

ISBN: 978-87-990772-6-7
EAN: 9788799077267

Carl Emil Jacobsen
Comb a Hairy Doughnut Flat
Udstillingsperiode: 13.08.2021 – 10.10.2021

(O-O)VERGADEN
Overgaden nedden vandet 17, 1414 København K,
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Comb a Hairy Doughnut Flat

FORORD

Fra sit atelier i Ry kigger kunstneren Carl Emil Jacobsen ud på en grusgrav. Et landskab hvor den vilde natur går i direkte karambolage med industrialiseringen. Et kritisk og brutalt møde der efterlader dele af landskabet omkring ham som gabende udgravninger og åbne sår, og tillader et direkte kig ind i sedimentets lag og materiens kerne: det som jorden består af.

Det er fra dette landskabelige sår, at Carl Emil Jacobsens skulpturer begynder deres realisering, det er herfra, de får deres farver. Ved at indsamle sten, mineraler og jordtyper fra landskabet har Jacobsen over en årrække eksperimenteret med at udvinde farvepigmenter, der både kortlægger og formaliserer sedimentets palet.

For Jacobsen er naturens regenereringsprocesser og organiske foranderlighed en uendelig kilde til inspiration, og det, der danner grundlaget for skabelsen af hans voluminøse, grovkornede skulpturer: de er tvetydige og monstrøse, men også kærlige, humoristiske og afvæbnende. I tre forskellige konstellationer indtager disse skulpturer husets øverste etage i udstillingen *Comb a Hairy Doughnut Flat*.

Som én af O-Overgadens nye satsninger er denne lille publikation en af de første i en monografisk serie, der udkommer i relation til husets soloudstillinger fra 2021 og frem. I sin essens fokuserer serien på nye kunstneriske stemmer på den danske kunstscene og på at løfte disse en bredere samtale og et større følgeskab, som de fortjener. Publikationsrækken udkommer både i bogform, hvor coveret består af en særlig, udfoldelig plakat, og i en online version, der kan downloades gratis i PDF-format og vil indeholde en ekstra sektion af dokumentationsbilleder fra udstillingen. Således er tanken, at publikationens indhold – som både er det kunstneriske udtryk og den udvidede samtale omkring dette – kan nå så mange som muligt.

Denne publikationsrække er muliggjort grundet generøs støtte fra Augustinus Fonden, som skal have en meget hjertelig tak. Publikationen er redigeret af Overgadens redaktør Nanna Friis, der med sikker hånd har eksekveret det kreative og redaktionelle overblik i tæt samarbejde med vores grafiske designere fra fanfare; Freja Kir og Miquel Hervás Gómez. En særlig tak skal lyde til Liv Sejrbø Lidegaard for hendes fine, bidragende essay om jorden og stedet og skabelsen i Carl Emil Jacobsens praksis og til Nanna Friis for hendes tekst, der zoomer ind på objekterne og bearbejdningen. Som altid også en varm tak til hele teamet på Overgaden. Sidst, men i virkeligheden allerførst, en stor tak til Carl Emil Jacobsen for det inspirerende og ambitiøse samarbejde og ikke mindst den helstøbte udstilling.

Aukje Lepoutre Ravn,
interim leder, (O-O)VERGADEN

ZOOM

Nanna Friis

ÅBNINGER

At åbne sig, eller ikke at lukke sig fuldkommen i, er at lade noget af verden strømme igennem sin form: sin krop eller sit hoved eller sine støbte, modellerede, forarbejdede udtryk. Uden tvivl kan en sådan åbenhed være grænseoverskridende, være fyldt til randen af angst eller munde ud i en sorg: når du tillader nogen eller noget at komme bare en anelse indenfor, følger kontroltabet straks med. Men de behøver ikke ligne trusler, kontroltabene, de kan også ligne en tillid og en omhed og en invitation.

Carl Emil Jacobsens skulpturer åbner sig igen og igen, for det meste kun en smule, men ved siden af det robuste og helstøbte i mange af hans figurer, findes åbningerne – så gennemgående og så organisk tilstede, at de føles som et princip eller et vilkår. Ligesom de er det i et menneske. Og ligesom i et menneske er åbningerne kontrollerede: noget meget menneskegenkendeligt og noget helt andet end mennesket mødes i Jacobsens skulpturer, når de tillader en lille adgang og alle mulige blikke indenfor, mens de samtidig står og er så hårde og afsluttede og bearbejdede, som kun ting kan være. Er ting og mennesker overhovedet hinandens modsætninger?

Tingene, disse tunge frugter af Carl Emil Jacobsens arbejde, står stille og ser ud som om, de kommer fra et landskab. De har landskabets generøse, aldrig arrogante, selvtilstrækkelighed. Men så åbner de sig mod os som noget, der også ånder eller vil tale, eller noget vi kan komme lidt ind i. Skulpturerens sprækker og huller og revner og kløfter, de kan ligne noget fra kroppe, fordi en krop som regel også er et landskab af åbninger. Hurtigst, mest umiddelbar er vel denne rute fra abstraktion til menneskekrop: ønsker mennesket ikke altid at se sig selv. Og åbningerne ser virkelig menneskelige ud nedenunder deres formet-hed. De tillader os at møde os selv i den

tilværelse, vi frem for alt er nødt til at dele med jorden, som var her før os, vil være her efter os. Sikke kort perioden er, hvor mennesker kan bruge, hvad der er i jorden til at lave ting, vi selv kan kigge på, ting der pynter og stiller spørgsmål, og sikke længe disse ting ligner, at de vil eksistere. Der er lidt evighed i Carl Emil Jacobsens åbninger, en fornemmelse af, at adgangen til skulpturerne har varet længe, og kan findes længe endnu.

Måske er det netop i værkernes åbninger, at mennesket er tættest på og længst væk fra dem. Jacobsens figurer minder ikke om mennesker, de ligner ikke mennesker, men deres sjældent tydelige ophav i den virkelighed vi, menneskerne og tingene, er fælles om, får dem alligevel til at vibrere lidt i deres objektro.

OVERFLADER

Alt det grove, der har banet vejen for, at det fine kan findes. At jorden må arbejdes igennem, før den kan dyrkes, at vi må bygge noget maksimalt funktionelt, før vi kan bygge noget maksimalt dekorativt. Afgrøder før gourmet, leret før kunsten. Denne kronologi har selvfølgelig utallige nuancer og afvigelser, og nogle af dem er Carl Emil Jacobsens arbejde. Grovheden er et mål i sig selv her, den findes i skulpturerens overflader, den sidder i alt det, der ligner korte veje fra materiale til objekt, men gennem det umiddelbart grove skinner en formfuldendthed. Arbejdet og kræfterne, men utvivlsomt også nænsomheden det kræver at forløse jorden og pigmentet i disse figurer, der ligner dekorative svar, ligeså meget som de ligner eksperimenter og spørgsmål. Det er netop i overfladernes grovhed, at naturens tilstedeværelse i Jacobsens værker forekommer synligst, men det er ikke den slags overflader, der lader til at dække over en tomhed. Den slags overflader der slet og ret er overflader. Snarere føles disse som åbne flader vendt udad mod den verden og de blikke, der møder dem, i forsøget på også at lade et indre blive synligt. At der er en sammenhæng mellem, hvordan skulpturerne tager sig ud, og hvad de faktisk består af – ligesom sammenhængene mellem, hvordan et landskab ser ud, og hvad et landskab er. I Carl Emil Jacobsens omgang med landskabet, hans tilværelse midt i det og hans anvendelse af det, eksisterer både overfladerne og essensen: den organiske materialitet som nærmest damper fra objekterne er ydersidernes udtryk, ligeså meget som det er indersidernes væsen.

TYNGDER

Fundamentets vilkår – dets etymologi og natur og symbolik – har vel frem for alt rod i forestillingen om noget tungtvejende. Det grundlæggende, det tidligste, det nederste og stærkeste. At sandet og leret og gruset er tungt, når det samler sig i den helhed, som

et fundament vel altid må udgøres af. Det er fundamentet, der bearbejdes i Carl Emil Jacobsens værker, den bogstavelige undergrund drives frem nedefra og formes til ting, der også over jordoverfladen bærer tyngden i sig. Det, der er stort, vil vel som regel også ligne noget, der er tungt, og en del af Jacobsens skulpturer er store, de er robuste og dominerende på en arkitektonisk måde, men tyngden som stemning i udstillingsrummet virker ikke betinget af skala. Også de objekter, værker, materialeundersøgelser, som ikke fylder meget med deres fysiske omfang, har den slags bastante udtryk, der får kroppen til at føles let. Det ru og det rå er iboende såvel som synlige kvaliteter i skulpturerne, på tværs af størrelser vibrerer en slags stoisk tyngde i dem. Er tyngde ikke også nærmest et synonym for jordbundethed? Og virker denne synonyme betydning ikke indlysende, når det kommer til Jacobsens praksis?

Der må være akser mellem en håndgribelig tunghed, alle de hundredevis af kilo som er formet og transporteret og udstillet, og den jordbundne materialitet, der om noget karakteriserer Carl Emil Jacobsens arbejde. Disse akser findes, og når en skulptur skabt af jorden er stor og tung som et hus, mødes de måske i det perfekte kryds. Men de løber også mellem formsproget og pigmentet, mellem kroppens skrøbelighed og værkernes tyngde og kroppens tyngde og værkernes skrøbelighed. Mellem den metafysiske geometri og den fysiske undergrund og den manuelle bearbejdning, der er fundamental og allestedsnærværende, når man er et sansende menneske i verden.

Billeder: Mikkel Rahr Mortensen

Trykt i 250 eksemplarer

Oversættelse: Nanna Friis

Korrektur: Nanna Friis

Redaktør: Nanna Friis

Tekst: Liv Sejrbø Lidegaard, Nanna Friis, Aukje Lepoutre Ravn

GEN- BEFOLK- NINGEN

Liv Sejrbo Lidegaard

HVOR ER DET MULIGT

Hvor bliver kunsten til? I gamle lader, i søvnløse nætter, i forblæste vintre, døsig eftermiddage, ved små køkkenborde, i forladte butikskarkader, ivrige morgener, på kanten, hvor noget bliver åbenbart: i ruinerne af en verden som ikke længere består. I længslen efter noget andet og mere end det som findes. Når stedet har mistet sin funktion, træder det frem som sig selv. Svalerne kliner reder under taget, flyver ind og ud gennem et hul i muren. Og i længslen efter materialerne: at lade dem udfolde sig. Er det en slags kærlighed, det, der udspiller sig mellem den som skaber, og det som bliver skabt? At grave noget ud af jorden. Ler, støv, mudder, sand. At forme en ting med hænderne. At lade den ligge og størkne. Puste liv i den. På den måde få sig et mellemlid, se det ligge mellem det menneskelige og det ikke-menneskelige, det tavse og det talende, det brugbare og det ubrugelige. En mindelse om en anden, mindre fremmedgjort måde at leve.

I sprækkerne, hulrummene, det efterladte, der hvor ingen længere kommer, der hvor tidslerne blomstrer, der hvor ingen kigger hen, der hvor bygningerne ikke har nogen økonomisk værdi. Der hvor det er muligt at elske og værne om en ting, rent og uden bagtanker. Bygge den op, bugsere den rundt. En port, et sår, en åbning mellem indre og ydre, noget ødelagt, en udsigt.

PÅ KANTEN AF GRUSGRAVEN

Gården, hvor Carl Emil Jacobsens værker bliver til, ligger bogstaveligt talt på kanten af en grusgrav. Det er i Søhøjlandet, et højtliggende østjysk naturlandskab. Store skovklædte bakker, snoede åer, store klare ferskvandssøer. Luften er tør og varm, den dufter af gran og græs. Vinden bruser gennem træerne, hiver i de lange græsser, det blander sig med et andet brus, en klikken og summen og filen fra græshopper, bier, fluer, hvepse, det er højsommer, alt blomstrer, der er vild aktivitet. Insekternes lyde blander sig med endnu et lydspor, det er en lastvogn, der får fyldt sit læs, en gravko der stikker grabben i jorden, sand der raslende løber gennem et rør. Og der er lyden af plastik, værkerne skal pakkes ind og sendes afsted, de sidste stykker flamingo skal samles og wrappes. Det er højsommer, alt blomstrer, alt skal ske lige nu.

Inden gården blev værksted, boede her en lastbilchauffør, som drak sig ihjel. Han boede i stuehuset, og fortabelsen, ensomheden findes der endnu, jeg ser motorvejen og lasten for mig, da jeg træder over dørtærsklen, det slutter aldrig. Rastepladserne, rækken af lygter, fartstriberne der flimrer forbi. Det store rat, det store læs. Der vil altid være flere ting, som kalder på at blive flyttet, ting der bliver dirigeret rundt i verden med små klik, bestil og afsend. Manden der, når han ikke sidder her med alkoholen, og hvad end den gør for ham, kører rundt med disse genstande i en lastbil. Der er noget umenneskeligt i det, måden han er spændt for. De lavloftede stuer, mørket på en vinterdag, lyset fra en bils forlygter, der fejer ind over væggen, når nogen kører forbi. Væggenes gullige savsmuldstopet bøjer i kanten.

Inden lastbilchaufføren var det bønder, et ægtepar, som levede her, de dyrkede jorden, havde dyr i laderne, havde et liv her, så meget at passe og se til, skoven omkring dem, det selvopfyldende. Hun plantede haven til. Hun gjorde det godt, blomsterne springer stadig ud på forskellige tidspunkter, sommerfuglebuske, forvildede stauder, cikorier, en jasmin slynger sig om et stort æbletræ. Havde de, ægteparret, alt hvad de havde brug for her. Flyttede de sig kun sjældent. Det er ikke så længe siden, cirka to generationer. De liv, de levede her, var forankrede, så stærkt forankrede, at det er svært at begribe.

Jeg tænker ikke på det som stilstand, der sker altid noget, livet sker, hudens aldring og årstidernes vekselvirkning, et samspil, en bevægelse, en rytme at falde ind i, være til i, det går mod døden uanset. Var de lykkelige eller led de, længtes de væk, følte de sig snydt, var de fuldkomne her, følte de sig hægtet af, glædede de sig over ikke at skulle leve i en verden, de så stikke af, de ikke forstod, glædede de sig over lysets fald over engen en sommerdag, bandede de over kvæget, når det ikke ville som dem, elskede de hinanden, eller var de snarere groet sammen, på en måde som umuliggør romantisk kærlighed. Hakkede de på hinanden, talte de sammen, når der ingen andre var. Kørte fjernsynet i baggrunden. Viftede de en flue væk fra en rugbrødsmad. Var de fuldkomne eller forstillede, måske en kombination. Ingen bor her længere, eller ingen mennesker bor her længere. Langs væggene ligger en lille rand af muselorte, på panelet marcherer en række store skovmyrer målrettede frem. Det går mod vildnis nu.

I GRUSGRAVEN

For enden af blomsterengen starter skrænten, landskabet åbner sig, det fine sand ligger blotlagt i et kæmpe krater. Det er ikke en størrelse for mennesker. På bunden af krateret lidt tyrkist vand. Nogle jernstænger, en konstruktion, jeg ikke forstår, hvad skal bruges til. Sandet veksler mellem gult, rødt, gråt, det skrider og lægger sig i ørkenagtige folder. Maskinernes hjulspor, gravkøernes mærker ind i sandet. På den anden side bakkerne og skoven der fortsætter, fortøner sig blåligt. Man kan se langt. I krateret ligger to store industribygninger, røg stiger op

fra dem, der hvor det fine sand bliver kørt hen. Det skal knuses og æltes, det skal samles og vædes.

Sandet er meget værdifuldt, fordi det er så fint, det findes kun her. Vi bruger det til fugemasse, spartel, grusgraven er en mine, ifølge beregningerne er der sand nok til at holde business kørende de næste hundrede år. Krateret er et sår i landskabet, en åbning, et møde mellem naturen som sig selv og naturen som ressource, en blotlæggelse af bakkernes indre, det løber ud, det løber gennem fingrene, det bliver samlet op og knust og kørt væk. Mødet mellem naturlandskabet og grusgraven er brutalt, det er ikke kun sandet, der blotlægges, det er også vores verden. Sandet, sandet som bare er der, det skal blive til penge og køres afsted de næste hundrede år. Fugemassen, limen der holder sammen på den verden, vi lever i, at grave sandet op og sælge det, at tjene penge på det, sandet der bare er der. Bruge det til at bygge byernes bygninger op.

Den brug er en vold, der bliver begået mod landskabet. Der er en sorg og en omsorg for materialerne i Carl Emil Jacobsens værker. Værkerne vil en anden slags brug. I sandet findes forskellige farver. Rustrødt, gråt, gult. Pigmenterne danner mønstre i sandet, som danner strukturer i vinden. At bruge de farver der findes i landskabet til at udtrykke landskabet. At lade dem stå frem. Selv røre sine farver, træde ud over skrænten, ned i minen og finde dem direkte i grusgraven, det betyder også at springe grusgravens orden, den globaliserede verdens masseproduktion, finansernes virtuelle verden, at springe alt det over eller snige sig under, holde sig tæt ved jorden, gå rundt der og lede.

At samle pigmenterne og sprede dem udover en form. At bugsere rundt med store dele, svejse, rejse, samle. Det er med at få noget fra hånden. Det er med at holde varmen om vinteren i den utætte lade. På en forblæst vinterdag findes der en nærmest aggressiv melankoli i grusgraven. Jeg tror, værkerne vil en brug, hvor mennesket er prisgivet, underlagt jorden. Ikke beregning, ikke udnyttelse, men overlevelse, nydelse, æstetik, korn der knuses til mel, et brød der bages, et mirakel, et arbejde, der er en skønhed i det, noget menneskeligt.

REDSKABERNE

Det, der foregår, er mere nasty og mere ambivalent, end det, der normalt går for at være kærlighed. Skulpturerne kan forstås som en slags beholdere. Noget imploderer, men samler derefter sig selv op nedefra. Inde i beholderne findes læber, køn, munde, der er noget akavet over mellemrummene, de steder der bare er luft. Man er nødt til at bøje sig på en ubekvem måde for at se efter. Der er noget middelalder over skulpturernes overflader, deres farver. Redskaber: en møllesten, en spand, et ritual. Et dedikeret arbejde. En ydmyghed. Det arbejde hvor mennesket bringes i forbindelse med tingene, bruger dem. Bearbejdningen. Beholderne. En anden tid, en tid inden eller efter det industrielle samfund. En tid inden eller efter maskinerne. Når der ikke er nogen

anden sammenhæng, når det starter fra bunden med et menneske, der træder ud i en grusgrav, et menneske der står i en utæt lade og har brug for en måde at holde varmen. Nogle ting at bugsere. Det er ikke en forestilling om, at verden var bedre før, i sliddet, uligheden, elendigheden. Det er nødvendigheden og drømmen om en bedre måde at være på jorden nu, en bedre måde at interagere med tingene, materialerne, en måde at være menneskelige. Værkerne rummer en sorg, for var det nogensinde sådan. Og et håb fordi de i deres blotte eksistens beviser, at præcis det er muligt.

STUEHUSET BEFOLKET

Der er et værk, som ikke ligner de andre. Måske er det ikke færdigt, måske er det netop ikke det, et værk. Det ligger direkte på den sandede jord i en af laderne. Den lade hvor der er et kæmpe hul midt i muren, en portal. En overgang mellem ydre og indre, udenfor det lyse og blomstrende, indenfor mørke, sandet jordgulv, store tagbjælker, øjnene der vænner sig til mørket, ikke-værket i hjørnet. Svalerne flyver ind og ud. Dette objekt består af strå,uld,blår, beton og en halv ligusterhæk, som er bundet og bastet sammen i en form, der ligner en båd, en banan eller en fange. Der er hældt hvid kalk udover. Jeg ved ikke, hvad det er, og føler mig derfor nærmest trukket hen til det.

Den er ikke noget bestemt. Den er uhyggelig og meget værdifuld. Den er en proces, et eksperiment, den er noget, det er svært at blive færdig med, som måske ikke kan blive færdig. Vi bliver ved med at vende tilbage til den. Jeg kan ikke få den ud af hovedet. Jeg kan ikke forstå den. Modsat de andre skulpturers hårde, rundede flader, modsat deres klart afgrænsede former, er denne strittende, skabt af kvas, en uklar, smertefuld overgang. Forskellige ting er stoppet ind, forsøgt bundet sammen, forskellige ting stritter ud, på kanten til at falde fra hinanden. Der er noget hjælpeløst, ømt og desperat over den. Måske er vi her i stadiet inden middelalderen, svalerede og stenalderbåd. Måske er vi her, helt i det umenneskelige, eller i noget endnu mørkere, menneskets ondskab. Den er uformidlet, den er levende, men kun akkurat. Den vil os noget, et smertens skrig.

Der ikke bare er et, men flere, mange, det er ikke kun myrer og mus, der bebor det forladte stuehus. De vokser frem fra hjørnerne, objekterne, og har langsomt indtaget rummene, makabre og ømme væsner, hulter til bulter mellem hinanden. Et jernskelet. En forstørret bakterie eller et tusindben. En sten sat sammen af granit, træ og plastik, fint slebet. Et halvt bronzeæg. En kuppel af kviste. En rede. De taler sammen i det uovervågede. Det er et selskab, et efterliv, et forstadium til liv, tingene som det er umuligt at sige, hvad er. Som måske kan blive "noget", men kun hvis de får lov at stå sammen, i kraft af hinanden.

Grafisk design: fanfare

Typografi: Glossy Magazine, Bold Decisions

Printet hos: Raddraier, Amsterdam

Udstillingen er produceret af: (O-O)VERGADEN

Udstillingen er støttet af: Statens Kunstfond,

Grosserer L. F. Foghts Fond,

Danmarks Nationalbanks Jubilæumsfond af 1968,

Beckett-Fonden, Den Helmstjerne Rosencroneiske Stiftelse,

Bodil Pedersen Fonden

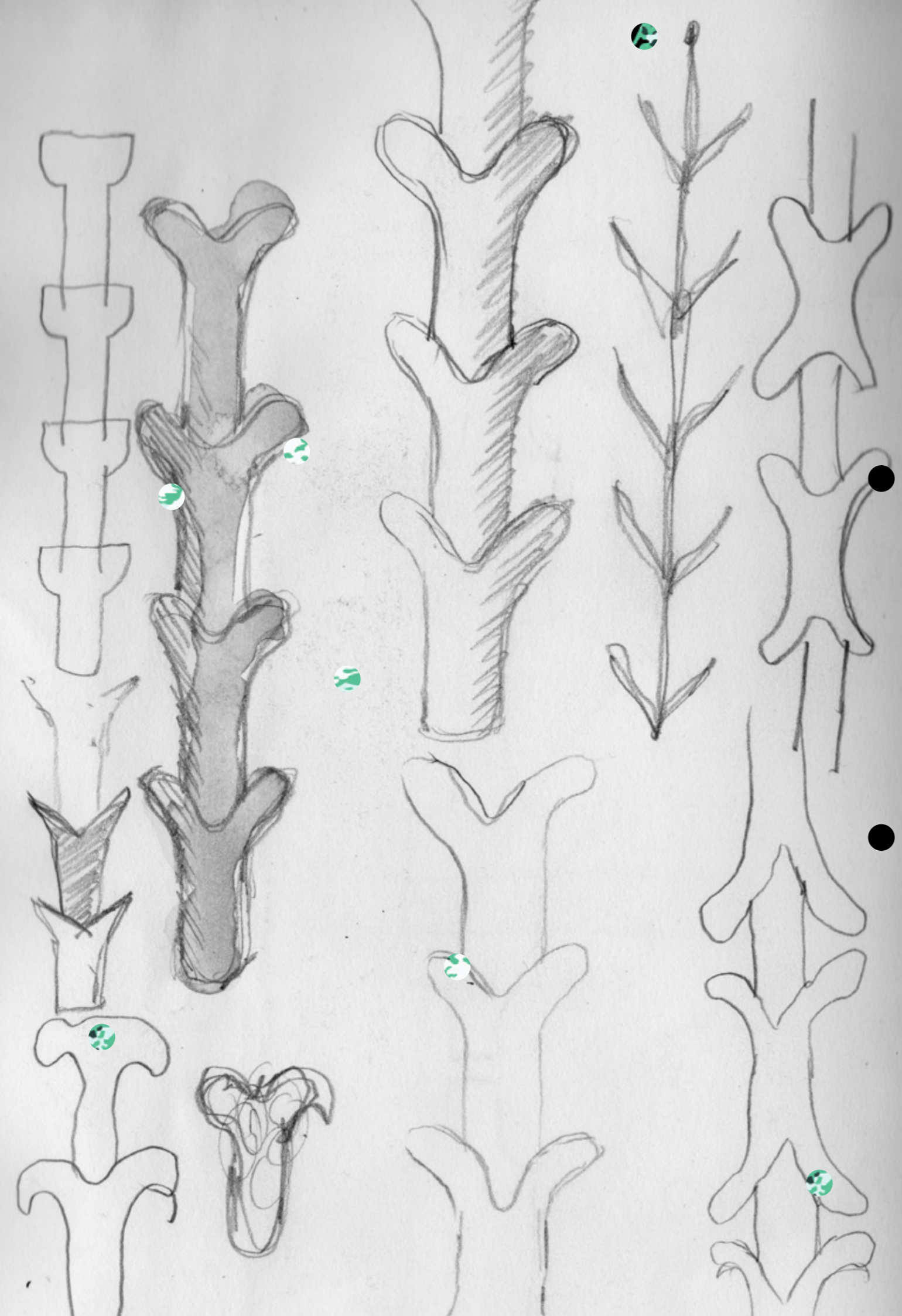
Carl Emil Jacobsen vil særligt takke: Lotte Helle-Valle,

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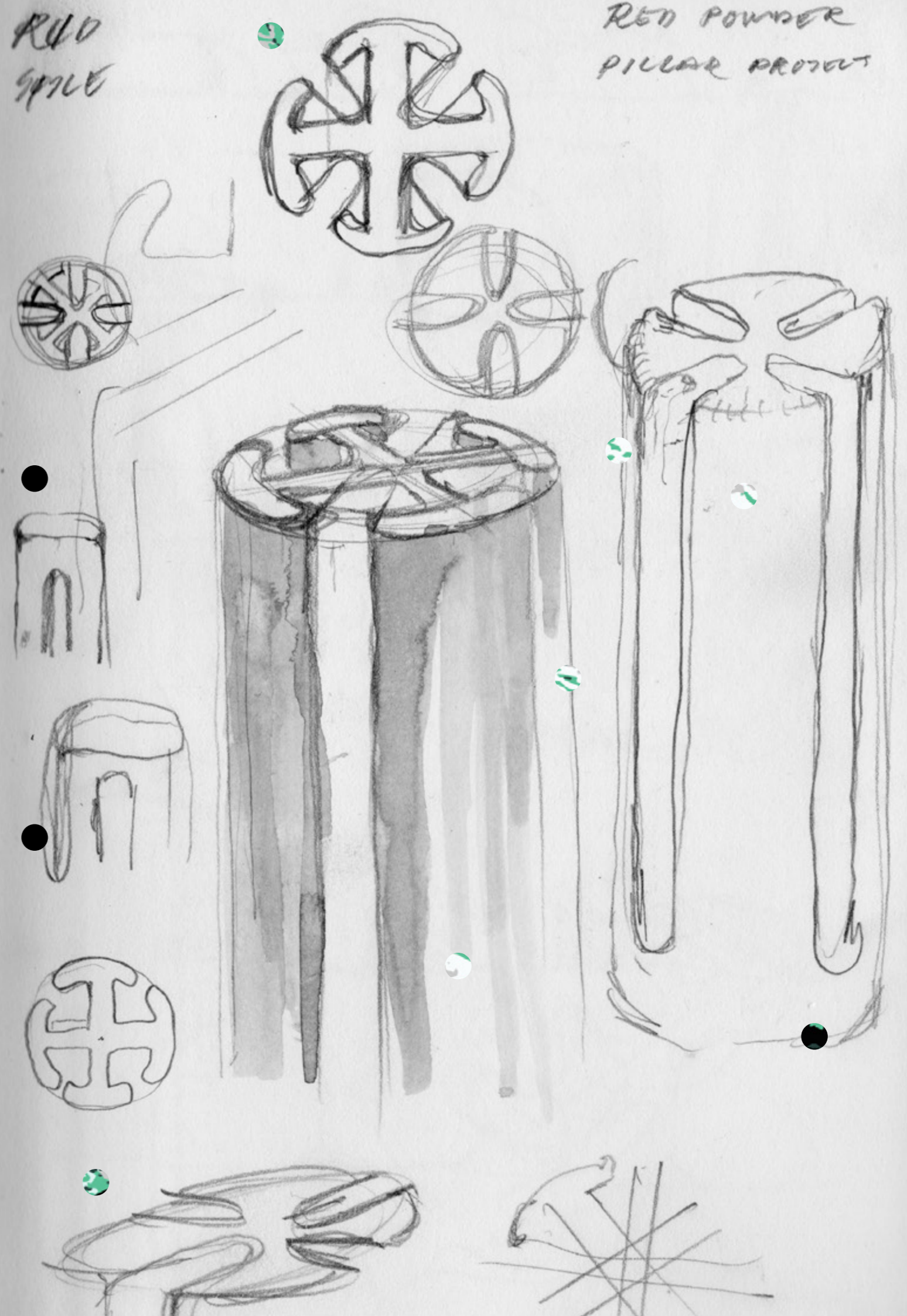
Publikationen er støttet af: Augustinus Fonden





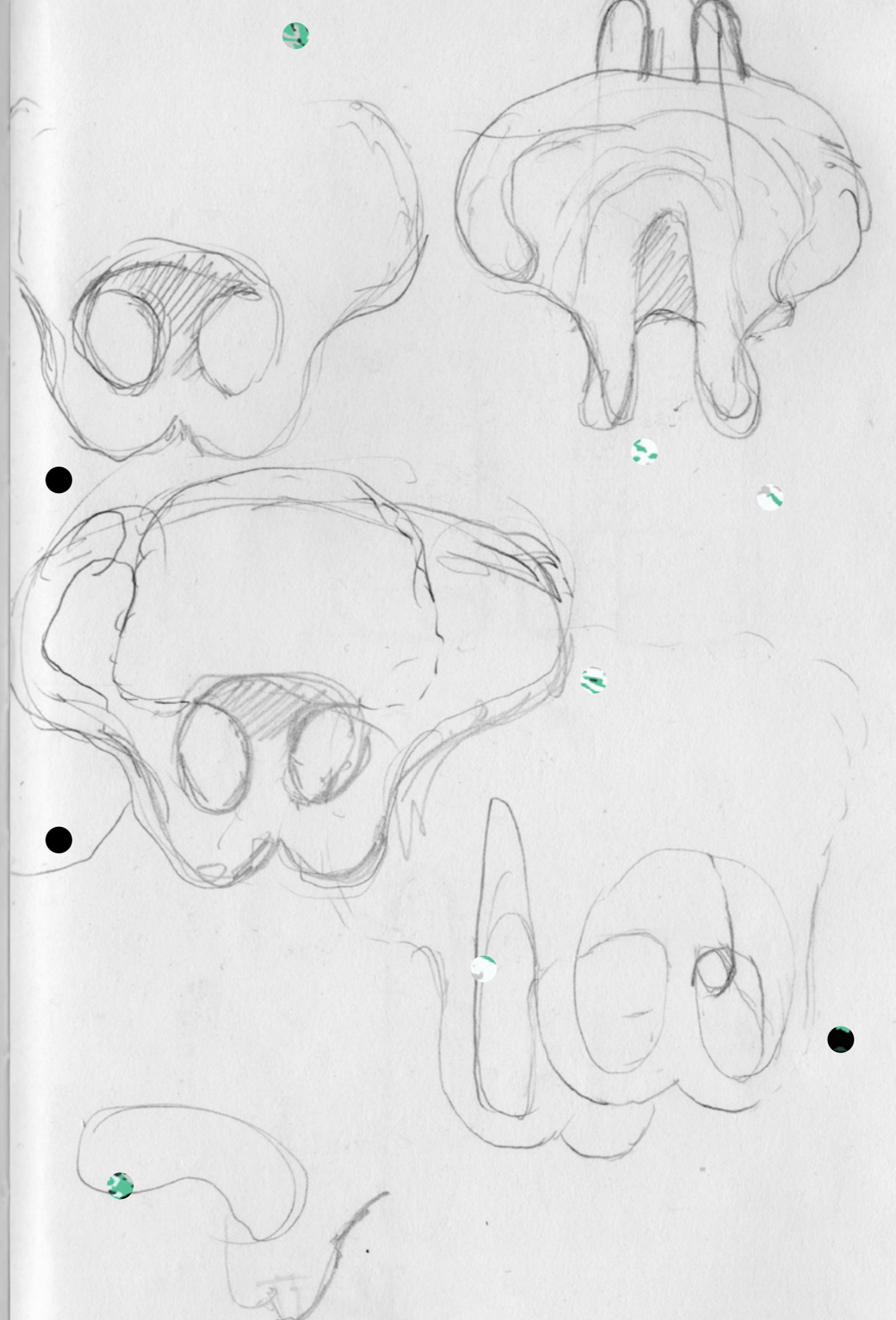
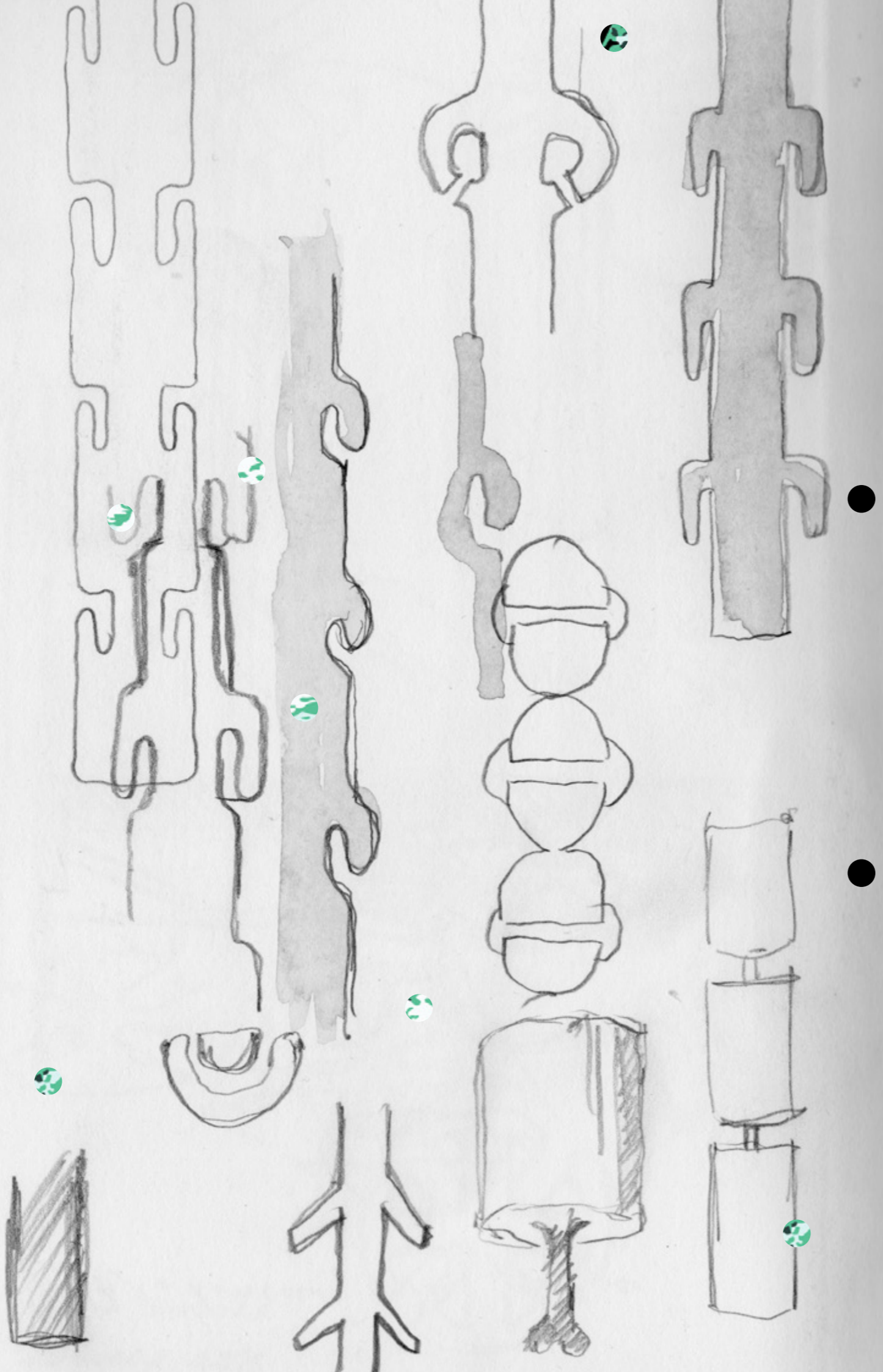


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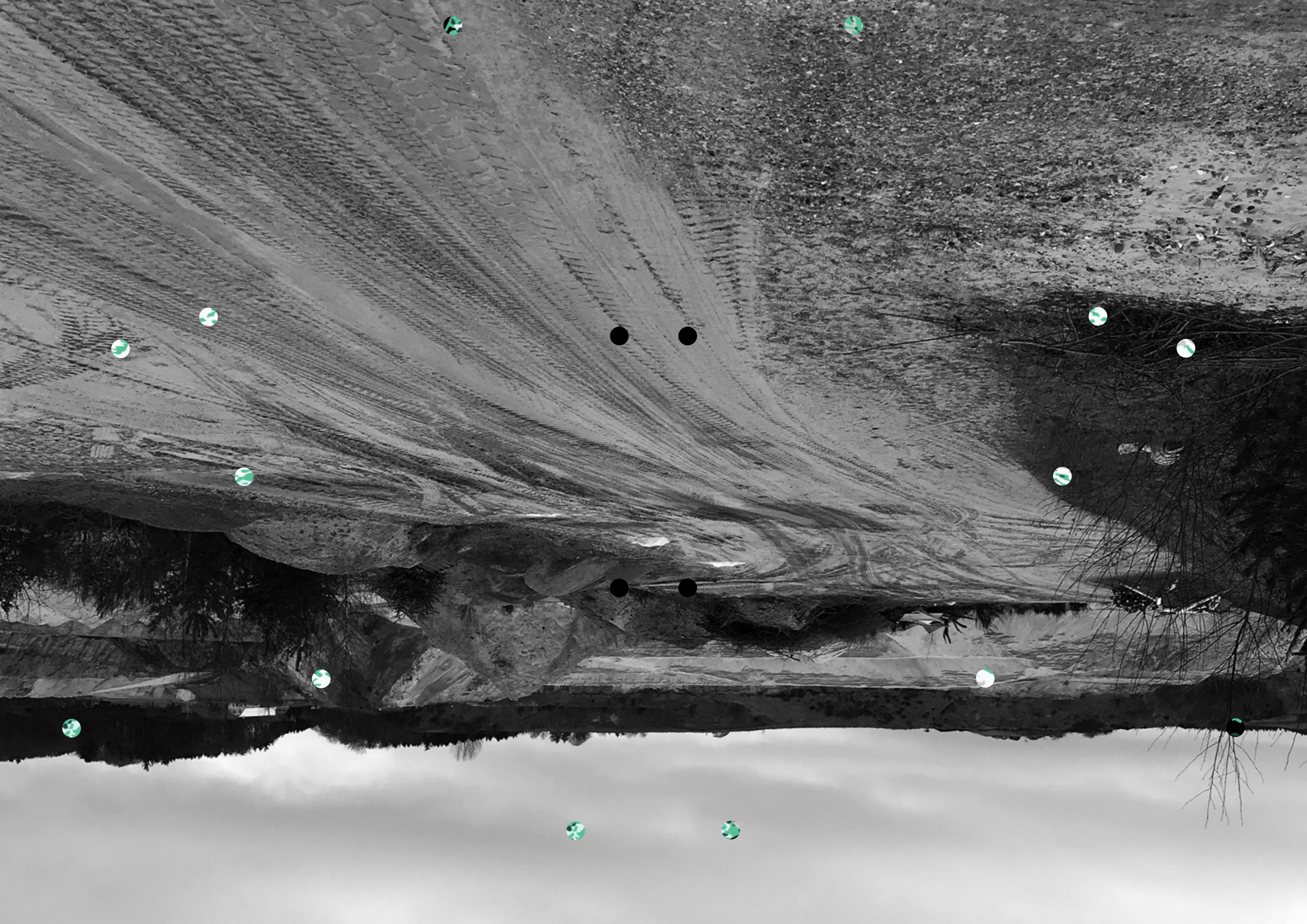


RED POWDER
PILLAR PROTOT









THE REPOPULATION

Liv Sejbo Lidsgaard

WHERE IS IT POSSIBLE

Where does art come into being? In old barns, in sleepless nights, in wind-swept winters, drowsy afternoons, around small kitchen tables, in abandoned shopping arcades, fervent mornings, on the edge of something becoming obvious. In the ruins of a world that doesn't endure. In the longing for something else and something more than what already is. When the place has lost its function it emerges as itself. Swallows daub their nests under the roof, fly in and out through a hole in the wall.

And in the longing for materials: to let them unfold. Is some kind of love taking place between the creator and what is created? To dig something from the ground. Clay, dust, mud, sand. To shape an object with one's hands. To let it congeal. Blow life into it. In this way get oneself an intermediary, watch it lie between the human and the non-human, the silent and the speaking, the useful and the useless. A trace of another, less alienated way of life.

In the cracks, caverns, the abandoned, the place where no one comes anymore, where thistles bloom, where no one is looking, where buildings don't have any economic value. Where it is possible to love and cherish an object, purely and without any hidden agendas. Build it up, tow it around. A gate, a wound, an opening between inner and outer, something broken, a view.

The farm where Carl Emil Jacobsen's works come into being is literally situated at the edge of a gravel pit. It's in Søhojlandet, an elevated east Jutlandic landscape. Large, forested hills, twisting streams, clear freshwater lakes. The air is dry and warm and smells of spruce and grass. Wind roars through the trees, pulls in the long grasses; it is mixed with another roar, a clicking and humming from grasshoppers, bees, flies, wasps. It is high summer, everything is in bloom, ferocious activity. Insect sounds are mixed with another audio track: it is a truck filling its load, an excavator jabbing its bucket in the ground, sand rustling through a pipe. And there is a sound of plastic: the works are getting wrapped and shipped off, the final pieces of polystyrene need to be assembled and wrapped. It is high summer, everything is in bloom, everything must happen right now.

Before this farm became a workshop, a truck driver who drank himself to death lived here. He lived in the farmhouse, and the forfeiture, the loneliness still exists there. I imagine the highway and the cargo when I cross the doorstep; it never ends. The lay-bys, rows of headlights, body stripes flashing by. The big steering wheel, the big load. There will always be more stuff calling to be moved, stuff being channeled around the world through small clicks: order and dispatch. This man who, when he doesn't sit here with his liquor and whatever it does for him, drives around with these objects in a truck. There is something inhuman to the way he's stretched. The low-cellinged room, a winter day's darkness, glares from car lights sweeping across the wall when someone drives by.

The yellow sawdust wallpaper has crumpled edges. Before the truck driver, farmers lived here, a married couple, they cultivated the earth, had animals in their barns, had a life here, so much to care for and look after, the woods around them, the self-fulfilling. She planted the garden. She did well; flowers keep bursting into bloom at different junctures, summer lilacs, herbaceous perennials, chicories, a jasmine twining around a large apple tree. Did they, the couple, have everything they needed? Did they only rarely move? It's not that long ago, around two generations. The lives they led here were anchored, so strongly anchored that it's hard to comprehend.

I don't think of it as a deadlock, something always happens, life happens, the ageing of the skin and the reciprocity of seasons, an interplay, a movement, rhythms to fall into, exist in, it moves towards death either way. Were they happy or did they suffer, were they longing to get away, did they feel deceived, were they fulfilled here, did they feel detached, were they happy to not live in a world they saw disappearing, a world they didn't understand. Did they appreciate the light over the meadow on a summer day, did they swear on the cattle when it didn't do as they wanted, did they love each other or were they rather coalesced in a way that renders romantic love impossible. Did they nag at each other, did they talk when they were alone. Was the television turned on as a backdrop. Did they wave a fly away from their food. Were they accomplished or feign, perhaps a combination. No one lives here anymore or no humans live here anymore. Along the walls lies a small brim of mouse shit, a row of large Wood ants march ahead on the panel. Now this moves towards wilderness.

IN THE GRAVEL PIT

At the end of the flower meadow the slope begins, the landscape opens up, fine sand is exposed in a huge crater. This is not a size meant for humans. At the bottom of the crater a bit of turquoise water. Some iron bars, a construction I don't understand the function of. The sand varies between yellow, red, gray; it sifts and lies in desert-ish formations. The wheel tracks of the machines, the marks from excavators in the sand. Hills and forest continuing on the opposite side, fading into blue. You can see far. There are two

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Graphic design: fanfare
Typography: Glossy Magazine, Bold Decisions
Printed by: Raddraier, Amsterdam

The exhibition is produced by: (O-OVER)GADEN

The exhibition is supported by: Statens Kunstfond, Grosserer L. F. Foghts Fond,

Carl Emil Jacobsen would like to thank: Lotte Helle-Valle, Pernille Taagaard Dinesen, Hans Jacobsen

The publication is supported by: Augustinus Fonden

Danmarks Nationalbanks Jubilæumsfond af 1968, Becker-Fonden, Den Helmsierne Rosenkroneiske Stiftelse, Bodil Pedersen Fonden

large industrial buildings in the crater, smoke rises from them where the fine sand is transported. It is being crushed and kneaded; it's being collected and watered.

The sand is very valuable due to its fineness; it's only found here. We use it for growth, filter. The gravel pit is a mine, according to the calculation there is enough sand to keep business going for the next hundred years. The crater is a wound in the landscape, an opening, a gate between inner and outer, a meeting between nature as itself and nature as a resource; an exposure of the insides of the hills, it runs out, it runs through the fingers, its being picked up and driven away. The encounter between landscape and gravel pit is brutal; not only the sand is getting exposed, but our world is also. The sand, the sand that just is there, must become money and be transported away for the next hundred years. The gravel, this glue keeping together the world we inhabit, digging up the sand to sell it, to profit from it, the sand that just is there. Use it to build up the cities' buildings.

This utilization is a violence committed against the landscape. There is a grief and a care for materials in Carl Emil Jacobsen's works. The works wants a different utilization. In the sand there are different colors. Rusty red, gray, yellow. The pigments shape patterns in the sand, which shape structures in the wind. To use colors found in the landscape in order to express the landscape. To let them come forward. To touch your colors yourself, step out over the slope, down in the mine and find them directly in the gravel pit, also means to skip the order of the gravel, to skip mass production, the mass production of the globalized world, the virtual world of finance or to sneak under all of it, keep close to the ground, walk around there and search.

To gather the pigments and spread them over a mold. To tow the large parts around, weld, erect, assemble. It's about getting something done. It's about keeping warm in the draughty barn during winters. On a windswept winter day an almost aggressive melancholy is present in the gravel pit. I think the works desire a utilization where humans exist at the mercy of the earth, assigned to it. Not calculation, not exploitation but survival, pleasure, aesthetics, grains being crushed to flour, a bread being baked, a miracle, a job, there is a beauty to it, something human.

THE TOOLS

What is happening is more nasty and more ambivalent than what usually passes as love. The sculptures can be understood as sort of containers. Something implodes but afterwards picks itself up from below. Inside the containers are lips, sexes, mouths; there's something awkward with the gaps, those spots where there is only air. You have to bend in uncomfortable ways to look. Something medieval exists in the sculptures' surfaces, their colors. Tools: a millstone, a bucket, a ritual. A dedicated effort. A humbleness. That kind of work where humans are connected with the things, use

them. The processing, The containers. A different age, an age before or after the industrial society. An age before or after machines.

When there isn't any other context, when it starts from scratch with a person stepping into a gravel pit, a person standing in a draughty barn needing a way to keep warm. Stuff to tow. It isn't the idea that the world was better before, in the drudg, inequality, misery. It is the necessity and the dream of a better way to exist on Earth now, a better way of interacting with things, materials, a way of being human. The works contain a grief, because was it ever like that. And a hope because in their bare existence they prove how exactly that is possible.

THE FARMHOUSE POPULATED

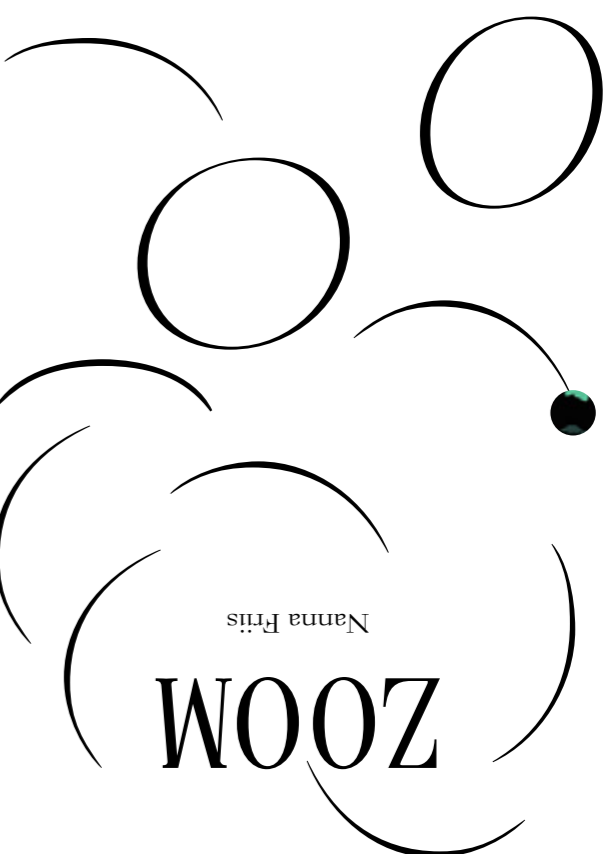
There is a work that doesn't look like the others. Maybe it isn't finished, maybe it is precisely not a work. It lies directly on the sandy ground in one of the barns. That barn that has a giant hole in the middle of the wall, a portal. A transition between inside and outside: outside the light, blossoming, inside darkness, sandy floors, large rafters, eyes getting used to the dark, the non-work in the corner. Swallows fly in and out. This object consists of straw, wool, tow, concrete and half of a privet hedge, bound and tied together in a shape that resembles a boat, a banana, or a captive. White chalk has been poured over it. I don't know what it is and so I almost feel pulled towards it.

It is nothing in particular. It is scary and very valuable. It is a process, an experiment, it is something difficult to finish, maybe it can't be finished. We keep returning to it. I can't get it out of my head. I can't understand it. As opposed to the hard, rounded surfaces of the other sculptures, as opposed to their clearly outlined shapes, this one is protruding, made from twigs, an unclear, painful transition. Different things are clogged in, attempted to be tied together, at the edge of falling apart. There's something helpless, tender, and desperate to it. Perhaps this is the stage prior to the Middle Age, a swallow's nest, and a Stone Age boat. Maybe we are here, entirely within the inhuman, or inside something darker, the malice of humans. It is unmediated; it is alive but just barely. It wishes us something, a cry of pain.

There are not just one but several, plenty, and not just ants and mice that inhabit the abandoned farmhouse. They grow from the corners, the objects, slowly occupying the spaces, macabre and tender creatures, enlarged bacteria or a millipede. A rock composed of granite; wood and plastic delicately abraided. Half of a bronze egg. A dome of twigs. A nest. They talk to each other in the un-survilled. It is a company, an afterlife, a precursor of life, these objects that are impossible to define. That can maybe become "something", but only if they're allowed to exist together, because of each other.

ZOOM

Nanna Friis



OPENINGS

To open oneself, or to not close oneself entirely, is to let some of the world pour through your shape: your body or your head or your molded, modeled, processed expressions. Certainly, such openness can be transgressive. It can be filled with anxiety or flow into grief; when you allow someone or something in, even just the slightest bit, a loss of control immediately follows. But they do not need to look like threads, these losses of control; they can also look like trust and tenderness and an invitation.

Carl Emil Jacobsen's sculptures open themselves up again and again, usually only a little, but next to the study and solid-cast atmosphere of many of his figures, openings also exist—so consistently and so organically present that they feel like a principle or a condition; just as they are in a human being. And just as in a human being, openings are controlled. Something very recognizably human and something very non-human meet in Jacobsen's sculptures when they allow inside minor access and all kinds of gazes, while simultaneously being so hard and finished and worked-on, as only things can be. Are things and humans even each other's contradictions?

The things, these heavy fruits of Carl Emil Jacobsen's work, stand still and look like they emerged from a landscape. They possess the landscape's generous, never arrogant, self-sufficiency. But then they open up towards us like something that also breathes or wishes to speak, or something we can enter a little bit. The cracks and holes and slits and gaps in the sculptures resemble something bodily because a body is usually a landscape of openings too. Fastest and most immediate is probably this route from abstraction to the human body: don't humans always wish to see themselves?

And the openings really do appear human-like to meet ourselves in this existence that we, above all, share with the earth that was here before us, and will be here after us. So it is very short, this period of man using earth to make things we can look at, things that decorate and raise questions; while it is so very long, the period that these things could potentially exist. There is a hint of eternity in Carl Emil Jacobsen's openings, a feeling that access to the sculptures has lasted for a long time and will last longer yet.

Maybe it is exactly within the sculptures' openings that humans are farthest from and closest to them. Jacobsen's figures are not reminiscent of actual humans: they do not look like humans, but their rarely distinct origins in the reality shared by humans and things, nevertheless make them vibrate a bit in their object peace.

SURFACES

All the coarseness made way for fineness to exist. The earth must be worked through before it can be cultivated; we must build something highly functional before we can build something highly decorative. Crops before gourmet, the clay before the art. And naturally, this chronology has countless nuances and deviations, one of which is Carl Emil Jacobsen's work. The coarseness is its own objective: it exists in the surfaces of the sculptures, sticks to everything, appearing like shortcuts from material to object, but a flawlessness shines through the rough. It takes work and effort, but undoubtedly also gentleness to deliver the earth and the pigment into these figures, standing and looking like decorative answers just as much as they look like experiments and questions. It is exactly in the coarseness of the surfaces that nature's presence in Jacobsen's works seems most visible, but these are not the kinds of surfaces that appear to be disguising an emptiness; the kinds of surfaces that simply are surfaces. Rather, these feel like open areas facing out towards the world and the gazes that meet them, in an attempt to also unveil an inside. There is a connection between how the sculptures appear and what they are actually made of—just as there are connections between how a landscape looks and what a landscape is. In Carl Emil Jacobsen's handling of the landscape, his life in the middle of it and his utilization of it, the surfaces and the essence exist side by side: the organic materiality almost oozing from the objects is an expression of their exteriors just as much as it is the essence of their interiors.

The terms of a foundation—its etymology and nature and symbolism—are probably primarily rooted in ideas of something heavy. The essential, earliest, lowest, and strongest. Sand and clay and gravel are heavy when gathered and a foundation is a gathered thing. It is the foundation that is being processed in Carl Emil Jacobsen's works. The literal underground is drawn from beneath and shaped into things, which

GRAVITIES

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Images: Mikkel Rahr Mortensen

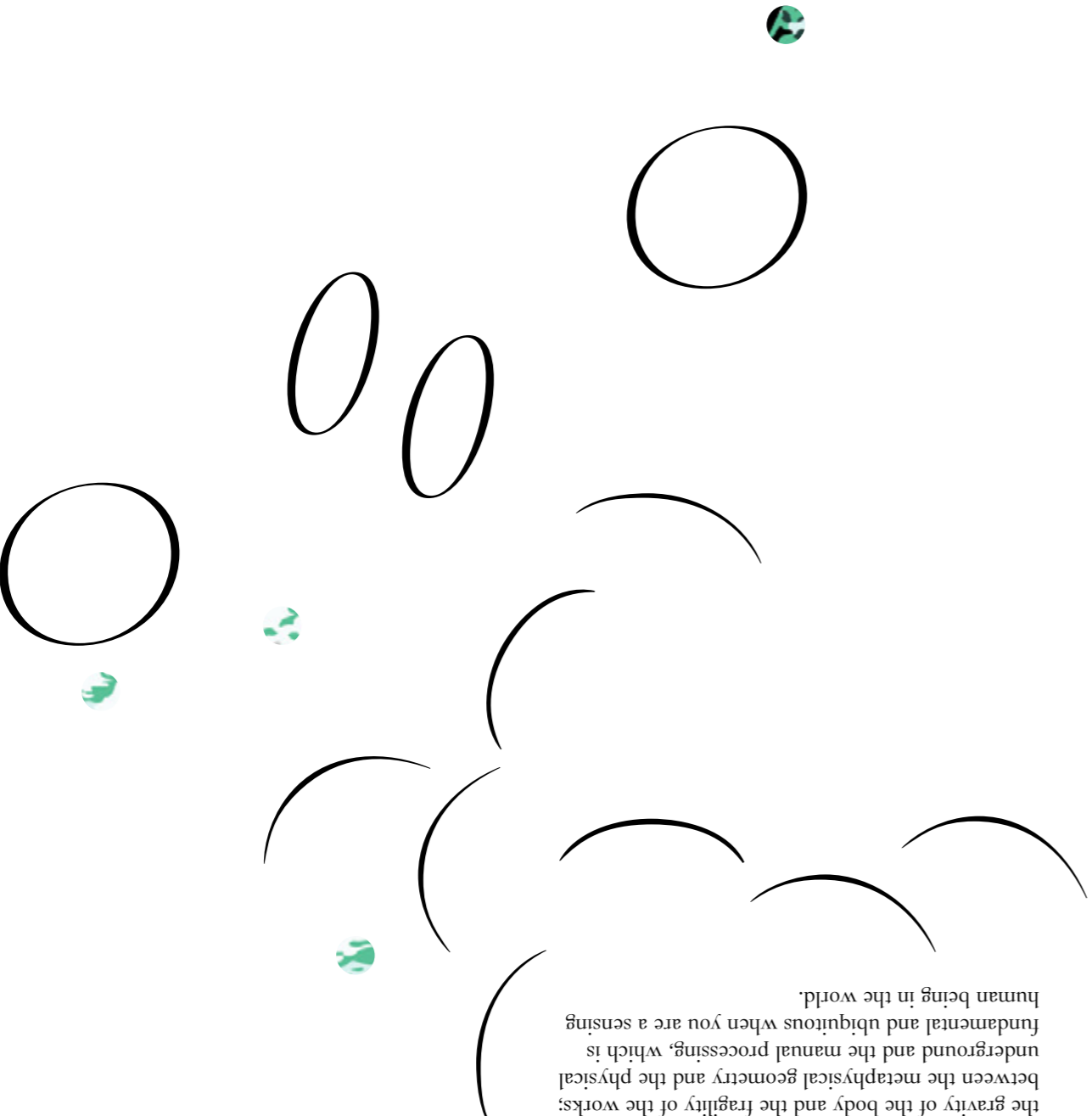
Text: Liv Sejbo Lidsgaard, Nanna Friis,
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Copy editing: Susannah Worth

Printed in edition of 250 copies

also, above Earth's surface, carry a heaviness in them. What is big will probably always also look heavy and some of Jacobsen's sculptures are big; sturdy and dominating in an architectonic way. But gravity as a mood in the exhibition does not seem determined by scale, and those objects, works, and material studies that do not take up much space with their physical extent, have the kind of hefty expression that makes the body feel light. Rough and raw are some inherent as well as visible qualities of the sculptures: across their different sizes a stoic gravity vibrates within them. Is not gravity also a neat synonym for earthed-ness? And does not this synonymy seem evident when it comes to Jacobsen's practice?

There must be axes between a tangible heaviness—all the hundreds of kilos shaped and transported and exhibited—and the earthed materiality that, if anything, characterizes the work of Carl Emil Jacobsen. These axes do exist and when a sculpture created from earth is large and heavy as a house the axes may meet each other in the perfect intersection. But they also run between visual language and pigment, between the fragility of the body and the fragility of the works; between the metaphysical geometry and the physical underground and the manual processing, which is fundamental and ubiquitous when you are a sensing human being in the world.



Comb a Hairy Doughnut Flat

ISBN: 978-87-990772-6-7
EAN: 9788799077267

Carl Emil Jacobsen
Comb a Hairy Doughnut Flat
Exhibition period: 15.08.2021 – 10.10.2021

(O-O)VERGADEN
Overgaden nedan vander 17, 1414 København K,
overgaden.org

From his studio in Ry, Jutland, Carl Emil Jacobsen looks out on a gravel pit; a landscape in which wild nature clashes directly with industry. It is a critical and brutal meeting, leaving parts of the landscape around him as yawning excavations and open wounds allowing for a direct view into the layers of the sediment and the core of matter: what the earth consists of.

It is from this landscape wound that Carl Emil Jacobsen's sculptures begin their realization, from where they get their colors. By collecting rocks, minerals, and different types of earth from this landscape, Jacobsen experiments with extracting pigments, a process that both maps and formalizes the palette of the sediment.

For Jacobsen, nature's regenerative processes and organic changeability are an infinite source of inspiration, it is what form the creation of his voluminous, coarse-grained sculptures: ambiguous and monstrous but also loving, humorous, and disarming. In three different constellations, these sculptures occupy our top floor of in the exhibition *Comb A Hairy Doughnut Flat*.

As one of

O-Overgaden's new ventures, this

publication is one of the first in a

monographic series published in

relation to Overgaden's solo exhibitions

from 2021 onwards. In essence, this series focuses

on new voices in the Danish art scene and on

elevating these into a broader conversation and a

larger followership. Each edition in the series will be

published both in print—with a special, grand fold-out

poster as its cover—and as a free-to-download PDF

version, including an additional full

batch of documentation images with the

online edition. In this way, the hope is for

the content made possible by these

publications—both the artistic expressions—

and the expanded surrounding conversations—

to travel as widely as possible.

This publication series has been made possible thanks

to generous support from the Augustinus Foundation

and the creative and editorial oversight of Overgaden's

editor Nanna Friis, alongside dedicated work by Freja

Kir and Miguel Hervas Gómez, our graphic designers

at fanfare. Special thanks goes to Liv Sejrbø Lidgaard

for her poetic essay on earth, place, and creation in

Carl Emil Jacobsen's practice, and to Nanna Friis for

her text zooming in on the artworks and their material

form. As always, a big and warm thank you to the

entire Overgaden team. And, last but not also essentially

first, a sincere thank you to Carl Emil Jacobsen for the

inspiring and ambitious collaboration and not least the

beautiful exhibition.

Aukje Lepoutre Ravn
Interim Director, (O-O)VERGADEN