



Aàdesokan:
Almost Delirium

An Exhibition
03/09-24/09

16/16



Curator's Introduction

*The wave that you let loose,
arc of identity, exploded feather,
when it was unleashed it was only foam,
and without being wasted came back to be born.*

In this snippet of a poem on the ocean by Pablo Neruda, I sense a melancholy about the inevitable cycle of the ocean and the overarching metaphor of life that this imagery evokes. Life is inevitably a cycle- of action and reaction, of push and pull, of little waves being flung out from a larger ocean only to recede back into that watery mass.

Every type of fear is simply just an iteration of fear of the unknown. The cycle of life however, points to the inevitability of this unknown- at any point in time, we simply cannot know, try as hard as we might. Who we are, who others are, what our purpose is- these questions continue to baffle me. Perhaps, as Aadesokan posits through this beautiful body of work, the edge of delirium arrives when one gives in to the inevitability of uncertainty. In interacting with the artist, I have truly made it a point to arrive at “delirium” myself and I encourage you to join me in exploring this state of mind at the exhibition.

- Tushar Hathiramani



Artist Statement

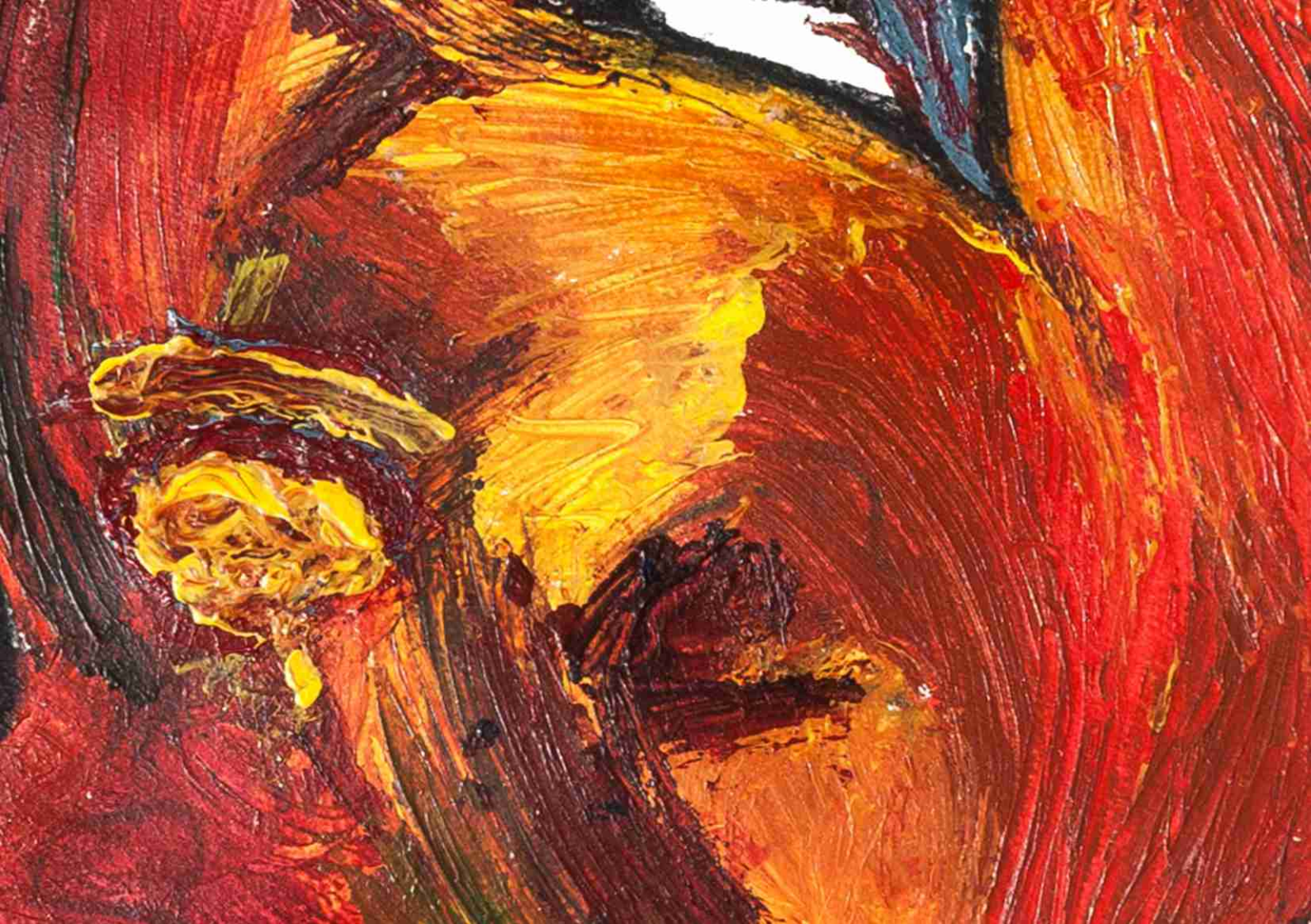
Where is the mind? Perhaps it is better to inquire- What is the mind? The mind whatever it may be is synonymous to consciousness and all its facets. As there are no absolutes, I must exercise the most fundamental truth; I do not know. From a place of ceaseless agitation with conscious aloneness I have depicted various facial profiles intended for apprehension although apprehending an evasive mind is a perpetual problem, one that is perennially interesting. This unravelling of my mind is perhaps with a subjective mission to lose it and become truly erratic but you see there are no absolutes.

Perhaps this abstract actualization of the self that I embody; the conscious self is a gathering of the intuitive of face perception and as the human mind uses perception to guide and direct emotive responses, the one that I possess, reflects a strong underlay of trauma from these facial profiles depicted without physiognomic accuracy. I am almost certain that I do find a form of fear in each self that I embody that remains consistent. It is a phobia for not being; in terms of presence and existence. I am afraid of not being myself, a self that remains ever elusive and I am uncertain of, yet I fear an actuality of knowing myself with conviction but you see there are no absolutes. Perhaps this is introspection layered out seeking apprehension of my state of mind during a period of incapacitating anxiety disorder and now the sediments of trauma have emulsified into these facial profiles where the bits brought forth from an unfamiliar place with an embodiment of emotions; mostly fear and worry are irrecoverable thus disposing me to examine perception as given to consciousness whilst seeking clarity but you see there are no absolutes.

We are an embodiment of different emotions. Our emotional make is in a constant flux. On encountering a face, we may perceive a part of this flux and then a connection is made. Perhaps a connection with these facial profiles reveals a distillation of agony on interpretation. A profile is always associated with a face, what we perceive of a face is rarely thought about yet alone developed, the profiles depicted have no faces although they are emotively familiar but you see there are no absolutes.

This is possibly a summative expression of an immense subconscious with a free flight from convention. The creation of an emotional experience underlays the purpose of my abstract expressions. My abstracts are a reflection of my thoughts which are ideally inclined to literature but not constrained to it. Perhaps I have drawn these faces to engage in dialogue with and the synergy of nylon and charcoal may have been chosen for their resilience with the trees though aberrated embodying man's perpetual regeneration; ever rising, ever sinking deeper in its existence but you see there are no absolutes. As there are no absolutes and having exercised the most fundamental truth that I do not know, at least, I can feel and now I say without absoluteness about the self I embody; it feels the need to connect with every face a soul embodies, it feels the captivation of a leafless tree as it resonates with the beauty of aloneness and it is elaborately evasive of apprehending a self that is almost delirium.

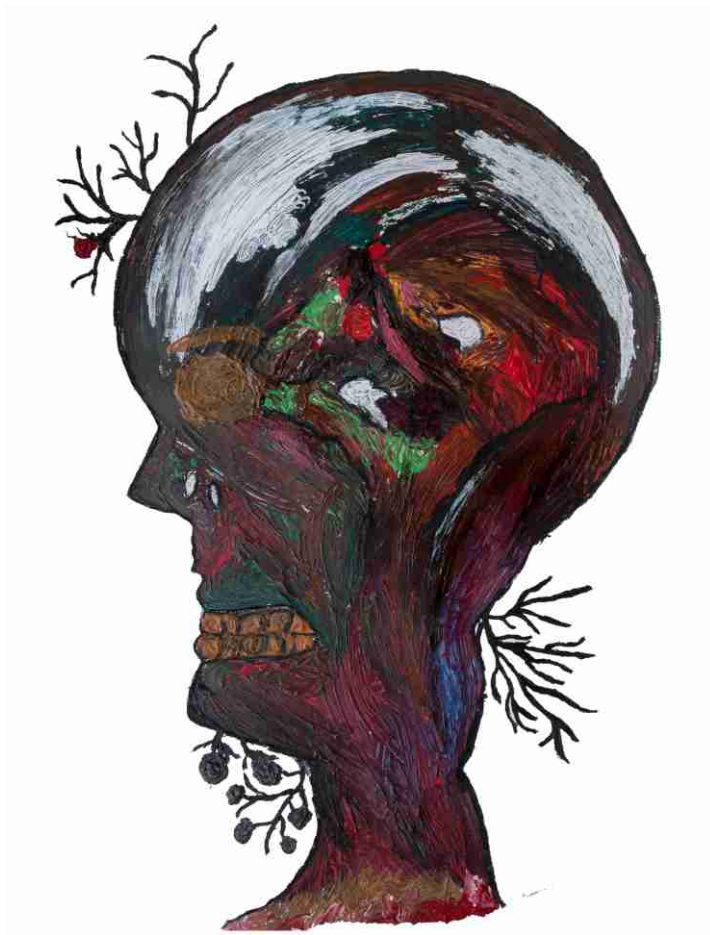
- Aàdesokan

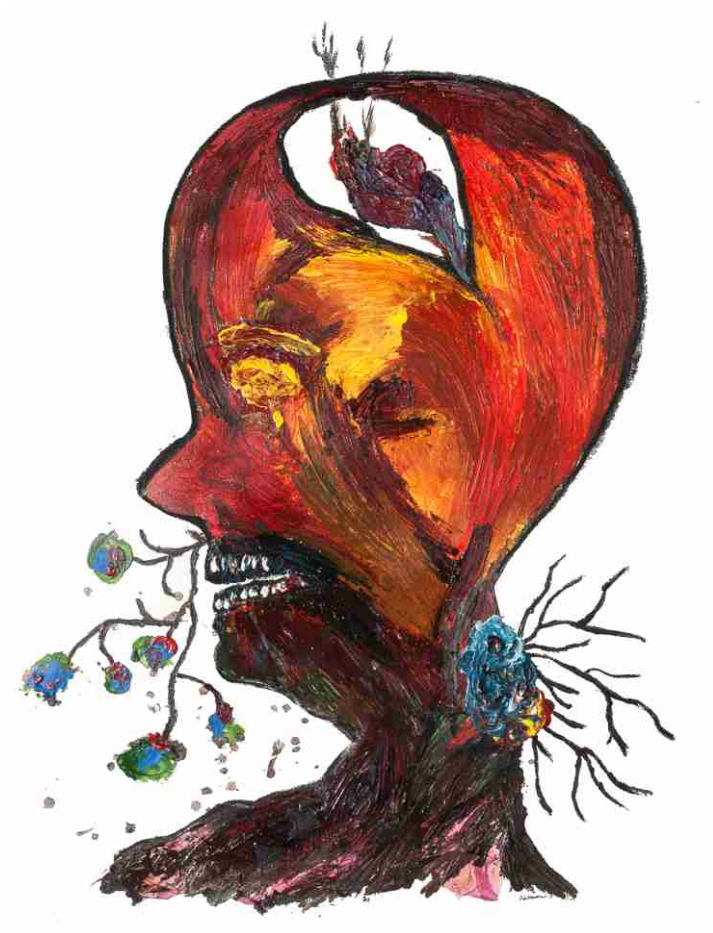




untitled 1
2017
acrylic, charcoal, nylon, fine sand &
petroleum jelly on 190lb paper
22 in x 30 in
signed and dated (bottom right)

ramp, rage, regression!
2017
acrylic, charcoal, nylon, &
petroleum jelly on 190lb paper
22 in x 30 in
signed and dated (bottom right)



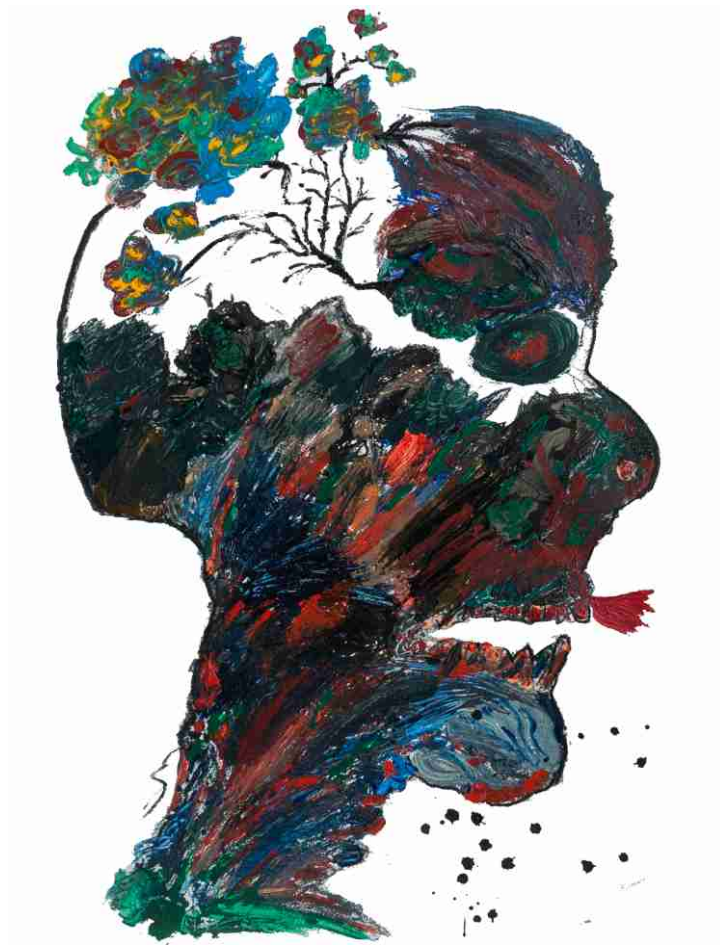


flaming heart, thinking heart
2017
acrylic, charcoal, nylon, fine sand &
petroleum jelly on 190lb paper
22 in x 30 in
signed and dated (bottom right)

smile
2017
acrylic, charcoal, nylon, fine sand &
petroleum jelly on 190lb paper
22 in x 30 in
signed and dated (bottom right)

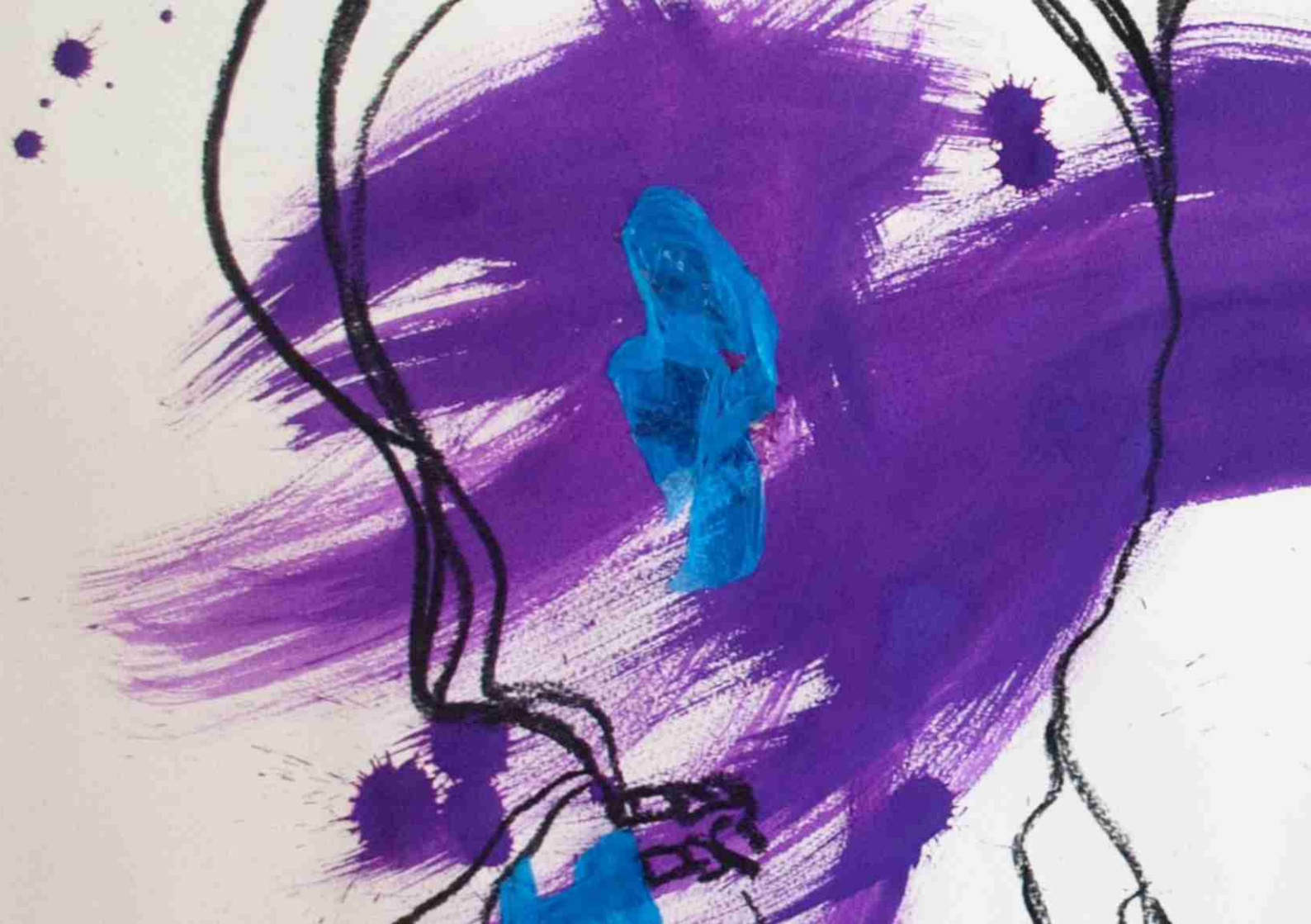


untitled 2
2017
acrylic, charcoal, nylon &
petroleum jelly on 190lb paper
22 in x 30 in
signed and dated (bottom right)





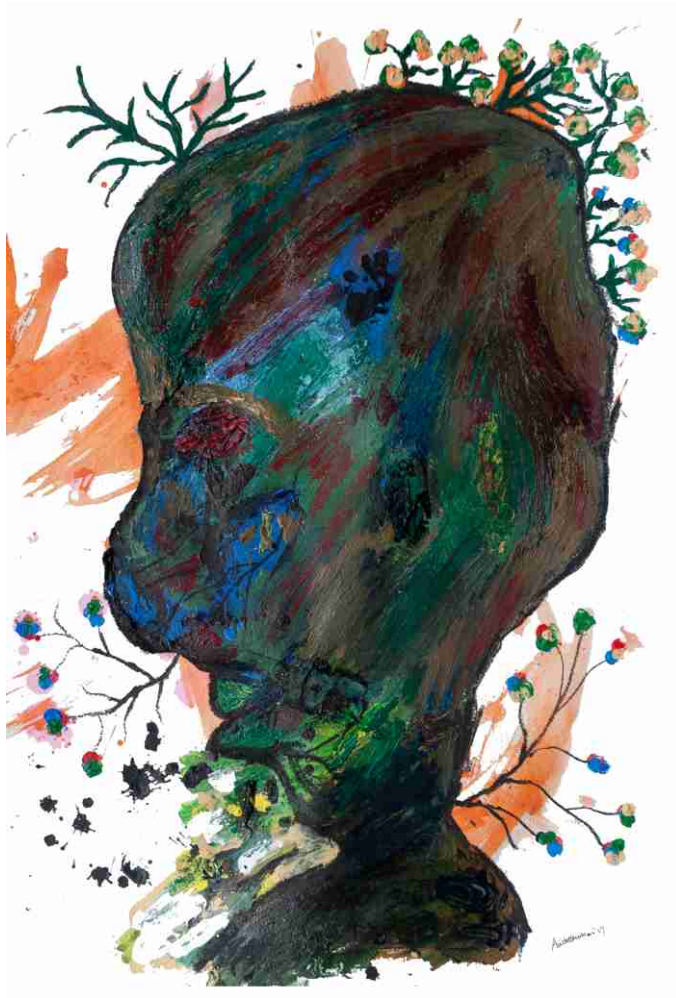
untitled first impression
2017
acrylic, charcoal, nylon, fine sand &
petroleum jelly on 190lb paper
22 in x 30 in
signed and dated (bottom right)







war child (war child & tyrant)
2017
acrylic, water color, charcoal, nylon,
fine sand & petroleum jelly on
190lb paper
22 in x 30 in
signed and dated (bottom right)



tyrant (war child & tyrant)
2017
acrylic, water color, charcoal, nylon,
fine sand & petroleum jelly on 190lb paper
15 in x 22 in
signed and dated (bottom right)



pre-expectation
2017
acrylic, water color, charcoal, nylon,
fine sand & petroleum jelly on 190lb paper
15 in x 22 in
signed and dated (bottom right)



post-expectation
2017
acrylic, water color, charcoal, nylon,
fine sand & petroleum jelly on 190lb paper
15 in x 22 in
signed and dated (bottom right)

wonder (wanderlust)
2017
acrylic, water color, charcoal,
nylon, fine sand & petroleum jelly
on 190lb paper
15 in x 22 in
signed and dated (bottom left)





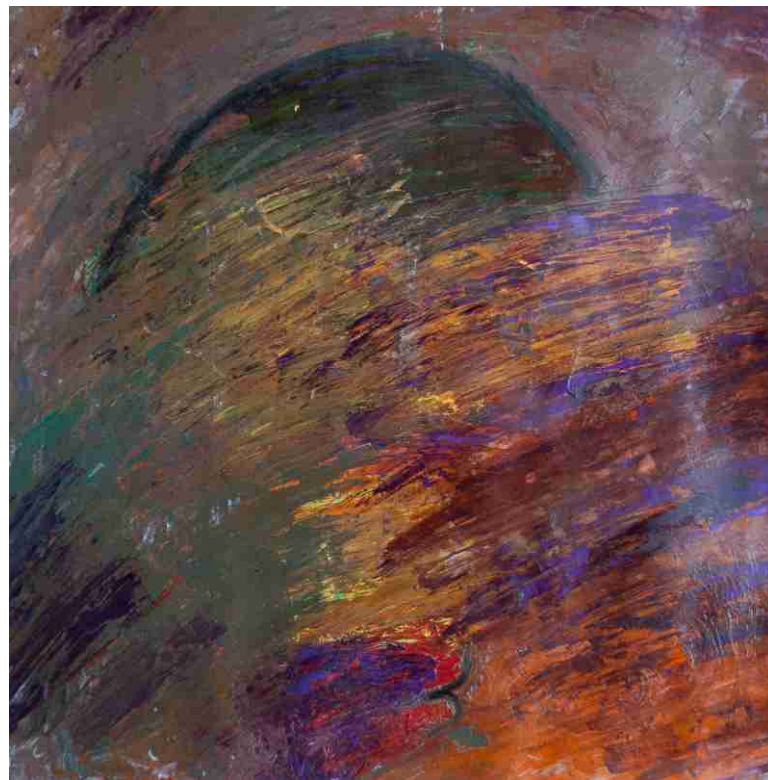
lost (wanderlust)
2017
acrylic, water color, charcoal, nylon,
fine sand & petroleum jelly on 190lb paper
15 in x 22 in
signed and dated (bottom right)

self-portrait: almost delirium
2017
acrylic, charcoal, fine sand &
petroleum jelly on 190lb paper
15 in x 16 in
signed and dated (bottom right)



self-portrait: pseudo ecstatic reality
2017
acrylic, charcoal &
petroleum jelly on 190lb paper
16 in x 18 in
signed and dated (bottom right)



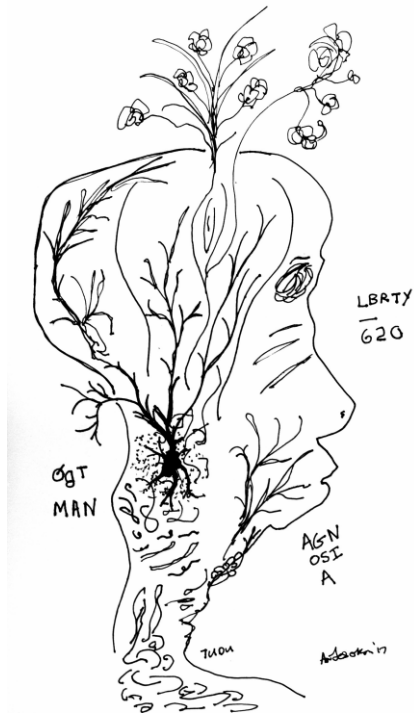
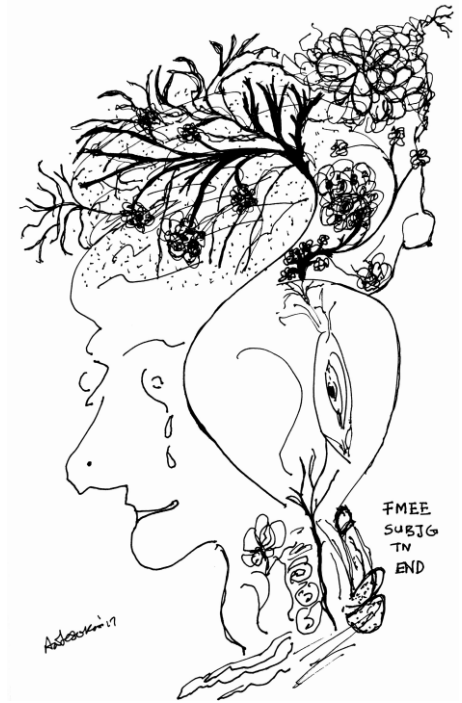


self-portrait: quasi obliteration
2017
acrylic, charcoal &
petroleum jelly on 190lb paper
15 in x 16 in
signed and dated (bottom right)

NUMB
TANTRUMS

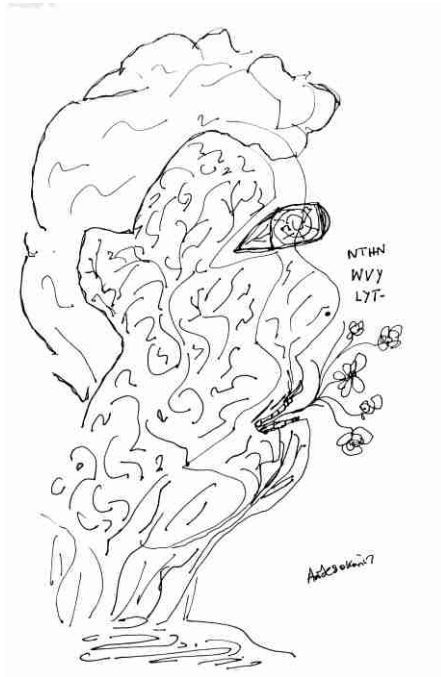
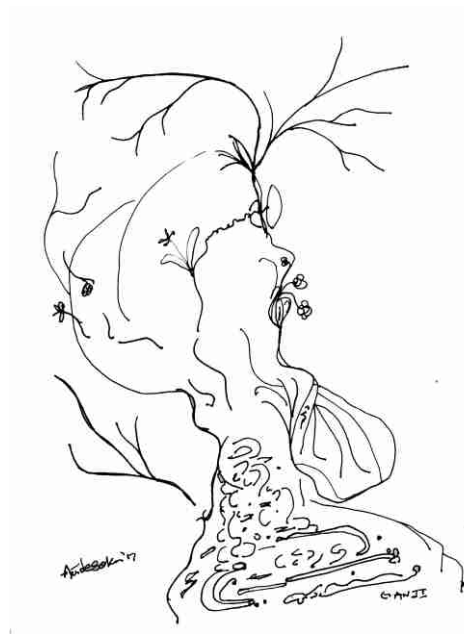


fmee subjtn
2017
ink sketch on paper
7 in x 10 in
signed and dated (bottom left)



untitled (self portrait)
2017
ink sketch on paper
7 in x 10 in
signed and dated (bottom right)

ganji
2017
ink sketch on paper
7 in x 10 in
signed and dated (bottom left)



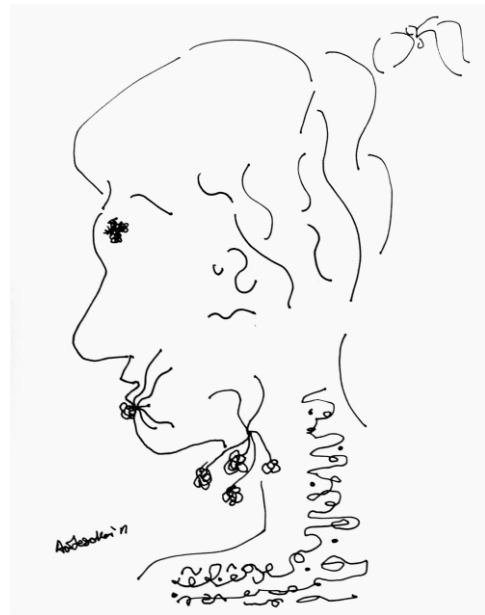
nthn wvy lyf
2017
ink sketch on paper
7 in x 10 in
signed and dated (bottom right)

waki
2017
ink sketch on paper
7 in x 10 in
signed and dated (bottom right)



ahki
2017
ink sketch on paper
7 in x 10 in
signed and dated (bottom right)

untitled
2017
ink sketch on paper
7 in x 10 in
signed and dated (bottom left)



numb tantrums
2017
ink sketch on paper
7 in x 10 in
signed and dated (bottom right)

wadiru
2017
ink sketch on paper
7 in x 10 in
signed and dated (bottom right)



podi
2017
ink sketch on paper
7 in x 10 in
signed and dated (bottom right)



Aàdesokan

Lives and works in Lagos, Nigeria. An esoteric abstract artist, his expressions are eclectic but are centered around discourse of philosophy, analytical psychology and theology with the strong intent of showing the fusion of emotions transcended between forms of art and then brought forth towards abstract expressionism from a vast subconscious.

“To induce sublime emotional responses when my art is viewed, to put the viewer on my train of thoughts, emotions and feelings heading towards a destination of their choice is the response I aim to achieve from creating abstract expressions. We all have the same subconscious, this is the paramount reason we experience the same emotions, although we express our feelings differently which is why the train belongs to me and choice of destination does not.”



ABSOLUT.