



*Airports on Mars (...when I look into your eyes...I want you back)*

This is a loose enquiry into the power of photographs in confirming the existence of not only that which they depict but also in offering a ground or plane upon which an idea of self can be substantiated, particularly in regards to a subject or a photographic protagonist.

This logic follows the suggestion that before a subject can confirm his or her own existence by citing the insistence of their own enquiring mind as proof of being, that which proceeds the designation of the subject by its own hand is the question of being itself.

The suggestion that the question of being can exist before the active subject encounters it - and in so doing the subject might realise itself and carve a divide between itself and the question or concept by virtue of experience - offers an unseen world of pure pre-experience: a swarming, stinking, ridiculous mass of Deleuzian blubber.

So it is in this spirit that I offer these images to the reader as a series of landmarks through which I will carve out a sense of subjectivity – successfully or unsuccessfully. I don't want to simply locate myself as central protagonist in these images, but rather to consider how each image might inform a created subject, real or imagined.

It could be that you could convince yourself that these images might have passed before your eyes and that you have witnessed one of these scenes unfolding. I am interested in this moment when one achieves this, when an image is no longer unrealised but instead is claimed, when it brings someone into being. In this moment of encountering a memory of an experience one carves out a divide between self and other and invests in the concept of being.

-Alex Lawler, Feb 2009

Thirsty again from strong coffee. Newspapers, uniforms on men and women. Picking up bags, running through lists, blue and purple carpeting, metal chairs, children. Loose ends, minor stress, telephones, money, keys, belts. Announcements, planes, wagons, suitcases, gates, security, tickets, boarding, overhead compartments, announcements, safety dance and takeoff.

I must have sat and ate a meal of bread, meat and beer. Or at least someone and someone else sat and ate a meal of bread, meat and beer. Point-of-view shots are always beautiful because they ask a difficult question with such gentle seduction. I don't often look at these situations and get worried about the hierarchy of emphasises between the camera-as-protaganist and its relationship to objects and other people in the image. The discriptive elements of these 'meal time' shots make me especially happy because they act out the task of living with such calm banality. And with simple props; an unassuming ritual, a forgettable moment and a direct action based narrative.

And someplaces are absolutely unreal when you approach them. Coastlines that seem to stand against the ocean in absolute parody of themselves. Comical colours, buildings playing in the sunlight, flat beds of blue and orange and yellow.

I remember standing near the runway, the heat and the stink had long since brought me to another kind of thinking that not imagined before those few weeks. My blood felt hot all through me and breath seemed to never leave from inside my chest. I thought for a long while about walking out onto the tarmac taking in all those strange things shimmering through the smog. I think I was trying to keep something sweet in my mouth. Some moments seemed to last hours but now I can't remember anything that came just after them.

Something else could easily be said about the persuasive nature of POV, it has a calming potential against a suspicion we might have that the world simply 'is' irrespective of whether we are there to witness it and this world 'being' might take on any form imaginable.

Isolation, or the threat of isolation: anxiety wrestles against a presumption as one experiences discomfort one remembers its absence. As if the experience of any sensation is dependant on a screen or a ground upon which almost nothing is: a neutrality of feeling, ease, peace, bordering dangerously on total absence.

