

# 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
- Miscellaneous, COINCO, Melbourne, Australia
- (It another, Light Projects, Melbourne, Australia)
- 2009 Rescuer, West Space, Melbourne, Australia
- Alone Together, School of Art Gallery, RMIT University, Melbourne
- 2008 Clamor, Bus Gallery, Melbourne, Australia

### Collaborative Project

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

### Recent Group Exhibitions

- 2012 Old to Front, West Space, Melbourne, Australia
- 2011 Immanent Landscape, Kuratama Museum, Oyama, Japan
- 2010 Immanent Landscape, West Space, Melbourne, Australia

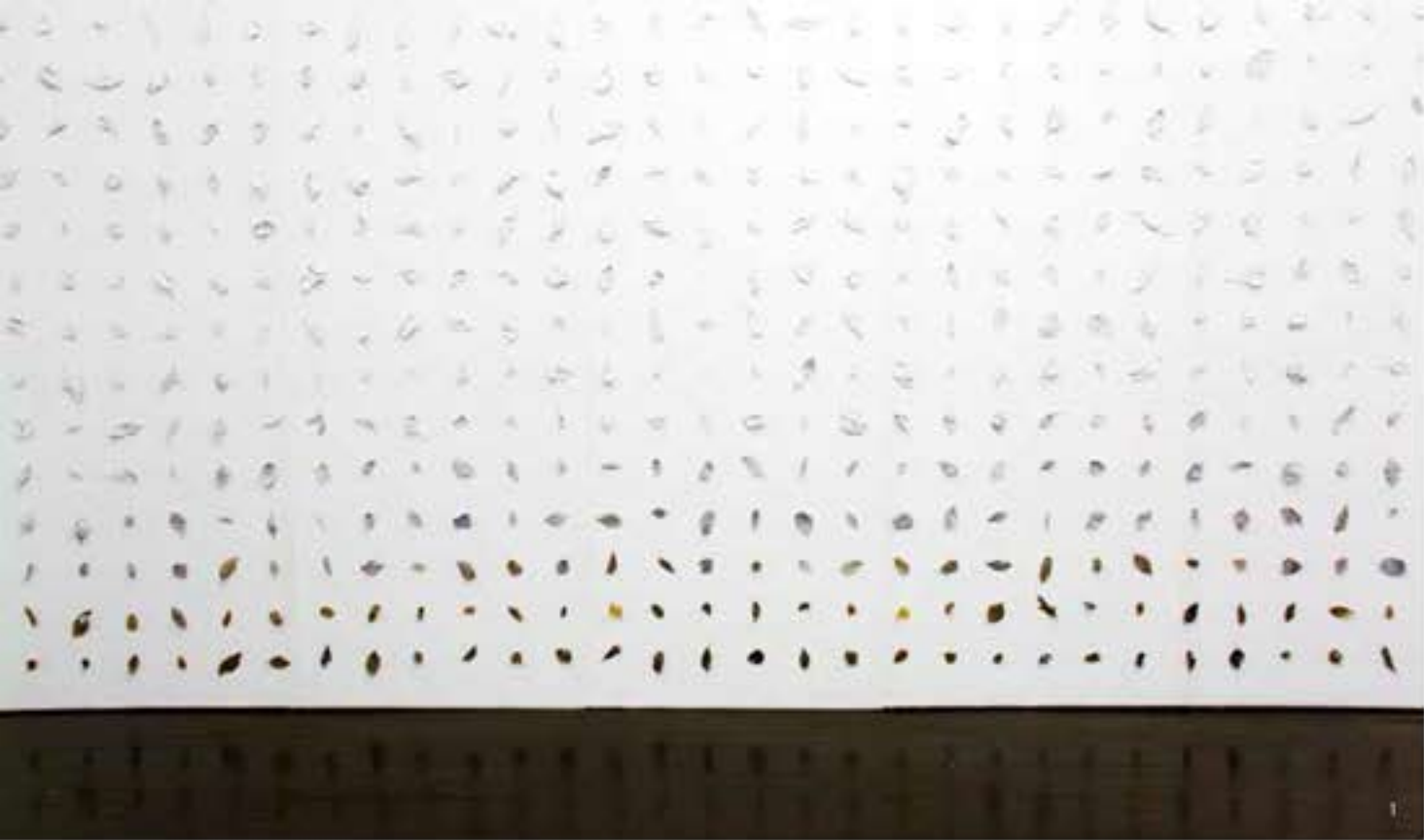
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Youkobo Art Space manages an Artist-in-Residence (AIR) program and a non-profit gallery for domestic and foreign artists, and also commit to supporting other AIR programs, to international exchanges and community activities through art, and to nurture 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 Artis* (Worldwide Network of Artist Residencies).

若くはアーティストスペースは、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。「こー（あなた・君）」の「こぼ」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・レジデンス国際ネットワーク Res Artis 正会員。





「七尋の森の夕暮、庭の有り野にふる青葉が空に舞った。庭の一角が赤い木々に覆われている。私が歩いている道はベンチを通り、そこに来た。」

同じ日に目撃された大木たちが、くるくる廻りながら新しい光景を合っている。静寂をジョージアで暮らす人の影が隅の隅に映る。他の庭に立つ年輩の男が、ゴルフのクラブとボールがまわりの草に落ちるように、膝を打ってボールを振り、スウィングしている。私は彼と共に、見えぬボールが空を越えていくのを見た。

思い思いに活動する人たちの存在で、周囲の木々から廻り廻り舞動の影の隅の隅に入る。一年の中でこの時期、どの庭からでも聞こえる。押し上げる鼓動、びりびりした葉子音のような音の鼓動。ありのままでよくのは、まるで舞踏されたゾーンを認識するようだ。ある庭所では台は比較的静かだが、他の庭所ではバトンが庭の攻撃的な運びのように音が急降下する。

一円硬貨ほどの穴が、小さな黒いインクの跡のように地面に刻まれている。これらは、蝉が地を突き破って地上へとむかうトンネルの出口だ。高層に見守られるながら虫取り網を木々の間で揺らす。虫網で捉えた子ども達のことを思った。蝉が棲んでいる葉の抜け殻について考えた。地面に落ちる木の葉で蝉の殻を洗うことを想像した。土俵と虫網が葉をすり減らすこと、鼓動されやがて地面に落ち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。

風のベンチに座る男の大きな足音が夜の空気に揺れていく。蝉が足に止まった蚊を叩く。立ちあがる蝉が来た。

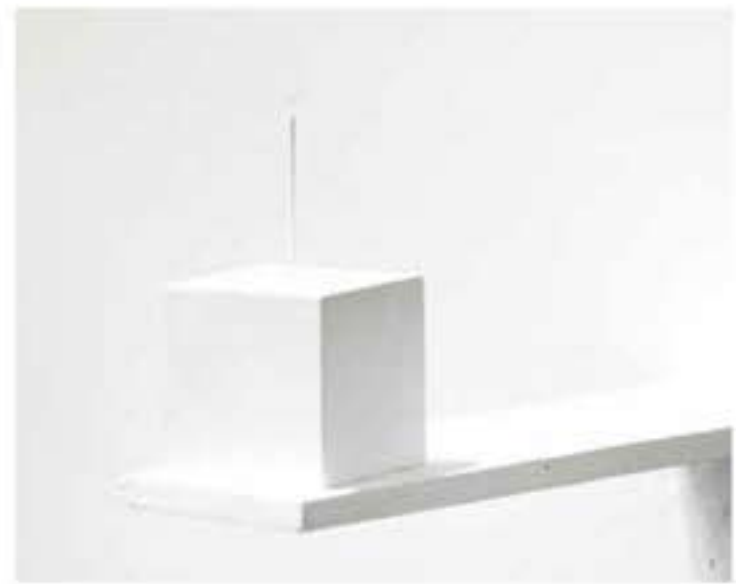
I walk down to Zempokuji koen, the local park around a pond, late in the afternoon. Soft light spills over a cluster of trees on the far side of the pond. I find a bench that I think is least likely to attract the attention of mosquitos and sit down.

I can see dogs circling and sniffing each other as their owners disentangle loads 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

paper on paper  
cloth  
紙、布

2. Blink

spoons, "second hand"  
removed from a clock  
銀匙  
時計の部品

4. I find you / you find me

humidity, net  
湿度、網

3. Breathing space

paper, paper settings  
紙、紙

Translation by Utako Shimizu  
Photography by Jeremy Bakker and Kazuhito Masuda  
Cover image: detail of Spill

