

Anna Munk

Tint



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Anna Munk
Tint
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INTRODUCTION

It is a great pleasure to introduce this publication, published on the occasion of Anna Munk's solo exhibition, *Tint*, at O—Overgaden. The exhibition is the culmination of our INTRO program, a one-year postgraduate program offered annually to two artists. With the generous support of Aage and Johanne Louis-Hansen's Foundation, INTRO creates a unique opportunity to develop and expand our collaboration with the newest voices in the Danish art scene through a major exhibition and ambitious publication, via which we aim to extend the conversations around the artistic practice and open up space for new material to emerge.

In this particular case, art critic and editor Pernille Albrethsen has contributed an essay that zooms in on Munk's motifs and materials, writer and curator Jeppe Ugelvig dives into the works' relation to commercialism, ready-mades, and makeup, while writer and curator Kristian Vistrup contextualizes Munk's work within traditions of modernism and still lifes. A warm thank you to all contributors. I also wish to thank our publications editor Nanna Friis and the whole team at O—Overgaden for their efforts in realizing the exhibition and publication, as well as the graphic design team at fanfare for their always dedicated work, and of course not least the artist, Anna Munk, for generously sharing conceptualizations and co-thinking with all of us, through both the exhibition and the making of this very publication.

In Anna Munk's first large-scale exhibition, she builds up paintings as layered surfaces, often quoting classical painterly motifs such as the still life's typical

arrangement of fruits, infamous fires, or clouds, which she sources from online catalogues of museum collections.

Munk sculpts and contours with oil paint alongside a palette of eyeshadow, highlighter, tinted lip gloss, and foundation. The painterly capture of an instant of beauty—fruits or clouds, and their imminent threat of decay or change—is thus mirrored by today's omnipresent economy of "appearance" and its make-up: how we daily paint on a fresh face, creating a (faux) front.

Long before commercial stock image libraries, paintings of beautiful fruits or landmark fires circulated in European culture. Munk repeats these repetitions while blowing up the original motifs. Just as a word loses its meaning when said over and over, Munk's repetition holds the potential to empty out the original motif. This seriality is especially evident in her silver-clad monochromes, each mirroring the silhouette of one of her still lifes, as its shiny echo.

As in the oversized scale of the advertising industry, Munk works on large canvases, focusing on a central figure—apples, smoke, or the silhouette of a fan—while she lets part of the original motif vanish, melting into air. A common denominator is this fleeting instant. The works in fact seem to evaporate as we watch them—a sentiment underscored by a subtle odor of powder room or damp, alluding to musty museum storage. In Munk's paintings solidity is over; changing, aging, dissolution are imminent.

Rhea Dall,
Director and Chief Curator, O—Overgaden
December 2025

UNVEILING

Pernille Albrethsen

by Danish-born and American-emigrating Emil Carlsen; a folded-out fan with a delicate flower motif in tender pastels. Besides these are a couple of 18th-century still lifes by Jean-Baptiste-Siméon Chardin, a smoke study by John Lübschitz, and some fruit arrangements by the melancholic modernist Helene Schjerfbeck.

In a way, Munk herself is also a still life and landscape painter. This is what she paints, among other things. And the work titles, too, follow the prosaic tradition where the painting is named after what it depicts. The 2025 paraphrase of Clara Peeters' still life of cheeses, artichoke, and cherries is titled *Stilleben (Still life with cheeses, artichoke, and cherries)*. Unlike her predecessors, though, Munk's still lifes are not based on actual arrangements of cheeses or fruits, but on other people's paintings of cheeses or fruits. Neither are they painted in front of the physical masterpieces, but in front of photographs found in all the world's digital archives. That Munk insists on the genre anyway, that she labels her works "still life," underlines the point. This is about the repetition of the motif. That's what the still life painters of the past have in common with Anna Munk of the present—and hereby she and the painters of the past might also share some artistic intention.

If you've ever read Maurice Merleau-Ponty's essay "Cézanne's Doubt" from 1945, it is difficult to ever look at a *nature morte* again without the text rummaging in the back of your head. The French phenomenologist was fascinated by paintings of Mont Sainte-Victoire, a mountain close to the artist's home in Aix-en-Provence that Cezanne painted over and over, right up until his death; he was also fascinated by the countless fruit arrangements from the 1870s and 1880s. According to Merleau-Ponty, Cezanne tried to capture the "lived" perspective: that which precedes any scientifically rooted knowledge—on botany, geometry, or other knowledge of exactly the sort that make students render apples too grass-green or too ball round.

Nature's inner structure—that's what some people called it—was what Cezanne sought. And even though Munk is hardly chasing a Cezanne-esque primordial perception, it is interesting that her paintings are also constructed in a way where the composition of the gaze happens alongside the composition of the picture. These are slow-food paintings emanating from the canvases rather concretely.

As soon as the first nail is fired into the stretcher, the painting has already begun. After stretching the canvas, a first layer of rabbit-skin glue follows. The next layer is often rabbit-skin glue mixed with marble dust and chalk, almost as a gentle spackling of the canvas. Munk's canvases are already tightly stretched and then made even tighter by the rabbit-skin glue, sounding like drumheads when you flick at them. The rabbit-skin glue layers, with white or colored pigments, are repeated multiple times.

It's a matter of seeing. That's why art teachers throughout time have placed apples and pears on tables and asked their students to look—and draw what they see. That the result is usually inept figures hovering on the paper as if exempt from gravitational forces or shadows so crooked they resemble little fruit parachutes, is not only because drawing is difficult, but because looking is. What does it even mean, to look? I think that a young artist like Anna Munk, who—one quarter of a century into the 21st—paints one fruit arrangement after the other, is more than usually concerned with this question.

What do you see in Munk's oil painting *Stilleben (Red Apples)* from 2025 (which, by the way, appears quadratic but is in fact 175 x 190 cm, precisely to make it seem quadratic)? Do you notice the play of colors, how the umber background gently pushes a moon-pale apple cheek out into the light? Or can't you see the motif for all the genre, all the art history, for the baroque *nature morte*s of shiny grapes and perfectly burst figs? Or are you one of those who cannot see at all the actual picture for the incarnate economic value which is the fate of painting as such?

Munk is interested in all these gazes at once. With one exception all the paintings in the show are paraphrases of historic still lifes or landscape paintings. The oldest original dates back to 1615, an entrancing cheese arrangement by the Flemish still life painter Clara Peeters. The youngest is from 1919,

It's a meditative way of working your way into the picture, making it difficult to decide when the priming stops and the painting begins.

The painting is a physical object. Munk seems to be underlining with her laborious process. "It's good if you can actually tell that it's painted," she says about the visible texture. Sometimes she mixes a bit of wax into the oil painting in order to thicken the structure. Other times she settles for a discreet brushing of eyeshadow across the canvas with her index finger; you'd hardly notice if you didn't know, and perhaps it is mostly a ritual act for the artist's own sake, as is often the case with makeup. Regardless, the visible as well as the invisible grips serve as a wrenching of the medium and the gaze. The same goes for the juggling of works from 400 years of art history.

Time is usually not a measure used in relation to painting, but for Munk, art history's time is almost an extra dimension in the paintings. As an Orlando—the main character in Virginia Woolf's 1928 novel, who lives through five centuries and switches gender several times throughout—Munk moves across eras. She looks, paints, and studies, and is also conscious of how there will always be a distance at play, something that blurs. "You'll never be able to see a landscape painting from 1840 in exactly the same way as it was thought while it was painted," says Munk. And perhaps that's what the paraphrasing is essentially about.

A series of silver paintings strengthens that impression. They are a sort of double paraphrase, in the sense that they're interpretations of Munk's own paraphrases of historic still lifes. From a distance they appear like silver monochromes, shiny from the thin layer of beaten silver covering their surfaces. On closer looking, the motif comes forward and only as a contour, a relief. As an extra twist, all the motifs are mirrored. In short, everything vibrates in these paintings: art historically, painterly, and in terms of motifs. It is such kinds of blurring approaches that bring Virginia Woolf's method to mind.

In the literary theorist Sylvère Lotringer's book *On Virginia Woolf*—a collection of interviews with members of the Bloomsbury Group, conducted in 1961 and published in 2025—writer Vita Sackville-West says: "I think that Virginia Woolf saw people through a veil of unreality, and sometimes she would pierce through this veil to a truer reality... truer than a great realist novelist."

Truth is a difficult character, not least when dealing with images. What does it even mean to interpret historic paintings in a post-factual time, where any image is potentially lying? The thought alone is giddy, almost absurd. But it could also be a timely answer. In these thoroughly politicized times, when even many artists and curators seem to have suspended their eyesight, Anna Munk's paintings are also a kind of starting-over, an imperative: back to the art class

—look at the apples, look closely. Perhaps, very occasionally, you'll be lucky enough to perforate the little veil flickering before them.

READYMADE MAKEUP

Jeppe Ugelvig

A painted face is a false face, a true falsehood, not a true face.

—Thomas Tuke, *Discourse Against Painting and Tincturing* (1616)

Modern life under industrial mass consumerism was painted in oil and lipstick—on canvases and on the skins of women’s bodies. Importantly, neither modern oil paint nor modern cosmetics were crafted by hand by their users, but rather squeezed out of industrially fabricated metal tubes. In the mid-19th century, the painter’s central tool underwent a radical transformation into a mass-produced product with the launch of standardized oil paint tubes, which immediately displaced the historic (and labor-intensive) art of mixing pigment in the studio. Suddenly, formerly transient hues were available to any urban hobbyist or charlatan with access to a *grand magasin*—as were pure, scientific colors like green or red. “From now on, painters were consumers for a chemical industry, and the *Gesellschaft* assumed the ambiguous function of a society of consumers,” writes art historian Thierry de Duve, thereby joining a consumerist public sphere led predominantly by bourgeois women, newly in charge of household spending.¹ How to make “modern” art in a modernity defined most vividly by the all-encompassing triumph of consumer capitalism, with its threatening new technologies and social practices? Was the product form not its unrivaled emblem, its greatest work of art? What is the artistic response to the product revolution, if not to succumb to it and instead assume an immanent position of the strategic shopper?

Anna Munk’s corporeal concerns in painting are oblique because they avoid the trappings of bodily representation. As a subtle conceptualist, she probes how the canvas has, more allegorically, served as a symbolic surface for engaging with modern bodies and their compounds—a place to inscribe both their anxieties and their desires. Munk seeks out what painting tends to hide: its material entanglements beyond simple imagery. Central to her methodology is the exploitation of the readymade in a double sense: readymade materials and readymade motifs.

Her still lifes of fruit arrangements for example, appear to the contemporary viewer as paintings both evidently “original” (in the sense of hand-painted) and suspiciously overfamiliar. Painted in the dead language of Impressionism, their compositions can most accurately be described as isolated fragments sourced

by the artist from historical paintings. Not quite reproductions, Munk’s isolates are further made unique in their partial rendering using cosmetic pigments from commercial makeup products, introducing glitter, sheen, and synthetic dye into the image. Munk’s paintings are an invitation not only to contemplate the found image, but to contemplate painting as a “found” practice amongst others.

In both beauty and art, industrial readymade color produces a crisis of authenticity and of value, much in line with the broader ontological crisis ushered in by industrialization itself.² Tonality, opacity, and visual deception, once masterly arts shrouded in the secrecy of ateliers and boudoirs, were suddenly split from their alchemical origins and made widely accessible. In beauty culture, this shift triggered a renewed visual fixation and scrutiny of the urban female prostitute; in art, it gave rise to Impressionism as painters rushed to capture street and park scenes *en plein air*. Both were symptomatic of a new visual economy of urban mobility, bourgeois publicness, and scopic pleasure—understood as the consumption of both bodies and products.

In this visual marketplace, the social identity of women, once fixed within traditions of parentage and class, “was now released from small swiveling cylinders,” writes historian Kathy Peiss, referring not to paint but to cosmetics, which were transforming identity into a purchasable style. “Lady” and ‘hussy’ were no longer the moral poles of womanhood but rather ‘types’ and ‘moods’ defined largely by external signs.³ Amid this confusion, the epidermis of the urban courtesan came under heightened scrutiny, for visible cosmetics had long been associated with illicit sexuality and commerce. The face, however, had traditionally been understood as outside the circuits of fashion and consumption: like a truthful painting, it was supposed to reveal what modern life tried to paint over. But the artifice and artfulness of new cosmetics threatened to undermine the “originality” of beauty—and life itself:

The toxicity and commercialization of paints occasioned public concern and provoked anxiety over deceptive appearances and bodily dangers. Even when paints were made of relatively safe organic substances, people worried about their commodity form: paints, enamels, and powders embodied, quite literally, broader fears about the corrosive effects of the market—the false colors of sellers, the superficial brilliance of advertisers, the masking of true value.⁴

2. Christoph Asendorf, *Batteries of Life: On the History of Things and Their Perception in Modernity* (Oakland: University of California Press, 1995).

3. Kathy Peiss, “Making Up, Making Over: Cosmetics, Consumer Culture, and Women’s Identity,” in *The Sex of Things* (Oakland: University of California Press, 2023), p.314.

4. Ibid.

Like the overly “done-up” sex workers of Montmartre whom they depicted so obsessively, the Impressionists were among the last illusionists of the industrializing age. Their visual economy was one of decaying romanticism, in pursuit of dialectically “beautiful” moments in a world increasingly polluted by economized spectacle—by billboards, beggars, and department stores, by exchange relations in flux. For several of them, the female toilette was a prime scene of this new cultural condition: *Nana* by Édouard Manet and *Young Woman Powdering Herself* by Berthe Morisot, both from 1877, monumentalize the art of making up.

“There is no originality or *sui generis* under mass production,” de Duve posits, “only choices between readymade products—paint tubes in a box.” The only future for art and artists in the age of commercialized industrial culture, then, is to partake in it as consumers. According to de Duve, this truism is exposed by Marcel Duchamp, an artist who began as a Cubist painter but became increasingly burdened by the absurdity of so-called original production. It is a misunderstanding to think that Duchamp, with the launch of his self-titled *readymades*—the selection of random commodities designated as artworks—had given up painting. Here he is in 1961, toward the end of his life:

Let’s say you use a tube of paint; you didn’t make it. You bought it and used it as a readymade. Even if you mix two vermilions together, it’s still a mixing of two readymades. So, man can never expect to start from scratch; he must start from ready-made things—even his own mother and father.⁵

De Duve contrasts Duchamp with his contemporary Wassily Kandinsky, to whom pure color was closer to an elementary signifier: picture-making reduced to its optical essence. For Duchamp, however, it is closer to “the unmixed pigment whose purity has been determined by the manufacturer.” If color is thought of ontologically by Kandinsky as a living being—“strange beings... which one calls colors”—it is for Duchamp “flatly a thing, already made, a dead commodity.” Here lies the crisis of modern painting, de Duve asserts: “To paint after Duchamp means to paint in the hostile conditions set up by industrialization.”⁶

Duchamp conceived of painting through a corporeal metaphor, translating “tradition” and “history” into an impossible heritage—like DNA, something one cannot choose nor change. Anna Munk materializes this revelation further along the lines of de Duve: When one begins to think genuinely about aesthetics in terms of industrial culture, not only can painting be understood as a manufactured product among others, but the entire art historical tradition can be conceived as a kind of readymade—a storage unit of designs.

5. De Duve, 1996, p.162.

6. Ibid., p.167.

This has only become truer in the age of the internet: paintings are photographed in the process of their creation, even as other paintings are simultaneously pulled up on Google for reference. “If the painter has inherited a tradition that is already made, then no matter what he does—even ‘normal painting’—he will end up doing a modified readymade,” de Duve muses.⁷ But this is not the end of art, nor of the handcraft known as painting; rather, it is an invitation to conceptually re-think it. Munk’s artworks are paintings, meticulously crafted in the dead language of the “mothers and fathers” who came before her. Only, they display not “original” motifs but ones sourced from elsewhere—and she renders them in compounded pigments taken from consumer industries such as makeup.

Duchamp, too, happened to love cosmetics. Armed in female drag, he parodied the consumer zeitgeist of the early 20th century through his alter ego, Rrose Sélavy, complete with her own brand of perfume, *Belle Haleine*—a mistranslated pun on *eau de violette* (“violet water”), a common term for perfumed water appropriated by the US cosmetics industry, which exploited the American taste for all things French. Smell was being commodified rapidly: the early couturier Paul Poiret—who was desperate to be perceived not as a dressmaker but as an artist—was producing 200,000 bottles a month of the world’s first designer perfume, *Rosine*, named after his first-born daughter. His proud flagship, *Les Parfums de Rosine*, was located just left of the entrance to 107 Faubourg Saint-Honoré, where Poiret would stage fittings for the grand madames of Paris’s one percent, offering toiletries and cosmetics at more affordable rates—an early beauty-merchandising scheme of Kardashian-esque proportions.

Munk seems to grasp instinctively that paintings today are mere objects in a product line—merchandise within a much larger brand: a style, an authorship, or heritage itself. Audiences and artists alike are now destined to wander the shopping aisles of history in search of aesthetic meaning, to get lost in dialectical thought while stroking the edge of a canvas or caressing a dried-up lipstick. Munk’s brilliance lies in rebutting the idea that this cultural condition—true postmodernism, as it were—marks the end of meaning, or proves the pure referentiality of the sign. Like the “false,” over-painted face of a young woman moving up in the world, it is frequently beautiful, powerful—poetic even.

1. Thierry de Duve, *Kant after Duchamp* (Cambridge, Mass: MIT Press, 1996), p.149.

7. Ibid., p.163.

ALL THAT IS SOLID

Kristian Vistrup

To say that still lifes are about decay is a platitude, though that doesn't stop it being true. Still, the spectrum from vanity through decadence to actually wasting away is somehow a wide one, worthy of examination. In Anna Munk's paintings we see apples and pears disappearing before our eyes. Even the bowl itself is living a kind of half-life. Her question to the genre, then, might be less about stillness—that is, composition—than aliveness as such: its perimeters, its viability.

In the Dutch renaissance, fruit, flowers and game joined skulls and hourglasses in stressing the death and eroticism that clings to worldly possessions as a general condition. The scope narrowed in 19th-century decadent art, with peacock feathers and pomegranates enlisted to speak to a more specific quality of morbid excess endemic to bourgeois society at the time. The 20th-century still life has manifested something more profoundly existential, a total sort of loss. Art historian T.J. Clark writes: "Modernity is loss of world. Cezanne is the painter who makes that cliché draw blood."¹ Not just a loss of world, but simply, hauntingly: loss of world. Paul Cezanne's apples are like rocks. He did not depict the ephemerality of things, their vanity, but their concreteness; whether an apple or a mountain, their very being, again and again, as if thereby to sustain it. Not merely *these* apples, but *this* painting. *This* pigment. I would speculate that, when the still life has persevered throughout modernity, it is partly out of the well-founded suspicion that the world would not hold on to itself. Look at Giorgio Morandi's vase still lifes—how he clings to the real in those paintings; his jugs and vases so hard and compressed, as if in a kiln at high temperature, not pictures but things.

Anna Munk's paintings are not compressed; in the way of advertising, they are far larger than life. Her referent is not the world but its depictions, and so, in the way of advertisement, what she presents is a mirage: her apples are not like rocks but like clouds, or smoke, or the blush on someone's cheeks. Materiality is a passing circumstance here, not merely in the sense of mold and rot, but as something on a trajectory away from the real. The address of these paintings, then, is not, as their renaissance and decadent forbearers, death and decay as isolated though constant phenomena, and in that sense, we are certainly in the wake of the total sort of loss diagnosed by Clark. But unlike modernist still lifes

from Cezanne to Morandi, Anna Munk does not seem to find anything left in reality to hold on to. What happened?

One day in the late 1920s, the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein was walking around in Cambridge when, in the window display of a bookshop, he saw portraits of Bertrand Russell, Albert Einstein, and Sigmund Freud. Further on, in a music shop, were pictures of Ludwig van Beethoven, Franz Schubert, and Frédéric Chopin. "Comparing these portraits," he wrote in a letter, "I felt intensely the terrible degeneration that has come over the human spirit in the course of only 100 years." The change is one from culture to civilization; from the elevated soulfulness of music to the blind positivism of science.

Elsewhere, Wittgenstein wrote: "Our civilization is characterized by the word progress. Progress is its form rather than making progress one of its features... It is occupied with building an ever more complicated structure. And even clarity is sought only as a means to this end, not as an end in itself. For me, on the contrary, clarity, perspicuity are valuable in themselves."² There is a telling contradiction at the heart of Wittgenstein's cultural pessimism: clarity is valuable, not as a means to an end, but when it is arrived at through the fog of the unknown, the abstractions of music, and the culture of progress, occupied as it is with construction, it is really an expression of its opposite: degeneration, death. Modernity, then, is a double-movement. On the one hand, more and more and more (progress, structure, stuff); on the other, the transformation of matter into the nothing rising out of chimneys and emitted from the exhausts of cars. And there amidst the fumes, an echo of Marx: "All that is solid melts into air."

At the National Gallery in Berlin is a painting by Adolph Menzel of a Baroque church interior from the mid-19th century. The painting is not finished, and at its center is a cloud of smoke where the altar should be. We could say it represents the opposite of Cezanne's concretism. In this cloud is the center of the labyrinth, what we want from religion, from art—it is an inscrutable darkness. We could say that it manifests the well-founded suspicion that not-being, coming undone, can be so much more alive than "building an ever more complicated structure". Can we find in this cloud the elements that make up Anna Munk's apples? The compromised clarity of at least knowing what can't be known?

Another line of argument from T.J. Clark that I've often come back to is that modernism has become unintelligible to us, not because it failed, but because it triumphed. We can't really understand modernist art anymore, because we can't imagine what it was like to be at the threshold of the lost world that we

are now immersed in.³ How acute it must have felt, how clearly it must have stood out, like you might actually touch it, this loss, pick it like an apple, and feel its weight in your hand like a rock.

Anna Munk looks back at what Cezanne looked towards: loss of world. And she sees it, not with the clarity afforded by empirical science, but in the only way that she could: through a cloud of smoke. If, for Cezanne, the fruit bowl and even the painting itself was the last vestige of the real, Anna Munk's world is also Jean Baudrillard's, where reality is preceded by its representation. In her paintings, the real takes the form of an ellipses, a suspension of meaning, a string of questions: What is the relationship between a picture and its referent, an object and its viewer? What happens in the act of looking? How does seeing deprive the world, how does it constitute it? If still lifes have been a way of holding on to things—in the old days, flowers at the height of bloom, transformed into sealed objects in the form of paintings, unmoved by time; and more recently, of making more tangible the little that exists—can we imagine them also as a way of letting go? The still life as a match to the world; not a way in, but out of it. A way of letting reality go up in smoke, letting the buildings burn down, and allowing that loss, that letting go, to be beautiful, cathartic? There is a sense that, if Anna Munk's apples should fall, they would not hit the ground. And there is an enormous gravity to the feeling that follows—that it might just be better that way.

1. T.J. Clark, *If These Apples Should Fall: Cézanne and the Present* (London: Thames & Hudson, 2022).

2. Both quotes from Ray Monk, *Ludwig Wittgenstein: The Duty of Genius* (London: Vintage, 1990).

3. T.J. Clark, *Farewell to an Idea: Episodes from a History of Modernism* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1999).



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Anna Munk (b. 1994, DK) is a graduate of the Royal Danish Art Academy (2022) and lives and works in Copenhagen. Munk has previously exhibited at venues including, amongst others, P21, Seoul (2025); Atelier W Pantin, Paris (2024); and Den Frie Udstillingsbygning, Copenhagen (2023). Munk's solo exhibition *Tint* marks the culmination of her participation in the one-year postgraduate program INTRO, supported generously by the Aage and Johanne Louis-Hansen Foundation.

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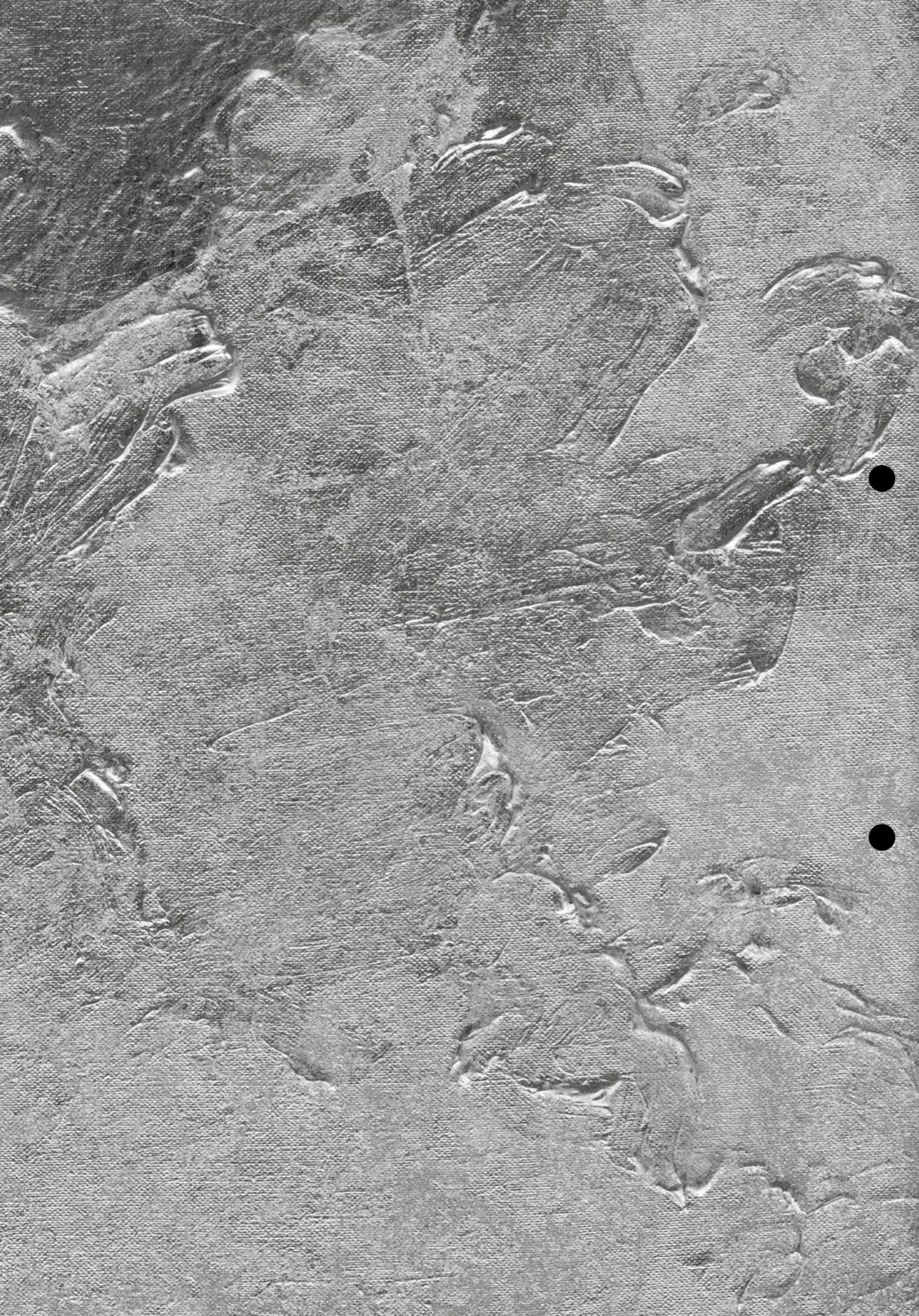












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Anna Munk ser tilbage på det, Cézanne så ind i: tab af verden. Og hun ser det, ikke i det empiriske videnskabers klare lys, men på den for hende eneste mulige måde: gennem en rogssky. Hvis frugtskabet - og masken ved at få det til at se ud som en klippe, en suspendering af mening, en række spørgsmål: Hvad er forholderne mellem billet og dets rerefrence, et objekt og dets beskuer? Hvad sker det, når vi retter billet mod noget? På hvilken måde tømmer billet ved den, og på hvilken måde skaber verden netop igenem det? Hvis stillemen har været objekter i maletriform, beskytte dem mod tiden; og forandrelle de mest blomstrende blomster til forseglede scener, ved at gøre den smule, der faktisk eksisterer, mere hængribeligt - kan vi så også forestille os, at de er en mæde at give slip? Stillebenet som en tandstik mod verden; ikke en ved i ind, men ud af den. En mæde at lade virkeligheden gå op i rog og lade bygningerne bremde ned, og så gøre tabet, afkaldet, smukt og kært. Man får fornemmelserne af, at Anna Munk ikke - hvis de skulle fælde - ikke nødvendigvis ville ramme jorden. Og der er en enorm befrede sådan.

Uforståelig for os, ikke fordi den ejflede, men fordi den segrede totalt. Vi er fremmedsforde overfor modernistisk kunst, fordi vi ikke kan forstå os, hvoridan det var at belynde sig på tærsklen til den tabte verden, vi er blevet født ind i. Hvor akut det tab må have føltes, hvor tydeligt det må have fremstædt, som nogen af fakisk kunne være ved, samle op som et øble og mereke vægten i hånden som en sten.

2. Bægge citater fra: Ray Monk, *Ludwig Wittgenstein*, London: Vitnage, 1990.

Et andet at 1. j. Clarks argumenter, som jeg til
vender tilbage til, går på, at modernismen er blevet

Pa Nationalgallalleriet i Berlin hengter et Adolf Menzel-maleri af barokt kirkemønster fra midten af 1800-tallet. Midt i billedet - som aldrig er blevet fremstillet - ser man en rosgasky, hvor alteret skulle have været. Vi kunne sige, at den repræsentør der modstår af Cezannes konkretisme. Rosga skyen er labyrinthenes midte; der, hvor religiønen og kunsten hælper os med at finde hen. Et rigtigemåttet engeligt moseke. Vi kunne sige, at den manlige stærke er gaa i oplossning, kan være så meget mere levende end opbygningerne af "en staldigt mere kompleks struktur". Et der muligst at finde de elementer, der udgør Anna Munks æble, i den her rosgasky? Det kompromitterede klasryn, der i det mindste ligge i at vide, hvad der ikke kan videse?

Et andet sted har Wittgenstein skrevet: "Vores civilisation er karakteriseret af ordet frimskridt. Frimskridt er formen, snarere end at skabeisen af frimskridt et en egenstående... Vi er optagede af at brygge en staldiget mere komplikks struktur. Og selv klahed efterstrebæs kun som middle til at opnå et mæl, ikke som mæl i sig selv. For mig, derimod, er klahed og ydelygkched netop vederflidet i sig selv."² Central i Wittgensteins kulturrelle pessimisme står en sigrænde selvmodsigelse: klarhed har væretdi, ikke som midlert til et mål, men nær den opnås gennem frimskridtskulturen baseret på et opbygge, bliver den fakisk et udtryk for det modsatte: forlad, død. Modernitet er på den måde en dobbeltbrevæglelse. På den ene side mere og mere (fremskridt), struktur, ting, og på den anden side forvandlingsen af materie til det ingeniuring, der vælter ud af skorstenen udstændingers. Og der, midt i osen, et ekko af Marx

En dag i slutningen af 1920 erne gik hiossoften Ludvig Wittgenstein rundt i Cambridge, da han i et boghandelvindue fik øje på portretter af Bertrand Russell, Albert Einstein og Sigmund Freud. Langere nede af gaden, i en musikkutik, stod bildecr af Beethoven, Schubert og Chopin, "Da jeg sammenhænge disse portretter med himanden", skrev han i et brev, "fik jeg en stærk fornemmelse af det trygtelede og farfald, der er overgået din mening". Det var en af de vigtigste øjeblikke i min kulturs historie, da jeg fik et indtryk af, hvordan en videnskab, der ikke har noget med videnskab at gøre, kan få en videnskabelig betydning.

og på den måde behinderer vi os klatrer i slipsystemen af det automatiserede tab, der blev diagnosticeret af Clark. Men modsat modermætske stillbæn fra Cézanne til Morandi lagter Anna Munck ikke til at finde nogenet i den fysiske virkelighed, hun kan holde fast i. Hvad er der secret?

Anna Munks malediter er ikke komprimerede – på samme måde som reklamer er de langt større end virkeligheden. Hun refererer heller ikke til verdien, men til dens repræsentationer, og på samme måde som reklamoplakater er det et mirage, hun viser os: Henderne æbler er ikke som sten, men som skyer, rog, rødmenn i nogenens kinder. Materialelitter er en lygting omstændighed, ikke bare som mugleller ræd, men som nøgler, der på vej til at lægge

og vilde sammen med krammer og tæmglede for at undrestregte den dunst af død og erotik, der hænger ved verdsilge gennstande som grundlæggende vilkår. Det 19. århundrede delkædte kunst indsamlede interessen til en mere spæcifik variant af morbid overflod, der prægede borgereskabets på den tid, udtrykt gennem pålægger og granatæbler. I det 20. alhundrede har stilbæn manifesteret nogenlunde. Tj. Clark skriver: "Modermitter er tab af verden. Cezanne er maleren som far den kliché til at gøre andrefedes dybt eksistentielt, en komplet form for af verden. Cezannes æbler er som sten. Han afbildede ikke tingenes kortharighed, deres forfængelighed, men derimod havde der gjordet dem konkerte, om det var et æble eller et bærg, malede han objekts væren i gen og igen, som om han dremmede kunne holde fast i den. Lkke blot at disse æbler findes, men dette maleri vedhænede gennem den moderne kunst史特里格特, der visit sig i sig selv. Se på Giorgio Morandis vær - hvordan mistanke om, at verden ikke ville kunne holde fast han krammer og væsler er hærdet virkelighede i de maleter. Hans krumker og væsler sig til det virkelighede i de maleter, gølched keramikovn, der ikke billeder, men ting.

At stillaben tematiserer forgangenglelighed, er en træt sandhed, men en sandhed ikke desto mindre. Alligevel er spækteret fra forfangenglelighed over dekademenc til hensyghing faktsk ganske brede vred at undresøge nærmere. I Anna Muinks maleter ser vi æbler og pærrer forsvindende for øjne af os. Selv skalen, de liggeør i, leverer en form for pscudoliv. Hender spørgsmål til generen han deler altisa i mindre grad om det stilfestænде - det vil sige komposition - end om det levende: det grænse, der er dælighed.

ALTFEST FÖRDERER

UTILSØRET

Sandhed er en svær sterrelse, ikke mindst når man førstoke historiske maleter i en postkortetid, hvor alle billeder potentielt lyver? Der er nogen svimlende over tanken alene, på grænsen til det absurdte. Men det kunne også være et betimeligt svar. I en genempolitisret tidssalder, hvor selv mange kunstnere og kuratorer nærmest har uspændt syrassen, er Anna Muncks maleter også en slags tilbage-til-start, et imperialt: Tilbage til bildekuNSTokalte - se på æbberne, se godt på dem.

Måske man en sjælden gang imidlertid kan være heldig at priske hul på det lille slot, der blæfter foran.

hærlim im i blændct marmormcl og kridt, nærmest
som cn nænsom grund-spartring af lærredet.
Munks lærræder er i forvejen hårdt opspændt, og
hærlimmen strammer dem endnu mere, de lyder som
trømkeskind, hvil's man knipser til dem. Lægenc af
hærlim - med hvid eller farvet pigment - gennages
hærlim - med hvid hærlim knipser til dem. Lægenc af
hærlim - med hvid eller farvet pigment - gennages
ind i bilæder pæ, som gør det svært at sige, hvornår
grundlægen stopper, og maledict begynder.

400 års kunst史迹. samme geældcer jongleringen af værker fra mere end 900 usynlige greb til at vride medicin og blirket. Det øvrige ofte er det. Lænsest hved tjenet både syninge for kunstnerens egne skyld, sådan som makeup i der, og masker det også mest er en rituel handling der man dog næppe bemærker, hvis man ikke ved at licenskygge hen over læredret med en peghøniger - at andre gængse højes i hin med et diskret støjt

Tid er normalt ikke en maledstok, man burriger i forhold til maletri, men hos Munck er den kunsthisto riske tid nærmest en ekstra dimension i maleriet, Som en anden Orlando - hovedpersonen i Virgilia Woolfs fantastiske roman af samme navn fra 1928, der lever gennem flere gange undervejs - beveger Munck sig gennem tiderne. Hun ser, maler af studerer, og skifter kon bevidst om, at der altid vil være en afstand, nogter, der slører, "Man vil altid nogensind kunne se et landskabsmaleri fra 1840 på præcis samme stigende, som det var tænkt, mens det blev lavet", siger Munck. Og masken håndler parafrasering i virkeligheden allemerst om det.

Særligt en gruppe solfarrvede malerier bestrykker imidlystkært. De er en slags dobbeltparafraaser i den forstånd, at de er forstolkningsskildringer af Munkes egenne parafraaser af historiske stiliserede. På afstand fremstår de som solfarrvede monokromer, der bæklaedt med. Først set omviser det rellef. Og som et ekstra motivet frem, og kun som et tæt på tredje motivet frem, og et samtlige motivet spglevende. Kort sagt: I disse malerier vibrerer det hæle, kunsthistorisk, motivisk og malerisk. Det er ikke mindst sådanne slørde greb, I litteraten Sylvie Lorimers *On Virginia Woolf* – en samling interviews med medlemmer af Bloomsbury-gruppen foretaget i 1961 og først udgivet i 2025 – siger forfatteren Vita Sackville-West: „[...] mere uvinde slør, og at hun noge gange børde have gennem Virginia Woolf så mænneskets gennem et slør af nogen dette slør, ind til en mere sand vinkelighed [...] mere sand end nogen realistisk romanforfatter ville være i stand til“.

Det er det, hun male, blantet, og landskapsmaler.
På hennes værk er det, hun male, blantet, og landskapsmaler.
Hvor maleriet hedder det, som motivet albidder.
Parafrasen af Clara Pæceters stilleben af oste,
Artiskok og krisbeær er bestilte: *Stilleben (Still life)*
Forskel fra lorganegrine er Munk sittende dog ikke
baseert på opstillinger av oste eller frugter, men på
ikke maleter foran de fysiske mesterværker, men foran
fotografer funnet i alverdens muséers bildearkiver
på nettet. At Munk alligevel fastholder generen,
kaldet dem stillevæn, understregger pointen.
Det handler om gentagelsen af motivet. Det er
det, fortidens stillevæn-malerie og nutidens Anna
Munk har til fælles - og dermed måske også nogat
af intentionen.

Munk interesserer sig for alle disse blikke på
gangen. Med en enkelt undtagelse er samtlige maleier
i udstillingen parafraiser over historiske stillbencer
eller landskabsmaleier. Det ældste folieage er fra
1615, en fortyllende opstilling øste af den flamske
stilleben-maler Clara Peeters. Det yngste fra 1919 -
af danskfædre, Amerika-emigrerende Emil Carlsen
- en udformet håndværke med sart blomstermotiv i
spæde pastellefarver. Detimellem findes blandt andet
et par 1700-tals-stilleben af Jean-Baptiste-Simeon
Chardin, et røgstudie af John Lubitsch og et par
frugtopsstillinger af den mælankoliske modernist
Hélène Schjerffbeck.

- ikke se motivet for bar genre og kunsthistorie, for barokkens natur moter av blankepusede druer og perlekbristede fugner? Eller er du en af dem, der ikke kan se billede for den skumbarlige økonomiske verdi, der er maleiets lod?

A large, thin black curved line on a white background, resembling a stylized 'C' shape. The line starts at the top left, curves down and to the right, then turns sharply to the left again, ending near the bottom right. It has a slightly irregular, hand-drawn appearance.

december 2025

Leder og chefkurator på O - Overgaden,

Rhca Dall

forbi; forandring; aldring og oplossing er uundgåeligt.

musuemskædre. I Munk's malerier er det bestandige

dutt af pudder eller lufte - som fra hengende

øjeblik. Motivene synes fakisk at svive bort, mens vi ser

fortone sig. En realistisk væren i værkene er dette flygtige

hum ledet dels af det optindelte motiv forsvinde lidet

central figur - øbler, øg glører silhuetten af en vilte - idet

albgeder Munk på store lærceder med fokus på en

Skal

Som i reklamindustriens overdimensionerede

af Munk's stilbemærkede som de skinnende økko.

solikadet vækter, der hver især spæjler silhuetten af et

mcnigh. Denne serialitet er særlig tydelig i hændes store

portrætter for at temme det optindelte motiv for

siges igen, rummer Munk's genstagslise

motiver. Ligesom et ord mister sin betydning, når det

genstagslister, mens hun forstørre de optindelte

brænde i europæisk kultur. Munk genstager disse

cirkulære malerier af skønne frugter eller ikoniske

Længe før der andres kommericile billeddportaler,

ansigt og skaber en smukket facade.

begærskonomi: hvordan vi dagligt fremmaler et friskt

- spøjles saledes i samtidens allersvarende

og derves mulige varsel om farfall eller forandring

fastlysnings af et øjeblikks skønhed - frugter eller skyer

med en pale af øjen skygge, højligter, farvet eller

Munk former sine motivet med oljemaling side om side

stillebenets typiske opstilling af frugter, timrerede

historiske brænde eller skystudier, som hun findet i

onlinekataloger over museumsamlinger.

INTRODUKTION



citater fra klassiske maleriske motiver såsom

lige malerier op som lag af overflader - ofte med

I Anna Munks forste store soloudstilling bygger hun

udenlæggen og denne publikation.

samtaler - med os alle sammen, både gennem

dele sit materiale - fra koncept til udledede

en særlig tak til kunstneren, Anna Munk, for at

med denne publikation. Sådts, men ikke mindst,

grafiske designinge, for deres dedikerede arbejde

Naturligvis også en stor tak til fanfare, vores

den store indsat i forbimøde med dette projekt.

Nanna Fris og hele O - Overgaden team for

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moderismedræder. Jeg vil gerne takke alle

Munks arbejde i forhold til silicben - og

kunstner Kristian Visstrup kontekstualisator Anna

maedes og til det smukke, mens skribent og

verkemøns forhold til det komerclle, til ready-

stribent og kurator Jeppe Ugelvig dykker ned i

zoomer helt ind på Munk's motiv og materiale,

Perille Albrethsen, bidraget med et essay, der

I dette tilfælde har kunstnert og redaktør,

matriale kan udspiple hør.

kunstneriske praksis og åbne op for, at ny

malerstilling er at udvide samtlærm omkring den

udstilling og denne ambitive publikation, hvis

kunstscenens nyeste stemmer i gennem bæde en stor

at udvlike og udvide vores samarbejde med

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Det er en stor formøjelse at introducere denne

historiske brænde eller skystudier, som hun findet i

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Udstillingsperiode: 22.11.2025 - 25.01.2026

