

Frank Dot & Brian Oval

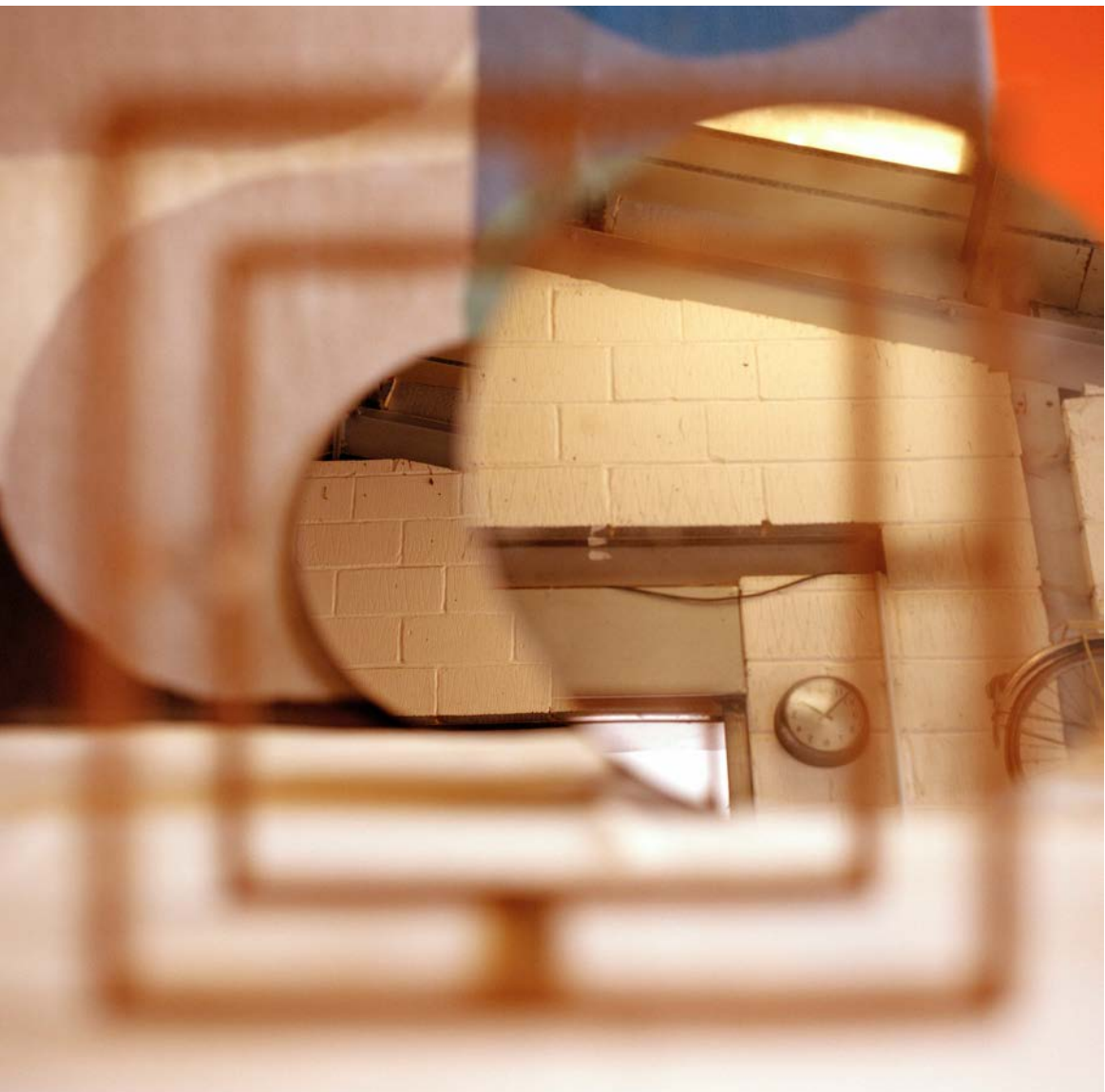


sid motion gallery

24a Penarth Centre, SE15 1TR

Opening 13 May
London Gallery Weekend

13 May –
18 June 2022



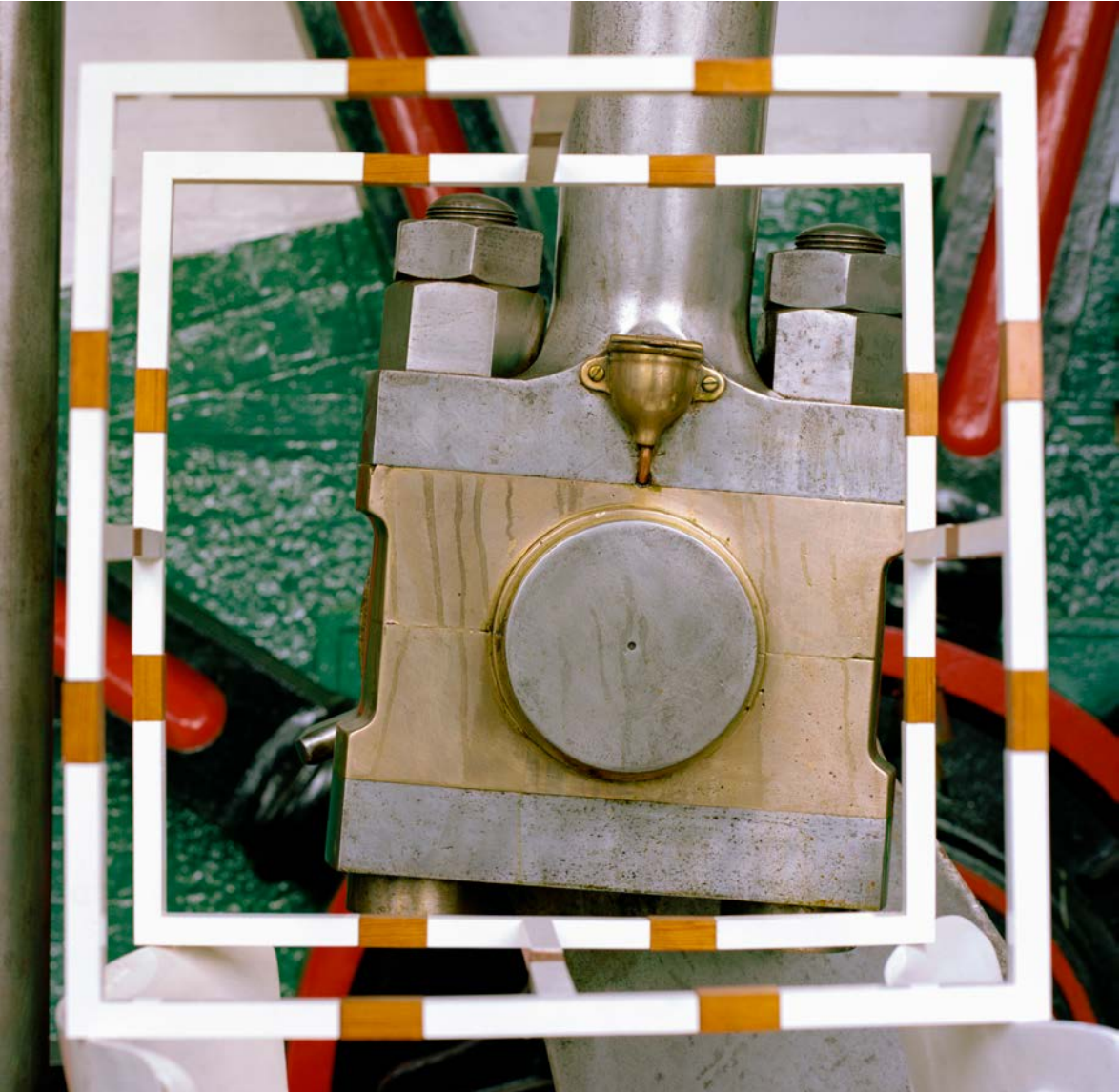
to you - for you, 2022

Inkjet print acrylic

fronted on Dibond

37 × 38.2 cm

Ed. 1 of 10 + 2 APs



Perpetual Intellectual, 2022

Inkjet print acrylic

fronted on Dibond

51 × 52 cm

Ed. 1 of 10 + 2 APs



Life and its most trivial particulars, 2021

Inkjet print acrylic

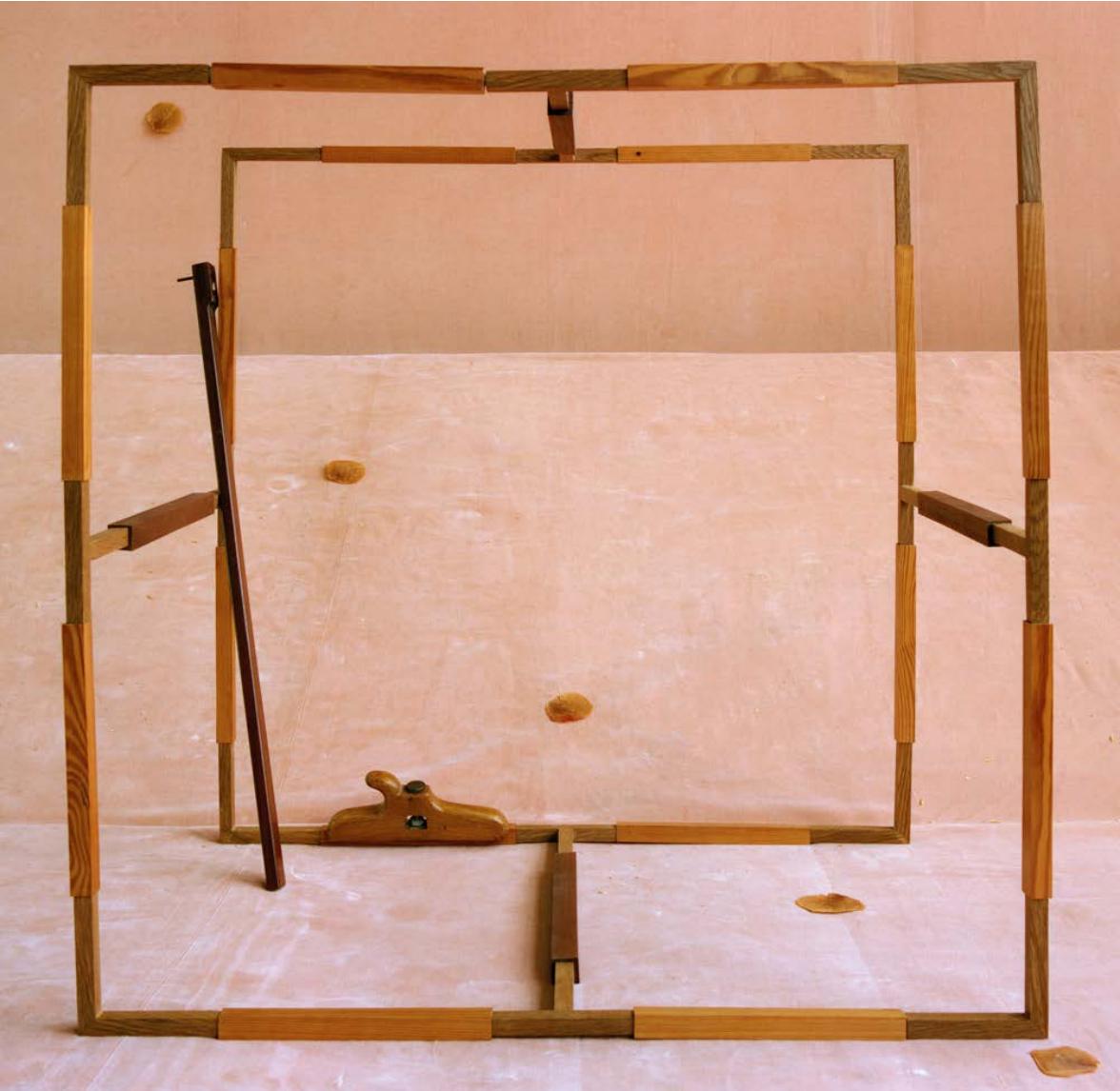
fronted on Dibond

54 × 55.1 cm

Ed. 1 of 10 + 2 APs



OO Flush, 2022
Inkjet print acrylic
fronted on Dibond
66 × 68.3 cm
Ed. 1 of 7 + 2 APs



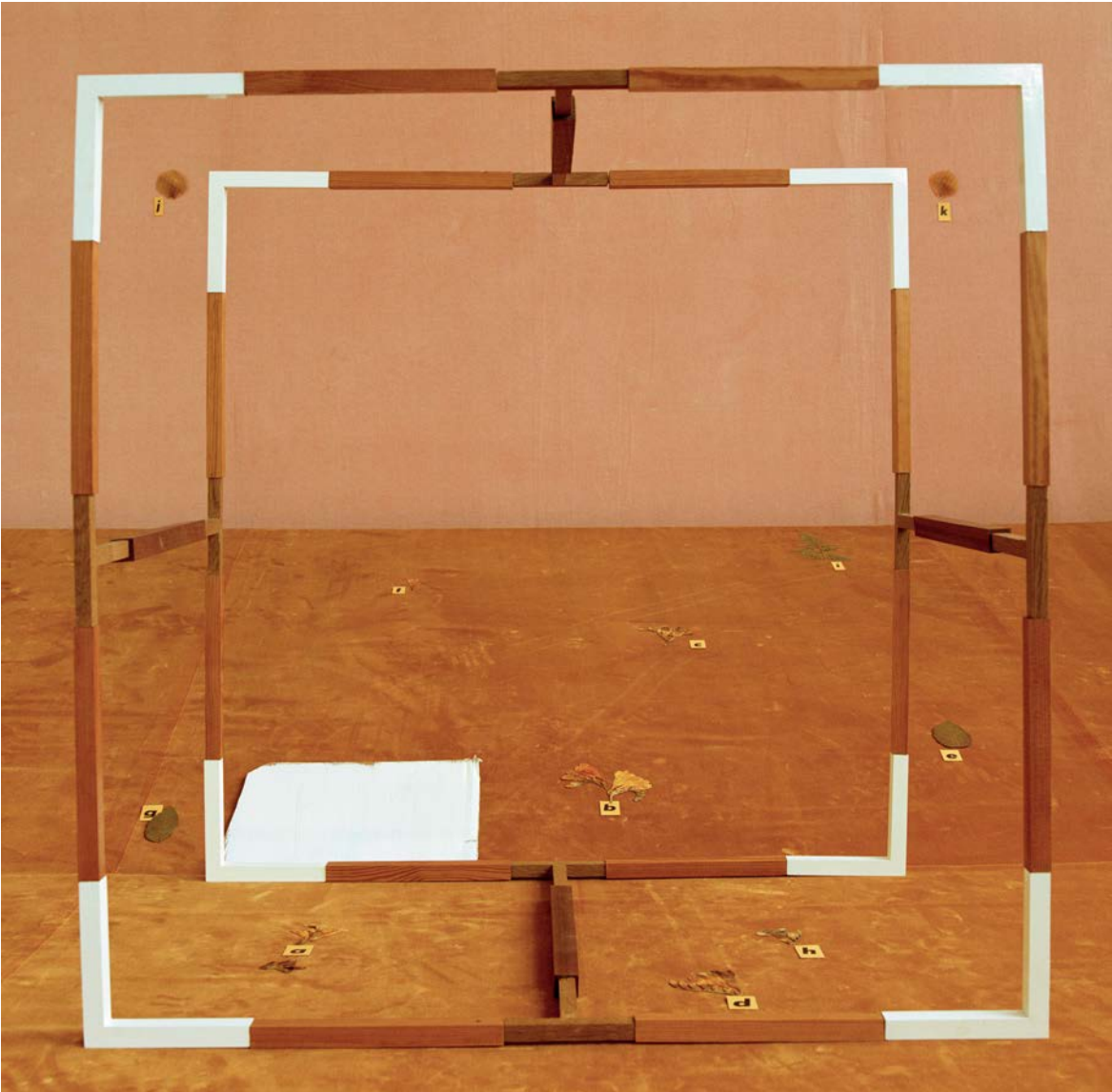
Steady Springett, 2021

Inkjet print acrylic

fronted on Dibond

79 × 81 cm

Ed. 1 of 7 + 2 APs



Filed Field Friend, 2019

Inkjet print acrylic

fronted on Dibond

89 × 89 cm

Ed. 3 of 7 + 2 APs



Paul George Law, 2021

Inkjet print acrylic

fronted on Dibond

93 × 93.5 cm

Ed. 1 of 7 + 2 APs



Bob Cyril van Gogh, 2021

Inkjet print acrylic

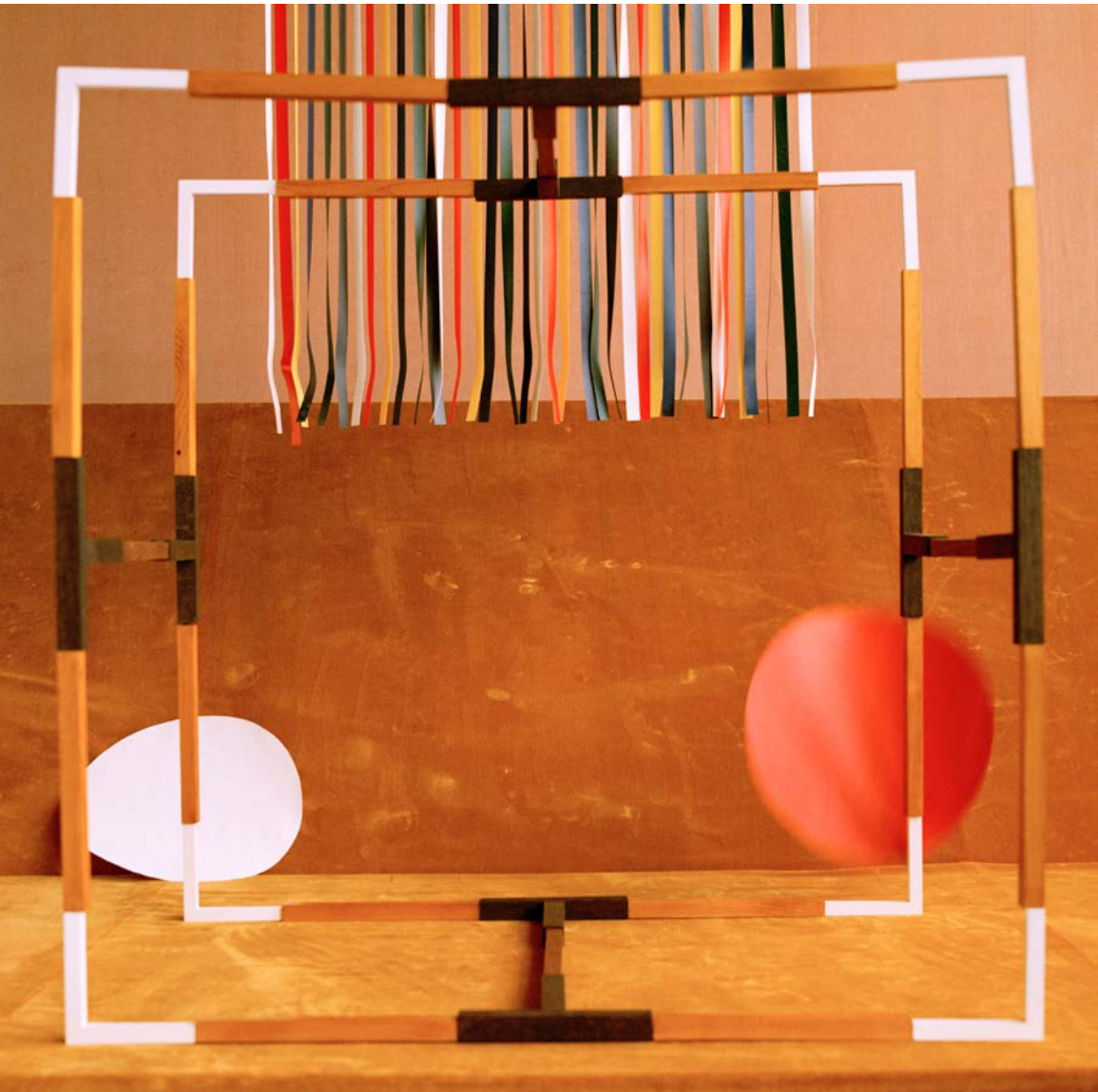
fronted on Dibond

93 × 94.9 cm

Ed. 1 of 7 + 2 APs



Spring Whip, 2021
Inkjet print acrylic
fronted on Dibond
110 × 128.2 cm
Ed. 1 of 5 + 2 APs



Mr Dot & Mr Oval, 2022

Inkjet print acrylic

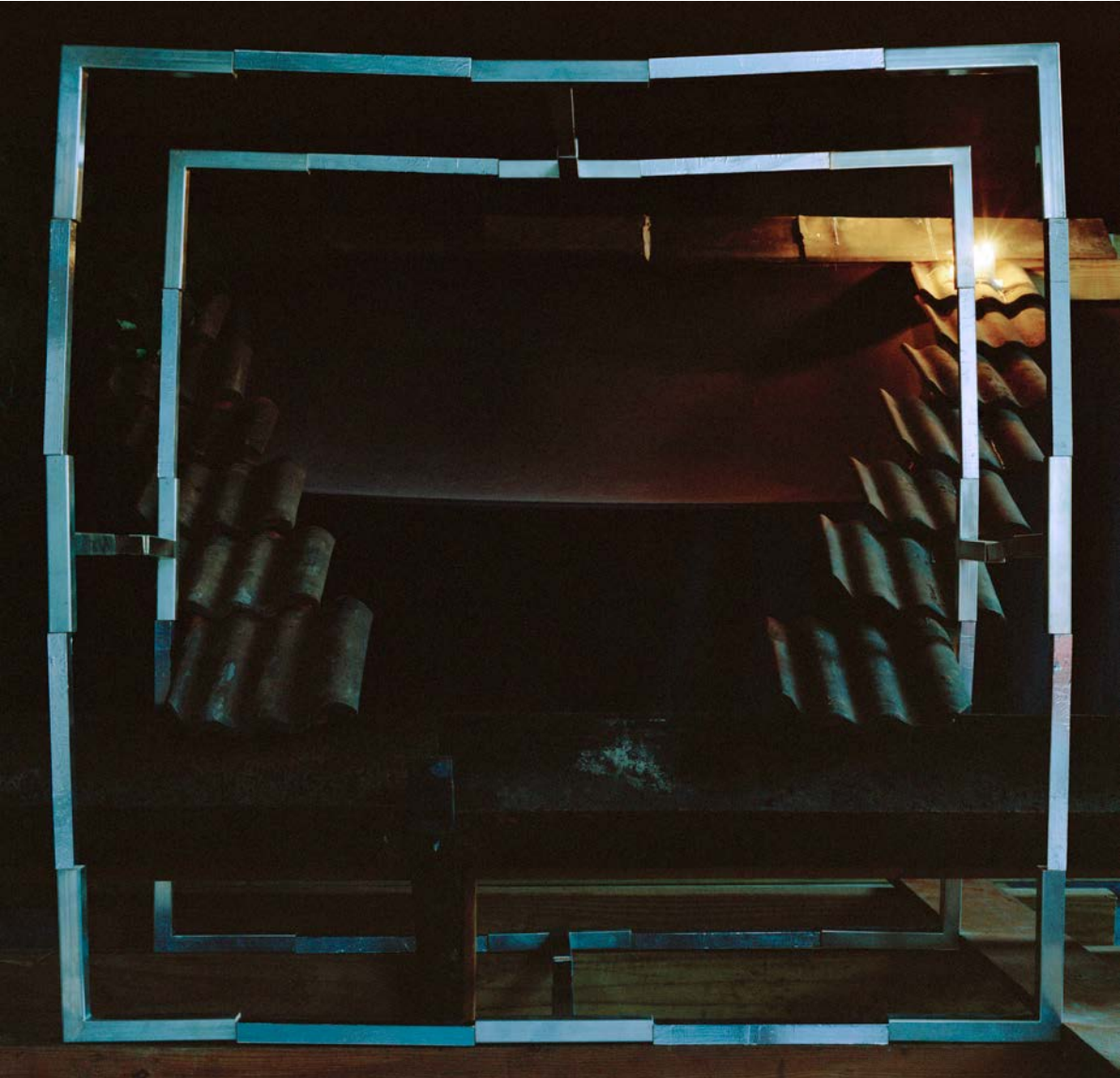
fronted on Dibond

111 × 111 cm

Ed. 1 of 5 + 2 APs



Sunday, 2022
Inkjet print acrylic
fronted on Dibond
116 × 116.8 cm
Ed. 1 of 5 + 2 APs



Lord Street, 2021
Inkjet print acrylic
fronted on Dibond
116 × 120.1 cm
Ed. 1 of 5 + 2 APs



Bins Baskets, Buckets (Tin Tan Tommy), 2022

Inkjet print acrylic

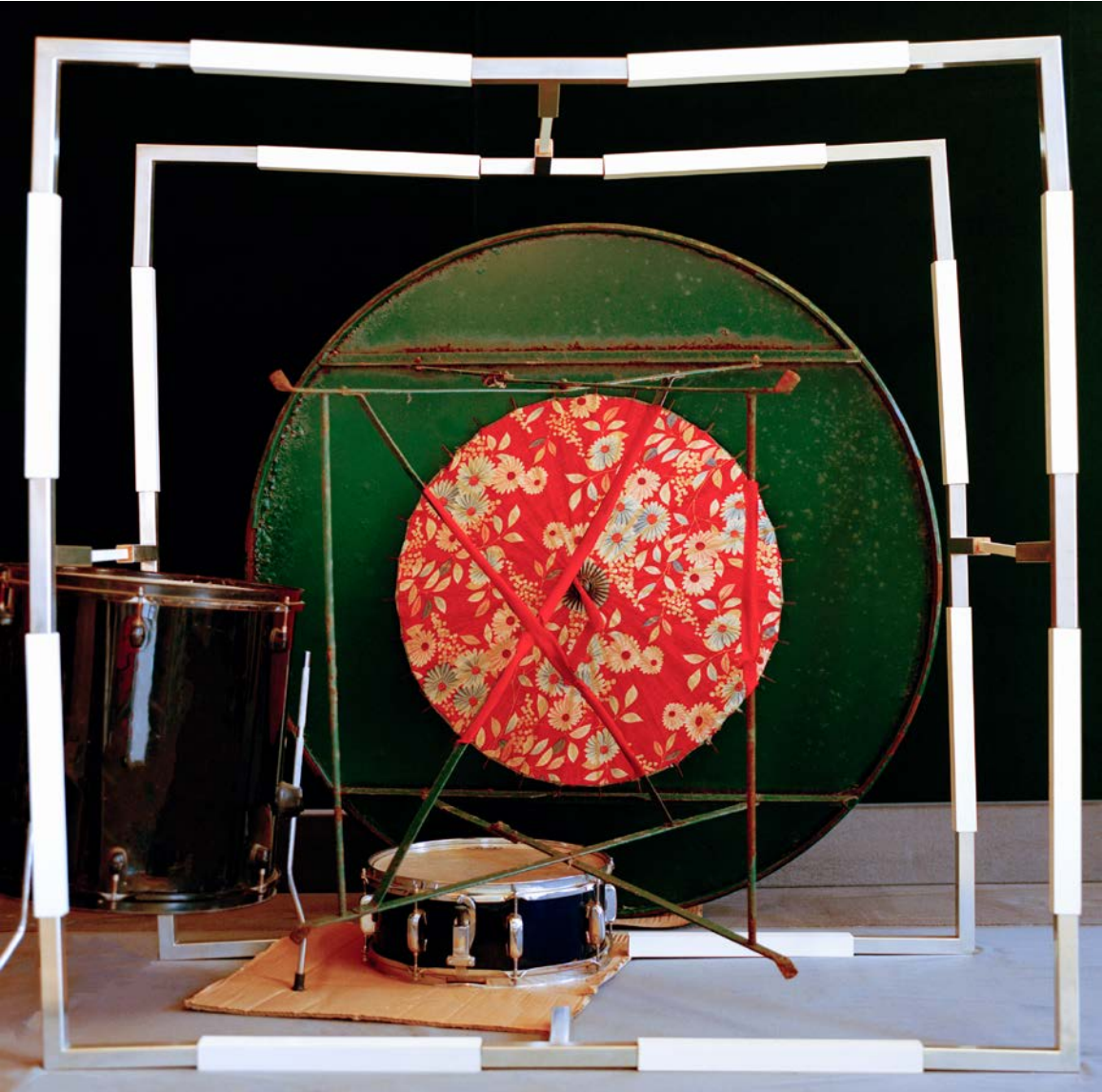
fronted on Dibond

124 × 125.6 cm

Ed. 1 of 3 + 2 APs



Poh-tay-toes, 2021
Inkjet print acrylic
fronted on Dibond
129 × 135 cm
Ed. 1 of 3 + 2 APs



8 Ovals, 2021
Inkjet print acrylic
fronted on Dibond
130 × 131 cm
Ed. 1 of 3 + 2 APs



European Magic, 2019

Inkjet print acrylic

fronted on Dibond

139 × 139 cm

Ed. 2 of 3 + 2 APs



European Magic ii, 2022

Inkjet print acrylic

fronted on Dibond

139 × 139.1 cm

Ed. 1 of 3 + 2 APs



Power, History and Comfort, 2019

Inkjet print acrylic

fronted on Dibond

146 × 146 cm

Ed. 2 of 3 + 2 APs

Frank Dot & Brian Oval

Private view
13 May 202213 May –
18 June 2022

Frank Dot & Brian Oval

Something about apples, oranges, grapes and pears
Nothing to do with dials and gauges

A show of key AIR SIGNS photographs that feature round things, or things getting around. Frank, catch that professional standard frisbee.

AIR SIGNS are an ongoing series of sculptural works that are presented as photographs. Frank and Brian gather materials from their studio, and occasionally, from the artists' wider daily lives. Objects are displayed, positioned, and pressed into action within a wobbly cube. Brian, on your head.

This approach values lightness, some chance encounters and codified conversations. It hopes to sketch something of experiencing the world through its objects, something untidy to be felt and thought.

Brian Griffiths and Frank Kent both studied painting, became sculptors, and just now, are making photographs. Together they make a friendly return to the flatness of the image. They met at the Royal Academy Schools in London.

AIR SIGNS have been recently exhibited at the Van Gogh House, London (2021); Karsten Schubert Gallery, London (2020); Galeria Luisa Strina, São Paulo (2019). AIR SIGNS are in private collections in the UK, Europe, Brazil and USA.

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Brian Griffiths (b. 1968) lives and works in Colchester and London. Recent solo exhibitions include: Taking Sides, Galeria Luisa Strina, São Paulo (2019); No No to Knock-Knocks, Blain|Southern, London (2018); BILL MURRAY: a story of distance, size and sincerity, BALTIC Centre for Contemporary Art, Gateshead, UK (2015). Recent group exhibitions include: Image Drum, Royal Academy of Arts, London (2019); Voyage, Bergamin & Gomide, São Paulo (2017); Folk Devil, David Zwirner, New York (2013).

Frank Kent (b. 1987) lives and works in Weymouth and Gainsborough. Previous exhibitions and commissions include: flower.gift, digital commission for Skelf (2022); Step 5, group exhibition Slum Gothic, Gainsborough (2021); Life and its most trivial particulars at Van Gogh House, London (2021); New Works at Fold Gallery, London (2017); Green backrests, commission for lecture theatre at Royal Academy Schools, London (2015); Site & Situ, a three-month residency at Surface Gallery, Nottingham (2011); and Visual Delusions, Bend In The River, Gainsborough (2011).

O— has a detached retina, and cannot fly. D— is grounded by his principles. They travel together on buses, sitting far apart, talking loudly and mishearing one another. 'This is us!' they say as they get up for their stop, carrier bags swinging.

It's a short, pleasant stroll to the sunny spot on the back step, where O— and D— take their leisure when they can. Beneath the gold velvet lies shuttered concrete, pocked like a slab of feta cheese. Up above is the cupboard where the treats are kept. To the left, a grapevine clambers among the sage and thyme; to the right is unmemorable. Over the shoulder, a lower dimension with a murky palette stretches back and out.

'In this world, everything is held together by bribery,' D— says sadly, his smudged violet parka the spit of his aura. In the past, he has bribed people to bring him food or to let him enter their building. These days, he is in the pocket of hunters on the trail of luxury's hideout.

'Oh you sad melt,' says O—. His trousers are the colour of pale ham, their secret pouches bulging with gambling chips and love eggs. He can see how the small thrill of people doing what you tell them to do, and even what you gently suggest they might, is a gateway thrill. When lying beside someone, he is often struck by their simultaneity but ultimate separateness. That he ever reaches anyone at all seems chance of an unspeakable magnitude. And then he says 'come' or 'go', and they say 'how far?' or 'how much?'

D—, on the other hand, feels the world as a part of his body he cannot move at will. The world is his hair.

But together at the sunny spot on the back step, everything is simple. All handles off which to fly have been removed, all obstacles abridged. Contrast is notched down. Cold colours liquefy in the warmth. The world moves and can be moved and moves them and they don't mind either way, because for once, in that moment, they are composed.

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Sally O'Reilly writes and makes things for the page and for video and performance – things which might end up in magazines, galleries, lecture theatres, opera houses, industrial greenhouses, open-air swimming pools, train tabletops, bathing machines, virtual pubs, caravans on dairy farms...