

TURLEY GALLERY

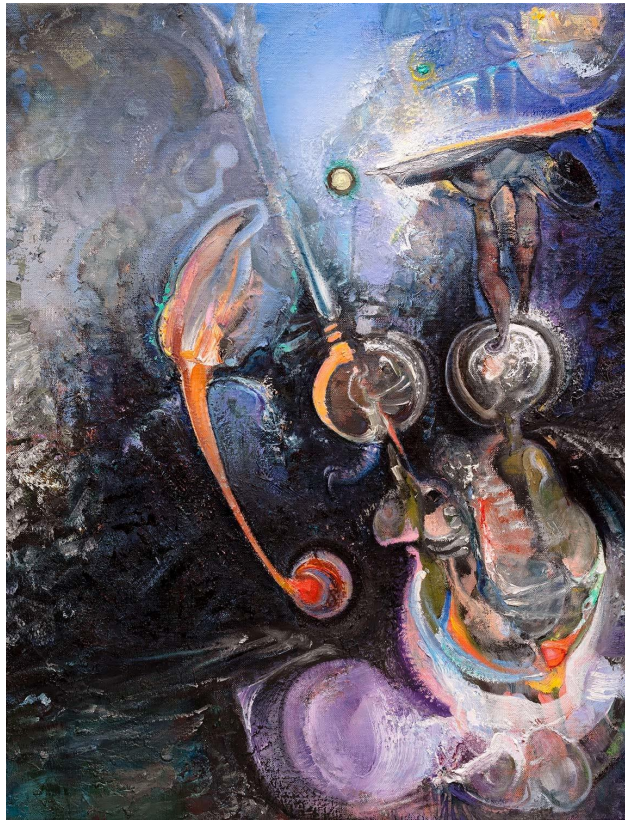
Yura Adams

Brian Wood

Extramundane

April 8–April 30, 2023

Opening reception Saturday, April 8, 3–5 PM



Brian Wood, *Aube*, 2022, oil on canvas, 24 x 20 x 1.5 inches

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Extramundane presents the work of Yura Adams and Brian Wood. This exhibition is neither shy nor sure. It is here, mostly out there, and kind of everywhere. It is all of something and some of nothing. It does not come to any conclusions and yet asks many questions. It is out of this world and right in front of us demanding our attention. These artists take us on trips, make us think, contemplate, respond, and feel. They need no further explanation as they are visual storytellers and we need to come, see, and have an experience.

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Yura Adams, *Pony Express*, 2023, ink, acrylic plaster and fabric, 12 x 8.5 x 4 inches

Yura Adams

This group of sculptures was made with the mad pleasure of being lost in materials and not knowing the way to the other side. I am a painter who wandered into a marble scrap pile outside my studio door and am following the original “what if” thread to unknown conclusions. No rules apply here. Are they paintings/sculpture or are they forms escaped from her paintings? The active verb is present and all of the sculptures shout out a mute narrative, indeed many of them come with titles of communication; for example: “In Case You Can’t Hear Me” and “Noon Whistle with Alarm Accompaniment”. Almost all the works are blissfully combined with marble, most have fabric, and there is, of course, paint.

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Yura Adams, *Arth*, 2022, ink, acrylic and fabric, 18 x 18 x 18 inches

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Brian Wood, *Ascent*, 2019, oil on canvas, 72 x 52 x 1.25 inches

Brian Wood

Orpheus, at his death: his mystic's body torn apart and cast to the waiting landscape. His head, held tenderly by the river Hebrus, sings as it floods to wider seas. Inside that sacred vessel, streaming on to Lesbos, live songs of underworld and ecstasy.

The boundaries and limits of consciousness hold for me a particular fascination and it seems likely the obsessions in my work derive from the

earliest phase of life before language and before self. Pleasure, suffering, sensing, aggression, devouring and expelling merge in a timeless non-reflective realm. The pre-lingual lack of separation from Mother and the undifferentiated flow of our infant world quickly give way to difference, boundaries, language, and time—a split requisite for a functioning ego and a requirement for personal feeling and rational thought, but while necessary, also traumatic. Awareness longs for the moment before! I long to hold that moment before image-become-language is forced into service as identity, self, and workaday narcissism.

When I paint, I feel I'm invoking a living being—responding to its needs, following its urgings, serving its ferocity, revealing its presence. What does it want from me? As imaginal space opens and forms arise, I honor the intensity of these pre-linguistic images before they tip toward language, narrative, and discursive thought. As intimacy deepens, the painting looks back at me as intently as I see into it and the illusory distance between inner and outer worlds burns into one vast space where mutual being is possible.

Trauma experienced again but then transfigured into something expansive, and to me, beautiful—this is the realm of freedom. Painting as a vessel where anything might be born and where transformations fluoresce without restrictions of concept or utility. Like love.

Turley Gallery is open Friday–Sunday, 12–5 PM, and by appointment.

For press and sales inquiries, please email info@turley.gallery.

Please visit www.turley.gallery for more information.