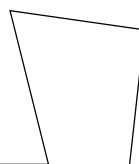


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m² Gallery

11.03.05

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m2 Gallery presents;
The second in a series of three shows by recent graduates:

Benjamin Jenner: Dimensions Variable

Private View: Friday 11th of March 6:00-8:00pm Show continues until 30th April

He wondered if people had multiple bodies controlled by a part of the brain that hid the fact from the number of figurines it puppeteered so that an individual could be staring at another aspect of himself without even knowing he/she existed as such. The walls, or rather his outer walls decorated the embossed air as it skipped, not out of unison with the walls, not punished by the walls, caressed, an eternal love affair. Everything seemed to contain everything else, walls contained windows and windows walls, impenetrable structures, a sure hardy body of muck and grime.

A flattened body criss –crossed with a silent smile silhouetted. Yet too dark to see the gender of this insufficient lamp of the present without which nothing could have moved, not the pen, not his smile, not the air, not the window's reflection in the girl or the girl's reflection in the ground. Sometimes he liked the silence of paranoia, for that's what this process became. A haunted graveyard of remembrances, a dried puddle spattered with rain. He liked the feeling of power this gave him. He was still unsure convinced as he was that everyone was laughing at him yet too blocked up to consider who exactly that everyone was. Everything kind as it was on days such as these, quiet as they are days like these. He was gentle. He admired the objects, their repose, their function; their latent often redundant pent up energy. This produced a calming equilibrium a feeling of having to remain outside of an (insincere) notion of duty, A lie? For he could walk if he wanted to...but some people had been so nice...and they did not know, so he stayed in silence and pondered his condition. A circling raven above him with each flap of its wings changed the scale of his perspective on himself as the feelings washed over him and disappeared through the cracks in the air that filled the space between the window and its frame.

There is a friend of mine in a café, in a book, her hands are frozen inside the counter and her chin rests on her hands amongst the glasses and the half eaten air. Her sunburnt fingers stained pastry yellow in blood ringlets move amongst the ashtrays and side alleys of saucer eyed customers dressed up to kill, staring into a mess. A faint door falls to the ground and in the commotion the daughter of the dog by the stove discovers her paws. It has been a long day and the population is trudging and beheaded by Friday's nothingness, for with regret they pull up the pavement and segment words as if the unfamiliar had induced memory loss.

He thought about the glass, about the distance between. A day, a grid, a time frame, an ordering of invisible bits and pieces, a numbering. Yet the invention, or rather the object remained strange despite the effort to reconcile the two. A moment turned into a permanent fixture, the flatness remained crushed up against the constant background of that fixture, plastered, the space between the mirror and its image. The pile of stuff that exists upon that fixture...what is to be done with that?

Benjamin Jenner