

(開幕)

2024年5月11日，週六
下午四時至七時

(日期)

2024年5月14日 – 6月29日

(開放時間)

週二至六，上午十一時至下午七時，
公眾假期除外

(地點)

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無題 (血肉、縫線及其他生料)

森·摩

i：血肉

身體在墜落。在呼嘯的狂風和身邊飛升而過的建築之間，它從未有過如此激烈的感受。四肢外張，這人想要攫取能夠為這感覺下定義的事物，在考慮「天恩」是否是合適的描述詞彙。一池血水逐漸從頭腦後方蔓延開來。它的確是個值得駐足觀察的景觀。這身體緩慢而篤定地被打開，使它得以凝聚為一體的事物的碎片是如此地清晰可見。從傷口中滲出的不只是血；它的靈魂以及它為自身建構的自我意識也在四散流出。每一滴血都是這位不知應往何處去的人掉落的碎片。它所瞭解的事，它所能仰仗的，不過就是來時路，以及它過去曾變成的模樣。見紅之後，它希望它仍然能夠再次發生變化。墜落只是一次開始，而那沈重響亮的落地過程並不比接下來發生的事情要更痛苦：因重新被拼湊為一個整體而做出的、難以抑制的、絕望的塗寫，深入挖掘。

ii：縫針

它驚嘆於鏡中所見的傷疤；腦後又深又長的口子。如果它看得夠仔細，它就能一瞥那讓傷口不至於四分五裂——讓它不至於四分五裂——的縫線。每當看見這情景，它就忍不住想要扯開縫線，去試探再度分離瓦解身體的狀況。它使勁，短促地拉了一下這縫線。線的張力讓它想起墜落的感覺，想起在山頂的感覺——人總是能想起自己的負擔的——不從暴力的墜落過程中尋找平靜，而是因這一意識而感到平靜：它總能復歸，身體總不像它最初想像的一般終極、有限。它剪了頭髮，並確保所有人都能清晰看見它頭上的傷疤和縫線。去展現我們得以成為整體的方式，這是一件內藏力量的事情——胡亂拼湊而成的、傷疤與縫線的集合體，這型態總想要比原初塑形的形式更為強大，總想要比血肉更為具有延展性。

iii：其他生料

深度個人化的文獻庫：《六度分隔》劇作的海報；Simply Red樂隊的唱片封面；難以辨認的、涉及X-Ray Spex樂隊的文字。這些是挑戰了事物面貌的飄渺文字、質詢了名字意義的多層次參考圖像，而難以被解讀似乎就是其本身的意義。現成圖像變得更為具象，更為富有情感力量；變成了用以（重新）塑造事物的工具。用以作畫的紙張看起來都是被縫合在一起的，或是被複寫了的。自我意識可能根本就不存在，最起碼不以實在的方式存在；它變成了重複書寫的羊皮紙，變成了Prince的歌詞——從原本語境中剝離出來，在別處使用，就像是以全新的方式說出的語言一樣。

(關於詹·蓋特伍德)

詹·蓋特伍德的藝術實踐處於素描、繪畫及拼貼形式之間，致力於探索抵抗與顛覆。他以紙張為創作基礎，在紙上混合使用漂白劑、膠水、織物染料、鹽、抹茶及聖木灰等材料，在創作過程中挑戰繪畫的定義及其內在價值體系。他的作品生動直觀，邀請觀眾反思僅在單一維度再現種族等現實狀況的藝術。蓋特伍德在創作時旁徵博引，並大肆表達對慷慨概念的興趣，探討這概念在日益精英化的市場中的意義。他以獨特的幽默語言為欣賞、理解畫作打開突破口，用自動繪畫式的方法具象化彼此構成和諧關係的矛盾元素。

Kiang Malingue *It's Very You*

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(Artist) Jan Gatewood

(Opening)
Sat, 11 May, 4 – 7 PM

(Date)
14 May – 29 Jun 2024

(Opening Hours)
Tue to Sat, 11 AM – 7 PM
Closed on public holidays

(Location)
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untitled (gore, stitches, and other raw materials)
By Sam Moore

i: gore

The body is falling. Between the gusts of wind and the way that buildings soar past them as they plummet, this feeling is unlike anything else they've ever felt. With outstretched limbs, they reached for something to define this feeling, wondering if grace sounded right. There is a pool of blood slowly expanding outwards from the back of their head. The body is a sight to behold. The body is, slowly but surely, being opened up, the fragments of what kept it together made viscerally clear. It is more than just blood that seeps out of the wound; it is the soul, the self that they constructed for themselves. Each drop of blood another fragment of someone who no longer knows where they're going. All they know, all they can hold on to, is where they've been, who they became. Seeing red, they hope that they might become, again. The fall was just the beginning, and even that dull thud didn't hurt as much as what comes next; that impulsive, desperate scrawl, the digging deep, of being put back together again.

ii: stitches

They admire the scar in the mirror; a long, deep gash on the back of their head. If they look at it closely enough, they can see the suture that holds it —them—together. Whenever this happens, they're tempted to pull at it, to see what happens if they come apart again. They give it a short, firm tug. The tension on their sutures brings them back to that feeling of falling, back at the top of the hill—one always finds one's burden again—finding peace not in their brutal descent, but the knowledge they can go back again, their body not as final or finite as they first imagined it to be. After getting a haircut, they wanted to make sure that the scar, the suture, was visible to anyone that might look their way. There is power in being able to point to the ways in which we've been put together, a hastily assembled mass of scars and stitches, constantly striving to become more than the things which first held us together; more malleable than we might ever imagine flesh and blood to be.

iii: other raw materials

A deeply personal archive: the playbill for a production of *Six Degrees of Separation*; the cover of an album by Simply Red; a barely legible line of text that makes reference to X-Ray Spex. The point seems to be that these errant words, these layers of references, challenging how faces look, or what's in a name, are difficult to decipher. Source material becomes less abstract and more visceral; a tool through which things might be (re)made. Even the paper looks as if it's been stitched together, or overwritten. The sense of self might not even exist, at least not in a concrete way; instead, it becomes a palimpsest, the verse of a Prince song ripped from context and used elsewhere, like language being spoken anew.

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(About Jan Gatewood)

Situated at the intersection of drawing, painting and collage, Jan Gatewood's practice is ultimately one of resistance and subversion. Working exclusively on paper with materials that range from bleach, glue and fabric dye to salt, matcha and palo Santo ash, Gatewood challenges the definition of painting and its inherent value system through works that are immediate; invitations to contest one dimensional depictions of race and representation. Drawing from an eclectic array of sources, and deeply interested in ideas of generosity within an increasingly exclusive market, Gatewood uses humour as an access point in collaboration with autonomous mark-making to materialise harmonious contradictions.