

Why Yamada at Villa Tamaris ? Justifying an exhibition program often induces a good part of insincerity and thus neglects the "objective hazards", these apparently chance meetings which quickly turn out to be necessary and even essential. Is it necessary to underline how well, from this standpoint, Claude Samuel has carried out his profession of gallery owner/guide? For all that, the Yamada exhibition comes logically after those by Mark Brusse and François Daireaux, as the continuation of a parenthesis within the vast cycle devoted to the multiple declinations of painting from the Sixties to nowadays. His exhibition evidences the same desire for confrontation with the world, with the plastic discovery of reality perceived and lived as an inexhaustible reservoir of materials and shapes. By settling down in France in 1973 to study art in César's workshop at the Paris School of Fine Arts, Yamada sought not only to discover and deepen his knowledge of a different culture, but above all to re-appropriate his own existence through other codes, other signs of another experience. Elsewhere, otherwise, Yamada plastically decrypts, discovers, re-interprets the world. As a painter (employing his proper technique of tiny fragments of torn posters), as a photographer, as a sculptor in search of objects discovered, transformed, revealed by his glance. "Sometimes the abandoned things talk to me. These things become materials of my sculpture and meet the persons living inside my body. Sometimes, on the contrary, these beings challenge the abandoned things. That is how my works come to being. Am I the guide between the things and the persons? Now, the seconds-hand of my watch glides lightly and surely over the dial, as if it had forgotten to stop. 'Tic-tac, tic-tac, tic-tac'. At such times it seems to me that I can hear my blood circulating. My hand mechanically winds the morocco cord around the iron framework. 'Gru, gru'. Finally, this framework, having acquired a skin, becomes a multi-legged man. These men, then, start walking by themselves. The sculptures set out for a journey with me, and learn, when in oases, to soothe their fatigue by slightly slackening their leather cord. Their itinerary continues, as if it was time to proceed to other appointments, elsewhere. 'Tic-tac, tic-tac, tic-tac'. When the hand of my watch and the men's feet intersect, these men move away from my sight. Will there be a day when they will live in the landscape without me?" Inscription within the space for sure, but also inclusion of the emotional landscape, the subterranean world of the ideal biography, of fantasies and of the unconscious. Yamada perfectly masters the art of managing the means and aims, without any grandiloquence, with a precision close to a sort of ascetism. He creates mirror games, in which clear conscience and darkness, areas of sense and non-sense, space and time question one another, in a hieratic approach revealing a woeful poetry and biting humour. Thus Yamada disassembles and recomposes the real to renew its image and perception. A vision, a glance - why not write it : a universe by its own, inseparable from a personal mythology touching on the universal.

Robert Bonaccorsi, 2009