

Portfolio
Selected works
2019 - 2024

Laura De Jaeger

A hâ-hâ

Sonia (Silva C.)

Table frame, magnifying glass, sand, tin, mulsh

2024

tap-tap-tap

Cling film, sugar, coal, containers

2024

Invited by *Lucy, peaks* to exhibit in the garden of a private art-deco house, I followed the family's myth that the garden once belonged to the Sonian Forest. I tracked down the earliest notes of the forest in medieval letters and worked with 3 materials that lay at the core of its deforestation: coal (coal forest), sand and metal (the mining of iron-holding sandstone limonite). As a good-fortune ritual of the house, about to be sold, I melted tin on coal, and sand casted a bunch of grapes. Placed back in the soil in the centre of an old table frame, a magnifying glass draws focus to these sources. Buckets of the garden are filled with sugar-coated coal, placed at the location where the family used to barbecue.







Detail "Sonia (Silva C.)" at A hã-hã.









Box Seats

Zondag, rustdag

2024

Video (9'34")

Behind the Cupboard, Under the Couch, I Am Also (a) Present.

2024

Stage elements, stepping stools, tube lamps, 14 cardboard boxes (500 Visible Solutions books), headphone holders, garden statue, glass sculpture (Evald Okase house museum), carpet (Shape Shifting Index, Jeremy Shaw), carpet (Iron Men, Jaanus Samma), birch (Warp-weighted loom, Nele Kurvits).

Folded

2024

picnic table

Untitled

2024

Photo documentation (Helena Keskküla), picnic table

Visible solutions

with contributions by Ulvi Haagensen

2024

Cut outs, drawings, vinyl, picnic table, tracing paper, blue pen, paper tape, rubber band, video (10'09")

Sprokkelmaand

in collaboration with Mark Foss

2024

edible paper, cardboard

Box Seats plows a field of blurry authorship and intertextuality, – paying attention to things that are tucked away yet held on to. Picking up the role of an indecisive detective, I interrogate these objects-in-rest as vessels and fictional catalysts that must contain a multitude of narratives. The installation contains soft and strong exchanges with practices of multiple makers.





Detail “Zondag, rustdag” at Hobusepea Gallery.



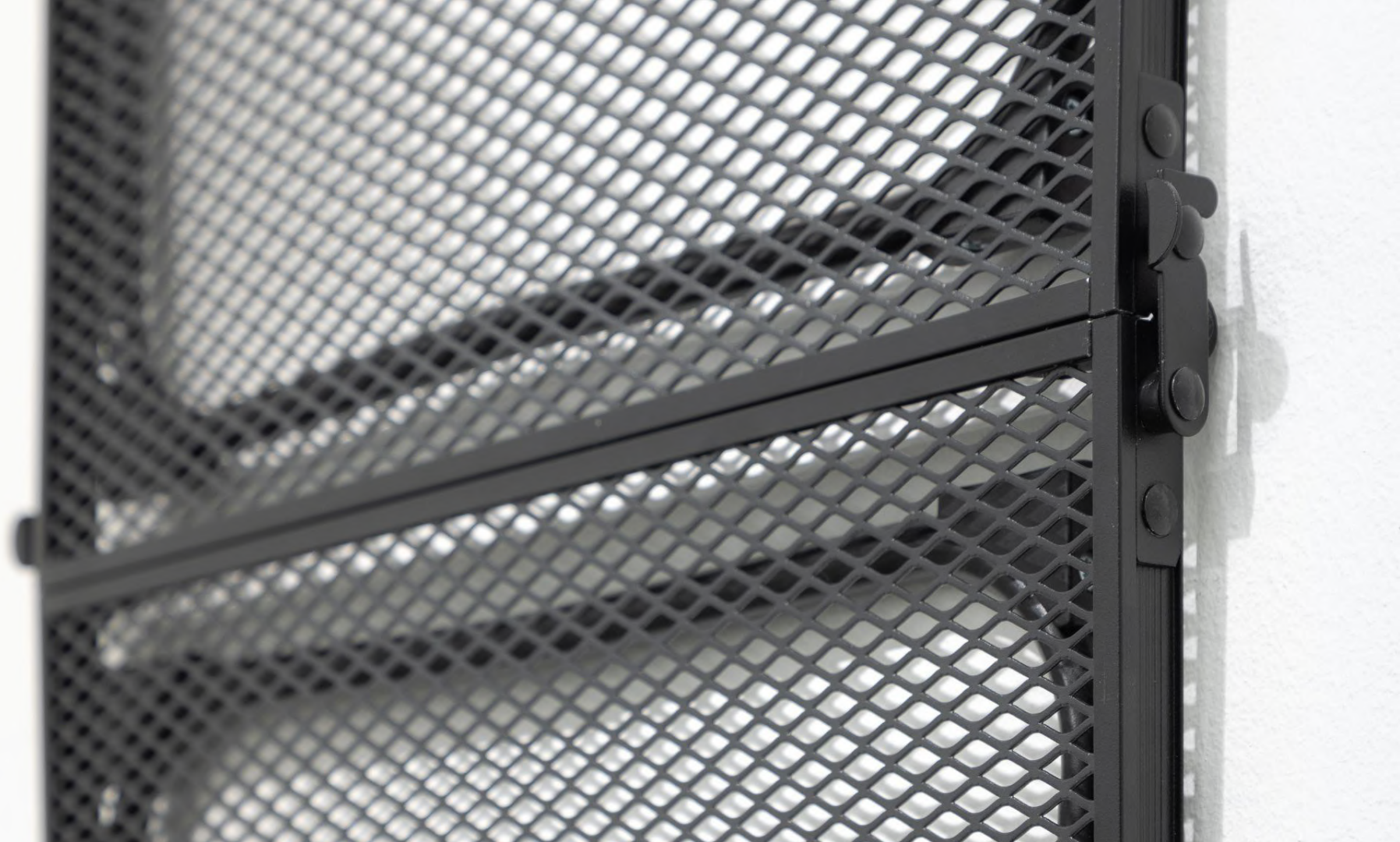


















“Sprokkelmaand” at Hobusepea Gallery.





CHARLIE

“It wouldn't need a genius to rumble this little game!”

2023

Variable dimensions, picnic tables, pen on paper, stone, bread, rubber, clay

Text fragment adapted from J. Lindsay's novel Picnic at Hanging Rock, 1967

Overview

2023

50 x 52 x 3, LED neon (white)

Three positions (full hoop)

2023

50 x 42 x 3, LED neon (blue)

“Charlie” is an exquisite corpse. Following the rules of the Surrealist exercise, a piece of paper was folded into five equal parts and then passed onto Nienke Fransen, Julien Jonas, Laura de Jaeger, Francisco Correia and Thomas Sadée. Each of them wrote a paragraph only knowing the mandatory word “Charlie”, and the end of the previous writer’s sentence. Afterwards, the exercise was repeated in its most famous format of a distorted body. For Les Brasseurs, the group proposes a third moment wherein the system of an exquisite corpse is applied to the architecture. Therefore, the exhibition space is once again divided into five rigid sections within which each artist intervenes with complete freedom.

The starting point of the works is the centre of the body and its objects of leisure time. The blue and white neons are based on drawings of hip movement inside the circle of a hula-hoop. As wall pieces, they mark the edges of a space, whereas in the middle, a herd of pic-nic tables invite the viewer to crouch down and rest. Crammed together and with the help of their content, they are inspired by the non-stop inner workings of our body, with tubes and matter, flowing, stretching and working continuously.





Table with dark grey top and white wavy pattern.

Table with dark grey top and white wavy pattern. The word "STOIC" is visible on the top surface.

Table with dark grey top and white wavy pattern. A gold chain is resting on the surface.

Table with dark grey top and white wavy pattern. A white glove and a cookie are resting on the surface. The word "STOIC" is visible on the top surface.

Table with dark grey top and white wavy pattern.

Table with a dark grey mesh top. A white paper with text is resting on the surface.



They see the walls of the gymnasium fading
into an exquisite transparency, the ceiling opening
up like a flower into the brilliant sky above
Hanging Rock. The shadow of the rock is
flowing, luminous as water, across the shimmering
plains and they are there, sitting on the warm,
dry grass under the gum trees.





Detail of "It wouldn't need a genius to rumble this little game!" at Les Brasseurs







Atoms, billiard balls, watermelons, prisons or lumber-rooms.

Light Day

2023

10 x 15 cm, photo paper

Untitled (Lines and Directions)

2023

97 x 146 cm, silk paper,

Tubes, tracks, and other possible circulations

2023

43 x 46 x 71 cm, paper rolls, photo paper, light bulbs.

The Pond

2023

15 x 20 cm, photo paper

Repeat (how I miss it)

2023

39 x 21 x 4 cm, text, B5 paper, glass, wood

“Tired”, “me too”

2023

17 x 47 x 113 cm, styropor, wood

Stretching

2023

15 x 12 x 3 cm, rubber band, nails

The works depart from the infrastructure of commuting. Exhausting representations of circularity, I wonder about repetition, patterns, time, and habit. It's rush hour on the train and Kehä III around Helsinki. A retired maintenance worker of a local race track thinks back about his daily rhythm.





“The Pond” at Gjutars Gallery.



It's hard to escape the
 person. Eyes locked, he is
 as a snail on a rubber
 piece in the rear station,
 it's all the same more or less.
 The leaves are honey
 yellow, I repeat they aren't
 coming home! It's just
 black as I am, but they
 return oh, how they do!
 I want to get out but my legs
 are stretched out and
 numb! I repeat that's how it
 goes. I repeat I should
 another setting on his
 Facebook wall. It's
 accompanied by his usual
 warty pseudo-intellectual
 commentary from a week. I
 realize a self think some
 acquaintance or neighbor
 always asking how I'm
 doing, how well? My
 cheeks are thick, hard as
 rough, and I'm not
 interested.

Roach, and what, I'd like to
 avoid. I'm not
 flagrant, my intelligence,
 I haven't read enough books
 to write in some excitement
 for myself. I'd rather stay
 put.

Well, it's 3:42 pm
 and a weekday.
 There are changes
 on lines R and K
 from the 23rd to
 the 31st of
 October but you
 ain't noticing if you
 stick to the plan
 and move at
 daytime.

How I wish if I'm not one
 to fire and dash. By this
 time on Tuesday, I'd be
 done shoveling the snow
 off the truck. I'd push
 through, though, one more
 round, making sure of the
 slight boundary of mud on
 the edge of the road, just to
 see. A lot of lighter snow.

French opera, our eighth,
 artery, high-on perfume,
 opera, and gardening, the
 only really fast about we're
 not in one. The speed, this

point just arrived in
 unrecognizable. Most people
 only see it on TV. To be
 legs stretched and sitting,
 the past becoming history,
 back to the day I wouldn't
 stick around for the show
 and the crowd. All that
 noise. First told me about
 the changing of their date
 online, today 10 legs, two
 and a half seconds. It's all in
 the hands, you know? They
 hardly need to think.

Just objects, bright objects
 and shadows, thin objects,
 repeat objects and think
 how to think what it means,
 what again? No treatment? I
 used to be treatment? I
 pushed that white, cold
 music inside, my eyes
 squinted. The one in me
 only a few hours a day but
 at that time of year it really
 hurts! I want to believe that
 road again. Beyond, captain,
 for one through.

Fingers of numbers, not ones
 and lumber rooms.

“Repeat (how I miss it)” at Gjutars Gallery.





Summer, Set, Save

2023

Towel, washline, 2 pegs, 2 happenings, 6 x 10 cm sticker

Summer Set Save lures the gallery into a break. The exhibition inaugurates the season with a swim in the Baltic sea. An extra washline is placed next to the vitrine where visitors can hang their towels to dry. The exhibited towel behind the glass reads the hand sewn sentence 'Lean, lay, lounge'. Towards the end of the summer, the glass of the gallery box gets broken and an unknown visitor steals the towel, marking the end of the season.

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Installation detail "Summer Set Save" at Infinite Life Gallery.

Observer (zzz)

2023

Bird's nest, metal wire, soundpiece (19'30" loop, written and voiced by Juan Pablo Plazas)

Witness (zzz)

2023

Bed from truck, pillow, sheet, bedlinen, straps, soundpiece (19,30" loop, written and voiced by Luth Lea Roose)

Fragment of installation view with sound <https://vimeo.com/808252606> , password zzz

Brought to existence in function of their own sleeper, two beds of long distance travelers find themselves in dialog. They share impressions of surroundings, time passing and their companions' resting rhythms.









A second
2022
Linoleum

(for Posenenske)
2022
Porcelain (9), black laquer

Title of the work, material, measurements (names)
2022
vinyl stickers, sound

We only need a cursor to move a little bit
2022
Video 4'07"

<https://vimeo.com/764120184> , password Cur22

A second, starts and continues. I might as well go back to a cold autumn 4 years ago, when this basement project room, that might soon move or be renovated, was not anymore EKA Galerii, and not yet Vent Space. Back then, I covered the floor with approximately 1 ton of salt, and afterwards it wouldn't stop peeling off. Moved by this place and its characteristics, the following interventions are a proposal for motion, airing out, wrapping up. From floor to ceiling, they are the outcome of a material stream of consciousness, a flux of thought and sensations poured into gestures, where the next sprung from the last one. The site specific installation proposes the space as a body, filled with pipes.



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4

3

2

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Elbow fever

2022

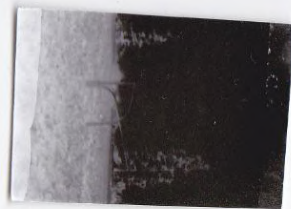
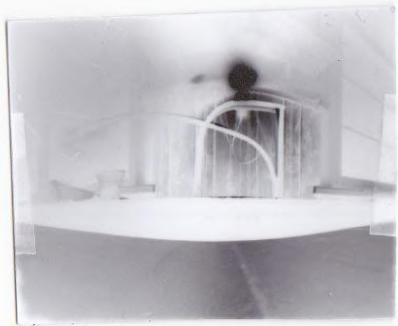
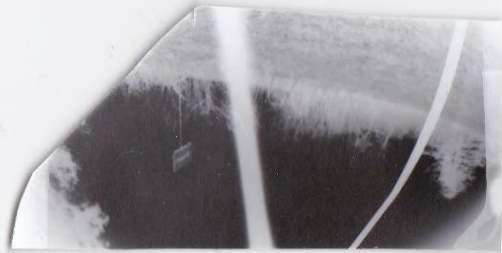
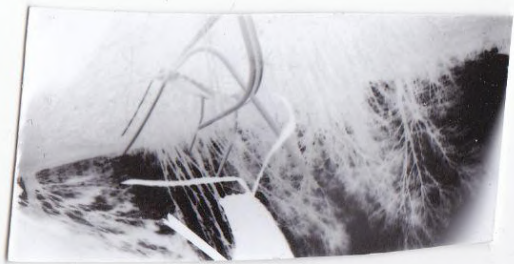
Concrete, scan of pinhole photography negatives

During my residency at Copper Leg, I departed from tables and chairs found in the main hall of the old schoolhouse. Standardized primary school tables accompany round, foldable models, perfectly suitable for the current meetings in the community center. Both tabletops were poured in concrete and escaped the building, moving around the garden. A gathering of pinhole photos could serve as proof of ghosts of legs, at night, running. The work uses fiction to imagine potential futures for objects after their functionality.









My feet are pushing, I'm holding up

2022

Plastic ready made (pizza saver), metal lamp feet, felt, ceramics

For the 130th edition of the Sint Lukas library vitrine, I raised the bottom of it and let a pizza box holder carry the glass. The holder, resembling a simple, minimalistic table, received golden feet from my continuous growing collection of kitschy, ornamental lamps. The weight of the glass shows in its feet, pushing their shape in the carpet. Further in the library, one of the tables grew feet as well. The work reflects on our relationship to objects by the means of language; a constant comparison through relating to parts of our body.









current echoes

2021

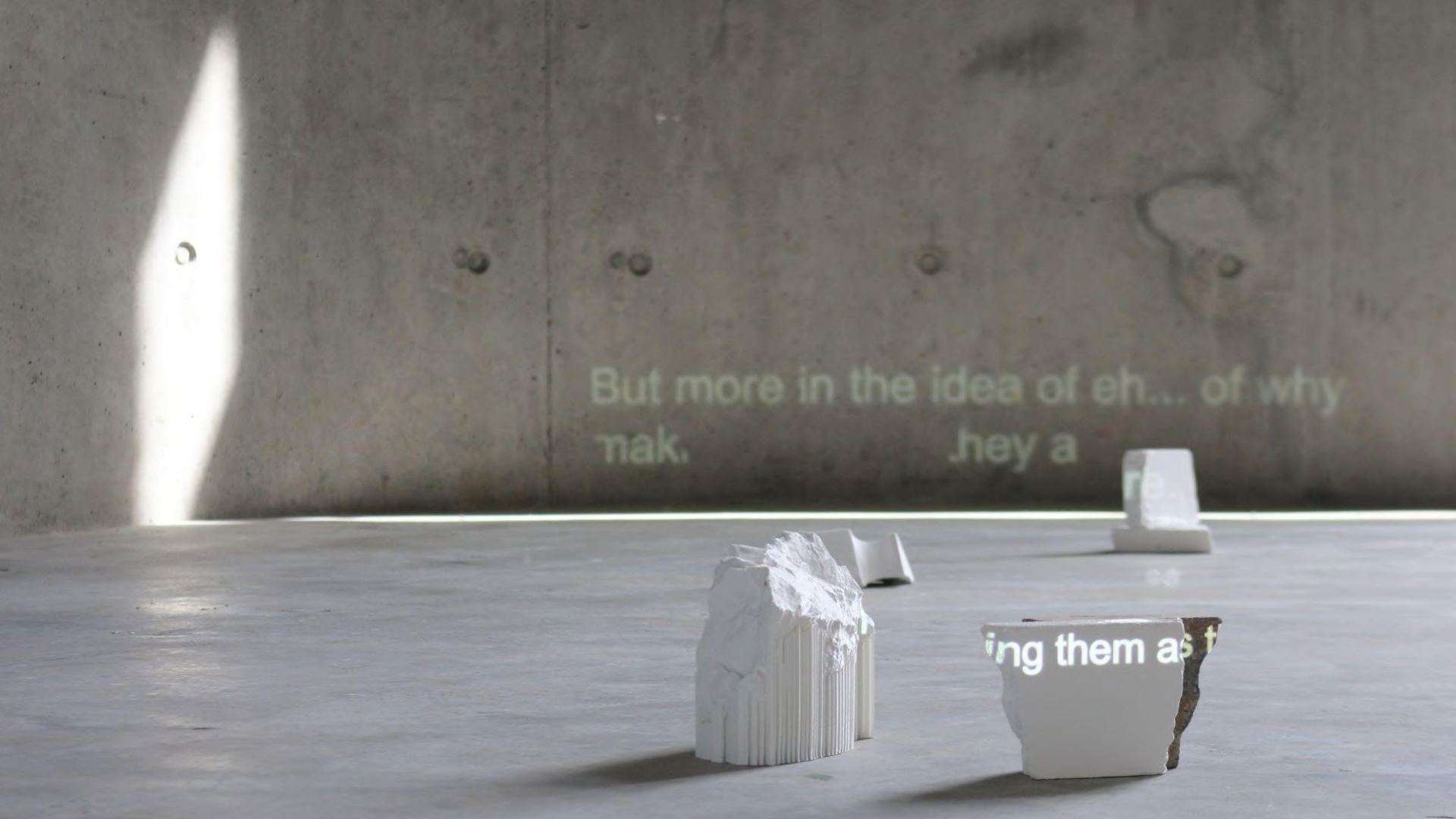
stones (found objects, 3D copies), video subtitles and voiceover (04'12"), video (04'32")

<https://vimeo.com/764121464> , password Ech21

Monument, walk, stone, scan, scan again, print. film. Language. Serbian architect Bojana Rankovic was invited for a verbal walk through a new landscape, derived from a process of 3D-scanning stones, gathered on walks towards former-Yugoslav monuments. Her voice roams over the pathway as personal fragments, impressions and fluctuating thoughts. "current echoes" is a process of abstraction and subtraction. The work is inspired by an urge for lightness and transformative potential in commemorating practices.



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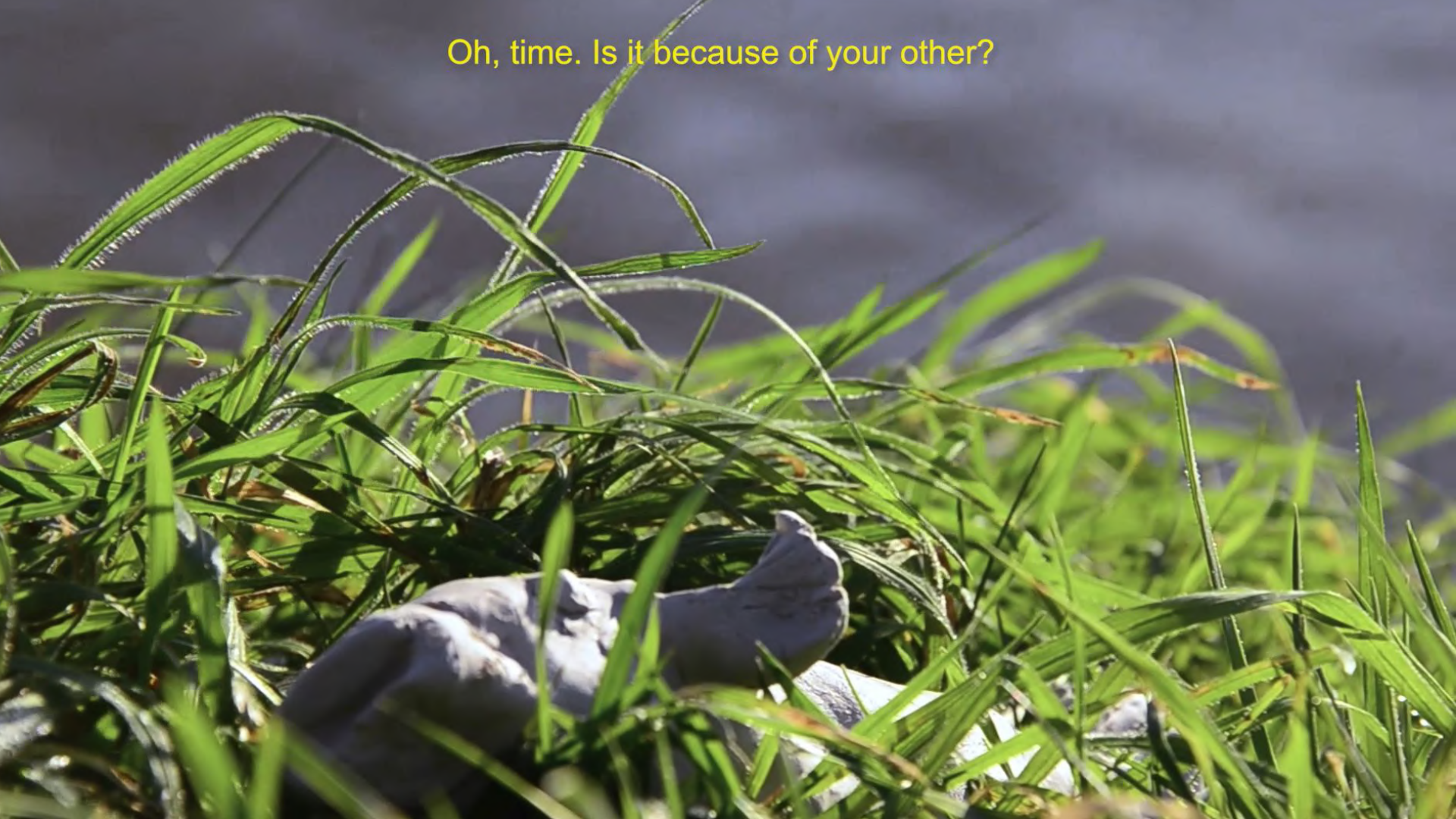
Exhibition detail “current echoes” at LUCA Brussels.


Hnmmt,
2021
Video, 5'13"

<https://vimeo.com/541661723> , password Elec21

A catfish is stranded by a river with an old socket. Both relating to the idea of energy from a different time and direction, an odd yet familiar reunion takes place. Together on the verge of becoming inutile, they share the same place and time, lay, talk. About anything and nothing at all.

Oh, time. Is it because of your other?

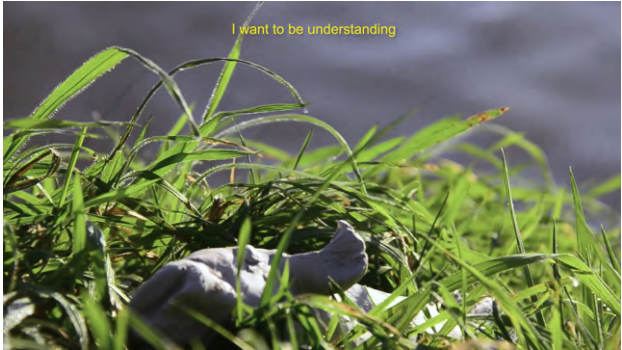




Will you please?



(Socket grumps)



I want to be understanding

Video stills "Hmmt"

Next (little evidence)

2020

A pillar of the space, PVC, PU foam, paper and spray paint

For an exhibition visible from 2 perspectives - through a window and online - I build a pillar. This mirrors an older version which was partly covered up by a wall. The sculpture discovers the past of the place, layers of time, while creating a new, possible division. The pillar is only half full, which visitors are able to notice when visiting the second viewpoint of the exhibition online. The intervention plays with visual triggers and reflects on the limits of perception - needing only half material, half imagination built up in the past.







Kopli Liinid 3. Liin 10.

2019

69450mm thread (house), 17250mm thread (room), spool made from Kopli Liinid soil

Two spools are a document of a speculative act of preservation. While treating the Baltic harbor community as a terrain vague, I measured the soon to be demolished house and its purple room. The medium was sewing thread, in order to capture its potential of movement and transformation, containing in this way countless possibilities to be stored and laid open in new spatial structures. The carrier of these measurements is a spool made out of the clay of the site itself, which was dug up by the construction works.



