

Some Windows are Blind

Aia Sofia Coverley Turan & Cecilie Skov
Part of Thin Places, curated by South into North
February 2, 2025 - November, 22 2025
44Møen

The rain stopped. The perfect is not beauty.

*Is not a finished thing. Is a making
of itself into more of itself, oozing and pressed
full force out of the not-having-been*

- Except from the poem 'All' from 'Runaway' by Jorie Graham.

The exhibition 'Some Windows Are Blind' presents a series of five sculptures placed in the landscape around 44Møen. They resemble abstract maps and boards that both collect and transmit information. Made of various metals - copper, aluminum, steel and tin - they react differently to weather and touch. They take the form of enlarged sheets of paper; some have holes like those of a hole punch, while others have dog-ears, folds or a crumpled post-it note. Their titles open up a poetic space where literary narratives merge with the materials and the surrounding landscape.

The works are a continuation of the artistic dialog between Aia Sofia C. Turan (1994) and Cecilie Skov (1988). With 'Some Windows Are Blind', they extend this dialog by creating collaborative works for the outdoor space.



Rains pour on language too, 2025
Copper, tin, steel, paint
195 x 150 cm.



Rains pour on language too, 2025
Copper, tin, steel, paint
195 x 150 cm.



Dry delight, 2025
Patinated copper, steel, tin, chalk.
195 x 150 cm.



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Patinated copper, steel, tin, chalk.
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Some Windows are Blind, 2025
Steel, beeswax, tin.
195 x 90 cm.



Some Windows are Blind, 2025
Steel, beeswax, tin.
195 x 90 cm.



Lost counting, 2025

Copper, aluminium, steel, paint, tin.

195 x 90 cm



Lost counting, 2025

Copper, aluminium, steel, paint, tin.

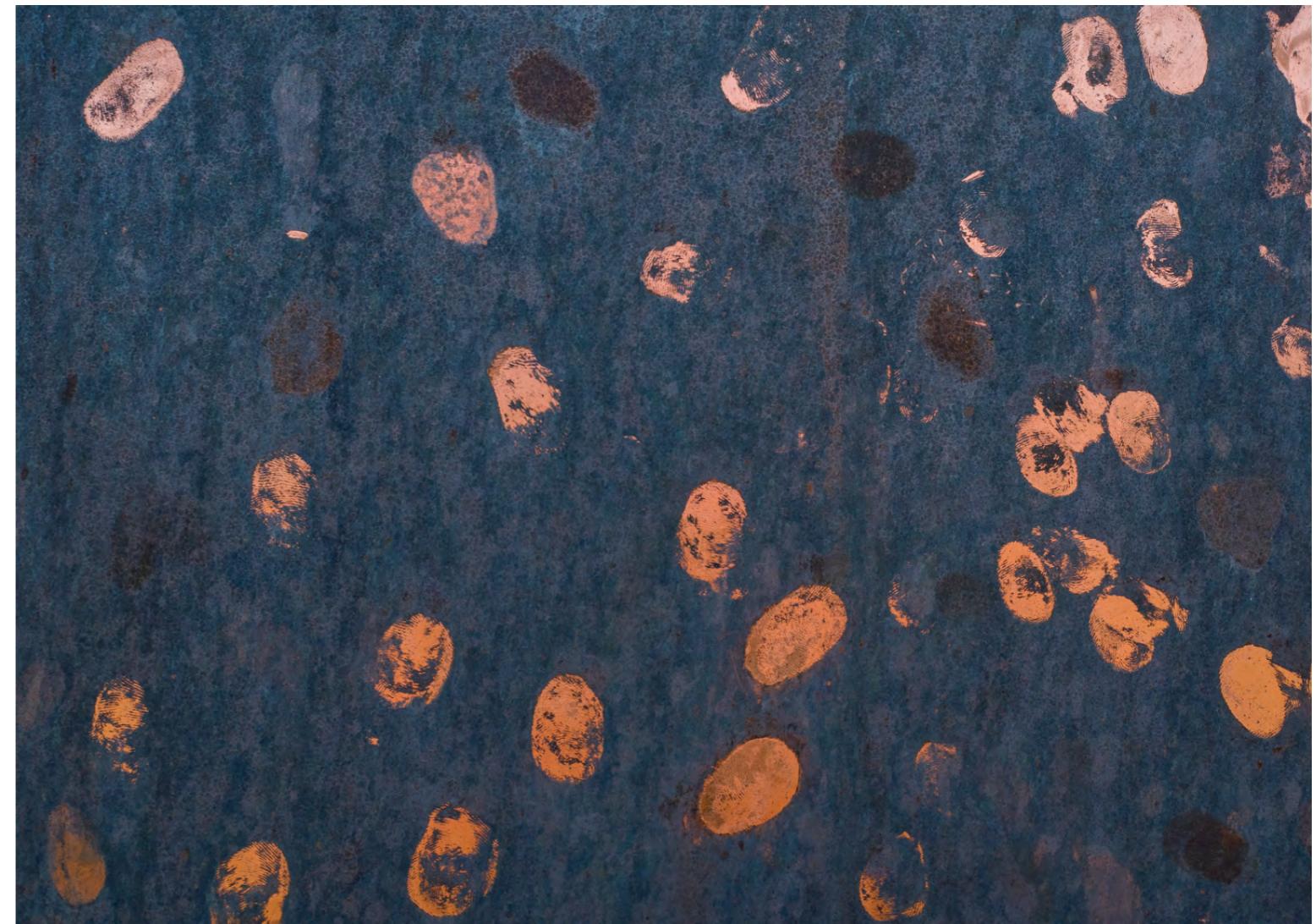
195 x 90 cm.



Lost counting, 2025

Copper, aluminium, steel, paint, tin.

195 x 90 cm.



Lost counting, 2025

Copper, aluminium, steel, paint, tin.

195 x 90 cm.



Brochure, 2025
Aluminium, steel, beeswax, pigment.
195 x 90 cm.



Brochure, 2025
Aluminium, steel, beeswax, pigment.
195 x 90 cm.

Thin Places

Thus, it flushes blue-green
Sabitha Söderholm

The black-spotted blue butterfly flutters against the blue blue sky-blue sky. It lives through winter and well into spring with the copper-colored ants, offering them sugary secretions in thanks. It feeds on the ants' own larvae, whispering something for something, and then, it pupates. In July, it crawls out of the anthill, as a fully hatched butterfly. Now it has only a very short time to swarm, mate, lay eggs, and die. The black-spotted blue butterfly has blue, black-spotted wings. It lives only three days. It lays eggs in thyme, eats the flower's seeds, and falls to the ground. Once, it fluttered far and wide, but now, it lives only here, on the island—reflected in the forest lakes' glassy waters, powders itself with the cliff's white chalk, gathering marjoram in the open meadows. We are islanders, the black-spotted blue butterfly and I.

In front of the hay- and golden-colored fields, a copper sign gleams. The copper has been patinated with salt and acid and thus, it flushes blue-green, blending with the sky, milky-white streaks running from the copper, my fingertips leaving ghosts behind. In the light and against the sky, ridges and waves form across the shiny copper canvas. Little mirror on the wall, tell me all about the weather here.

It is a cloudless sky, the golden and the blue, the sun is warm and the wind is cold, the children have thrown their jackets onto the dew-wet grass, they walk barefoot, touch the golden copper with their fingers. My daughter hangs ruby-red stones and gold jewelry in the tall trees, she shapes jewelry out of beeswax, she lights great bonfires with her youthful fury, eats dried blueberries from large jars, she guards the black-spotted blue butterfly from the hands of adults. We talk about the weather but no longer about the climate, we talk about wind and weather but never about the wind and the weather. The wind blows through the yellow poppies' tender petals—it's not even their time to bloom yet. The wind leaves traces on cold, blue-green copper. The rain comes and turns the dew into lakes, the chalk runs, the cliffs slip—here it is rust-red and quiet, before it is blue-green. When poppies and flowers close up tight, soon rain and wind begin to sigh. A storm washes in over the coasts, over the forests, a whirl of plant debris and splashing waves, and thus, it flushes blue-green.



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