

RHYTHM AND CUTS

BY Huseyin Sami

AT Sumer,

27 Beach Rd, central city

The impression of a room full of vaginas was hard to shake after I entered Sumer gallery and saw Oz-based painter Huseyin Sami's work for the first time. This is probably extremely reductive, but I'm a human being with eyeballs, and a certain shape and a certain shade of pink has only so many neural pathways to travel in my little brain. But then, it's also in the name, isn't it? Because while Sami's intentionally slashed canvases offer one winking-and-nudging semblance, they also align with an existing body of work that's obsessed with the flows and textures of paint under different levels of duress. I slowly realised these monochrome panels and their vinyl-looking flaps were pointing to the plasticky duplicity of paint as a substance, and then further to the possibilities of switching between solid and liquid states. This idea is not just applicable to paint, but is perhaps broadly useful to human beings as changeable entities. It feels slightly clumsy to call this kind of show 'conceptual', but it feels like the most fitting descriptor: the works use formalistic simplicity to gesture at bigger thoughts and feelings — almost as if the more cluttered the work, the more limited its possibilities (definitely not a rule of thumb). Either way, the centring of 'the cut' feels concerned with ruptures that relieve tension, like permission to escape a shitty situation by changing form.



Image courtesy of Sumer