

# SASKIA NEUMAN GALLERY

Jakob Solgren Nordenskiöld

*Another Threshold*

20.02 – 22.03.2025

Saskia Neuman Gallery is proud to present Jakob Solgren Nordenskiöld's second solo exhibition at the gallery, *Another Threshold*. Jakob was born 1976 in Shiraz, Iran and grew up in Vimmerby, Småland. He holds an MFA from Konstfack in Stockholm. Jakob Solgren Nordenskiöld is also a lecturer at the Department of Ceramics and Glass at Konstfack, Stockholm.

The exhibition *Another Threshold* is shaped around a concept of existentialism, where the artist employs each object as part of a larger narrative, a constant reminder of a memory, a place or a voice. The works in the exhibition take form from the artist's presence and awareness in the objects ability to engage and create dialogue with its surroundings. It is a silent language that moves between the visual and the existential, like reflections, mirroring human life.

Each object carries a story, where the artist's work is based on a sense of permission and openness. Solgren Nordenskiöld describes this state of being as fragments and syllables, propelled by silence, between him and the object. Time is allowed to pass for several days, weeks, months even. Then, a sound and a voice begin to seep through the limitations of reality; the object's state changes and positions itself in a new form. It is performative. A visual language without limitations, attempting to communicate.

The concept of agency describes a work of art's ability to interact with its surroundings. It is not a passive receiver in a context of the viewer or through art historical reference; instead, it can be understood as an actor in the creation of its own reception. An artwork's aesthetic experience relates to its affective qualities, which shape the viewer's reaction in the present, activating and actualizing in this case the sculpture or painting's relationship to humanity. The exhibition presents an openness and humility toward the works' own agency, where the artist allows them to command space, and expand within the gallery.

## **The Artist's Statement**

The exhibition starts from the direct and the unaltered. Here I work with the materials in their raw, unaltered state, without hiding or beautifying. Each object carries with it a story, a reminder of a place, memory, voice and poetry.

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What determines the existence of an object? What makes the object take form? My creations are based on permission, an openness, a constant readiness for the wordless – that which has not yet found a language. At first, it is silent, no language, only fragments of syllables, sounds hovering around me in the studio. Indefinite and elusive. I give myself suggestions: like this, or maybe like that?

Time passes, days turn into weeks, weeks into months, sometimes longer, until something suddenly happens. The objects speak to me, they have found a voice. And with that language, they are ready to communicate.

Ten-fingered rods shoot out from opposite walls of the gallery. A hole, a place where the rod has penetrated the wall. I let it be. But something in this simple action demands my attention. A direct process – pressing a rod into a hole in the wall – makes the wall structure become tangible as a wall, causing the room to shrink. The wall becomes part of the artwork.

Before I begin painting, I force myself onto a blank page, entirely clean. Each brushstroke marks a new beginning. The blackness and the metal reflect each other. The dark light, the blackness that arises in the metal, is both an enhancement and a contradiction. The bronze rods pull the wall together, strengthening the darkness and the light. Everything becomes together, each surface carries its creation with it, its own state, a direction toward unattainability.

Three wind instruments, placed in precisely measured metal boxes. A mute silence, a now-faded sound. I have followed the direction my gaze wanted to see; my hands wanted to touch. The physical touch is decisive for each piece. A presence arises when the object is imbued with life. A light darkness, a meaning-laden contradiction.

Quickly jotted observations of time and space. We tend to view the world as if it were stable, static, but in reality, everything moves, passes by. Shadows faithfully testify to the passage of time. They grow, shrink, disappear, return. Every movement is a marker, every change a subtle reminder that time never stands still.

The umbrella stands there as a hint, a memory, perhaps an omen. Or a reminder, a sign that has been shot out into the room.

*Jakob Solgren Nordenskiöld*