



Jamhere for pleasure (but it is no fun)

FOREWORD

A consistent feature in the artistic universe of Danish artist Julie Stavad is the curious playing with words and things. The shapes and materials of various objects, and their functional and emotional impact on our everyday lives. The words we use to describe them. Their ability to tell us who we are. Their power over us. The possibility of things to break into pieces. The unbearable heaviness of things.

Omnipresent everyday objects—the table, the handbag, the couch, the lipstick—are the sculptural focal points of Julie Stavad's solo show I am here for pleasure but it is no fun, which can be experienced at O-Overgaden between 21 January and 13 March 2022. With a meticulous eye for form and detail, Stavad has staged a minimalist, quiet drama, where the things take over the room as animated figures carrying different stories. By manipulating the materiality of well-known objects and distorting their standard proportions—usually in supersized dimensions—Julie Stavad phenomenologically investigates the range in our ways of decoding objects and their surroundings. With equal parts humor, drama, beauty, and tristesse *I am here for pleasure but it is no fun becomes* an evocative, total installation confronting us with the

possibilities and limitations of our own bodies.

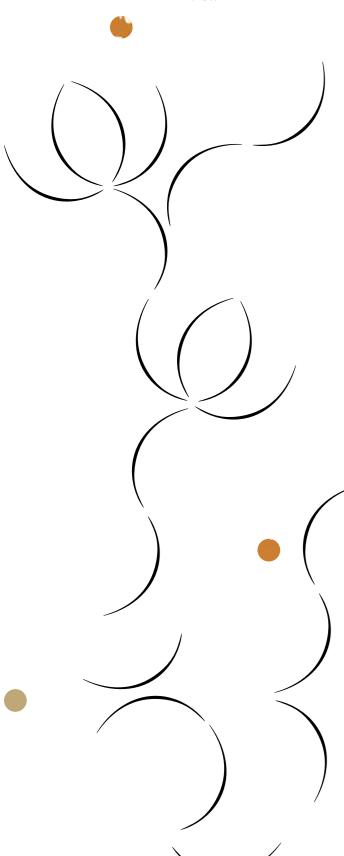
This publication is one of the first in one of O—Overgaden's new ventures: a monographic series published in relation to our solo exhibitions from 2021 onwards. In its essence, this series focuses on new voices in the Danish art scene and on elevating these into a broader conversation and a larger followership. 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, with an additional full batch of documentation images in 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 conversation—to travel as far as possible.

This series of publications has been made through the generous support of the possible Augustinus Foundation, for which we are extremely grateful. Thank you also to O-Overgaden's in-house editor Nanna Friis who edited the publication in close collaboration with our graphic designers from fanfare: César Rogers and Miquel Hervás Gómez. Special thanks to Anna Stahn for her insightful contributing essay In reality, which investigates the implications of Julie Stavad's work and her "sculptress blues"—and also to O-Overgaden curator Ida Schyum for her enlightening conversation with Julie. As always, a big thank you to the entire team at O-Overgaden who, despite the current Covid-19 interventions, managed to make the exhibition happen. Last but not least a huge thank you to Julie Stavad for the inspiring, warm-hearted, and open conversation and the rewarding collaboration.

> Aukje Lepoutre Ravn, Interim Director, O—Overgaden



Anna Stahn



I carry my baggy luggage consisting of shopping bags and leather suitcases up and up up up to Julie Stavad's exhibition I am here for pleasure but it is no fun, where I meet the artist and a friend or an assistant who are showing me around, laughing, telling me about today's work.

They have:

- Rolled out paper in wavy circles
- Moved very heavy marble bags around on grey-flecked dog carpets
- Made crayon samples
- Upholstered a 1960s table with a neatly constructed, net stocking-style fabric bag (the first one cracked, the other one politely clinging to the table as if around a leg)
- Placed a gigantic, silver cylinder head on a mattress
- Nervously waited for a 520-kilo lipstick installation made from red wax.

Let's begin with the gigantic red wax installation, overturned and soundly placed in the beautiful space with a checked floor; a portal or a tragedy.

Similarly massive, probably demanding works stand, nestle, or rest in the exhibition: a and there is the table (a place bag of marble, for exchanging stuff) with the aforementioned nylon stocking. The couch is a croissant-y, beige item bought on DBA (the Danish Craigslist parallel) where you can rest amidst everything, pierced by a pin. The cylinder enthroned, resting on a mattress.

An easy peasy analysis of Julie Stavad's works could be: A carrier bag theory, a pin, a lipstick, a stocking, more feminine fluff and enlarged women's stuff!

Let's blow this away for a moment.

It's exciting to create something that weighs 520 kilos and dominates a space and yourself, as do the two gigantic columns or lipsticks. To produce something grand, massive, and troublesome reminds me of myths and jokes, of artists wearing out their bodies and economies in the quest for modelling a swain, building a church, writing a book, creating something amazing.

Something about the works and their impossible formats make me dizzy and-forgive my butcher house frame references—remind me of surrealistic sculptures.

Salvador Dalí-couches and squirrel beers, the beautiful in a gigantic ear, a leg of swallow a piece of furniture piercing, oversized pin.

Meret Oppenheim-y and edibly scary a stocking able to or a human, a

She must have tied herself in knots, nooses, bows; worked hard in order to produce these sculptures.

Studios, workshops, warehouses, factories, and workplaces are on my mind as I walk between the installations in the exhibition.

Elements of this show—the lipsticklike column, the marble bag, the warehouse feeling—remind me of a summer job my friend once had. The job took place at a storage unit a way outside Copenhagen and consisted of destroying cosmetics for high-end brands like Dior, Gucci, and Chanel; cosmetics of a certain exclusivity whose prices can never be on special offer. The price of the cosmetic is fixed and the items are discarded and destroyed when a new collection is launched or the durability expires.

My friended entertained me with how he shattered hundreds of lipstick heads, broke eyeshadow mirrors, and elaborately threw powder and creams and perfumes into a large container.

In one of the installations in I am here for pleasure but it is no fun a long to-do list waves around, a receipt or a conveyor belt on which poems have been written by hand using crayons.

While the exhibition is installed the broken crayons lie scattered around the rooms; their orange-red colors, smeared out and fractured remind me of last season's lipstick at the cosmetic storage.

I explore the short texts of the to-do list and these confirm my sense of a joy, an exhaustion, a preoccupation with work:

> I have worked like this for a long time I am so tired I have worked too much I eat blush and my eve is a big lamp that blinks and blinks.

As fellow artists, Julie Stavad and I are instantly discussing work, comparing amounts of money, advice, warnings, and funny absurdities.

She tells me how she has produced too much over the past six years. She doesn't describe it as an over-consumption of works, not like the lipsticks accumulating and destroying their own value. Rather, the works have gotten too heavy, and worn out some fingers or a shoulder. She has made family and things drag too-heavy objects, she has cast things using complicated plaster techniques, and probably lain awake at night ruminating about marble bags.

I imagine a family carrying a massive silver cylinder as a large declaration of love, an infinite favor and burden.

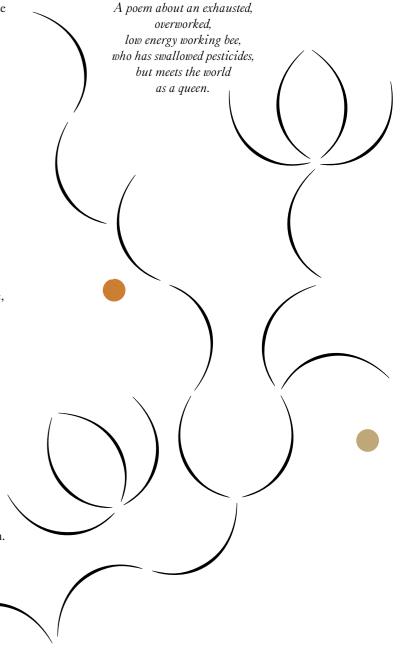
What an absurd measure it is to produce, create, toil, drag, write poems about rat shoes and soap.

The potential of victory or the potential of getting mashed under the weight of a 520-kilo lipstick. There is a sense of grief to this, but also a very big

love—an ambivalence. A knife-edge balancing point between pleasure and catastrophe. The poems are in Danish. They hurtle through one of the installations like an assembly line,

a preoccupation with art production. materials, exchanges, and physical things in the world: seashells, beauty, little boxes, and beach guests. Surreal elements flow into some of the poems, which could be descriptions of Julie Stavad's sculptures, feet of glass, an eye blinking like a lamp, or an "I" going on and off like an electric kettle.

She doesn't cease to make sculptures, but she stops and contemplates the freaky, delicate matter that is all production and destruction. The works contain distinct features: a sculptress blues, the experience of being a worker bee which brings pleasure, obsession, surely meaning, and joy, but isn't always fun.





Editor: Nanna Friis

Images: Anders Sune Berg, David Stjernholm, Julie Stavad

Printed in edition of 150

If you could walk Where would you walk when Julie Stavad where come come what So please close the door behind you Clean up after yourself Push in the chair Shake the doormat Take off your shoes Place them up against the wall Step away easy Wipe the tree Wipe the shelf Wipe the closet Wipe the rubbish Wipe the foot Wipe off the lamp Scissors The soft in life Flakes of nails Once I stepped my foot into the shoe there was a little rat inside it gasped got a shock I got the creeps in my entire body from my front foot to the top of my skull A large bee crawls out of your shopping There are so many rats bag I luckily didn't touch the fat tail You can't move You can't walk on your own Fall. Falling (whispering) You may walk barefoot Or bare-legged As long as you are not lightweight An extra-large tablespoon lies in your shoe

Eagerly you lift your hands from the kitchen table as if smearing cream into the air your toes pull the rest of your body towards the ceiling a tiny little silver coin sits between vour buttocks

It is morning. I am at the beach. I'm here with three elderly women. They're dressed in a way others don't understand. Pink plastic shoes, white bonnet-like hats, soft mottled skin, deep deep backs. They collect shells. Shells, says a woman with a broomstick in her hand. Ahh shells, I say.

Where shall I live. From the beach, I'm looking at a building. It is small and very far away. I squint and make it look like a house from the 1960s. A flat roof and three minimalist orange columns holding it. There I could live with a suspended wood stove in an open living room and an imitated quarry as front yard.

There could be farming as well. You know, just some kind of comfort farming. As a scenography for my life. I wrap my hand around a peach and disperse little green olives between my fingers. I would never be able to take care of plants.

I want to live ascetically and of too much. Eat dry beans, non-prepared olives, twigs from the garden, maybe green lemons. But I also want shellfish, fish with silver skins and very large bones. Liquid oils. Plums and melons, things with juice inside them. The cream from almonds, and a young fat goat. coconuts,

More women have arrived They swim without getting their heads underwater. Heads float around with khaki caps on. They're talking in a soft flow. Nodding to each other, appreciatively. They float, joined in the water, in a circle. Imagine if all the women on the island only make love to each other and the men exist to keep restaurants open.

Phallus Process Broken samt alle de gode venner, som jeg har boet hos under arbejdet i København Work

Eliyah Mesayer, Mette Stavad, Jasmine Lolila, Anna Sørrig,

Louis Haugaard Jørgensen, Nanna Gro Henningsen,

Julie Stavad wishes to thank: Martin Nielsen, Kristoffer Eberhardt Stavad,

Ditte Lyngkær Pedersen, Matilde Duus, Mads Borre,

Everything has a reason Everything has a reason a base a color a material Don't ignore it I understand If you are angry with me I just want you to know that

you are beautiful

I was no fool on the tables, in the stacks and in the boxes inside out with your large feet of glass

I feel like a kettle turning on and off

I have a human of compressed air sitting inside me.

I have worked like this for a long time I am so tired I have worked too much I eat blush and my eye is a big lamp that blinks and blinks

It is fire

It is fire

not blue

but red

It's stress

stress

gets

in

my

eye

Look

Look

Look

A sty

A bundle

A mouse

remembering

things look

like

a friend, who makes

thin plastic bags

at the bottom

A swimming pool

My quivering eye

And the clock is ticking

The ghosts by my side show up

when I wash my hands

and with particular

distribute the soap

carefulness

warm tea

cold tea

soft body

crackling body

dripping body

backbreaking body

am really trying to be precise, aggressive, direct a chopping knife a thought a jacket an extra jacket I am freezing I ask a lot of questions but am actually not interested in hearing answers A poem about an exhausted,

I'm moving oddly

I am a bit mean

but also

soft

and

weak

and

and

bleak

heavy

Collect

Tongues

I am thirsty

and tired

but

All

The

I collect tongues

And pull the dancing scissors

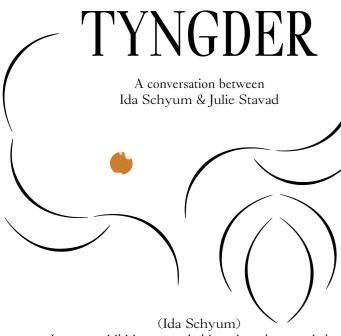
bumping into things and dropping things

overworked, low energy working bee, who has swallowed pesticides, but meets the world as a queen. Behind a braided grid You are sitting on your ass

An object limps because of an injury. Another always drags around things in bags. The rest of us mainly stand still and look.

Jeppe

Ida Sønder Thorhauge, e Søndergaard, Tine Adler,



In your exhibition several objects have been scaled up in size or they're made of other materials than they would usually be. The heavy stone bags are impossible to carry, and no one would be able to lift the pole in the middle, nor the large, lipstick-like wax sculptures. In other words, a heaviness is present in the exhibition, where recognizable everyday objects have become immense. On the one side this heaviness seems to be an indication of how these objects are a burden to human beings, in the way that goods and things are so important to us in a late capitalist society. At the same time it feels as though a psychic weight is at play, a feeling of being pinned down and suppressed. What does this sculptural heaviness contribute, in your opinion?

(Julie Stavad)

I'm glad you see it like that: the heaviness as ambiguous. That it is physical, but that you also mirror it in your own body and being - I like that. The work with this exhibition began with me coiling a metal grate around a small plastic comb and giving it the title I am here for pleasure but it is no fun, which then later became the exhibition title. I'm thinking a lot about what objects can tell us, how we can see ourselves through them and through our use of them. The little comb thought it should be used for something else, but was caught in a system. I can also feel immovable and heavy, feel that I'm stuck - perhaps especially in the history of the world and with my body. I am a part of history, my actions are based on it, it's difficult to escape. My body, my flesh is a part of me that I can have a hard time operating and controlling. I also believe that other people and systems can be stuck.

Maybe being weighed down can be an ambiguous experience, physically as well as mentally. And in that sense the distinction between the material and the mental world is not as binary as you would think? You are indeed playing tricks on the body and the mind with your works. When you swap familiar

objects and scale things up it feels as you're playing with the body's relation surroundings. We have to confront our own body, when suddenly it has become soft in relation to a rock-hard shopping bag in Italian marble, or when we become small in an encounter with a huge pair of stockings. Over-dimensioning is well known from fairytales where large-scale objects get a frighteningly powerful character and you suddenly feel small. Do you see this as a phenomenological play with the appearance of things? Or is it a surreal fairytale universe challenging the fear of losing control and being small and powerless like Alice in Wonderland?

I am interested in a non-separation of body and mind.

It is something I'm really searching for (also outside of art). I guess the answer to your question is probably both. I'm preoccupied with phenomenology, but I didn't create a large pair of stockings, I've created something else which could refer to such an object. and it's not about recognizing the stocking, it's more about referring to the sense of the stocking. This may very well be sensuous and reference sometimes the object is only a starting point for me and my process. In terms of powerlessness, I think about agency. That this is an investigation of different expressions of doing something or not being able to do something. I'm interested in the potential. And then my sculptures act as characters on that spectrum in a surreal way, you could say, Regarding the loss of control and "being small," I also see that as doublesided. I can find a form of comfort in the fact that my works can dwarf me in size - maybe it's related to how I like being in big cities or looking at the ocean.

(IS)

It's interesting that your sculptures act as characters on a surreal spectrum, because even though your works aren't durational pieces - that is sound or video works - it feels like they tell a story. Maybe not as a narrative but they express a situation that took place just before one enters the exhibition. For example, the 1980s couch has been pierced by a gigantic needle with a mouth-blown glass head, which points to an action - the piercing. Likewise, small pieces of the lipstick sculptures lie scattered around them and one of them has fallen while the other towers defiantly above us. I already start composing stories as my brain attempts, persevering like a detective, to gather the different pieces into a narrative. In my head, relations arise between the sculptures: jealousy, impertinence, vindictiveness. Are you deliberately trying to promote these stories about the objects? And what is the potential of the animation - if that is at all what it is?

thinking that much about a specific story; more that each work and object contain a past and a future. They have an energy inside them. And, as you say, they stand completely still. Maybe a bit like in a horror movie where the undramatic scenes can appear as the most significant. My works, the domesticated in particular, contain a lot of history and archeology. The couch was made in the 1980s in Italy by one person for another, maybe a third one has once dropped a coin in the leather crack, and now I have pierced it at Overgaden with a big needle. The stories continue, multi-laned, in the texts surrounding the sculptures. I think they're also battling a narrative. The texts are more intimate, they are handwritten, there is a subject, a narrator, and a kind of narrative, or there are actually several. All the situations described in the texts differ from those described in the sculptures, but they are related. They're all bodily, objectified, and dealing with narratives and actions. It's as if every object and text in the exhibition persists in trying to clutch onto its own autonomy, but it's impossible. I guess the same goes for people.

(JS)

Actually I think that the large kind of cheeky as it rests on its mattress while the lipstick-y wax sculpture is torn apart. I wouldn't have the nerve for that myself, but of course I'm not a seven-meter-long metal pole. Regarding the ambiguous narratives, many of the objects in your exhibition - the stockings, the shopping bag, the lipstick, the pin – are things we nowadays associate with femininity and feminine labor. I'm not used to seeing them as sculptures, as men on horses dominate the selection of statues in the public realm. Are you deliberately working to make visible female labor and femininity? Or is it a natural consequence of your choice to work with everyday objects? Talking of the feminized and the invisible labor of women, I want to mention that even if some objects may seem exhausted and as though they have chosen to put up with certain situations, some of them also seem more obstinate. The stockings that ate a table almost symbolize a yoni, a hole with agency that gains power and control over another object. Maybe this is evidence of the impossible wish you mention about gaining one's own autonomy?

Nice with the cheekiness! I think it's important and beautiful that nothing can stand alone. That isolation is impossible, for an object as well as a human. You can wish to run away from it all, but it never works. I have to acknowledge what has happened, what needs to happen; and investigate who had the power - in small and big matters. In terms of power I think it's interesting to play with grand gestures. I enlarge things known as small and make room for something that maybe didn't take up that much space beforehand. I want to elaborate on these objects and conflicts, wonder about them and blur our idea of

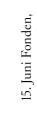
them, for example by letting form and material enter into a dialogue or a conflict with each other. The suitcase-like shape is clearly rock heavy, a material that has existed for millions of years and will outlive humans. Maybe these sensations of feeling caught and chaotic can be worked into a critique of society. It is not "just" the sign for a lipstick or a pin that interests me. I wish to present these signs anew, not just repeat them – use them in different ways. to vell them, whisper them, crumble them. eat them. I don't think that either lipsticks, bags, or needles are reserved for a specific gender. But I'm a feminist and I'm interested in how we fight inequality, also from a gender perspective. In the exhibition I have tried to grab hold of what exists around this fight: the feeling of your own flesh and the resistance fatigue. But also the strength to take over or destroy something. And to collaborate. The couch and the pin collaborate as sculptures: the couch is still functional as a couch, the table can be used as table. They are "still" couch and table and might now, after what happened, appear with quivering astonishment about what they are, what they can do, who they associate with.

It makes sense to not consider the lipsticks, bags, and pins as gendered but rather think of tiredness and feelings of chaos and being caught as a more general, feminist critique of society. You're mentioning the bags as carrier bags and therefore I can't help but seeing them in light of Ursula K. Le Guin's essay "The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction," which uses the container as a metaphor for a new way of writing stories and perceiving the world. The carrier bag theory is a break with the narrative of the hero with the rod that has dominated for thousands of years, while the real tale of the hero is rather that of the person with the bundle carrying anything from seeds to fruit. In that sense your sculptures can also be seen as carrier bags for stories about their form, content, and history. As if they were containers of meaning about our relations to objects, what we do what they do to us. Did you think to them, Guin while making them, as an about Le alternative way of telling stories?

"The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction" is a part of my own private syllabus. I haven't been thinking directly about it during my work with this exhibition, but I have re-read it in connection with our conversation. The bag is present in the stocking as a semitransparent container for the table, and in the stone sculptures where "bag" and content can't really be separated but are made from the same material. Stone is about history and time which I think is interesting in relation to Le Guin writing about who had time to make histories, and as a science-fiction writer she worked with our conceptions of time. Regarding my pole, the paper rolls, and the spear standing still in the exhibition, you once wrote to me that you thought I gave them "a horizontal rest." I like to think about that.

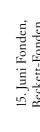
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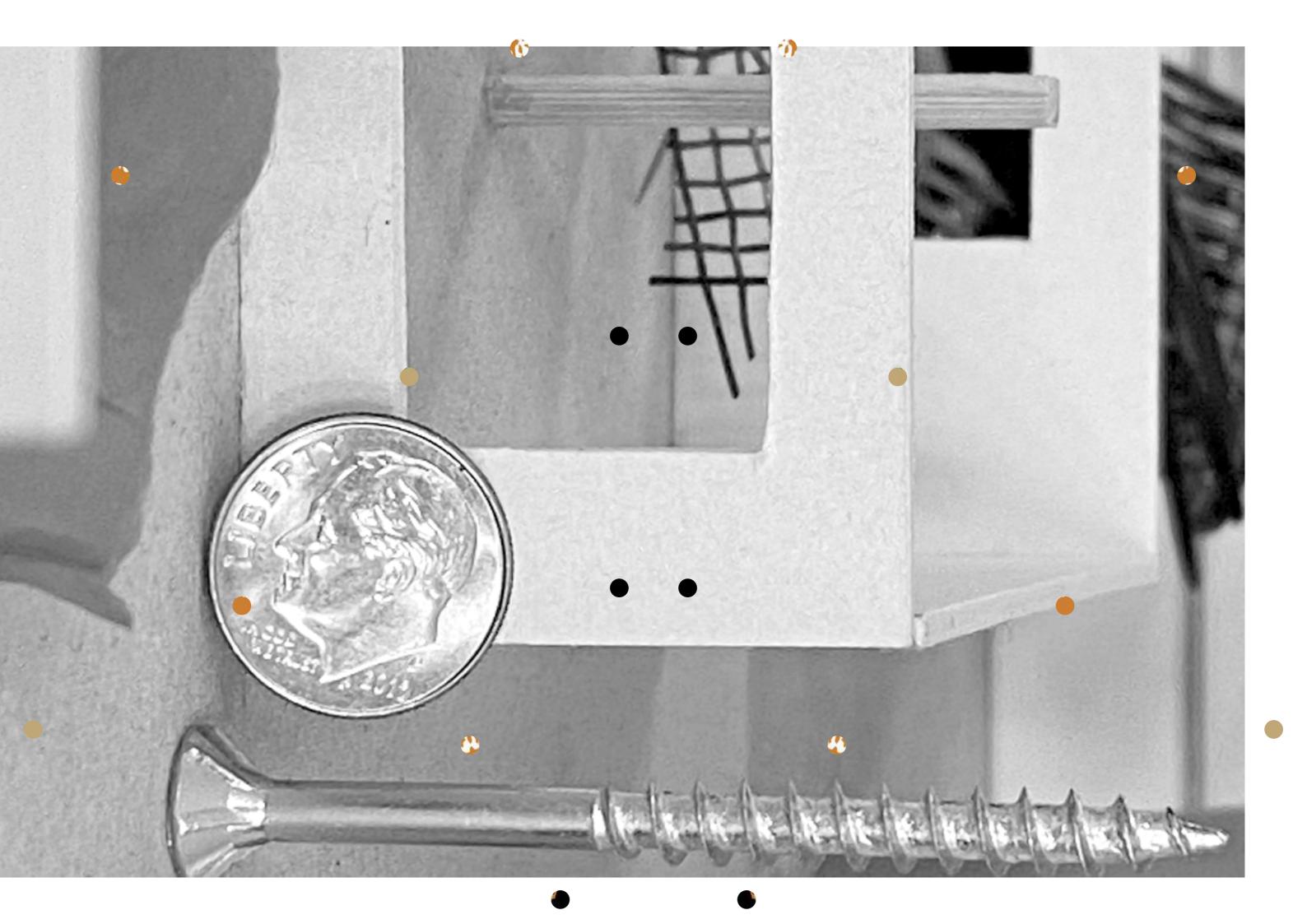
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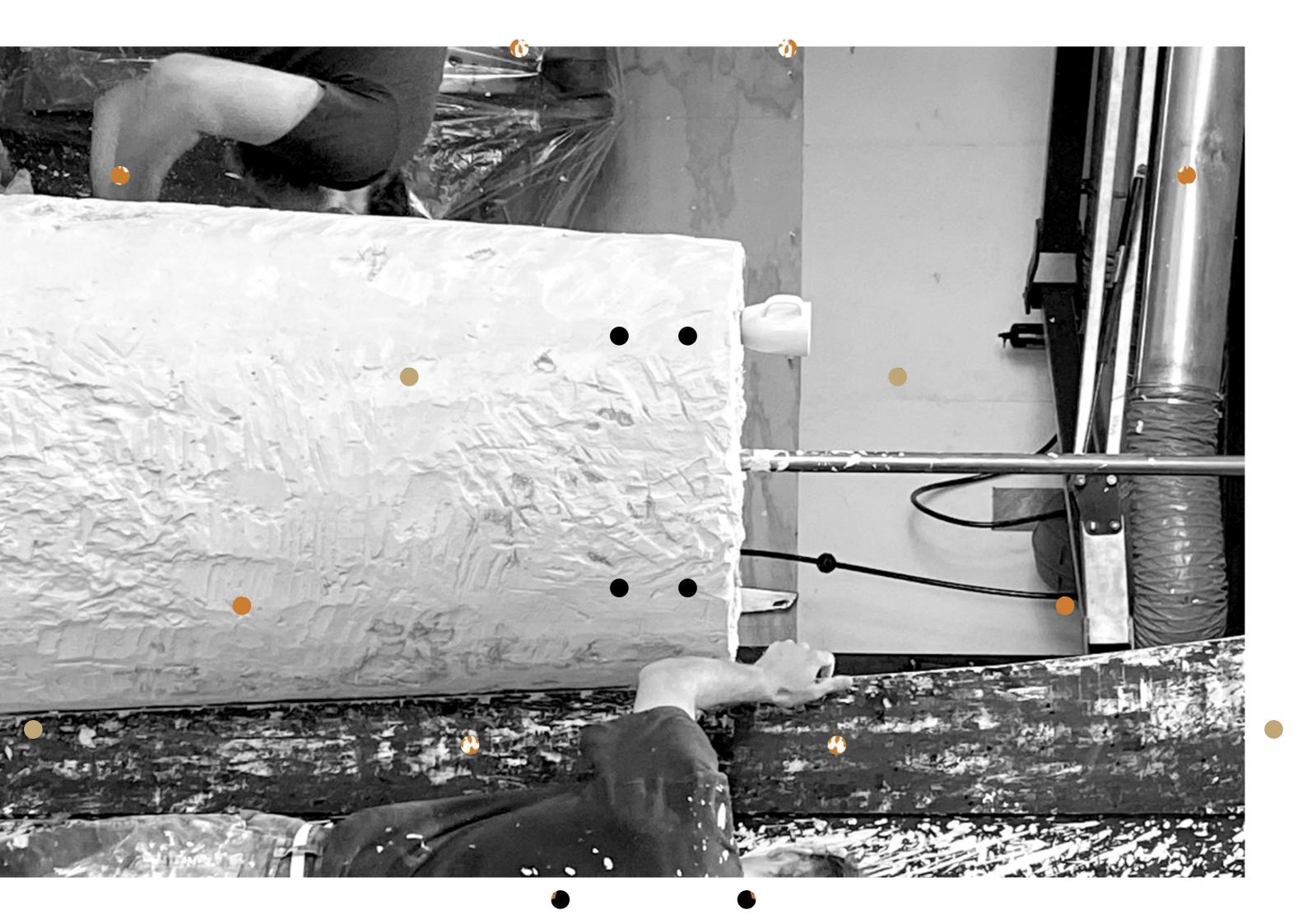
Graphic design: fanfare aphy: Glossy Magazine, Bold Decisions Printed by: Raddraier, Amsterdam

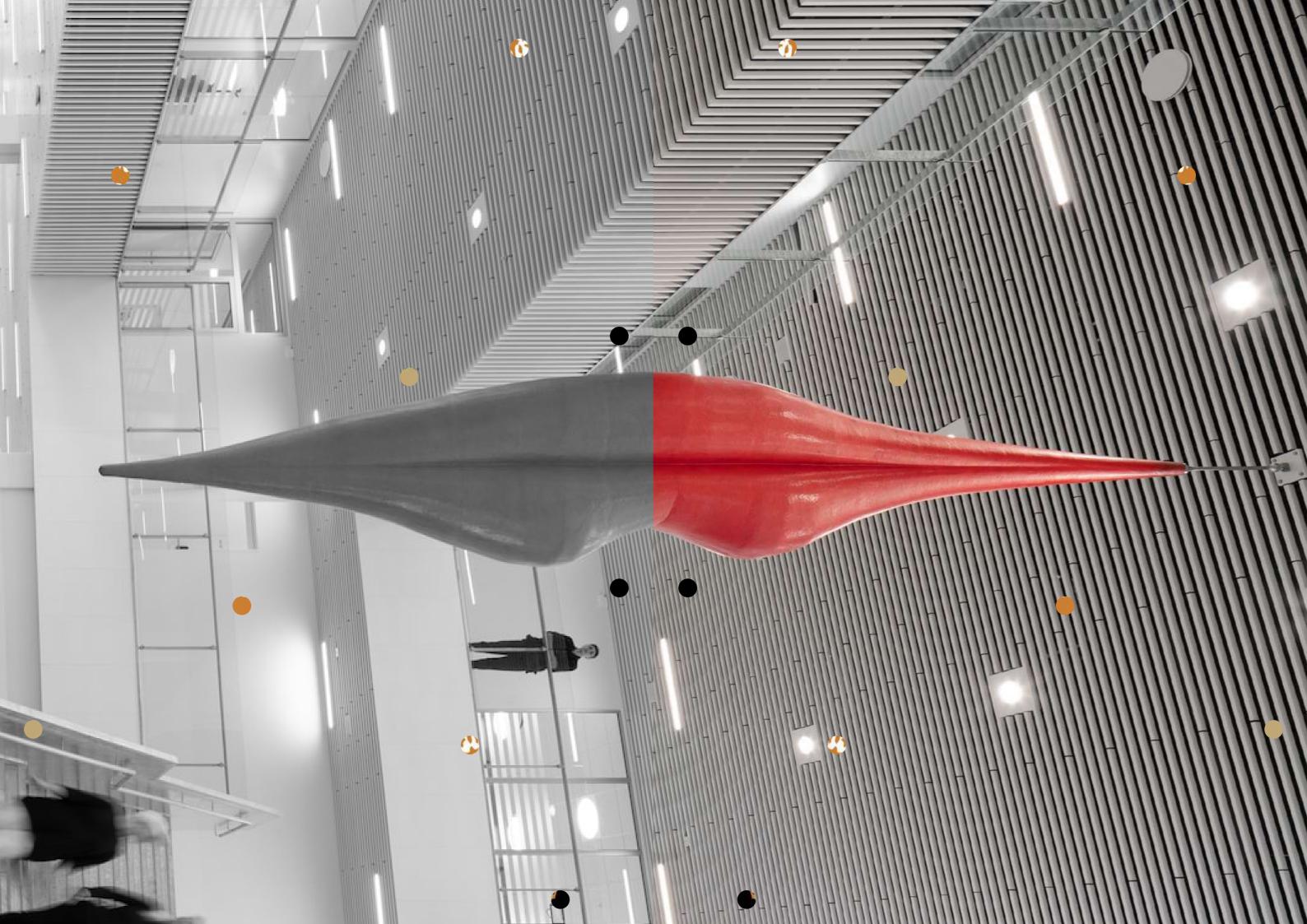
The publication is supported by: Aage og Johanne Louis-Hansens



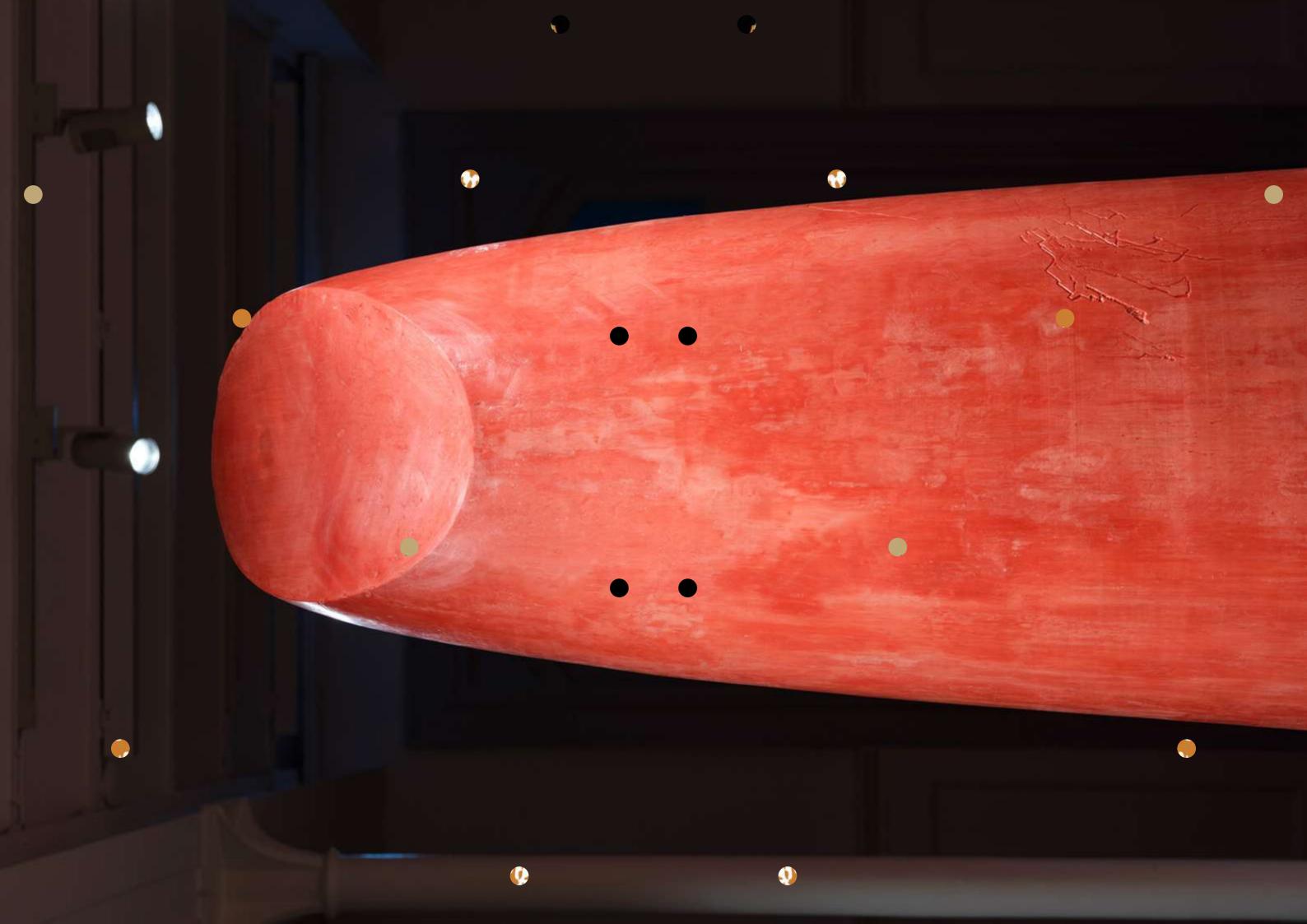


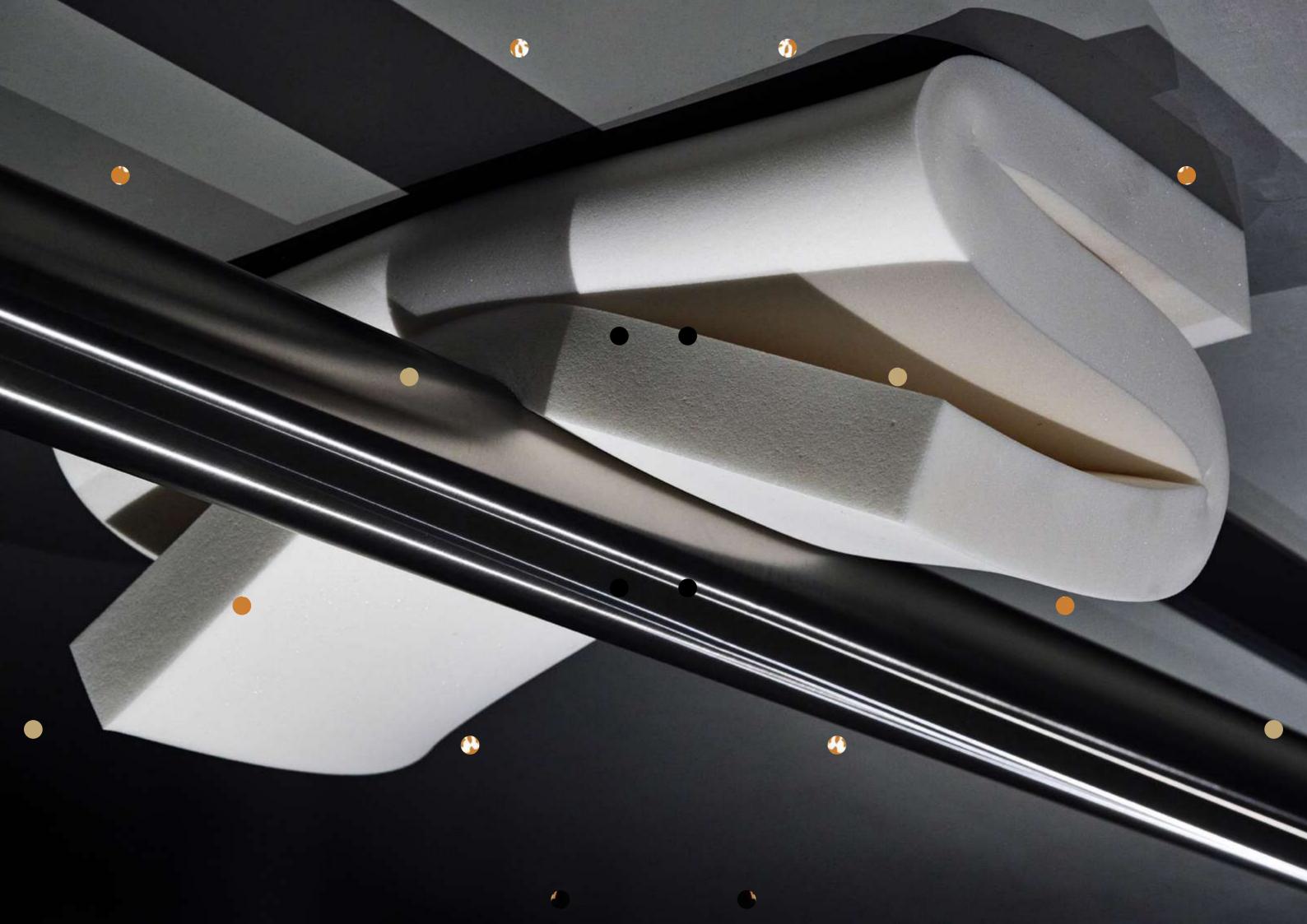




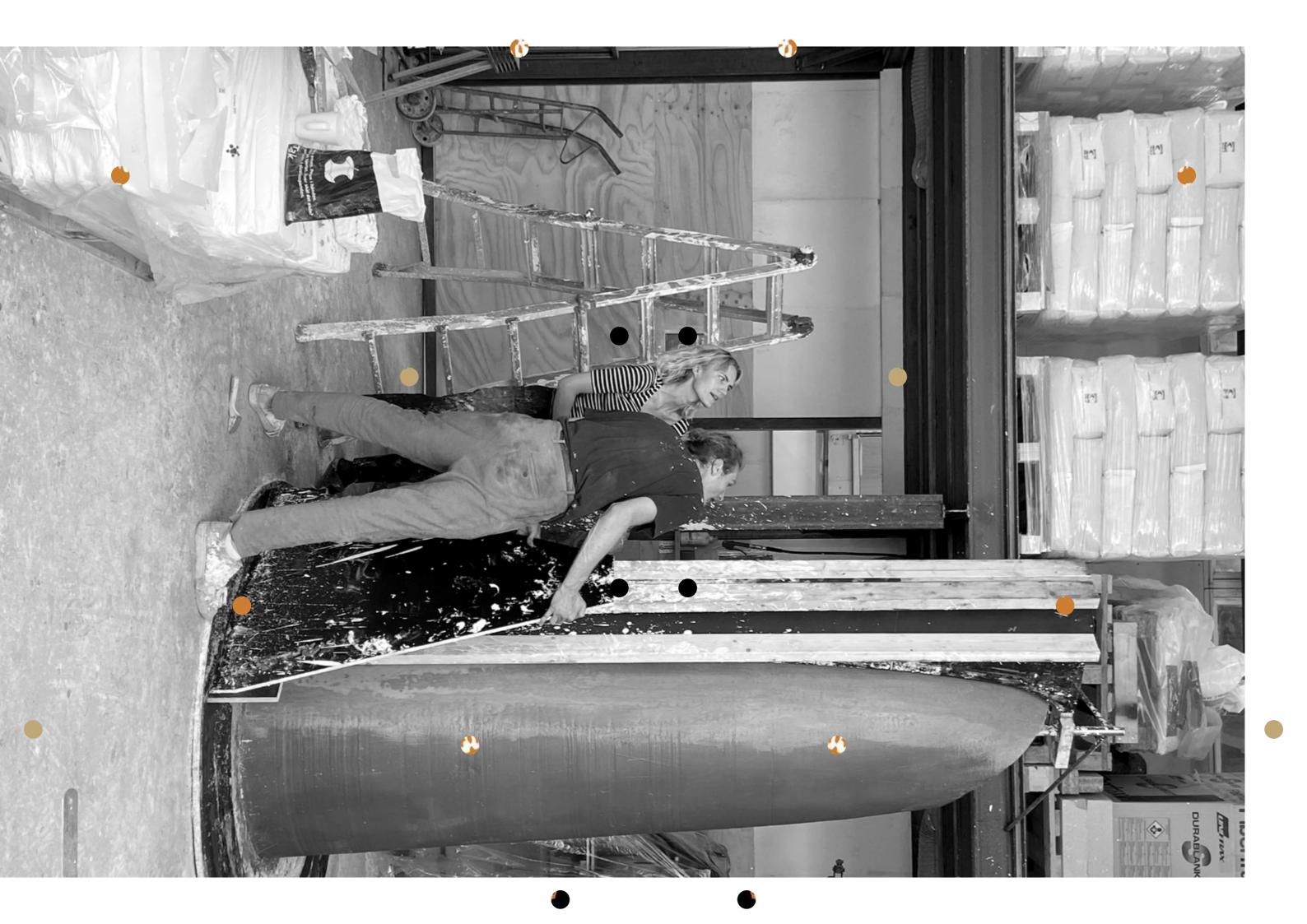
















en fortid og en fremtid. De holder en energi i sig. men mere på at hvert værk og objekt indeholder Jeg tænker ikke så meget på en specifik fortælling, besjælingen af tingene – hvis det overhovedet er det? disse fortællinger omkring genstandene? Og hvad kan hævngerrighed. Arbejder du bevidst med at fremme imellem i mit hoved - jalousi, næsvished og handlingsforløb. Der opstår relationer skulpturerne som en detektiv at samle de forskellige dele til et allerede at digte, men min hjerne forsøger ihærdigt anden trodsigt tårner sig op i søjlesalen. Jeg begynder rundt omkring dem, og den ene er faldet, mens den ligger små stumper af læbestiftsskulpturernes kød jo peger mod en handling, spidningen. På samme vis af en gigantisk nål med mundblæst glashoved, hvilket Eksempelvis er den firseragtige sofa blevet spiddet man træder ind i udstillingen. ige inden, en situation, der er foregået udtryk for som et narrativ, men de giver Måske ikke som om, de fortæller en historie. tøles det er 'durational pieces' - altså lyd- eller videoværker et surreelt spektrum. For selvom dine værker ikke Interessant at dine skulpturer agerer karakterer på kan lide at være i store byer eller kigge på havet. mig i størrelse, måske det er lidt ligesom, at jeg godt

en form for tryghed i, at mine værker kan overskygge være lille', ser jeg også det som dobbelt. Jeg kan finde måde, kunne man sige. I forhold til kontroltab og 'at skulpturer karakterer på det spektrum på en surreel potentialet, jeg er interesseret i. Og så agerer mine at gøre noget eller ikke at kunne gøre noget. Det er At det er en undersøgelse af forskellige udtryk for proces. I forhold til magtesløshed tænker jeg på agens. er objektet måske bare et startpunkt for mig og min Referencen må gerne være sanselig, og nogle gange mere om at referere til fornemmelsen af strømpen. handler ikke om at genkende strømpen, det handler andet, der kunne referere til sådan et objekt, og det kæmpestore strømpebukser, jeg har skabt noget af fænomenologi, men jeg har ikke skabt et par på dit spørgsmål er nok begge dele. Jeg er optaget søger meget efter (også uden for kunsten). Svaret

er noget, jeg af krop og sind. Det ikke-adskillelse Jeg er interesseret i en

(SI)lille og magtesløs som i Alice i Eventyrland? der udfordrer frygten for at miste kontrollen og være fremtrædener? Eller er det et surreelt eventyrunivers, du det som en fænomenologisk leg med tingenes karakter, og man pludselig føler sig lillebitte. Ser objekter i stor skala får en skræmmende magtfuld Overdimensionering er velkendt fra eventyr, hvor er blevet små overfor kæmpestore strømpebukser.

og arkæologi. historic kan virke som de væsentligste. Værkerne, særligt de en gyserfilm, hvor de scener, der ikke sker noget i, Og som du siger, står de helt stille. Måske lidt ligesom

domesticerede, indeholder en masse

stenhårdt indkøbsnet i italiensk marmor, eller når vi krop, når den pludselig er blevet blød i forhold til et omgivelser. Vi er nødt til at forholde os til vores egen genstandes materialer ud og skalerer ting op, føles det sindet et puds i dine værker. Når du bytter velkendte man tror? Du spiller i hvert fald i høj grad kroppen og materielle og den mentale verden ikke så binær, som måde er distinktionen mellem den oplevelse, både fysisk og mental. Og

kan det at være tynget være en

og kontrollere. Jeg synes også, at andre mennesker og

er en del af mig, som jeg kan have svært ved at styre på den, det er svært at undslippe. Min krop, mit kød

Jeg er en del af historien, mine handlinger er baseret

- måske særligt i verdenshistorien og med min krop.

også føle mig urokkelig og tung; føle at jeg sidder fast

til noget andet, men blev fanget i et system. Jeg kan

meget på, hvad objekter kan fortælle os, hvordan vi

som senere blev til denne udstillings titel. Jeg tænker

med udstillingen startede med, at Jeg viklede en lille

i din egen krop og væsen, kan jeg godt lide. Arbejdet

flertydig. At den er fysisk, men at du også spejler den Jeg er glad for, at du tænker sådan. Altså at tyngden er

(Julie Stavad)

skulpturelle tyngde bidrage med i dine øjne?

af at være fastlåst og indeklemt. Hvad kan denne

som om, der er en psykisk tyngde på spil, en følelse

et senkapitalistisk samfund. Samtidig føles det også

objekterne bærer af byrde for os mennesker, i kraft

er blevet

af at varer og genstande betyder så meget for os i

genkender jeg i denne tyngde et udtryk for, hvad

i midtergangen eller de store læbestiftslignende

ikke til at bære, og ingen vil kunne løfte pælen

normalt er fremstillet i. De tunge stentasker er

størrelse eller lavet af andre materialer, end de

(Ida Schyum)

Ida Schyum & Julie Stavad

En samtale mellem

LANCDEK

I din udstilling er flere objekter skaleret op i

uoverskuelige at rykke ved. På den

genkendelige hverdagsgenstande

en tyngde til stede i udstillingen,

voksskulpturer. Med andre ord er

titlen I am here for pleasure but it is no fun,

plastikkam ind i et stykke metalgitter, og gav det

af dem. Den lille kam troede, at den skulle bruges kan se os selv gennem dem og gennem vores brug

som om, du leger du med kroppens relation til sine på den flertydig Måske systemer kan sidde fast.

at tænke på. dem 'et horisontalt hvil'. Det kan jeg godt lide skrev du på et tidspunkt til mig, at du synes, jeg gav og spyddet, der ligger og står stille i udstillingen, rullerne idé om tid. Angående min pæl, hetion-forfatter arbejdede hun med havde tid til at lave historier, og som рлеш дег relation til Le Guin, der skriver om, om historie og tid, hvilket jeg synes er spændende i adskilles, men er af samme materiale. Sten handler og i stenskulpturerne, hvor 'pose' og indhold ikke kan strømpen som semitransparent beholder om bordet, forbindelse med vores snakke. Posen er tilstede i arbejdet med udstillingen, men har genlæst den i bagkatalog. Jeg har ikke tænkt direkte på den under Bæreposeteorien om fiktion er en del af i mit

anden måde at fortælle historier på? du tænkt på Le Guin, mens du skabte dem, som en til tingene, hvad vi gør ved dem, og de ved os. Har Som om de var betydningsbeholdere for vores relation for fortællinger om deres form, indhold og historie. man se skulpturerne i din udstilling som bæreposer har båret på alt fra frø til frugter. På samme måde kan heltefortælling, er den om personen med bylten, der der har domineret i årtusinder, alt imens den rigtige er et opgør mod fortællingen om helten med kæppen, bør skrive historier og se verden. Bæreposeteorien beholderen som metafor for en ny måde, hvorpå vi Guins essay Bareposeteorien om fiktion, der bruger jeg ikke dy mig for at se dem i lyset af Ursula K. Le du selv nettet og taskerne som poser, og derfor kan mere generel feministisk samfundskritik. Nu omtaler at opfatte træthed, fangethed, uoverskuelighed som en taskerne og nålene som forbeholdt køn, men i stedet mening ikke at tænke læbestifterne, Det giver

omgås med. med hver deres undren over, hvad de er, hvad de kan, og står muligvis nu, efter hvad der er sket, dirrende er brugbart som bord. De er 'stadig' sofa og bord, skulptur, sofaen er stadig funktionel som sofa, bordet at samarbejde: sofaen og nålen samarbejder som styrken til at overtage eller ødelægge noget. Og til eget kød og trætheden ved modstand. Men også findes omkring denne kamp: fornemmelsen af ens har jeg blandt andet prøvet at tage fat i alt det, der med ulighed, også i et kønsperspektiv. I udstillingen jeg er feminist og interesseret i, hvordan vi gør op læbestifter, tasker eller nåle er forbeholdt et køn. Men smuldre dem, spise dem. Jeg tænker ikke, at hverken dem på andre måder. Jeg vil råbe dem, hviske dem, de her tegn på ny, ikke bare gentage dem. Bruge eller en nål, jeg er interesseret i. Jeg vil gerne præsentere Det er ikke bare' tegnet for eksempelvis en læbestift uoverskuelighed kan tages ind i en samfundskritik. Måske disse fornemmelser for fangethed og

Publikationen er støttet af: Aage og Johanne Louis-Hansens Fond

er beslægtede,

i teksterne, er

der er beskrevet

faktisk flere. Alle de

Den Hielmstierne-Rosencroneske Stiftelse

mennesker.

millioner år, og som vil overleve

er tydeligt tung i sten, et materiale, som har eksisteret

vores idé om dem, fx ved at lade form og materiale gå

genstande eller fænomener, undres over dem og sløre

optaget særlig meget plads. Jeg vil gerne uddybe disse

gestusser. Jeg forstørrer genstande, der kendes som

synes jeg, det er spændende at lege med grandiose

magten - i små og store anliggender. I forhold til magt

der skal gøres. Og undersøge hvem der har og har haft

erkende, hvad der er gjort, hvad der kan gøres, hvad

at løbe sin vej med det hele, men det går ikke, jeg må

både som objekt og menneske. Man kan have lyst til

at intet kan stå alene. At det er umuligt at isolere sig,

du nævner om at få sin egen autonomi?

Strømpebukserne, der har spist

er der også andre, som virker

og har valgt at finde sig i visse

objekterne måske virker lidt

Fedt med gavflaben! Jeg synes, det er vigtigt og smukt,

objekt. Måske er det et udtryk for det umulige ønske,

masser af agens vinder magt og kontrol over et andet

et træbord,

trodsige.

situationer,

ndmattede

er jo nærmest et yonisk symbol for hullet, der med

arbejde, får jeg lyst til at nævne, at selvom nogle af

snakker om det feminiserede og kvindens usynlige

valgt at arbejde med hverdagsgenstande? Når vi nu

offentligheden. Arbejder du bevidst med at fremhæve

Eller har det helt naturligt fulgt med, når du har

det usynlige, kvindelige arbejde og domæne?

som dominerer det figurative skulpturudvalg i

selv nu til dags forbinder med det feminine og

læbestiften, knappenålen – er genstande, som vi

i din udstilling – strømpebuksen, indkøbsnettet,

jeg er jo heller ikke en syv meter lang metalpæl.

Det ville jeg ikke selv have samvittighed til, men

den læbestiftslignende voksskulptur står iturevet.

er en gavflab, når den hviler sig på en madras, mens

Egentlig synes jeg nok lidt, at pælen i midtergangen

er umuligt. Det er det nok også for mennesker.

forsøger at holde på sin egen autonomi, men det

om, at hvert objekt og tekst i udstillingen ihærdigt

en fortæller og en form for fortælling, eller der er

er mere intime, de er håndskrevne, der er et subjekt,

tror også, at de kæmper mod et narrativ. Teksterne

flersporede, i teksterne omkring skulpturerne. Jeg

Overgaden med en stor nål. Historierne fortsætter,

ned i lædersprækken, og nu har jeg spiddet den på

til et andet, måske et tredje engang har tabt en mønt

Sofaen blev skabt i 1980'erne i Italien af et menneske

objektfikserede og handler om handling. Det er som

de er alle kropslige,

nogle andre end dem, i skulpturerne, men de

i skulpturerne, men de

situationer, der er beskrevet

Apropos de flertydige narrativer: Mange af objekterne

som skulpturer, da det snarere er mænd på heste,

feminiserede arbejde. Jeg er ikke vant til at se dem

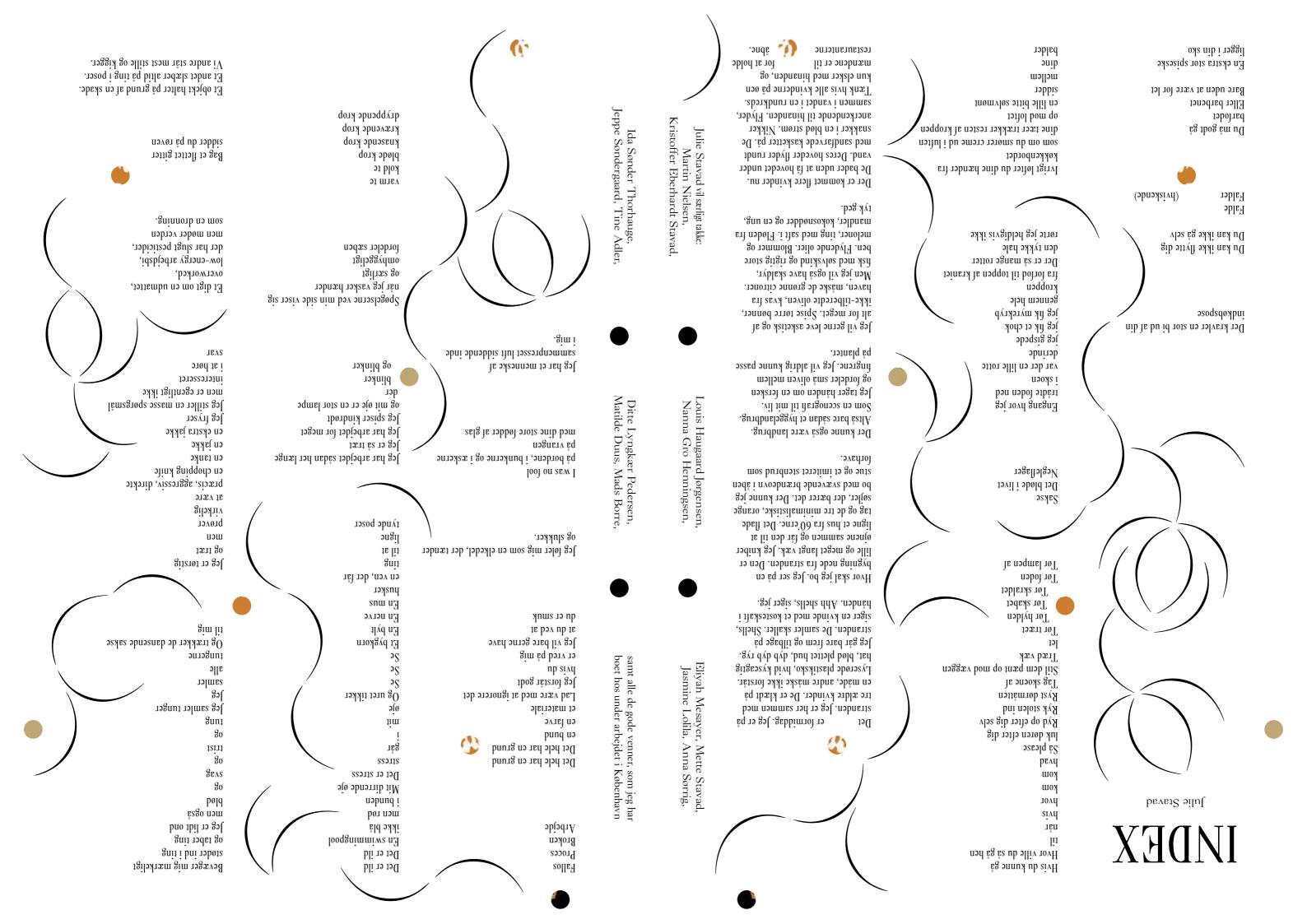
små, og giver plads til noget, der førhen måske ikke har

i dialog eller konflikt. Den kuffertlignende form

Grafisk design: fanfare Typografi: Glossy Magazine, Bold Decisions Printet hos: Raddraier, Amsterdam

Udstillingen er støttet af: Aage og Johanne Louis-Hansens Fond, Statens Kunstfond,

Knud Højgaards Fond, Aarhus Kommune,



Anna Stahn

VIKKELIGHEDEN

fortæller om dagens arbejde.

ven eller assistent, der grinende viser mig rundt og but it is no fun, hvor jeg møder kunstneren og en op til Julie Stavads udstilling I am here for pleasure og lædertasker op ad trapperne på Overgaden og op, op, Jeg slæber min baggy bagage bestående af lufthavnsposer

hundetæpper marmorposer bølgende cirkler

• Betrukket et 60'er-bord med en sirligt oliekridtprøver

rundt på grånistrede Rykket tonstunge

Foretaget

i udstillingens installationer.

om surrealistiske skulpturer.

Lad os puste

skrive en bog; skabe noget fantastisk.

og arbejdspladser, jeg tænker på, når jeg

Det er atelierer, værkstedshaller, lagerbygninger, fabrikker

arbejdet hårdt for at frembringe de her skulpturer.

Hun må have bundet knuder, løkker, sløjfer på sig selv,

menneske, en spiddende, overdimensioneret knappenål.

et strømpebukseben, der kan sluge et møbel eller et

smukke og spiseligt skræmmende ved et gigantisk øre, Dali-sofaer og Meret Oppenheimske egernøl, det

undskyld mine slagterhusrammereferencer, minder

økonomi op for at modellere en yngling, bygge en kirke, myter og vittigheder, om kunstnere, der slider krop og

noget storslået, massivt og besværligt minder mig om to gigantiske søjler eller læbestifter gør. At frembringe

520 kilo tungt og dominerer et rum og en selv, som de

strømpe; mere feminint fluft og forstørrede kvindeling!

En easy-peasy analyse af Julie Stavads værker kunne

kan hvile sig midt i det hele, spiddet af en knappenål. croissantlignende, beige sag købt på DBA, hvor man

lyde: En bæreposeteori, en knappenål, en læbestift, en

Cylinderen tronende, hvilende på en madras.

med den føromtalte nylonstrømpe. Sofaen; en

marmor, bordet (et sted hvor man udveksler ting)

smyger eller hviler sig i udstillingen; en pose af

ternet gulv; en portal eller en tragedie.

læbestiftsinstallation af rød voks

Vervøst ventet på en 520 kilo tung

Lignende massive, sikkert krævende værker står,

væltet omkuld og solidt placeret i det smukke rum med

Placeret en gigantisk, sølvfarvet cylinders hoved

første sprak, den anden lagde sig artigt om bordet

konstrueret, netstrømpelignende stofpose (den

Lad os starte ved den gigantiske røde voksinstallation,

den væk et øjeblik.

spændende at skabe noget, der er

formater og materialer, der gør mig svimmel og,

Der er noget ved værkerne og deres umulige

găr rundt

• Rullet papirer ud i

på en madras

som om et ben)

De har:

Trykt i 150 eksemplarer

familie til at slæbe ting, der var alt for tunge sammen nogle fingre eller en skulder, hun har fået venner og nærmere det, at værkerne er blevet for tunge, har slidt hober sig op og ødelægger deres egen værdi – det er

Tekst: Anna Stahn, Ida Schyum, Julie Stavad, Aukje Lepoutre Ravn

Redaktør: Nanna Friis

Oversættelse: Nanna Friis

Billeder: Anders Sune Berg, David Stjernholm, Julie Stavad

Nanna

overforbrug af værker, ikke som læbestifterne, der de sidste seks år, hun beskriver det ikke som et

Hun fortæller mig, at hun har produceret for meget i gang med at snakke om arbejde; Som kollegaer går Julie Stavad

pengebeløb, råd, advarsler og sjove absurditeter.

1 læbestiftsinstallation.

Potentialet for sejren eller potentialet for at blive

Den absurde størrelse det er at producere, skabe, slide,

kærlighedserklæring, en uendelig tjeneste og byrde.

gips, sikkert ligget vågen med marmorposegrublerier.

med hende, hun har støbt komplicerede teknikker af

massiv sølvfarvet metalcylinder som en stor

Jeg forestiller mig en familie bærende på en

slæbe, skrive digte om rottesko og sæbe.

under vægten af en 520 kilo tung

sammenligne og jeg straks

der blinker og blinker. Mit øje er en stor lampe

Jeg spiser kindrødt าว8วนาง 1วยไวจาบาง 8วโ าขมา ซูร มอ 8อโ sadan her længe

าอยไอดาน านก ชอโ

og får bekræftet min fornemmelse af en glæde, en

udmattelse, en optagethed af arbejde.

Jeg går på opdagelse i to-do listens korte tekster

sæsons læbestifter på kosmetiklageret. farver, udtværede, og fedtede, minder mig om sidste oliekridt rundt omkring i rummene, og de orangerøde

Mens udstillingen sættes op, ligger de knækkede

med håndskrift og oliekridt. kvittering eller et rullebånd, hvorpå digte er skrevet

I en af installationerne bølger en lang to-do liste, en

parfume kunstfærdigt oveni hinanden i en stor container. i øjenskygger midt over og smed pudder, cremer og hundredevis af læbestifthoveder af, brækkede spejle

Min ven underholdt mig med, hvordan han knækkede

eller holdbarheden udløber. kollektion lanceres og destrueres, når en ny eller holdbarbeden udløb tingene kasseres kosmetikken er fast, og tilbud. Prisen på eksklusivitet, og hvis pris derfor aldrig må komme på som Dior, Gucci og Chanel. Kosmetik, der har en særlig

det bestod i at destruere kosmetik for eksklusive brands

Jobbet foregik på et lager lidt udenfor København, og om et sommerjob, min ven havde engang. marmorposen og lagerhalsfornemmelsen minder mig

Dele af udstillingen, som den læbestiftlignende søjle,

Зигииолр из шоѕ иәрләл ләрөш иәш - restricted 18uls rand reb

Et digt om en low-energy arbeldsbi,

mening og glæde, men ikke altid

og arbejdsbierfaring, der bringer nydelse, besættelse, på særlige kunstnerindekvaliteter af billedhuggerblues som al produktion og destruktion er. Værkerne bærer

stopper op og betragter den syrede og sarte størrelse, Hun stopper ikke med at lave skulpturer, men hun lampe, et jeg, der tænder og slukker som en elkedel. i sig selv; fødder af glas, et øje, der blinker som en kunne være beskrivelser af Julie Stavads skulpturer I nogle af digtene flyder surreelle elementer ind, der muslingeskaller, skønhed, æsker og strandgæster. materialer, udvekslinger og fysiske ting i verden;

teksterne afslører optagetheden af kunstproduktion, samlebånd i en af udstillingens tre installationer, Digtene er skrevet på dansk, de slynger sig som et

punkt mellem nydelse og katastrofe. kærlighed, en ambivalens. Et knivsægsbalancerende Der er noget sorgfuldt over det, men også en meget stor

READEN

Aukje Lepoutre Ravn,

det gode samarbejde. inspirerende, hjertevarme og tillidsfulde samtaler og ikke mindst, en stor og varm tak til Julie Stavad for de interventioner, kom i mål med udstillingen. Sidst men O-Overgaden, der trods nærværende COVID-19 altid, også en stor tak til hele teamet den uddybende samtale med Julie. O-Overgadens kurator Ida Schyum heraf afstedkomne "billedhuggerblues" – implikationerne af Stavads kunstneriske arbejde og essay I virkeligheden, der kærligt undersøger særlig tak til Anna Stahn for hendes fine, bidragende Hervás Gómez har redigeret publikationen. En designere fra fanfare; César Rogers og Miquel Vanna Friis, der i tæt samarbejde med vores grafiske stor tak. Tak til O-Overgadens in-house redaktør generøs støtte fra Augustinus Fonden, som skal have Denne publikationsrække er muliggjort gennem

omkring dette - kan nå ud til så mange som muligt. er det kunstneriske udtryk og den udvidede samtale er ambitionen, at publikationens indhold - som både

en ny monografisk publikationsserie, der udkommer

PDF-format fra O-Overgadens hjemmeside. Således og i en online version, der kan downloades gratis i trykt form, hvor coveret består af en udfoldelig plakat, og et større følgeskab. Publikationen udkommer både i kunstscene og på at løfte disse ind i en bredere samtale essens fokuserer serien på nye stemmer på den danske løbende i relation til husets soloudstillinger. I sin

I 2021 påbegyndte O-Overgaden produktionen af

S1 11 1mq

əinspəjdiof

egen krops udfoldelsesmuligheder stemningsfuld totalinstallation, der konfronterer os med bliver I am here for pleasure but it is no fun en på. Med lige dele humor, drama, skønhed og tristesse vores måde at afkode genstande og deres omgivelser Julie Stavad på fænomenologisk vis spændvidden i - gerne i XXL eller super-size størrelser - undersøger materialitet og forvrænge tingenes naturlige proportioner i baggagen. Ved at manipulere velkendte objekters indtager rummene som besjælede figurer med historier iscenesat et minimalistisk og stille drama, hvor tingene et omhyggeligt øje for form og detalje, har Stavad på O-Overgaden fra 21. januar - 15. marts 2022. Med here for pleasure but it is no fun, det kan opleves omdrejningspunkter i Julie Stavad soloudstilling I am

håndtasken, sofaen, læbestiften – udgør de skulpturelle De allestedsnærværende hverdagsting - såsom bordet, ulidelige tunghed. magt over os. Tingenes evne til at gå i stykker. Tingenes

til at fortælle os selv - og andre - hvem vi er. Tingenes

og liv. De ord vi bruger til at beskrive dem. Deres evne

I den danske kunstner Julies Stavads kunstneriske

EOKOKD

og følelsesmæssige indflydelse på

former og materialer. Deres

ting et gennemgående træk.

univers er den nysgerrige leg

vores hverdag

funktionelle

unfou

DIDY WD

Objekters

med ord og

og begrænsninger.

interim leder, O-OVERGADEN

