

INTRODUCTION TO AMPHIBIAN

This is a gift.

Anxiety, discomfort, and hypersensitivity—all signs of life.

Every good story, every piece of music, breathes through tension.

Every instance of conflict is a stage, inviting a performance.

This moment is what this body is for.

I've been reflecting on reincarnation, and its linear and cyclic form. A book which has accompanied me during the formation of these works is *Reincarnation and Biology*, by Ian Stevenson, a monograph documenting cases of birthmarks, birth defects and other congenital abnormalities between living subjects to deceased persons. The idea of an astral mould (*psychophore*) as Stevenson theorised, in which physical carryovers, between the living and deceased, are transposed between lives, is congruent to my experience in art and music: one *receives*.

Over the years, I've incrementally convinced myself that there is an unbreachable castle where my creativity resides and guarded this notion jealously. I've promised myself that my surroundings will have no bearing on the shape of my imagination; that a creative touchstone was always in my pocket. To protect myself from sentimentality and dependencies, I've cultivated a detachment towards studios and resourcefulness to make the potential absence of the materials I use inconsequential. I needed the core of what illuminates the mind's eye and actualises my reality needed to be indelible.

Things played out differently. I've become attached to the land, to each season, and I feel very much an annex of the terrain and a condition of the weather. I also find myself yielding to *saudade* and accepting of being driven by a fear of stasis rather than impotency.

Give in to nostalgia.

Re-enact memories.

Fall over yourself and find style

-a consequence of being.

Several of the titles in this body of work are a nod to independent noise-rock from the late 70's to early 90's—you might recognise some of these lines from bands like Slint, The Jesus Lizard, June of 44, Swans and Sonic Youth. A lot of these musicians are anachronistic, masters of creating and manipulating tension, and each of them were poetic in their own way. To me, their music represents an unprocessed, analog, hi-def registration of their internal world. Their production style was minimal yet clear in its trajectory, and through their music, I was introduced to the aesthetics of a freer hand and a dispassionately-centered-mind.

The art of my immediate surroundings in Sardinia are metals and ceramics of the Nuragic (Sardinian bronze age) period (1800 – 238 BC). Looking back in history, it is important to consider that every civilisation of the past considered themselves to be nestled within the pinnacle of technology. I imagine them saying “we could have made anything, but *this* was what we chose to do.” All art is contemporary. One of the things that struck me was the ceramics—unglazed terracotta in particular, appears the same whether fresh out of the kiln, or buried for thousands of years.

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My experience of practicing art in present is accompanied by music from the end of the 20th century and informed by sculptures from 1800 BC. I feel an expansion and a reconciliation, just considering that notion. I believe that looking at something is enough to connect you to it. Remembering it means that you're in a relationship.

These paintings and sculptures are made with and informed by the presence and energies of friends, artists, and musicians I love and admire. The presentation of the exhibition is made possible and cared for by Can Yavuz, Caryn Quek, Dharshini Kannan and Adam Staley Groves.

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