

This exhibition, and in a way the gallery *MOVIE* itself, feel like an earnest exercise in externalising an internalised internet of disembodied references. A noodly ebbing and flowing between a desire to generate offline references and the damned proclivity to validate existence through online archiving mechanisms. The archive is used as a life affirming spotlight, authenticating experience through accumulation and serialisation; life *did* exist, we *did* do things, they *were* cool. The bitter irony of trying to validate experience through the past tense is that the future and the present become a field of game hunting. Experiences are tracked down, hunted, hollowed out, taxidermied and stored for future display. Pre-meditating an archive, like prophetic perfect tense, speculates the event before it happens and renders the event complete and done- no longer requiring it to be experienced...running before crawling. The online interconnectedness that fetishizes ‘the real’ traps the corporal space we inhabit in a feedback loop that validates the ‘realness’ of its experience through a process of mastication and regurgitation; swallowed and gorged back and forth between online and offline social spaces, until finally being metabolised and excreted into an archive.

1001puddles fills the garage-space-turned-gallery with a sprawling grid of images, covering nearly every available wall. A4 laserjet prints are sheathed in rows of plastic sleeves suspended from curtain rods with fishing wire. The loose symmetry of the grid is just tight enough to create the illusion of uniformity. The hanging images precariously sway in the wind when the garage door is fully open, but are kept from tangling by the perimeter of small sandstones tethering the fishing wire to the ground. In the centre of the gallery lie three medium-sized sandstones which are perforated with small cavities, a handful of thimbles balanced atop and around them. The largest stone has a substantial cavity carved out, and its base is also perforated with holes. The cavities and thimbles are filled with water, or maybe oil. The tiny, artificial bodies of water and the images on the walls don't seem directly linked- although perhaps there is a quiet conversation about distorted reflections. I highlight this connection tentatively because the vastness of subject matter documented in these images makes any claim to pattern recognition feel apophenic and peripheral. Advertising material reflected in the window of a bus; a man crouching near some body of water; a murky reflection of a skyline in a puddle; a curved stick and its shadow connecting into the shape of a love heart; a crunched up newspaper on the bonnet of a car; a welcome mat ripped in half; a chihuahua in a roller bag; a woman suntanning with her legs stretched out in the air. A good amount of the pictures are of people behaving oddly. Puddles’ collection of images relate to each other through an ineffable aesthetic sensibility that is unbound by formal aesthetic principles. The images seem to work towards typifying a style or humour, rather than articulating a pattern. In that sense Puddles’ work is like a never ending scroll, referring to an infinitely growing archive that is substantially greater than the one you are currently seeing. Viewing Puddles’ work triggers an embarrassing sense of non-control. The photography feels heavily geared toward the involuntary, and often inappropriately invasive, nature of sight. The subjects of his lens hang exposed, their strange eccentricities presented candidly, and as a viewer you can't help but feel a little self conscious watching them being watched. The eye jumps around with delight from one image to the next with the thrill of trespassing while

also illustrating the futility of feigning privacy in a public context, as his subjects still maintain their anonymity through the excess.

Puddles builds an impenetrable wall through excess and repetition, suffocating every individual moment into a singular experience, flattening the matrix of nodes into a generalised gesture. Individually, the images feel a bit existential; pathologically documenting quotidian banalities along with the oddly behaving subjects- though they might not have seemed so remarkable if their strange behaviour wasn't highlighted. The plurality of banal subjectless imagery reprieves the audience from feeling like they are participating in truly sardonic voyeurism. The dense population of images restrains the viewer through a kind of disarming overstimulation. Excess defies deconstruction. Puddles keeps baiting you to pay attention to discarded things, while also encouraging you to ignore the detail.

Puddles blurs, or rather pixelates, the bigger picture. Behind a kind of cool and blunt humour, the crude, the pathetic, the earnest, the beautiful, the stupid and the ugly hide. He refuses to reveal which is which and when one ends and another begins. Obfuscated, nothing can hurt me. There is not even an implication that hard boundaries exist. The existential threat of the interface is laden in the user's responsibility to discern. Choosing either this or that means having to discriminate and eliminate an option, and for what? The ease and mass proliferation of point and shoot has completely democratised the agency of all subjects, and obliterated any clear discernment between subjects worth documenting and not. The concern is no longer what should be documented and exhibited, but how it should be captured and with what it should be stored. The hand and the eye refuse to believe, obscuring life through a stifling screen.

I know Anje doesn't mind being named because I asked him. Anje enjoys flirting with faux-anonymity, specifically a kind of quasi-incognito social media based anonymity, that is devoid of any obvious sense of purpose beyond an opportunistic mystery conjured out of the most pragmatic need to have a unique username online. Anje performs, or maybe just employs an aesthetic of mystery to reveal just enough character to maintain 'personhood', and avoid completely disintegrating into an anaemic persona. It's all very cavalier and unspecific, kind of punk in the true sense of a non-intelligible rejection and reaction against something that hasn't the language to be described yet.

By Yuval Rosinger