

THESE FLEETING FEW

JEREMY BAKKER

YOUKOUBO ART SPACE

2012

JEREMY BAKKER

1979 Born Canberra, Australia

Solo Exhibitions:

2012 These Fleeting Few, Youkobo Art Space, Tokyo, Japan
Minor Infinities, CONICAL, Melbourne, Australia
i is another, Light Projects, Melbourne, Australia
2010 Resonate, West Space, Melbourne, Australia
2009 Alone Together, School of Art Gallery, RMIT University, Melbourne
2008 Cluster, Bus Gallery, Melbourne, Australia

Collaborative Project:

2012 The Space Between Our Hands, with Ross Coulter, for the Echigo-Tsumari Snow Art Festival, Australia House Residency
Niigata Prefecture, Japan

Recent Group Exhibitions:

2012 Ode to Form, West Space, Melbourne, Australia
2011 Immanent Landscape, Kurumaya Museum, Oyama, Japan
2010 Immanent Landscape, West Space, Melbourne, Australia

Website: www.jeremybakker.com



Youkobo Art Space manages an Artist-In-Residence (AIR) program and a non-profit gallery for domestic and foreign artists, and also commit to supporting other AIR programs, to international exchanges and community activities through art, and to nurture young art workers. As a 'studio ('kobo') for 'you' (also means 'play' in Japanese), Youkobo aims to give many people opportunities for art and cultural experiences, by supporting artists' autonomous activities. An official member of Res Artist (Worldwide Network of Artist Residencies).

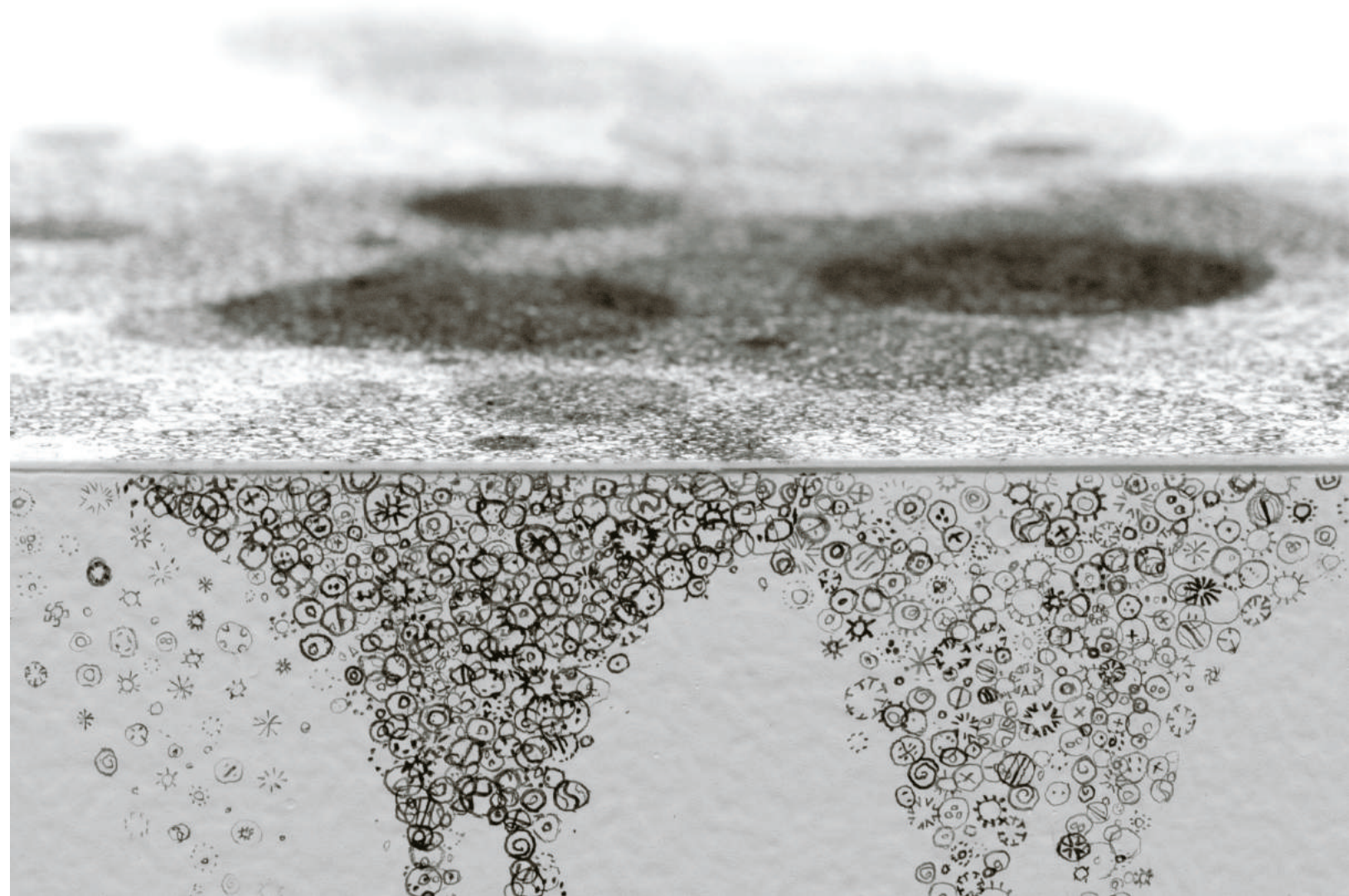
遊工房アートスペースは、国内外のアーティストが滞在制作するアーティスト・イン・レジデンス（AIR）と、作品を展示・発表する非営利ギャラリーを主軸に、AIRの支援・推進、アートを通じた国際交流やコミュニティ活動、人材育成にも取り組んでいます。「ユウ（あなた・遊）」の「工房」として、アーティストの自律的な活動の支援と、多くの方が芸術文化を身近に体験できる場を目指します。アーティストインレジデンス世界ネットワーク Res Artis 正会員。

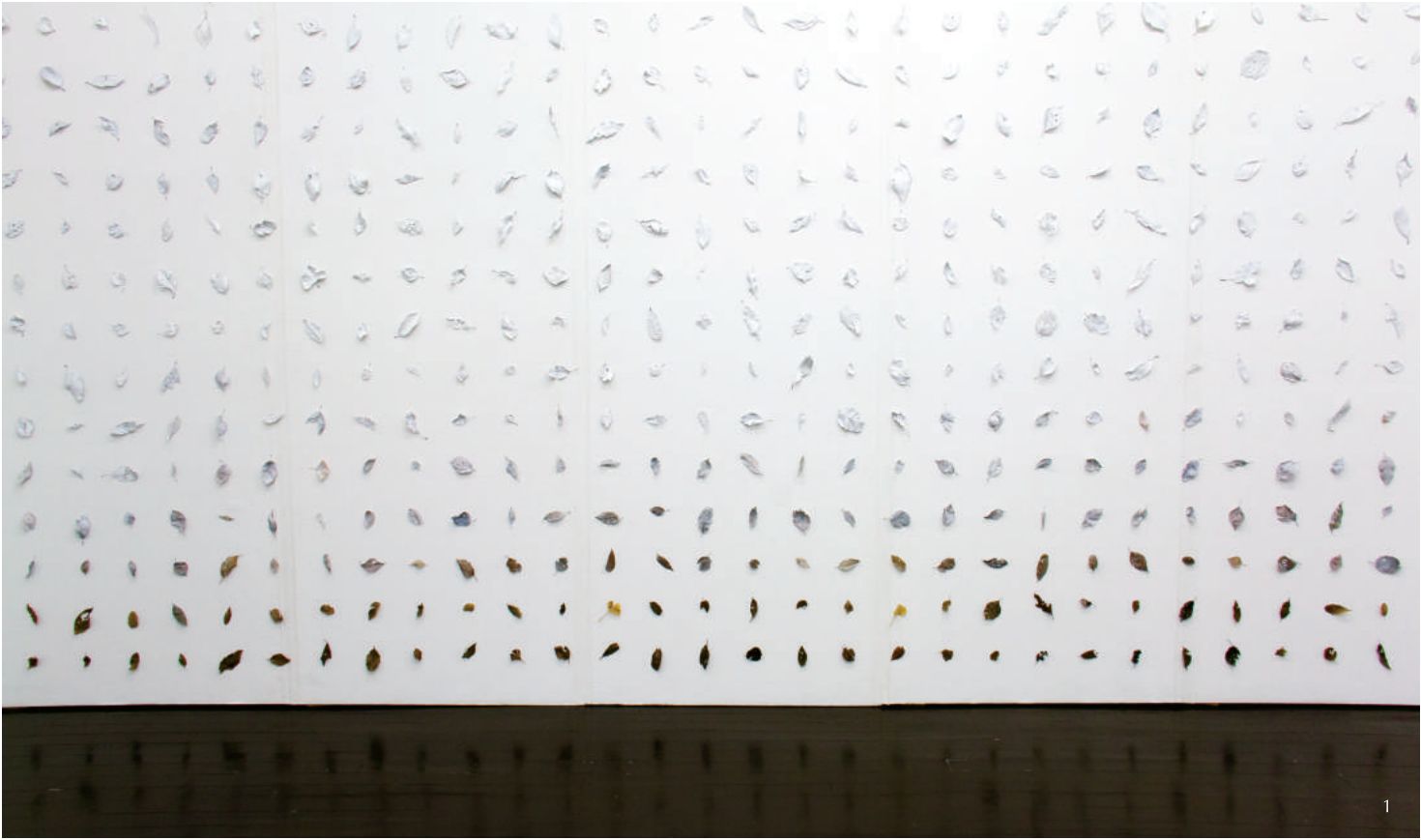
Youkobo Art Space, Tokyo www.youkobo.co.jp

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文化芸術の海外発信拠点形成事業





日も暮れ始めた午後、地元の池の畔にある善福寺公園に向かった。柔らかな陽が池岸の木々に降り注いでいる。蚊が少なそうな辺りにベンチを見つけ、そこに座った。



飼い主に首紐を外された犬たちが、くるくる廻りながら匂いを嗅ぎ合っている。砂利道をジョギングする人の靴が鳴るのが聞こえる。池の端に立つ年老いた男が、ゴルフのクラブとボールがあたかもそこにあるように、膝を折って両手を握り、スウィングしている。私は彼と共に、見えないボールが高く上がり池を越えていくのを見た。

思い思いに活動する人たちの背景で、周囲の木々から鳴り響く無数の蝉の声が聞こえる。一年の中でこの時期、どの界隈からでも聞こえる、押し上げる様な、ジリジリした電子音のような音の洪水。木々の下を歩くのは、まるで凝縮されたゾーンを通過するようだ。ある場所では音は比較的抑えめだが、他の場所ではパチンコ屋の攻撃的な叫びのように音が急降下する。

一円硬貨ほどの穴が、小さな黒インクの跡のように地面に開いていた。これらは、蝉が儂い命を咲かせて地上へとむかうトンネルの出口だ。両親に見守られながら虫取り網を木々の間で揺らす、公園で見かけた子ども達のことを思った。彼らが捜している蝉の抜け殻について考えた。地面に落ちる木の葉で蝉の穴を掘ることを想像した。天候と時間が葉をすり減らすこと、拡散されやがて地面に還っていくことを思った。そして、この自然の循環が、私達の内と外でいつも廻っていることについて考えた。

横のベンチに座る男の大きな欠伸が夜の空気に消えていく。彼が足にとまった蚊を叩く。立ち去る時が来た。

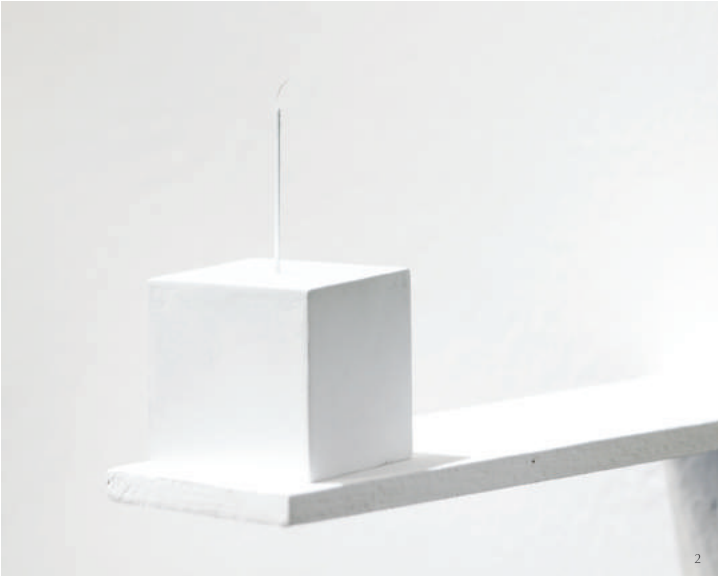
I walk down to Zempukuji koen, the local park around a pond, late in the afternoon. Soft light spills over a cluster of trees on the far side of the pond. I find a bench that I think is least likely to attract the attention of mosquitos and sit down.

I can see dogs circling and sniffing each other as their owners disentangle leads and chat. I can hear the gritty crunch of running shoes on the gravel path as joggers pass by. An elderly man stands near the pond's edge, with knees bent and hands clasped together he swings an imaginary gold club at an imaginary golf ball. I watch with him as the invisible ball arches high, up and over the pond.

Behind all of this human activity is the sound of countless cicadas calling out from surrounding trees. It is a pulsing, buzzing, electric flood of sound that can be heard everywhere in this neighbourhood at this time of year. To walk beneath the trees is to pass through zones of intensity—in some places the sound is relatively subdued, elsewhere it surges down like the aggressive scream of a pachinko parlour.

One-yen sized holes dot the ground like small and inky-black voids. These are where cicadas tunnelled a way out of the soil to start their brief lives above ground. I think of the kids I've seen in this park, weaving between trees with butterfly nets and patient parents looking on. I think of the cicada shells they are searching for, and the way these shells cling tenaciously to the underside of leaves. I imagine a leaf falling to the ground, dragging a cicada shell with it. I think of the way that weather and time will wear them both down; how their elements will scatter and be reclaimed by the soil. I think of this natural cycle that is always turning around us and within us.

A man on the bench beside me yawns loudly into the night air and slaps at a mosquito on his leg. It's time to go.



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1. The silence of many
leaves, the legs of cicada shells, paint
葉、蝉の抜け殻の足、ペイント
5. Spill
pencil on paper
plinth
鉛筆、紙
台座
2. Blink
eyelash, 'second hand'
removed from a clock
睫毛
腕時計の秒針
4. I find you / you find me
butterfly net
虫取り網

3. Breathing space
paper, paper cuttings
紙、紙片

Translation by Utako Shindo
Photography by Jeremy Bakker and Kazuhiro Masuda
Cover image: detail of Spill

