

11. Running stitch 3
Multilayer pipe, Steel, Corrugated plastic sheet

Jette Kelholt
Seamless

12. Blanket stitch 3
Film roll, Priest garment, Paverpol, Steel, Pop rivets,
Asphalt paint

13. Whip stitch 2
Costume, Paverpol, Foam, Steel

14. Backstitch 3
Aluminium, Costume, Paverpol, Wood, Pop rivets, Steel,
Asphalt paint

15. Slip stitch 2
Arrow, Epoxy, Cheesecloth, Styrofoam, Steel, Needles

16. Blanket stitch 4
Cinema roll, Wood, Corrugated plastic sheet, Steel, Pop
rivets, Asphalt paint

17. Running stitch 4
Aluminium, Plastic, Steel, Corrugated plastic sheet

18. Running stitch 5
Aluminium, Epoxy, Cheesecloth, Steel, Needles

19. Chain stitch 2
Cloth hangers, Wood, Steel, Multilayer pipe, Bold and
Nut

Series; Stitchings
Floor pieces

1. Seedling stitching 1
235 x 50 x 58 cm
Costumes, Steel, Paverpol, Linofloor

2. Seedling stitching 2
247 x 50 x 28 cm
Costumes, Steel, Paverpol, Linofloor

3. Seedling stitching 3
236 x 50 x 20 cm
Costumes, Steel, Paverpol, Linofloor

Serie; Stitched
Standing pieces

1. double- stitched
320 x 140 x 163
costume, paverpol, steel

2. Hem- stitched
182 x 62 x 185
costume, paverpol, steel

Closet
Wall piece
23 x 11,5 x 2,5 cm
wood

TRIANGOLO

ON VIEW

September 18 – December 19, 2026

OPENING

September 18, 2026

Theater of San Luca
viale Trento e Trieste, 1
26100 Cremona (CR)



Every space has a certain structure, with a certain logic. The structure of this space has been altered — what was below the floor, is over our heads; what was one, is now many; what was separate, is now united. Suddenly, everything is alive with possibility. What happens next? What kind of animals, beings, machines, are showing their open bellies? What is the meaning of that space inside them and what could it beget?



The artist found ten bags of costumes under the floor of an old theatre. Ten groups of costumes, each united in a bag, found an artist from above the ceiling. She undid their stitches and seams, laid the textile on the floor, upside down, inside out.

These materials once served the storytellers, mostly by remaining invisible. Seams, film reels and coat hangers live outside of the limelight. That is a necessary part of the magic: not seeing the threads that hold the play together. The audience wants to be fooled for a little while, they paid for the illusion. That is, at least, the story I claim to tell here. Perhaps the costumes below the floor were simply waiting for their true purpose, merging into each other, ascending towards the ceiling. What if no one knows their story, except for them? Perhaps those actors wearing the costumes, impregnating the garment with the special chemical composition of nervous sweat in the darkness of the side wings, waiting for their cue, perhaps they were simply extras in the life of the garment, who would outlast them all. Would the materials still remember their lines?



Now we are below the fundament ourselves, and look up to these assemblies, these beings. To their insides, the seams, the open bellies of creatures made of found materials. The enablers of other people's storytelling, fertile and endowed with all that narrative potential, lifted to a new height. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust — in the old churches of the Netherlands, only the rich could afford to be buried inside the building, filling the floor with their tombstones. Perhaps they wanted to look up to God forever, and forgot how the poor would walk on them, looking down on them. What unites us is what we are made of: decaying material.



Grafting is a horticultural technique through which plant tissues can merge and live on as one: a branch of one plant will grow on an entirely different species, their vascular tissues united. Here we see that materials and stories can also graft unto one another, and live on as one — if you allow them to.



Mother Nature is said to abhor a vacuum. Wherever she senses an empty spot, something new shall grow. A plant, a nest full of young foxes, a network of fungi. Emptiness, in a sense, is full of life.

As you think of places emerging, you might also think of tunnels. Transitions from one place to another. You might

think of the pupa, covering the caterpillar and uncovering the butterfly. The moment in between the one and the other; the unknown between two clearly defined stages. In the tunnel, it's dark. The entire known world falls away and you will come out different. Born anew.

If we consider the story as continuous, the cavity becomes a place of options. All the maybe's and imagined futures. In some ways, the cavity is the story, as it holds all possible stories. Creating cavities is creating life.



Text by Dafne Gotink

Jette Kelholt (b. Amsterdam, 1999) is a visual artist who primarily works with sculpture and drawing. Her works are crafted and grafted from found materials, forming large-scale assemblages. Driven by a curiosity about what lies beneath the surface, she opens up spaces and objects to expose their hidden structures, raising questions about what a place chooses to reveal and what it wants to hide. In each sculpture, she moves back and forth between concealing and deliberately revealing elements of its construction. The dynamics between the neat and the clumsy, the temporary and the eternal, and the stable and unstable are important parts of her work.

Series; Stitches

Ceiling pieces

Starting from left to right, per line

around 200x 55 x 30cm

1. Running stitch 1

Aluminium, pipe, polycarbonate twin-wall sheet, steel

2. Blanket stitch 1

Film Roll, foamboard, wood, steel, pop rivets

3. Back stitch 1

Costume, aluminium, corrugated plastic sheet, pop rivets, steel

4. Blanket stitch 2

Film Roll, wood, steel, pop rivets, corrugated plastic sheet, asphalt paint

5. Chain stitch 1

Cloth hangers, steel, bold and nuts

6. Whip stitch 1

Costume, paverpol, foamboard, steel

7. Backstitch 2

Aluminium, costume, paverpol, steel, pop rivets, asphalt paint

8. Slip stitch 1

arrow, epoxy, cheesecloth, styrofoam

9. Running stitch 2

Aluminium, Plastic, Polycarbonate twin-wall sheet

10. Blanket stitch 2

Film Roll, Styrofoam, Wood, Steel, Pop rivets