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Obsession and Temporality

The moments of making is a cut into the construct of time where all moments - the past, present, future- fold into one within the space of memory. The sundry narratives influenced by memory that inform the space of work are not necessarily visible, yet a faint stain or a dot marks the spot that frames the act of making and the narratives within which all times exist. Loops of thread, layers of wax, plant like arabesques or the dots are evidence of a time that was present, perceived only as the artist's breath.

The repetition and the fragility of materials produce a semblance of order on the verge of falling into despair and chaos. One can look at a singular dot as a trace, an evidence of an ephemeral existence which is infinitely represented, perhaps alluding a philosophical, metaphysical reading of the self as infinite and in a constant state of becoming in the temporal space of life and death. Marks, dots or knots embody my obsessive need to retain and make visible the present that is arbitrarily and continuously slipping into the irretrievable past of abstracting itself into the future.

Disintegration and metamorphosis

The metamorphosis of an ordinary thing into something indescribably sublime has stayed with me in my practice, where the naming and knowing of objects and materials are constantly challenged by the context. My struggle and redemption in art is the transformation of a negligible object whether it is toilet paper or a found page of a book, into an object filled with pathos. Often, the fragility of the materials threatens to undermine the very existence of the piece itself, like the emptiness that is the bedlam and the hell of the body and the mind.