

e Lindegaard *i stykker*





OVERGADEN
OOOOO

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Johanne Rude Lindegaard
Skygger i Skygger (Shadows in Pieces)
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O – Overgaden,
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overgaden.org

Shadows in Pieces

CUBISM ON ACID

An introduction to the work of
Johanne Rude Lindegaard

Imagine a matrix imploding, plunging you through an abyss of dimensions, like a hundred mirrors shattering. Imagine cubism on acid as if the squared shapes were multiplied, squeezed, and bleeding into organic shapes. Imagine a dirty, spiraling birth canal rewinding old masters. This is the work of Johanne Rude Lindegaard, the emerging, Danish artist whose grand solo show at Overgaden in summer 2021, entitled *Shadows in Pieces*, prompts this publication.

Lindegaard often works on grand-scale, architectural canvases. Too grand for domestic commodification, for Overgaden the giant, abstract motifs have been made to stand on their own, off the wall, leaning on ceiling pillars, creating intersections and delineating exhibition spaces, while the content is anchored in a personal experience of the shocking beginning of motherhood, and so each canvas becomes a physical, tactile portal to an illusory underworld. Most of the motifs in her new series unfold around an epicenter, a hole, suggesting psychedelic channeling into dissolution, a world without foothold, a place of bewilderment, loss. And that, in lieu of all its abstraction, is political. Using the baroque effect of tricking the eye (*trompe l'oeil*) is not to be dismissed

as a mere trick. The works' central swirls allude to neoliberal wormholes, as if soaked into a drugged-up game of Tetris gone wrong, a tube, a splintered highway to personal collapse, trauma; sometimes exalting into something like a manic, bright elevation, sometimes opening up the contours of a splintered psyche, losing control.

In practical terms, the paintings, too, are out of control, or at least on the edge of being so. Lindegaard constructs her giant motifs by folding her canvases into three-dimensional shapes. Building the thick fabric into sculptural layer cakes and then spray-painting it, she invites her choice of acrylic monochrome colors to bleed, glide, and flounder in the cracks and folds as they wish, far beyond her direction, finally unpacking the canvas and stretching it on the frame to reveal the outcome. Adding depth, the artist often paints onto both sides of her voluptuous surfaces, turning the canvas into a corporal body of paint that must be experienced from all sides.

Rather than being just a façade, these paintings are, in and of themselves, physical beings, commanding nearness. Pulling the idea of painting far away from a solely cognitive, optical experience, Lindegaard's work demands a bodily, visceral perception, removing herself from any supposedly free space of abstraction and instead moving toward a feminist insistence on heavy, carnal depth.

Rhea Dall
Director, Ooovergaden

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This publication—which revolves around Johanne Rude Lindegaard’s exhibition *Shadows in Pieces* at Overgaden—is one of the first in a new monographic series being produced in conjunction with our institutional exhibitions from 2021 onwards, focusing on new artistic voices in the Danish art scene and, hopefully, on catapulting these into a larger readership, following, and distribution, as is well deserved.

Each edition in the series will be published both in print, with a special, grand fold-out poster as its cover, and in a free-to-download PDF version, adding a full batch of documentation images to the online edition. The hope is that the content made possible by these publications—both the artistic expressions and the expanded conversation around these—can travel as far as possible.

The series has been made possible by generous support from the Augustinus Foundation and by the creative and editorial oversight of Overgaden’s editor Nanna Friis, alongside dedicated work by Freja Kir and Miquel Hervás Gómez, our graphic designers at fanfare. Moreover, a great thank you goes to Mai Dengsøe for her essay contribution and, of course, to the whole team at Overgaden. Last, but not least, a deep and warm thank you to Johanne Rude Lindegaard for her cheerful, always intelligent conversations and inspiring collaboration.

Rhea Dall (director) & Aukje Lepoutre Ravn (curator)
Oooooovergaden

VACUUM

Johanne Rude Lindegaard & Nanna Friis

(Nanna Friis)

I’m reading your birth record, all 52 pages. It feels like the exact opposite of looking at your paintings. There are numerous abbreviations, codes, numbers, and technical terminology and I glide over it all as if this writing was a foreign language. In a way, it is a foreign language, one to which my access is as limited as it is to the birth experience it describes. Yet there is a word whose recurrence I notice. Vacuum. It probably isn’t mentioned that many times, but it’s a remarkable word; perhaps the double vowel and the strangeness of the sound make it look like its own little image amid the systematic language of the medical document.

I try to imagine this kind of exhausted space—how the emptiness could be given a shape and a visibility similar, in a way, to the creation of its term. Your paintings aren’t empty; rather I find them compressed, as if between the layers of color, maybe inside the airiness of the paint itself, things would exist, the expressions and truths of which do not at all resemble the surfaces of the canvases. Nonetheless, it feels as though there is a connection between your large paintings and the word “vacuum.” I can dedicate myself to comprehending this connection very intuitively, but it could just as well be intensely forced, this angular Latin word, like a weird cardigan wrapped around the works. What do you think? Emotions of birth-giving and motherhood (in their presumably infinite complexity) are present in your work—I know this because you told me so, but I’m considering if and how a word like ‘vacuum’ can visualize it.

(Johanne Rude Lindegaard)

Thank you for trying to read the birth record. It is the objective evidence for experiences that are still left in my body. At the same time, there is a huge gap between the record’s medical terms and the actual experience. Maybe this distance can be called a vacuum. The paintings place themselves in this void between experience and evidence.

A vacuum contains enormous potential for moving energy around, since physics, I guess, wishes to fill out the void and create a new balance. For me, the process of creating these large paintings has been a way of reclaiming the ownership of my mind and my body. From the punch in the gut to breathing freely again. I believe you’re right that the paintings are compressed. It feels as though there is a lack of space in the birth experience. A lot of emotions and physical experiences at once and over a short period of time. You are under pressure, so to speak. But if everything is squeezed together, a space must be formed around this experience that needs to be evened out when the time is right. As I read your reflections on air and void, I came to think about the fact that one of my painting

techniques involves air under pressure: airbrushing. You often think of painting as chemistry but with airbrush painting, it is maybe approaching the realm of physics.

(NF)

It is gorgeous, almost too perfect, to imagine the threads between the birth-giving body and the movement of paint through the vacuum, this splintering of color before it turns into pictures. Between the abstraction of a painted language and the extreme specificity of the written record. Isn’t it both corny and a bit lovely to tie these bows of cohesion around work and life? The idea that something very literal, a body opening itself and breaking slightly in the effort to deliver a new body, has imprinted itself as a low-voiced explosion on a canvas.

Insistent attempts to force visual connections between childbirth and painted motifs upon your works is not particularly interesting, especially not to you I guess, but what I think is interesting—with art in general—is the effort to track some of the places from where a painting can emerge, to expose them to yourself and at best also to others. To me, an artwork often feels like a kind of island, whose contours you can sense—a beauty or a riddle that you can behold but not fully grasp. I like this feeling, while also constantly wanting to exceed it. You write that your and your paintings’ process is about taking back ownership of yourself. I wonder how? This idea of the void between experience and proof, a beautiful and tender image—I try to envisage how it looks in there.

(JRL)

Thanks for the “corny” description of the links between my airbrush paintings and my child, who quite literally was also sucked out of my body. Everything that deals with labor is a bit corny and transgressive to me, to be honest. I still can’t believe it has happened to me. But I’d like to make pictures that can accommodate this experience on an equal footing to all other kinds of lived experiences. For instance, by referencing the general self-importance or self-aggrandizement of abstract painting. Childbirth seems to always be placed in its own category and I think that’s a shame. After all, it is an experience we all share, it’s our common point of arrival, even though most of us have happily forgotten it.

Is it the difference between experiencing and understanding something that you’re describing with the island image? In a way, I recognize this description when it comes to conversing with an artwork. Preferably, there is a sensation that you don’t understand everything right away, but that there are many layers, which keep dragging you in, depths that conceal new possibilities. But it’s also a bit bleak if the work is as distant as the contours of an island. It would be nice to actually reach the island, stand on it, and explore it. But paintings are difficult; often they’re pure illusion. I’d like to pull them towards the object

category where materialities become more tangible, become a part of the work—a clash between the physical and the illusory.

Concerning the void between experience and proof, I also don’t know how it looks. Probably, the paintings are exactly there? With their process I try to create the opportunity to move in uncertain directions, hoping that the image can reveal something to me. It could be painting the *composition with parts* of the canvas covered up or soaking wet so that it doesn’t fully appear until it dries. Essentially, all such attempts relinquish control and enable me to be more present in the process. And here I can draw a direct line to the birth experience. It is the most severe loss of control I have ever lived through. In the works for Overgaden I’ve been using very large formats. They’re at the limit of what is manageable for me, in my body. The fact that I allowed myself to linger on that verge without giving up, and also feel that I was able to do it, gave me back my dignity and confidence. The large formats are also a way of creating mental landscapes or spaces in the space, concurrently with underlining the physical aspects of painting.

(NF)

I’m happy that you lightly challenge my idea of the island; you’re right that it’s probably a little too dramatic or excessive an image. I also think that defining the difference between experiencing and understanding art (which I totally agree exists), isn’t that important to me. In some ways, it can be nice to forget it and just decide that the contours of something you see also indicate something onto which you can go ashore, something that pervades you. And perhaps this decision will be easier to carry out when it comes to large-scale paintings like yours, whose physicality undeniably creates a rather architectonic sensation of enclosing. (I haven’t seen them yet in real life so, of course, I can’t be sure of this.) I mean, when works are standing upright, installed like sculptures, independently of the walls, as overwhelming nowhere landscapes of color and air, maybe some distinctions between experience and understanding are dissolved? Do you think there is easier, more direct, and wider access to artworks if they’re large? This is something I don’t necessarily wish to believe, that scale alone affects our experiences of art, but it’s probably also naïve to downright deny. Possibly it’s also these transgressive aspects of the artist’s efforts with large formats that make the works vibrate differently. There’s a feeling that the body is at stake, in the execution as well as the reception.

(JRL)

Dramatic and exaggerated is totally fine with me. I believe a lot in those terms as a method. We could very well make more room for grand emotions. Frankly, this might be where my interest in large formats stems from. An essential term for me in this context is “proportion.” Everything can be perceived in relation to something else. These paintings seem large compared to the body, but they’re small in an

Editor: Nanna Friis

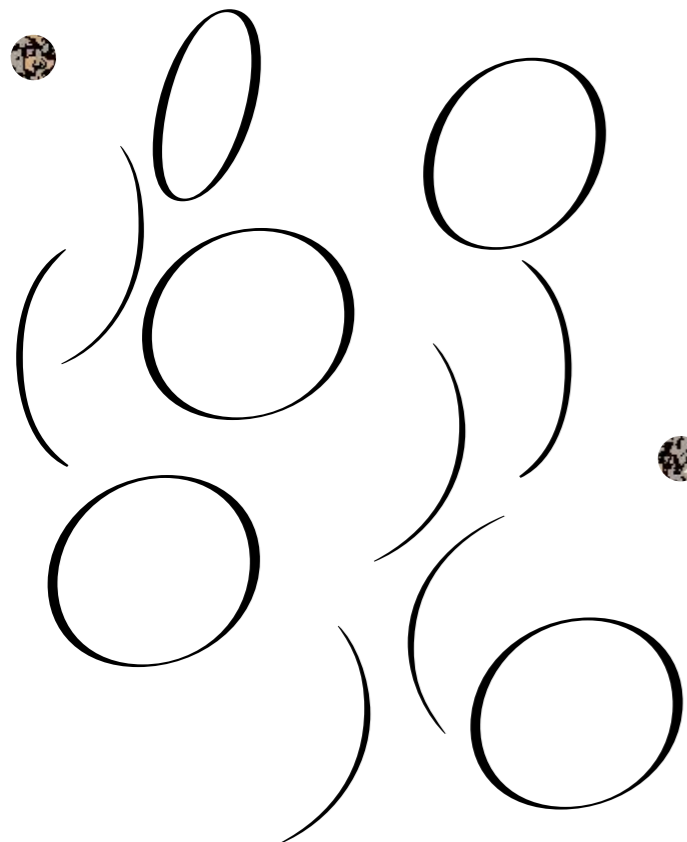
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open space. I'm sure an architect could say all kinds of interesting things about that. How we adjust ourselves bodily to different spaces. To me, this also becomes a question about mental space. Is there, as you say, room for differences in your mind? It's an illustration of our own mental limitations that can be extended through our perception and bodily awareness.

I think I've felt the need to blow up quite an intimate experience to a large scale in order to make it bigger than myself—to distance myself a bit, and abstract the experience to light and shadow, color and composition. There is something crazy about how my senses simply changed in that post-partum period.

If the works get easier or more difficult for viewers to relate to, I don't know. Perhaps, problems can occur if you wish for a direct translation of my starting point because that isn't the goal. The works are more open and I've been working a lot with intuition and glimpses of memory. Personally, the large formats allow for me to actually be "in" them, but for some they can maybe seem overwhelming. I regard them as an opportunity to surrender and "be pervaded" as you described it. But it's also very important to clarify their materiality; for instance by installing them so you also see the back of them. It makes the viewer aware of the illusion and thereby allows for critical dialogues with the work. Large formats are often closely tied to demonstrations of power and this can be a problem, but by utilizing the language of power, maybe I can right some overlooked issues. The large formats can also avoid a typical trap of painting where everything ends up being about taste. The painting as interior décor. By avoiding the usual formats of a home, the paintings lean (literally, in this exhibition) more towards the investigative gaze of the exhibition space. Here you experience them in a different way than the one which is about owning them. Perhaps it supports a desire to enter the fog.

(NF)

Size eliminating or obviating taste as a criteria—that's a lovely thought. That objects which are notably larger than two recognizable scales, the body and the home, can maybe avoid being read as objects only and thereby open windows to different, expanded kinds of sensory perception. This distance — and simultaneously the cohesion between the intimate and the large—I associate that with the intangible concept of the vacuum: something very intimate has become very large in your paintings, and isn't drama usually a good place to go when it comes to sensitivity? I absolutely believe in the desire to enter the fog, but I don't believe that this fog is impervious.

EYE SHADOWS AND A PALETTE OF AFFECTS

Mai Dengsøe

I enjoyed being with Maja and did not once consider resigning.

I would say that was a kind of passiveness.

I was living in Berlin, working at Icosium, a sandwich bar with glass panels looking out onto Brückenstrasse in the direction of Jannowitzbrücke, opposite the Chinese Embassy. Around noon, droves of businessmen, their shirts unbuttoned, would descend on us, filling up the maroon leather chairs. With traces of dressing in the corners of their mouths, they left a few coins to be pocketed if you were lucky. I was eighteen years old and earned five euros an hour. Not a lot, but I was OK with that, so I worked at Icosium for a whole year. Every morning, I rode my blue bike through the city to start work at 9 a.m. and every afternoon at 3 p.m., I rode back home with six banknotes plus the odd coin.

I would call that the joy of cash in hand.

Toufik was an unpleasant middle-aged man with dark-brown hair and angular black glasses; an employer who asked me to roll my cigarettes at home and paid Maja one euro more an hour because she had worked at Icosium much longer than me. Maja was in her late thirties and had, as I remember, a child. She came to work wearing hoops, thick eyeshadow, and pastel-colored T-shirts with messages in various prints. She hated the day Toufik decided that we had to wear black café shirts, which he left on the counter with a message to wash them over the weekend so that we would appear sharp and crisp.

It is called a business strategy. Personally, I felt like a figure in a Florentine painting: dry and without being mutually connected to the others.

Maja lived in Reinickendorf with her brother, in a modern housing development. The day he got out of prison after having served time for some violent crime or other—which I considered it unseemly to inquire about—we celebrated with crisps and drinks at their flat.

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We called it joy and, later on, I called it a question of class.

The history of painting is also the story of a successful medium and a question of class. Perhaps that is why both Toufik, Maja, and myself ended up in this text, which was meant to be about Johanne Rude Lindegaard's painting.

One could call it a sort of private iconography.

I resigned from Icosium because I fell in love with a guy from Odense who was a car mechanic and reminded me of Bruce Springsteen in the music video for *Im On Fire* when, one late December evening in Liebenwalderstrasse, he rolled out from under the car having fixed something. His name was Jacob and he was on his way home from a road trip when he decided to make a stopover in Berlin. He had been featured on the front page of several British car magazines, as he showed me when I hitched a lift with him back to Denmark. He taught me how to break into cars and start them without a key. When he broke up with me, I ate tomato soup for a week and applied to study art history.

People call it romance and image.

In high school, I was obsessed with the French artist Sophie Calle. Especially her work *Double Game*, a small hardback edition I discovered at my mother's place wrapped with a red silk ribbon. For a time, I planned my meals according to color just as Calle used to do, and which she had reproduced in her book. So, I only ate orange on Sundays, green on Tuesdays, white on Wednesdays, blue on Thursdays, and Sundays were multicolored! I continued like that until my music teacher thought I was suffering from anorexia and the project was far too difficult to explain as anything else than the longing to be someone else—in this case Sophie Calle.

I'm thinking now that when Jacob left me, Calle might have been haunting. At the time, I thought that since I no longer had direct access to love, I wanted to see what would happen if I imbibed it symbolically. I did this via the red color and so I began (slightly uninventively) to eat tomato soup. In reality, it was a binary survival strategy applied to examine the extent of the difference between the perceptible signs of the real and the symbolic world. Naturally, I was nurturing a hope that they would be, and anticipating them to be, more closely connected than I had imagined earlier.

One could call it a kind of experiment.

Michel Foucault calls it an "archaeology of knowledge" in his book *The Order of Things*, where he examines the same question—I mean, the question of signs and designations. In his case, from an epistemological—not a desperate and frantic—perspective. I recommend the book as well as the tomato soup.

While studying art history, I worked as a "medical report girl" (the title was for internal use only) at the maternity unit at Rigshospitalet. I was tasked with delivering the social security numbers of those who had torn right up to their anus in a stack on the second floor. One could call it an extension or a tear. At Rigshospitalet, the distance between signs and designations widened considerably, which felt quite comfortable, almost irrelevant when I thumbed through the incorporeal concretions accompanied by groans in the background like a distant rural noise.

One could say that work faded out of sight between reality and fiction.

So, too, does the exhibition *Skygger i Stykker (Shadows in Pieces)* and, just as the work at Rigshospitalet was basically about births, this is also true of the exhibition and the new works by Johanne Rude Lindegaard. In this case not like an incorporeal concretion, but a wild abstraction rich in body. The realism in the bloodstain on a crumpled sheet has, in the work *Sår (Wound)*, been enlarged into something absurdly relatable, seeming to me like a feminist take on the myth of Saint Veronica's handkerchief.

One could call it narratives enabling images.

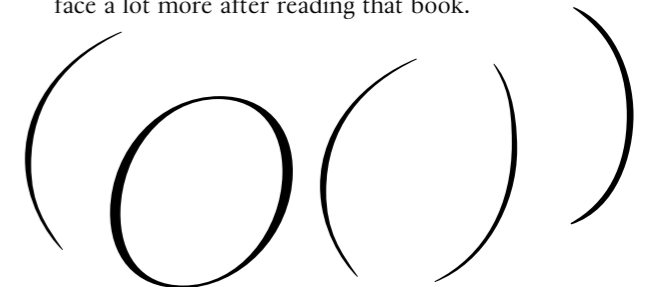
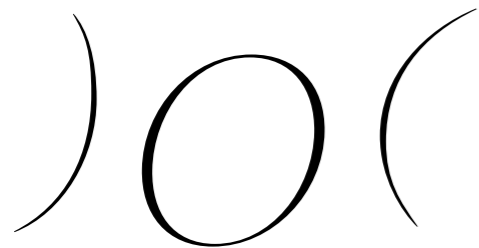
One of the first things I read about painting was that Caravaggio's pictures were so good that two doves flew straight into them to pick at the grapes he had painted in a bowl.

It is called *trompe l'oeil*.

One of the first true discoveries I made in my art history course was that something I had always considered to be a photo of my childhood friend, Emma, hanging smooth and framed in the stairwell leading to her room, actually turned out to be a famous painting by Gerhardt Richter of the back-turned Betty.

Is that called *trompe l'oeil*?

Before she died, I loved to thumb through my grandmother's books. Once, I came across the memoirs of actor Susse Wold. She wrote how she had always appreciated her broad face. It gave her plenty of space in which to apply make-up. I used to imagine her jaw and cheekbone as a powerful bony stretcher on which her whole face was stretched out like a painting. I grew to appreciate my own broad face a lot more after reading that book.



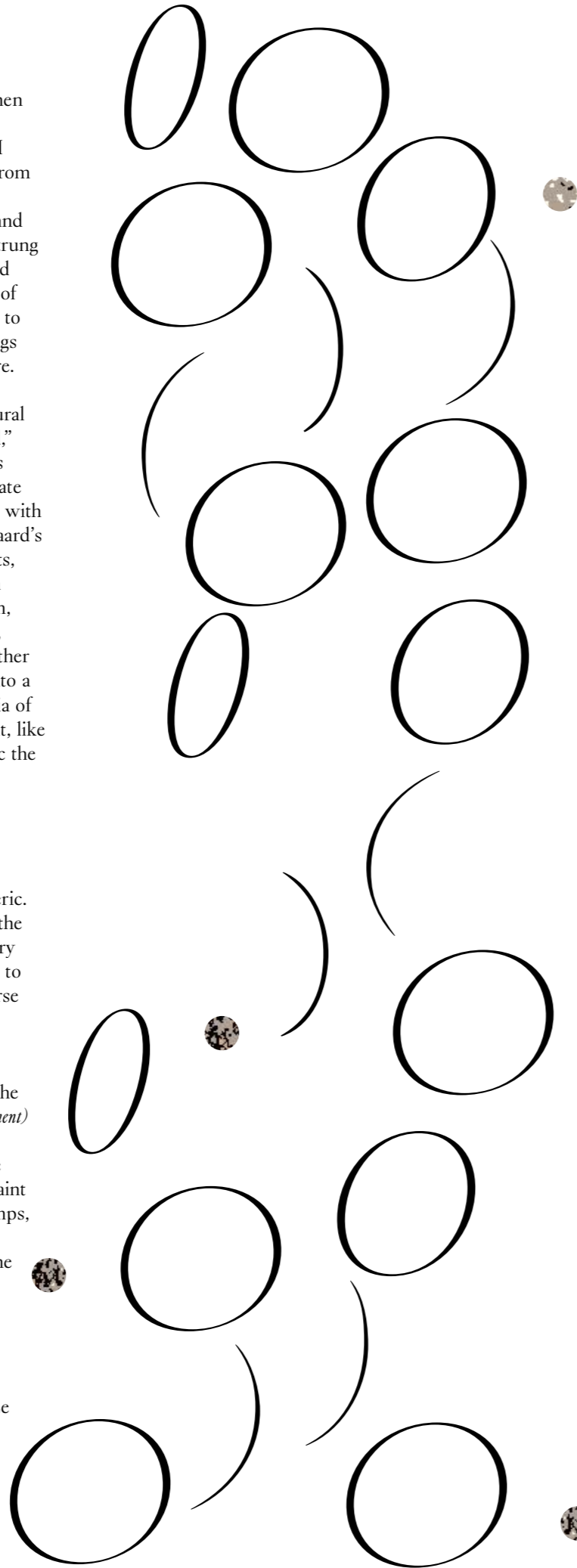
It is called reclaiming one's broad face.

I am reminded of Susse Wold's extended mug when looking at Rude Lindegaard's painting. Recently, when I visited Johanne in her studio, I suddenly noticed an eye emerging from one of her paintings. Like a body, stretched out far too severely and grimly. There is something intensely carnal and strung up about the painting, which had, until then, stood quietly against the wall in a quivering resignation of finally coming into existence. I am not attempting to get to the core of what Rude Lindegaard's paintings might mean. They do not even possess such a core. On the other hand, the concept of portal seems a general theme in her monstrous, almost architectural works. In an etymological sense, the word "portal," which is also the title of one of her works, derives from the medieval Latin word "porta," meaning gate or door—a concept which, in one sense, contrasts with the nature of painting so obvious in Rude Lindegaard's works. The paintings possess the quality of objects, enfolded in acrylic and bone glue, several of them double-sided. One tends to pause in front of them, move around them. For a long time now, painting has not been a window to another world. Nevertheless, one is drawn into a weird faculty of dreams. A phantasmagoria of sorts. A vague contour of an impossible space that, like the interwoven images of the night, erases all logic the moment one wakes.

One could call the entire installation a baroque spaceship.

Going onboard feels quite concrete and atmospheric. The rotating formations dizzyingly hypnotic and the illusion paper-thin. There is humor in the bone-dry surfaces, canceling out the depth that is supposed to be there. And a visually artistic gravity in the coarse cotton that makes you not want to laugh. Time and place are dissolved in the kaleidoscopic patterns of repetition. And in that sense, Rude Lindegaard's exhibition is a portal, leading us all the way into the nightmare. The work *Grundstof (Element)* encapsulates the baroque drama in a Danish and unheimlich anamorphosis. From the correct angle and quite close up, the folds across the drapery paint a picture of compressed piglets carrying blue stamps, screeching for life while they, like buried mink swollen in a kind of resurrection, are pushed to the forefront of the picture plane.

Something has gone awry. Architecture destabilized. Images appear, only to disappear again. I grab my toilet bag, apply a bit of eyeshadow. Thinking of Maja and Ursula K. Le Guin: it's an odd realism, but it's an odd reality too.



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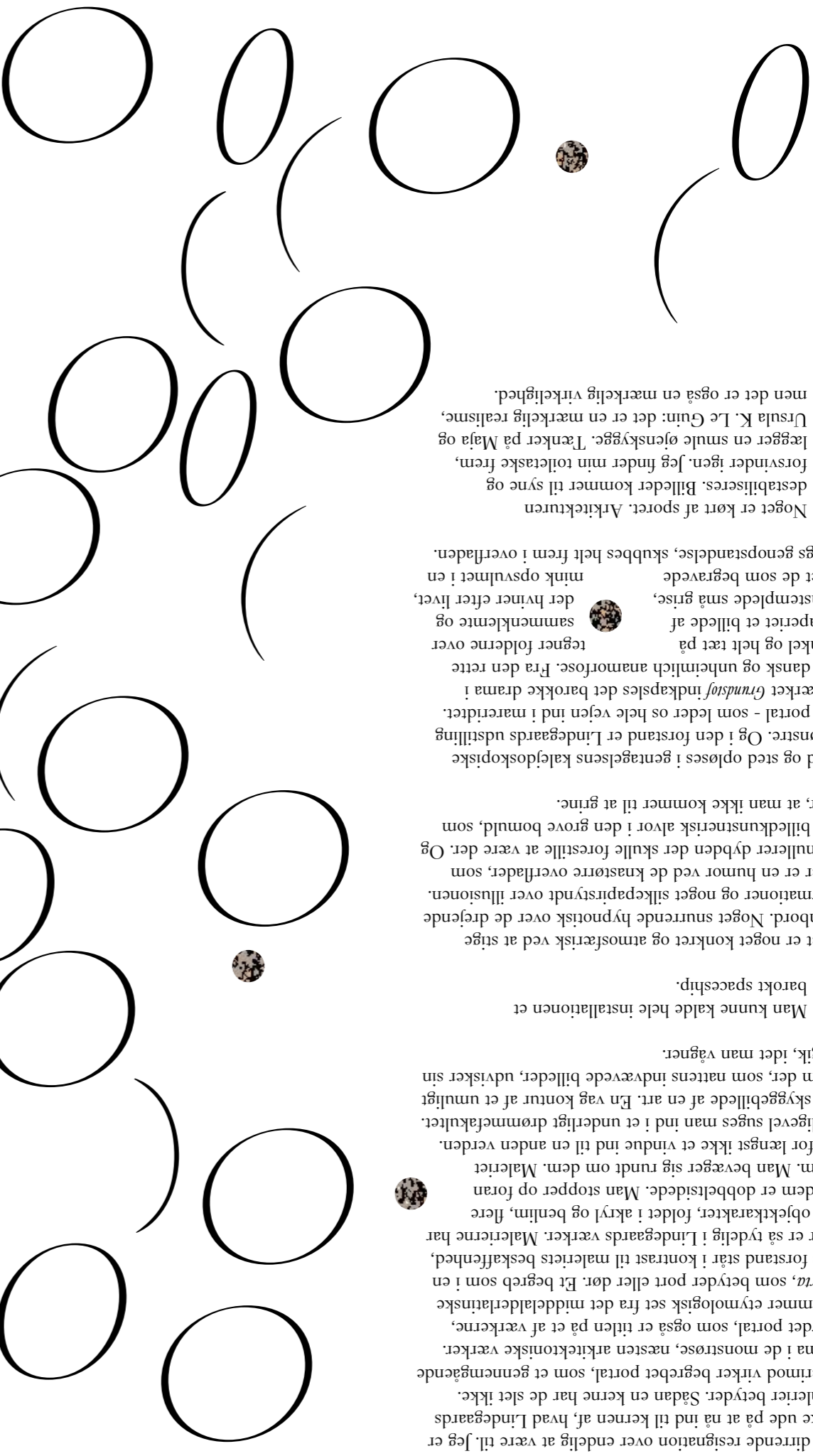


en dirrende resignation over endelig at være til. Jeg er ikke ude på at nå ind til kerne af, hvad Lindegaards malerier betyder. Sådanne kerne har de slet ikke. Derimod virker begrebet portal, som et gennemgående tema i de monstrose, næsten arkitektoniske værker. Ordet portal, som også er tilten på et af værkerne, stammer etymologisk set fra det middelalderlatinske *porta*, som betyder port eller dør. Et begreb som i en vis forstand står i kontrast til maleriets beskaffenhed, der er så tydelig i Lindegaards værker. Malerierne har en objekt karakter, folder i akryl og benlim, flere af dem er dobbeltsidede. Man stopper op foran dem. Man bevæger sig rundt om dem. Malerieret er for længst ikke et vindue ind til en anden verden. Alligevel suges man ind i et underligt drømmefakultet. Et skyggebillede af en art. En vag kontur af et umuligt rum der, som natens indsvævede billeder, udvisker sin logik, idet man vågner.

Man kunne kalde hele installationen et barokt spaceship.

Det er noget konkret og atmosfærisk ved at stige ombord. Noget snurrende hypnotisk over de drøjende formationer og noget silkepapistyret over illusionen. Der er en humor ved de knastøre overflader, som annullerer dybden der skulle forestille at være der. Og en billedkunstnerisk alvor i den grove bomuld, som gør, at man ikke kommer til at grine.

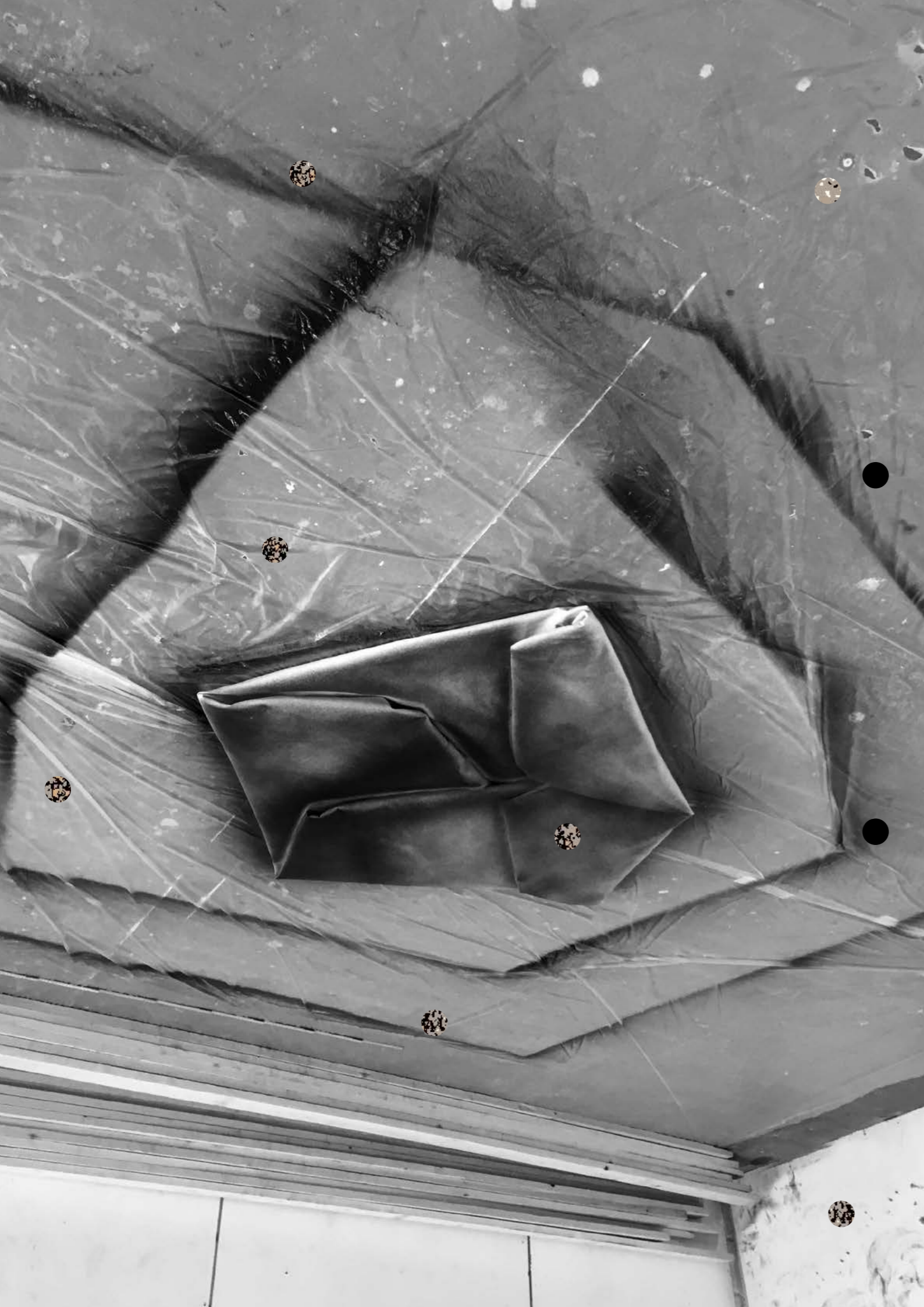
Tid og sted opløses i gættelsens kalejdoskopske mønstre. Og i den forstand er Lindegaards udstilling en portal - som leder os hele vejen ind i mæretidtet. I værket *Grundstof* indkapsles det barokke drama i en dansk og umheimlich anamorfose. Fra den rette vinkel og helt tæt på tegner folderne over draperiet et billede af sammenklemt og der hviner efter livet, blæstempede små grise, ider de som begravede minke opsvulmet i en slags genopstandelse, skubbes helt frem i overfladen. Noget er kørt af spor. Arkitekturen destabiliseres. Billeder kommer til syne og forvinder igen. Jeg finder min toiletaske frem, lægger en smule øjenskygge. Tænker på Maja og Ursula K. Le Guin: det er en mærkelig realisme, men det er også en mærkelig virkelighed.



Hans Rude, Charlotte Lindgaard,
Susanne Højgaard, Liv Højgaard, Paw Oktober,
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Nicholas Imms, Merete Jankowski, Mai Dengsøe,
Roos Holleman, Ida Sønder Thorhaug,
Anna Skov Hassing, Johanne Lykke, Lars Rahbek,

Johanne Rude Lindgaard vil særligt takke: Rhea Dall,
Aukje Lepoutre Ravn, Tøke Martins, Anne Riiber,
Nanna Friis, Victor Tao Dinesen, Owen Armour,



sikkert fortælle en masse spændende om. Hvordan vi finder os kropsligt til rette i rum. Dette bliver for mig også et spørgsmål om et mentalt rum. Er der f.eks., som man siger, højt til loftet i dit sind? Et billede på vores egen mentale begrundning, som kan udvides via kropsbewidstheden og perception.

Jeg tror, at jeg har haft et behov for at blæse en ret intim erfarung (fødsel og barsel) op i stor skala for at gøre den til noget større end mig selv. Distancere mig en smule og abstrahere oplevelsen til lys og skygge, farve og komposition. Der er noget vildt over, hvordan mine sanser simpelthen bare ændrede sig i den periode.

Om værkene bliver lettere eller sværere at forholde sig til som beskuer, det ved jeg ikke. Måske opstår der problemer, hvis man ønsker, at der skal være en direkte oversættelse af udgangspunktet, for det er ikke målet. Værkerne er mere åbne, og jeg har arbejdet meget med intuition og hukommelsesglimt. Personligt giver store formater mig plads til at "være" i dem, men for nogle kan de måske virke overvældende. Jeg ser dem som en mulighed for at overgive sig og "lade sig gennemstrømme", som du skriver. Men det også mega vigtigt at tydeliggøre deres materialitet, ved f.eks. at placere dem så man kan se bagsiden. Det giver beskueren en bevidsthed om illusionen og dermed mulighed for en kritisk dialog med værket. Store formater er ofte tæt knyttet til magtemonstrationer, og det kan være et problem. Men ved at benytte magtens sprøg, kan jeg måske give noget overser en ret. De store formater kan også undgå malerlets typiske fælde, hvor alting ender med at handle om smag. Maleriet som indretningselement. Ved at undgå hjemmets typiske formater læner malerterne sig (i denne udstilling bogstavelig talt) mere op ad kunstnernes undersøgende blik. Her oplever man dem på en anden måde end den, der handler om at eje dem. Måske det støtter en lyst til at gå ind i tågen.

(NF)

At størrelse muligvis kan eliminere eller overflødigøre smag som en slags kriterie, det er en dejlig tanke. At det der er markant større end to genkendelige malcestokke, kroppen og bolegen, kan undvige formmølsken af at være et objekt og åbne nogle vinduer til en anderledes sansning end den, der retter sig indad mod tingene. Afstanden og på samme tid samhørigheden mellem det nære og det store, den forbindelse jeg faktisk med den maksimalt u håndgribelige forestilling om vakuummet: noget meget nært er blevet meget stort i dine malerier, og pljer dramaet ikke at være et godt sted at bevæge sig hen, når det handler om følsomhed. Jeg tror absolut på lysten til at gå ind i denne tåge er uigennemtrængelig.

PALETTE OF AFFECTS OG ØJEN-SKYGGER Mai Dengsøe

Jeg kunne godt lide at være sammen med Maya og overvejede ikke en eneste gang at sige op.

Jeg vil kalde det en form for passivitet.

Jeg boede i Berlin og arbejdede på Icosium, en sandwichbar med glasparti ud til Brückensstrasse op mod Jannowitzbrücke - lige overfor den kinesiske ambassade. Omkring middagstid kom flokkevis af forretningsmænd i opknappede skjorter og fyldte de rødbrune læderstole. Og med dressing i mundviggen, efterlod de et par mønter til at stikke i lommen, hvis man var heldig. Jeg var 18 år og fik fem euro i timen. Og selvom det ikke var meget, var jeg ok tilfreds, så jeg arbejdede på Icosium i et helt år. Hver morgen cyklede jeg på min blå cykel gennem byen for at møde ind klokken ni, og hver eftermiddag klokken tre cyklede jeg hjem med seks sedler plus det løse.

Jeg vil kalde det glæden ved rede penge.

Toufik var en halvubehagelig, midaldrende mand med mørkebrunt hår og kantede, sorte briller, en arbejdsgev, som bad mig rulle mine cigaretter hjemmefra, og som gav Maya 1 euro mere i timen, fordi hun havde arbejdet for Icosium i meget længere tid end jeg selv. Maya var sidst i tredivertne og havde, som jeg husker det, et barn. Hun mødte ind med hoops, tyk øjenskygge og pastelfarvede t-shirts med budskabere i forskellige print. Hun havde den dag Toufik traf beslutningen om, at vi fremover skulle gå i sorte cafe-skjorter, som han lagde på disken med beskedten om, at vi skulle få dem vasket i vaskemaskinen, så vi stod skarpt.

Man kalder det: en businessstrategi. Personligt følte jeg mig som en figur i et florentinsk maleri; tør og uden indbyrdes forbindelse til de andre.

Man boede i Rinnickendort med sin bror i et moderne boligbyggeri. Den dag han kom ud af vængslet efter at have afsonet en eller anden voldsdom, som jeg fandt det upassende at spørge ind til, fejrede vi det med chips og drinks i deres lejlighed.

Grafisk design: fanfare

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Statens Værksteder for Kunst og Rådet for Visuel Kultur i Københavns Kommune

Vi kaldte det glæde, og senere kaldte jeg det et spørgsmål om klasse.

Maleriets historie er også historien om et succesfuldt medium og spørgsmål om klasse. Måske er det derfor, at både Toufik, Maya og jeg selv er havnet i denne tekst, som skulle handle om Johanne Rude Lindegaards maleri.

Man kunne kalde det en slags privat ikonografi.

Da jeg sagde op i Icosium, var det fordi jeg blev forlekt i en fyr fra Odense, som var bilmekaniker og som mindende mig om Bruce Springsteen i musikvideoen *Im on fire*, da han rullede ud under bilen efter at have ordnet noget mekanik en sen decemberaften på Liebenwalderstrasse. Jacob hed han, og han var på vej hjem fra et eller andet roadtrip, da han holdt ind i Berlin. Han havde været på forsidet af mange engelske bilmagasiner, som han viste mig, da jeg kørte med ham tilbage til DK. Han lærte mig, hvordan man bryder ind i biler og starter dem uden nøgle. Da han slog op med mig, spiste jeg tomatsuppe i en uge og søgte ind i kunsthistorie.

Man kalder det romantik og image.

I gymnasiet var jeg besat af den franske kunstner Sophie Calle. Især værket *Double Game*, en lille hardback edition, min mor havde liggende med et rødt silkebånd omkring. I en periode tilrettelagde jeg mine malitider efter farve, nøjagtig som Calle havde gjort, og som hun havde affotograferet og printet i sin bog. Derfor spiste jeg kun orange om mandagen, grøn om tirsdagen, kun hvidt om onsdagen, torsdag blåt og om søndagen lertarvet! Sådan fortsatte jeg, indtil min musiklærer troede, jeg havde fået anoreksi, og projektet blev alt for svært at forklare som andet end længslen efter at være en anden - i dette tilfælde Sophie Calle.

Da Jacob gik fra mig, var det måske Calle, der spøgte, tænker jeg først nu. Dengang tænkte jeg nemlig: når nu jeg ikke længere har adgang til kærlighed ad den direkte vej, vil jeg se, hvad der sker, hvis jeg indtager den symbolske. Det blev via farven rød, og derfor begyndte jeg (omend en smule fantasiløst) at spise tomatsuppe. En binær overlevelsesstrategi med hvilken jeg i virkeligheden ville undersøge, hvor stort skillet egentlig var mellem den reelle og den symbolske verdens mærkbare tegn. Selvfølgelig med et håb og en forventning om, at de var langt tættere forbundne, end hvad jeg ellers tidligere havde tænkt.

Man kunne kalde det en slags eksperiment. Michel Foucault kalder det en vidensarkæologi i bogen *Ordene og tingene*, hvori han undersøger samme spørgsmål, altså spørgsmål om tegn og det betegnede. Her ud fra et epistemologisk - ikke et desperat og febrisk - perspektiv. Jeg kan anbefale både bogen og tomatsuppen.

Mens jeg studerede kunsthistorie, arbejdede jeg som journalpige (titlen var kun til internt brug) på

Rigshospitalets fødeafdeling. Her skulle jeg blandt andet sørge for, at de cpr-numre, som var sprækket helt op til tøvhullet, blev afleveret i en bunke på anden sal. Man kunne kalde det en udvidelse eller en flænge... På Rigshospitalet blev afstanden mellem tegn og betegnede ganske stor, hvilket føltes ret behageligt, næsten uvedkommende, når jeg bladrede igennem de kropsløse konktioner, mens stønne lød i baggrunden som en svag og landlig støj.

Man kunne godt sige, at arbejdet fortænder sig mellem virkelighed og fiktion.

Udstillingen *Skygger i Stykker* fortæner sig præcis det samme sted, og ligesom arbejdet på Riget i sin grund handlede om fødslet, gør udstillingen og de nye værker af Johanne Rude Lindegaard det også. I dette tilfælde ikke som en kropsløs konktion, men i en vild og kropslig abstraktion. Realismen i blodpletten på et krøllet lagen er i værket *Sår* forstørret op til det absurde relaterbare og slår mig som et feministisk take på myten om Vtronikas svæddug.

Man kunne kalde det narrativer, som gør billeder mulige.

Noget af det første jeg læste om maleri var, at Caravaggios billede var så gode, at to duer var fløjet direkte ind i dem for at pirke i de druer, han havde malet frem i en skål.

Man kalder det *trompe l'œil*.

En af de første rigtige opdagelser jeg gjorde på kunsthistorie var, at hvad jeg altid havde troet var et fotografi af min barndomsveninde Emma, som glat og indrammet hang i trappeloopgangen på vej op til hendes værelse, i virkeligheden var et berømt maleri som Gerhard Richter malede af den rygende Betty.

Kalder man det *trompe l'œil*?

Man kalder det at reclame sit brede ansigt.

Jeg kommer i tanker om Susse Wolds udskratte fjæs, når jeg ser på Lindegaards maleri. Da jeg for nylig besøgte Johanne i hendes atelier, så jeg pludselig et øje komme til syne i et af malerierne. Som om billedet i virkeligheden var en krop, spændt alt for hårdt og uhyggeligt op. Der er noget voldsomt kødeligt og opklyngt over maleriet, der ellers stod så roligt, lænet op ad væggen i

Denne publikation – som udspringer af Johanne Rude Lindegaards soloudstilling på Overgaden, *Skygger i stykker* – er en af de første i en monografisk udgivelsesserie, der er en af vores nye satsninger, og som udkommer i relation til husets soloudstillinger fra 2021 og frem. I sin essens fokuserer scenen på nye kunstneriske stemmer på den danske kunsts scene og på at løfte disse ind i den bredere samtale og det større følgeskab, de fortjener.

TAK

Johanne Rude Lindegaard & Nanna Friis

(Nanna Friis)

Jeg læser din fødselsjournal, 52 sider lang, det føles nærmest som det modsatte af at se på dine malerier. Der er utallige forkortelser, der er koder og tal og fagbegreber, og jeg glider hen over dem, som om skriften var et andet sprog. På en måde er den et andet sprog, et jeg har lige så lidt adgang til, som jeg har til den fødselsrørelse, det beskriver. Alligevel er der et ord, hvis gentagelser jeg lægger mærke til. Vakuum.

det er et bemærkelsesværdigt ord, måske er det den dobbelte vokal og fremmedheden i lyden, der får det til at ligne sit eget lille billede midt i lægedokumentets systemsprog.

Jeg prøver at forestille mig sådan et lufttom rum - at tomheden kunne gives en form og en synlighed, på samme måde som ordet for det blevet skabt. Dine malerier er ikke tomme, snarere synes jeg de er komprimerede, som om der mellem lagene af farve, måske inde i selve malingens luftighed findes alt muligt, hvis udtryk og sandheder slet ikke ligner lærtredernes overflader. Alligevel føles det som om, der er en forbindelse mellem dine store billeder og ordet 'vakuum'. Jeg kan give mig hen til at opfatte denne forbindelse meget intuitivt, men det kunne lige så vel være, at den er helt hofrigt forceret, det her kamret latinske ord som en mærkelig cardigan uden på værkerne. Hvad tænker du? Fødsels og vel også moderskabets følelse (! deres formentlig komplicerede uendelighed) findes i dit arbejde, det ved jeg, fordi du har fortalt mig det, men jeg overvejer, hvordan et ord som vakuum måske kan synliggøre det. Om det kan?

Billeder: Kunstnerens egne, Anders Sune Berg

Øversættelse: Charlotte Lund, Nanna Friis

Redaktør: Nanna Friis

VAKUUM

airbrush. Maleri tænker man ofte som kem!, men med airbrush nærmer maleriet sig måske mere fysikken.

Det er flot, nærmest for perfekt, at forestille sig trådene mellem kroppen der har født og malingens bevægelse gennem undertryk, sådan en splintning af farven, for den bliver billeder. Mellem det malende sprogs abstraktion og det skrevne journalsprogs ekstremer binder den slags samhörighedens søjler om værk og liv? Tanken om at noget meget bogstaveligt, en krop der åbner sig og går en anelse i stykker under arbejdet med at forløse en ny krop, har sat sig som de her lavmælt eksploderede aftryk på et læretid.

Insisterende forsøg på at tvinge nogle visuelle koblinger mellem den virkelige fødsel og maleriets motiver ned over dine værker er ikke specielt interessant, nok især ikke for dig, men hvad jeg synes er spændende - ved omgangen med billedkunst i det hele taget - er arbejdet med at spor sig ind på nogle steder, hvorfra et maleri kan blomstregge dem for sig selv og i bedste fald andre. For mig har et kunstværk det ofte med at føles som sådan en ø, man kan foremme omdisat af, en skønhed eller en gåde man kan se og tro på, men som man på en måde sjældent helt kan nå. Jeg holder af den følelse, mens jeg også hele tiden ønsker mig at overskrive den. Du skriver, at din og maleriernes proces har handlet om at tage et ejerskab tilbage over dig selv, jeg tænker over hvordan? Tanken om tomrummet mellem oplevelsen og beviset, et flot og ømt billede, jeg forsøger at forestille mig, hvordan det ser ud derinde.

(NF)

er næsten ren illusion. Jeg vil gerne trække dem over i objektkategori, hvor materialiteten træder tydeligere frem og bliver en del af værket. Et sammenstød mellem det fysiske og det illusoriske.

Hvad angår tomrummet mellem oplevelsen og beviset, ved jeg heller ikke selv, hvordan det ser ud. Det er vel netop malerierne? I processen med dem prøver jeg at skabe mulighed for at gå ukendte veje i håb om, at billede kan arsløre noget for mig. Det kan være at male kompositionen med dele af lærtredet dækker til eller vadt i vadt, så det først træder rigtig frem, når det tørrer. Det hele er i bund og grund forsøg på at afgive kontrol og være mere tilstede i processen. Og her kan jeg trække en lige linje til fødselsoplevelsen. Den er det største kontotab, jeg har oplevet. I værkerne på Overgaden har jeg arbejdet i meget store formater. De er på grænsen af, hvad der er håndterbart for mig som en krop. Det at jeg gav mig selv lov til at være på den grænse uden at give op og også kropsligt mærke, at jeg var stærk nok til at klare det, gav mig min værdighed og selvtilfild tilbage. Men de store formater er også en måde for mig at skabe mentale landskaber eller rum i rummet, samtidig med, at de understreger det fysiske i at male.

(NF)

Jeg er glad for, at du lige går lidt i rette med øranken, du har ret i, at det nok er et lovlig dramatisk eller overdrevent billede. I virkeligheden tror jeg også, at forskellen mellem at opleve og forstå kunst (som jeg er på en måde kan det være dejligt at glemme den og bare beslutte sig for, at det omtids af *noger* du kan se, også er noget du kan gå i land på, lade dig gennemstrømme af. Og måske bliver den beslutning nemmere at føre ud i livet, når der er tale om store malerier, dine, hvis fysik uregelmigt må skabe en lidt arkitektonisk fornemmelse af at blive omsluttet. Jeg mener: når værkerne står, installeret som en slags skulpturer uafhængigt af væggen, som de her sikkert ret overvældende indersteds-landskaber af farver og luft, bliver nogle distinktioner mellem oplevelse og forståelse måske opløst. For du, der er 'nemmere', mere direkte eller bredere adgang til kunsten, hvis den er stor? Det er noget, jeg ikke umiddelbart har lyst til at svare ja til, at skala alene har indflydelse på vores kunstoplevelser, men det er nok også navit helt at benægte den sammenhæng. Måske er det også dette grænsesoverskridende i kunstnerens arbejde med de store formater, der vibrerer på en anden måde i mødet med dem. En føles at at kroppen er på spil i både udførelsen og modtagelsen.

(JRL)

Tak for den "conry" beskrivelse af sammenkoblingen mellem mine airbrush-malerier og mit barn, der jo bogstavelig talt også blev suget ud af min krop. Alt hvad der handler om fødsel er lidt conry og grænsesoverskridende for mig, hvis jeg skal være helt ærlig. Jeg kan stadig ikke fatte, at det er overgået mig. Men jeg vil gerne prøve at lave nogle billeder, hvor der er plads til den erfaring på lige fod med alle mulige andre levede erfaringer. For eksempel ved at trække på det abstrakte maleris almengyldige selvophøjthed. Det er, som om fødsel altid kommer i en kategori for sig. Det synes jeg er ærgerligt. Det er jo noget, vi alle har oplevet og har som udgangspunkt for livet, selvom vi oftest lykkeligt har glemt det.

Korrektur: Susannah Worth

Tak: Rhea Dall, Auljje Lepoutre Ravn, Mai Dengsøe, Johanne Rude Lindegaard, Nanna Friis

(Johanne Rude Lindegaard)
Tak for at læse fødselsjournalen. Den er det objektive bevis for de oplevelser, der stadig sidder i min krop. Samtidig er det et helt enormt hop fra journalens fagsprog til de selvsamme oplevelser. Måske kan man kalde den distance for vakuum. Malerierne lægger sig i det tomrum mellem oplevelsen og beviset. Vakuum indeholder et enormt potentiale for at flytte energi, fordi fysikken vel ønsker at udfylde tomrummet og skabe en ny balance. For mig har processen med at male disse store malerier været en måde at tage ejerskabet over mit sind og min krop tilbage. Fra mavepusteren til igen at trække vejret frit. Jeg tror, at du har ret i, at malerierne er komprimerede. Det er som om, at der er i fødselsoplevelsen mangler plads. Det er mange følelser og fysiske oplevelser på en gang og på kort tid. Man er så at sige ret presset. Men hvis alt trykkes sammen på den måde, må der dannes et rum omkring denne oplevelse, der så skal udlignes, når tiden er til det. Da jeg læste dine overvejelser om luft og tomrum, kom jeg til at tænke på, at en af de teknikker jeg maler med består af luft under pres,

Dramatisk og overdrevent er helt fint for mig. Jeg tror meget på de begreber som metode. Vi kunne godt give lidt mere plads til de store følelser. Herfra stammer min interesse i de store formater måske ligefrem. Et kernecord for mig i denne sammenhæng er proportion. Alt kan ses i relation til andet. Malerierne virker store i forhold til kroppen, men små i et åbent rum. Det kan en arkitekt

(JRL)

OVERGADEN



O – Overgaden,
Overgaden neden vandet 17, 1414 København K,
overgaden.org

Johanne Rude Lindegaard
Skygger i Stykker
Udstillingsperiode: 04.06.2021 – 25.07.2021

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Forestil dig et system – en matrix – der imploderer og kaster dig ned gennem en afgang af dimensioner, som om hundredevis af spejle knuses. Forestil dig kubismen på syre, som om dens rektangulære former bliver mangedobbelte, klemt og flyder ud i organiske former. Forestil dig en beskidt spiral, en fødselskanal, der spoler malerens mestre baglæns: dette er den unge, danske kunstner Johanne Rude Lindegaards praksis, og det er hendes store soloudstilling på Overgaden over sommeren 2021, *Skygger i Stykker*, der har foranlediget denne publikation.

Som maler arbejder Lindegaard ofte med næsten arkitektonisk store lærreder – alt for store til hjemmets vægge og således også så store, at de modsætter sig malerisalgets købmandslogik. Til Overgaden har hun produceret en ny serie værker, der står alene og skærer Overgadens rum over som fysiske portaler til en illusionisk underverden, og hvis motiver er forankret i en personlig oplevelse af moderskabets chokerende begyndelse.

De fleste af seriens værker kredser om et epicenter, et hul, de anyder en psykodelisk vej ind i opløsningen, en verden uden fodfæste, et forvildet sted. Og dette er, på trods af værkerenes abstrakte skønhed, politisk. Lindegaards brug af barokke synsbedrag (trompe l'oeil) skal ikke bare affejes som et simpelt trick. Værkerenes

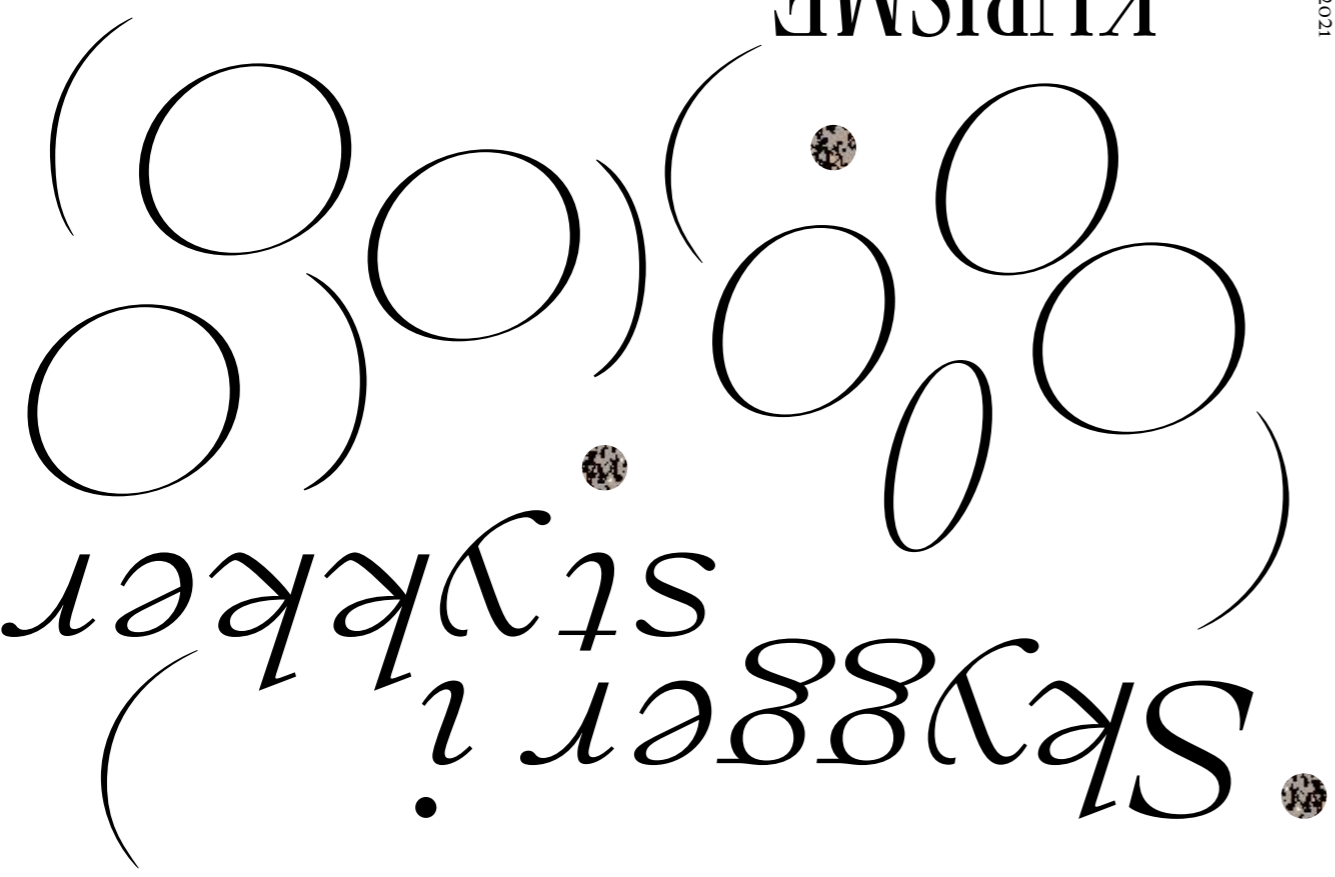
KUBISME PÅ SYRE

dragende centrum leder tankerne hen på neolibérale ormehuller, som var man blevet sugt ind i et spil Tetris på speed, en tunnel eller en splintret motorvej til personligt kollaps, et trauma, Tilstanden, som skildres, hæves nogle gange op i en lys, manisk rus; andre gange tegner den konturerne af en splintret psyk, der har mistet kontrollen.

Mere konkret er kontrol – eller de på en hårfn grænse mellem det usyrlige, balancerer i hvert fald malerierne også ude af ncmng sine enorme motiver ved at folde malerilærredet i tredimensionelle former, opbyggede skulpturelle lagkager af det grove tekstil og spraymale det. Således inviterer kunstneren sit udvalg af monokrome akrylfarver til at glide ind i, oversvømme og bløde igennem lærredets sprækker og folder (helt som det bedst passer farverne, der for længst er ude over hendes kontrol) for til sidst at folde lærredet ud igen, spændende det på en ramme og udfalder. Som en ekstra dimension maler Lindegaard ofte på begge sider af sine tyldige overflader. Hun gør på den måde lærredet til en krop af maling, der kalder på at blive oplevet fra alle vinkler.

Snare end at være en front eller en facade er disse malerier fysiske væsner, som afkræver næthed. Ved at trække maleriet væk fra den rent kognitive, synsæssige oplevelse af kunstværket i retning af en mere kropslig, instinktiv tilsmuder hun forstillingen om den såkaldte frie abstraktion med sin feministiske insisteren på en tung, kødelig dybde.

Rhea Dall
Leder, Overgaden



Johanne Rüd *Skygger*

