

# Gap, Mark, Sever and Return

HRLA Nov. 15 – Dec. 15 2012

## MPA, Fiona Connor, Mandla Reuter and Erika Vogt

Curated by Chiara Giovando

A note on series: In our current incarnation we are held discrete by time and space. Our bodies retain individuality through these physical properties, without which we would melt back and into one another as primordial ooze. “All that is or ever was or ever will be” as Carl Sagan described it in his 1979 mini-series *Cosmos*. It is from this alienating experience of being maintained by space in a single body and subjected to the infinite in a finite body by time that series occurs. Series as marking time, delineating instance and recognizing difference. In his work *Difference and Repetition* (1968) Deleuze suggests that we see difference for itself, as something beyond a relation to the identical, identity or representation - but that when and if we do, pure difference is “unbounded, uncoordinated, and inorganic; too large or too small, not only to be thought but to exist.” Here series becomes an immediate tool to reenact or describe the crisis of difference. A long-standing element of artistic practice, series is used in the studio to develop and elaborate upon an idea, it is essential to art historical modes of organization and ultimately it is the site of fracture and dismemberment by new approaches to narrative and time. Seriality is assumed, it is habitual and fundamental to epistemological taxonomies. This exhibition will consider formations of series other than sequential to expose an interest within contemporary art for miscomprehension, in-between spaces, erasures and collapsed aesthetic.

Moving through the space: Hung on the wall in the front office is, *No Such Street, 2012 (2)*, a framed letter from Mandla Reuter to Mandla Reuter sent from Berlin to a mailbox installed on a road that does not officially exist on top of Montecito Heights. The letter is marked returned, stamped by the post office “no such street”, a “?” scrawled out by the postal official.

The mailbox is one of several interventions that Reuter has made on a plot of land he bought in 2010. He has scraped away over a ton of top soil and shipped it to the Vleeshal for

exhibition in the Netherlands, a remote control for an entrance gate, refuse from the land, smaller bags of dirt have been collected and Fed-Exed to Miami, Hamburg and now to Kunsthal Basel for his upcoming solo in January 2013. This series of works shown in remote locations are proof that the land exist as they point back to the authority of a fixed place; an impossibly steep slope covered in grass, a periphery marked out on the map of Los Angeles. Meanwhile, in L.A. the undelivered letter describes a failure, a fictitious place and the nearby land becomes an idea.

Further into the space a film plays, *One Million Years (7)*, shot from Reuter’s land on a High speed Camera 10 seconds of sunset are extended and suspended, the visibility and possibility of the land blurred.

In the entrance a sound piece is playing, *Star Sound Wave (1)*, made my MPA. It is a recording of stellar seismology, or the sound of mapping the stars. The sound points into the space to the center - *Trilogy (0)*, *Bull’s Eye (4)*, a bullet embedded in the floor at the exact center of Human Resources. On either side of the space are the elements of *Moon Calendar (3) (5)*. To the left is a box on the floor that houses a series of images of the tail ends of Nike missiles. The 30 prints, one for each day that the exhibition will be open, have been hung on hay bails in upstate New York and used for target practice, different calibers and types of ammunition leave small punctures in the pages of the calendar. Each day a print from the box will replace the print hung on the wall across the gallery.

Sound is sight. Bullet shoots, marks time with “POW!” and then the meeting of the bullet to its surface; body, page, land.

All this desire, the desire machine. The desire to make space, desire to expand, the explosion is a condensed moment into in order to move out.

Explosion to spread open the body and space.

I am vibrating here

Nature vs. Nature. I fucked with Nature because I got used to fuck-

ing with nature and nature fucking with me. Man in the mirror. Man in the moon. Shoot the moon.

It feels like a penetration, line through orbits defining time and space. Holes filling holes. It feels endless, like infinite. But don't fret, don't lose sense of self. The calendar is here. Measurement of time.

An orientation in this orbit; in this desire to penetrate interiors to feel exteriors.

A bull's eye, target practice to pathologize ego. Do you need to hold the gun to know time in your hand.

MPA

In the corner to the left stands Found Minimalism (6), by Fiona Connor. Here Connor produced the working water fountain in series with several other existing water fountains that can be found throughout the parks system of greater Los Angeles County. Made in multiples by the Los Angeles Department of Parks and Recreation, the design seems beholden to an extreme utilitarianism that a bureaucracy would implement pragmatically - a kind of non-design. Its shape is reminiscent of the pared down aesthetics of modern minimalist sculpture, particularly New York Minimalism. While this minimalism frames surrounding architecture Connor's work approaches the shape as an abstract form and roots it back to functionality - a collision between the aesthetics of form and entropy - the dirty, filthy complicated accumulation of use. "Found Minimalism," a term coined by Connor, describes her fascination with various public fixtures that denote specific patterns of use and dictate ways that we move through public space.

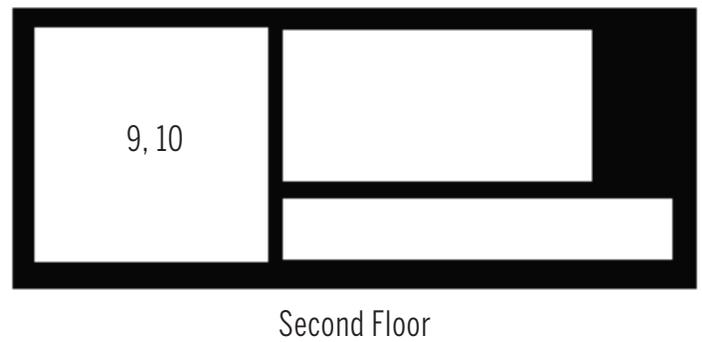
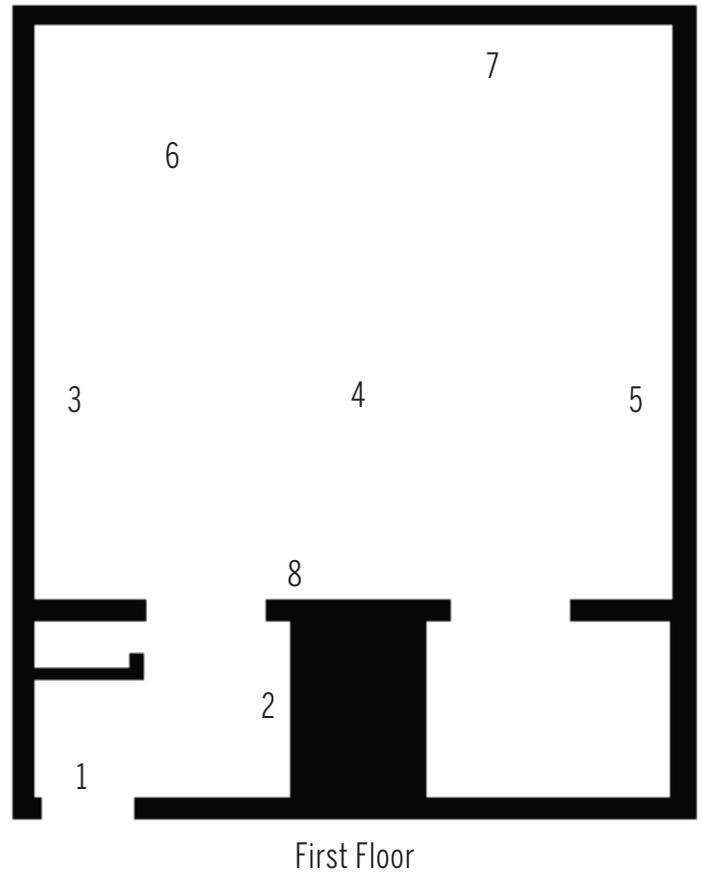
Four framed series of six photographs (8) are Connor's second piece in the show. Connor hired 4 different professional photographers to document the exhibition, calling into questions problems of documentation, authorship and myths of neutrality surrounding representation.

Throughout the space there is a continual timed shift of the existing gallery lighting constructed by Mandla Reuter (11).

Upstairs Erika Vogt has addressed the overarching invitation to approach series with a site-specific installation of a plaster floor titled, Sounded Out (9). The production of this work locates series in the body through the repetition of labor. Vogt poured 800 plaster panels from 1,100 lbs. of plaster dust that were laid upon the floor and broken. As visitors move through the gallery sound is spacialized, the weight of footsteps breaking the floor. Visitors participate in the process inflicted onto the plaster material as it cracks and returns to its initial form of dust.

The instability of the floor is reflected in the surrounding wall works, Notes On Currency IOU (Human Resources L.A.) (10), where dollar bills have been transformed into a kind of monopoly money. Vogt creates a tension between her playful attitude towards value and the potential for collapse. She says, "The work is indestructible" and it is as it disintegrates and recirculates.

C.G.



MPA, Trilogy (o), 2012  
(3)(5) Moon Calendar,  
Wooden box with 30 ink jet prints

(4) Bull's Eye,  
Bullet embedded in concrete floor

(5) Contact Sheet,  
Contact sheet of Nike Missiles for Moon Calendar

(1) MPA, Star Sound Wave, 2012  
Sound recording

(8) Fiona Connor, Calvin Lee: Documentation of Gap, Mark, Sever and Return, 2012, Elon Schoenholz: Documentation of Gap, Mark, Sever and Return, 2012, Ben Tong: Documentation of Gap, Mark, Sever and Return, 2012, Brica Wilcox: Documentation of Gap, Mark, Sever and Return, 2012, 2012  
Framed Photos

(6) Fiona Connor, Found Minimalism 1, 2012  
Steel, plumbing, concrete, metal grating, water

(7) Mandla Reuter, One Million Years, 2012  
16mm film loop

(11) Mandla Reuter, Untitled, 2007  
Existing gallery lighting, DMX controller, switch packs

(2) Mandla Reuter, No Such Street, 2012  
Framed Letter

(9)(10) Erika Vogt, Notes On Currency IOU (Human Resources L.A.), 2012  
Casein and ink on printed paper

(9)(10) Erika Vogt, Sounded Out, 2012  
Plaster