

There's a distinction between being available and making oneself legible. When your eyes are directed at me, straight into mine, it reminds me that the present-time of a photograph is also a device that can mobilize relational vectors.

Let's treat the technique of this exhibition as frottage. Two social spaces within the same city are treated as surfaces against which impressions can be made by a lens. The 'social' condenses as the gathering of subjects within the frame, extending to encompass the person composing the shot, and a step further to the artist conceiving the setup. But the enclosing context extends exponentially, and encloses completely (the cityscape, crowd control, social media, austerity, "disruption", the subsumption of life to finance, corporate ownership of affects). How many more layers of responsibility should we subtract into these images?

We play out our lives within a hosting system in which we ourselves are repurposed as just data, repeatedly undone and remade by different cycles of value. Ends become means. You become what I want you to be; what I want myself to be.

Rubbing/friction is achieved through the contact of one thing against another. It could invoke pleasure or discomfort, and these sensations could be perceptible to both the giver and the receiver. At its bare minimum, frottage is a means of making contact, of being in relationship. But relationship, friendship, don't only join; they can and do separate even where they appear to join.

Outsourcing composition, putting a camera into someone else's hands, brings into relief its corollary: you (Matthew) have already loaded the camera with ammunition.

Love,

PLB
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