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SUZETTE, RASMUS, PER, NIS, MAALTIDET, PER MORTEN AND EVERYONE

ELSE, WHO HAVE SUPPORTED ME AND MADE THIS POSSIBLE

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ANDERS MOSEHOLM BEAT

1.

Every viewer of a work of art brings to it his or her own experience – this is one of the greatest clichés of aesthetics. Like all clichés it contains a degree of truth, but it also possesses that other quality of clichés: the ability to shut down critical discussion. Since my experience of the work will never be identical to yours, since each of us interprets the work according to our own history and sensibility, what is there to talk about? From there, it's a depressingly short step to the silence of *de gustibus non est disputandum* (There is no accounting for taste).

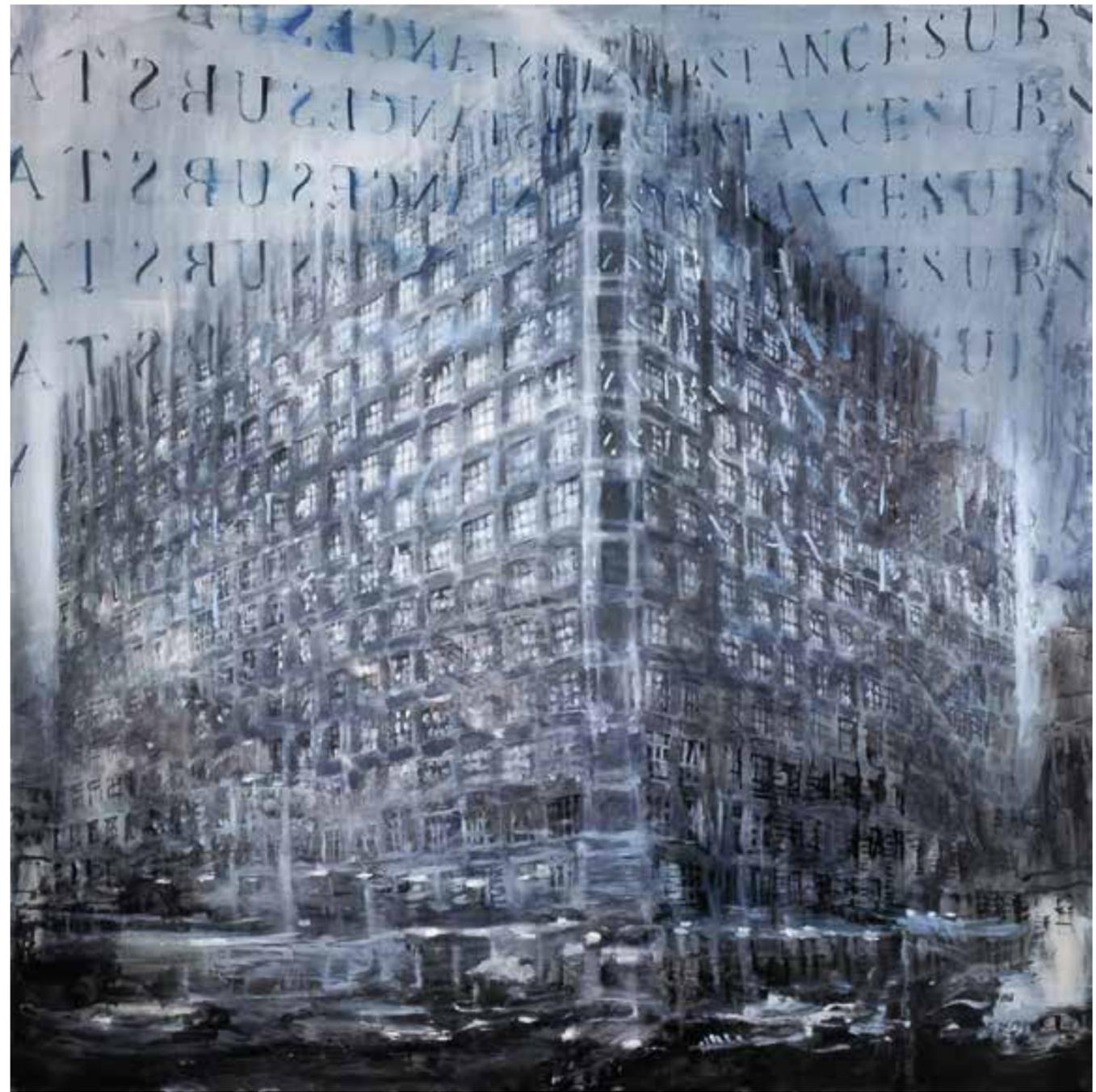
A far better response to the undeniable fact of aesthetic subjectivity is to assimilate another person's experience into your own understanding of the work. This is why it is such a pleasure to go to museums and galleries with a friend and stand in front of a painting exchanging impressions, mounting arguments, pointing out curious details.

Recently, the question of subjectivity became inescapable for me as I encountered Anders Moseholm's painting *Substance* (2005) one day while the artist and I were sitting together in a Houston café looking through a monograph on his work.

Some personal history is required here. In 1980 I moved into a loft just south of Canal Street in Manhattan. I lived there, on the northern edge of Tribeca, for most of the next 36 years. The front windows of the space looked onto Canal Street, which cut through lower Manhattan at a slightly oblique angle so that the center of my vista was a large commercial building across the street two blocks away. It was a massive, irregularly-shaped building occupying an entire block near the entrance and exit of the Holland Tunnel.

THE UNDECIDABILITY OF THE PAINTED IMAGE

Raphael Rubinstein



From my fourth-floor perch it looked like a ship, a kind of brick ocean liner at eternal anchor. I spent many nights gazing at it and at the traffic on Canal Street, sparse in those days, cigarette and drink in hand, relishing the experience of living in such an intensely urban place, so utterly different from where I'd grown up. I remember thinking, and even once writing somewhere, that the view looked like Berlin. I'd never been to Berlin, but had some notion of what I thought it looked like.

SUBSTANCE (2005) 200 X 200 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)

Substance depicts the very same building that I used to look at, from more or less the same angle. I recognized it instantly and the artist, when asked, confirmed the fact. Constructed in 1929-1930, The Holland Plaza Building, as it was originally called, was designed by Ely Jacques Kahn, a prolific New York architect who was active from the early 1920s to the end of the 1960s. Interestingly, Kahn, who is also known for having provided Ayn Rand with background for her novel *The Fountainhead* (1943), was influenced in his design for the Holland Plaza Building by Dutch and German architects of the 1920s, so perhaps my association of that Canal Street view with Berlin wasn't sheer fantasy.

Thus, when I look at *Substance* my response is conditioned by a trove of specific memories and associations. I don't think of it as "a painting" or "a painting of an urban scene" but, rather, as "a painting of that building on Canal Street." In one way, my intimate familiarity with the subject matter makes the painting more meaningful to me, but in another way it threatens to limit my experience of the painting. I can't look at it without thinking about the actual building it depicts, whereas with Moseholm's other City Paintings, I don't find myself constantly referring from painting to reality.

When we take a painting (or a poem or a film or a novel) so personally, there is a danger that we will overlook, or momentarily forget, its primary status as a work of art. This just happened to me with *Substance*: in my focus on recognizing a fragment of my own New York geography I had been ignoring a central aspect of the painting: the grid of letters carefully spread across the top half of the canvas. These letters, in an uppercase serif font, repeatedly spell out the word "substance" with considerable formal complexities. Splayed out like an open book, the grid is aligned to a corner of the building: from this midpoint (which is just to the right of center of the canvas) to the right edge, the letters are oriented "correctly" while those running toward the left are seen reversed, as if in a mirror. Adding to this sense of disorientation, all the rows of letters angle slightly upward and the letters themselves shift between dark and light depending on the pictorial background, and are subject to smudging, blurring and other irregularities.

This complex, enigmatic textual element reminds me that, to paraphrase Maurice Denis, rather than being the study of a building in Lower Manhattan or a meditation on the power of architecture, *Substance* is a flat surface with colors assembled in a certain order. This is (or should be) apparent to every viewer, and is true for every one of Moseholm's paintings.

The artist invites us to ask: Why "substance"? What does it mean to look *through* substance? Is it an invisible property? What does it mean to view the world through a grid of writing? What does it mean for the artist to juxtapose a more or less realistic image with a grid of words? In this painting we are given two kinds of signs – the iconic (the picture of the building) and symbolic (the repeating word). Our impulse is to reconcile them, or at least attempt to do so. In effect, Moseholm is staging a confrontation between two conflicting claims that painting can make: to show us what the world looks like and to show us itself as form. Irreconcilable, perhaps, but equally necessary.

For the artist, the choice to paint the letters by hand was a way to undermine the usual sense of "substance": to render it less substantial and to reflect what he sees as its essentially "fluid" state.¹ Text appears in many of Moseholm's paintings, especially the City Paintings, though also in earlier work such as *The Classmates* (1999), in which the enigmatic phrase "On a light and not heavy burden a red and not green dress" floats above an intentionally-blurred row of young people. More than evoking print, Moseholm's style of lettering evokes Roman-era texts engraved into stone. But unlike those ancient monumental inscriptions there is an ephemeral quality to Moseholm's texts, which often seem to float on the image like a mirage or a light projection. In *Substance*, as the artist explained to me, the "fragility" of the hand-lettered text was meant to be "a contradiction of the meaning of the word." He also saw the text as suggesting a critique of formalist painting, just as, for him, the modular grid of the Holland Plaza building offered more visual stimulation, more "substance," than a reductivist abstraction. He saw the cube-like building as a powerful alternative to the modernist white cube.²

THE CLASSMATES (1999) 95 X 130 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)



2.

When I first began looking at Moseholm's City Paintings (at Devin Borden Gallery in Houston in 2015) I tried to identify the places being depicted, but it soon became clear that Moseholm wasn't painting specific cities so much as amalgams of real and imagined places. The artist might begin with a photograph of an actual location in a particular city, but at a certain point the internal logic (and illogic) of the painting takes over and the artist finds himself creating a picture of a place that never existed. For instance, many of the City Paintings resemble certain parts of Midtown Manhattan, but anyone who knows New York City will quickly realize that the configuration of buildings and streets don't match up with any real location.

How exactly does this happen? Although Moseholm draws on his own experience of urban environments, including travels to Asia's proliferating mega-cities, he also relies on his fertile imagination and on a range of borrowed images, including from cinema (as when he inserts a figure from a Godard film into the foreground of a street scene). Ultimately, however, despite the multiple sources, Moseholm's densely-layered cityscapes are a record of his impressive ability to create evocative images with paint. As with all his work, from his ornate interiors to atmospheric landscapes, the images are emphatically *painted* images. Moseholm operates in that liminal zone between image and material, where every daub of paint on the surface is simultaneously a piece of matter and a representation. This duality contributes to a disorienting – and seductive – effect that compels us to constantly shift between surface and depth, between here and elsewhere, between fact and fiction. These are paintings of constant undecidability.

Of course, every painting of a city is fictional insofar as it reflects the artist's style, the historical conditions under which it was painted and the sheer Magrittean fact of it being a picture and not the thing itself, but some city paintings are more fictional than others. And some are entirely fictional, such as the famous trio of enigmatic "Ideal City" paintings from the Quattrocento. Partly based on actual places, partly invented, Moseholm's urban paintings are hybrid. In this, *Substance* is something of an exception. More typical is another New York City painting, *Nothing Over Nothing Under Nothing Beside* (2004). The large modernist structure occupying the left center of the painting is one of New York City's most famous structures, Mies van der Rohe's Seagram Building, but Moseholm has taken enormous liberties with it. First, his reference image was a photograph of the building when it was still under construction. Second, he has surrounded it with a large parking lot, which would be impossible on Park Avenue. In other paintings, there are more extreme departures from the actual world as incongruous images overlay each other like a lap dissolve in a movie, and architectural fantasias arise before our eyes.

The subject of the city has been central to modern painting, and how painters have approached it has evolved as constantly and rapidly as our cities themselves. It was a little over a century ago that the German painter, Ludwig Meidner published his manifesto "Instructions for Painting Pictures of the Metropolis" in which he urged young artists to put Impressionism and Fauvism behind them "and develop entirely new methods of expression for ourselves." With a feverish lyricism similar to the contemporaneous poems of Apollinaire, Meidner exhorted: "Let us paint what is right in front of us, our own world of cities! – their tumultuous streets, the elegance of their suspension bridges, the gasometers hanging in the mountains of whitish cloud, the roaring colors of the buses and the railway trains, the surging telephone wires."³

NOTHING OVER NOTHING UNDER NOTHING BESIDE (2004) 150 X 200 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)



In the intervening 100-plus years, artists have found countless ways to depict what is right in front of them, sometimes relying on outward appearances, sometimes on deeper structures. New York City has memorably been translated into painting by Edward Hopper, Georgia O’Keeffe, Romare Bearden, Alex Katz, Yvonne Jacquette, among many other painters, while its underlying structures have been given form by artists such as Piet Mondrian, Peter Halley and Julie Mehretu. Moseholm is clearly an inheritor of both these traditions: his New York-inspired paintings reveal to us at once what the city looks like (at street level and from the 50th floor) and analyze its more elusive structures, its invisible systems and its millions of perspectives. Daringly, Moseholm uses the ability of painting to record the real and to imagine the invisible. More perhaps than any other contemporary painter he conveys the instability of the city, of all cities. In Moseholm’s City Paintings we see, as if in some cinematic montage, the endless cycle of demolition and rebuilding, of decay and renovation, and the shifting perspectives of a throng of individual citizens. We also see, perhaps most importantly, the city as it is remembered, contemplated, disassembled and reimagined by one painter in his studio.

3.

In his recent work, Moseholm has brought a new dimension to his urban-scapes that he calls “the beat.” As he explains it, he works by “transforming ‘strokes’ and mental influences from reality to an outward-looking rhythm – a beat in the painting, where strokes and ‘blows’ on the canvas imply another beat that turns on and moves the eye and mind to curiosity and reflection.”³⁴ Present in all his paintings, including interiors, landscapes and figure paintings, this “beat” can be seen (and felt, as a visual rhythm) in the staccato brushstrokes, modular modernist architecture, and grids of letters. It also gives visual form to the music that is so important to the artist.



SIMULTANEOUSLY DELAYED (2016) 123 X 153 CM OIL ON CANVAS
↓
CONCENTRIC TRANSPARENCY (2013) 95 X 120 CM OIL ON CANVAS

In Moseholm’s project of transposing rhythms into his art, and conceiving of his paintings as following a “beat,” I see/hear echoes of the “rhythimized textiles” (to use Robert Farris Thompson’s term) of West Africa. I also think of how so many 20th century musicians found inspiration in their sonic surroundings: The Stooges funneling the pounding noise of Detroit’s auto factories into their brutal recordings, or Kraftwerk synthesizing electronic rhythms in imitation of cars whooshing past on Germany’s autobahns.

Cars, of course, are ubiquitous in Moseholm’s paintings, either ranged in stationary rows or rushing past in a blur. But it’s not only in modernist architecture and automotive technology that Moseholm lays down visual beats. Look at his interiors that so often evoke the 18th and 19th, if not even earlier centuries. Here, too, in these ornate, ghostly, melancholy spaces there are recurring motifs that create visual rhythms. In *Simultaneously Delayed* (2016), it is the lozenge shapes in the marble floor and the receding window bays; in *Concentric Transparency* (2013) a similar modularity is at work in the inlaid floor and vaulted skylight. Even his landscapes depend on repeating motifs.



Take *Clearing* (2017), for instance, where multiple grids of rectangles are overlaid onto a landscape. The rectangles constantly change in size and color, covering the entire canvas except for a vigorously painted section just to the left of center. Our experience of the painting becomes a negotiation between different ways of painting, different ways of seeing.

Something similar happens in *Sky Writing* where an urban nightscape features a grid of abbreviated vertical strokes that could represent snow, but could also be tally marks, some kind of autonomous abstract pattern. This veil of white marks recalls the technique of “snowing the canvas” practiced by Art & Language in the 1980s, which was their commentary on “that gradual cancellation or erasure of descriptive signifying content that has seemed to be a necessary and indeed overdetermined process in the technical resolution of modernist painting.”⁵

Moseholm is no stranger to inserting conceptual interference into painting – just look at his frequent use of text – but he is never programmatic in his complications. As always in Moseholm’s paintings, *Sky Writing* contains elements that break the logic of the scene, intrusions from some other order. Here it’s not just the tally marks, which, after all, might simply be shorthand for a snow flurry, but also a pair of “I” shapes in the lower left. Resembling uppercase “I”s, they hover, thanks to the thin illusionistic shadows the artist has given them, inexplicably in the foreground, almost flush to the picture plane. Maybe this is some kind of pun (“a pair of eyes”). Maybe they are surrogates for human figures? Maybe they are purely formal. Maybe – who knows? – they are a kind of memento mori, like the anamorphic skull in Holbein’s *The Ambassadors*.

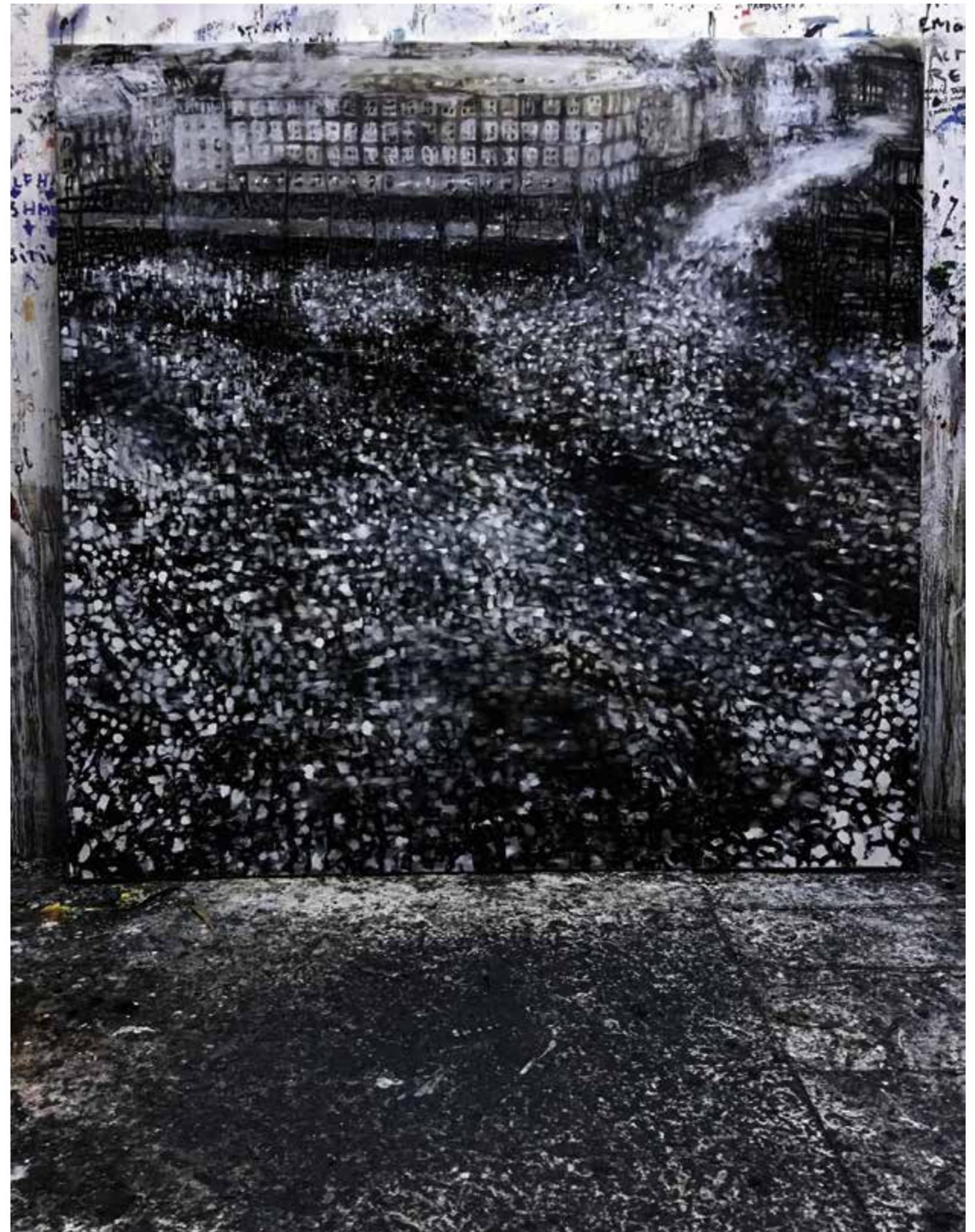


SKYWRITING (2015) 200 X 150 CM OIL ON CANVAS
↓ THE CLEARING (2017) 97 X 123 CM OIL ON CANVAS



Of course, we could ask the artist to explain them. Even now as I am writing this essay I could send an email to Moseholm, asking him to tell me what those two “I”s mean, why they are in the painting. Perhaps he would reply, and tell me the reason he placed them there, or perhaps he doesn’t know, or doesn’t remember. Perhaps they just happened, the way things happen in life, the way things happen in cities. Maybe one day I will pose the question, but for now I prefer to remain with my own response, my own ideas, wrong though they may be. I prefer to take the liberty that Moseholm’s paintings provide: to stay in the subjectivity of my own I, my own eyes.

1 Email from Anders Moseholm to the author, January 15, 2018. 2 Ibid. 3 Reprinted in *Art in Theory: 1900-2000*, eds. Charles Harrison and Paul Wood, Blackwell, Malden, Mass., 2002, pp. 167-171. 4 Email from Anders Moseholm to the author, Jan. 22, 2018. 5 Charles Harrison, “On the Surface of Painting,” *Critical Inquiry*, Winter 1989, p. 292.







DEN ANDEN VEJ OVER MOD ERLEV (2018) 153 X 200 CM OIL ON CANVAS
→ EDGE (2011) 150 X 200 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)



EMOTIONAL ARCHITECTURE (2017) 150 X 200 CM OIL ON CANVAS
→ ES HAT KLICK GESAGT (2017) 135 X 150 CM OIL ON CANVAS





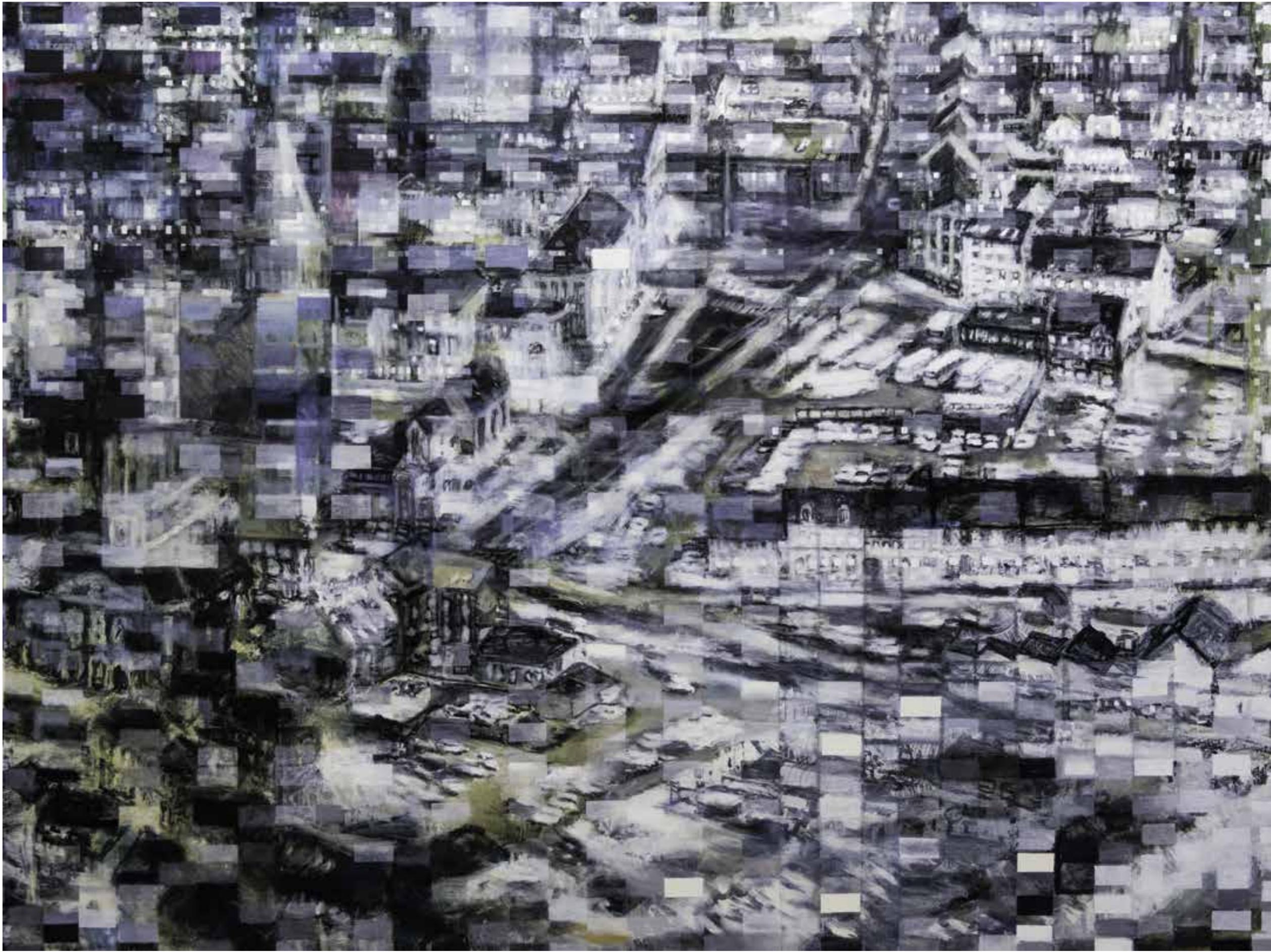
TWO BRIDGES & ONE DESTINATION (2018) 120 X 150 CM OIL ON CANVAS
→ AND YOU MAY FIND YOURSELF IN A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE (2015) 200 X 200 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)

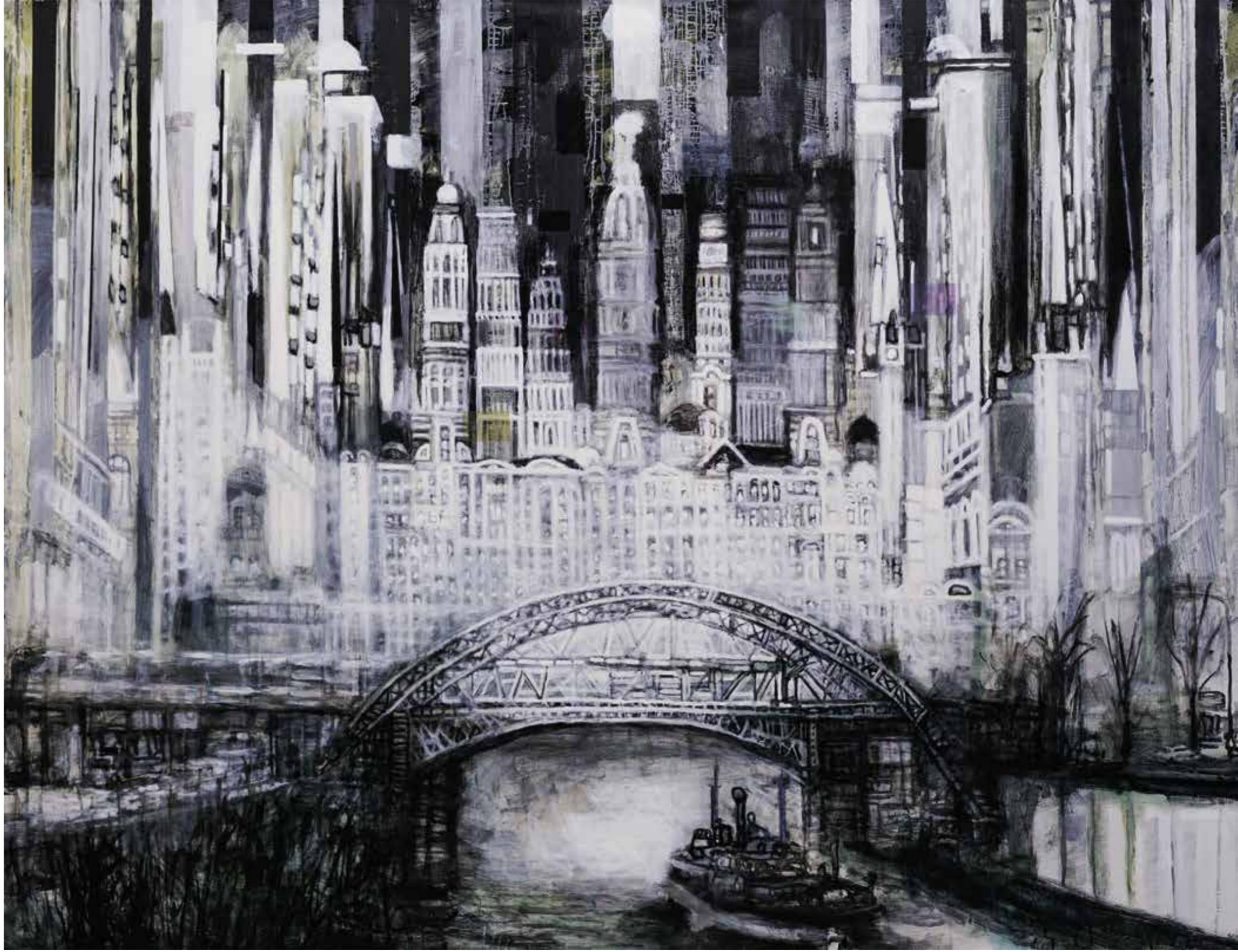




MUSEUMSINSEL (2014) 150 X 200 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)
→ DON'T WORRY ABOUT BAD WEATHER IN PARADISE (2015) 95 X 120 CM OIL ON CANVAS









31 EMOTIONAL DIRECTIONS (2017) 135 X 135 CM OIL ON CANVAS
→ BRIDGE LEADING NOWHERE (2017) 123 X 153 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)



SHADE & FLOWERS (2018) 150 X 200 CM OIL ON CANVAS
→ SHADE & BLUE SKY (2018) 120 X 150 CM OIL ON CANVAS

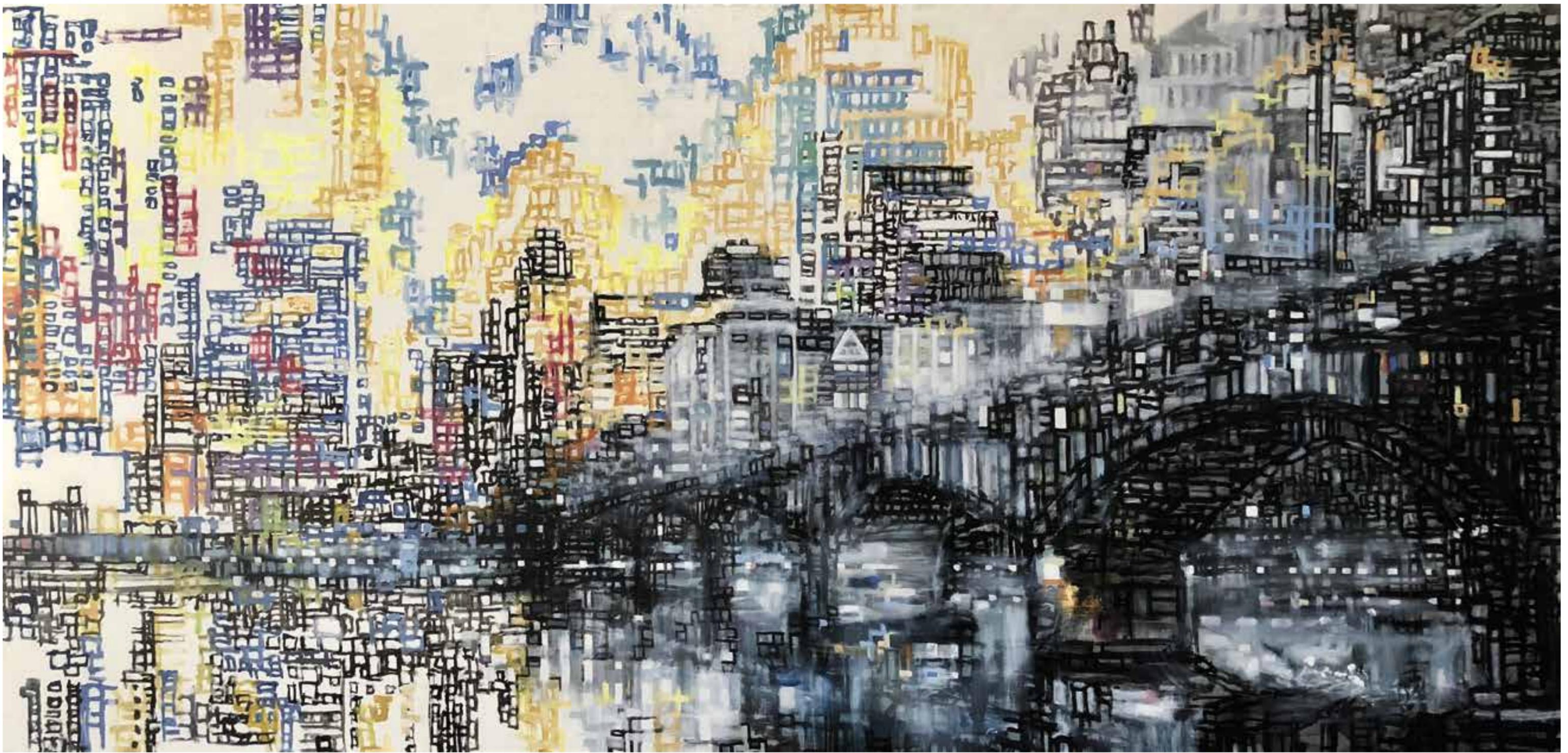


INDUSTRIAL ROMANTIC LANDSCAPE (2018) 75 X 90 CM OIL ON CANVAS
→ LABYRINTH OF THE ALMOST PERFECT (2018) 153 X 200 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)





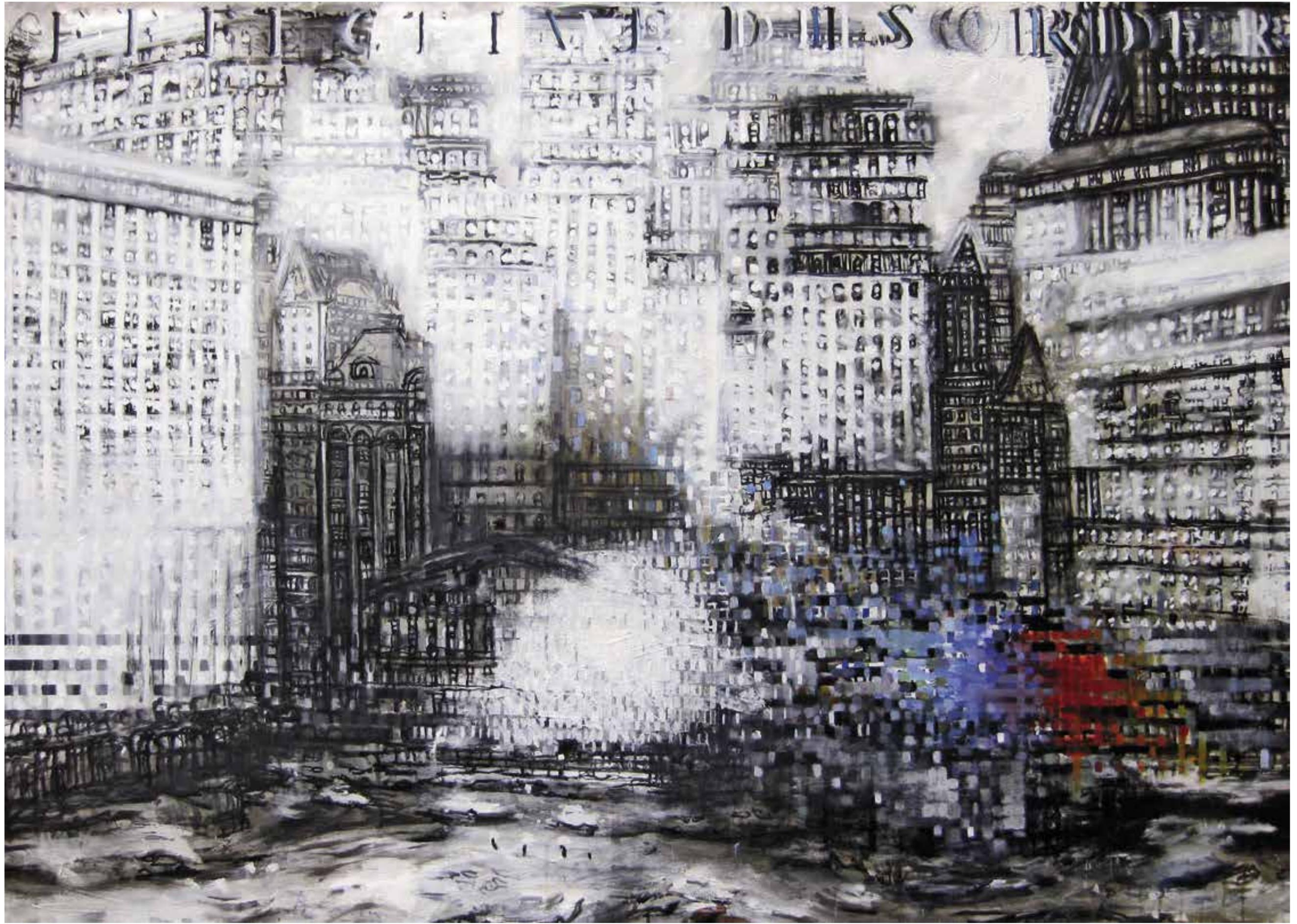
REFLECTION & DESTRUCTION (2012) 200 X 295 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)
→ MOVING BRIDGES (2018) 97 X 153 CM OIL ON CANVAS





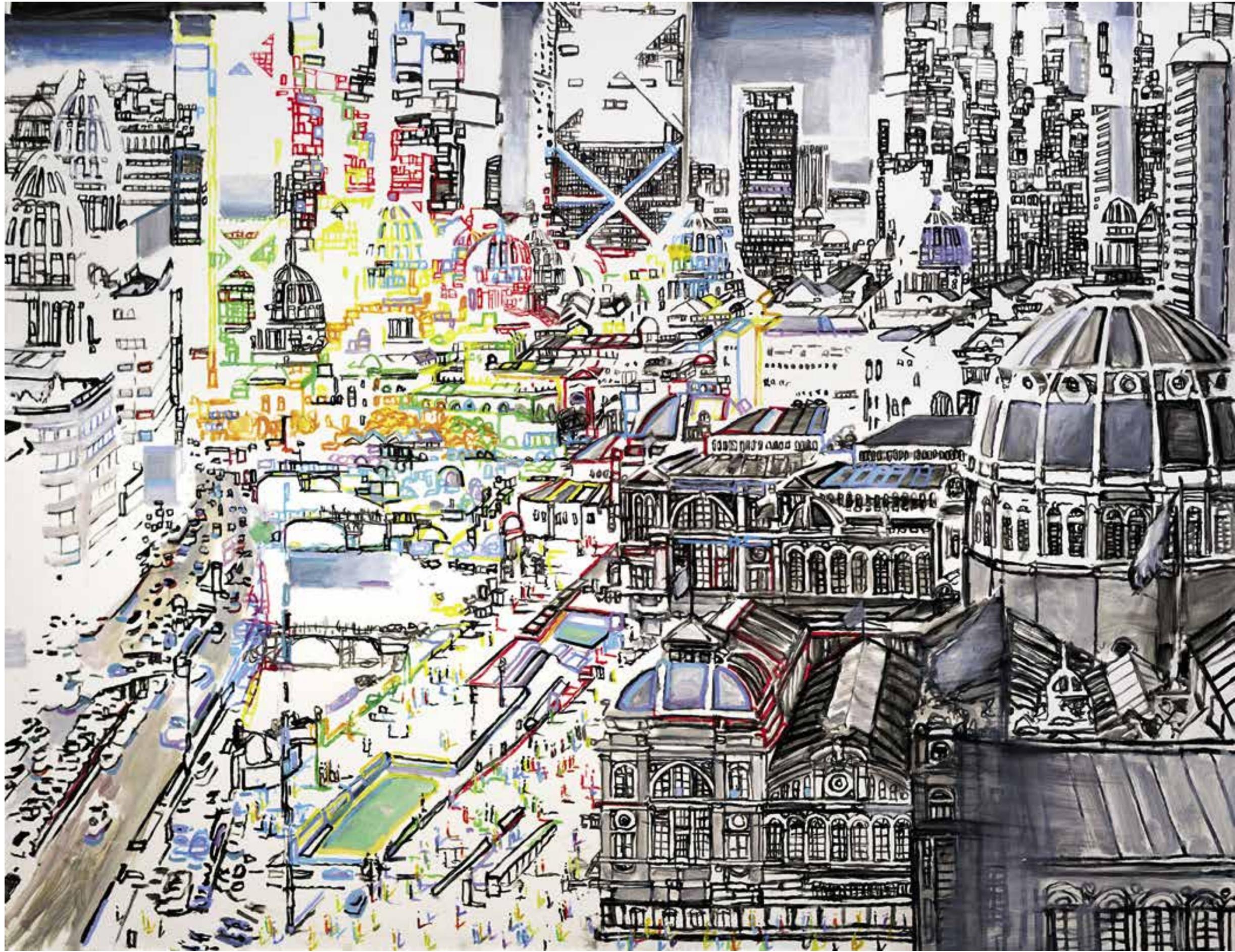
DIFFERENT (2017) 130 X 160 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)
→ EVERYTHING & NOTHING (2017) 160 X 200 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)







COHERENT DISONANCE (2018) 183 X 244 CM OIL ON CANVAS
→ IMPROVISATION 293 (2016) 200 X 200 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)



What happens when a person experiences one of life's major transitions? Most adults know all too well the exasperating change of lifestyle involved as their children cross the threshold of adolescence. Young teenagers shift their focus from their parents and close family to friends and relationships in the outside world, wherever that may be. Their role models change in a New York minute. Those who were youths in the 60s remember the Beatles, Jimi Hendrix, the assassination of J.F. Kennedy in Dallas, Texas and the Apollo 11 landing on the moon. Images from television broadcasts become commonplace and the stream of information changes as we proceed through youth. Every generation has its own special images to relate to, whether close to home or far away. The World War II of our parents' and grandparents' generations is gradually fading away, as new themes emerge. If you have an artistic soul, this is where the journey towards a creative, and maybe professional life starts. Gradually we mature and, depending on whether we jump from one stepping stone to another, or retain a tight focus, the character of a work takes shape and our personal identity is determined. An artist is not his or her work. But the work could not exist without the artist. Time has passed. Suddenly a long time.

The painter Anders Moseholm is currently at one of life's watersheds. In 2019, he turns sixty and can look back on a long, active career as a painter, during which he has hardly ever put his brushes down. He is an energetic, active, hyperactive, restless soul and, most of all, an artist, but he is also open to so much else. Music is a huge source of inspiration. And the stream of images. His youthfulness is undeniable. He works as if time has simply flown by between his years of study at the Royal Academy of Fine Art in Copenhagen, where he started in 1989 at the age of 30, and now, when his studio in Emdrup forms a permanent setting for his work and the genesis of most of his large paintings.

NEW INDICATORS

Erik Steffensen

In the 1980s, the European art scene was dominated by German art, and the new names in the German art world of the early 1990s led the way. There was one artist who was particularly relevant as a kind of artistic, or even non-artistic role model for Anders Moseholm and other younger painters: Anselm Kiefer, German art's heavyweight champion. The work of this artist, born at the end of the Second World War in 1945, has always had a strong focus on German identity and its loss in the face of difficult and traumatic historical events. Influenced by the writings of the Romanian-Jewish poet, Paul Celan and his Austrian muse, the author Ingeborg Bachmann, he has thematized the Holocaust and made room for remembrance in his often-intense pictorial symphonies. Because that is exactly how Anselm Kiefer's works come across, created out of equal parts paint, pencil and other greyish, swampy, earthy materials. Working on such a huge scale cast a spell on an entire generation of new artists.

Story-telling with a poetic dimension became a serious element of their work. Anselm Kiefer painted over original photographs, depicting the battlefield and the National-Socialist cathedral architecture conceived in Hitler's Germany. Anselm Kiefer, who became an Austrian citizen in 2018, is not the spokesman or bad conscience of his generation; his works represent an artistic admonition and protest. In addition to his artistic reputation, he has also managed to become one of the 1,001 richest people in Germany. The reason I mention this is because financial success is not tantamount to an artist avoiding the same life transitions as others. Kiefer's work has also changed. When he moved out of his workshop to the outskirts of Paris, the contents filled 110 trucks, and his recent works feature a brighter palette and even the occasional lustful pornographic intermezzo: for example, in his series *The Feminine Ecstasies* (2013). Like Anders Moseholm, Anselm Kiefer works with photographic sources in a spectacular pictorial space. The question is, as Anders Moseholm stands on the threshold of the winter of his life, what doors will he now open?

Like his colleague, Anders Moseholm has chosen to embark upon a series of remembrance paintings, so the narrative does not fall into oblivion. Moseholm's objective is not to focus on historical events, even though they are present in some of the works. Instead, he identifies himself with each picture in a way he has never done before. He has become a participant rather than an observer. For example, reading an old family photo as a source for a new painting is a question not merely of artistic prowess, but also of empathy, identification and various layers in reality, and even in the actual artist. Anders Moseholm does not paint memories, but he dwells longer on the subject and reaches into the world of the image without getting lost in it. The method is like a conversation between plane and space, and past and present. Expressiveness and the unarticulated have found a new lease of life.

Anders Moseholm seems to go with the flow of the work and to evolve with it, before finally letting the finished work go. He still paints large pictures. It just seems that the statement is now natural; as if a synthesis of past experiences has found its form and volume.

New York City as an artistic subject has pursued Anders Moseholm as a kind of leitmotif, ever since his time at the city's School of Visual Arts as a young man in 1994. Over the years, he has depicted the view from the streets of the metropolis in many different ways. In the new works, it is crystalline and tranquil, evidence of a mature sense of perspective. The work is now obviously breathing freely, even though the clamorous reality of Manhattan has been boiled down, coming across as an architectural densification of mirrors and surfaces. Anders Moseholm has said: "In my paintings there are always several spaces, and there is movement between them. My paintings reflect an enduring effort to expand the boundaries of the spaces, in which we exist." It seems that expansion is no longer the issue, but that depth has entered the picture. There is an inward expansion towards a new content. That is another door he is opening.

The artist explains: "There's always something going on, but the basic images are the same." There are cityscapes "rooted in places I've been and have an association with. Forest roads I've walked on. And my palette/thoughts on my studio walls." Anders Moseholm is creating his new works for an exhibition that will be divided into three parts: "Inside – The Road Between – Outside". He is working on tangible things – that which is within reach – and is including small portraits of close relationships in his reservoir of inspirations. He is discovering the significance of those relationships in his painting like a family man getting up to give a speech. He is not alone but part of a larger picture: the father. There is a safety and security that are frequently overlooked; a self-awareness, which has nothing to do with art directly, but which flows like an undercurrent between the lines. You speak from "a place", just as the studio is "a place", which is not only personal, but also contains echoes of the people who are important to the work. Just as a person, who travels from his or her family, still has that family deep inside.

The solitude that relates to an artist's work in the studio also features as a subject in Anders Moseholm's new pictures of forest roads. "The Road Between" identifies a distance from A to B. Runs and routines in areas he knows formed the inspiration. Quasi-meditative repetitions simply transposed to the studio's dialogue with the material. Tree trunks, leaves, clearings and the path that leads out of, and into the world. The painting is an interlude and a space for tranquil reflection. The painter has stopped time. A moment is extended into the substance of the painting, and it is no longer a question of proceeding, but of finding out where you are at in life. From here there is a view of another world where your heart beats slower. Your heart is open on the road between home and away.

Where the close-to-home references can be said to focus mainly on the body, we are further away from our own experience, whether it be portrait, gestures or the landscapes in Anders Moseholm's urban pictures: his cityscapes. But even here "Outside", in tactile terms, we detect a change. The painter himself says that he "humanizes geometry". That does not mean that things flow along organically, but that in their initial phase the pictures have a more set, personal meaning than before. It is a natural realization of coming home and not simply expanding your horizons until you lose sense of the big picture.

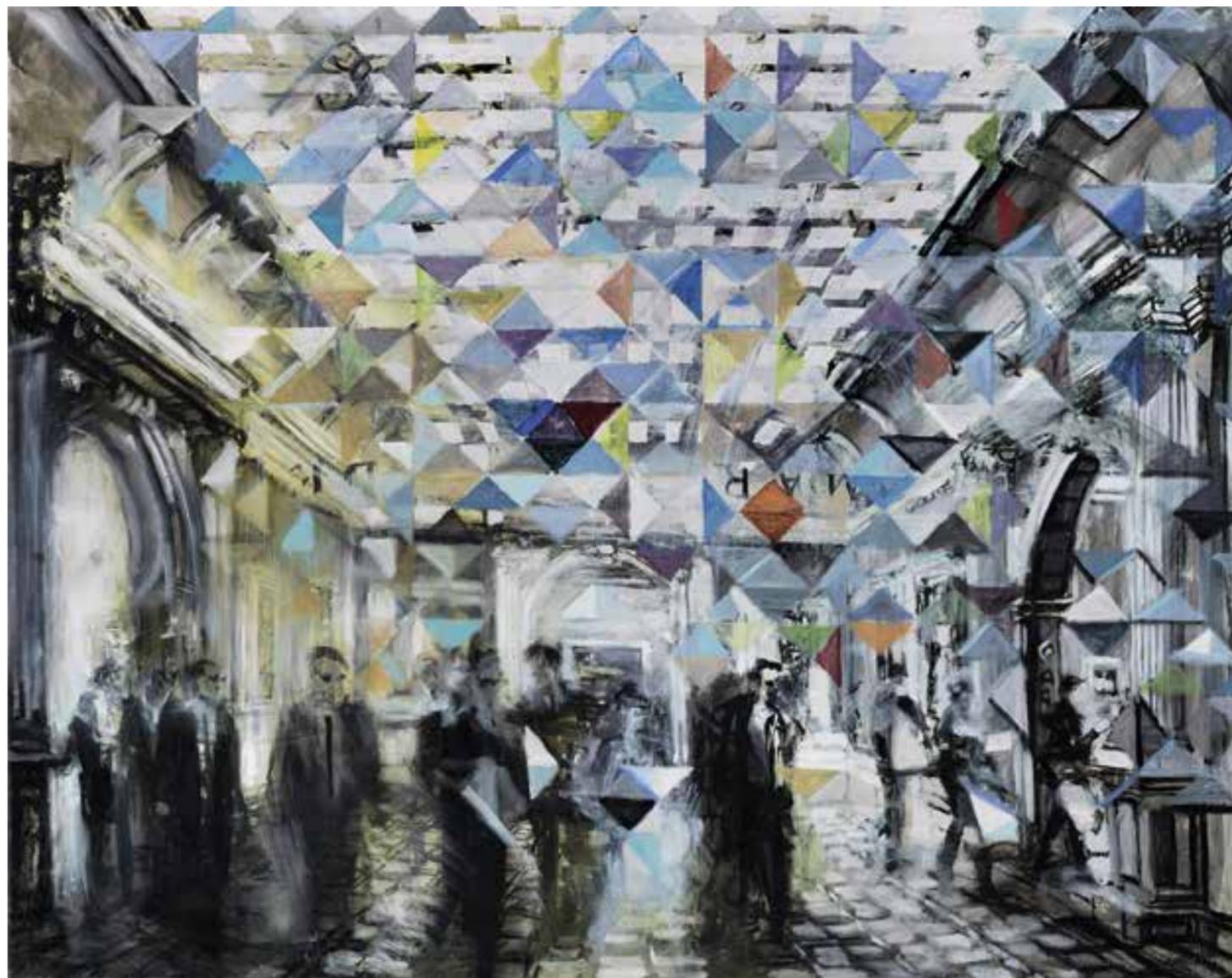
In his pictures, Anders Moseholm shows that even the spaces of childhood, and particularly of youth, have more to offer than we assumed when we were young, when life was all about not being at home. The simple image of a bus appearing on a square in a Danish provincial town contains multiple layers of experience. Moseholm paints the Danish towns of Kolding and Seest with empathy. They undulate and vibrate. They are a new take on revisiting a world view as if they were the world's big cities: Dallas, New York and Abu Dhabi. The artist encounters a world, which he helped create at the time. He sees the world coming into existence, not as a postcard memory, but as a pictorial pattern interwoven with his own life. He has been to the places, and approached his fascinations, finding and losing his way en route. In a way, Anders Moseholm has embarked on a new and rewarding chapter of the story we thought we knew. He has reached a zenith on the journey between his destinations. The pictures speak their own clear language. They are affecting presentations of personal life and the continuation of an artistic tradition, in which he has introduced photography into the fictive universe of his pictures.

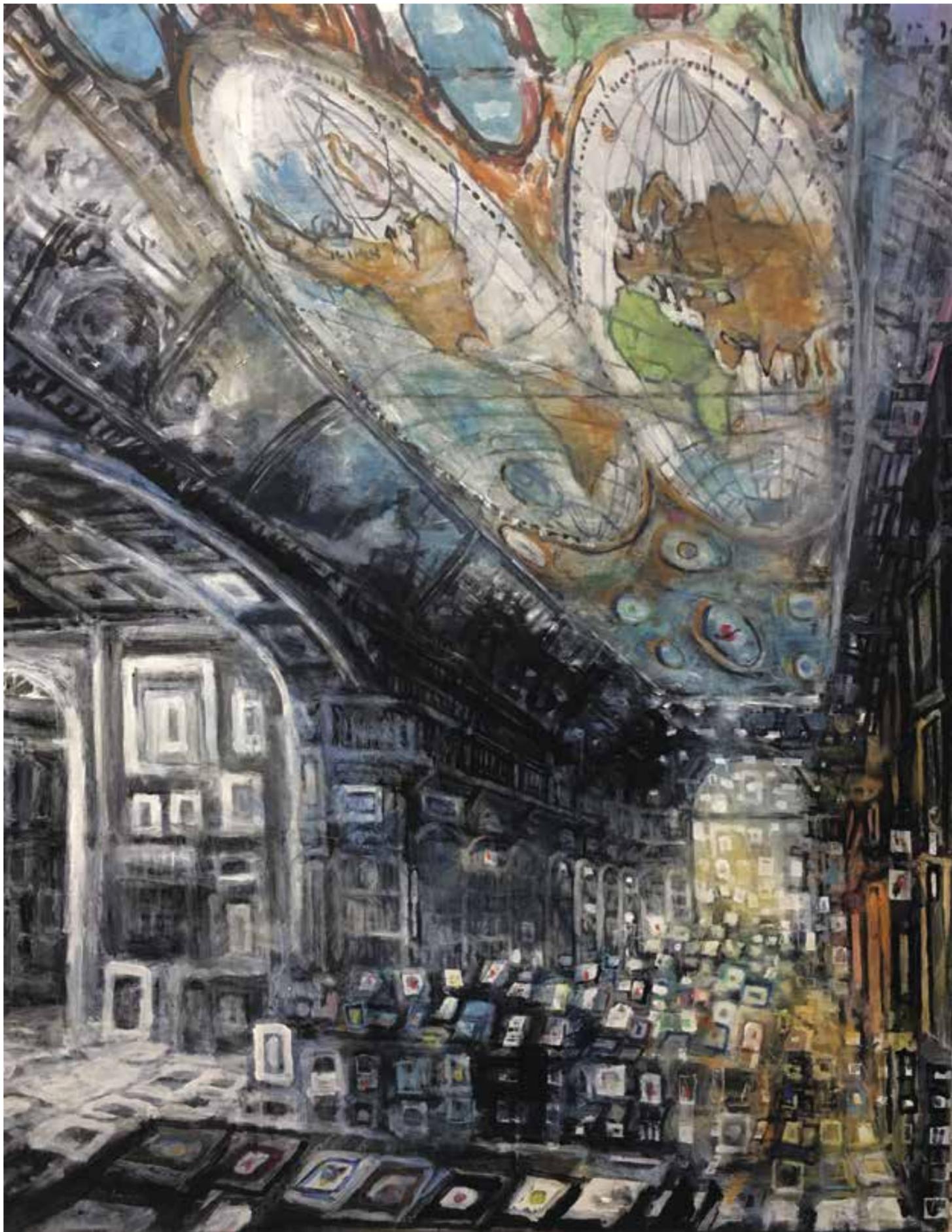
TØNDERVEJ, HOLBERGSVEJ & BREDEVEJ (2019) 40 X 75 CM OIL ON CANVAS



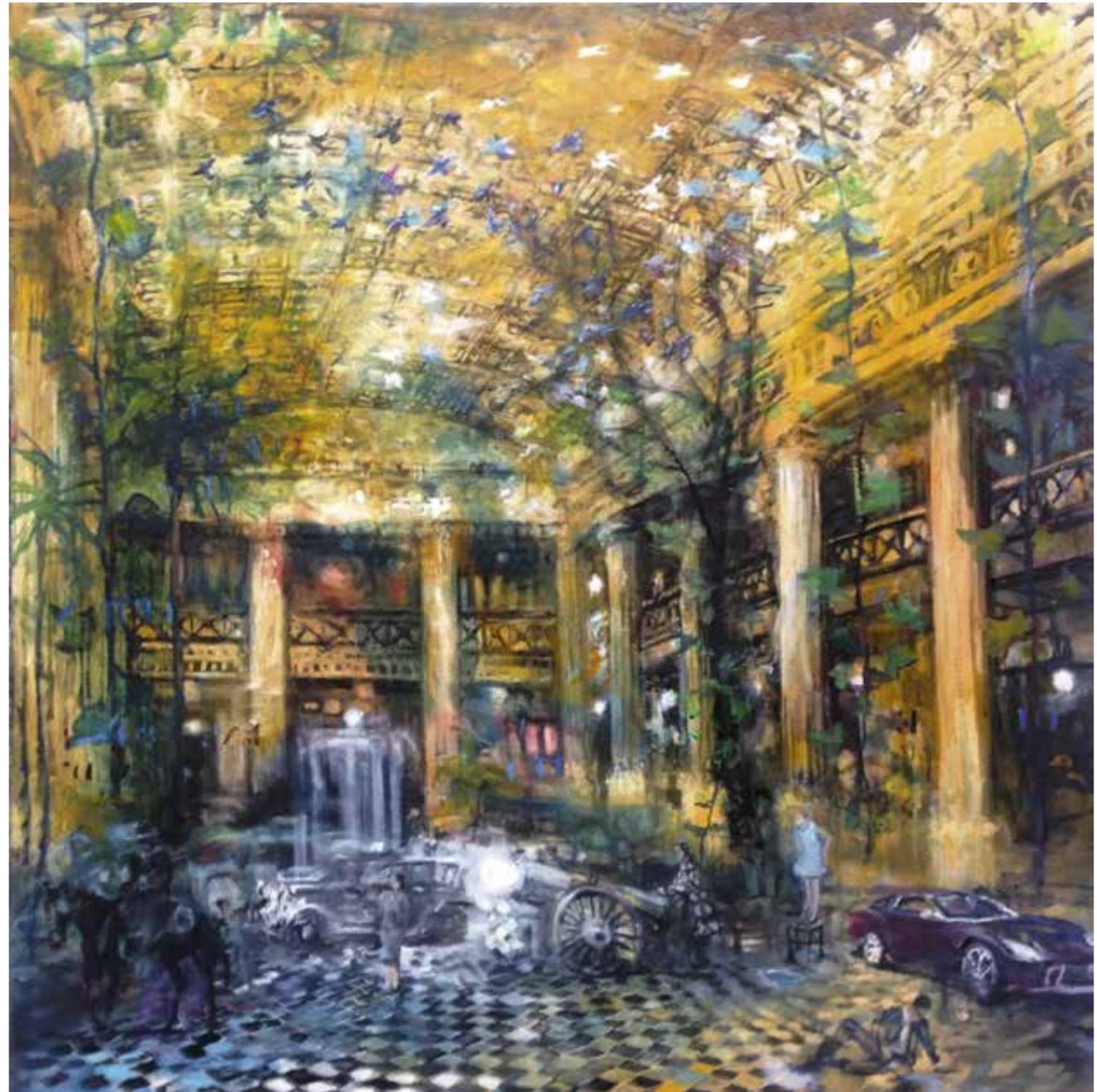


SUPPLY STATION (2014) 135 X 150 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)
→ CONTEMPORARY HISTORIC SPACE (2018) 97 X 123 CM OIL ON CANVAS





TEMPI DIVERSI STESSO SPAZIO 150 X 150 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)
← STILL TRYING TO MAKE A TRUE IMAGE OF THE WORLD (2017) 123 X 97 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)



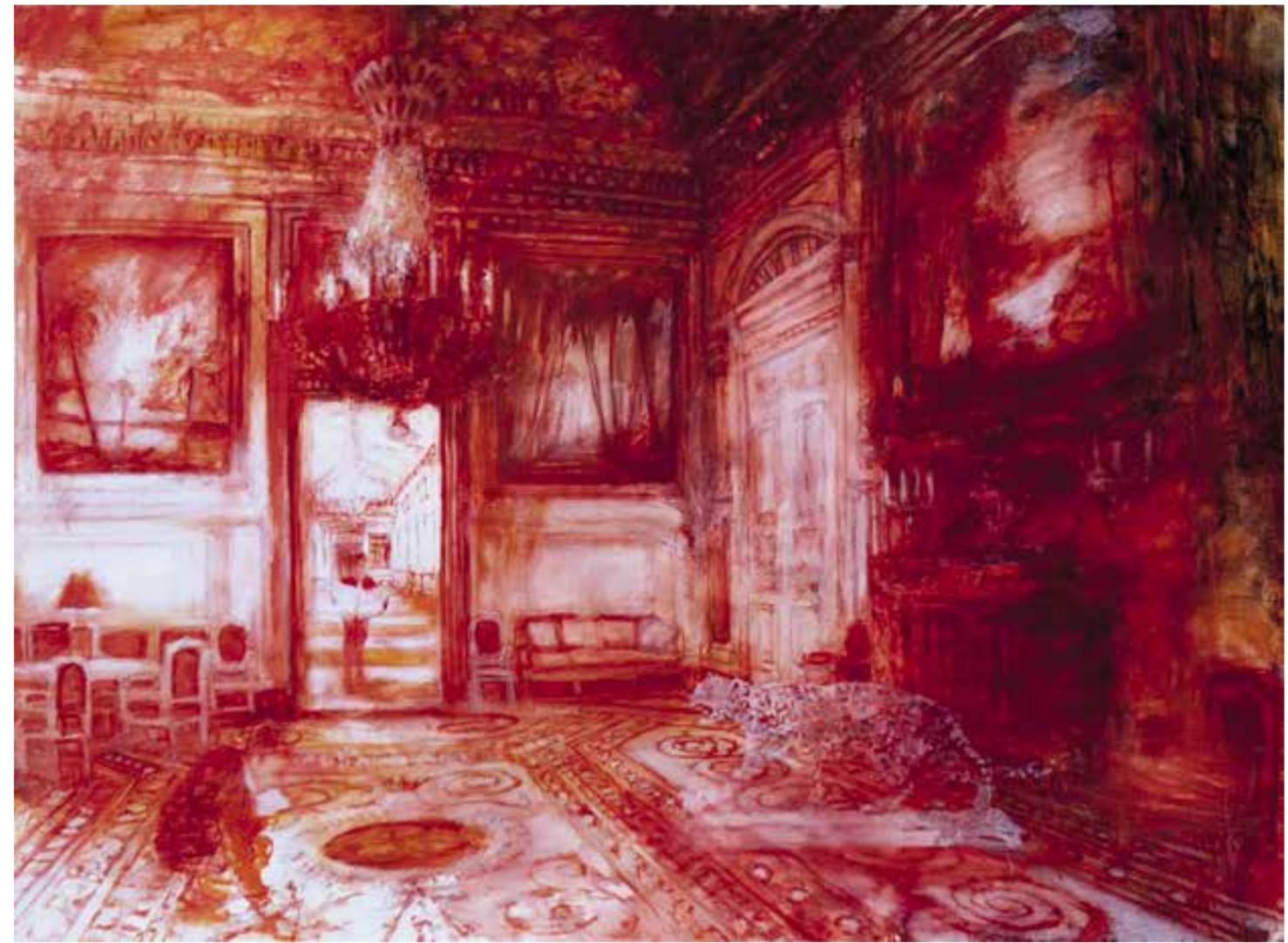


POSSIBILITIES OF APPEARANCE (2018) 128 X 183 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)
→ THE MODEL (2015) 135 X 135 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)



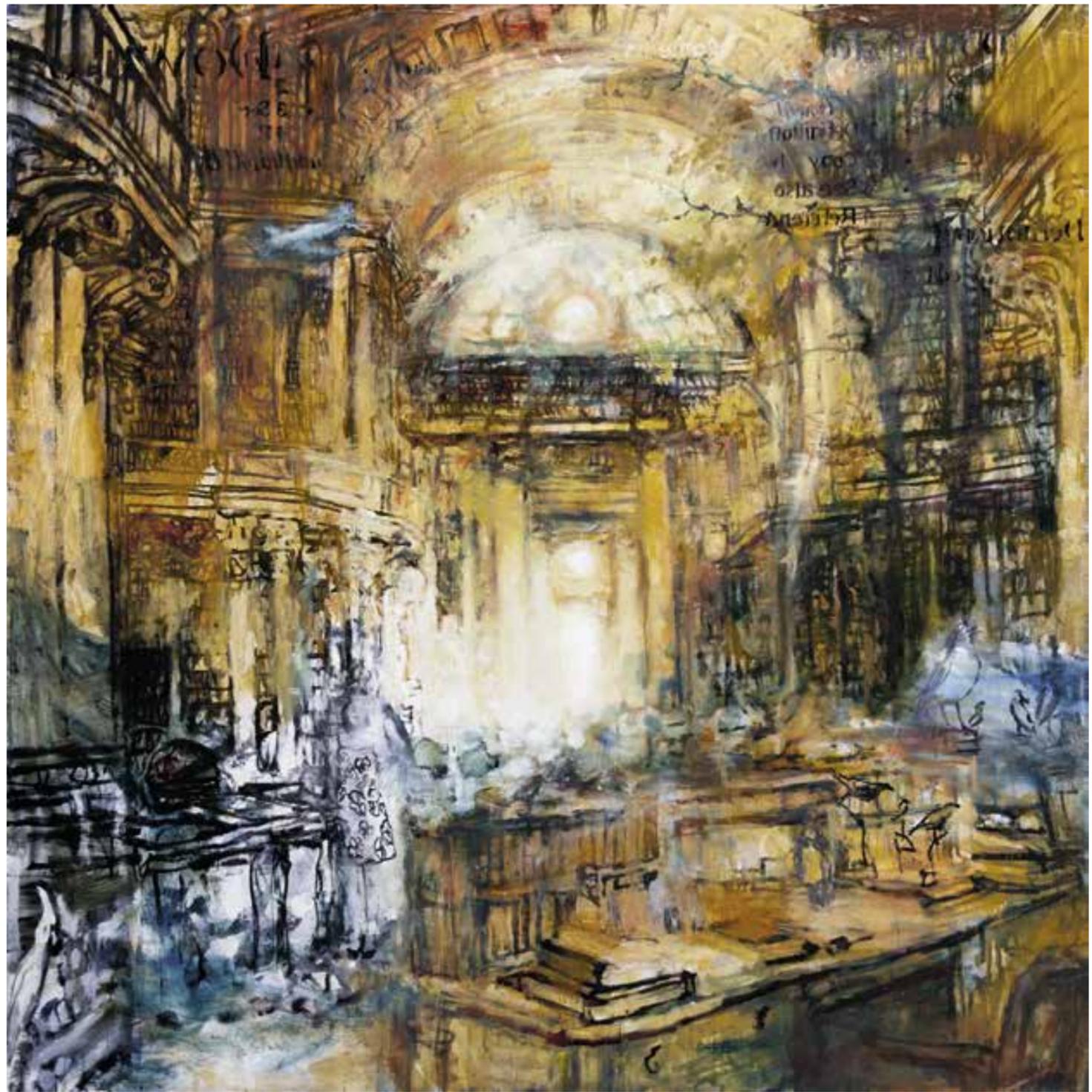
MEMORY FULL (2017) 111 X 138 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)
→ TANGLED UP IN LACK (2018) 97 X 123 CM OIL ON CANVAS

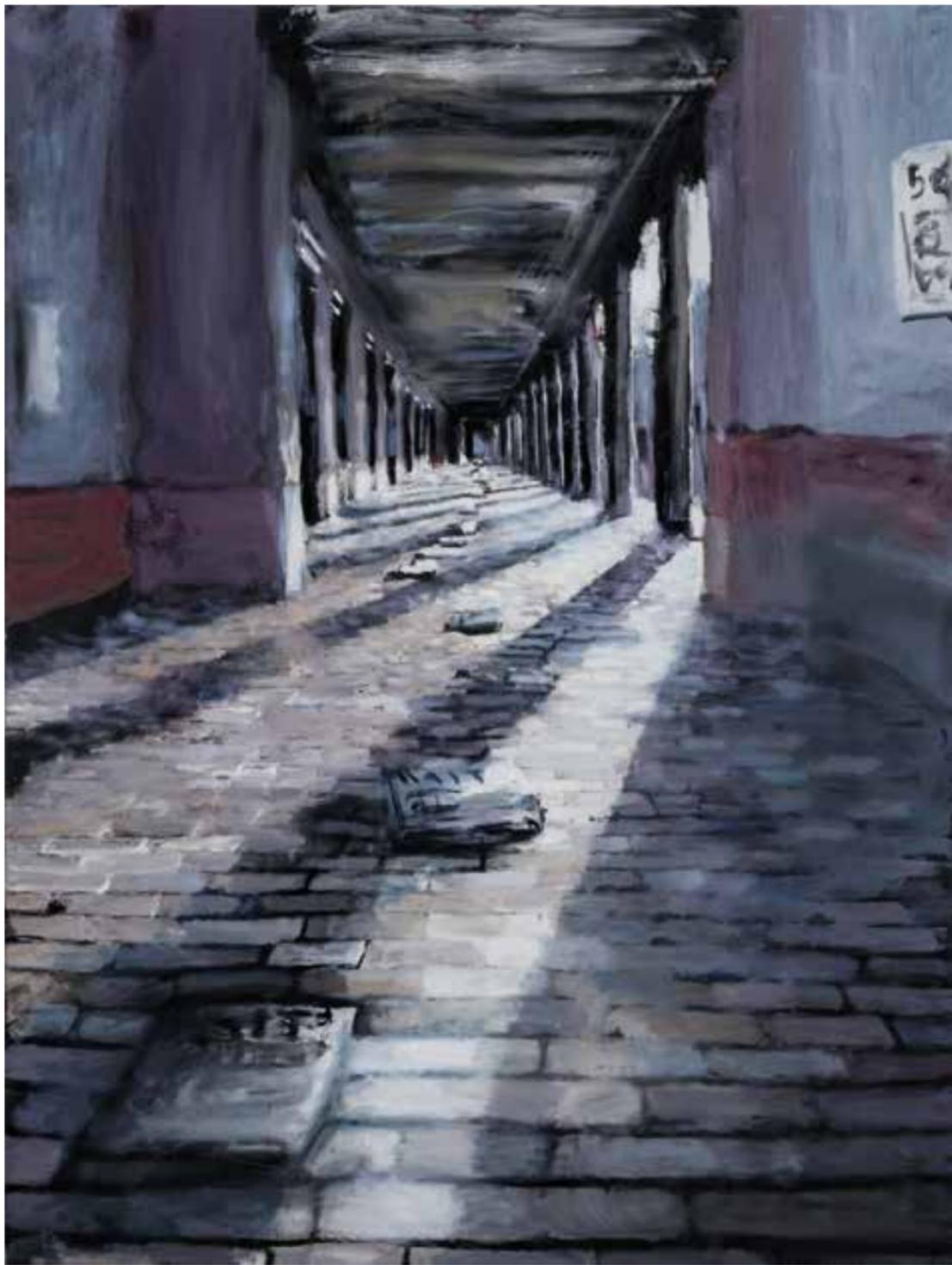
ONE ROOM TO THE OTHER (2015) 95 X 120 CM OIL ON CANVAS
→ NATURAL ENVIRONMENT (2015) 120 X 170 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)



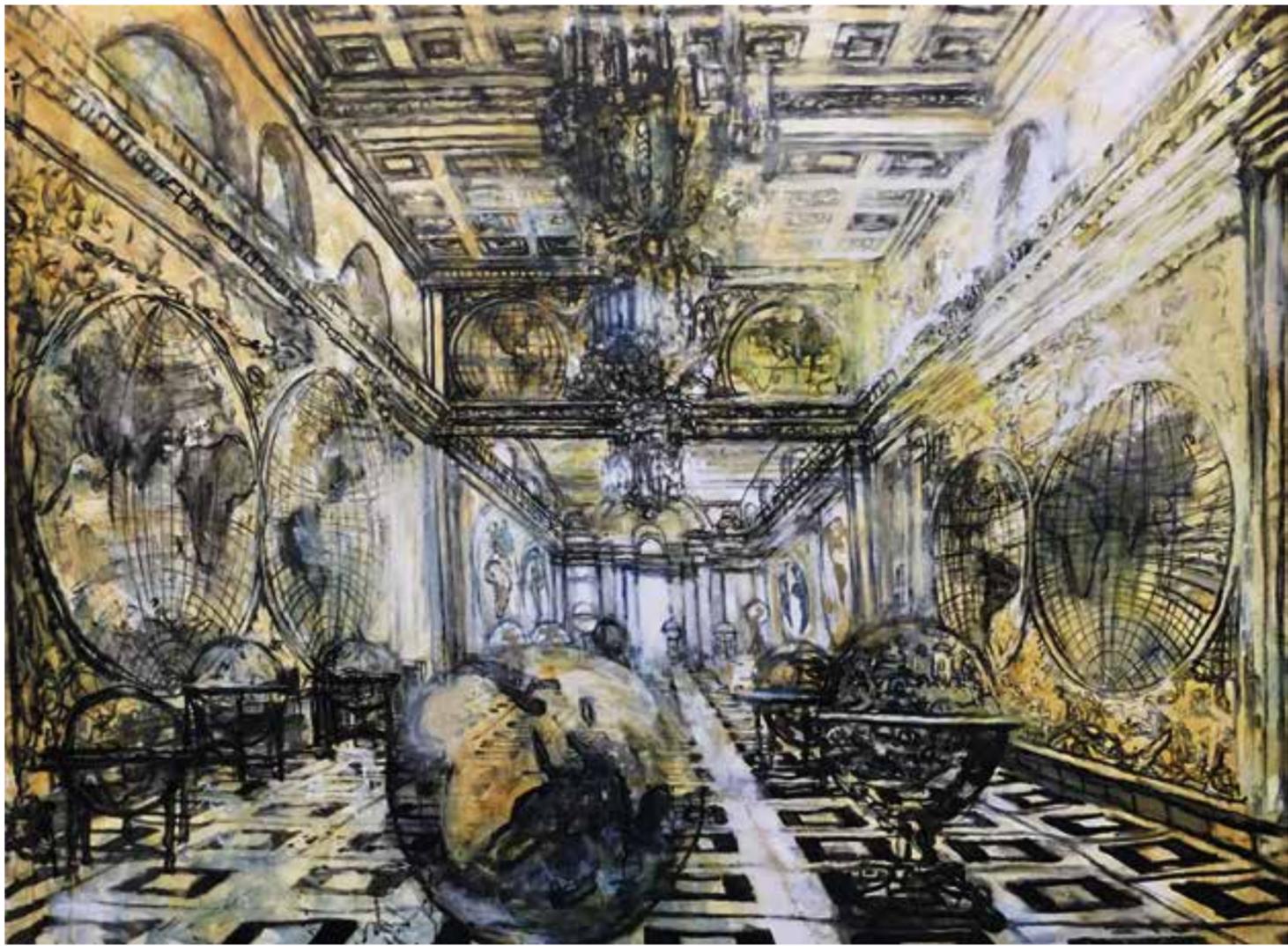


WHERE THE SHADOWS RUN FROM THEMSELVES (2010) 250 X 315 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)
→ SAME ROOM BUT DIFFERENT (2016) 183 X 244 CM OIL ON CANVAS





WAITING (2017) 120 X 90 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)
→ THE DRAWING ROOM (2016) 158 X 190 CM OIL ON CANVAS

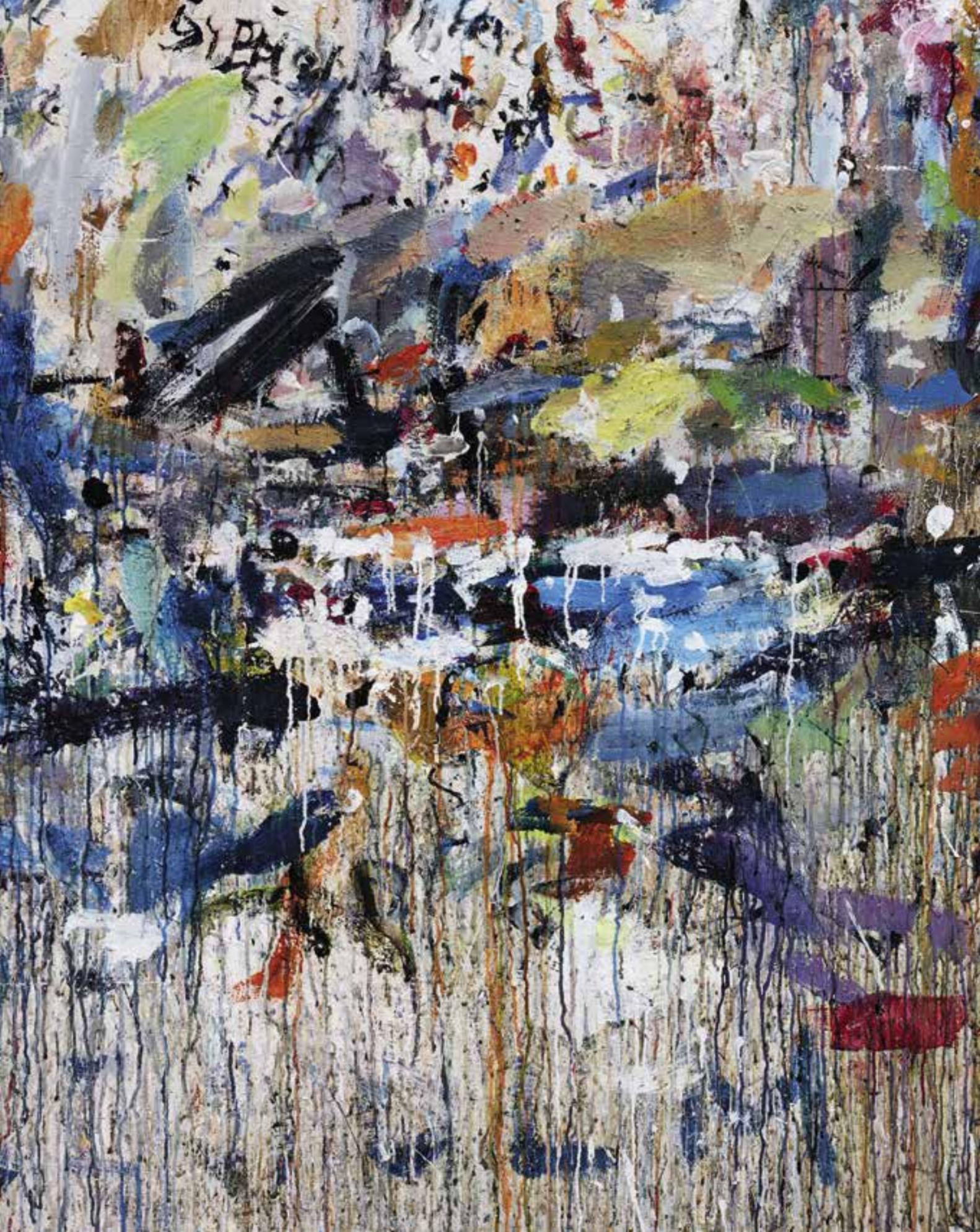
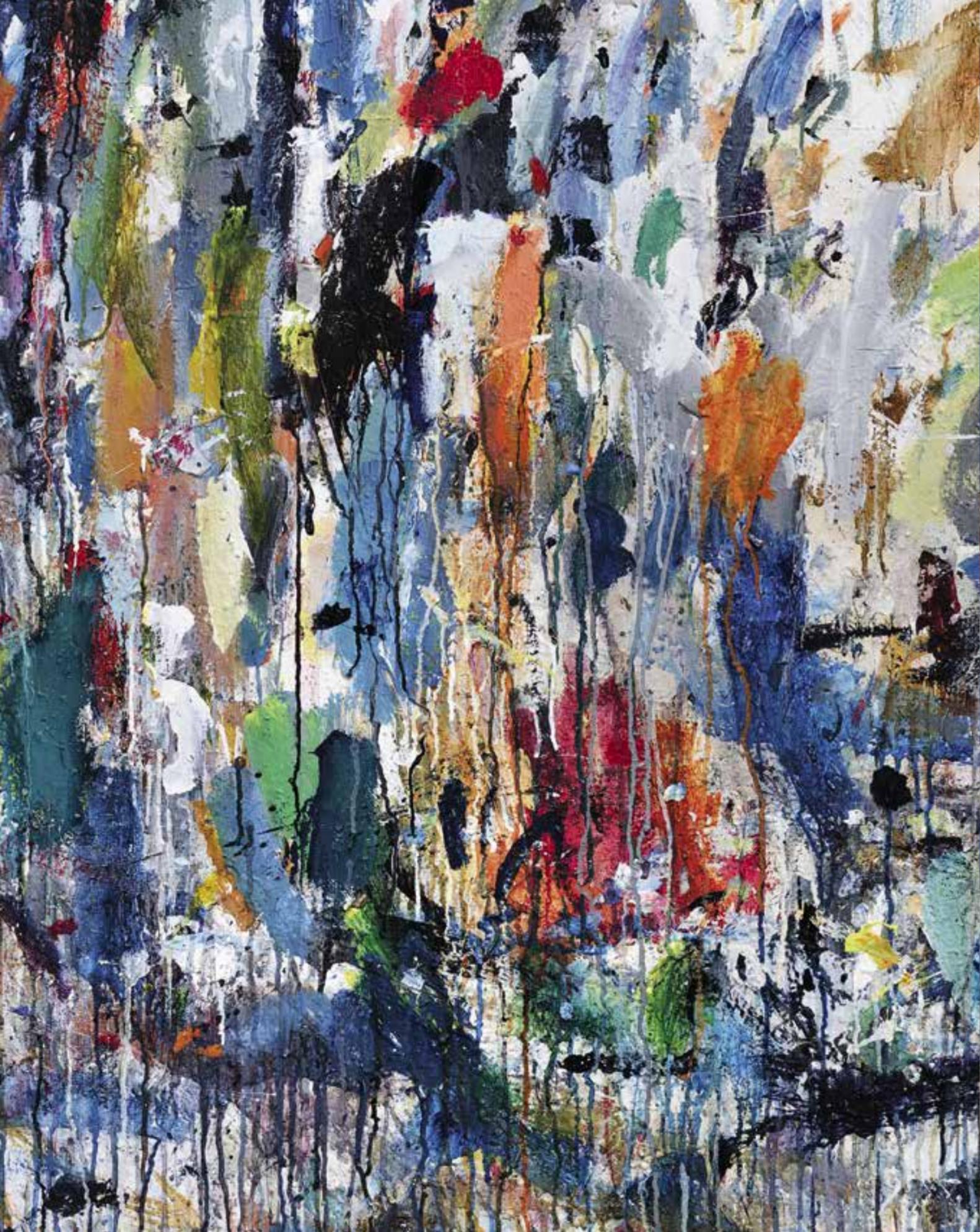


WWWORLD ROOM (2017) 123 X 153 CM OIL ON CANVAS
→ THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS (2017) 123 X 153 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)

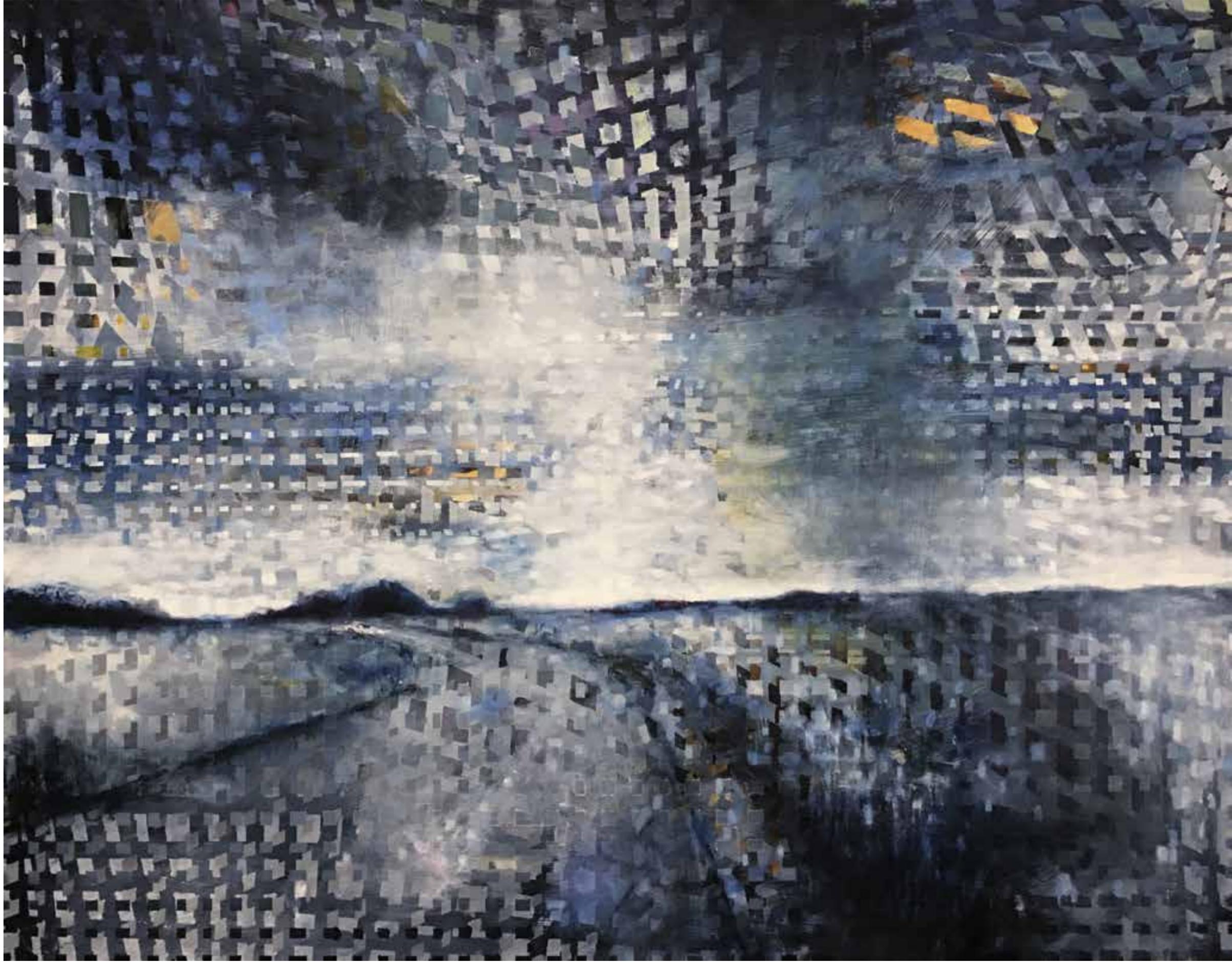


THE OUTTRANCE (2017) 183 X 244 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)
→ THE STORAGE OF THE MUSEUM (2014) 120 X150 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)

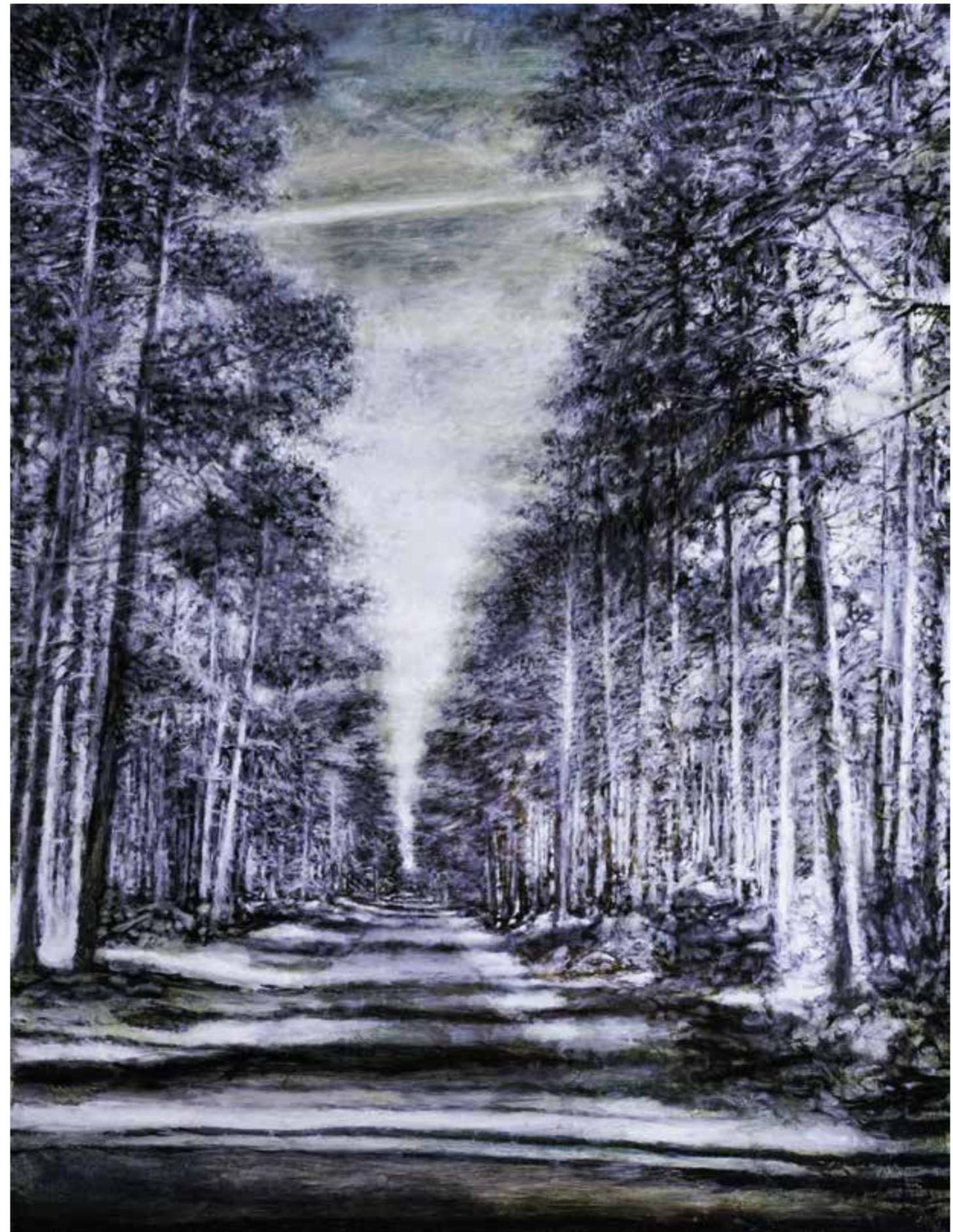




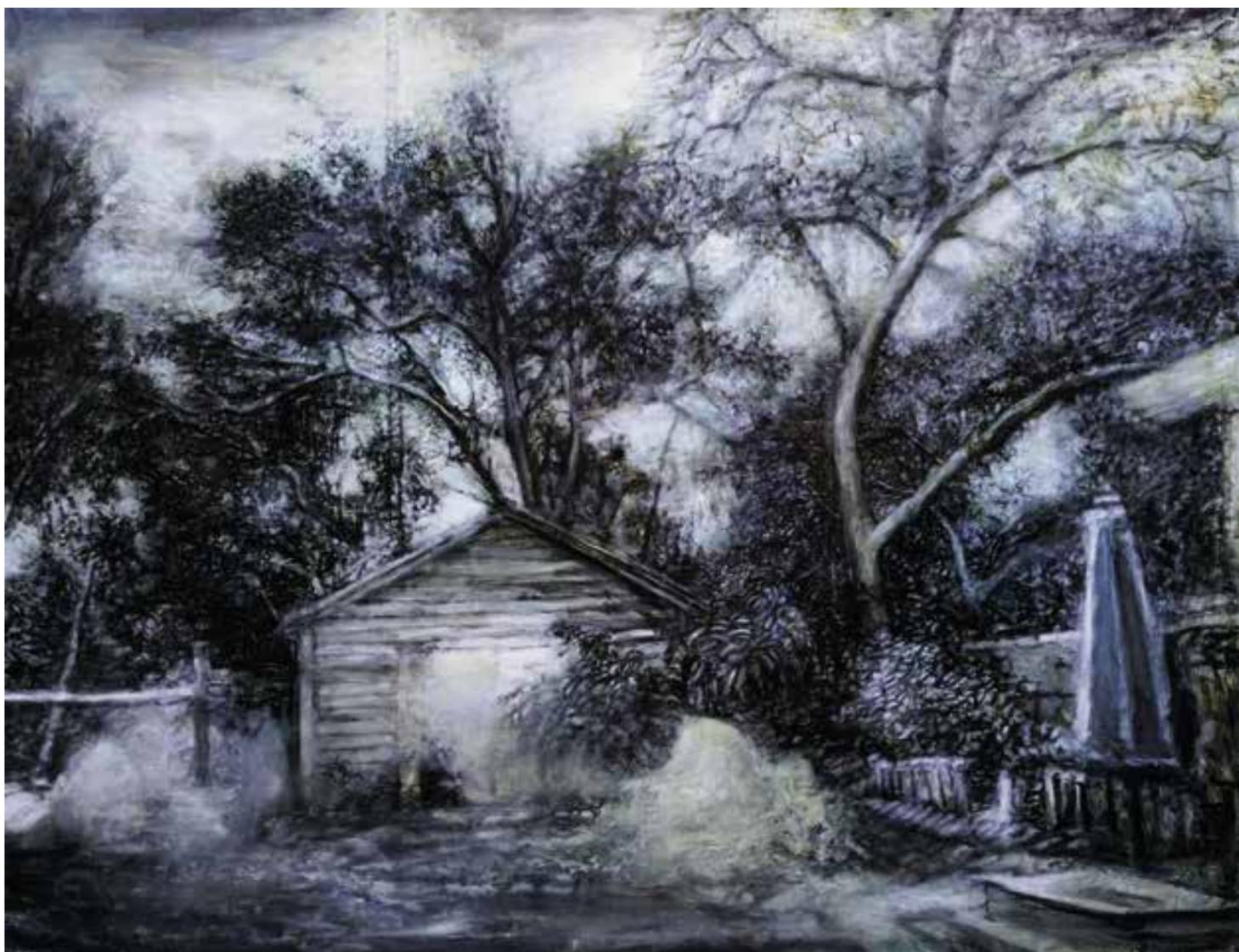








#9 JEG STÅR OP OG GÅR UD... (I RISE. I STAND. I GO ...) HOUSTON (2018) 153 X 200 CM OIL ON CANVAS
→ #8 JEG STÅR OP OG GÅR UD... (I RISE. I STAND. I GO ...) SJ.ODDE (2018) 123 X 153 CM OIL ON CANVAS





#6 JEG STÅR OP OG GÅR UD... (I RISE. I STAND. I GO ...) LÆSØ (2018) 123 X 153 CM OIL ON CANVAS
→ #11 JEG STÅR OP OG GÅR UD... (I RISE. I STAND. I GO ...) LÆSØ (2018) 200 X 260 CM OIL ON CANVAS

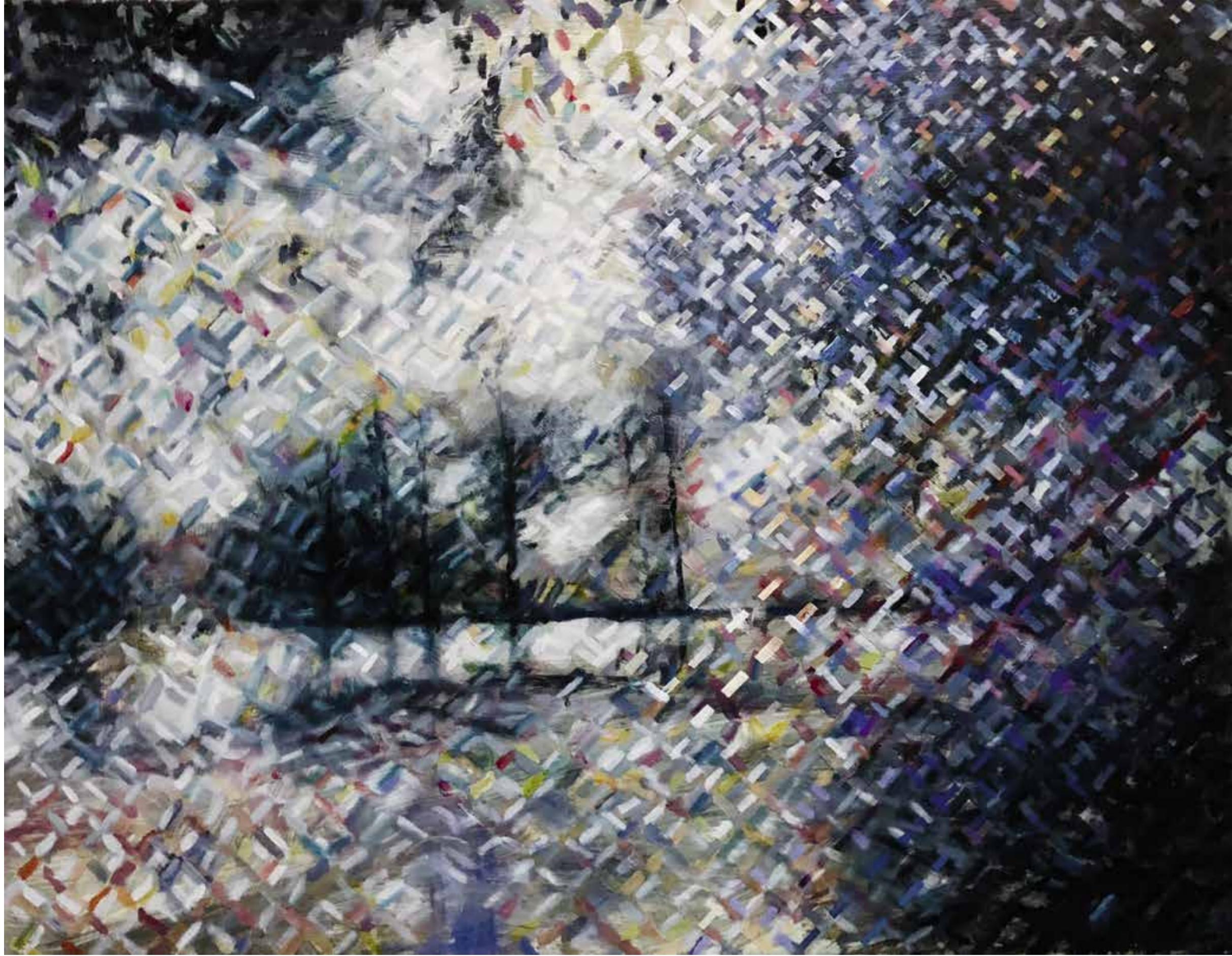




#10 JEG STÅR OP OG GÅR UD... (RISE I STAND, I GO...) SJODDE (2019) 123 X 153 CM OIL ON CANVAS



#13 JEG STÅR OP OG GÅR UD... (I RISE. I STAND. I GO ...) LÆSØ (2018) 123 X 153 CM OIL ON CANVAS
→ #5 JEG STÅR OP OG GÅR UD... (I RISE. I STAND. I GO ...) KNUDSKOVGÅRD (2018) 120 X 150 CM OIL ON CANVAS





SUB 231 (2017) 123 X 123 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)
→ THE TRUE NAVIGATION OF FALSE MEMORIES (2018) 97 X 153 CM OIL ON CANVAS (PRIVATE COLLECTION)







My notions of the physical world are often mistaken and restricted. The clash between my idea of the world and my direct experience of it is what keeps me going creatively.

Whether inspired or not, I go to my studio every single day. One might call this self-discipline, but most of all it is a method of creating peace amidst chaos. I prefer to get there at 7.30. Mainly because I love being part of the morning rush hour in the company of my fellow human beings. I feel privileged. I have an opportunity to contribute something.

I was 15 years old when I started at Andebølle Youth Folk High School. Then, in the mid-1970s, we learned that it was up to us to create the better world we wanted. Sometimes we had guest speakers from Tvind¹. Though we looked up to them, we were a bit scared of them too. The Tvind people did not believe we should wait for people to create a better world voluntarily. What was needed was people to lead the way and fight capitalism with its own brand of violence. They were really avant-garde and hard core, those people from Tvind.

One day, the Danish photographer, writer and lecturer, Jacob Holdt turned up to show us his magnum opus, *American Pictures*. I was utterly spellbound. Imagine being so resolute and so convinced of the power of the image that seeing these photographs of injustice would incite people to make the world a better place.

Many years passed before I was admitted as a student at the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen, but for a while I worked there as an assistant in the Farveteknisk Laboratorium (The Laboratory of Color Technology). Passionately and with increasing intensity I experimented with color pigments, varnish, additives and various surfaces. Then in 1989, at the age of 30, I started as a student at the Academy.

For the first few years, I continued to devote myself to the basics of color, pattern and geometry. But I struggled with the fact that the works still referred to reality. It was my understanding that under no circumstances should paintings depict anything. Nonetheless, these rigid, minimalist works became subject to all manner of interpretations, misunderstandings, strange references and narratives. Increasingly, the vision of pure, abstract form seemed more like academic speculation, often ending up merely as something purely decorative. I got bored by it all.

WHAT I DO

Anders Moseholm



At the Academy, a lack of words to describe the concept of a work of art was a total no-no. Conceptual considerations were imperative as both a basis and a goal. First you needed a good concept. Then you might select a suitable medium with which to express your idea. But, in principle, the idea was the be-all and end-all. You could not simply rummage around in the 'primordial soup'. This prioritization of art theory plunged me into uncertainty and doubt, but I loved being there. I was so passionately determined to understand the theoretical lectures that I recorded them on my Walkman. Meanwhile, ashamed that I was so devoted to practice, I painted figuratively at home in secret, in my one-bedroom flat in Ægirsgade in the Nørrebro district of Copenhagen.

One day, I asked my professor, Stig Brøgger how I could be sure if I was an artist. He answered: "Actually, it's very simple. If you spend most of your day attempting to create art, then you're an artist. If you spend most of your day driving a cab, then you're a cab driver."

Today, when I cycle into the backyard at 7.30 am, I love it when people say, "Good morning, Anders." It proves I am part of a community of people. My backyard is a microcosm of the world. People from Nigeria, Nepal, Glostrup, Aarhus, Seest and America work here. There are designers, electricians, transport professionals, computer technicians, financial advisors, kitchen assistants, sales reps – and me. There are no artists. Don't get me wrong. I have nothing at all against artists. I just get so inspired by other views of the world.



↑ SEEST SKOLE (SEEST SCHOOL) (2019) 40 X 75 CM OIL ON CANVAS
FIAT 1100 (2019) 46 X 68 CM OIL ON BOARD

The concept of being in charge of yourself and your destiny that was drummed into me at the school in Andebølle still keeps me going. You have to dare to try something and not give up when you encounter resistance. Competent resistance can be constructive, whether you are after a better society or a good painting. I rarely believe in my work until it has endured some hard knocks.

My father believed that it was important to strengthen your mind. Then you could endure the defeats you inevitably run into. The first time I remember him touching me with affection was when he shook my hand at Kolding Railway Station. I was eighteen years old and had decided to travel for three months to the Kurdish area of Turkey where there was a state of emergency. It was the first time I had ever left Denmark. I was intrigued by Jacob Holdt's journey through the United States and wanted to do something similar. I wanted to photograph the lives and sufferings of the Kurdish people and show the world how they lived.

Anyway, I arrive at my studio at 7.30 am. I grab a cup of coffee and switch on the music. This creates a feeling of security. My thoughts can flow freely. The studio is my emotional laboratory. I look at the heaps of unfinished works. There are three stacks : one of works I believe are finished; one of those that are crap; and, finally, the heap of those in progress and that I have doubts about. Sometimes, when I paint over one of the works I intend to ditch, I suddenly discover it is better than one of the paintings I thought was good. Something occurs in the act of destruction – in the resistance.





VIKLET IND (ENTANGLED) (2019) 97 X 150 CM OIL ON CANVAS

There is a lot of sitting and staring. Eventually, when my brain cannot handle any more considerations and strategies, I get up and act intuitively. I am moved by all sorts of things. A special mood, a strange holiday snapshot, a story, a memory, a mistake in a sketch or a fragment of something someone says on the radio.

Sometimes, by way of distraction, I phone people. I really want to forget myself and the fact that I might be creating art. I need to keep me and my expectations out of focus.

Sometimes, a good day in the studio reminds me of playing with toy cars as a kid in my parents' basement in Seest in central Denmark. They had allowed me to install a permanent landscape of houses, roads, trains, cranes, petrol stations and, of course, an incredible number of cars. I would rebuild it and arrange new roads for the traffic. It was a bit embarrassing, because I continued to play with toy cars until the age of thirteen or fourteen. My favorite Matchbox car was a petroleum-blue Maserati Ghibli Spyder. This was my world, and both time and I disappeared into it.

That physical contact with the objects I want to create in the world is still at the heart of everything.

Of course, I have an idea that sparks things off and provides a sense of direction. I do not care whether or not it is art. My work is a reaction to the world. When I am in my studio, I feel an intense energy that accumulates and results in what you might call emotional objects: my paintings. In her book, *Right Here in Front of You* (Sophienholm 2009), Mette Sandbye calls it "mental realism".²



↑ SABOTAGE (2016) 200 x 250 CM MIXED MEDIA
HINANDEN (EACH OTHER) (2018) 97 x 200 CM OIL ON CANVAS

I build. First, I paint the subject very precisely, and then I break it down. I cannot stand looking at a perfect representation of the world. The world does not look like that. The world is there, but it is changeable and incomplete. So, I break the picture down in order to build it up again, until it seems honest, dissolved by the processes it has been subject to.

In my urban landscapes, what fascinated me most was the pattern. But people often ask me: "Where is it?" They are only very rarely pictures of specific geographical locations. I try to avoid easily readable buildings. Not because you should not relate to places in the world. I have no problem with a picture referring to the world. I simply do not want people to read a painting too quickly. I want them to explore my paintings with their gaze.

In 2017, the Scottish painter Peter Doig said: "We don't always have to know what our painting is about". I am now at a point in my life where I dare to use any form imaginable if I can see its potential.

¹ Tvind is the informal name of a confederation of alternative private schools, humanitarian organisations and businesses founded in Denmark around 1970. ² Head of Department, Department of Arts and Cultural Studies, The University of Copenhagen.





THE
FAR

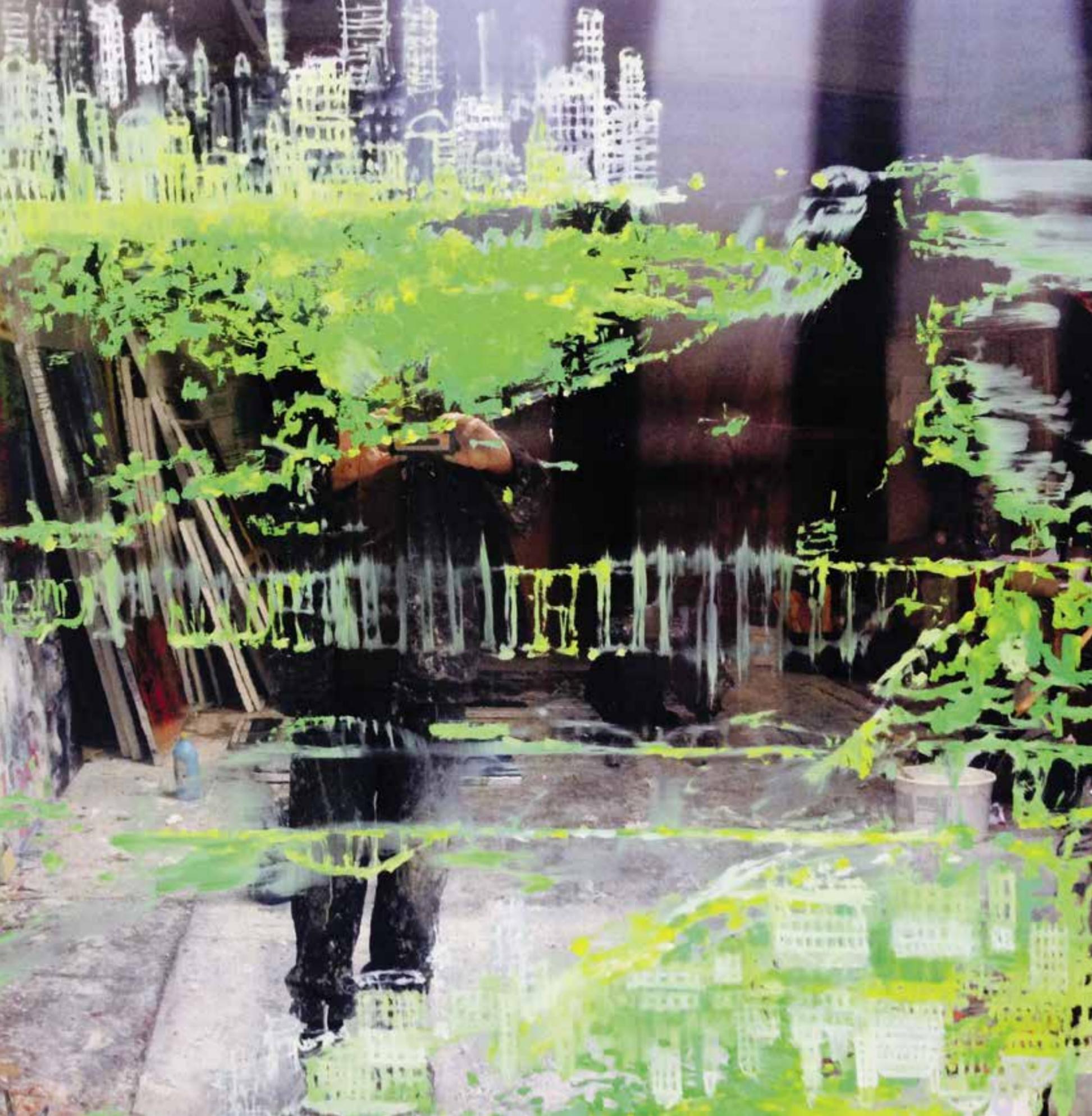
Portrait of a person's face with handwritten text below it.

Portrait of a person's face with handwritten text below it.



Portrait of a person's face with handwritten text to the left.





Anders Moseholm (b. 1959)
(1989-96) Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts – (1994-96) M.A.
(1994) School of Visual Arts, New York

SOLO EXHIBITIONS (selected)

- 1997 ARRESTED EXPOSURE, Art Projects International – New York/United States
- 1998 OUT OF PROPORTION, Gallery Specta – Copenhagen/Denmark
- 1999 CROSSING, Galerie Leger – Malmö/Sweden
- 2001 SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE, SOMEONE, Gallery Franz Pedersen – Horsens/Denmark
- 2001 EXTERIOR, Galerie Leger – Malmö/Sweden
- 2002 RESONANCE, Galerie Birthe Laursen – Paris/France
- 2002 A MATTER OF TIME, Gallery Specta – Copenhagen/Denmark
- 2003 EAR TO THE GROUND, Die Papierfabrik – Neumünster/Germany
- 2003 MIND TRAFFIC, Gallery Franz Pedersen – Horsens/Denmark
- 2004 SINCE WE DO NOT KNOW, Galerie Leger – Malmö/Sweden
- 2004 ARCHITECTURE & ARTICULATION, Galerie Aveny – Gothenburg/Sweden
- 2004 NOTHING OVER NOTHING UNDER NOTHING BESIDE, Lost City Arts – New York/United States
- 2005 DELAYED PRESENCE, Tallinn Art Hall Gallery – Tallinn/Estonia
- 2006 SILENT ALARM, Gallery Specta – Copenhagen/Denmark
- 2007 THERE IS A TREE IN SHANGHAI, Galleri Leger – Malmö/Sweden
- 2008 CAPACITY, Daimler/Benz Kreuzberg – Berlin/Germany
- 2009 RIGHT HERE IN FRONT OF YOU, Sophienholm Museum/Copenhagen and Vejle Kunstmuseum – Denmark
- 2010 BEYOND REFLECTIONS, Galleri Franz Pedersen – Horsens/Denmark
- 2011 VELVET VELOCITY, Galerie Aveny – Gothenburg/Sweden
- 2011 PERMANENT UNDTAGELSESTILSTAND, Hans Alf Gallery – Copenhagen/Denmark
- 2014 THINGS YOU CAN NOT SEE, Galerie Leger – Malmö/Sweden
- 2014 REMEMBER TO FORGET, Hans Alf Gallery – Copenhagen/Denmark
- 2015 MINDBROWSING, Devin Borden Gallery – Houston/United States
- 2015 MOMENTARY MONUMENTAL, Underdog Gallery – London /United Kingdom
- 2015 WHERE IS MY MIND?, Galleri Agardh & Tornvall – Stockholm/Sweden
- 2016 MOREROOM, HBU Gallery Space – Houston/United States
- 2017 SPACE WILL NOT REMEMBER, Galleri Agardh & Tornvall – Stockholm/Sweden
- 2017 THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS, Galerie Leger – Malmö/Sweden
- 2018 THE TIME & SPACE IN BETWEEN, Craighead Green – Dallas/United States
- 2019 JULY 8, The Art Society of Haderslev – Denmark
- 2019 BEAT, Kastrupgaard – Copenhagen/Denmark
- 2019 BLACKOUTS, Devin Borden Gallery – Houston/United States

GROUP EXHIBITIONS (selected)

- 1994 PROMS 2, Kunsthallen Brandts Klædefabrik – Odense/Denmark
- 1998 CUT IT OUT, Randers Museum of Art – Randers/Denmark
- 2002 Center Cultural Andratx, (Asbæk Gallery) – Andratx/Majorca/Spain
- 2000-2005 KAMMERATERNE, Den Frie Udstillingsbygning – Copenhagen/Denmark
- 2007 Shenzhen Guan Shan-Yue Art Museum – Shenzhen/China
- 2010 MOSEHOLM/MOSEHOLM, Johannes Larsen Museum – Kerteminde/Denmark
- 2013+15 PLAYGROUNDS (with Søren Martinsen, Mie Olise & Kaspar Bonnen), Galerie Leger – Malmö/Sweden and Det Ny Kastet – Thisted/Denmark
- 2014 PORTRAITS OF GOD (with Christian Lemmerz, Per Morten Abrahamsen, Arne Haugen Sørensen a.o.), Hans Alf Gallery – Copenhagen/Denmark
- 2014 SKYMNING, G-Gallery – Houston/Texas/United States
- 2016 THE DRAWING ROOM, House of Barnabas – London/United Kingdom
- 2017 TONE, Ambassador's Residence Abu Dhabi (with Benjamin Koppel) – Abu Dhabi/United Arab Emirates
- 2018 HOMMAGE À PER KIRKEBY (with Jesper Christiansen, Eske Kath, Kathrine Ærtebjerg a.o.), Gallery Boulevard156 – Copenhagen/Denmark
- 2018 THERE,THERE (with Lars Tygesen and Per Mølgaard), Gallery Franz Pedersen – Horsens/Denmark
- 2018 MODIFIED TRUTHS (with Kristian Dahlgaard & Per Morten Abrahamsen), Palæfløjen – Roskilde/Denmark
- 2019 JUST BECAUSE YOU FEEL IT... (with Kaspar Bonné, Lars Tygesen and Per Mølgaard), Gallery Boulevard156 – Copenhagen/Denmark

REPRESENTATION (2020)

Gallery Franz Pedersen (Denmark) www.gfranzp.dk / Galleri Agardh & Tornvall (Sweden) www.agardh-tornvall.se
Galerie Leger (Sweden) www.galerie-leger.se / Gallery Devin Borden (US) www.devinborden.com
CraigheadGreen Gallery (US) www.craigheadgreen.com / ArtSpace Virginia Miller Galleries (US) www.virginiamiller.com

www.andersmoseholm.com / www.andersmoseholm.dk

THE OTHER WAY AROUND (2014) 116 X 116 CM OIL ON ALUMINIUM
← FORGET & FORGIVE (2019) 350 X 600 CM MIXED MEDIA
→ HOME BUT NOT (2019) 123 X 97 CM OIL ON CANVAS

