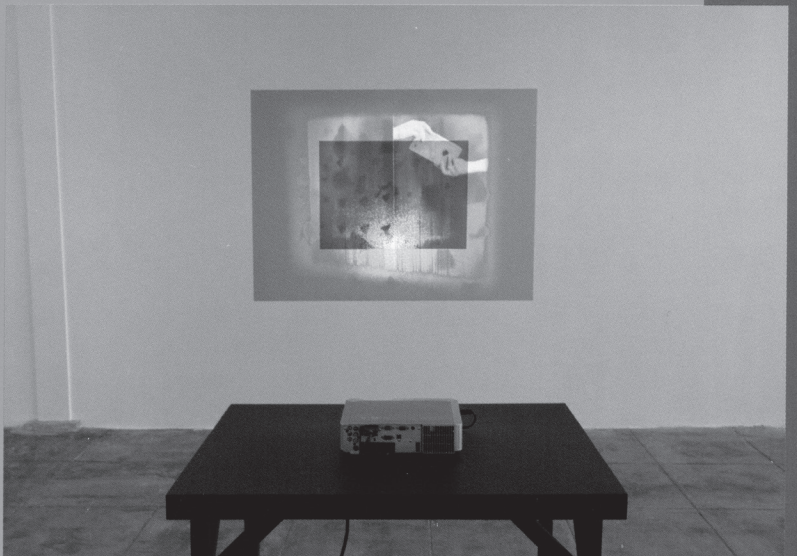
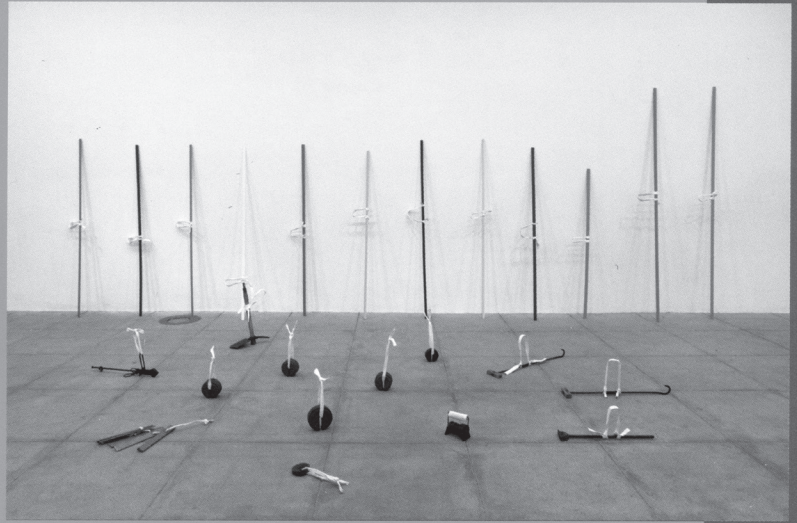
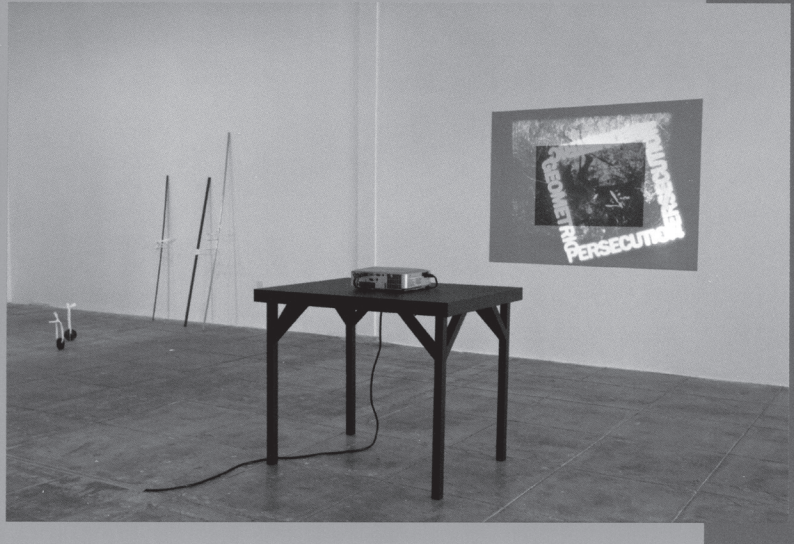


Erika Vogt
Marching Man
2010

carbon on printed paper
38-1/8 x 30-1/8 in (96.8 x 76.5 cm)
Courtesy of Overduin and Kite, Los Angeles

Take
the
fire
and
leave
the
rest



Erika Vogt
Geometric Persecution
2010
Installation view at Overduin and Kite,
Los Angeles

The experience of looking absorbs the body all at once; the way the feet are planted, where the eyes are directed. Being in a perceptual body becomes absorbed in the act of looking. I find myself disappearing into the screen, stepping into images of shimmering crude symbols that dance across a nondescript space.

The substance of film is physical, reeling, momentous. Open and exposed, flashing and heaving. As it propels itself into being, it is exhausted onto a surface, a heavy immobile wall, some thin and flimsy screen, some willing body.

Using film and video Erika Vogt re-photographs projected images on a wall—a process which activates these mediums. Film turns into video and video turns into film. Her reappropriation of found and self-generated images builds upon layers of materiality, producing an eerily physical presence to an otherwise banal and predictable surface.

In one space, there exists the materiality of film, the ephemeral sequencing of video, the weight of the body as it exists in time, impermanent, and at junctures, invisible.

Vogt touches this body, moves over it, lands it into action, directing and disturbing its stationary position.

I read the projection as an object that is being looked over, an object that is being seduced into space, turned upside down and touched by another recording device. It floats and changes size as it is being impressed by another camera. Through this exchange I feel my body becoming absorbed in an alternating ritual of stasis and movement.

Images jump to the distant sound of metal; jingling, falling coins are raining down from the ether. Through a thin, almost imperceptible slit, a fracture in the diegesis, two pairs of hands exchange objects.

A large piece of dredged up concrete from a rusty hoe.

A scale.

A triangular ruler.

A thin slat of wood.

Inside and outside become conflated and confused with one surface.

As it is becoming, it is being destroyed.

There is no direct orientation, no center of gravity, and there doesn't have to be.

Picture yourself in a boat on a river surrounded by tangerine trees and marmalade skies. Old weights and antiquated tools are pulled to the ground. The weight of their history becomes the weight of obsolescence.

Attached to these objects are stark white handles that have been tied into knots, standing upright as if being held by ghosts.

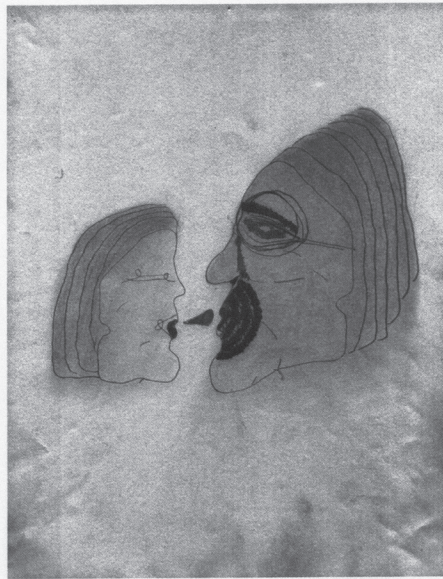
When one thing is pulled in two directions a tension exists, along with a space for the breath to expand and contract.

During the exhibition audience members were encouraged to hold onto these objects on display, to carry them around and experience the exhibition with weighted objects in hand.

White handles also were attached to a set of long, brightly painted wood slats to be held and carried, cutting through space, extending the body beyond its immediate containment. I visited Erika in her studio a few weeks ago. We drank tea, ate tacos down the street, and talked about roller coasters and forms of currency. Afterward I wished that I had recorded us.

"This is just going to be fire," she said, as stock footage of a metal forgery flickered off the wall.

Take the fire and leave the rest.



Erika Vogt
Figures Conversing
2010
pastel on printed paper
38-1/8x30-1/8 in (96.8x76.5 cm)
Courtesy of Overduin and Kite, Los Angeles