

Sebastian Liste
Urban Quilombo
Third Floor Gallery

By Alexander Norton

A tireless relationship radiates throughout the series of images on display at the Third Floor Gallery. It is a show that presents gratitude in its rawest form, hiding no details for the viewer to observe. As a viewer you enter a strange room of voyeurism, experiencing events in the lives of others through honest eyes. Foregrounds and backgrounds make exchanges as people come and go throughout, making their way from the backyard to the intimate living quarters. Children swing their emotions at each other in the form of fists. They are moments of natural human actions when pushed to a certain point. Rest points acquire us as subjects lay into the evening night, with children manoeuvring around the scene aware of their safety when amongst their parents. Vulnerability rings throughout as children adopt adult positions, share the same wall space with adult activity, the notion they are growing up through a shortcut, cutting out the possibility of sheltered life. The spaces radiate this lifestyle, as children begin to fend for themselves, when they are usually tucked away safely behind the wall of security. They take on a lighter weight, but one that impacts their immediate future. An intense closeness reigns throughout the pictures, whether it's the emotional release of a flying clenched palm, or the close bond between parent and child, each experiences the same things, on a variable scale.

We are barely given a moments breath when we are thrown into an intense scene of passion coming across violent and harmful. It is the nature of us, almost primitive instinct, after all the work begins to uncover our primitive purpose - survival.

It is a world away from the sheltered lifestyle of the western world, floundering in our own possessions, rebelling our parents because we are young adults. Obedience cries throughout as scenes show a remarkable beauty amongst human relationships. There is no one closer than our parent, our guardians, they watch over us, but first they must watch themselves as the demands of reality serve something harder to tame. Their experiences are intense, connecting to every bone available in our body, utilising them, every feeling, every instinct and every desire. Our rational behaviour disintegrates but our dignity held as high mirroring the spirit within the community. The very ambition of the photographer is to remember, to document a moment that does not exist in the sense of capture. Firstly on the basis of colour, as scenes are stripped of realistic qualities, the black and white tones present something stronger, not reliant on the make up of truth, but the action itself. We avoid potential distraction, and the aesthetic intensifies the actions within. A tone of passion, presented in the face of a young one; an expression implying only the strongest survive or remain unscathed. In a place full of beauty in landscape, the people wrestle with the areas of inhabitation, all down to our actions and retaliation toward the landscape we wake up to each morning. The subjects will grow strong, through their environment, and their portrayal, in a place that ceases to exist today, becomes a fragment of time, and for them a point in their lives where they prepared for life and fought for their right to live it.