

**Jan Verwoert**

**next to perplexed you**

**Magni Borgehed** (\*1982, l. in Berlin), **Sarah Forrest** (\*1981, l. in Glasgow),  
**Virginia Hutchison** (l. in Glasgow), **Malin Gabriella Nordin** (\*1988, l. in Stockholm),  
**Lucy Stein** (\*1979, l. in Glasgow)

**Galerie Martin Janda » 05**

Malen. Schreiben. Lesen. Gehören zu den Sachen, die es im Haus zu tun gibt. Aber du könntest auch: Essen kochen. Streit anfangen mit deiner Schwester. Geister jagen. Liebe machen. Die Druckerei anrufen. Oder das Unterhaus. Die Katze ärgern. Musik spielen. Nicht, dass all diese Tätigkeiten nicht auch an und von anderen Orten aus ausgeübt werden könnten. Allein, im Haus finden sie unter einem Dach statt. So viel Verschiedenes kann hier an einem einzigen Tag passieren, dass die Dinge nicht länger nach-, sondern nebeneinander, parallel, Seite an Seite zu geschehen scheinen.

Nebeneinander. Englisch „adjacency“. Adjazenz. Seitlichkeit. Nachbarschaft. Nicht der Zeitstrahl der großen Geschichten, wo eins auf das andere folgt. Geschichte wird hier beim Gespräch am Esstisch, bei Frühstück, Mittag- und Abendessen geschrieben. In friedlichem Ton? Vielleicht. Aber nicht notwendigerweise. Denn die Politik sitzt, dir und der Kunst gegenüber, mit am Tisch, während die Literatur und andere Querelen auf den Stühlen neben dir Platz nehmen. Alle gehören sie zum erweiterten Familienkreis. Keine Feinde. Aber das macht sie noch nicht zu Freunden. Teufel am Tisch. Liebhaber auf der Veranda. Kobolde im Garten. Geschwister allüberall.

Ein Tag bei den Bells? Virginia ist nicht in bester Stimmung, Vanessa malt derweil oder

macht Drucke: für die Schutzumschläge von Virginias Büchern, die die Wolfs, Seite an Seite mit Freuds Werken, von zu Hause aus in ihrem Verlag The Hogarth Press veröffentlichten werden. Buchumschläge sind Verpackungen: Sie verpacken Prosa in Malerei, Dichtung in Bilder, Erzählung in Abstraktion, sie packen sie zusammen im Objekt Buch, das in Umlauf gebracht wird, um modernem Leben Form zu geben – vielleicht ...

Die Ausstellung *next to perplexed you* bezieht ihre Inspiration aus dem kongenialen Humor von Vanessa Bells Umschlagentwürfen für Wolfs Bücher. Sie zeigt Arbeiten von KünstlerInnen, die „Adjazenz“ praktizieren, Nachbarschaften pflegen, Seitwärtsbewegungen ausführen. Für Magni Borgehed wohnt Malen mit Objektmachen und Musterentwerfen unter einem Dach. Bei Lucy Stein ist Malerei in Farbalchemie und gemischte Gefühle verpackt. Bei Malin Gabriella Nordin lebt sie unter Geistern zwischen Steinen. Nur einen Philosophensteinwurf entfernt von Sarah Forrest und Virginia Hutchison. Deren konkrete Poesie und Prosa handelt von Objekten aus Blei. Gesetzt ist sie in Lettern, die aus eben diesen Objekten gegossen wurden. Das Medium? Ein Mittel, um benachbarte Welten miteinander in Berührung zu bringen, in einem Haus, in dem Ölfarbe und Druckerschwärze Schwestern sind.

**Jan Verwoert**, geboren 1972, lebt als Kunstkritiker und -theoretiker in Berlin.

Painting. Reading. Writing. Are among things to be done around the house. But you could also: Prepare food. Pick a fight with your sister. Check for ghosts. Make love. Phone the printer. Or the House of Commons. Tease the cat. Play some music. Not that these activities couldn't also be pursued in and from other places. Yet in the house they may all happen, under one roof. So much can come to pass here on a single day that things feel like they happen not *after*, but *next to* one another, in parallel, at once.

Next to: *Adjacency*. Not history. Though it may be written in the process—of talking over breakfast, lunch, dinner. Peacefully perhaps. But not necessarily so. For politics sit across the table from you, while art, literature, and other troubles occupy the chairs next to yours. Members of the extended family. No enemies as such. But that won't already make them friends. Devils at your table. Lovers on the porch. Kobolds in the garden. Siblings all around.

Life at the Bell's? Virginia moody and Vanessa painting or getting some etchings done: for the dust jackets of Virginia's books, published, next to Freud's, by the Hogarth Press, the publishing house the Woolfs ran from their home. Jackets are wrappers: they wrap pictures around poetry, painting around prose; they *wrap* up abstraction and narration into a thing (book) to be put into cir-

ulation, for shaping the modern condition, maybe.

Taking its cue from the zany congenial wit of Vanessa Bell's jacket designs for Woolf's books, the exhibition *next to perplexed you* shows the work of artists practicing adjacency: painting is in the house with patterning and object-making for Magni Borgehed, it is wrapped up in an imbroglio of color alchemy by Lucy Stein, it lives among ghosts amidst rocks with Malin Gabriella Nordin, and it is but a philosopher's stone's throw away from the concrete poetry and prose by Sarah Forrest and Virginia Hutchison, set in letters cast from lead objects they had made and then melted down. The medium? A means for making adjacent worlds brush up against each other in a house where ink is sister to paint.

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Vanessa Bell,  
Umschlagentwurf für  
dust jacket design  
for Virginia Woolf,  
*The Common Reader*,  
(Richmond: The  
Hogarth Press, 1925).



**Jan Verwoert**, born 1972, is a Berlin-based critic and writer on contemporary art and cultural theory.





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Magni Borgehed, *Brick #12*, 2013  
Acryl auf Keramik acrylic on ceramic tile,  
10 × 18 cm

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Lucy Stein, *O!*, 2013  
Öl auf Leinwand oil on canvas,  
100 × 100 cm



↑

Malin Gabriella Nordin, *Untitled (Sculptures)*, 2012  
Acryl auf Holz acrylic on wood

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Sarah Forrest und and Virginia Hutchison, Auszug aus excerpt from:  
*In the Shadow of the Hand*, 2012  
Installation, Projektion und Texte, gesetzt in Buchstaben, für die ein Bleiobjekt eingeschmolzen  
wurden Installation, projection, and texts set in letters cast from molten lead object

What you are now reading began life as a rock.

It all started with a story about a woman who was hit in the head by a rock. The impact causes her to bleed, slowly from a gash in her temple. The blood trickles down past her eye, it follows the line of her nose, slips into the corner of her mouth and then starts to drip onto the floor.

He held the rock in his hands, hoping to roll the story forwards. It could actually fit in one hand but it was easier to hold – because of the weight of it – in two hands, balanced across his fingertips. He held it and he looked at it and he thought; *what next*, and he said out loud, “What would you like me to say?”

And the rock said,

“Go away.”

He didn’t really know how to respond to this, so he put it back down on the table and pretended that he hadn’t heard it.

He had read somewhere once that that a thing can only be an object when we can’t see it, when its still under the ground, unknown, thrown away, subjected, covered, ignored, invisible, in itself. With this in mind he began to pack up his laptop and with his back to the rock he began to put on his jacket.

At this point, a second man came into the studio and picked up the rock and threw it at the first man’s head.

The impact of the blow caused the first man fall flat on the floor. He touched the sore spot on his temple then looked at his fingers. “What did you do that for?”

“Do what?”

The first man, still dazed from the blow, replied, “Throw a rock at me.”

From its new position on the floor, the rock said, “Who are you talking to?”

The first man sat up and twisted around to point out the second man but he was nowhere to be seen.

A third man came into the studio and tripped over the rock, also landing on the floor quite close to the first man. The rock wanted to laugh but, being made of stone, had to keep a straight face.

The artist came into the room and looked at the two men on the floor of her studio. She had to step over the first man to get to her desk. The object she was carrying was heavy, she could hold it in one hand but it was easier to hold – because of the weight of it – in two hands, balanced across her fingertips. She carefully lowered the lead object down towards the table, tipping it slightly to avoid trapping her fingers.

She rubbed the dust from her hands on the back of her thighs and said, “What do you think?”