn't want to give you anything to lose your thoughts to. I wanted all of your attention devoted to your perception, to the act of looking itself and not to what you might be looking at. This is a difficult task. We are trained to see the subject of an image as the meaning of that image, trained to interpret what we see. I want you to notice how you see, so I took things away.

DH – These were the blurry images...

UB - Right, they were out-of-focus backgrounds; the camera was actually focused, but it was focused on an empty space in the scene, so all that was left in the image was the backdrop for who or what might otherwise occupy this point of focus. In photography, subject and meaning are usually linked, and I wanted to take that connection apart. I wanted the meaning to be located in the activity of looking, not in the activity of thinking about what was being looked at. I wanted to engage you in an optical experience, so I took away most of what you might expect in a photograph. I wanted to flip the priority of the figure/ground relationship in an image. To flip it in how you and I see the world. I wanted you to learn to see negative space, to see the empty volume in a room, rather than the walls that contained it. I wanted you to see air.

DH - And what came next?

UB - I made work of what you see with your eyes closed after staring at a brightly lit scene. I stared into space, into tree branches and sky and then at the optical after-images produced by such staring.

DH – So you need the computer to make these images now, because a camera can't record what happens when you close your eyes.

UB: Exactly. I have chosen photography as my medium because of the close relationship between the camera lens and the human eye, but this is where that relationship breaks down. Now the terms are a bit looser, less scientific, less optical and more of the mind than only the eye.

DH - How did this transition from the eye to the mind come about?

UB - Looking back, it seems that with each project I let the logic slip a bit, pushed it to slip a bit, to get at what our mind is doing with the images it receives. I am interested in images stored in the eye—afterimages—but also, more and more, in images stored in memory and how those fade and change with time.

DH – And is this what you mean when you previously used the word "hallucinatory"?

UB - This show has images that don't follow only the optical logic of how an afterimage might appear. It includes images that are both positive and negative at the same time. How can this be? I allow it to be, because I suspend logic a bit. Working in this time just before dusk, all kinds of other associations easily creep in. Ideas about closure and loss, about longing and perhaps wanting to hang on to what the world looked like only moments ago while watching it slip by. Everything is rooted in vision, in submerging oneself in this spectacular visual event that projects itself all around me at the end of each day. So things are allowed to coexist.

DH – I think there is a romantic feeling to all of this. You made these little writings in your Phaidon book about the color of the light in Helsinki, and another about watching someone disappear into the rain, and one about looking into the light reflected into someone's eyes. I really love them...

UB – I always get a bit nervous talking about romantic ideas in the writing and in the work. The light in Helsinki *is* a different color than the light in LA, and I *have* watched someone disappear into the rain... Seeing, watching, being aware of things like that comes from being tuned into visual experience, paying attention to subtle shifts in the sky. It is learned, or better, it is practiced, a choice of where to place one's attention in the world. A practice to return attention to that, over and over again, as one gets distracted by

(from top)
Ground # 41, 1994
Mounted color photograph on panel
11 1/4 x 10 1/2 inches

Ground # 42, 1994
Mounted color photograph on panel
11 1/4 x 10 1/2 inches

(opposite)
Ground # 38, 1994
Mounted color photograph on panel
20 x 20 inches

(below)
Untitled (98.2), 1998
Color photographs
overall dimensions:
45 x 116 inches

(opposite)
from "nowhere near"
Untitled (nw 13), 1999
Framed color photograph
overall dimensions:
35 x 90 inches

(following spread)
Untitled (05.8), 2005
Mounted color photographs
overall dimensions:
20 x 43 inches

the events of the day. I agree that much of this seems romantic, but I am curious why we see it that way? Perhaps it is because these types of observations are usually solitary? Perhaps it's because they are moments when we are totally in all of our senses and therefore these are moments we remember, perhaps.... I am not sure, what do you think?

DH - (laughing) Sometimes it is the sky that distracts me. I do think solitary works here. But you can be so attentive you lose sense of your self. Could this even be called solitary anymore? I also think this notion of solitary, or whatever it is we are talking about, can happen in the presence of someone else—it is an experience that can be shared. That seems to be a kind of paradox, but not really. We can talk about emptiness now too, and depart into a discussion on Zen, or if we stick with the romantic, we can bring up melancholia. But is melancholia too predictable? Are we just describing a certain kind of sensibility?

UB - I know I have tried to talk about this idea before, here is an excerpt from that text:

The color of light on the harbor in Helsinki.

The warm gray of the sky in Berlin.

Looking into your eyes and the light reflecting in them. Looking past that light.

Something so far off in the distance, barely discernible, barely visible. Deep space.

...

Clearly these might be scenes that lend themselves neatly to romantic or melancholic interpretation – perhaps even nostalgia and longing! They would nicely set the tone for song lyrics that one might write ('For you'), or be the opening lines of a novel; after all they would all start with 'I remember', and each scene is quite solitary in nature. All the right stuff: what desire is made of. Since I am cursed with the capacity for pining, I might find this way of seeing it a useful one.

But …

But, perhaps, there is another way to look at this list. …

Perhaps it exists because these are fragments of time when I was ripped from the flow of narrative into a single moment. A moment when sound and vision were inverted themselves, torn inside out and filled my attention to capacity. A moment when everything else dropped away and the experience of seeing, of sensing, became so overwhelming, so all-encompassing, that the very idea of interpretation did not, could not, exist.
....

from Uta Barth, Contemporary Artist Series, Phaidon
UB - I think it's the best answer I can come up with. I am really not interested in melancholy, yet people, including myself, have talked about the work in terms of longing. That term has a certain sense of abiding, waiting, watching, patience and stillness to it. I assume that the longing and waiting is, for a sense, being one with what is outside and what is inside, for the total experience of the moment. You mention Zen in your comment, because we are friends and you know it is something I think about...but I don't ever talk about it. The work is not motivated by Zen, yet I think there are many parallels. I had a strong background in existentialism and then I met someone who would teach me a lot about Zen and I had this strange, great experience of seeing certain connections and overlapping ideas. Certain things fit, sounded so familiar and I could draw a line through phenomenology, existentialism, and Zen. I steer away from talking about these things because they can all be so easily misinterpreted. But yes, there is a parallel between the total investment in the present moment and acute and focused attention to one's perception that my work asks for and the embrace of emptiness in Zen. Both aim to shift the attention away from the ever-present narrative, drama or spectacle, to the still ground of experience. We can talk about Heidegger, Merleau-Ponte, Sartre, or Michael Polanyi and we can talk about Zen and stitch together many places of overlap. John Cage moves around in this terrain, as does Robert Irwin, cautiously. This caution is about the countless misleading misinterpretations that are within short reach.

DH – And it is inside your home that you let these ideas unravel. You never go out to photograph.

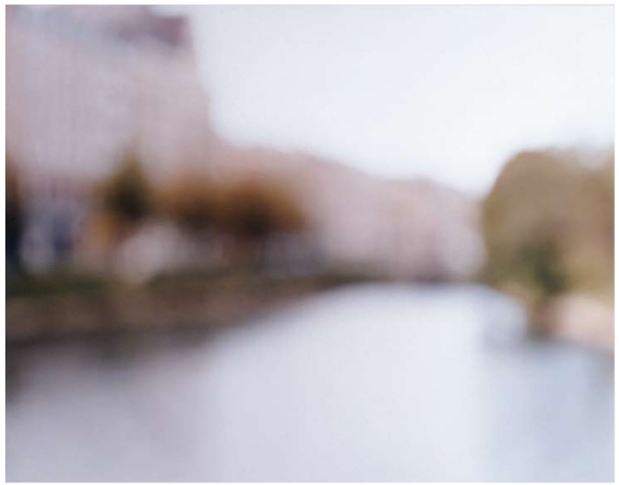
UB - It seems to me that much of the history of photography is tied up with people using the camera as a sort of pointing device. Pictures are made in response to important or spectacular events, beautiful views, or significant descriptions of the human condition. The subject of an image and the meaning of that image are often meant to be one and the same. But I am interested in perception as content and therefore the idea of "going out to photograph" is totally irrelevant and serves only as distraction. Almost nine years ago I decided to make photographs only wherever I happen to be most of the time, and that is my home. My home, which is so familiar to me, that it has become almost invisible again. It is the ambient visual field I move through daily and so often blindly. It is where I am, so where perception takes place. There is no need to seek out some other location; it would make no sense at all. But I am ever careful to avoid misinterpretations that are always so close at hand. The house, or home is not to be read as a metaphor—the images are not about the domestic or about me in any way. These projects are photographed over a period of many months, yet they are not diaristic. I am careful to edit out information that might lead you down those paths. Yet the viewer is always curious about the author, always trying to construct the identity of the artist in order to understand. And I have found that the more I erase, the more you fill in the blanks. I think it is important that I do erase the trace of myself and ultimately these images on the wall of the gallery are images of my perception, are seen through my eyes, in my world. But the aim of the work is that what is being communicated here, what is really at stake here, will transfer to you. And that you will look at the light on your own wall and at whatever surrounds you, in a new and different way.

DH – There is one image in the show that has your shadow in it. You did not to erase yourself here.

UB - (laughing) The contradiction... I think most people won't even find that, but yes, it is there. It seems like a very formal image and it takes a moment to recognize part of a figure at the edge. I included the image because what I was saying before, it was hard to get myself out of the way in the process of photographing this work. I was always caught in the light. But yes, I would normally edit out any information that might lead to an autobiographical reading, yet in this project of cast shadows it seemed almost dishonest to keep moving out of the way. The image is very formal, strangely fractured into several different planes: it somehow reminds me of work from the Bauhaus.

DH – It's like a ghost... I am going to digress here to talk about your tone-of-voice. All your work is theoretically driven, but when I've seen you give public lectures, or read interviews, and even now, your voice is not academically dry, which I find more interesting because it is like the voice of a living person and not an esoteric text.

UB - Hmm.. I think that is good? My father is a scientist and made me aware of the Nobel Prize winning physicist Richard Feynman, who wrote up these lovely stories he used to explain complex physics to his five-year-old son. So maybe it came from those, or maybe from a teacher when I studied philosophy in college? Somehow, somewhere along the way, I became deeply convinced that a good teacher should be able to take incredibly dense and complicated information and make it simple and clear, instead of the other way around. I am not against rarefied language when it is needed to make a precise distinction in point, but the dense "theory speak" that was at it's peak when I was in grad school was often just a transparent way to try to sound smart. It is so easy to hide behind that type of language. I have worked my way through many dense volumes of philosophy and art theory, but I always



find that the most important ideas and insights have a precision that, once truly understood, can be stated in simple ways. I am convinced that if one truly understands a complicated idea and has internalized that idea, one is able to find an everyday example and everyday language to clarify it.

DH – I remember you told me to read John Berger's And *Our Faces, My Heart, Brief as Photos* before I graduated. That book is quite beautiful, and his tone is nothing like his essays from art theory class. It's the tone of a storyteller, or of a letter to someone. And you know, I was so moved by that book that I tried to find him. I found his house in a tiny village in the French Alps. I was with Mary Pearson, and it was raining, and when we knocked on the door his wife answered and told us he wasn't home. But she invited us in and made us coffee. It was because of you I found myself there...

UB - I love John Berger's novels. Few people in the art world know about them. Everyone mostly thinks about *Ways of Seeing* as his important work. But the novels internalize the ideas of that book and play them out in descriptions of moments in everyday life. And they have an affection and longing for the visual experience, the visual world, that speaks back to me. I feel at home when I read his novels and have a deep respect and admiration for his work.

DH - Who else is there?

UB - I know Robert Irwin had a big influence on me... as did much of the work and ideas of the Light and Space movement. I deeply admire John Cage, for his understanding that you have to bracket something to make it visible, or—in his case—audible. I like his desire to present the ground of the figure/ground relationship: silence to sound, negative space to image, background to foreground, emptiness to form...all the things that are meaningful to me.

DH - Maybe we should ask the editor insert a blank page here.

UB - That would be sweet. Robert Irwin used to do that in catalogs of group shows. He would not allow his work to be printed in catalogs, because what the work was about—what it was doing perceptually—could not be reproduced by a photograph of the piece. So he would insist that a blank page with his name and title info be part of these books.

DH - I love it! Who else?

UB - I have read and reread Joan Didion more than I can count and admire her sensory renderings of atmosphere in a scene. You can feel the humidity, heat, and taste the salt ocean air in her writing. Her foreground is often heartbreaking drama, yet the background is rendered with as much or more attention and is often the place her characters find refuge in.

"Colors, moisture, heat. Enough blue in the air. Four fucking reasons.
Love, Inez."

Joan Didion, Democracy, Simon and Schuster

is the response the main character writes on a postcard when pressed for just one reason for staying in the midst of a "military uprising" in Kuala Lumpur that would only days later, predictably, take her life.

DH - And music...
UB - I love works by Brian Eno. Apollo: Atmospheres and Soundtracks is the album I would not like to be without. His interest in ambient sound links to mine in ambient vision, and he is someone who values slowness, stillness, and silence much as I do. Brandon Lattu just sent me this link to the "Long Now," an interesting project that Eno is a founding member of. Take a look: www.longnow.org/about

DH - I remember when you gave me that Apollo CD... What else?

UB - Although it was totally uncool when I was in school (at the height of postmodernist theory), I think of minimalism as the moment in art history that is close to my heart. The work demands much from the viewer, and it is the type of questioning and engagement I want in my own work. I am impressed by works that have the courage to make what appears at first to be the smallest and simple gesture and to invest in it fully, make it with conviction and make it vast, monumental, with total resolve.

DH - The smallest act can mean so much. I love the candy-works by Felix Gonzalez Torres. A piece of candy waiting on the gallery floor for someone to pick up and eat!

UB - I never tire of seeing the vastness and expanse of installations at Dia, of going to Marfa, the Lightning Field, standing in an Erwin Redl installation or watching Warhol's *Empire* for hours on end. Andy Warhol's *Screen Tests* are as slow and transfixing as art can be. Some of the very quiet works by Olafur Eliasson will always stay in my mind.

DH - Yeah, but there is also something about making the journey. When we drove to Marfa, or took the train to Dia Beacon. I've driven out to the *Spiral Jetty* and found Nancy Holt's *Sun Tunnels*. The journey makes these experiences magical.

UB - It is much harder to make vast and monumental artworks in Los Angeles than it is in New York. The landscape and freeways are wider, longer, and bigger than any gesture that someone can make here. The cityscape of Los Angeles itself is as vast as can be. Walter De Maria's *Earth Room* would just disappear in a gallery in Los Angeles, yet in the density of the small spaces of SOHO it has weight and significance each time you return. I just saw an exception: Charley Ray's sculpture *Log*. The scale of the work, the scale of the idea, the need to have a room of 50% humidity for the wood not to split, the smell of Hinoki Pine permeating the gallery space…turning an ancient oak tree into a handcrafted replica carved of precious Japanese wood, the simultaneous abstraction and realism of the form and perhaps the story of the ten year history of the making of the piece…all added up to an experience of viewing the work that felt monumental, even in Los Angeles. I spent a very long time with the work, it held my attention and the image—the smell and humidity are etched into my mind.

DH - You are describing such an intense experience. I could similarly describe watching the sunset in Palos Verdes—or of jumping into the ocean—but you are doing it to an artwork. You aren't over-reading it; you are just experiencing it for what it is to the fullest.

DH You began teaching right after grad school?

UB - I love teaching and even after all these years I miss it when I don't do it for a month or two. On the selfish end, teaching is where I find out what I really think. It is only in the act of having to explain a complicated idea, in having to find language for what rambles around in my mind, that I find out where my convictions lie, what ideas I am excited about most and what I just can't buy. I find out who I am, what my convictions are in the act of telling someone else. Language is strange like that. The unselfish part is that teaching is a place where you can really give. Each year you find one or two students who are really interested in making art. You find them in the lab at 4 o'clock in the morning, in your office long before you get there, they ask you questions you need to find a book before you dare to reply. They have ideas, so many ideas, but can't sort them out. They can't tell a "good" one from a "bad" one—can't tell if they should be in art school or just get a job.

DH - (laughing) Is that how you found me? Do you feel like you are passing something along?

UB - Well, then comes the stage where they can think better than they can make something, and they get discouraged by their own work. They have the ideas and expectations for a work, but they don't have the skills yet, so they get discouraged at what they see themselves making. They suddenly feel really insecure. That is the moment I can pass something along. Something about process, about how one slowly develops ideas over much time and trial and error. About developing a working methodology that allows you to follow through on an idea when it has just headed south and you want to give it up. You can teach a lot of information in art school, but someone could just look all that up. I think the most important thing you can teach is how to develop a process of investigation. To take an idea seriously and to stay with it, follow it up, research around it, experiment, tease it along until it grows and materializes into something much more interesting and complex than what your original starting point was. Good writers will tell you that they write in order to find out what they think, not the other way around. Making art is just like that. You have to have the courage and patience to stay with an idea until it materializes into something more interesting than you expected. And you have to start somewhere and not dismiss how small a place that may be.

I think that is the best and maybe only thing you can or should pass on. Robert Heinecken gave that to me when I was at UCLA. He was my primary adviser, yet he and I were interested in very different types of artwork, and I am not sure he influenced the pictures I wanted to make. But we would meet and he would take my ideas more seriously than I could, and we would talk about how to follow them up. He was a legendary, very respected teacher, and there is incredible diversity in the type work that came out of his program. I am deeply suspect of teaching that passes on a style and always feel very uncomfortable when student show up in my class with anything that looks like what I might do. Students are young, full of self-doubt and unsure about what they think, but when you sit with them and truly invest in what is going through their minds and teach them to do the same, you can sit back and be amazed at what they can do.

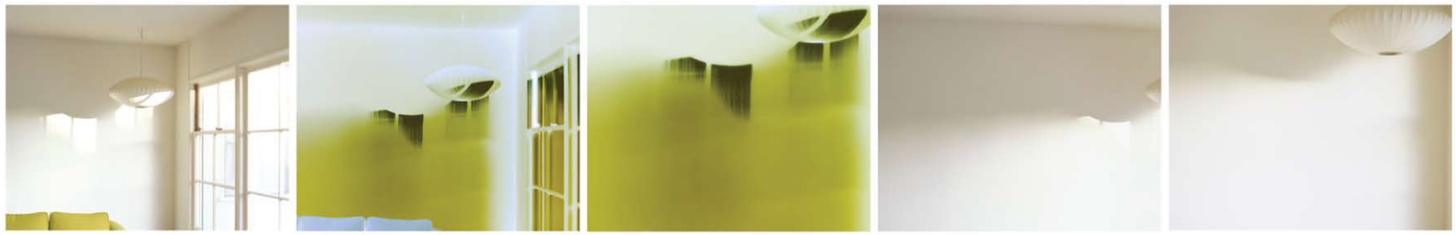
DH - I remember you would take these activities I did in my spare time really seriously. Little things like mailing people photographs of the sky, or making fake missed connection posts on Craigslist. You looked at it as art. I didn't know what it was—I was just doing it. I never considered it art, because I was schooled to think art was a certain way, and you helped break that molding. And you know, when I used to make prints and give them away to people at The Smell, that's how Brendan Fowler found me and asked me to be in the first issue of this magazine. I was just giving people things

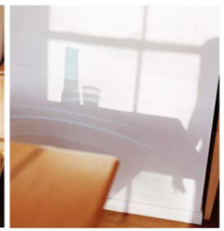
(from top)
"white blind/bright red ", 2002
Installation view, Tanya Bonakdar Gallery

Untitled (06.3), 2006
Mounted color photographs
overall dimensions:
23 x 86 1/4 inches

(opposite from top)
Untitled (06.9), 2006
Mounted color photographs
overall dimensions:
23 x 86 1/4 inches

from "...and of time."
Untitled (act 4), 2000
Framed color photographs
Diptych; overall dimensions:
35 x 90 inches





(from top)
from "Sundial"
Untitled (07.2), 2007
Mounted color photographs
overall dimensions:
30 x 191 1/2 inches

from "Sundial"
Untitled (07.1), 2007
Framed color photographs
overall dimensions:
60 1/4 x 165 3/4 inches

from "Sundial"
Untitled (07.9), 2007
Mounted color photographs
overall dimensions:
30 x 57 1/2 inches

UB - Things happen when you make gestures in the world, someone sees them, someone sends something back, you make connections with someone who is interested in similar things...

DH - I want to ask you something that might be kind of blunt. Your work sells, and you make your living off of it. Where would you be if your work didn't sell?

UB - I never expected to be able to support myself by selling art, so it's not been a motivating factor, only a pleasant surprise. And I do know I would continue making art if my work did not sell. But it would change the type of work I would be able to make. I am very invested in the physicality of my work. I am not just making images, I am making objects, and these objects are expensive to produce. So I assume that if I did not sell any work, I would have no way to pay for the production, I would have no place to store it and no studio to make it in. That would change things a bit. But that is exactly where I started out, so you go back and get a day job. I often wonder if there will come a point when I feel no need to make the actual objects, but I can't quite imagine it. I need the objects to talk back to me about the idea, just as I need the idea to make the object. I always keep notebooks, but those won't do because they are just proposals. The work comes into being, or not, in the final production of it. On days when I get fed up with the art world, with the market and all the fanfare about things I think are shallow or jaded, I think I will leave it all and just garden instead. And then I have to laugh, because I realize that what I would be doing in the garden is really the same as I do now in the studio...so I feel pretty safe.

DH - I will be your gardening-assistant... This whole process of realizing the work from an idea to a final object is long and laborious. You have an amazing work ethic. I love it when people realize that there is no time to waste in doing something that they want to do. Krysten Cunningham once told me that she gets depressed when she isn't making art. I've watched you look at the light going across the wall. Then a year later I've stood in Tanya's Bonakdar's gallery looking at that same light hanging on her wall. A lot has happened in between those two moments.
UB - I feel like I am always working, it is so deeply integrated into my life. I really value visiting and talking with friends and I like talking about things, I like serious conversations. But I get restless when people are just hanging out for too long. We were talking earlier about teaching, and I said that the most important thing I can teach someone is how to develop a process of investigation, and a work ethic comes along with that. You can't sit around and wait for some great idea to occur to you. Good ideas happen when you are working on something else, when you are writing notes, when you are working on a "bad" idea, because it was the best or only place you could find to start. Starting anything is the hardest part, so you have to have the discipline to start no matter what and trust that it will grow and develop into something down the road. But it is only going to do that if you engage with it on a daily basis so it becomes part of your life, part of what you do. I work really slowly, everything takes me a lot of time because I make and remake things all of the time. I am constantly fine-tuning things and reworking what might seem like it's done. I don't trust my first impulse, because it is usually the most obvious and easy idea. And I need to live with things for some time to know they are "right." I do a lot of editing that way. It's good to spend time with your work when you are not directly working on it, to look up at it when you are paying bills or doing the dishes, to stare at it when you are on the phone. To let it seep into your mind on a daily basis and then one day you will suddenly have the solution to where you were stuck. You can't always solve problems head on in the studio, but if you truly saturate your mind with the work, solutions and ideas often come when you are doing something else. All that adds up to the fact you have to spend a lot of time with your work for anything interesting, not just the predictable, to occur.

DH: So, what's next after hallucinations?

UB - I know this sounds strange, but it happens to me after every show: after every show I am convinced this was the last body of work I will make. I am totally convinced that I will have no other ideas, that I have said everything I know... "The End." And I truly feel that way now. Again. And it is a very uncomfortable feeling, like staring at that empty page when you are trying to write. But this is why I have these notes...and some things are not quite finished that didn't make it into this show. And come to think of it, I was photographing the day before I flew to New York to install. And I have some ideas from long ago I have never resolved and a few, just tiny, new ones here and there. And so it goes each time... But I couldn't tell you if I wanted what comes next. I feel like nothing will but know from experience that this is not true. So just ask me next year, same time and same place?

DH - I will.