



Anna Munk

Tint

(O-O)VER
O O O O

ISBN: 978-87-94311-31-1
EAN: 9788794311311

Anna Munk
Tint

Exhibition period: 22.11.2025 – 25.01.2026

O—OVERGADEN
Overgaden neden Vædet 17, 1414 København K,
overgaden.org

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

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 × 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 mortes* 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,

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 Cézanne 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, Cézanne 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 Cézanne sought. And even though Munk is hardly chasing a Cézanne-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 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

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

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, 1993).

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, Rose 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.

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 Russel, 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).

O—OVERGADEN
Overgaden neden Vandet 17, 1414 København K,
overgaden.org

Anna Munk
Tint

Exhibition period: 22.11.2025 – 25.01.2026

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.

ISBN: 978-87-94311-31-1
EAN: 9788794311311

Editor: Nanna Friis
Text: Rhea Dall, Pernille Albrethsen,
Jeppe Ugelvig, Kristian Vistrup
Translation: Nanna Friis
Copy editing: Susannah Worth
Photo: David Stjernholm

This publication is funded by the
Aage and Johanne Louis-Hansen Foundation.

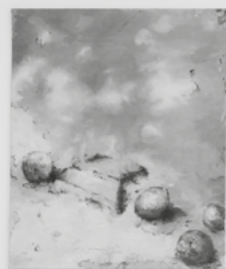
Anna Munk's exhibition has received support from the
Aage and Johanne Louis-Hansen Foundation, The Danish Visual
Arts Foundation, Beckett-Fonden, Billedhuggeren, professor Gottfred
Eickhoff og hustrus, maleren Gerda Eickhoffs fond, Poul Johansen
Fonden, Axel Muusfeldts Fond, The Visual Arts Council of
the Copenhagen Municipality.

Graphic design: fanfare
Typography: Glossy Magazine, Bold Decisions
Printed at: Raddraaier, Amsterdam

Printed in edition of 150 copies

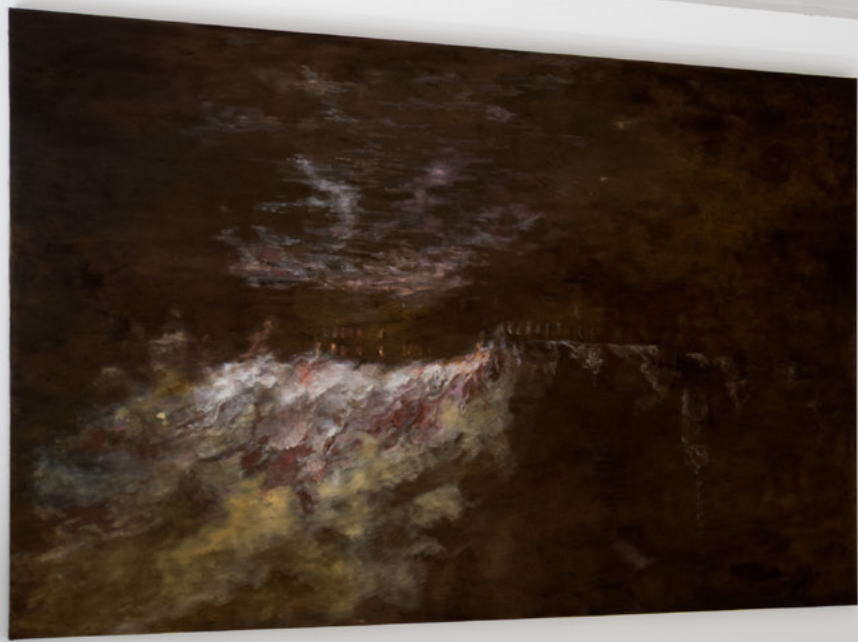
















O – OVERGADEN
Overgaden nedden Vandet 17, 1414 København K
overgaden.org

Anna Munk
Tint

Udstillingsperiode: 22.11.2025 – 25.01.2026

Anna Munk (f. 1994, DK) er uddannet fra Det Kongelige Danske
Kunstakademi (2022) og bor og arbejder i København. Munk har
tidligere udstillet på blandt andet P21, Seoul (2025); Atelier W Pantin,
Paris (2024); og Den Frie Udstillingsbygning, København (2023).
Munks soloudstilling på O – Overgaden markerer kulminationen
på hendes deltagelse i det etårige samarbejdsforløb INTRQ, som er
generøst finansieret af Aage og Johanne Louis-Hansens Fond.

ISBN: 978-87-94311-31-1
EAN: 9788794311311

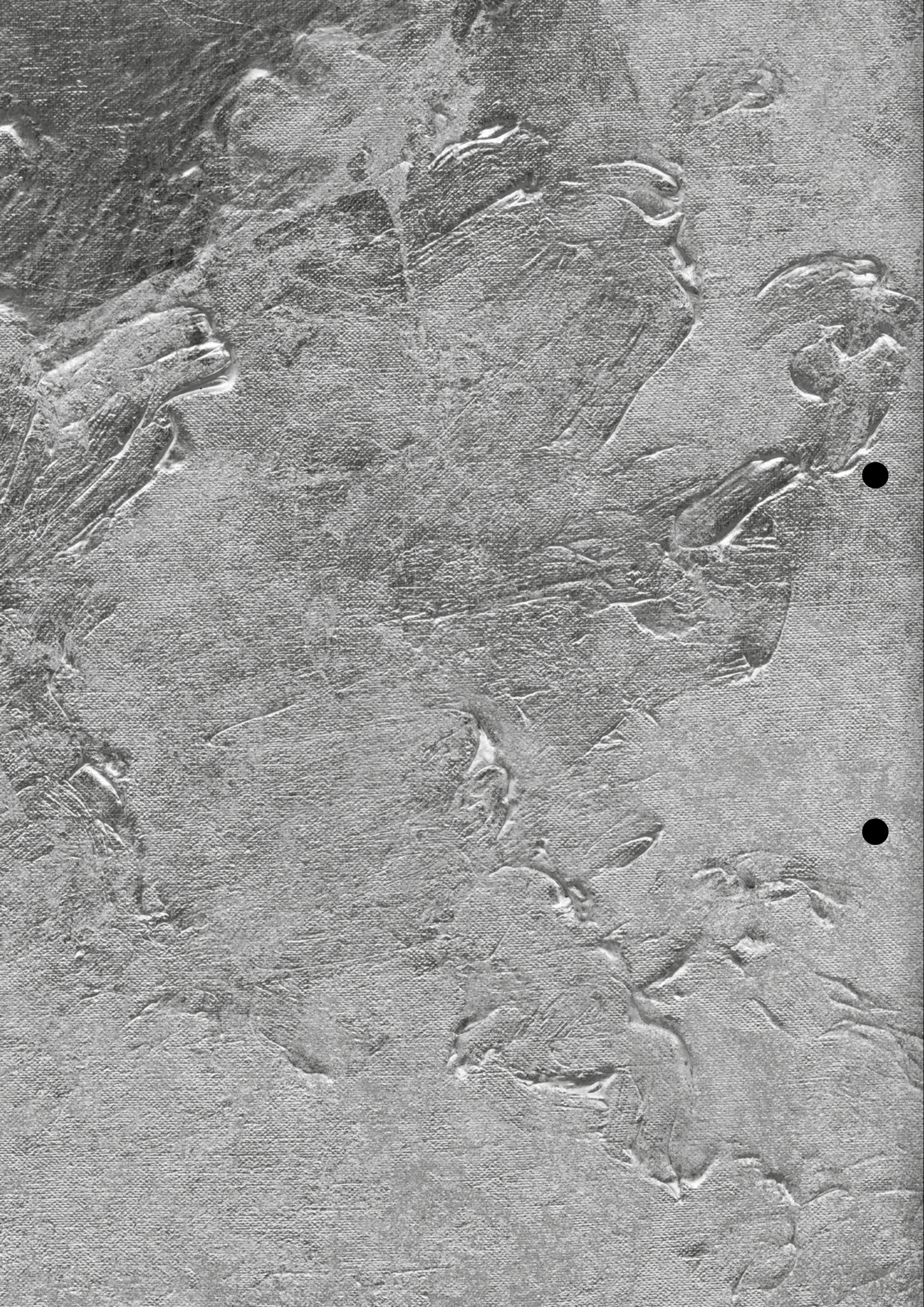
Redaktør: Nanna Friis
Tekst: Rhæa Dall, Pernille Albrechtsen,
Jeppe Ugelvig, Kristian Vistrup
Oversættelse: Nanna Friis
Korrektur: Sofie Vestergaard Jørgensen
Foto: David Stjernholm

Denne publikation er støttet af Aage og Johanne Louis-Hansens Fond

Anna Munks udstilling har modtaget støtte fra Aage og Johanne
Louis-Hansens Fond, Statens Kunstfond, Becker-Fonden,
Billedhuggeren, professor Gottfred Eickhoff og hustrus, maleren Gerda
Eickhoffs fond, Poul Johansen Fonden, Axel Muusfeldts Fond,
Rådet for Visuel Kunst i Københavns Kommune.

Grafisk design: fanfare
Typografi: Glossy Magazine, Bold Decisions
Trykt hos: Raddraaier, Amsterdam

Trykt i 150 eksemplarer



ALT FAST FORDUFTER

Kristian Vistrup

At stilleben tematiserer forængelighed, er en træ sandhed, men en sandhed ikke desto mindre. Alligevel er spektriet fra forængelighed over dekadence til hensygning faktisk ganske bredt værd at undersøge nærmere. I Anna Munks malerier ser vi æbler og pærer forsvinde for øjnene af os. Selv skålen, de ligger i, lever en form for pseudoliv. Hendes spørgsmål til genren handler altså i mindet grad om det stillestående – det vil sige komposition – end om det levende: dets grænser, dets duelighed.

I den hollandske renaissance optrådte frugt, blomster og vildt sammen med kranier og timeglas for at undersøge den dunst af død og erotik, der hænger ved verdslige gensestande som grundlæggende vilkår. Det 19. århundredes dekadente kunst indsnævrede interessen til en mere specifik variant af morbid overflod, der prægede borgerskabet på den tid, udtrykt gennem påfuglefljer og granatæbler. I det 20. århundrede har stilleben manifesteret noget anderledes dybt eksistentielt, en komplet form for tab. T.J. Clark skriver: "Moderne er tab af verden. Cézanne er maleren som får den kliche til at gøre ondt." Ikke bare *et* tab, men dette jagende enkle: tab af verden. Cézannes æbler er som sten. Han afbildede ikke tingenes kortvarighed, deres forængelighed, men derimod hvad der gjorde dem konkrete, om det var et æble eller et bjerg, malede han objektets væren igen og igen, som om han dermed kunne holde fast i den. Ikke blot at *disse* æbler findes, men *dette* maleri gør. *Dette* pigment gør. Når stillebengengen har vist sig så vedholdende gennem den moderne kunsthistorie, som den har, skyldes det muligvis en vellykket mistanke om, at verden ikke ville kunne holde fast i sig selv. Se på Giorgio Morandis vaser – hvordan han klammer sig til det virkelige i de malerier. Hans krukker og vaser er hårde og komprimerede som i en glohed keramikovn, de er ikke billeder, men ting.

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

og på den måde befinder vi os klart i slipstrømmen af det altomfattende tab, der blev diagnosticeret af Clark. Men modsat modernistiske stilleben fra Cézanne til Morandi lader Anna Munk ikke til at finde noget i den fysiske virkelighed, hun kan holde fast i. Hvad er der sket?

En dag i slutningen af 1920'erne gik filosofen Ludwig Wittgenstein rundt i Cambridge, da han i et boghandlervindue fik øje på portrætter af Bertrand Russell, Albert Einstein og Sigmund Freud. Længere nede af gaden, i en musikbutik, stod billeder af Beethoven, Schubert og Chopin. "Da jeg samlede disse portrætter med hinanden", skrev han i et brev, "fik jeg en stærk fornemmelse af det frygtelige forfald, der er overgået den menneskelige ånd på bare hundred år." Det er et skift fra kultur til civilisation; fra musikens ophøjede åndelighed til videnskabens blinde positivisme.

Anna Munk ser tilbage på det, Cézanne så ind i: tab af verden. Og hun ser det, ikke i de empiriske videnskabers klare lys, men på den for hende eneste mulige måde: gennem en røgsky. Hvis frugtskålen – og måske endda selve maleriet – var et af de sidste levn af virkelighed for Cézanne, er Anna Munks verden også Baudrillards, hvor billeder går forud for virkelighed. I hendes malerier er det virkelige formet som en ellipse, en suspendering af mening, en række spørgsmål: Hvad er forholdet mellem billede og dets reference, et objekt og dets beskuer? Hvad sker der, når vi retter blikket mod noget? På hvilken måde tømmer blikket verden, og på hvilken måde skabes verden netop igennem det? Hvis stilleben har været en måde at holde fast i ting på – i gamle dage ved at forvandle de mest blomstrende blomster til forseglede objekter i maleriform, beskytte dem mod tiden; og senere, ved at gøre den smule, der faktisk eksisterer, mere håndgribelig – kan vi så også forestille os, at de er en måde at give slip? Stillebenet som en tændstik mod verden; ikke en vej ind, men ud af den. En måde at lade virkeligheden gå op i røg og lade bygningerne brænde ned, og så gøre tabet, afkaldet, smukt og kataratisagtigt? Man får fornemmelsen af, at Anna Munks æbler – hvis de skulle falde – ikke rynder i følelsen, der følger: at det måske egentlig er bedre sådan.

På Nationalgalleriet i Berlin hænger et Adolf Menzel-maleri af barokt kirkeinteriør fra midten af 1800-tallet. Midt i billedet – som aldrig er blevet færdigt – ser man en røgsky, hvor alteret skulle have været. Vi kunne sige, at den repræsenterer det modsatte af Cézannes koncretisme. Røgskyn er labryntens midte; der, hvor religionen og kunsten hyjper os med at finde hen. Et uigennemtrængeligt mørke. Vi kunne sige, at den manifesterer en vellykket mistanke om, at ikke-væren, eller det at gå i opløsning, kan være så meget mere levende end opbygningen af "en stadigt mere kompleks struktur." Er det muligt at finde de elementer, der udgør Anna Munks æbler, i den her røgsky? Det kompromitterede klarsyn, der i det mindste ligger i at vide, hvad der ikke kan findes?

Et andet af T.J. Clark's argumenter, som jeg ti vender tilbage til, går på, at modernismen er blevet

2. Begge citater fra: Ray Monk, *Ludwig Wittgenstein*, London: Vintage, 1990.

3. T.J. Clark, *Farewell to an Idea*, New Haven: Yale University Press, 1999.

READYMADE MAKE UP

Jeppe Ugelvig

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

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

Som subtil konceptualist kullegraver hun, hvordan lærtedet fungerer som allegorisk overflade i omgangen med moderne kroppe og deres lemmer – et sted, hvor både begær og angst kan indskrives. Munk drager det frem, som maleri pletter at skjule materielle sammenfletninger udover rent motiv, spørgsmål om værdi. Brugen af readymades er en central del af hendes metode i dobbeltforstand: readymade-materialer og readymade-motiver.

Eksempelvis vil hendes stilleben af frugtopsatser for en nutidig beskuer formentlig virke tydeligt 'originale' (i betydningen håndmalede) og mistænkeligt genkendelige. De er malet i impressionismens døde sprog, og kompositionerne kan bedst beskrives som en slags isolerede fragementer. Munk har hentet fra historiske malerier. Det er ikke ligefrem reproduktioner; Munk har isoleret motiverne og gjort dem yderligere unikke ved også at male med pigmenter fra kommercielle make-up-produkter, der indlejrer glitter, sheen og syntetiske farver i billedet. Malerierne er ikke blot en invitation til at reflektere over det fundne motiv, men også til at reflektere over selve maleriet som en 'funden' praksis mellem de andre.

De moderne liv, som de tog sig ud under industrialiseringens masseforbrug, blev malet med olie og med læbestift – på lærreder og på kvinders hud. Vigtigt er det at bemærke, at hverken moderne oliemaling eller moderne kosmetik blev skabt i hænderne på brugerne, men snarere trykket ud af industrielt fremstillede metaller. I midten af 1800-tallet undergik malerens vigtigste redskab en radikal transformation: standardiserede ruber maling erstattede straks den historiske (og krævende) kunst, det var at blande pigmenter i atelieret. Pludselig var de engang så flygtige nuancer bredt tilgængelige for enhver urban hobbymaler eller charlatan med stormagasiner indenfor rækkevidde – og det samme var videnskabeligt rene farver som Gørn eller Rød. "Malerne var fra nu af den kemiske industris forbrugere, og kunstninfjøet blev en slags tveetydigt forbrugssamfund", skriver kunsthistorikeren Thierry de Duve. Kunsten snittede sig til en spirrende offentlighed, primært ført an af borgerskabets kvinder, der som noget nyt stod i spidsen for husholdningens forbrug.¹ Hvordan bærer man sig ad med at lave "moderne" kunst i en modernitet, der frem for alt var defineret af forbrugskapitalismens altoverstrømmende triumf, dens truende nye teknologier og sociale omgangsformer? Var selve produktets form ikke modernitetens uovertrufne emblem – dens bedste kunstværk? Hvad er det kunstneriske svar på produktrevolutionen, hvis ikke at bukke under for den – og i stedet indtage en strategisk shoppingposition?

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

På denne visuelle markedsplads blev kvinders sociale identitet, der traditionelt var fikseret indenfor rammerne af forældreskab og klasse, "nu sat fri af små, snurrende cylindere", skriver historikeren Kathy Preiss, og her refererer hun ikke til maling, men til den kosmetik, der kunne transformere identitet til en stil, det var muligt at købe. "'Lady' og 'hussy' var ikke længere de moralske modpoler, der definerede et kvindespektrum, men snarere 'typer' eller 'stemninger', der i vid udstrækning blev defineret af ydre tegn."²

De moderne liv, som de tog sig ud under industrialiseringens masseforbrug, blev malet med olie og med læbestift – på lærreder og på kvinders hud. Vigtigt er det at bemærke, at hverken moderne oliemaling eller moderne kosmetik blev skabt i hænderne på brugerne, men snarere trykket ud af industrielt fremstillede metaller. I midten af 1800-tallet undergik malerens vigtigste redskab en radikal transformation: standardiserede ruber maling erstattede straks den historiske (og krævende) kunst, det var at blande pigmenter i atelieret. Pludselig var de engang så flygtige nuancer bredt tilgængelige for enhver urban hobbymaler eller charlatan med stormagasiner indenfor rækkevidde – og det samme var videnskabeligt rene farver som Gørn eller Rød. "Malerne var fra nu af den kemiske industris forbrugere, og kunstninfjøet blev en slags tveetydigt forbrugssamfund", skriver kunsthistorikeren Thierry de Duve. Kunsten snittede sig til en spirrende offentlighed, primært ført an af borgerskabets kvinder, der som noget nyt stod i spidsen for husholdningens forbrug.¹ Hvordan bærer man sig ad med at lave "moderne" kunst i en modernitet, der frem for alt var defineret af forbrugskapitalismens altoverstrømmende triumf, dens truende nye teknologier og sociale omgangsformer? Var selve produktets form ikke modernitetens uovertrufne emblem – dens bedste kunstværk? Hvad er det kunstneriske svar på produktrevolutionen, hvis ikke at bukke under for den – og i stedet indtage en strategisk shoppingposition?

2. Christoph Asendorf, *Batteries of Life: On the History of Things and Their Perception in Modernity* (University of California Press, 1993).

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

Midt i forvirringen satte man desuden storbykurtisaneens hud under lup, eftersom synlig kosmetik længe havde været associeret med ulovlig seksualitet og vareliggørelse. Ansigtet var imidlertid altid blevet opfattet som værende udenfor modens og forbrugs kredsløb: Ligesom et sandtærdigt maleri var det meningen, at det skulle afsjøre, hvad moderniteten forsøgte at male over. Men knebene og den moderne kosmetiks kunstfærdighed truede med at underminere skønhedens 'originalitet' – og dermed selve livet:

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 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

På samme måde som impressionisterne var besatte af at afbilde Montmartres overdrevent "dullede" sexarbejdere, var de også blandt de sidste illusionister i industrialiseringens tidsalder. Deres visuelle vokabular var den visnende romantismes, på jagt efter dialektisk 'smukke' øjeblikke i en verden, der blev stadig mere forurenset af økonomisk spektakel – af billboards, tiggere, stormagasiner, af handelsrelationer i forandring. For adskillige kunstnere var kvindens rolle en af den nye kulturs nøgle-scener: *Nana* af Edouard Manet og *Young Woman Powdering Herself* af Berthe Morisot monumentaliserer kunsten at sminkle sig.

"Der er ingen originalitet eller *sui generis* i masseproduktionens tidsalder", påpeger de Duve "kun valgt mellem readymade produkter – ruber med maling i æsker." Kunstens og kunstnerens eneste mulighed i den kommercialiserede industrielle kulturs tidsalder er altså at tage del i den som forbrugere. Ifølge de Duve udstilles denne selvfølgelighed af Marcel Duchamp, en kunstner, der startede som kubistisk maler og blev mere og mere beyrdet af absurditeten i såkaldt original produktion i forbrugserismens tidsalder. Men det er misforstået at tro, at hans selvudnævnte readymades – et udvalg af tilfældige varer betegnet som kunstværker – betød, at han havde givet op på maleriet. I 1961, hen mod slutningen af sit liv, formulerer han det sådan her:

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 vermilion's 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

4. Ibid.

5. De Duve, 1996, 162.

6. Ibid, 167.

7. Ibid, 163.

De Duve holder Duchamp op imod den samtidige Wassily Kandinsky, for hvem den rene farve var tætttere på basale betydningsbærere: billedskabelse reduceret til dets optiske essens. For Duchamp var det derimod tætttere på "det ublandede pigment, hvis renhed er blevet afgjort af fabrikanten". Hvis farven i Kandinskys ontologiske tænkning opfattes som et levende væsen – "disse sætte væsener... som nogen kalder farve" – er den for Duchamp "simpelthen en ting, allerede lavet, en død vare". Heri ligger det moderne maleris krise, hævder de Duve: "At male efter Duchamp er at male indenfor de fjendtlige betingelser, som industrialiseringen har skabt."⁶

Også Duchamp elskede kosmetik. Iført dametøj parodierede han forbrugere-zcitigisten i begyndelsen af det 20. århundrede gennem sit alter ego Rose Sélavy, fuldenndt med egget parfumemærke, *Belle Haléine* – et fejlloversat ordspil over eau de toilette, som var en udbredt term for parfumeret vand, udviklet af kosmetikindustrien i USA for at udnytte amerikernes forskærlighed for alt, hvad der var fransk. Duft blev lynhurtigt til en vare: En af de tidlige courtedesignere, Paul Poiret, der var desperat efter at blive opfattet som kunstner frem for kjolemager, producerede 200.000 flasker om måneden af verdens første designerparfume, *Rosine*, opkaldt efter hans farfarms de Rosine, la lige til venstre for indgangen til 107 Faubourg Saint-Honoré, hvor Poiret lavede fittings for de magtige *madames*, der tilhørte Paris' one percent – og samtidig tilbedt produkter og kosmetik til mere overkommelige priser. Et tidligt skønhedsimperium af Kardashianske proportioner.

UTILSLØRET

Pernille Albrethsen

ikke se motivet for bar genre og kunsthistorie, for barokkens *nature mortes* af blankpudsede druer og perfekt bristede figner? Eller er du en af dem, der slet ikke kan se billedet for den skinkerlige økonomiske værdi, der er maleriet's lod?

Munk interesserer sig for alle disse blikke på en gang. Med en enkelt undtagelse er samtlige malerier i udstillingen parafraser over historiske stilleben eller landskabsmalerier. Det ældste forlæg er fra 1615, en fortryllende opstilling oste af den flamske stilleben-maler Clara Peeters. Det yngste fra 1919 – af danskfødt, Amerika-ernigrerende Emil Carlsen – en udfoldet håndvifte med sart blomstermotiv i spæde pastelfarver. Derimellem findes blandt andet et par 1700-tals-stilleben af Jean-Baptiste-Siméon Chardin, et røgstudie af John Lubschitz og et par frugttopstillinger af den melankolske modernist Helene Schjerfbeck.

På sin vis er Munk selv stilleben- og landskabsmaler. Det er det, hun maler, blandt andet. Også titlerne på hendes værker følger den nøjtrne tradition, hvor maleriet hedder det, som motivet afbilder. Parafrasen af Clara Peeters' stilleben af oste, artiskok og kirsebær er betitlet: *Stilleben (Still life with cheeses, artichoke, and cherries)*, også fra 2025. Til forskel fra forgængerne er Munks stilleben dog ikke baseret på opstillinger af oste eller frugter, men på andres malerier af oste eller frugter. De er heller ikke malet foran de fysiske mesterværker, men foran fotografier fundet i alverdens muscers billedarkiver på nettet. At Munk alligevel fastholder genreen, kalder dem 'stilleben', underregger pointen. Det handler om gentagelsen af motivet. Det er det, fortidens stilleben-malere og nutidens Anna Munk har til fælles – og dermed måske også noget af intentionen.

Har man først læst Maurice Merleau-Pontys essay "Cézannes tvivl" fra 1948, er det svært nogensinde at betragte et *nature morte* igen, uden at den rumsterrer i baghovedet. Den franske fænomenolog var faseret på malerierne af Mont Sainte-Victoire, et bjerg tæt på kunstnerens hjem i Aix-en-Provence, som Cézanne maledes igen og igen frem til sin død, men også af de utallige malerier af frugttopstillinger fra 1870-80'erne. Ifølge Merleau-Ponty forsøgte Cézanne at indfange det 'levende' perspektiv. Det, som går forud for enhver videnskabelig fundet vidn – om botanik, farvelære, geometri eller anden kundskab af den slags, der netop får skoleelever til at gengive æbler for græsgårne eller for kuglerunde. Naturens indre struktur, kalder nogen det, var det, Cézanne søgte. Og selvom Munk næppe er på jagt efter en cezannesk ur-perception, så er det spændende, at hendes malerier også er konstrueret på en måde, hvor opbygningen af blikket sker i og med opbygningen af billedet. Det er *slow food*-maleri, som vokser ud af lærredet ret konkret.

Allerede når det første søm skydes ind i blænderammen, er maleriet i gang. Efter opspændingen af lærredet følger et første lag harlim. Et næste lag er ofte

harlim iblandet marmormel og kridt, nærmest som en nænsom grund-sparring af lærredet. Munks lærreder er i forvejen hårdt opspændt, og harlimen strammer dem endnu mere, de lyder som trommeskind, hvis man knipser til dem. Lagene af harlim – med hvid eller farvet pigment – gentages flere gange. Det er en mediativ måde at arbejde sig ind i billedet på, som gør det svært at sige, hvornår grundingen stopper, og maleriet begynder.

Maleriet er en fysisk genstand, synes Munk at understrege med den majsommelige proces. "Man må godt kunne se, det er maler", siger hun om maleriet's synlige tekstur. Nogle gange blander hun lidt voks i olie-malingen for at tykne strukturen. Andre gange nøjes hun med at køre et diskret strejf af øjenskygge hen over lærredet med en pegerfling – som man dog næppe bemærker, hvis man ikke ved det, og måske det også mest er en rituel handling for kunstnerens egen skyld, sådan som makeup i øvrigt ofte er det. Uanset hvad tjener både de synlige og usynlige greb til at vride mediet og blikket. Det samme gælder jongleringen af værker fra mere end 400 års kunsthistorie.

Tid er normalt ikke en målestok, man bruger i forhold til maleri, men hos Munk er den kunsthistoriske tid nærmest en ekstra dimension i malerierne. Som en anden Orlando – hovedpersonen i Virginia Woolfs fantastiske roman af samme navn fra 1928, der lever gennem fem århundreder, men aldrig ældes, og skifter køn flere gange undervejs – bevæger Munk sig gennem tidene. Hun ser, maler og studerer, og er samtidig bevidst om, at der altid vil være en afstand, noget, der slører. "Man vil aldrig nogensinde kunne se et landskabsmaleri fra 1840 på præcis samme måde, som det var tænkt, mens det blev lavet", siger Munk. Og måske handler parafraserne i virkeligheden allermost om det?

Særligt en gruppe sølvfarvede malerier beskyrker indtrykket. De er en slags dobbeltparafraser i den forstand, at de er fortolkninger af Munks egne parafraser af historiske stilleben. På afstand fremstår de som sølvfarvede monokromer, der glitrer af det tynde lag slagmetal, som overfladen er beklædt med. Først tæt på træder motivet frem, og kun som et omrids, et relief. Og som et ekstravis er samtlige motiver spejlvendte. Kort sagt: I disse malerier vibrerer det hele, kunsthistorisk, motivisk og malerisk. Det er ikke mindst sådanne slørede greb, som får tankerne i retning af Woolfs metode.

I litteraten Sylvère Lotringers *On Virginia Woolf* – en samling interviewe med medlemmer af Bloomsbury-gruppen foretaget i 1961 og først udgivet i 2025 – siger forfatteren Vita Sackville-West: "Jeg tror, Virginia Woolf så mennesker gennem et slør af noget uvirkeligt, og at hun nogle gange borede igennem dette slør, ind til en mere sand virkelighed [...] mere sand end nogen realistisk romanforfatter ville være i stand til."

Sandhed er en svært størrelse, ikke mindst når man taler om billeder. Hvad vil det overhovedet sige at fortolke historiske malerier i en postfaktuel tid, hvor alle billeder potentielt lyver? Der er noget svimlende over tanken alene, på grænsen til det absurde. Men det kunne også være et betimeligt svar. I en gennempolitiseret tidsalder, hvor selv mange kunstnere og kuratorer nærmest har suspenderet synssansen, er Anna Munks malerier også en slags tilbage-til-start, et imperativ: Tilbage til billedkunstlokalen – se på æblerne, se godt på dem. Måske man en sjælden gang imellem kan være heldig at prikke hul på det lille slør, der blaffer foran.

RGADEN

OOOOO

ISBN: 978-87-94311-31-1
EAN: 9788794311311

Udstillingsperiode: 22.11.2025 – 25.01.2026

Anna Munk
Tint

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

Det er en stor fornøjelse at introducere denne publikation, der udkommer i forbindelse med Anna Munks soloudstilling, *Tint*, på O – Overgaden. Udstillingen er kulminationen på vores særlige INTRO-forløb – et etårigt postgraduate-program, som O – Overgaden årligt tilbyder to kunstnere. Med generøs støtte fra Aage og Johanne Louis-Hansens Fond skaber INTRO en unik mulighed for at udvikle og udvide vores samarbejde med kunstscenens nyeste stemmer igennem både en stor udstilling og denne ambitiøse publikation, hvis målsætning er at udvide samtalernes omkring den kunstneriske praksis og åbne op for, at nyt materiale kan udspringe heraf.

I dette tilfælde har kunstkritiker og redaktør, Pernille Albrechtsen, bidraget med et essay, der zoomer helt ind på Munks motiver og materialer, skribent og kurator Jeppe Ugelvig dykker ned i værkeres forhold til det kommercielle, til ready-mades og til det sminkede, mens skribent og kurator Kristian Vistrup kontekstualiserer Anna Munks arbejde i forhold til stilbeben- og modernismetraditioner. Jeg vil gerne takke alle bidragsydere varmt, samt takke publikationsredaktør Nanna Friis og hele O – Overgadens team for den store indsats i forbindelse med dette projekt. Naturligvis også en stor tak til fanfare, vores grafiske designere, for deres dedikerede arbejde med denne publikation. Sidst, men ikke mindst, en særlig tak til kunstneren, Anna Munk, for at dele sit materiale – fra koncept til udvalgte samtaler – med os alle sammen, både gennem udstillingen og denne publikation.

I Anna Munks første store soloudstilling bygger hun sine malerier op som lag af overflader – ofte med citater fra klassiske maleriske motiver såsom

stillebensets typiske opstilling af frugter, tændende historiske brande eller skystudier, som hun finder i onlinekataloger over museumssamlinger.

Munk former sine motiver med oljemaling side om side med en palet af øjenskygge, højtligheder, farvet eller tinted lipgloss og foundation. Den maleriske fastfrysning af et øjeblikks skønhed – frugter eller skyer og deres mulige varsel om forfald eller forandring – spilles således i samtidens allestedsnærværende begærsøkonomi: hvordan vi dagligt fremmaler et fritskt ansigt og skaber en sminket facade.

Længe før der fandtes kommercielle billeddportaler, cirkulerede malerier af skønne frugter eller ikoniske brande i europæisk kultur. Munk gentager disse gentagelser, mens hun forstørret de opinddelige motiver. Ligesom et ord mister sin betydning, når det siges igen og igen, rummer Munks gentagelse potentialer for at tømme det opinddelige motiv for mening. Denne seriativitet er særlig tydelig i hendes store sølvklædte værker, der hver især spejler silhuetten af et af Munks stilbebenmotiver som dets skinnende ekko.

Som i reklameindustriens overdimensionerede skala arbejder Munk på store lærreder med fokus på en central figur – æbler, røg eller silhuetten af en vifte – idet hun lader dele af det opindelige motiv forsvinde eller fortone sig. En fællesnævner i værkerne er dette flygtige øjeblik. Motiverne synes faktisk at sive bort, mens vi ser på dem. En fornemmelse, som understreges af en subtil duft af pudder eller fugt – som fra hængemuseumsældre. I Munks malerier er det bestandige forbudt; forandring, aldring og opløsning er uundgåelig.

Rhea Dall
Leder og chefkurator på O – Overgaden,
december 2025

INTRODUKTION

