

AHC : Newsletter #27 : March 2023

INTRODUKTION

Kære læser, Art Hub Copenhagen arbejder med kunstnere, kunst og kunstformidling på mange måder – og vi griber gerne chancer, når de opstår. Så da det pludselig blev muligt at fungere som samarbejdspartner på et stort hotels indkøb af kunst, sprang vi til med direktør Jacob Fabricius som kunstfaglig konsulent. Udvælgelsesprocessen endte med, at hotellet kommissionerede hele syv værker af kunstner Julie Stavad. I dette nyhedsbrev har vi givet ordet til Julie, der skriver lidt om værkets bevægelse. Rigtig god læselyst!

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INTRODUCTION

Dear Reader, Art Hub Copenhagen works with artists, art, and art communication in many ways – and we tend to seize an opportunity when it's presented to us. So when we were asked to collaborate in the process of a large hotels art purchase we jumped at the chance sending in director Jacob Fabricius as art consultant. The selection process resulted in the hotel commissioning seven art pieces from artist Julie Stavad. In this newsletter Julie is writing about the movement of the art piece. Happy reading!

*Hvor kommer værket
fra, og hvor er det på
vej hen?*

EN TEKST AF JULIE STAVAD

Som stort barn var jeg overdrevent optaget af sko og tasker. På en ferie til en lille græsk ø sneg min far (der er gartner og arkitekt og har træer som sin passion) en kroget, grå, 'død' gren hjem i min nyerhvervede håndtaske i denimstof med to sart rosa lakremme. Tasken var på størrelse med et rugbrød og passede fuldkommen til min fars krøllede stykke træ. Begge formåede vi at hjemvende fra ferie med et fantastisk fund.

Til min udstilling *I am here for pleasure but it is no fun*, der åbnede på O-Overgaden i januar 2022, skabte jeg to tasker hugget i massive sten. De var en del af et skulpturelt narrativ sammen med 3 meter høje, knækkede læbestifter i rød voks, lange, skinnede stålelementer, en skummadrass, et udtræksbord med strømpe på og en brugt, rynket sofa fra Italien. Alt iscenesat i et slags landskab, mit landskab. Billedkunstner Anna Stahn sagde under udstillingsopsætningen til mig, at en soloudstilling er ligesom at et holde bryllup, hvor man skal giftes med sig selv. Jeg har tit tænkt på det som en monolog eller ikke at blive afbrudt.

Udstillingen varede i syv uger, og de fleste af værkerne blev derefter pakket sammen på mit værksted, hvor en 8 meter lang stålpæl nu fylder fra indgang til bagvæg. Taskerne i sten blev sat på et tæppe i mellemrummet mellem to ben af en stor, spids rusten stålskulptur fra 2018.

Et år efter udstillingen på kunsthallen er de to stenskulpturer blevet solgt til et stort hotel i København. Hotellet har i samarbejde med Art Hub Copenhagen kommissioneret fem nye og beslægtede værker. Et bestillingsværk! En gruppe af i alt syv forskellige sten, hugget ud som forskellige slags tasker med håndtag. En fantastisk opgave,

hvor tanker og erfaringer kan genbruges – den totale modsætning til, hvordan arbejdet på en udstilling normalvis foregår for mig.

Fra soloudstillingens totalinstallation er værkerne nu flyttet på hotel, spredt ud på lange gange og fremstår anderledes end i udstillingen. Værkerne mimer efterladte hverdagsobjekter på vej ud i verden eller lige ankommet, i transit – præcis som gæsterne på hotellet. Det er på mange måder et perfekt match. Men også en anderledes historie og komposition. Stenene nærmest vinker til hinanden på tværs af hotellets åbne indersøjle – en atriumgård, der blotter etagelagene med glas. Lyssætningen er anderledes og gulvtæppet prangende. Der står stueplanter og interiør, som jeg ikke selv har valgt. Det her er ikke mit bryllup, men jeg finder stor mening i, at værkerne får et videre liv og tager del i noget.

De skal nok klare sig, skulpturerne. Det siger en nær kollega til mig.

De får et nyt samlet navn, *I too creep along the ground*. Noget med at bevæge sig meget langsomt, så det næsten ikke kan ses, som sten, som mig, der er skabt i lag af tid. De har formeret sig, som en familie. Flyttet sig fra et rum, en økonomi og en kontekst til en anden.

Stenhuggerne Klaus og Mario taler om kager. Om at sten er æltet sammen forskelligt. Lagene møder hinanden forskelligt – selv dem fra samme brud. Vi har købt dem i Italien, Lapland, Spanien og Sverige. Der er en stor børs for sådan noget. Stykker af sten, der er bagt forskelligt, sendes rundt i verden og skifter hænder.

*From where does the
work come, and where
is it going?*

A TEXT BY JULIE STAVAD

As a youngster, I was overly concerned with shoes, purses, and bags. During a holiday to a small Greek island, my father (who happens to be a gardener and architect and has trees as his passion) stealthily took home a gnarled, grey, 'dead' branch, by sneaking it into my newly acquired denim handbag, fitted with two delicate pink leather straps. This bag was the size of a loaf of rye bread and was perfectly suited to transporting my father's curled piece of wood. We both managed to return home from our holiday with fantastic finds.

For my exhibition, *I am here for pleasure but it is no fun*, which opened at O –Overgaden in January 2022, I created two bags carved in solid stone. The bags were one part of a sculptural narrative, together with 3-meter tall, cracked lipsticks of red wax; long, sleek steel elements; a foam rubber mattress; a dining table, dressed in stockings; and a pre-used, soft leather couch from Italy. All this was staged in a kind of landscape: my landscape. While the exhibition was being set up, visual artist Anna Stahn told me that a solo exhibition is like having a wedding where you're supposed to be marrying yourself. I've often thought of it as a monologue or as something that must not be interrupted.

The exhibition lasted for seven weeks. When it was over, most of the works were packed up at my studio, where an 8-meter-long steel pole presently fills the length of the room, from the entrance to the back wall. The bags made in stone were set on top of a carpet in the intermediate space between two legs of a large, sharp-pointed, rusty steel sculpture, which was created in 2018.

One year after the exhibition at the art institution, the two stone sculptures were sold to a large hotel in Copenhagen. In collaboration with AHC, this hotel has commissioned five new artworks that were related to the first two pieces. A commissioned assignment! A group of seven different stones was carved out, taking the form of various bags with straps and handgrips. A fantastic assignment, where thoughts and experiences

could be recycled – the total antithesis of how working on an exhibition normally pans out for me.

From the solo exhibition's total installation, the works have now been moved into a hotel, spread out along long corridors, and appear different than they did in the exhibition. The sculptures mimic everyday objects that have been left behind, on their way out into the world or maybe they've just arrived, in transit – exactly like the guests staying at the hotel. It is, in many ways, a perfect match. But also a different kind of story and composition. The stones are almost waving to each other from their respective positions facing the inner column – an atrium courtyard that lays bare the hotel's storey layers with glass. The lighting is different, and the carpet is loud. There are houseplants and interiors here that I did not choose. This is not my wedding, but I find great meaning in the fact that the artworks are taking on a further life and taking part in something.

"They're going to be okay, the sculptures". That's what one of my close colleagues says to me.

They're given a new collective name: *I too creep along the ground*. Something that has to do with movement, to move very slowly, so that it can hardly be seen – like stones, like me, which have been created in layers of time. In the manner of a family, they have propagated, and they have been moved from one space, one economy, and one context to another.

Stonemasons Klaus and Mario are busy talking about cakes. About the fact that stones have been kneaded together in different ways. The layers converge with each other in different ways – even those from the same quarry. We bought them in Italy, Lapland, Spain, and Sweden. There's a large field of exchange for such. Pieces of stone that have been baked differently are being sent around the world and are changing hands.

Translation by Dan A. Marmorstein



Julie Stavad: I am here for pleasure but it is no fun, extract. Photo: Anders Sune Berg



Julie Stavad: I too creep along the ground, extract. Photo: Mathias Eis

KALENDER

CALENDAR

AHC : Wintanworks : Exhibitions : Abdul-Salam Alhassan : 10.03.23-30.03.2023

AHC : Guilt & Debts : Talk : Dierk Schmidt : Other Cases : 16.03.23 : 17.00-19.00

AHC x CPH:DOX x Han Nefken Foundation : Screening : Korakrit Arunanondchai, Timoteus Anggawan Kusno & Hwayeon Nam :
20.03.23 : 19.00 + 26.03.23 : 21.00

AHC : Free Lunch : Julie Stavad : 21.03.23 : 12.00-13.30

Statens Kunstfond : Residency in Nuuk : Talk : 22.03.23 : 17.00-19.00

AHC x CPH:DOX : Screening : Thuy-Han Nguyen : Into the Violet Belly : 22.03.2023 : 19.00 + 24.03.23 : 16.30

AHC x CPH:DOX : Screening : Ayoung Kim : 22.03.23 : 21.15 + 26.03.23 : 19.15

AHC : Wintanworks : Talk : Abdul-Salam Alhassan : 23.03.23 : 17.00-19.00

AHC x Thiemers Magasin : Testing Ground : Ida Marie Hede : 28.03.23 : 19.00-21.00

AHC : Partly : Derek Baron, Jack Sheen & Anton Lukoszevieve : 30.03.23 : 19.00-21.00

Art Hub Film Club : JPGS : Kidlat Tahimik & Shireen Seno : 12.04.23 : 19.00-21.00

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