SUE WRBICAN

FEATURING CLAIRE MCCONAUGHY, MATT WRBICAN WITH PHIL ROSTEK AND JAMES NELSON

* The Iridescent Yonder * This Iridescent Era *

Sue Wrbican, Ship Split 3, 2019

The Iridescent Yonder
Riverviews, Lynchburg, VA
July 2–August 19
Brooke Marcy, Curator
Meg Weston, Asst. Curator

This Iridescent Era
VisArts, Rockville, MD
September 3– October 17
Susan Main, Curator
Frank McCauly, Curator

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** The Iridescent Yonder * This Iridescent Era **

About the Exhibition

This work is an iteration of The Iridescent Yonder which was exhibited during the summer of 2021 at Riverviews Art Space in Lynchburg, Virginia. I have created new works to accompany this reconfiguration for VisArts.

In 1990 my brother, Matt Wrbican, created Oil Tanker, a mixed-media relief work composed of consumer grade plastic objects. Matt's fellow artists Phil Rostek, painted the sea with tar and, James Nelson, the sky. The work was part of their collaborative exhibition The Labyrinth at the Pittsburgh Center for the Arts. Afterwards the work went safely into storage until 2020. Today, over 30 years later, the critique they made then is still relevant with regard to oil, war, capitalism, consumerism and the environment. Throughout Matt's life these concerns remained with him. As the archivist for the Andy Warhol Museum he once curated a group show for the museum entitled 6 Billion Perps Held Hostage! Artists Address Global Warming (2007)

In 2019 Matt passed away from a lengthy battle with brain cancer and 6 weeks later my mother, Annabell, passed as well. I made small sculptures from shipping detritus and shredded medical bills and processed my compounded grief. During the Covid-19 winter of 2021 I cast hundreds of fishlike forms in my kitchen with handmade paper that contained bits of my mother's sensitive information. Working in this quiet, repetitive, meditative process opened more possibilities. I then formed clay fish to be photographed as if they were swimming. Thinking of my brother, his work and his now and forever absence I imagined the fish turning into a comet.

Expressly for this exhibition Claire McConaughy, Matt's lifelong friend, created Fragile Rainbow in response to Oil Tanker, so that the two works are in proximity to one another and continue the conversation.

These exhibitions are supported in part by the School of Art at George Mason University, the Gillespie Research Fellowship with Michelle Smith and additional assistance from Adrian Scalzo, Liz Kartchner, Annie Chen, Sisc Johnson, Emily Fussner, Peter Lee, Harry Mayer, Victoria Crayhon, Steve Smith, Edgar Endress, Hasan Elahi, Ann Burke Daly and Justin Plakas. The artist would also like to express gratitude to Helen Frederick and Reading Road Studio in Silver Spring, Maryland.

Sue Wrbican, August 27, 2021

No Longer Yonder
An Interview
August 27, 2021

Artists Sue Wrbican and Ann Burke Daly discuss two consecutive and related exhibitions by Sue Wrbican in 2021: "The Iridescent Yonder," at Riverviews in Lynchburg, VA, July 2–August 19; and "This Iridescent Era," at VisArts, in Rockville, MD, September 3–October 17.

Ann Burke Daly
In my notes to you, I began with the question of how this pair of consecutive exhibitions started. But we can begin wherever you would like.

Sue Wrbican
I felt there was something really interesting in your question about the iridescent sludge behind the house.

ABD
Yes, I remembered that you spoke of a large area behind your childhood home that had a landscape of petrochemical waste and that the colors were brilliant and shimmering. So let's start there.

SW
Matt and I grew up in an industrial/post-industrial town in Pennsylvania, along the Allegheny River, near a place where there had been a lot of mining. The town is between railroad tracks and the river. Behind our house, there was an enormous field where the Ford glass factory dumped the waste from polishing glass. Our neighborhood called this area "The Muck." The area was rich with minerals and petrochemicals that allowed the process. The Ford factory later became PPG. Apparently, according to my father, they used this rouge powder to polish glass, kind of like talc powder, that kind of consistency. When the factory was done with the waste, they dumped it in this big field behind our house and it was actually pretty large. I'm going to guess and say probably about five or ten acres of this stuff.

ABD
Do you have any photographs?

SW
The only one that I did find was something that was in my father's slides, and it really did not give the magnitude of what it was like to be inside of that thing, because when we were kids we played in it, we weren't allowed, but we did anyway.

ABD
Of course.

SW
Because it was fascinating—it was this pink crazy landscape that may have been on another planet, and because of the rain and snow mixing with the pink powder and toxic chemicals, it created dark rivers with rainbows and valleys and mountains. There were also tubes that directed water flow and we used to crawl through them, from one world through another.

ABD
It sounds like one of those strange landscapes on Star Trek from that era.

SW
Yes, exactly. I could have made films back there. So what would happen is, if it rained, whatever they were dumping in there would create piles and crevices, and pools of this rainbow substance would appear—like how oil sits on top of a puddle. So you had all those rainbows, and then you also had pink dirt and the dirt was really super soft and you could move your fingers through it and play with it. This was between our house and the river and then that waste would go out into the river as runoff.

ABD
When you were coming up with the titles for this pair of exhibitions, were you thinking about that particular thing, that iridescent sludge pooling in the industrial landscape behind your parent's house?

SW
That landscape is certainly in the background of my childhood, I think it's one of those things that you grow up with, and you realize that it was really pretty and like a fantasy land, but it was just so incredibly bad for us. Growing up in an industrial area, you start to question what beauty is in all these things. Visions of rainbows in oil were established in my thoughts early on.

ABD
Hovering in your unconscious.

SW
Right, so when Claire McConaughy and I were talking about her painting for the show, and what she was planning to do, the rainbow was a really important part of that. We understand rainbows to be the hallmark of iridescence in a way. So, it's all those things swirling around and the imagery of that, but then also the actual words used in the titles themselves, and what they could be. Claire grew up in Johnstown, PA and certainly, we shared many impressions of the industrial/post-industrial landscape. Words like pearlescence were tossed around in our conversations, and I was playing around with that Golden paint, iridescent paint, and doing some experimentation with what that might look like on a photograph. There was this kind of fascination. And you know how we think of rainbows, we think of hope.

ABD
The contradiction of the manufacturing detritus and the hopeful symbol holds together. It reminds me of the language of fairy tales. There's a tinge of hopefulness, but it is dark, very dark.

SW
Yes, there is the idea of an oil slick and its iridescence refracting in the light. I was trying to figure out a way to put it into our futures. That's where the yonder came from. One of the reasons I wanted the chair pieces in the installation is because they represent leisure and vacation. Yet, it's all happening around us, this state of emergency, and we're still trying to get to a place where we can psychologically deal with our existence, and that's the 'yonder' thing. In the late 80's I took an environmental science class in college. All the stuff that the professor envisioned would happen in hundreds of years is happening now. It's no longer yonder.

ABD
Right, it's here, now. Meantime we know that flying is one of the worst things in terms of fossil fuels, but we don't cut back enough on travel. We haven't instituted anything like trading carbon credits. In these exhibitions, there are elements that give a sense of travel—sails, and swimming, and ocean—something pretending to be calm and relaxing, but it's clear that the ocean is toxic, with things lurking beneath. The oil tanker hangs there like a memorial to our arrogance, and greed. This is in our lifetime. It's our generation and those that followed that over-consumed.

I also wonder about the sails in your work, which are rough and weathered. And there's a choreography going on between the elements. Could you talk about this?

Sue Wrbican, All Hands To The Crude Gathering #4, 2021

Sue Wrbican, The Iridescent Yonder, featuring Silk Comet
Installation View, Riverviews, Lynchburg, VA 2021

Sue Wrbican
I was taking a tent down in a hurricane and feeling that pressure of trying to accomplish something in gale-force wind, but at the same time I was really interested in what was happening to the tent and seeing how it resisted my own effort. I started to think about how sails move ships, and that you don't necessarily need to have petrochemicals in order to get from point A to Point B. But you really have to understand what the wind is doing, what the currents are doing, where you're trying to go. There are also all these things about adjusting the sails and working with what's there. A lot of my work had to do with cars and road trips and movement. But when you're out there on the water and the wind goes away you're stuck. That's when a motor is necessary to get where you're going, and this is more like a metaphor. Behind all of this could be the idea of power.

ABD
Right.

SW
Sails are designed in order to pick up the wind quickly, and sailboats have changed over time, but the sails that I have are worn out. A sailmaker, John Balano, in Annapolis gave me a pile of old sails. Working with them, and their texture and specific way of aging, I found it fascinating. There are two of them in this exhibition that look as though they had mildewed, and that process had created a pattern on the sails that looks as if something started to mutate. I put down a few silk prints over that texture because you can still see through the layers, to detect that marking.

ABD
This brings up the found object. How you use the sails—ties into how Matt used the now-vintage petrochemical artifacts in his collaborative tanker piece in 1991—with Phil Rostek and James Nelson.

SW
Yes, right. The sails surround the tanker. In the back corner behind one of the sails you'll see the prints on silk, on an angle in front of the bow of the ship. I didn't want them to compete, rather to create something subtle, that could drift into view, of these crazy little boat seascapes made of shipping waste such as plastic and cardboard.

ABD
The choreography of the sails, the physicality of them, and then the physicality and scale of the tanker are big gestures. But what I come away with from these two exhibitions is a quiet and contemplative sense.

SW
Yes, you know it's always difficult to talk about art around these massive things that are happening. They're just so overwhelming, what's going on in our world, on our planet. But this brings up the criticism sometimes levied at those wanting to make that kind of art. For instance, 'why aren't you running for office' or 'why aren't you on the school board where you can make a change.' Artists are going to make art and politicians are going to run for office. And that is how we people can collectively voice something through what we do. It doesn't mean an artist can't run for office but I can't write a book and I can't run for office. I just don't have that kind of mind.

That oil tanker was really important to Matt and he really worked hard on that, and he was consumed while he was working on it. Plus, this was while he was setting up a museum, a big museum, and he was working around the clock. But he believed in it, he believed in what he was doing, and he also was very vocal about what was happening in the environment too. Up until the time that he passed away, he was still sending out political emails to people. He was really concerned about it, and my dad was really concerned with it too. I have a whole collection of my dad's books that he brought together over the years about the oil industry.

ABD
Did you conceive of these exhibitions as somehow bringing your loved ones who passed—your brother Matt and mother Annabell—into the space with you?

SW
I think it was a way to process grief. It kept me focused on something that certainly my brother was concerned with too. Also, they both passed away pretty much one right after the other, my brother Matt, and then my mom Annabell. That was a lot, and there was a lot to manage and do. Making this kind of work allowed me to calm down and be with them and think about them. Matt had that oil tanker in storage for 30 years. His collaborator Phil Rostek paid the fee for maybe 15 years and then Matt took it over and then, of course, after Matt passed, Sharon Tomasic, his life partner paid for it. That piece is so incredible and profound and I just couldn't not show it. Matt was an artist, but, as you know, he stopped making art when he became consumed with his work at the Warhol Museum. However he kept paying that money every month for storage.

ABD
Do you think that what Matt did with the Warhol collection, as the head archivist, was also a creative tour de force?

SW
It was definitely his creativity at work on how to handle this incredible archive. He did it in ways that engaged the public and informed them not just about Warhol but about the whole era that Warhol was in and the idea of "factory" itself. One could talk about Warhol forever. A friend of mine who is a curator mentioned that Matt's knowledge was extraordinary because whenever she had a question while setting up a show about Warhol, she could easily call Matt and he knew the answer off the top of his head.

ABD
Right.

SW
Matt was deeply invested, he was also very close with members of Warhol's family. You know they loved him, and you know they would just give him story after story, and sometimes they would learn more about Warhol from Matt. His nephew told me "Matt is really the person that taught me about my uncle."

ABD
This is amazing and it's interesting to think about Matt's creativity and about him working with all of Warhol's work, ephemera and objects, as it developed into a collection. In a way, you're working with artifacts too, and bringing them together in a curatorial sense. These exhibitions both incorporate artifacts from your mother's life, all the papers and things that she left behind, and artwork that Matt left behind. I think it's necessary to think about those things against one another.

SW
Yes, I do also think of that. There's this need to reuse these materials that probably would otherwise go into the trash. We all know that we have a huge issue with trash. Like the plastic consumer products that Matt collected for the tanker piece. In these two exhibitions, I am working with keeping stuff out of the stream, in a way, at least for a little while. I thought that this brought those worlds together. And just making those fish. Every time I cast one of them, it was in plasticine and then the paper would dry around it and I'd pull the plasticine out and it would ruin the model. I had to remake it over again. The fish are all different.

Oil Tanker, Matt Wrbican, Phil Rostek and James Nelson, 1991

None of them are the same because I used that block of plasticine over and over. The process was interesting to me—building a pile of fish during the Covid winter. I got to the point where I could make 20 of them a day. At the end of every day, I would pile another 20 fish on top of the others on my dining room table, and there would be this sense of—'yeah it's starting to do something.' I shaped it into this crazy psycho heart shape or an arrow or I don't know what, but it gave me the satisfaction of placing these objects on top of each other every day to see what their forms might create together.

Ann Burke Daly
Yes, and also the transformations involved in your process. To take what was going to be trash and create something from it. The private information aspect is interesting to me. Utilizing all of your mom's personal papers, this incredibly private information is both destroyed but some remnant of it is there.

Sue Wrbican
I was going through my mother's sensitive papers and I would think that I can't just throw this out. Even though you throw them in a huge dumpster, I was still paranoid about it. You hear these stories all the time—people impersonating somebody—and that person could be your mom. So I decided, I would shred them into a confetti to make paper pulp. I worked with Helen Frederick, a well-known printmaker and paper artist here in the DC region and she showed me how to work with pulp. How to sprinkle in all the shreds and bring it together in the tub. Later Emily Fussner helped me make fifty or so sheets that I kept rolled up on my cold back porch. Every day I'd peel another sheet and get to work with the cycle again.

ABD
The transformation of material—your mom's papers—seems like a way of keeping something of her, but at the same time, of not staying in the past. It's transmuted into the present.

SW
I had no idea that I would make fish but the reason that I did was that I had found a box of my dad's fish hooks and I've been carrying them around with me a long time, ever since he died in the 80s. Now and then I'd rediscover them in my studio. I thought fish hooks—and they're really big—they're the hooks they catch big fish with. I should make fish. Originally I was going to hook the fish onto the hooks but after I started making them, I didn't really want to start poking holes into them just yet.

ABD
That would pin them in place.

SW
Yes, it pins them in place, and now they're on the floor flowing into the rope. I don't yet know how I'm going to work with them in the upcoming VisArts installation. How they'll be configured this time. It's hard to say.

ABD
But that's also something important with this work. The way that you pull elements from one installation into the next seems improvisational, and also related to dance and performance. This makes me think of Robert Rauschenberg. I know that you were at his studio on Captiva Island. Is Rauschenberg a big figure for you in terms of a studio dialogue like you have with Kay Sage?

SW
I went to a show of his a good while ago that must have been in the 80s. Are you familiar with the fish house that they have down in Captiva? Have you seen pictures of it? There was a video in the show where he was talking about a hurricane that was due to come through. He had a few big dogs and the fish house sits up on stilts in the water. The power of the wind was so great that the dogs just started shaking in the fish house, and the whole structure was shaking and he said something about how the hurricane wasn't there yet, but the anticipation of it was, through the dogs. They were actually making the house shake and not the wind. That always stuck with me, that story, that it was the experience sensing danger making the house shake, not the actual wind, at that point. I met him several times. I ran camera for interviews with him sometimes. He was a great storyteller. He always had this chunk of wisdom to impart. That stuck with me and I remember having been to his place in New York where he talked all about his turtle "Roci" who lived in his dining room. He loved to talk and tell stories and have a good time.

So really, with the memories of having met him, his generosity, and the story of the fish house and the dogs—and being down there in Captiva and actually having all the sails with me with the opportunity of working with them on his property near the fish house—I felt connected with his work and spirit, somehow. Of course, this was after he'd passed. I think it was a bit like that little tale, where you're so nervous that you're making things happen before they would have happened. Like his dogs had. I think that part of it was the part that really was the piece. Of course, I love his work, the Combines, and everything that he'd done. His photography was just amazing, and he opened up so many possibilities for artists.

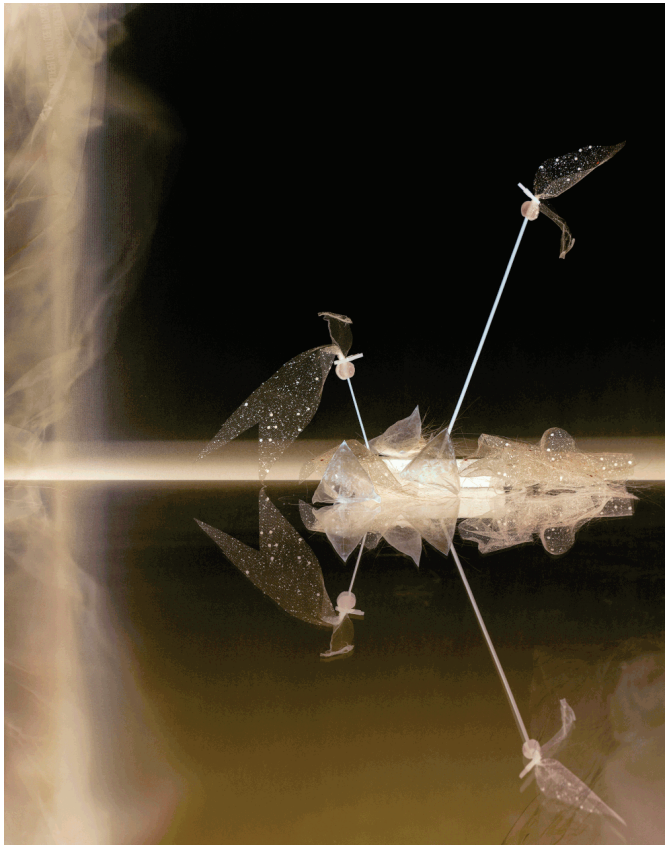
ABD
I recently heard a panel talk about a series of works he made in 1970. He made collages first, from newspapers, and other print ephemera, and then silkscreen prints. The earlier collage works, which he called "Currents," were re-conceptualized through a silkscreen process to form a new set of prints titled "Surface Series from Currents." There is an exhibition of this work up now at the Loeb Art Center at Vassar College. He was bringing in the socio-political with material from everyday life through his use of print media. Hannah Hoch did a similar thing, cutting up current print media to transform it into photomontage in the early twentieth century.

SW
Media sources, yeah.

ABD
I've heard that sometimes these works elicit complaints and that people have said "where is Rauschenberg in this, where does he stand," in terms of politics. I think he's there and he's working with ideas that are circulating around culture. With him, found objects, and detritus, like in the "Combines" or the bits of newspaper—all that is part of everyday life—which is then choreographed into something else. The found object, and its transformation and choreography—that's where I thought of your work connecting to Rauschenberg. You share an interest in the social, political, but the transformation of it into something poetic, something else. I found this quote—he said "art is what things become when you do something to them." You have materials, and it's the process of transformation, either through a recontextualization or manipulation that creates the artwork.

SW
He was surrounded by televisions. Apparently, he had televisions in every room so while working he was always watching the news or whatever else. That's what I've been told.

ABD
The multiple meanings of "Currents" strikes me here. His use of found objects and the aspects of transformation and choreography do seem relevant to your practice. And that you were at his place on Captiva Island. In my mind, there is a circuit that links you to his studio and he to yours.



Sue Wrbican, Ship Split 2, 2019

Sue Wrbican, Silk Fish, 2021 (L) Claire McConaughy, Fragile Rainbow, 2021 (R)

Sue Wrbican
Another thing that he did regarding the island of Captiva—it is shaped like a cigar, but the way that he built his property was directly across that cigar shape to cut off development beyond because the developers were continually moving down the island. So, he built straight across and they couldn't get around him.

Ann Burke Daly
That's great. Why don't we talk about your dialogue between two and three dimensions—the way you move between two-dimensional imagery and three-dimensional form and then back. I know that you've worked consciously with this in the past, and it seems important to the work you did in dialogue with surrealist painter Kay Sage, that you showed with Curator Lily Siegel at Tephra Institute of Contemporary Art, in Reston, VA. In that work, you were drawing something like a tower out of a Kay Sage painting, into a world of your own architectural maquette, then the enormous steel tower sculpture, "Buoyant Force," fabricated for Tephra. The tower form then shifts back into your newer two-dimensional photographs.

SW
I was really trying to get into that world somehow, like when we look at our screens, or when we look at a book or when we look at a reproduction of a painting that's in a museum and just imagining ourselves inside that thing. What is it that you know and what would it be like inside there, inside of a Kay Sage painting? The way that I came to the Kay Sage work was because I had been working with those sails, trying to get them to do something that they would never do. Sort of knowing that I'm going to do this and it's just going to fail and it's just going to go its own way, because we're playing with them. And it really was a way to experiment with something that wasn't made to be in a situation other than what it was made for. An object that wasn't meant to be played with. I really like going to the beach in the winter because no one is there and it's so empty. There are vacant condos and it has an eerie but beautiful quietude. And I started to photograph the sails in that environment in Ocean City, Maryland, and the colors of the winter sky and sea were very somber in the images. I was photographing a friend, Kate Clark, who pulled a sail on the beach, making different shapes. I had the photos in my studio and the artist I shared with, Leonard Kogan, mentioned I should see Kay Sage's work.

He sent me an image of her work "In the Third Sleep," and the colors were so similar and there was odd fabric that looked like a sail and I thought, 'how come I've never seen this work, and who is this artist?' Then I found out she was married to Yves Tanguy. I'm not an art historian, though, and plenty of people have heard of Kay Sage but not in the ways that we hear of Yves Tanguy. And we know why that is.

ABD
We do. That work of yours that is in dialogue with the Kay Sage landscapes, seems to respond to their surreal, vacant, and post-apocalyptic feel. Also, you pull elements from previous installations into the current ones. There's a sense that your elements and associated sensations live on through permutations.

SW
The idea of the post-apocalyptic feels vital to our contemporary moment. Like that place, the Muck, that my brother and I grew up with. Once you were down in it, it wasn't just a mound, it was a vast disturbed landscape and you couldn't see anything else other than sky and maybe a hill in the distance. That landscape, when you were in it and just looking around—was very post-apocalyptic. I'm drawn to those spaces, particularly when you're thinking about things such as what it's going to be like when we really run out of water.

Ann Burke Daly
It also seems like the form of the tower connects to things that you've told me about working in the steel mills. The sense of being on platforms of various levels with steel bars everywhere, and the heat and danger.

Sue Wrbican
That was an experience that I can remember practically every different part of. That steel mill and what it was like to be in there. It was the Jones and Laughlin steel mill but it had just merged into the LTV corporation when I was there. It started as a summer gig and I quit school because I was like, wow, I can make all this money which was $7 an hour. It allowed me to buy my mom lunch, and it felt good doing that. But once you walked into the entry-way of the mill you were not in this world anymore, you were in a completely different world. I remember the heat on my face from railroad cars as they hauled red hot ingot molds past me. I remember walking on the other side of the pouring platform and nearly losing my legs, because they were scraping off the molten slag from the top of the molds. A lot of things happened there without warning.

I was at the top of the cranes when I first started to work there, and I heard the siren going off but I didn't know what it was. Suddenly this massive explosion scared the hell out of me. That's how they'd tap the furnace. The Open Hearth furnace actually had a bomb in it and that's how they would tap it and the molten metal would run down a trough into a ladle. The ladle was carried over on a crane to the ingot molds which were sitting on the train. There was a stopper underneath the ladle and then whoever was operating that would pull it and fill one mold at a time and the train or the ladle would move a little bit, and then they would do the next one. They scraped slag off the top of the molds because it had the impurities that would ruin the steel. The machinery and materials were run back and forth all the time. In another way, being inside that place was unsettling.

ABD
It sounds intense with a dangerous learning curve.

SW
The spirit of the people working there was amazing because they're making steel. They had to be on their toes. You had to amplify your sense of agency to not get injured there. I think that was an astonishing period in my life. It was formative in terms of my understanding of what Labor meant, making raw steel. The mill would roll it out until it became this big coil. I worked banding the coils. They had a pipe mill where they would make pipes. There was all of this stuff, yet you really couldn't see exactly what the end product was going to be, because it got shipped elsewhere. Maybe it got shipped to Detroit for cars etcetera. There was a lot of steel made in Pittsburgh and then it slowly died as labor could be found cheaper elsewhere and US Steel divested into oil. Now there's one plant left and it's actually Andrew Carnegie's original "Edgar Thompson" plant.

ABD
Talking about the mills reminds me of how you work with scale. That gigantic post-apocalyptic landscape of iridescent sludge behind your childhood home, and early years in a steel mill. It's hard for me not to imagine these places, sounds, sensations, and smells, seeping into your psyche in different ways. I wanted to also talk to you about contingency and chance. Through knowing you and talking with you about different aspects of your practice, I've thought about how chance encounters with people, objects, places—seem to act as signposts to where you might go. And there's a register of the present.

SW
I like making connections between things to shift what my assumptions are or go down a different path. It's like making decisions in life. If I do this, what's going to happen? It's not easy to be an artist. What if I take this job or what if I move, what's my life going to be like? In a way, art allows me to make those decisions in a different way. But it also permits avoiding an expected outcome. So there's this adventure that isn't where I started. Artists definitely do that, but I really like being conscientious that chance is part of the practice.

ABD
Yes. I think about this aspect of chance in my own studio.

SW
Materials present me with problems that I can work through or circumstances which make a big diversion somewhere, but then I have all this stuff going on and how do I tie it all together? I think that's where the poetry comes in. Through thought and research I can find some connection there. When I think about our daily existence, it's like all this stuff has an impact on us. All of these objects. I think about object-oriented ontology. Because that chair is sitting there, and I'm going to go to that chair and sit in that chair and look at that landscape. It's a lot more complicated than that, but it's about the circumstances that will create what our experiences are, and we can say yes or no to them, right? But at the same time, there are things that we can't change, like the weather.

ABD
But you can change how you respond to the weather.

SW
You can change how you respond to the weather, but now it's more difficult. When you really think about our privileged existence of having a space to be in that is safe from the weather, though now shelters aren't absolute protection. Climate change has changed the idea of safety. Vulnerability has increased exponentially in areas that were once thought impervious. But what part of that wasn't made by petrochemicals? What part of that wasn't made in a steel mill? What part of our existence isn't medical stuff, pharmaceuticals? I think that's the real conundrum. It's all around us. Therefore, the Chair. In the installation, it's sitting there, and we're surrounded by it. I always digress and am curious about those digressions. So a lot of it is observation and experience and understanding in a way, how something might work. Just like digging in the dirt, or the "muck," is going to teach you a lot about what happens with gravity.

ABD
Digging seems like a good place to cut.

SW
Okay.

Sue Wrbican, Buoyant Force, Tephra ICA, 2020

About the artist:
Sue Wrbican

Sue Wrbican lives and works in the Washington D.C. metro area. In 2020 she installed her sculpture "Buoyant Force," at Tephra Institutute of Contemporary Art. In the Fall of 2017, she presented her extensive artistic exploration into the work of Kay Sage at the Greater Reston Art Center in Virginia. In 2015 her site specific sculpture, The Eventual Outcome of an Instant was constructed at the Seligmann Center in Sugar Loaf, NY. Her video Back Roof is part of Miranda July's Joanie 4 Jackie Archive at the Getty Research Institute, Los Angeles, CA. In 2014 she presented her installation and lecture Continue the Temporary and It Becomes Forever at the Zizek Studies conference at the University of Cincinnati's College of Design, Art, Architecture and Planning.

Wrbican has held residencies at the Robert Rauschenberg Residency in Captiva, Florida, the Kala Art Institute in Berkeley, California, The Atlantic Center for the Arts in New Smyrna Beach, Florida and STUD Residency in Catlett, Virginia. She is a founding member of the Floating Lab Collective whose projects have been exhibited widely in venues such as ZKM, Karlsruhe, Germany and the Nathan Cummings Foundation, NY, NY. In 2008 she worked with Mary Carothers on a project addressing gas consumption and the environment entitled The Frozen Car.

Her studio is located in the Monroe Street ArtsWalk in the Brookland neighborhood of Washington, DC. Sue Wrbican teaches in the School of Art at George Mason University and her education includes an MFA in Photography from the Rhode Island School of Design and BA in English Writing with a concentration in poetry from the University of Pittsburgh.
www.suewrbican.com

Interview, No Longer Yonder

Ann Burke Daly is an American artist. Her work has been written about in Artforum, ArtPress, Performing Arts Journal, Los Angeles Times, El Pais, and Cabinet Magazine. She received an MFA from the Yale School of Art (1990) and was a fellow at the Whitney Museum of American Art Independent Study Program (1993–94). She has been a Visiting Artist at the American Academy in Rome and has held artist residencies at Yaddo and MASS MoCA Studios. Daly's conceptually based, diverse media, and time-based installations, have been exhibited internationally. Her grants include Art Matters, and Andrew W. Mellon Foundation. In 2013–2015 she was a Visiting Assistant Professor at City University of New York (CUNY), and from 1990–1995, a faculty member at Vassar College.
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The Iridescent Yonder, Installation View, Riverviews, 2021

This Iridescent Era, featuring All Hands To The Crude Gathering #2
Installation View, VisArts, 2021

Sue Wrbican, Deep Cold, 2021