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On Sunday afternoons I like to go to the record store. I like to wander through the rows between clusters of other customers in collective searching. Sometimes with certain intention, and other times with simple curiosity. I like to be included in this community unified by material obsession, a drive for a personal archive, and collection. To browse through sections, waiting for something to catch my eye, by imagery or a familiar name. Any, and every reason to listen closer. Value both questioned and determined by an authority, but also by the individual. Reclaimed, and recycled. Rare documents displayed on walls and dollar bins with unknown surprises. In a public space designed for transaction, there is a communal exchange of knowledge and taste, but also an individual listening experience: headphones and a shared turntable. Within this space of listening and reading, becomes a tracing of origins across genres. Sounds sampled, used, re-used, copied and presented recorded and (a)live.

I think of my practice in these terms. The material expressions of the things I make are interdisciplinary but in the end are always sculpture. In a work constructed of wood, no matter its finish of paint or stain, it always contains the history of the tree it once was; a sample of a song always paying tribute to its original record origins.

I embrace objects as ephemeral, malleable and individual, and the space they inhabit an essential part of their meaning. The sculptures that I make exist as an artifact of the necessary intervention of the viewer or participant of the work. I am interested in the places where objecthood becomes leaky, and how this betweenness can be profound, while also playful, and even humorous. I am drawn to the places where people and objects cluster and dissipate, transform but still remain. Where the parts are still parts and they are also the whole. Where droplets of rain gather on uneven surfaces to become a puddle, and where the strangers of a train car sit shoulder to shoulder before departing at their stops. Where a handrail becomes a playground slide for a skateboard, and the jar where a cucumber transforms into a pickle. Where notes become a song and the quiet is a volume of its own.