

Portfolio

Selected works, 2021 - 2026

Laura De Jaeger

Haul

2026

Tripod, non-synchronized dual-channel video (5'28", 12'16")

Plus plus plus equals

2026

Enlarged photographs on polyester fabric, stretched on canvas frames, LED light panels

current echoes

2026 edition (2021 and work description: final pages of portfolio)

The exhibition *Yarn* at U10 art space explored how collective memory circulates and adapts in built environments. The works turn towards monuments that are momentarily on a break. Each approaches memory through processes of accumulation and reduction: as something that gleans, sheds, and reconfigures itself over time.

Photography: Tönis Jürgens





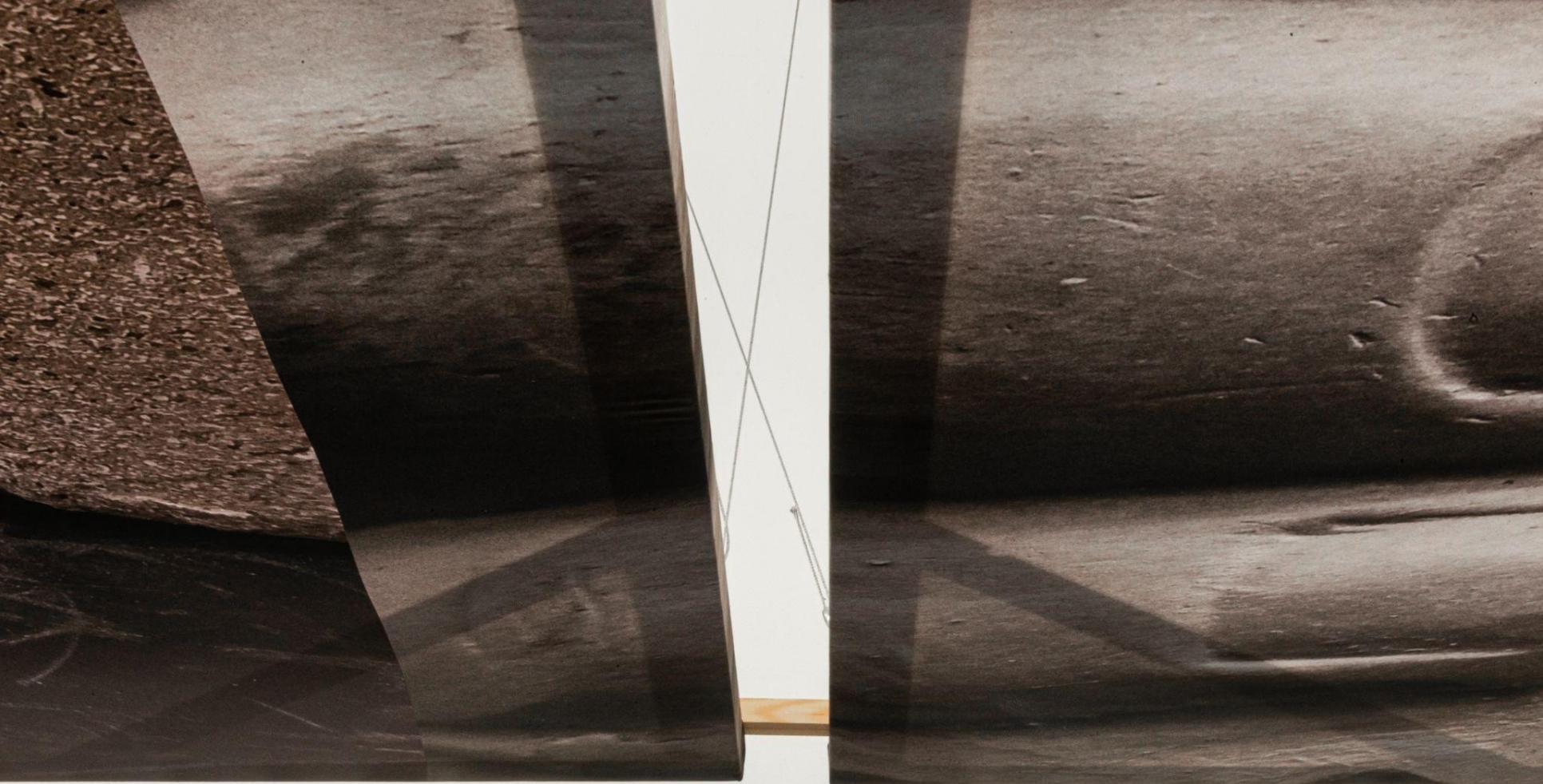


"Barely counts, kid. Barely counts."



YARN
Laura Di







YARN
Laura De Jae





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Witness, observer, (zzz)

2023/2025

Bed from truck, bedlinen, straps, bird's nest, metal wire, sound (19,30" loop, written and voiced by Luth Lea Roose and Juan Pablo Plazas)

A migrating bird's nest and trucker's bed share impressions of the surroundings, time passing and their companion's resting rhythm.

Installation audio (fragment): <https://vimeo.com/lauradejaeger/zzz> password: zzz

Audio transcript (full): https://drive.google.com/file/d/13-WY9Eoe_8u2m7-w6sYXH2t9XyoTX9x/view?usp=sharing





DEP 20-500



Tarrow added, in writing that was less clear than usual: “Question: How can one manage not to lose time? Answer: Experience it at its full length. Means:”

Laura De Jaeger, (Marko Odar)

2025

chairs, metal frame, wheels

For the unfolding exhibition cycle *Rooms in Rhymes*, I worked with the second floor of the building. I drew inspiration from a waiting room - be it in a care center, a bureaucratic entity, or a public transport station. Interested in (un-eventful) conditions where the currency of time feels as if it is not spent, I invited artist duo Ben Caro and Kat Cutler-MacKenzie to open the archive space of the museum with site-specific installation approaching archival material as waiting bodies. The actual exhibiting space was transformed in a break-room, with each element of the space slightly shifted by a contribution of another maker. In co-production with Marko Odar, I designed a set of chairs, which the visitor of the exhibition can pace around on.









"Tarrou added, in writing that was less clear than usual: "Question: How can one manage not to lose time? Answer: Experience it at its full length. Means:" at Contemporary Art Museum of Estonia (EKKM).

Water Thieves

2025

Engraved glass shard, steel, copper, pump, water

Water Thieves departed from the history of The Estonian Maritime museum Fat Margarete. Whether it was a guardpost in the city wall or a prison, during the varying functions of the tower, inhabitants experienced time as if it was not spent, but rather suspended. The installation consists of three parts, drawing attention to (collective and individual) measuring, maintenance and logistics. The guiding motif is the Clepsydra or water clock. This ancient method of timekeeping travelled all over the world through trading routes. Flowing water was used to measure working hours, irrigation schedules, speeches in courtrooms, etc. It is a mechanism that requires constant attention and upkeep – providing time itself with a guard.













Detail *Water Thieves* at Contemporary the Estonian Maritime Museum Fat Margaret.

Sonia (Silva C.)

2024

Table frame, magnifying glass, sand, tin, mulsh

tap-tap-tap

2024

Cling film, sugar, coal, containers

For the exhibition *A hã-hã*, in the garden of a house about to be sold, I departed from the family's myth that the garden once belonged to the Sonian Forest. Tracking down medieval letters I discovered three materials lay at the core of its deforestation: coal, sand and metal (the mining of iron-holding sandstone limonite). As a good-fortune ritual sending of the house, I melted tin on coal, and sand casted a bunch of grapes, an image often found on domestic tableware. Placed in the soil following the circles of the garden's old table frame, a magnifying glass draws focus to these sources. Buckets found in 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.









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).

Zondag, rustdag

2024

Video (9'34")

<https://vimeo.com/932517516?share=copy&fl=sv&fe=ci> (password: truck)

Sprokkelmaand

in collaboration with Mark Foss

2024

edible paper, cardboard, fragments of exhibition leaflets

Untitled

2024

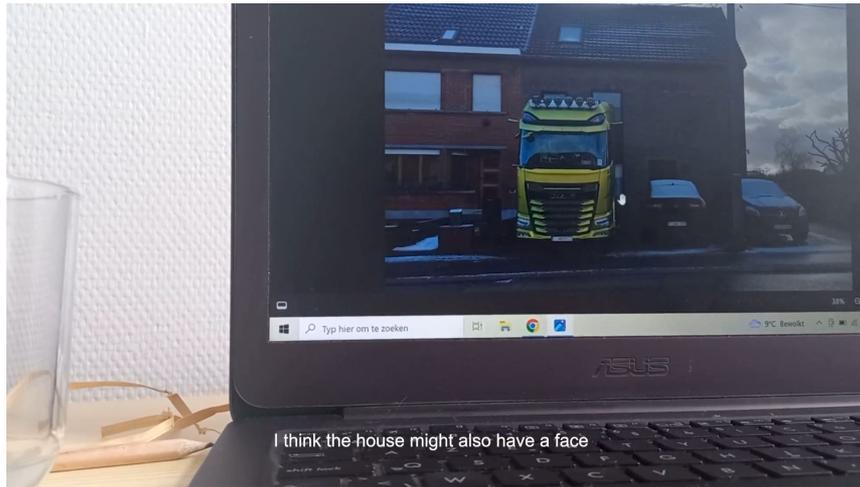
Photo documentation of the rehearsal of performance. Cries in Concrete, Dreams in Drywall, Curses Curbstone, Rests in Rainfall. Helena Keskküla, picnic table from "It wouldn't need a genius to rumble this little game!", wood from "Repeat (how I miss it)".

For the exhibition *Box Seats*, I raised the floor of the Artist Union gallery about 20 cm, allowing a gap for the visitors to 'peek in between' while descending the stairs. Underneath lies an assemblage of material related to numerous practices, gathered from artists, institutions and other maker's homes, studios, gardens and garages. *Zondag, rustdag* is a desktop video work, using a yellow truck parked at home on a Sunday afternoon to reflect about object's agency.

February, the old Germanic-Dutch 'gleaning month', preceded the exhibition. *Sprokkelmaand* is a one month calendar based on the flemish tear-of calendar De Druivelaar (the grapevine). Its material is sourced from leaflets of exhibitions which were open at least one day in February. By obeying their chronological order, it leaps through information day to day, weaving this material into a community with new stories. The paper is edible. Melting on the tongue, sentences get blurry and dissolve as if it were 'heard through the grapevine'.







I think the house might also have a face

Still of the video *Zondag, rustdag* at Hobusepea Gallery.











"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)

The exhibition *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.

I approached the center of the body and its objects of leisure time. The blue and white neon works 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, their positions and content is inspired by the non-stop inner workings of our body, with tubes and matter, flowing, stretching and working continuously.





A dark grey rectangular table with a white border and the word "STOIC" printed on the side. It is positioned in the upper left area of the room.

A dark grey rectangular table with a white border and the word "STOIC" printed on the side. It is positioned in the upper right area of the room.

A dark grey rectangular table with a white border and the word "STOIC" printed on the side. It is positioned in the center of the room and has a gold chain resting on its surface.

A dark grey rectangular table with a white border and the word "STOIC" printed on the side. It is positioned in the lower left area of the room and has a white glove and a cookie resting on its surface.

A dark grey rectangular table with a white border and the word "STOIC" printed on the side. It is positioned in the lower center area of the room.

A black metal mesh table with a white border. It is positioned in the lower right area of the room and has a piece of paper resting on its surface.

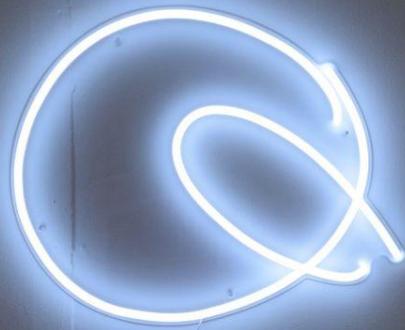


They see the walls of the gymnasium fading
into an exquisite transparency, the ceiling opening
up like a flower into the brilliant sky above
Hanging Rock. The shadow of the rock above
flows, luminous as water, across the shimmering
plains and they are there, sitting on the warm,
dry grass under the gum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





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







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 at *Atoms*, *billiard balls*, *watermelons*, *prisons or lumber-rooms* depart from the infrastructure of commuting. Exhausting representations of circularity, I wonder about repetition, patterns, 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.





It's hard to escape this posture. Eyes locked, be it on a screen or a random point in the near distance, it's all the same mess to me. The leaves are barely yellow. I repeat: They ain't turning brown! It's pitch black at 7 am, but they refuse, oh, how they do. I want to get out, but my legs are stretched out and resting. I guess that's how it goes. Sammy shared another article on his Facebook wall. It's accompanied by his usual witty pseudo-intellectual commentary. Once a week, I receive a call from some acquaintance or nephew, always asking how I'm doing. Same old? My thumbs are thick, hands are rough, and I'm not interested.

Roads, contracts, buildings, wedding rings and fingerprinting techniques. I haven't read enough books to write in some excitement for myself. I'd rather stay put.

Wait. 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 miss it! I'm not one to dine and dash. By this time on Tuesdays, I'd be done shovelling the snow off the track. I'd push through, though, one more round, making sure of the slight boundary of mud on the edge of the road. Just in case. A bit of wiggle room.

French opera, car engines, archery, high-risk parachute sports and gardening. We only really feel when we're still in use. The speed this

paved path carried is unimaginable. Most people only see it on TV. I'm old, legs stretched and resting, the past becoming blurry. Back in the day, I wouldn't stick around for the fuss and the crowd. All that noise. Fred told me about the changing of their darn wheels. Every 18 laps, two and a half seconds. It's all in the hands, you know? They hardly need to think.

Dark objects, bright objects and satellites. Dim objects, roger objects and black holes. Is this what it means, tired again? Re-tiredness? I used to be someone! I pushed that white, cold mass aside, my eyes squinted. The sun is out only a few hours a day, but at that time of year, it really burns. I want to follow that road again. Repeat, captain, let me through.

Joggers of memory, cut rats and lumber rooms.







Installation detail "*Tired*", "*me too*" at Gjutars Gallery.

Summer, Set, Save

2023

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

Summer, Set, Save lured 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 in to and an unknown visitor steals the towel, marking the end of the season.

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Handwritten graffiti in white, yellow, and black on a grey door.





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

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, reminisces about a cold autumn 4 years back, when this basement project room, that is about to 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 and wrapping up. From floor to ceiling, they are the outcome of a material stream of consciousness, a flux of thought poured into gestures, where the next sprung from the last one. The site specific works proposes to approach the space as a body, filled with pipes, air and flow.



5

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Elbow fever

2022

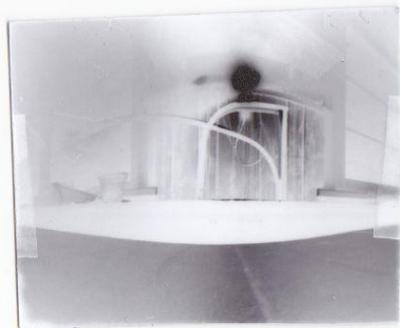
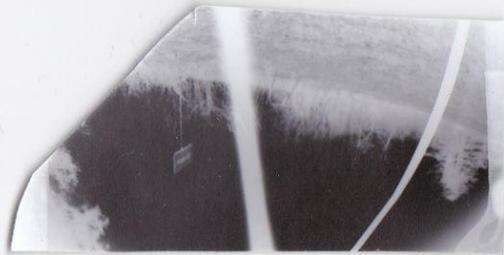
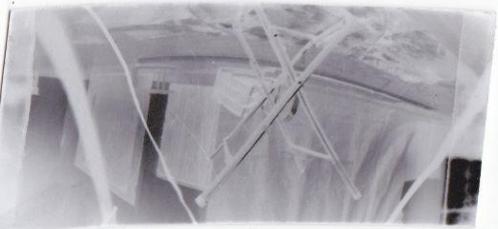
Concrete, scan of pinhole photography negatives

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. The weight of the glass shows in the carpet underneath. Further in the library, one of the tables grew its own set of feet, being kicked aside by the subconscious twirls of the library visitors sitting at the table.









current echoes

2021

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

Monument, walk, stone, scan, scan again, print. film. Story. 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.

<https://vimeo.com/lauradejaeger/current> password: current



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Exhibition detail *current echoes* at LUCA Brussels.