



Colofon

O Rose: Marie Lund & Rosalind Nashashibi

Den Frie Udstillingsbygning: 10.2.-7.4.2024

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The Exhibition is Supported by:

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15. Juni Fonden

Marie

Lund

Rosalind

Nashashibi

O R O S E

10.02 – 07.04

Den Frie Udstillingsbygning

The exhibition

How does life - its relationships, its coincidences, its objects - enter a work of art? And how can apparently fundamentally different works still engage, mirror each other, and develop in an intertwined relation?

O Rose is a collective exhibition, which grew out of a collegial relation and friendship between Danish sculptor Marie Lund and British-Palestinian filmmaker and painter Rosalind Nashashibi. The two artists work in different media and with different aesthetics. But there turns out to be methodological overlaps in the way they conceive their works and in the way their works open up to and absorb the lived life in which they are created.

The conversation between the two artists takes its starting point in Rosalind Nashashibi's film *Denim Sky*. In this domestic sci-fi film, Rosalind Nashashibi explores ways of forming a community around her single parent family through, amongst other means, journeys into space and non-linear time. With this film in mind, Marie Lund created a new series of sculptures, *Daily*, which, through repetition and variations, similarly collapses the expectation of a linear time. Made from residual materials, paper pulp and rubber granules, the sculptures - in their own way - also speak of fragility and strength.

In the new film *The Invisible Worm*, made for the exhibition, Rosalind Nashashibi explores the multiple personas and roles of the artist. Visual artist and co-writer on the film, Elena Narbutaitė, who is also one of the main characters in *Denim Sky*, appears in the film, together with Marie Lund, Rosalind Nashashibi, her son Pietro, a male model and a cat, each embodying artist and muse. The exhibition's title refers to William Blake's mystical poem *The Sick Rose*, 1794, which also guides the film's poetic and inscrutable structure. Both Marie Lund's and Rosalind Nashashibi's studios appear in the film, as do Den Fries' galleries.

Both paper and film are porous. Making works in paper pulp or with 16 mm film requires laborious processes that extend over time and are characterized by the unpredictability of the materials. Cracks can appear in the surfaces of the paper shells when the paper pulp solidifies, just as dust grains can get stuck in the delicate film emulsion or on the camera's lens and infiltrate the images like small flickering, almost invisible worms. Similar to the material processes shaping Marie Lund's work, the situations captured in Rosalind Nashashibi's films are open to influence - initiated to then be allowed to unfold on their own terms.

Neither the sculptures nor the films are static, autonomous works. Rather, they are containers or frames for each other and a kind of host for the relationships that exist between them and that weave in and out of them. Rosalind Nashashibi's collaged narrative flickers luminously between persons and narrators as well as physically between the exhibition spaces. Marie Lund's mute sculptures spread out serially in the other galleries, they are not concluded objects either. On the

contrary, the sculptures insist on a temporality that is not really unlike that of the film. The works of both artists are fundamentally deriving from thinking about relations and exchanges, about what continues and what changes.

The artists

Marie Lund

Marie Lund's artistic practice arrives from a contemplation on the interdependence between objects, space and bodies. Her sculptural works contain references to existing, functional objects, which she releases from their original use and transforms into abstract structures through tensile material processes. In resistance to sculpture as autonomous objects, they outline and activate their environments, turning to ideas of hosting and of exchange.

Rosalind Nashashibi

Rosalind Nashashibi is a filmmaker and painter living in London. Shot on 16mm, her films start from close observation of life and move into storytelling, often considering relationships in communities and extended families. In her paintings, overloaded motifs and existing paintings are treated with seriousness whilst wrongfooting the viewer into questioning themselves as to why they are engaged. Rosalind Nashashibi supports a free Palestine.



The artworks

Marie
Lund

***Slips*, 2023**

Copper, glass enamel
Four sculptures, variable sizes

***Difference over Distance*, 2024**

Paper pulp, rubber granulate
Ten sculptures, each: 135x300cm

***Daily*, 2024**

Insulation mat, copper busbar
Ten sculptures, each: variable sizes

***The Thickness*, 2021/2023**

Steel, glass enamel
Ten sculptures, variable sizes

Five of the sculptures are installed in the very same space and positions as when they were included in the exhibition *Arven* at Den Frie in 2021. Five of the sculptures are newly produced and thus extend the installation.





The artworks

Rosalind Nashashibi

***The Invisible Worm*, 2024**

16mm film transferred to HD

Part One: 7 min

Part Two: 5 min

Part Three: 5 min

Watercolor on paper.
Made on site, February 2024,
and not yet titled.

Featuring: Elena Narbutaitė, Marie Lund,
Rosalind Nashashibi & Pietro Manacorda

Directed by: Rosalind Nashashibi

Written by: Rosalind Nashashibi & Elena Narbutaite

Producer: Denna Cartamkhoob

Director of Photography: Emma Dalesman

Editing: Rosalind Nashashibi & Lucy Harris

Colourist: Jason R Moffat

Sound Design and Mix: Philippe Ciompi

Additional Camera: Rosalind Nashashibi & Lucy Skaer
Phone camera by Pietro Manacorda

Sound Recordist: Anne Gry Friis

Gallery Technicians: Søren Fjeldsø & Peter Højbjerg

Worm Animation: Regina Ohak-Hollós

Titles Design: Sara Du Bondt

Poem read by Elena Narbutaitė : Elena Narbutaitė
William Blake, *The Sick Rose*, 1794

Paintings: Rosalind Nashashibi
Lena Trydal, *Fountain of Youth (Donna)*, 2023

Sculptures: Marie Lund

Menswear photography: Daniel Reira

Model: Przemek Szubert
Courtesy: Daniel Riera

Thanks to: Marianne Torp, Marie Lund, Benjamin Reichen,
teknikerne, katten og kattens ejer

Commissioned By: Den Frie Udstillingsbygning

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***Denim Sky*, 2018-2022**

16mm film transferred to HD

Duration overall: 1 hour 6 min

Part 1: Where there is a joyous mood,
there a comrade will appear
to share a glass of wine

Part 2: The Moon almost at the full.
The team horse goes astray

Part 3: The wind blows over the lake
and stirs the surface of the water.
Thus visible effects of the invisible
show themselves

Cast: Elena Narbutaitė,
Daina Narbutienė, Liudvikas Buklys,
Matthew Shannon, Gintaras Didžiapetris,
Pietro Manacorda, Pauline Manacorda,
Rosalind Nashashibi, Algirdas Šeškus,
Virginija Januškevičiūtė, Rose Cartwright,
Jean-Marie Boudet & Andrew Parkinson

Intuitive reading by: Asher Hartman
for Rosalind Nashashibi

Mission address written and performed by: Rose
Cartwright, Filmet i The University Women's Club

Concieved and Directed by: Rosalind Nashashibi

Producer: Denna Cartamkhoob

Director of Photography: Emma Dalesman

Editing: Rosalind Nashashibi & Lucy Harris

Colourist: Jason R Moffat

Sound Design and Mix: Philippe Ciompi
Additional Sound Design: Chu Li Shewring
Sound Recordist: Adam Gutch

Original Music Composed by: Tom Drew

Parts 1 and 2 Commissioned by: Edinburgh
Art Festival med Vienna Secession, Centro
Andaluz de Arte Contemporáneo, Seville og
National Galleries of Scotland.

Supported by: PLACE Programme,
et partnerskab mellem Edinburgh Festivals,
Scottish Government, City of Edinburgh Council
og Creative Scotland.

Department of Art, Goldsmiths, University of London

Part 3 Commissioned by: National Gallery, London,
som del af 2020 National Gallery
Artist in Residence Programme.
Første udgave vist i Pier Arts Centre, Stromness,
Orkney af Contemporary Art Society,
2022 med støtte fra Anna og Joe Yang Schull.

Co-commissioned by: Contemporary Art Centre,
Vilnius

Supported by: GRIMM Amsterdam | New York

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My encounter with R & M

I saw a very moving film recently. In one scene, a woman tries on another woman's pyjamas. Both women look in the mirror, one standing tall behind the other. Then they switch places. One of the women is the filmmaker; the other is an artist, too. Both have told me, independently of the other, that they are friends. That they are drawn to each other, admire each other, carry an abiding fascination with the other. They each told me this in their own words, although I struggle to remember who said what. I am protective of the trust and confidence they have shown me.

I want to tell you about their relationship because it is simultaneously ordinary and special. At first my attention was caught by the fact that they had both lived in London, but just two months after their friendship began with a strong and tender spark (their daughters became friends, too) one of them moved away with her family. Maybe I'm being dramatic, but I think that this planted a frantic and pleasurable sense of loss in their relationship, a longing that never went away. Perhaps it also gave them a sense of serendipity and of how friendship requires persistent commitment. That it entails a fear of miscommunication and of loss – but also a productive distance – and that friendship can also be a connection between artists, a community with a time frame of its own. At any rate they did what they could to get closer to each other.

I'd like to exorcise them up as characters for you, but I only met them fleetingly. M is a sculptor. R works with film, painting and more. M uses the spaces around her, and her works relate directly to their surroundings. R cuts and splices time through her films, creating new times and spaces. In the movie, R puts on M's pyjamas and looks in the mirror. R admires M's style. I can see why. M is elegant, her clothes fit her body like confident textures, casual but solid. For her part, M admires R's ability to improvise, letting a cat run around a film studio like an intuitive, unexpected prop or source of everyday joy in the film she is shooting.

At first glance there are no obvious similarities between their works. One could have been a dentist, the other a dermatologist, and I would imagine them having meetings over coffee in the sun, talking about customer groups and communication and salaries.

But they have both told me, independently of each other, about the exhibition they are now making together, about how M's sculptures are featured in R's film, and how R's paintings are hung behind M's sculptures – about this interweaving of realities as effects. The works are not just props for each other; their mutual engagement runs deeper than that. And soon the labours of R and M and their works, the films and the sculptures, begin to seem connected in my mind, too, and I don't know if I can separate them anymore? And I don't know if it's the friendship that has embedded itself in the works that dazzles me so that R's film



Denim Sky, where family members eat, laugh and fight with garden chairs, and M's series of sculptures, one that looks like letter slots and one that looks like large paper shells, seem to talk to each other – almost like two parents talking over the heads of their eager children, the two human bodies, R and M?

Incidentally, M loves to read. She tells me that a year ago she attended a poetry reading in my flat, an event arranged by my boyfriend. I immediately become very self-conscious. For a brief moment I feel as if I had been watched in an intimate moment, peeped upon, but then am I not in fact watching both R and M, and do they not in fact want to be watched by me and by each other? M has always surrounded herself with a multitude of language, poetry, painting and film, other people's voices. She says that over the years, her own sculptures have become more static and formal, almost mute. So now, to an even greater degree than before, she wants them to share the space with something that animates them. She wants R's thronging activity. M says that her sculptures have set themselves increasingly free from venerable ideas of meaning and representation. I see them standing there, confident in their materiality. They reflect social structures, yes; they are dependent on what exists around them, yet are also able to lean calmly into wild, untamed surroundings.

I don't usually like to anthropomorphise art, but if M's sculptures were people they would lounge idly, loafing around and gently touching others with integrity but without function.

And now they are touching R.

I think of a scene in R's film where M looks into the camera in a Copenhagen kitchen. In R's films, her friends have become her actors over the years. A community of families arranged in different set-ups and orders. Her own children and herself included. Denim Sky is set in the realm of the everyday, but I would describe its sense of time as being like a very gentle tornado by a foggy, calm sea. The children grow up – four years pass. When R speaks about the film, I feel her intuitive respect for a person's private sphere and her speculations about what a human being is. Her resistance to being used by others, or by a market, a state, an ideology, and the inherent paradox that whatever you do, you will always be used, eaten up, by the world, by others. I prick up my ears when she says that she doesn't want to let her children's reactions become the material of the film.

I think: is there anything left that the world is not monetising and capitalising on? Is the power of imagination also a product? What about the innermost core of the artist? What about friendship?

In R's film, everyone is the artist, she says. The cat is the artist, the sparkingly amusing man in the fashion magazine, herself and M, her son when he steals her camera and runs off with it in a kind of innocent and intuitive mother-performance. No one is the artist all by themselves, all are interlaced in snippets and relationships, sparks in time and space. I look at Elena, R's friend, with the charismatic face and luminous eyes. Elena is the film's central character. R relates how she directed Elena and gave her ideas on how to talk about politics in one of

the scenes of the movie, and how Elena ended up using her own words I hear Elena stuttering, her sentences faltering, *economy*, now I have to say something incisive, but she cannot articulate anything on behalf of someone else, she doesn't know, I can feel it through the screen.

And it occurs to me that R's and M's exhibition exorcises nihilism even as it also shapes a multitude of negative spaces. Spaces that could be more, aren't more, yet are more anyway. What does it mean to make art, to form friendships, to *position oneself in relation to another human being*, as R or M says, I can no longer remember which one. To place oneself askance in relation to others.

I realise that R and M have not only tried on each other's pyjamas, but also each other's methods. I imagine it going like this:

I think we are so alike. I will capture your method, lean into it. But I have leaned too far now and it has dawned on me that we're not the same at all, the differences gnaw and bite and almost hurt me, I've lost myself in you. Now I come back to myself, forever changed, corrupted, stronger, exposed, wiser, with your makeup smeared all over my face.

I adore the idea of a corruption of the self, that destruction. I don't believe in friendship as being exclusively about blissful potentials, fulfilment. I don't believe in easy friendships, easy collaborations; mine are often awkward, difficult, but happy. I obsess over my friends; I negotiate envy and powerlessness and fusion. I begin to look like them, and then I despise myself, I need to gently push them aside and start over; and then we approach each other again, and we understand something new. I believe that both failure and the unexpected is part of the narrative of any relationship.

Ida Marie Hede

