

Richard Vogel lived in an apartment in Kristianstad. He made videos by taping moments that caught his eye directly from T.V. He also attempted an adaptation of *Hamlet* and *Nosferatu* and taped his neighbours from the windows, but he mainly kept at making compilation videos. He didn't go out much in his later years.

It doesn't make much sense to speak of "the work of Richard Vogel". Or does it? You excavate your own viewing experience from countless hours (days, weeks) of footage. This is nothing in the artistic sense of an *oeuvre*. It's too ... endless. And an *oeuvre* can not allow itself to be endless.

But the actual work that went into making - or rather, recycling - all this. The rage, the determination. The afternoons.

An aggressive absence of meaning and purpose.

Aggressive absence.

Aggressive presence. An accumulation of *stuff*. Plastic bags, styrofoam, video tapes. All these things our desires have produced and which now surround us. Surrounded.

Remote control.

Control tower. Kristianstad, Sweden.

Living room. In full colour, for your viewing pleasure.

An average Scandinavian watches four hours of television a day.

The first time I saw *Night of the Living Dead*, I thought it was a documentary. It was on television.

The Vogels walk among us.

If there's anything romantic about T.V., it's the obsolescence of the moment as soon as it has been broadcast. See for yourself: Tape one and repeat it. That's what Richard Vogel did, one of the great Romantics of the Swedish welfare state. Vogel showed us television *for the second time*. A medium destined forever to live its final moment.

The VHS tape as object, a sculpture of image and sound.

A man lived in an apartment in Kristianstad. He made videos by taping moments that caught his eye directly from T.V. He also attempted an adaptation of *Hamlet* and *Nosferatu* and taped his neighbours from the windows, but he mainly kept at making compilation videos. He didn't go out much in his later years.

Who are you? Can you hear me?

