

FRICTION

BRONTE STOLZ

JASPER JORDAN-LANG

Location: Level 1, 158 Edinburgh Rd, Marrickville NSW 2204

Opening hours: 12- 5pm, Fri & Sat & by appointment

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People build walls, making them perfect and then usually interrupting the emptiness by putting images on top. What were you expecting? It always gets filled up by something and something is always in the way.

There's always another thing that stops you seeing what's actually there. It blocks what you see. You're in a hot room and the heat is coming from the floor. It's coming from everywhere and it's all around you but you can feel it building underneath your feet. Hot air rises.

The walls are covered in pictures and now it's hard to take them in because there are so many. Object competition can make you nauseous. The heat doesn't help and what's helping the heat doesn't either. The floor is soft and you begin to imagine you're sinking into it.

It's a record of everything that's happened in the room. Everything that's walked over it and impressed itself onto its surface. All the excretions, stains, scents, spills, flakes, scratches, burns, skids, scuffs, fluids, ash, dirt, dust and everything that contaminated its emptiness; bacteria, chemicals, mites, spores and lint.

You can't see them but you can feel them in the air. Your throat is tight and your eyes are itchy. You can't stop scratching. It's still hot in the room. Is that what's bothering you? Or is it how dirty the floor is? The amount of pictures? You can't tell but you know you're agitated.

The floor is soft and as you walk over it you feel the sinking feeling again. This time it feels like with each step, it becomes less likely you'll be able to bring your feet up again. You know it's how you feel but you can't tell if it's just your imagination.

You need to keep moving, anywhere, it doesn't matter, you just can't be still. Sheep get stuck walking in circles doing the same, sometimes for days on end. As time continues, the grass dies off and a circular mark is revealed in the pasture. You keep going and your pace quickens, gripped by automatic psychology, you lose the ability to guide yourself. Like a sheep, you pace.

The largest circle is a straight line and you're walking it inside a hot room covered in infinite pictures. At a certain point amongst the heat, your sweat, the images, the soft floor, you lose balance. You don't quite remember the fall, but once up again you look at your arm and notice a rash, bright red and extending from your pinky finger to your elbow.



LILA.



Untitled, 2024

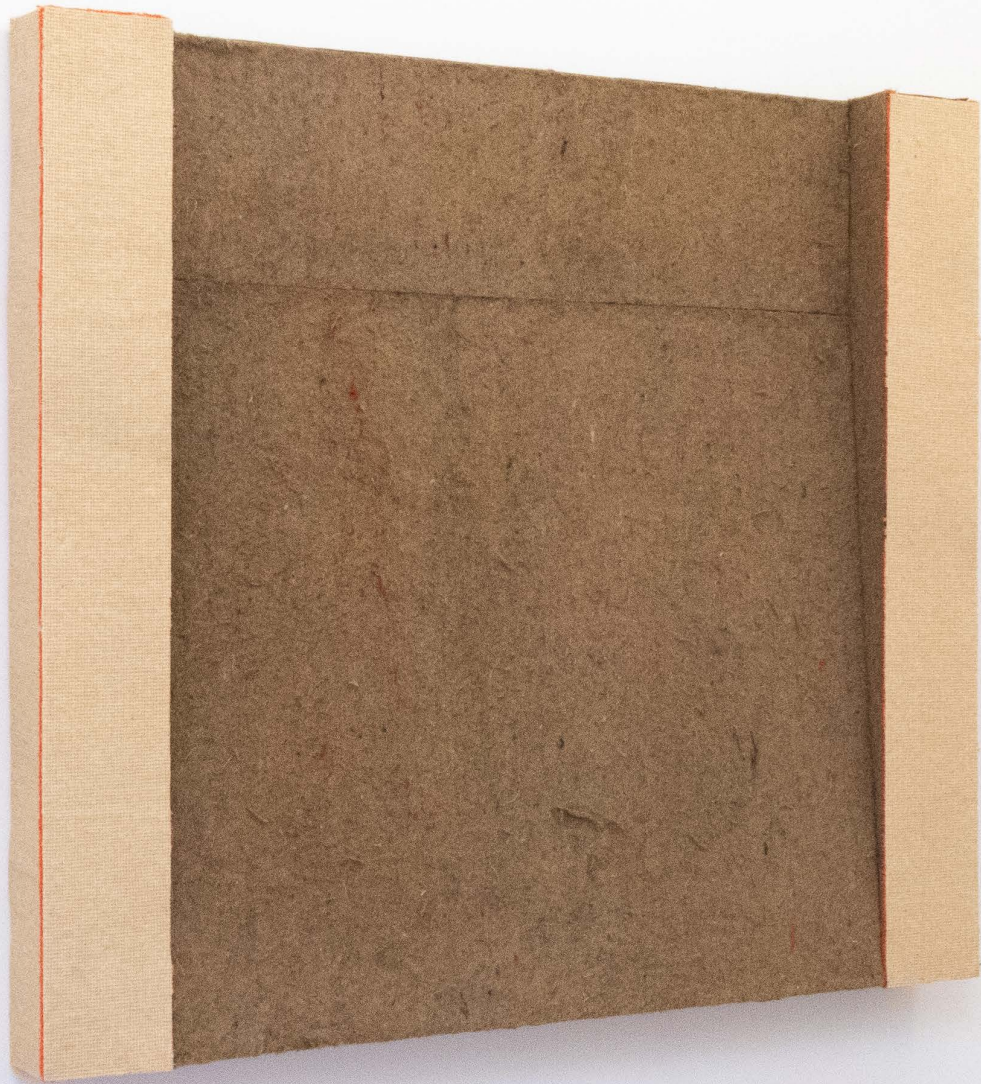
Carpet, carpet
underlay,
composite timber,
cork
125 x 121 x 13 cm





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Untitled, 2024

Carpet, carpet
underlay,
composite timber
109x 82 x 7 cm







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Untitled, 2024

Carpet, carpet
underlay,
composite timber
107 x 80 x 5 cm





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Untitled (sculpture), 2024

Carpet, carpet underlay,
composite timber, cork

188 x 27 x 29 cm







Untitled, 2024

Carpet, composite
timber

220 x 172 cm





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Untitled, 2024
Found object
19 x 88 x 11 cm



