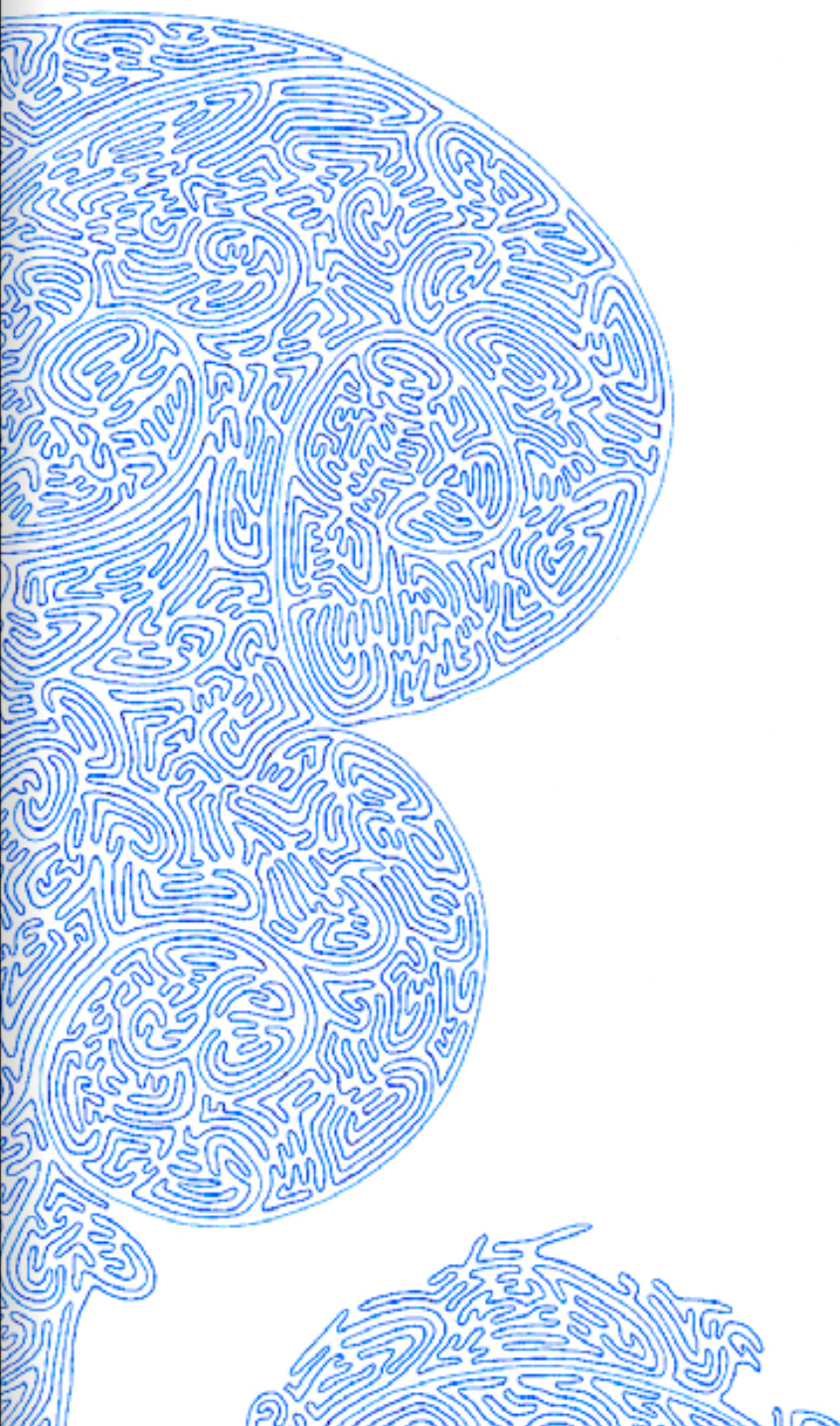


Monia Sander
Haj-Mohamed
Heavy Body,
Heavenly Body



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RERGADEN



ISBN: 978-87-94511-05-2
EAN: 9788794511052

Monia Sander Haj-Mohamed
Heavy Body, Heavenly Body
Udstillingsperiode: 11.06.2022 – 07.08.2022

O-OVERGADEN
Overgaden nedan vandet 17, 1414 København K,
overgaden.org

Heavy Body, Heavenly Body

FORORD

Hvad er spændvidden i det performative rum, hvor virkelighed og fiktion sammenblandes? Det spørgsmål synes at være omdrejningspunkt for billedkunstner og forfatter Monia Sander Haj-Mohamed, der i sit arbejde inddrager både tekst, tegning, skulptur, lyd, performance og iscenesættelse. Hen over sommeren 2022 viser Haj-Mohammed på O-Overgaden sin første institutionelle soloudstilling - *Heavy Body, Heavenly Body* - der er en intim og meditativ tour de force ind i kunstnerens meget personlige praksis.

Ved første øjekast ser udstillingen ud som et minimalt og stille univers, men placerer man sig tæt foran udstillingens 25 unikke tegninger, suges man ind i et dybt indre - for nogen måske et kosmisk ydre - hvor fornemmelsen af tid, sted og rum ophæves, og spørgsmål om eksistens og identitet toner frem. For første gang præsenterer Haj-Mohamed en omfattende ophængning af sine abstrakte stregtegninger, der hver især er skabt ved at føre en kuglepensstreg uafbrudt hen over et stykke papir i op til 16 timer ad gangen. Lade den forvilde og forgrene sig for til sidst at danne en afsluttet form. Først her træder kunstneren tilbage fra papiret, og betragter resultatet fra beskuerens perspektiv. Tegningerne er skabt i en periode over tre år, hvor sorg, traumbearbejdning og transformation har fyldt i kunstnerens liv. De er organiske meditationer over tilværelsen.

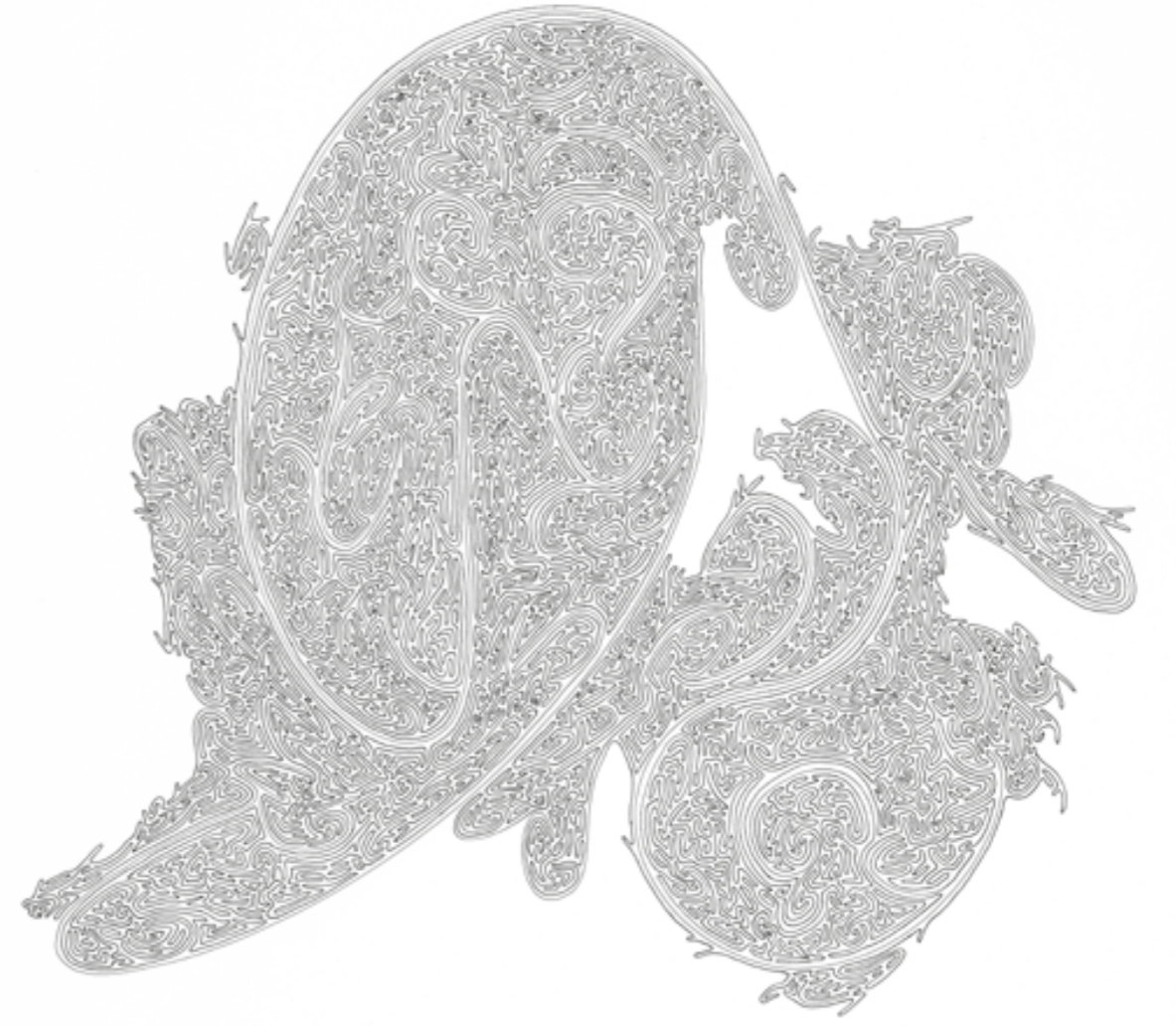
Tegningerne ledsages af det publikumsgenererede performanceværk *Nothing that goes through me belongs to me*, som er baseret på et manuskript skrevet af Haj-Mohamed i anledning af udstillingen. I manuskriptet figurerer den ubestemte karakter *Spectactor* som eneste stemme, og publikum inviteres til at bringe sig selv i spil i læsningen af værket. Hver uge kan udstillingsgæster deltage i en fælles, improviseret manuskriptoplæsning.

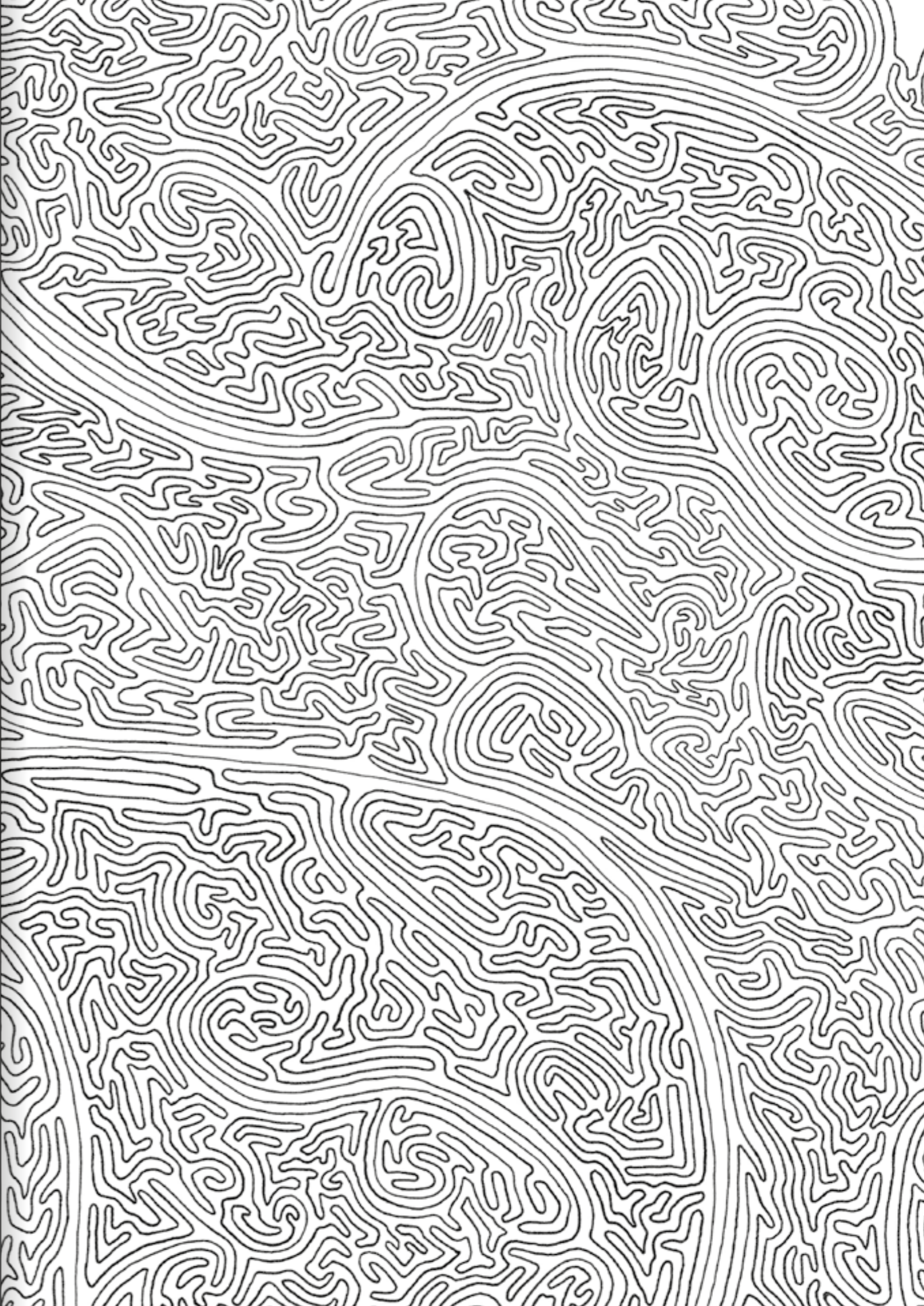
Alle manuskriptlæsninger optages af en mikrofon og lyden fra oplæsningen kan efterfølgende høres uredigeret i høretelefoner. Således omslutes nye gæster af tidligere besøgendes stemmer i et processuelt lydværk, der akkumulerer flere og flere lag, efterhånden som udstillingsperioden skrider frem. Derudover vil kunstneren hver onsdag være til stede i udstillingen og initiere 1:1 samtaler med publikum.

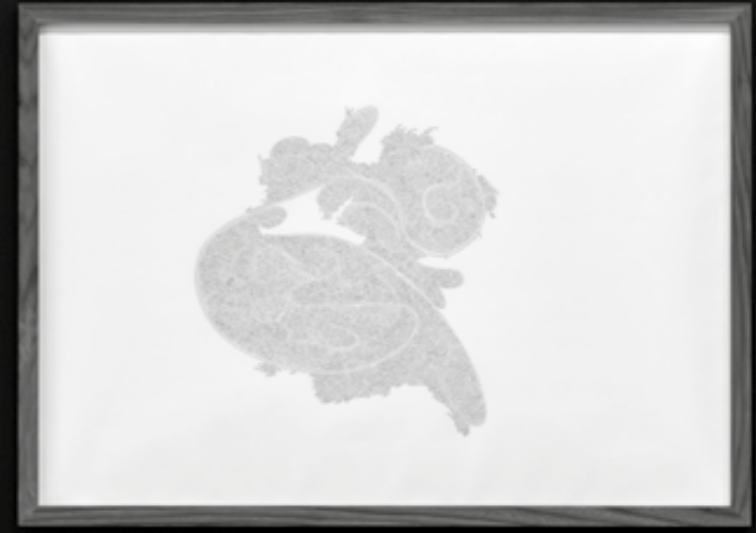
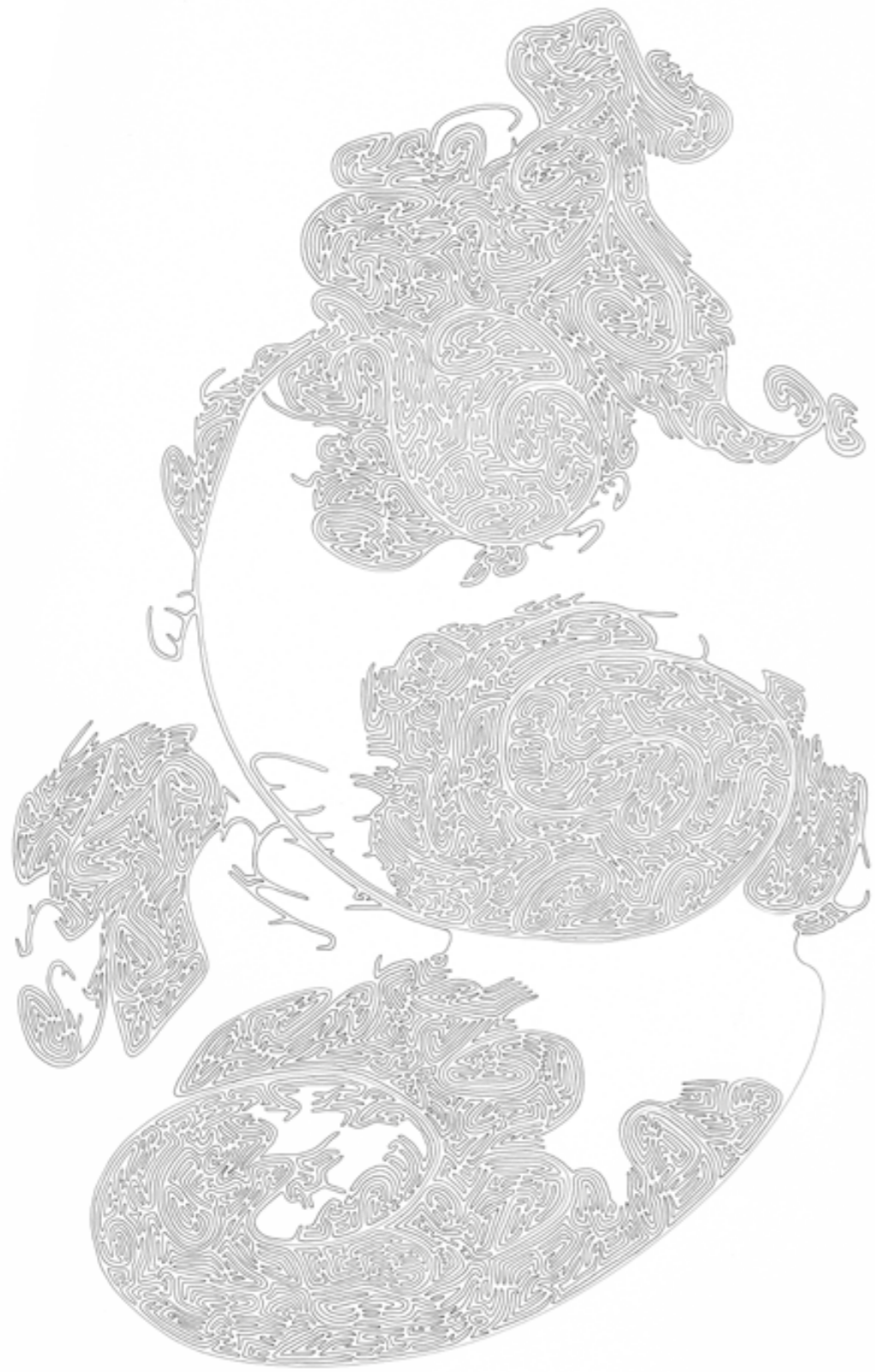
Ved at tillægge konkret værdi til publikums handlinger, reaktioner og dialoger eksperimenterer Haj-Mohamed med nye muligheder, hvorpå vi kan forstå det kunstneriske værk og dets værdi - både æstetisk, kulturelt, socialt og økonomisk. Samtidig undersøger Monia Sander Haj-Mohamed potentialet i den radikale kollektive gestus; den der opløser skellet mellem "du" og "jeg" og dermed også vores forestillinger om de rum og det samfund, vi lader os definere af.

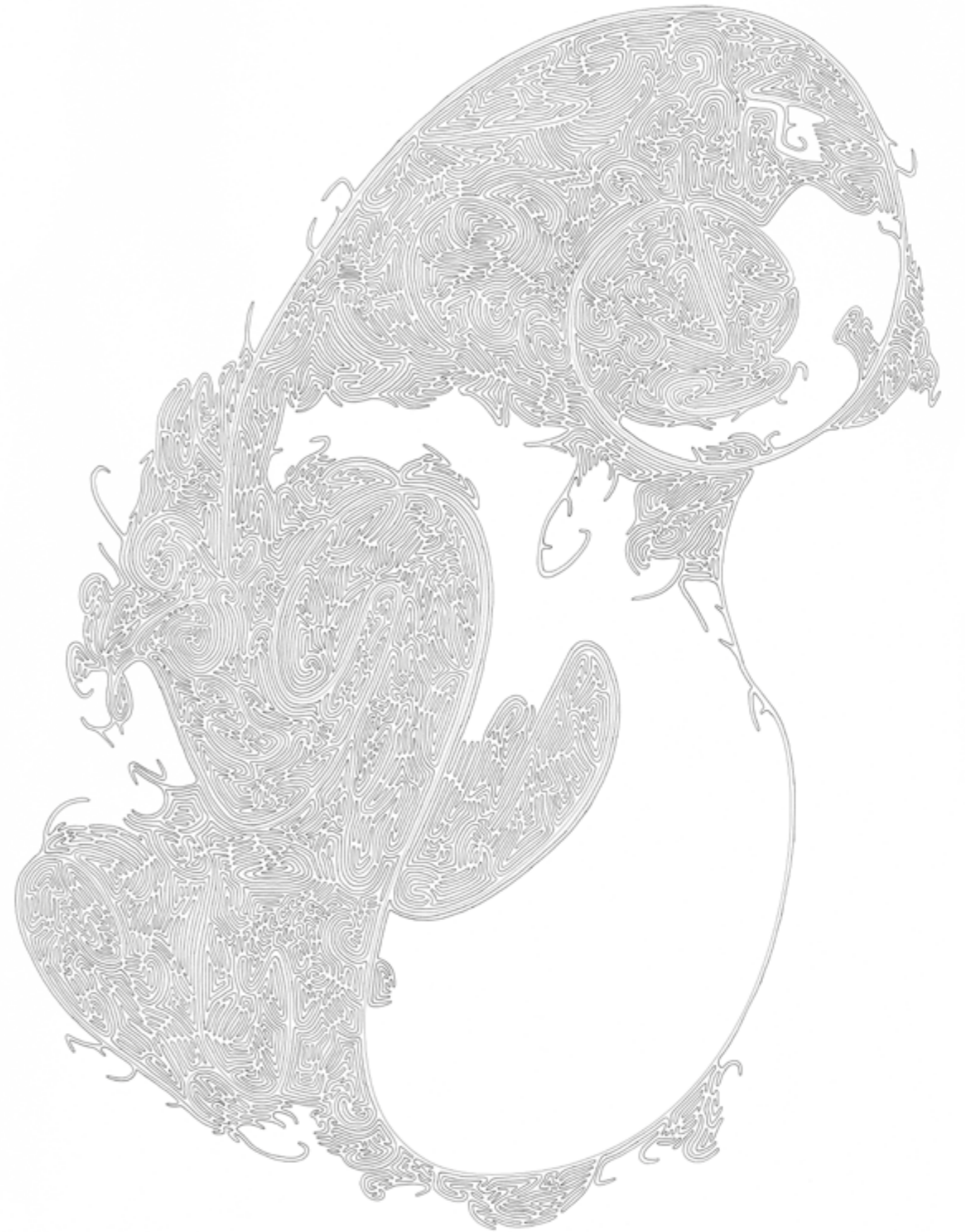
Nærværende udgivelse er del af en publikationsrække, som O-Overgaden, siden 2021, har produceret som et selvstændigt og skræddersyet tekstligt eller visuelt supplement til kunstnerens udstillinger. Udgivelserne er muliggjort gennem støtte fra Augustinus Fonden, som skal have en hjertelig tak. Jeg vil gerne takke Statens Kunstfond, Beckett Fonden, Knud Højgaards Fond for at støtte udstillingen og vores dygtige grafiske designere fra fanfare; César Rogers og Miquel Hervás Gómez, for deres smukke arbejde. En stor tak også til O-Overgadens in-house redaktør Nanna Friis, der har redigeret denne publikation og til O-Overgadens øvrige team, der sammen med Monia har muliggjort udstillingen. En stor og hjertelig tak til Monia Sander-Haj Mohamed - der med sin stilsikre og ukompromitterende tilgang er lykket med at skabe en smuk og rørende udstilling, der i sin invitation til fri fortolkning rækker ud over hvad beskrivende ord kan sige - og ind i den enkelte beskueres eget indre.

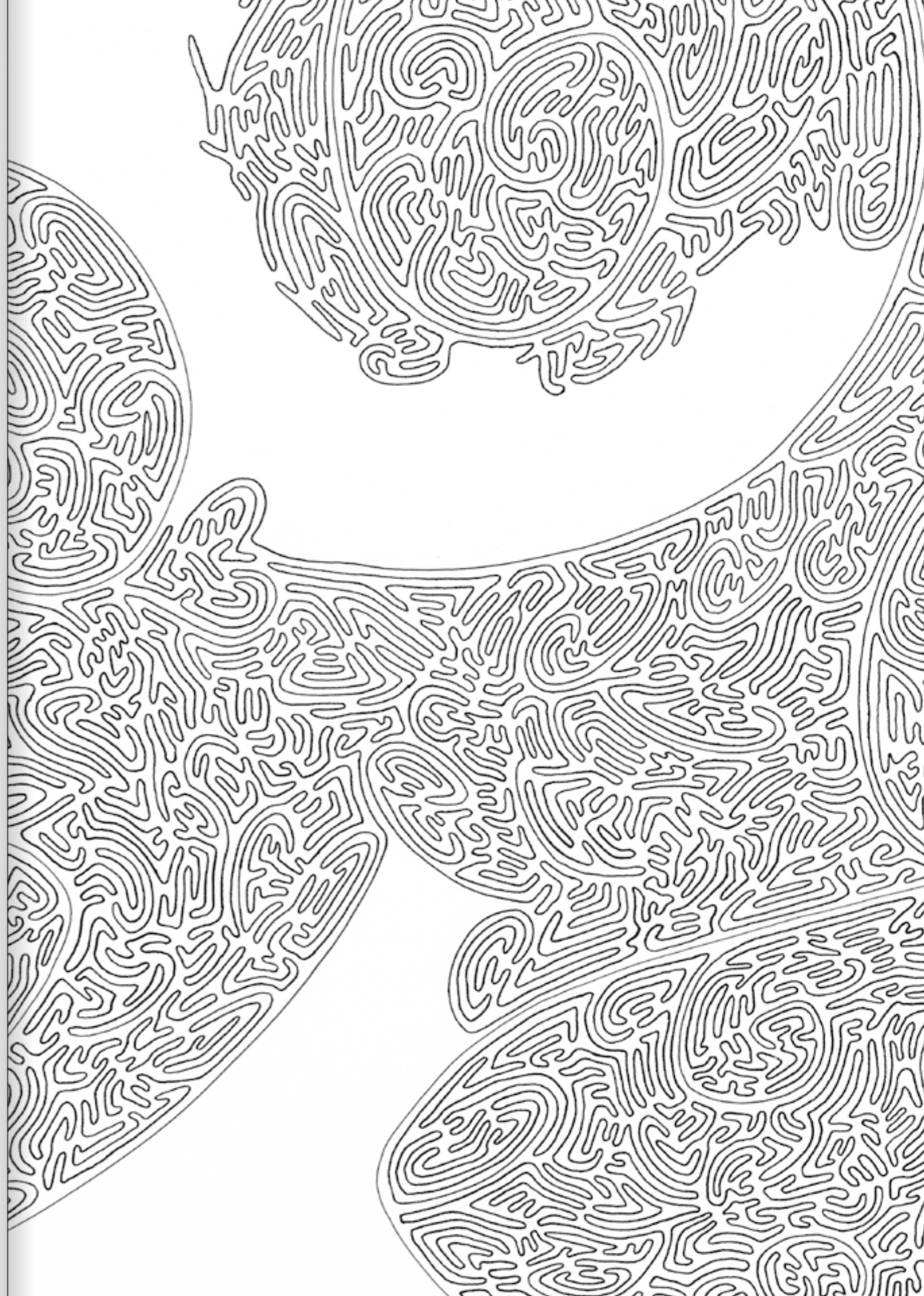
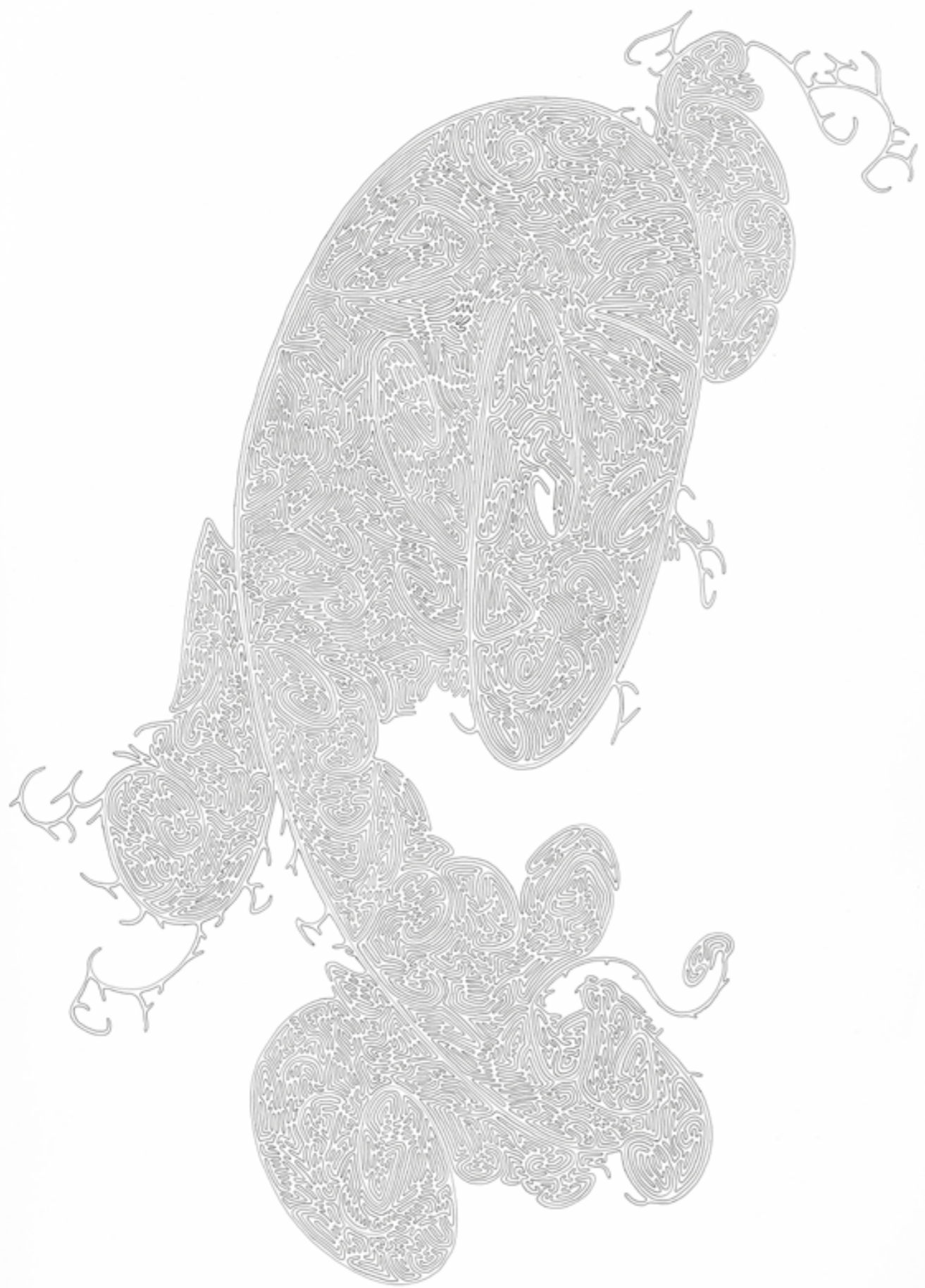
Aukje Lepoutre Ravn,
interim leder, O - OVERGADEN

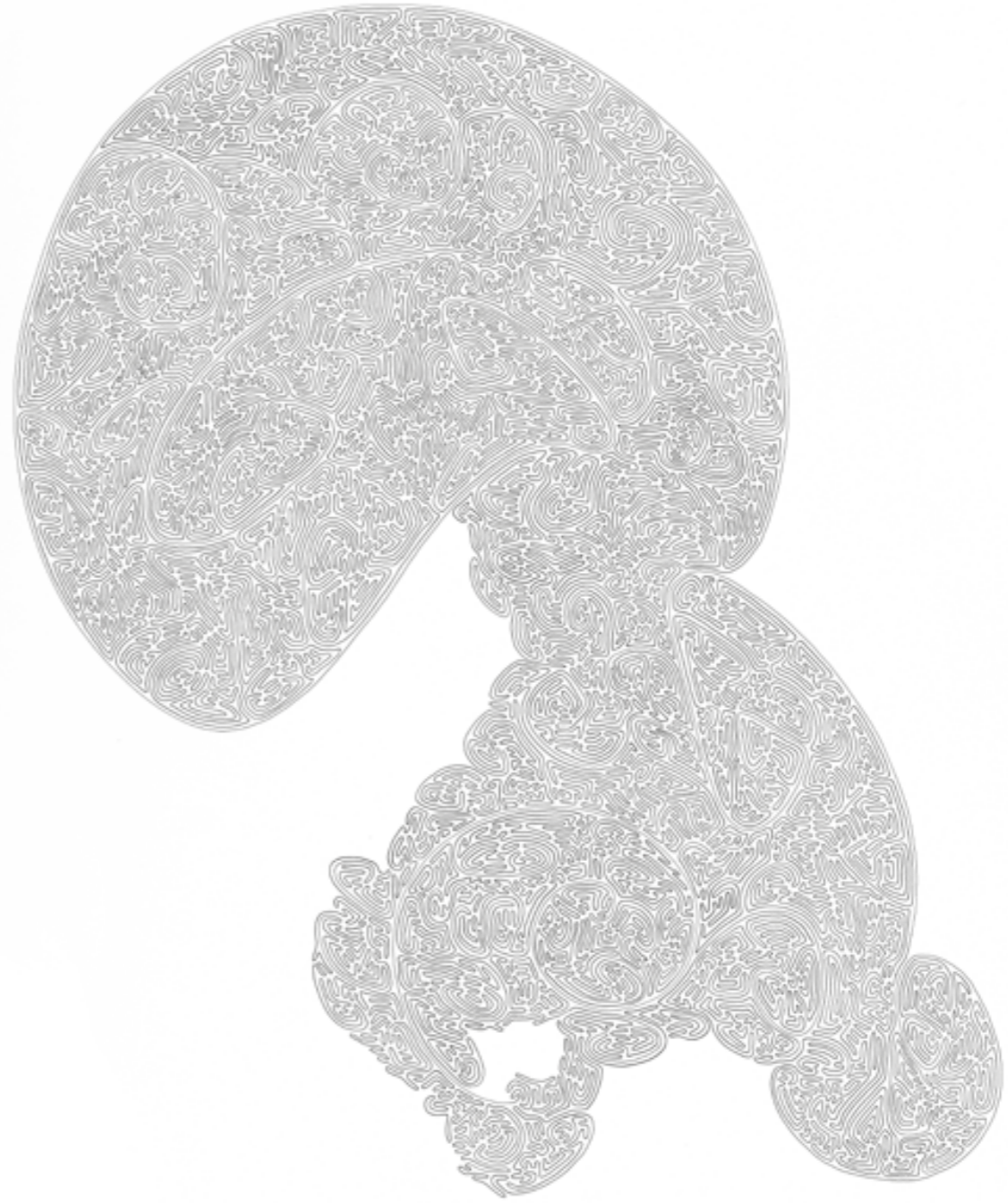














NOTHING THAT GOES THROUGH ME BELONGS TO ME

Open script readings – everyone can join – just show up
Sound will be recorded and added to the sound piece in the exhibition

FRIDAYS 17.30

10/6
17/6

THURSDAYS 17.30

23/6
30/6
7/7
14/7
21/7
28/7
4/8

SUNDAY 15.00

7/8



A circle of chairs. On each chair is a script. From the center of the circle a microphone is recording. A group of spectators enter. Each spectator picks up a script and takes a seat.

Spectator: Where do I begin?

Spectator: It was the summer of 2022. That we lost you.

Spectator: You didn't lose me, I am right here in front of you.

Spectator: Not you.

Spectator: I remember the feeling that time was bending.

Spectator: Time was almost not existing.

Spectator: As if every minute was disappearing around the corner.

Spectator: I tried to follow you.

Spectator: You didn't lose me, I am right here in front of you.

Spectator: I am right here in front of you.

Spectator: It was in 2022. The weather was so warm that day. I was wearing shorts.

Spectator: This feels like a déjà vu. Why do I feel like I have been in this exact moment before?

Spectator: *(Points to some shoes.)* Why do I feel like I have seen those shoes before?

Spectator: It had been some strange years and... I don't know...

Spectator: Everything just had this feeling of absurdity to it.

Spectator: I am right here. In front of you.

Spectator: The weather was so nice that day.

Spectator: Was it in August?

Spectator: Does the date matter?

Spectator: It was the summer of 2022. That you left.

Spectator: Had something happened? Something that had made you want to leave?

Spectator: Something traumatic?

Spectator: Something traumatic happens every fucking moment at this planet.

Spectator: What happened?

Spectator: Stop making everything so heavy.

Spectator: It's not the end of the world if someone leaves.

Spectator: Every day someone leaves.

Spectator: Every day I am left behind.

Spectator: I am going to leave this place as well.

Spectator: Why did you leave?

Spectator: I left myself behind.

Spectator: I remember your voice. I remember your voice sounding so fragile. I didn't know if you were nervous or if this was your usual way of speaking.

Spectator: I remember your silence.

Spectator: The sound of your breathing filling the space.

Spectator: Did you have any reason to be nervous in front of me?

Spectator: It's so warm in here.

Spectator: Our feet touching the same ground, but...

Spectator: It was the late summer of 2022. That you appeared out of nowhere. Suddenly you were right in front of me. I tried to reach out and touch you, but...

Spectator: It all happened in a glimpse of time.

Spectator: Where did we meet?

Spectator: We will meet again, not knowing that we already met before.

Spectator: We will meet again as strangers.

Spectator: Nothing new under the sun.

Spectator: I found you, but...

Spectator: *(Points to some shoes.)* I really feel like I have seen those shoes before.

Spectator: I didn't know what to say.

Spectator: As if all the words I knew.

Spectator: Were made for others.

Spectator: Not for me.

Spectator: It was hard to recognize you.

Spectator: Not for us.

Spectator: You have changed.

Spectator: Not for this moment.

Spectator: Time went so fast.

Spectator: How long have we been here?

Spectator: Time is running.

Spectator: A river running into the sea.

Spectator: I guess time did change me.

Spectator: Will you come back?

Spectator: Moving from one place to another.

Spectator: Moving across time and space.

Spectator: Leaving myself behind.

Spectator: I tend to hold on to what I've got.

Spectator: *(Points to some shoes.)* For how long did you have those shoes? I'm sure I've seen them before.

Spectator: I was being drawn.

Spectator: Going around and around and...

Spectator: Arriving at the beginning.

Spectator: Nothing new under the sun.

Spectator: Loosing myself.

Spectator: If I arrive at the beginning, will I meet my old self waiting for me to come back?

Spectator: Another language had to appear.

Spectator: Another shape.

Spectator: The shape of this moment.

Spectator: To touch the layers of time.

Spectator: To allow someone from the past to guide you into the future.

Spectator: Where do I begin?

Spectator: We cared for you, long after you left.

Spectator: I left myself behind.

Spectator: Going around and around...

Spectator: A rite of passage.

Spectator: There's only one way and that's through.

Spectator: I left myself behind.

Spectator: Why?

Spectator: Lending my body to someone...

Spectator: Or something...

Spectator: For a while I stayed without a body.

Spectator: For how long did you do that?

Spectator: The weather was so warm. I remember waking up at sunrise with the feeling that love was flowing in through my left hand and forehead. It was very physical. I opened my eyes and I saw the new moon under a bright star. The sky was pink and orange. Then I fell back to sleep.

Spectator: To let go of my worries, I had to let go of the person I thought I was.

Spectator: To let love in.

Spectator: I left myself behind.

Spectator: Something you once said keeps replaying in my mind. Sometimes I doubt if I was the one who said it.

Spectator: In between who I was and who I will become.

Spectator: Will you come back?

Spectator: Someone or...

Spectator: Something was inhabiting my body and I was...

Spectator: A soul without a shape.

Spectator: I am right here.

Spectator: In front of you.

Spectator: Does the soul belong to anyone when it doesn't have a shape?

Spectator: Waiting for my new shape to appear.

Spectator: I tend to hold on to what I've got.

Spectator: Feet touching the ground.

Spectator: Touching the ground.

Spectator: Where do I end?

Spectator: Where do you end?

Spectator: Where do I end?

Spectator: Where do you begin?

Spectator: Where do I begin?

Spectator: Where do you begin?

Spectator: Do I end where my feet touch the ground?

Spectator: Do I end where my hands begin?

Spectator: Or where the tone of my voice echoes into silence?

Spectator: Do I end where my language ends?

Spectator: Do I begin where something I once did or said is repeated by another body?

Spectator: Do I begin where my language ends?

Spectator: Do I begin in you?

Spectator: Do you begin in me?

Spectator: Do I begin in you?

Spectator: Do you begin in me?

Each of the spectators takes a deep breath in and begins to hum. They hum for as long or as short as they want, in any tone they want, as high or as low as they want. A delta of voices.

Spectator: Something you once said keeps replaying in my mind.

Spectator: I.
Spectator: Am.
Spectator: Right.
Spectator: Here.
Spectator: In.
Spectator: Front.
Spectator: Of.
Spectator: You.
Spectator: Nothing new under the sun.
Spectator: Nothing new under the sun.
Spectator: I remember not worrying about what was inside or outside, beginnings or ends.
Spectator: I remember being fearless in relation to infinity.
Spectator: Nothing new under the sun.
Spectator: Souls floating between us.
Spectator: In this moment we are an entity and whatever one of us do will stay with all of us.
Spectator: Nothing new under the sun.
Spectator: If I shout now, will someone hear it when I'm gone?
Spectator: Why would anyone shout?
Spectator: It was the summer of 2022.
Spectator: That we lost you.
Spectator: But your voice lingered for a long time behind...
Spectator: Like an empty seashell on a sandy beach.
Spectator: I kept hearing your voice. Over and over.
Spectator: Your voice became a part of me.
Spectator: We linger in the bodies of each other.
Spectator: I don't want this moment to end.
Spectator: *(Points to some shoes.)* Why do I feel like I have seen those shoes before?
Spectator: When I leave, I will carry you with me.

The spectators lay the scripts on the chairs and leave. The sound recording plays back into the space.

Nothing that goes through me belongs to me

Manuskript og koncept / Script and concept
Monia Sander Haj-Mohamed

Lyd / Sound
Stephen McEvoy, Toke Martins & Eliza Bozek

Skamler / Chairs
Gilbert Gordon

Konsulent / Consultant
Amr Hatem

Tak til / Thanks to
Signe, Marius, Samara, Marina, Louise,
Sune, Kim, Shilan, Cristina, Line, Mathieu,
Bashir, Henri, Amalie & Rasmus





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ISBN: 978-87-94311-05-2
EAN: 9788794311052

Redaktør / Editor: Nanna Friis
Fotos / photos: Mai Keldsen and Anders Sune Berg
Udstillingen er støttet af / Exhibition is supported by: Statens Kunstfond, Beckett-Fonden,
Knud Højgaards Fond, Den Hielmstjerne-Rosencroneske Stiftelse

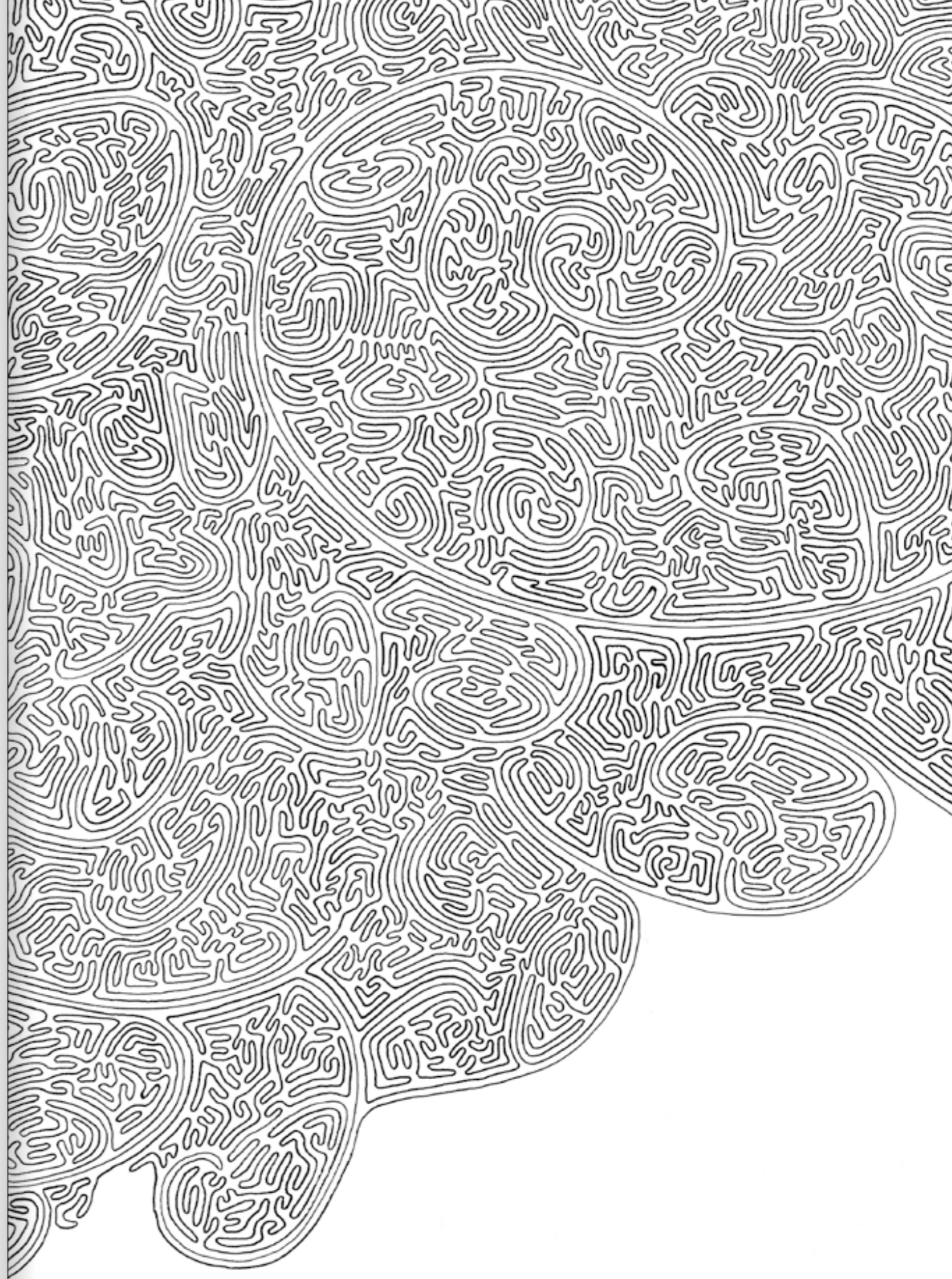
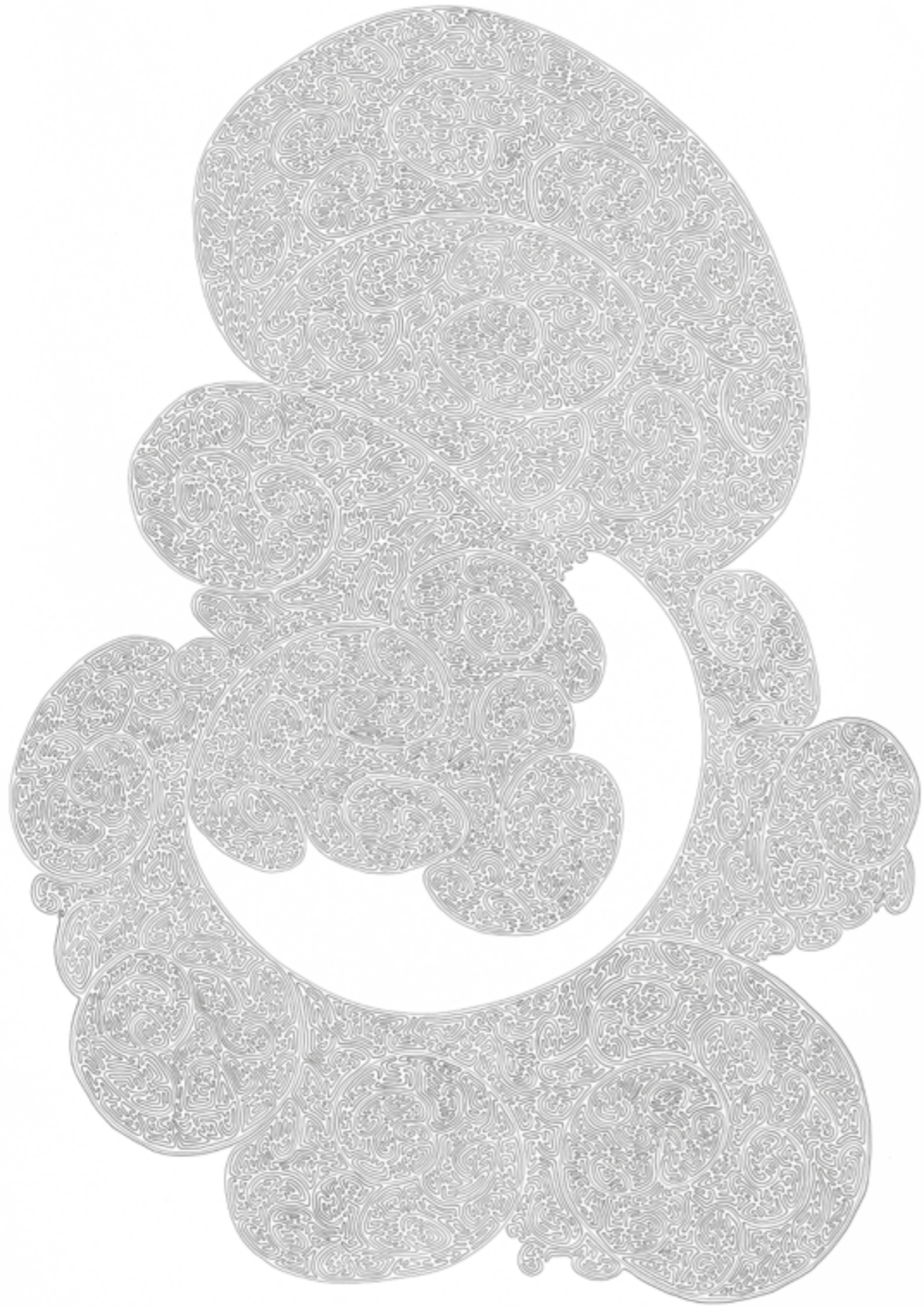
Kunstneren ønsker at takke / The artist wishes to thank: Artist Assistance DK,
Gilbert & Gilbert, Blackbird CPH, Finn Naur Petersen, Toke, Owen,
Malte, Bjarke, Signe, Marius, Samara, Marina, Louise, Sune, Kim,
Shilan, Mathieu, Cristina, Line, Bashir, Henri, Amalie & Rasmus

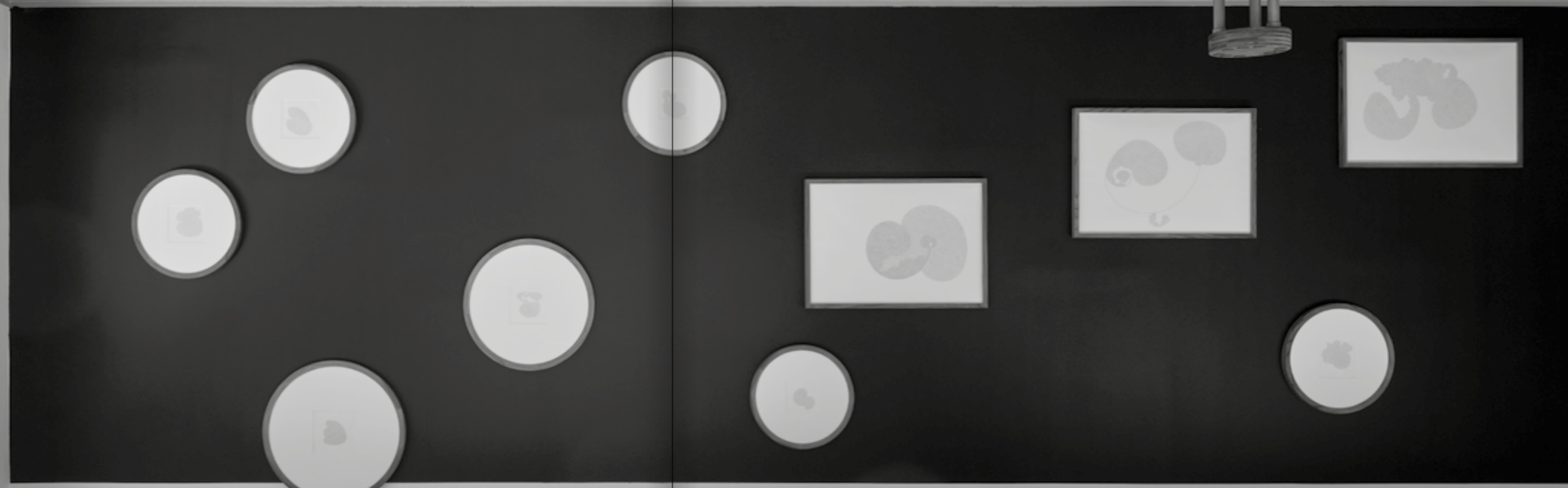
Grafisk design / Graphic design: fanfare
Typografi / Typography: Glossy Magazine, Bold Decisions
Trykt hos / Printed at: Raddraier, Amsterdam
Publikationen er støttet af / The publication is supported by: Augustinus Fonden

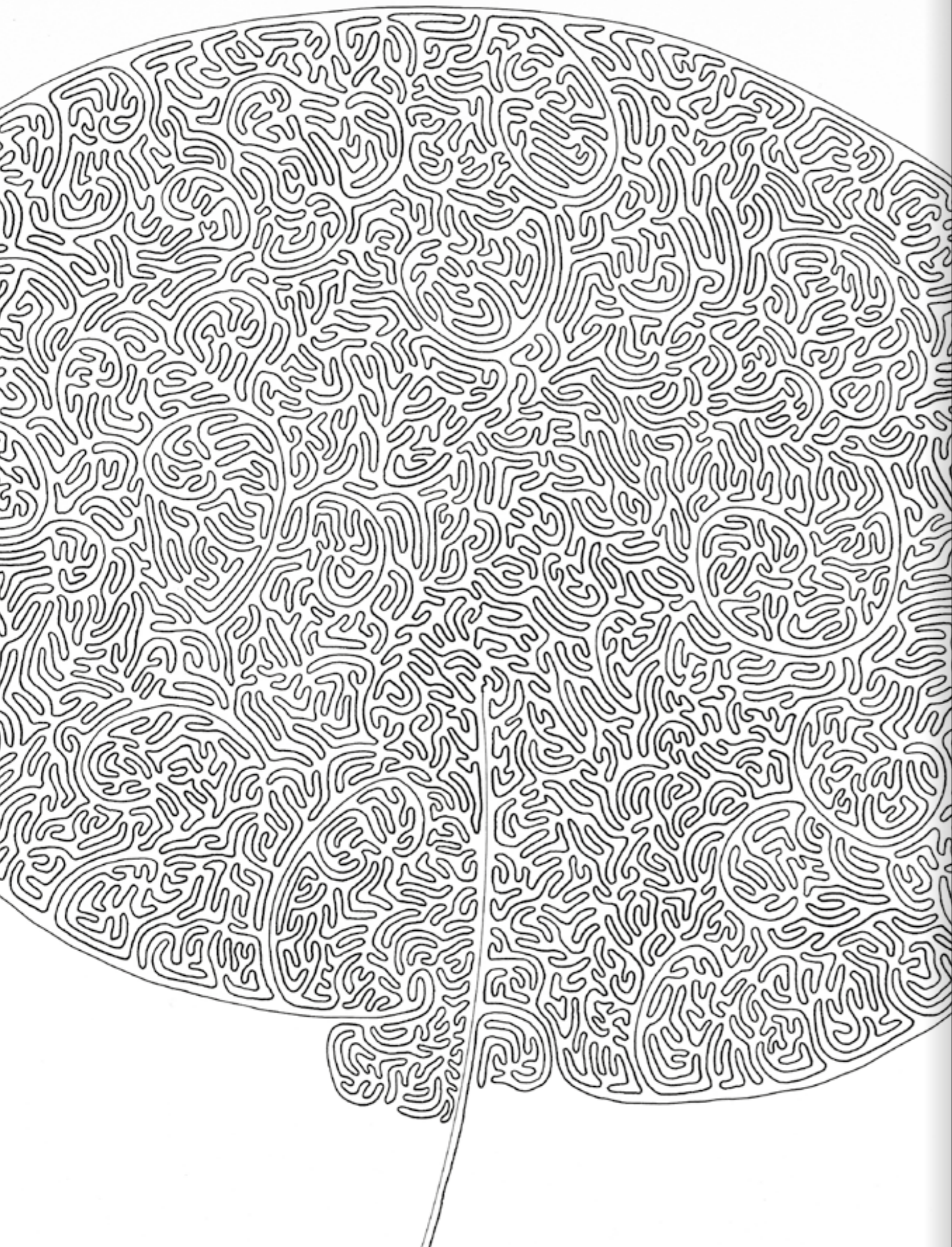
Trykt i 150 eksemplarer / Printed in edition of 150 copies



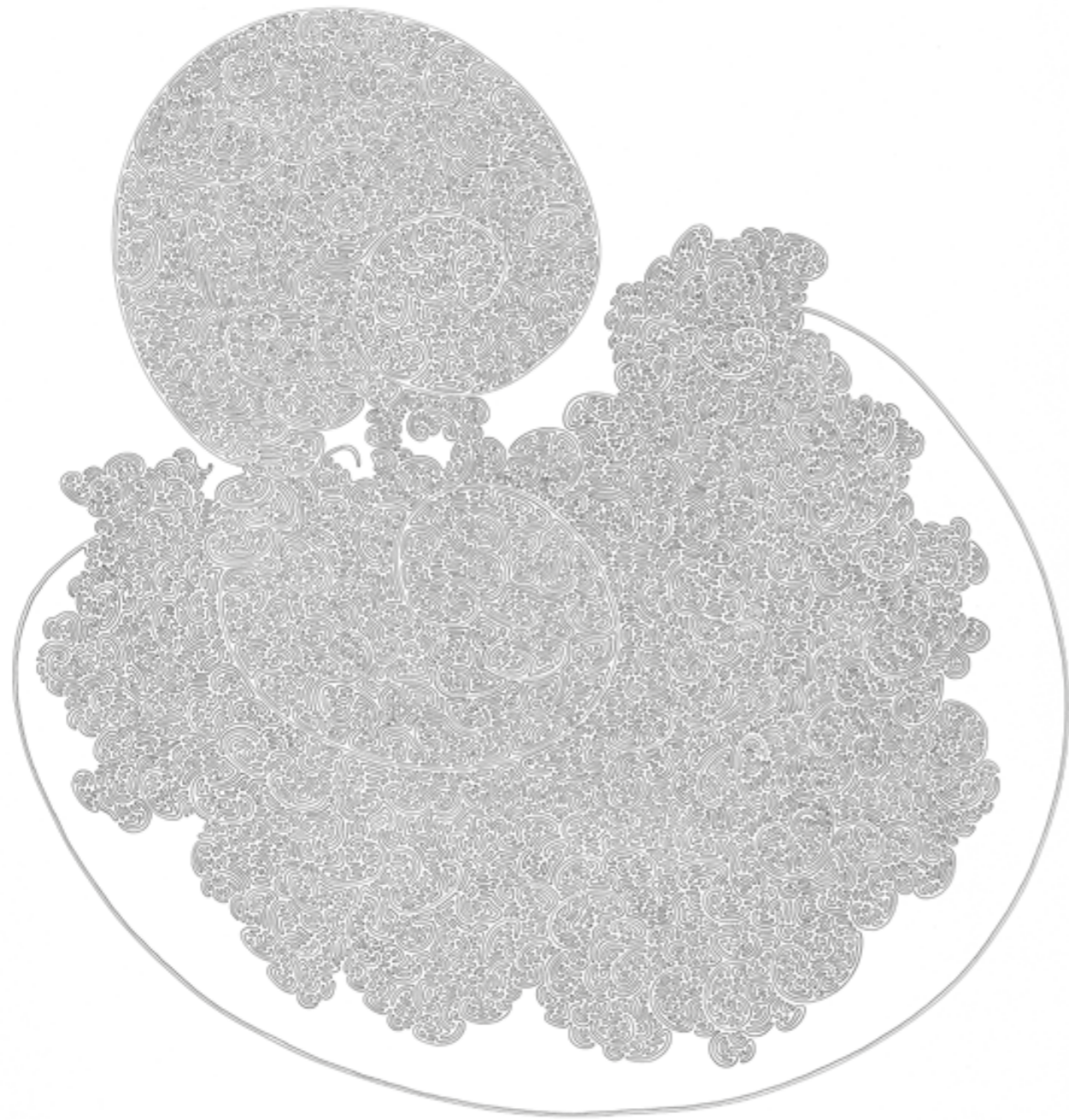












Heavy Body, Heavenly Body

FOREWORD

Once a week, exhibition guests can participate in a collective, improvised reading. All readings are recorded in and these sound recordings can then be heard unedited in headphones in the exhibition. In this way new guests are enclosed in the voices of previous guests in a processual sound piece accumulating layers as the exhibition progresses. Furthermore, the artist will be present in the show every Wednesday, initiating one-to-one conversations with the audience.

By ascribing concrete value to the actions, reactions and dialogues of the audience, Haj-Mohamed experiments with new possibilities by which we understand the art piece and its value – aesthetically, culturally, socially and economically. At the same time, Haj-Mohamed investigates potential radical, collective gestures; that which dissolves the boundary between “you” and “I” and thereby also our ideas about the spaces and societies by which we are defined.

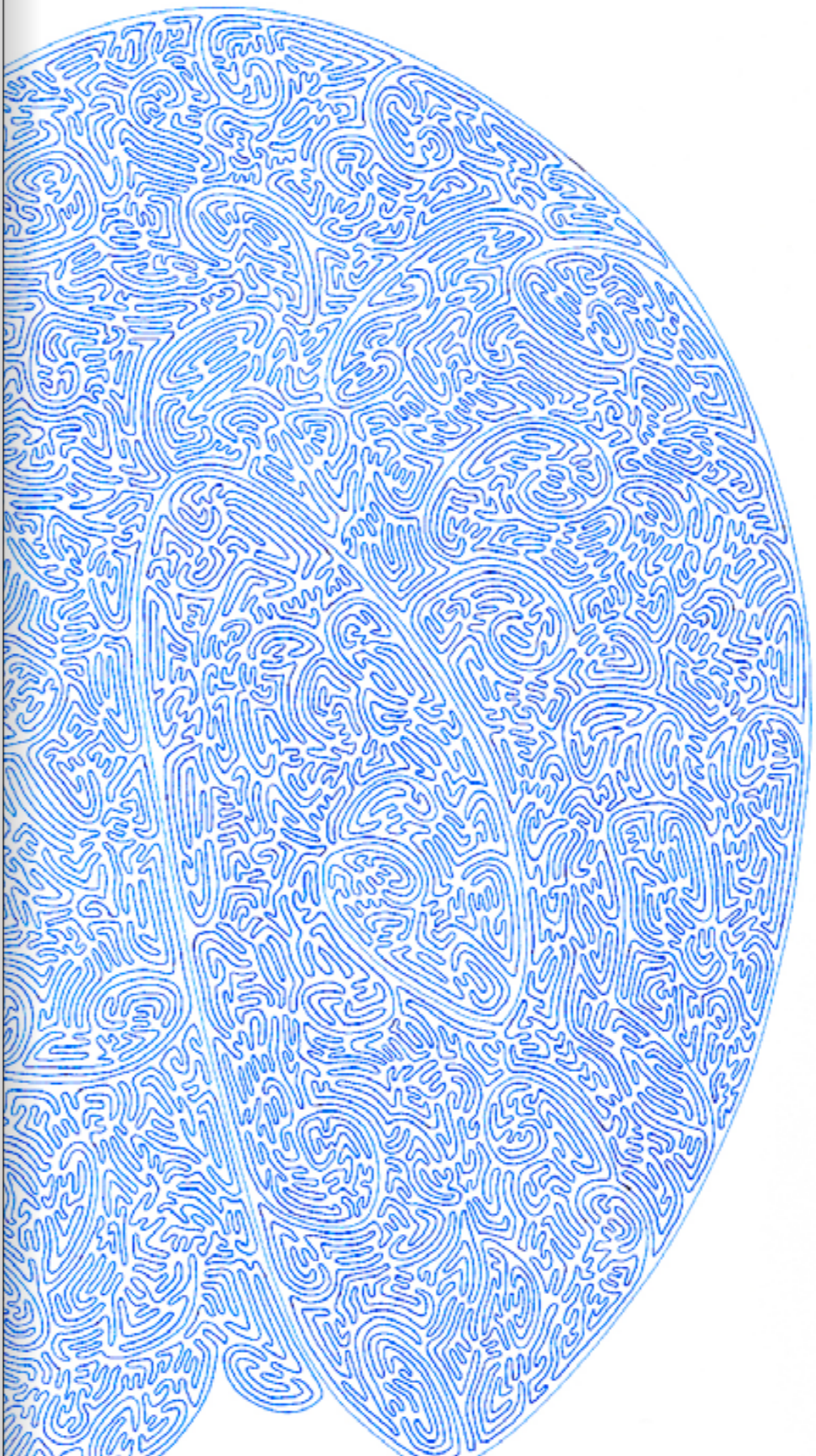
This publication is part of a series that O—Overgaden has produced since 2021 as an independent and customized supplement for artist's solo shows. The publications are made possible through generous support from the Augustinus Foundation for which we are extremely grateful. I wish to thank the Danish Arts Foundation, Beckett-Fonden and Knud Højgaard's Fond for supporting the exhibition, and our talented graphic designers from fanfare, César Rogers and Miquel Herbas Gómez, for their beautiful work. Also a warm thank you to O—Overgaden's in-house editor Nanna Friis who edited this publication and to the rest of the O—Overgaden team who made this exhibition possible in collaboration with Monia. A big and heartfelt thank you to Monia Sander Haj-Mohamed who with her confident and uncompromising approach has succeeded in creating a beautiful and moving exhibition that reaches beyond what words can express, and into the inner world of each individual guest.

Aufyje Lepoure Ravn,
Interim Director, O—Overgaden

What's the range of the performative space where reality and fiction are mixed together? This question seems to be central to artist and writer Monia Sander Haj-Mohamed, who works with text, drawing, sculpture, sound, performance and staging. During the summer of 2022, Haj-Mohamed presents her first institutional solo show at O—Overgaden, *Heavy Body, Heavenly Body*, an intimate and meditative tour de force exploring the artist's very personal practice.

At first sight the exhibition appears to be a minimal and quiet universe, but if you place yourself closely in front of the exhibition's 25 unique drawings you are sucked into a deep inner void – for some perhaps a cosmic exterior – where the sense of time, place and space is abolished and questions about existence and identity are brought forward. For the first time, Haj-Mohamed presents an extensive hang of her abstract line drawings, each of them created by conducting a ballpoint pen over a piece of paper for up to 16 hours at a time, letting the line go astray and branch out before being concluded into a finite shape. Only then does the artist step back from the paper and study the result from the perspective of the audience. The drawings have been made during a three-year period in the artist's life marked by grief, trauma and transformation. They are organic meditations on being.

The drawings are accompanied by the audience-generated performance piece *Nothing that goes through me belongs to me*, based on a manuscript by Haj-Mohamed written specifically for this exhibition. The undefined character “Spectator” figures as the manuscript's only voice and the audience is invited to bring themselves into play in their reading of the work.



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