

Erika Nakatani

*b. 1976, Western American*

Growing up in rural Alaska I spent my childhood out in the woods looking at things by myself. Inanimate objects, rocks and sticks, were radiant with self awareness. The sky lost itself in the lake; I lost time in the seasonal distortion of light that far North. The way I experience the world and develop my paintings- feeling out the form, listening with color, comes from the same child--animal locus of perception. I have faith in the fluidity of our position, our ability to adapt our sense of place to our ever--shifting situation, to measure and mark the grid and watch it drift away. Catch and release. I paint a space between boundaries, a dialectic of interior and exterior and an experience of time through color. Now, in the desert, I feel like I live at the bottom of the sea. The physical land binds order to the disorder of the world, negating it through a complex alchemy. How can the world make the world go away? The inconsistency of external forms making visible impossible chronologies./ When the deafening silence folds space.

It can be a relief to see the horizon when you wake up in the morning.

Color begets form and erodes it. My palette is full of the synthetic acids and neons, untouchable mineral blues, wet black gritty ancient dirt. My process oscillates between construction and event.

The careful distortion of the frame coupled with the potential of horizon promises the relief of diminished gravity. Erasure, sudden swipes, compacting and cutting out, the secreted instability of the geology in formation. Dressing up ghosts.

I'm interested in a narrative that can resist the story. I don't know what it's made of, but I know how it wants to feel.

I dismantle the boat while sailing in it.

Painting lays an anchor, painting cuts the anchor.