



Jan Skovgård

RE-FLOWER 2





RE-flower 2
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I would like to thank: My close surroundings... flowers, plants and trees, Janne and our dog Bjuti.





Preface

As the title indicates, this book is a follow-up to the book named RE-flower, which covered my production from the period 2009-19.

RE-flower 2 contains 19 series with reproductions of a total of 83 works, all created since 2019.

How it has become so much in such a short time I do not understand ... I have only done what I have felt like doing.

“Lying down, jumping from stone to stone.”¹

As the title also indicates, my motivation has not changed. Already in 2010² in connection with the publication of the very first RE-flower series, I wrote the following:

“The photographic RE-flower series are not about flowers. Rather, it is about flowering.

Very many things indicate that human beings blossom only once. Indeed, man is a perennial plant but do we all blossom? And how many of us are able to blossom several times?

As an artist I have had an unusual course. I broke down. Reality is made up of scars and age.

Behind RE-flower, behind the beautiful appearances of these materializations, you sense dancing lines: Did I blossom?

And if I did, will I be able to do it again?”

In 2010, I also wrote a text with the title “The crooked nail and the straight nail”³. The text was intended as a letter to the straight nail, where I was the crooked nail that had been straightened.

A crooked nail that has been straightened can work well... as a nail. It can be driven in... and when it is driven in, no one can see that it has been bent. There are a lot of crooked nails that have been straightened going around. But nails that have been bent will always carry an insight: Nails can bend. This insight, that we can bend, is central to me in relation to you, me and everyone... and therefore central to my art.

Relationships and support are qualities that are often present in my photo series, and over a long period of years, the RE-flower period, I have expressed myself through what I see as an alliance with plants. Plants that have been present where I live. They are like soulmates.

All texts in the book are identical to the wording that accompanied the respective series at the time of publication. Therefore, they are also dated.

November, 2022

Jan Skovgård

[1] <https://janskovgard.wordpress.com/2014/01/14/re-flower-v/>

[2] <https://www.janskovgard.dk/wordpress/?p=580>

[3] <https://www.janskovgard.dk/pdf/nails.pdf>





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U-turn





“Make a U-turn...”. That’s what the woman tells me in my GPS when I’ve taken the wrong road... and therefore have to turn around. Most likely a situation familiar to most people ... and a situation that is accompanied by negative thoughts and body stress ... because it might result in unnecessary delay on the route from A to B ... and that is never nice.

It’s not this kind of U-turn that I have in mind...

Disregard the negative connotations ... let all the stress go ... get your head back in place on top of your body: It must be possible to turn around and go back the way we came ... and find something of useful.

August, 2022





U-turn (no. 1), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 70 x 70 cms





U-turn (no. 2), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 70 x 70 cms





U-turn (no. 3), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 70 x 70 cms





U-turn (no. 5), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 70 x 70 cms





RE-flower 22 (angel's trumpet)





Several years ago, I acquired a trumpet flower, also called the Angel's trumpet. It was so old that it had grown into a tree. The previous owner was tired of moving it in and out, as it cannot withstand frost. It usually grows in more southern climates – I've seen it in Greece, while Wikipedia says it originates from South America.

Every autumn, I pollard the mother plant for the year's new shoots and put them into a bucket of water, and come spring, the shoots have grown long white roots and they can then be planted. In this way I have grown generations of trumpet flowers.

If the plant is given plenty of water, it responds with large yellow flowers that replace each other throughout the summer and well into autumn. The flower smells lovely. The leaves are green and can grow very large.

But every now and then it happens that a leaf changes colour... from green to yellow. A beautiful yellow. When the yellow leaf lets go and falls off... I pick it up.

In this series I have used the yellow leaf of the trumpet flower as a canvas. I paint and draw, as I set out to follow the arrangement of veins ... which may be replaced by a sort of "free play" :)

Red, blue and green.

August, 2022





RE-flower 22 (no. 1), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 40 x 40 cms





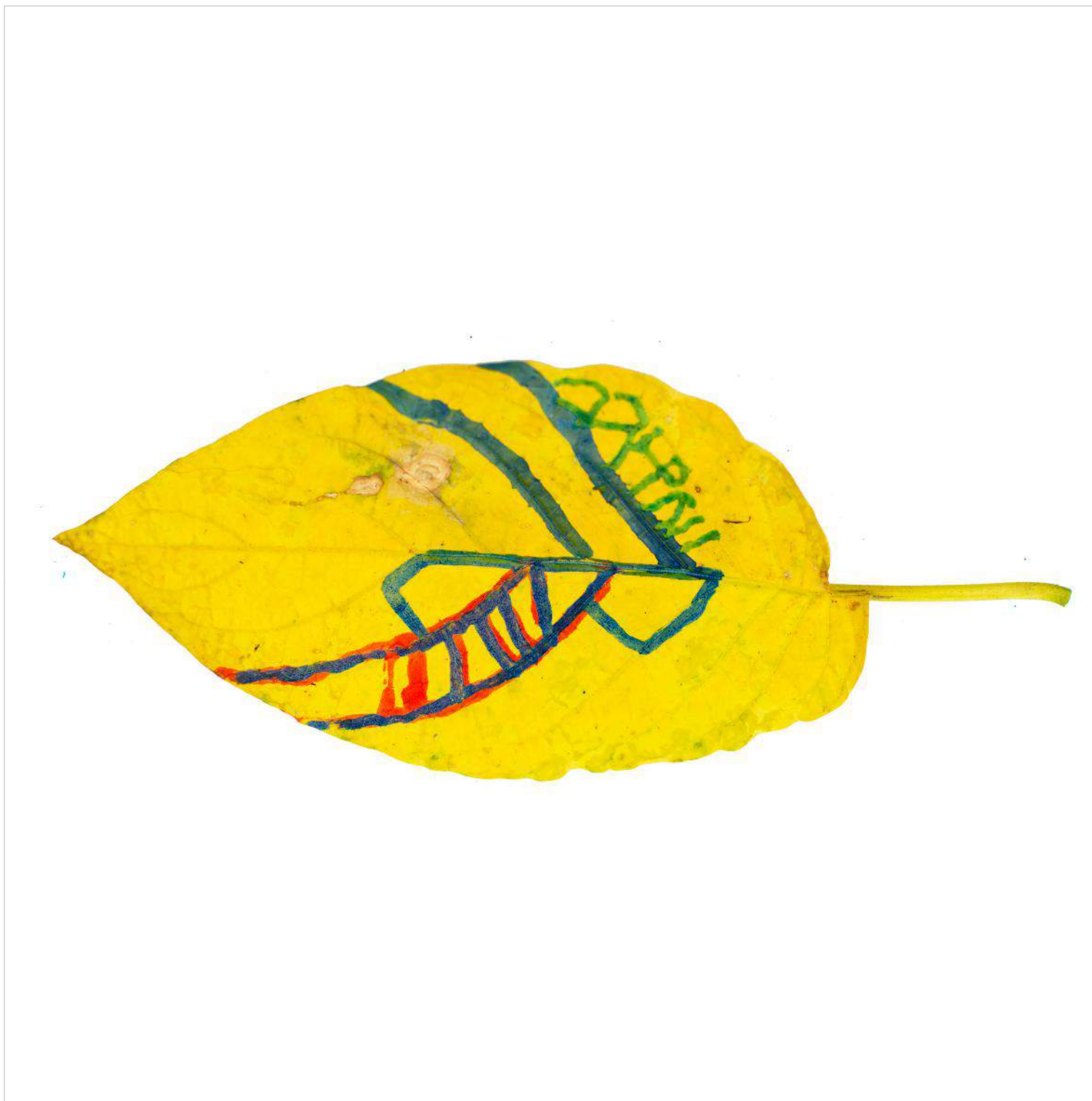
RE-flower 22 (no. 2), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 40 x 40 cms





RE-flower 22 (no. 3), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 40 x 40 cms





RE-flower 22 (no. 4), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 40 x 40 cms





RE-flower 21





I live in the countryside of Denmark. At the end of my property, I have an orangerie from where I have a view to the fields. That's where this series was born.

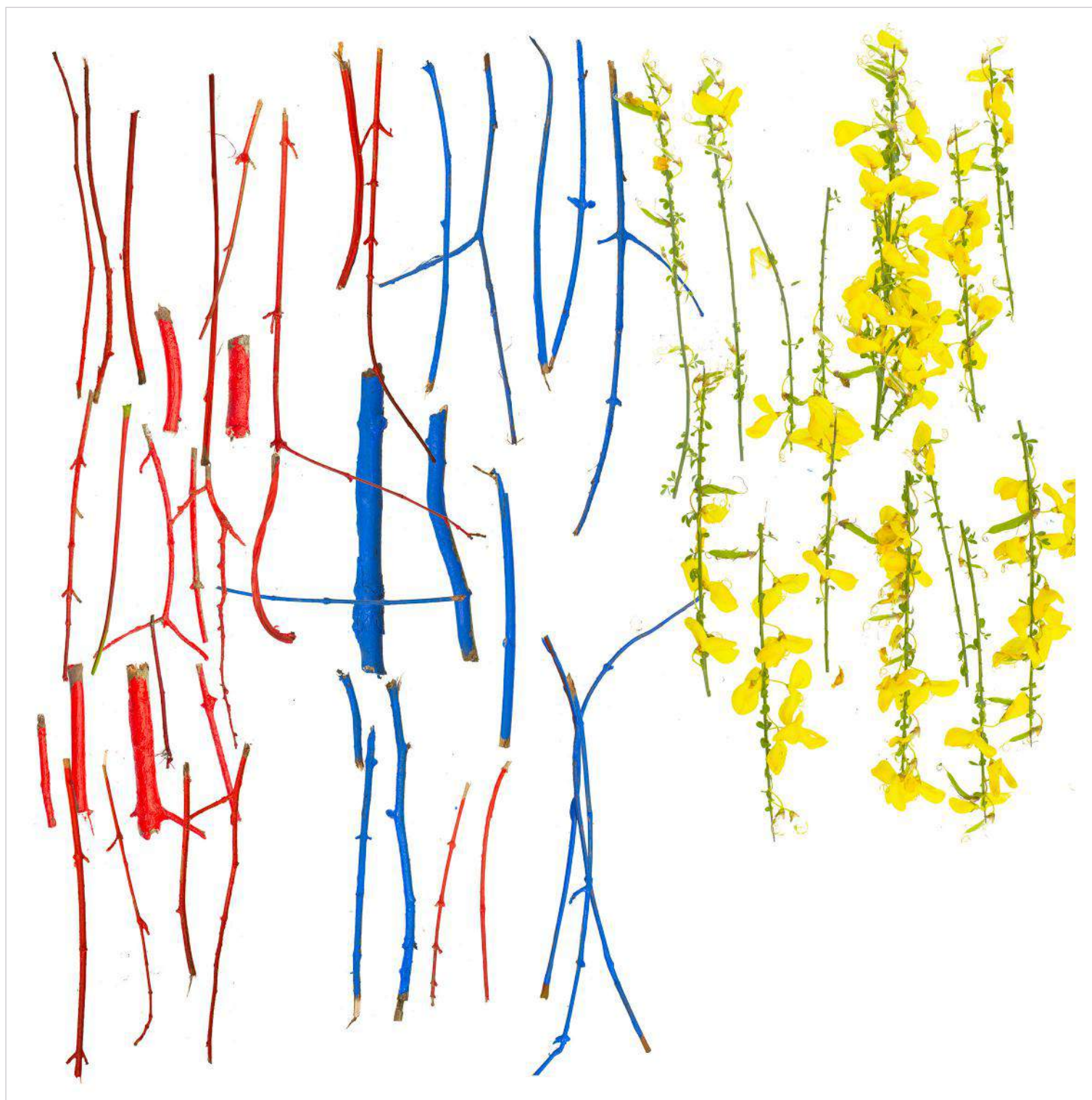
It is a landscape of land, water and sky. A landscape I have started paying attention to as my restlessness has diminished.

It is a landscape that has awakened as I have lost muscle mass. A landscape with horizontal lines. If you only see vertical lines, it's because you are standing ...

You have to lie down... and at best on your right side :)

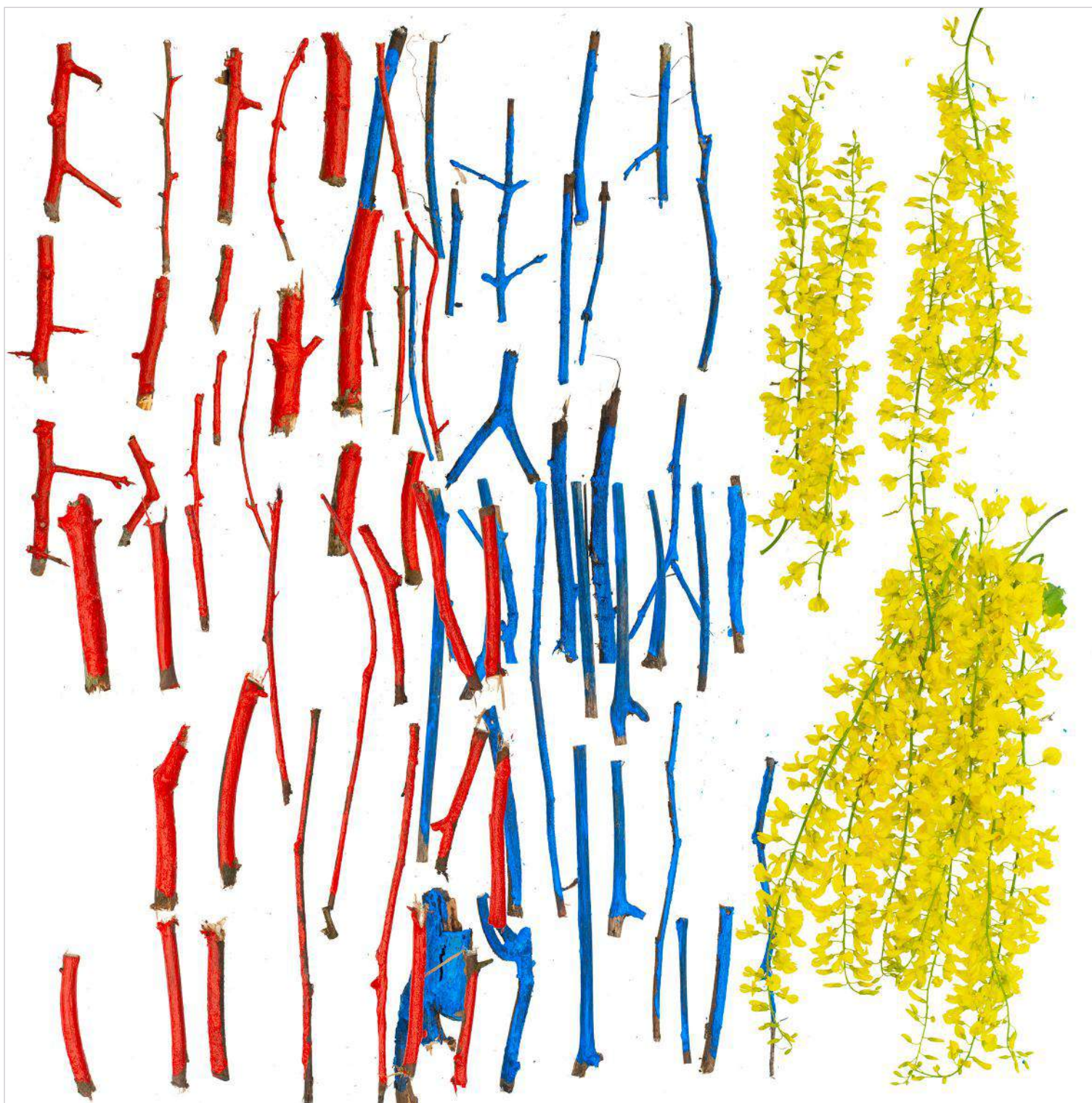
June, 2022





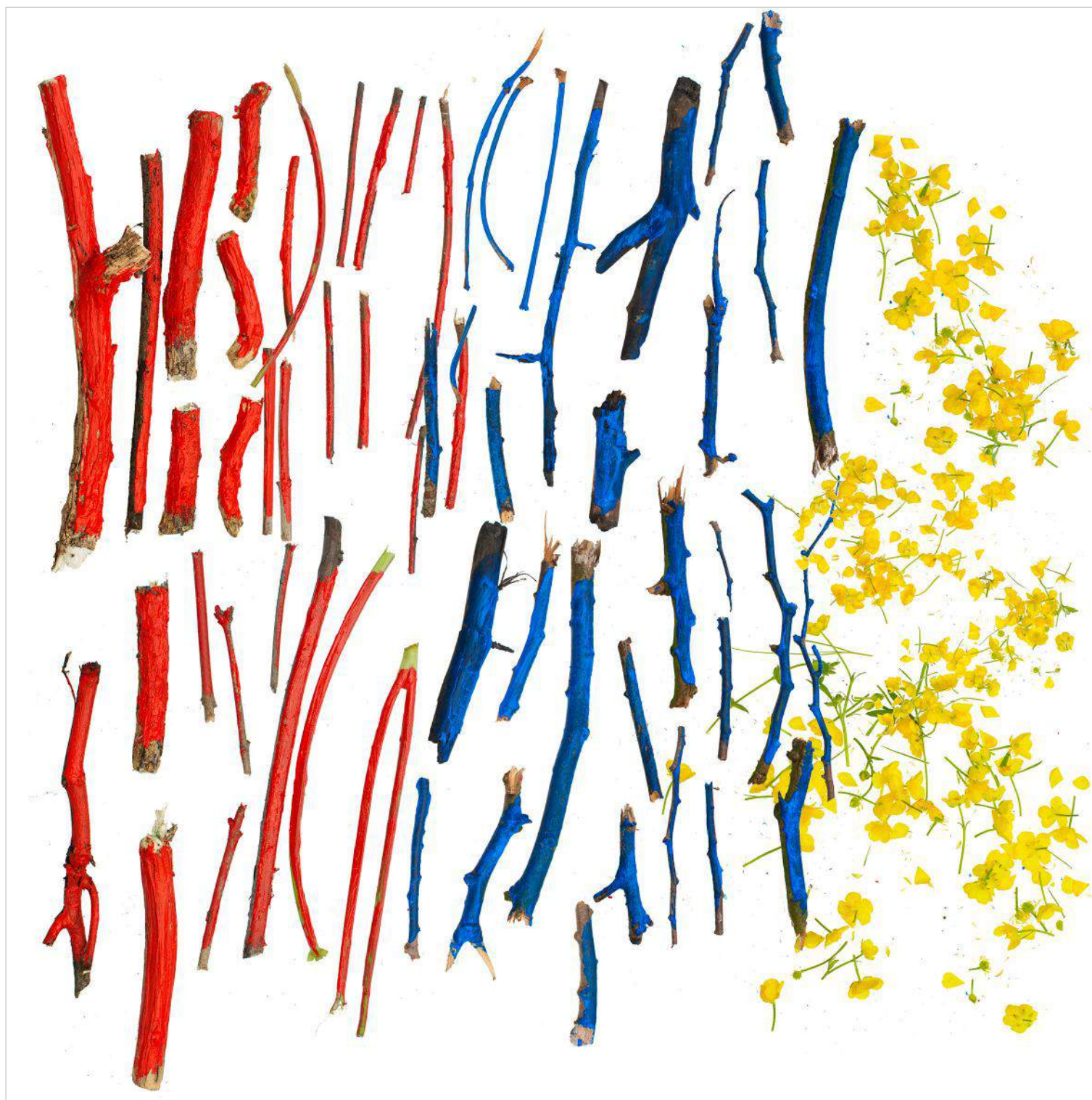
RE-flower 21 (no. 1c), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 110 x 110 cms





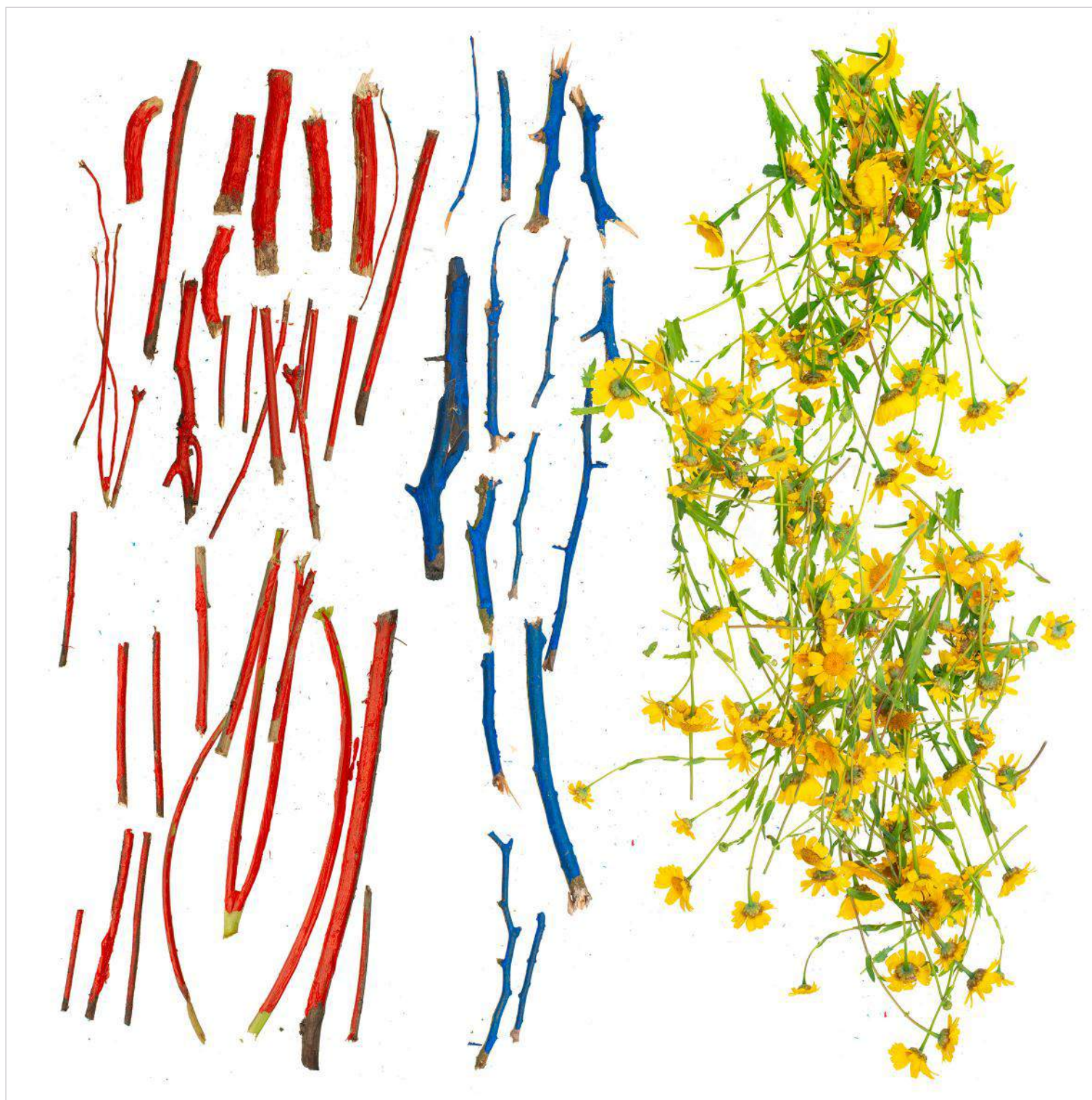
RE-flower 21 (no. 2), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 110 x 110 cms





RE-flower 21 (no. 3), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 110 x 110 cms





RE-flower 21 (no. 4), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 110 x 110 cms





Roundtrip





I am walking my dog. I often do this... daily. By the beach, in the forest or just a walk along the fields where I live.

Now is the time to be in the forest. Everything is happening now... The beech trees have sprung. The light green leaves of the beech forest indicate a change of scene: The beautiful base carpet of flowering wood anemones and lesser celandines will from now on step more and more into the background, as the leaves of the trees exclude the light.

Right now, a blue sky is still visible through the treetops... and as I look up, I spot a plane drawing a white line on the blue background. There is no sound, only a long white line at the end of something very small... which must be the plane. It's heading south... to an unknown destination. Venice? Kyiv? Hardly Mariupol?

The forest does everything possible... yet here we sit on our way to fulfill our needs, while reality frighteningly close starts with d and ends with d... death and destruction.

By the power of thought I redirect all planes...

Let me try again...

My thoughts have a poor reach :)

#myplanetovenice #buongiornovenezia #roundtripvenice #greattobebackvenice

April, 2022





Roundtrip (no. 2), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 80 x 80 cms





Roundtrip (no. 3), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 80 x 80 cms





Roundtrip (no. 4), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 80 x 80 cms





Roundtrip (no. 5), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 80 x 80 cms





Efeu





“There are different varieties, but one of them has a leaf with 3 lobes. When I hold the leaf in front of me as if it were a mirror, it points both backwards, forwards and up... at the same time.

A capability that is hard to match, yet exemplary as ambition.”

I wrote the above text that accompanied the series RE-building introducing the plant ivy.

And the very same words made me aware that the germ of yet another series was visible... that is this one.

With this series, I myself take a step back...

Leaves from different varieties are depicted in works, in which the front of the leaf is shown on one side, while the back of the leaf is seen on the other side. Front and back.

The leaf is as whole as it can be, an “homage à”, where I at best have been given an assist. The series is an attempt to make a pass to open space... to use a phrase taken from sports.

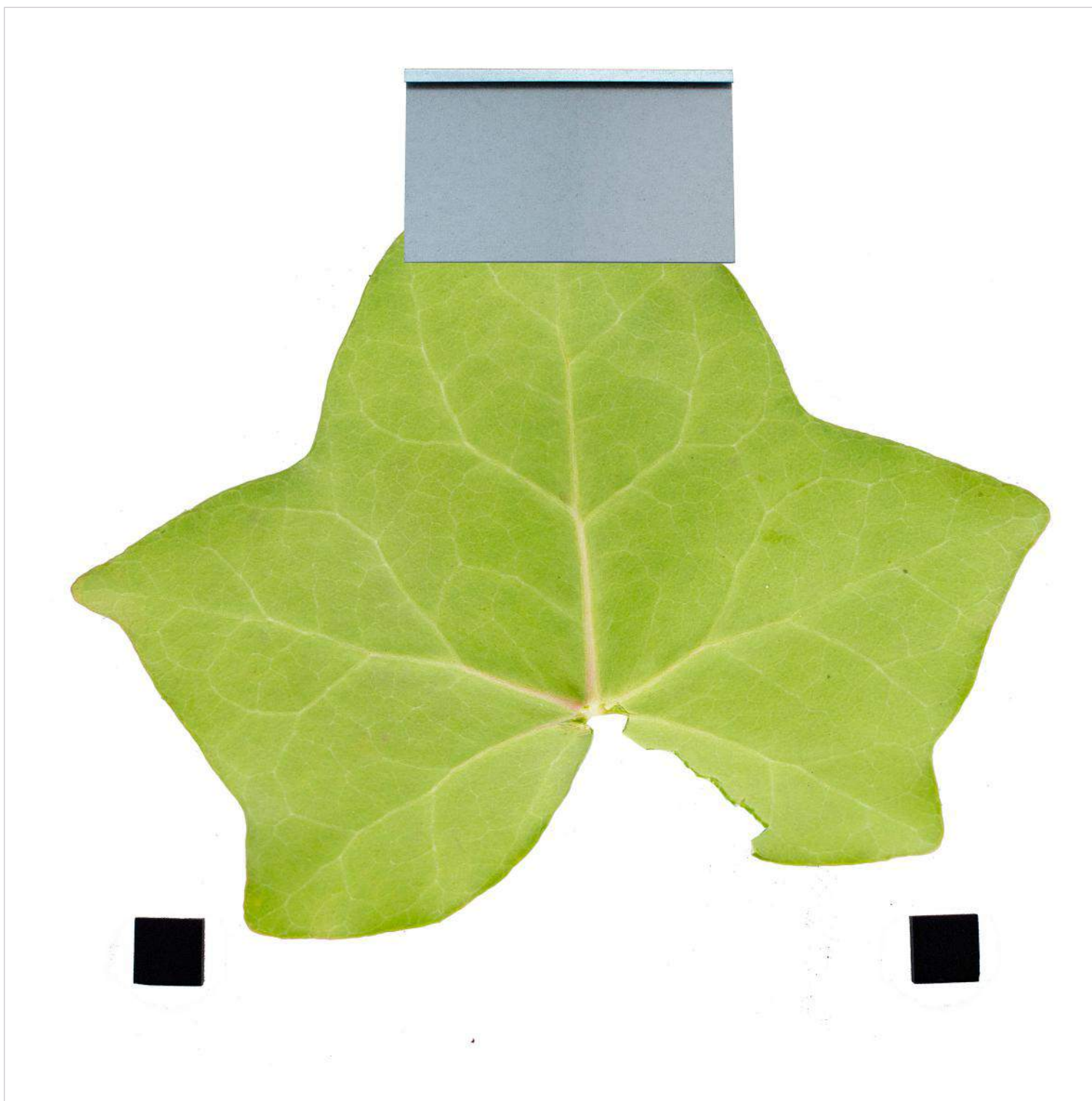
March, 2022





Efeu (no. 1 front), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 50 x 50 cms





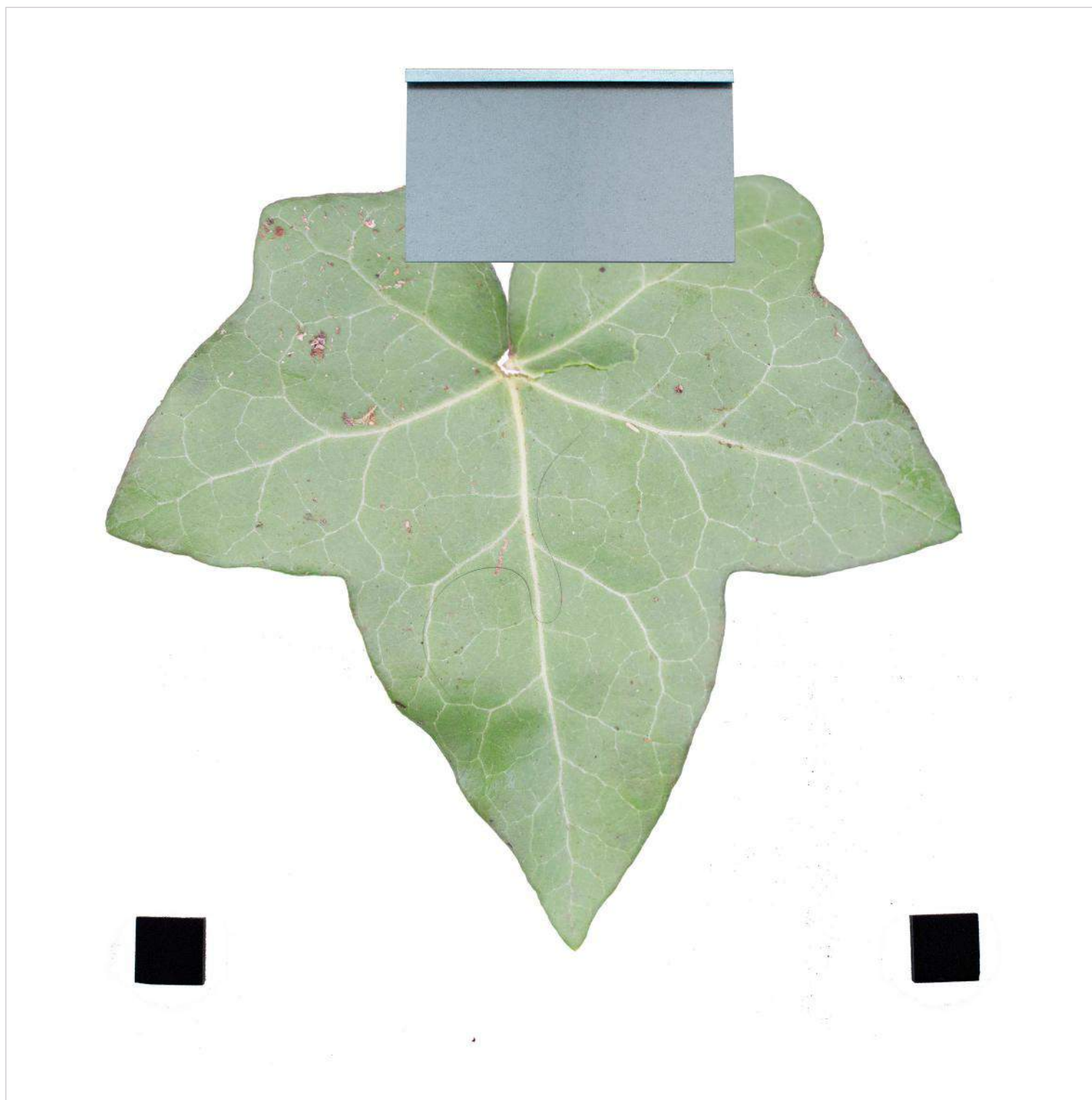
Efeu (no. 1 back), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 50 x 50 cms





Efeu (no. 5 front), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 50 x 50 cms





Efeu (no. 5 back), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 50 x 50 cms





RE-building





The subject of this series is based on the plant heder, also called ivy. It grows in different places on my property.

Ivy is an evergreen plant that does not require much light. It creeps along the ground, but if it gets help in the form of a tree or a building, it is able to climb even very high.

There are different varieties, but one of them has a leaf with 3 lobes. When I hold the leaf in front of me as if it were a mirror, it points both back, forth and up... at the same time.

A capability that is hard to match, yet exemplary as ambition.

March, 2022





RE-building (no. 1e), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 130 x 130 cms





RE-building (no. 2), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 130 x 130 cms





RE-building (no. 4c), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 130 x 130 cms





RE-building (no. 3c), 2022, print on dibond alupanel, 130 x 130 cms





RE-flower 20 (broken)





The Impressionists renounced it; the Expressionists embraced it... and I have hardly used it for the last 15 years.

But it was not always like that. I made my debut in 1985 at the Artists' Easter Exhibition, Aarhus, with a series of paintings, in which it was on the cast list¹. In a few pictures it played the star part.

There is also a RE-painting from 1991² in which it has a part, and where the visual expression also has a lot in common with the current series.

Black. It's the black colour I'm talking about. It's back... with the series RE-flower 20 with the surname Broken, the black colour is back.

It does not exist in my RE-colour theory, as it is formulated in the text for the RE-colour series from November 2020³. I will try to explain the connection here:

During my long hospital stay in 2004, especially at the beginning, I was bathing in morphine ... which meant that German bombers came in at night ... in formations and with the sound of propeller airplanes. Being a totally incompetent vegetable, I also had to listen to ongoing discussions between a nurse and her friend. They were both Inuit, and the nurse had brought my bed with me and my drop stand to her home for the weekend to take a shift and earn a little extra. They sat inside a sauna while I was lying in an adjacent room. The friend argued vigorously to take my dope while the nurse defended herself - or me? - and also indicated that she would consequently get fired.

...

This kind of reality, the reality of morphine, is not particularly well illuminated ... and does not take up much space in a hospital.

Something similar applies to antidepressants supposed to treat depression. There is an antidepressant reality.

A reality that has its own colour palette. The black colour does not exist here. Not that you cannot see it... you can. But all the connotations you usually associate with black... are gone. The black colour means nothing, it has no emotional value... it creates no resonance. And why use a colour that has no meaning...?

PS: In 2014 I had an experience with black that impressed me. In Jens Vinther's laboratory in Risskov near Aarhus⁴, I saw the colour Super Black ... a colour that is so black that you cannot see it, neither can you see the material which is black ... it is like a black hole ... as if there is nothing. Super Black is a nanoforest made of long carbon tubes standing tall... 80 billions in a single square centimeter. The material absorbs 99.965% of all light ... a wild phenomenon that makes you aware that black is many things, that black is rarely black ... really black ... super black.

December, 2021

[1] Frame Paintings: <https://janskovgard.dk/test3.php>

[2] RE-paintings: https://janskovgard.dk/test.php?image=repainting/8_550.jpg

[3] RE-colour: <https://janskovgard.wordpress.com/2020/11/>

[4] En stærk opfindelse: <https://www.tv2ostjylland.dk/aarhus/en-staerk-opfindelse>





RE-flower 20 (broken no. 3), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 60 x 60 cms





RE-flower 20 (broken no. 10), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 60 x 60 cms





RE-flower 20 (broken no. 1), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 160 x 160 cms





RE-flower 20 (broken no. 5), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 160 x 160 cms





RE-flower 18





I was previously occupied with generations... for instance the series re-paintings¹ and palimpsest series². And right now, it's on my mind again. My mother has entered a nursing home and I have had my first grandchild. In short: I am slowly moving forward on the bus.

And what happens on that bus? A lot and nothing... I have an image that probably originates from the philosopher Lucien Sève³... development is a bus with new passengers constantly getting on at one end, while others leave at the other one.

In the bus, people talk while moving slowly through the bus... discussion, gesticulation and inspiration... a cacophony that may have an impact on where the bus is going... it is just hard to say what kind of impact.

We contribute very little new... we reproduce a lot... and in the case that something new can be located, it is most often only a minor addition, displacement or adjustment of the achievements of previous generations. No single person invented the deep plate :)

The most significant thing is probably the ability to reproduce... and the desire, the drive: There was someone before me, and there will be someone after. Before and after.

If you can come to terms with the above... the state of affairs and your own limited ability... something beautiful can emerge.

PS: In 1990 I wrote on the back of the Red Herring catalogue: "Fundamentally, we do not want any change, but something new would be nice"⁴.

December, 2021

[1] <https://janskovgard.dk/test21.php>

[2] <https://janskovgard.dk/test40.php>

[3] Maybe it is something I have thought up myself... as the years have gone by. I read a little LS in the early 80s.

[4] Red Herring, vol. 02 1990, ISBN 87-7483-250-6





RE-flower 18 (no. 1), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 100 x 100 cms





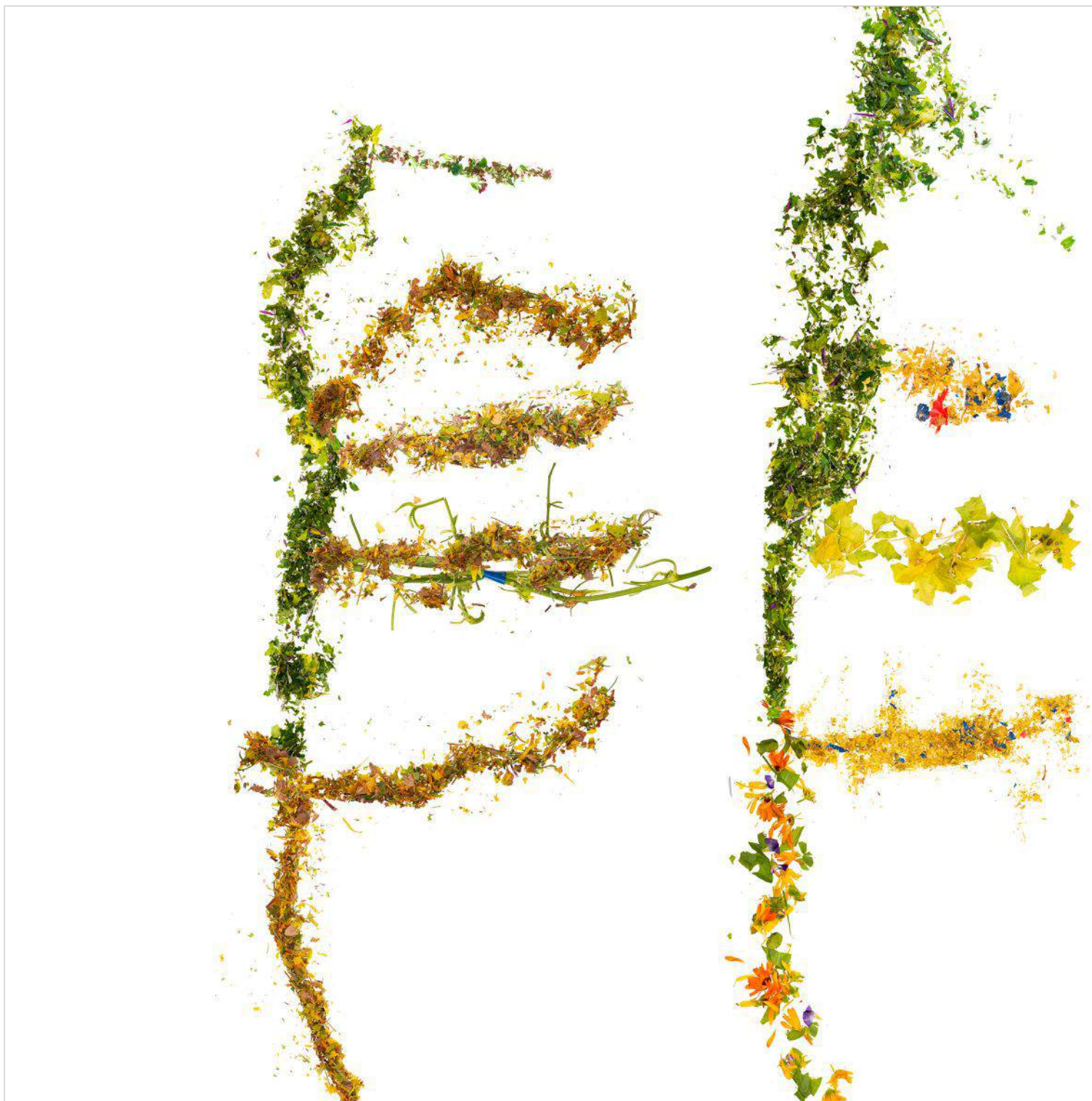
RE-flower 18 (no. 1b), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 100 x 100 cms





RE-flower 18 (no. 1d), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 100 x 100 cms





RE-flower 18 (no. 2c), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 100 x 100 cms





RE-flower 19 (herbarium)





Herbarium¹. As a child, I was presented to the herbarium that my mother had made when she was a child. It consisted of a folder of heavy brown paper in which plants had been preserved and subsequently taped on to the pages provided with name and family. It was part of my mother's schooling. RE-flower 19 is based on this tradition... with the twist that the proportions have changed: The tape has gone from being inconspicuous, almost invisible, to now occupying a position not easy to ignore. Naming and species determination have become secondary and the plant is my now like-minded friend.

Update: Last night I had a recurring dream. It was stressful and I woke up several times. From time to time I do that. I am often awake at night. It is dark and everyone else is asleep... so how can I take advantage of these not-sleeping intermezzos and get something done?

I make pictures... pictures appear as thoughts. And last night this picture appeared. I have just finished the series... and now there will be one more picture...

The image I had in mind was based on the daisy. But when I walked my dog this morning... and found a daisy... I could not make it work. Fortunately, I succeeded with a stand-in: the chamomile. The chamomile has replaced the daisy :)

November, 2021

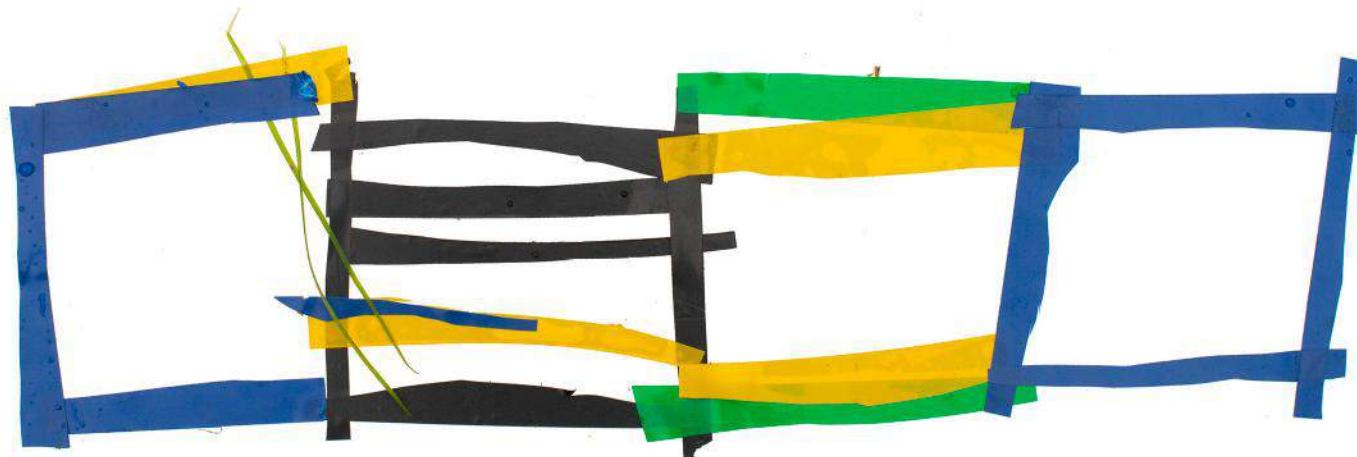
[1] A herbarium (plural: herbaria) is a collection of preserved plant specimens and associated data used for scientific study (Wikipedia.org).





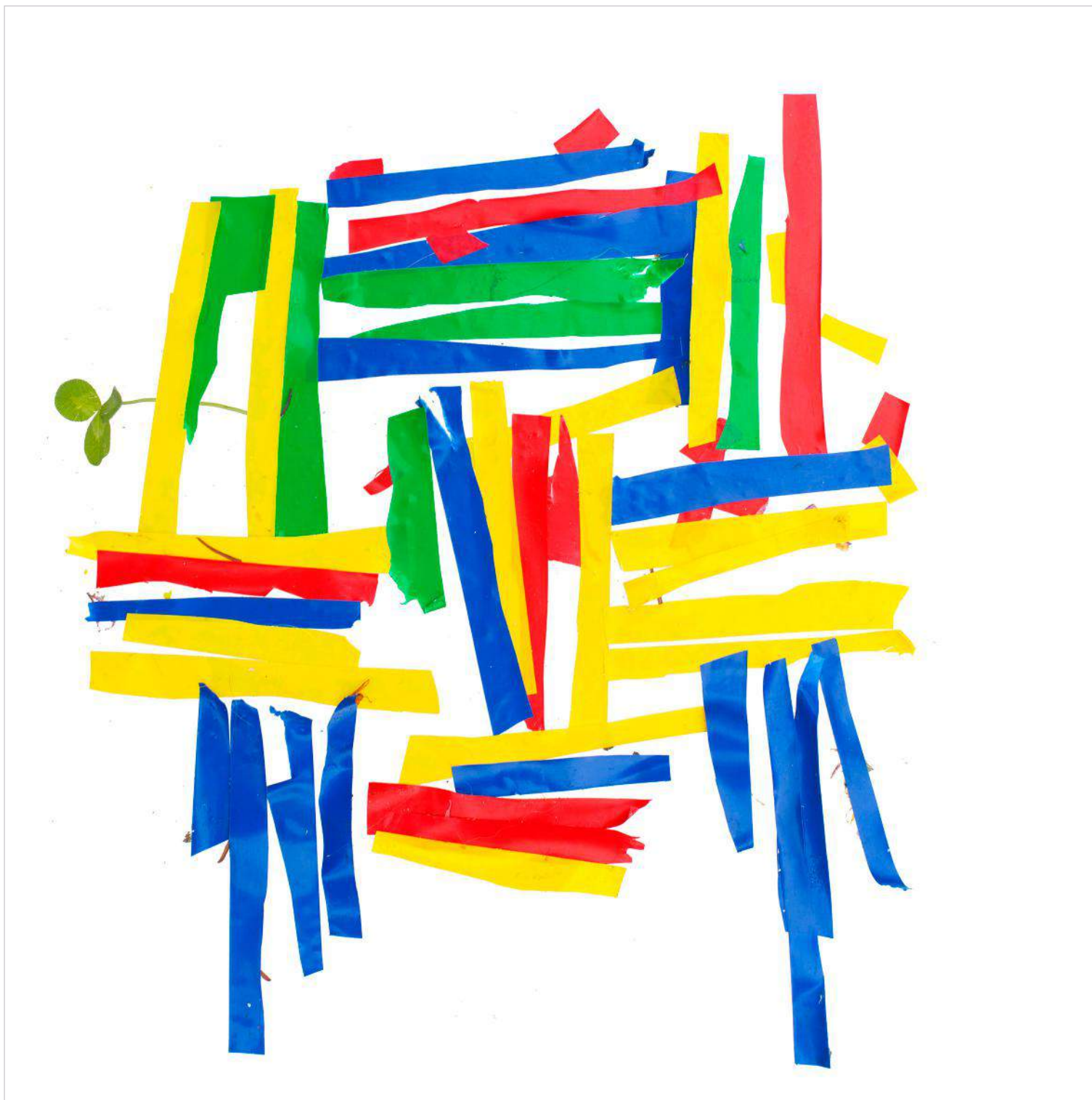
RE-flower 19 (chamomile), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 50 x 50 cms





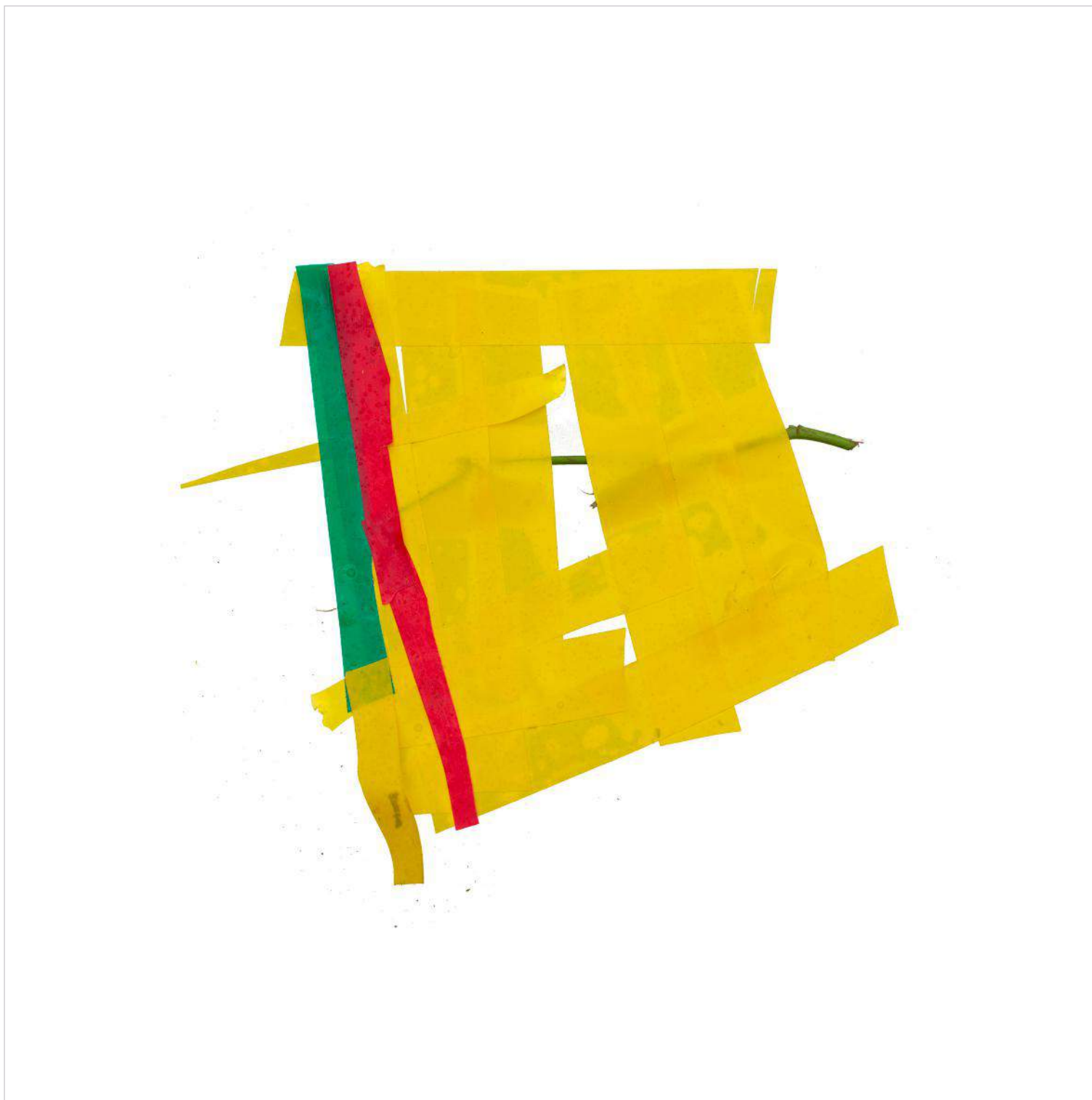
RE-flower 19 (ray grass), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 50 x 50 cms





RE-flower 19 (white clover), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 50 x 50 cms





RE-flower 19 (rose), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 50 x 50 cms





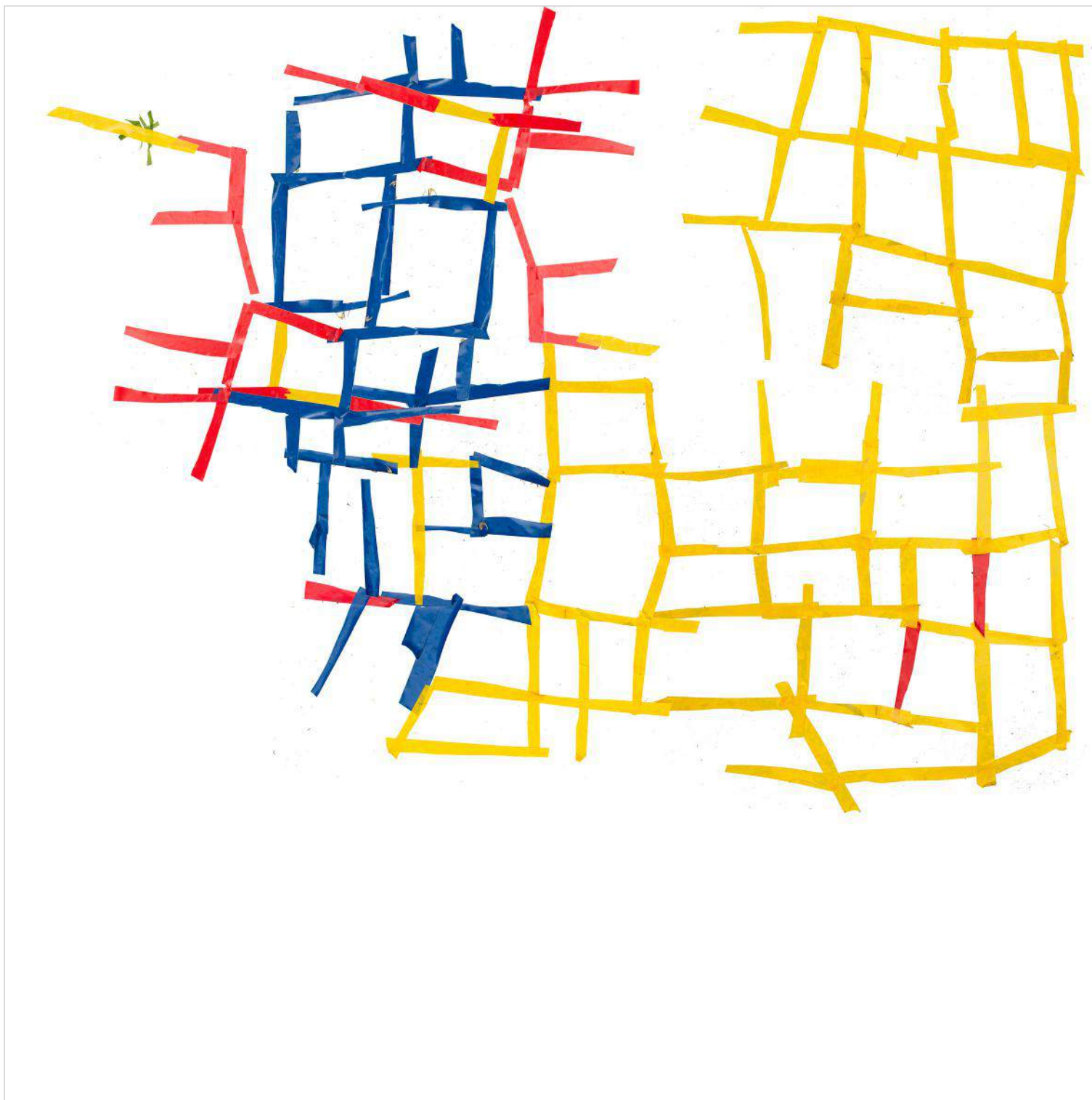
RE-flower 17 (boogie woogie)





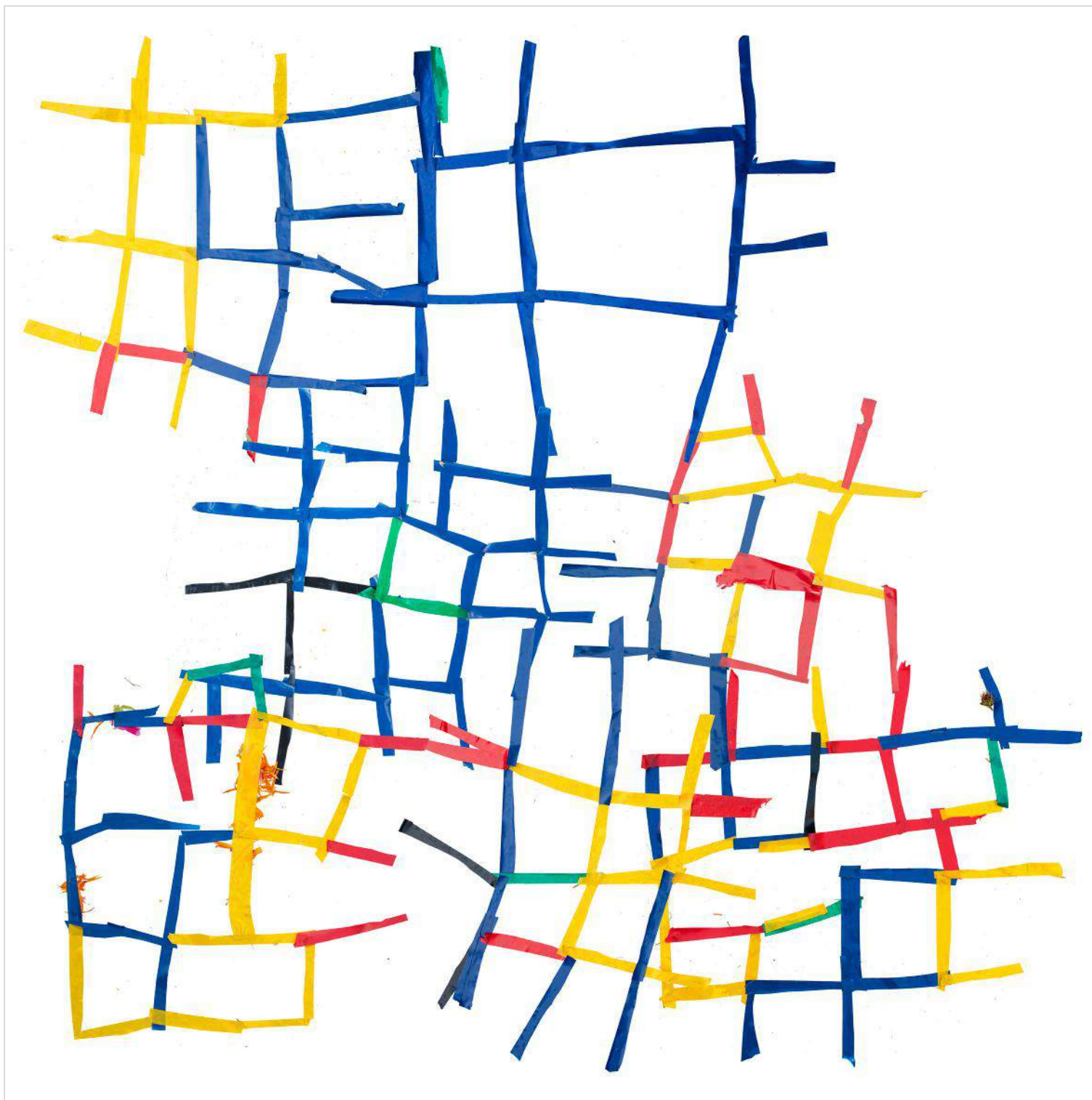
There are those who are standing... and those lying down. Those who are carrying... and those being carried. Some of those being carried are carrying, too.
And it is far from being static - it is boogie woogie.
August, 2021





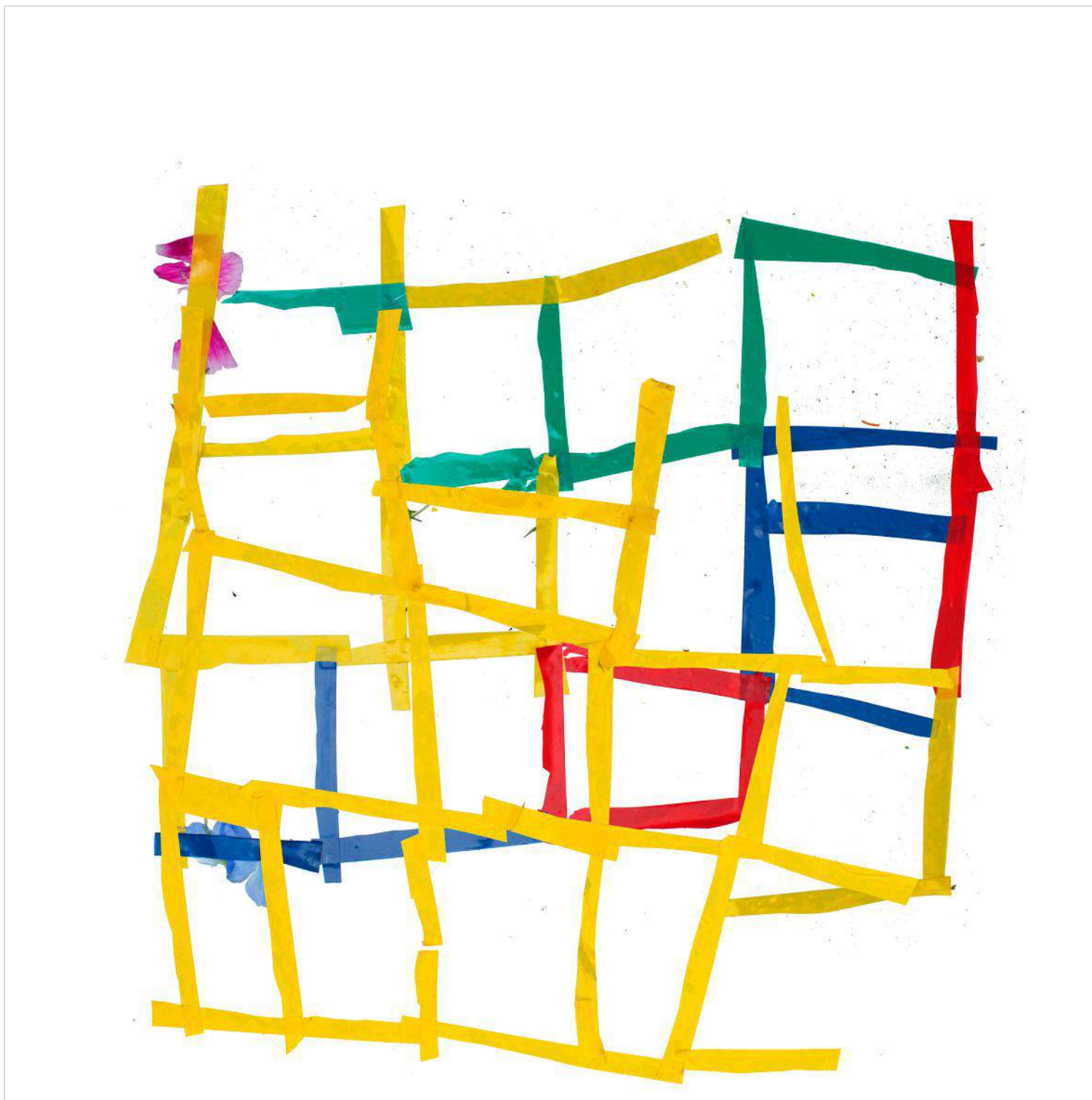
RE-flower 17 (no. 1b), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 100 x 100 cms





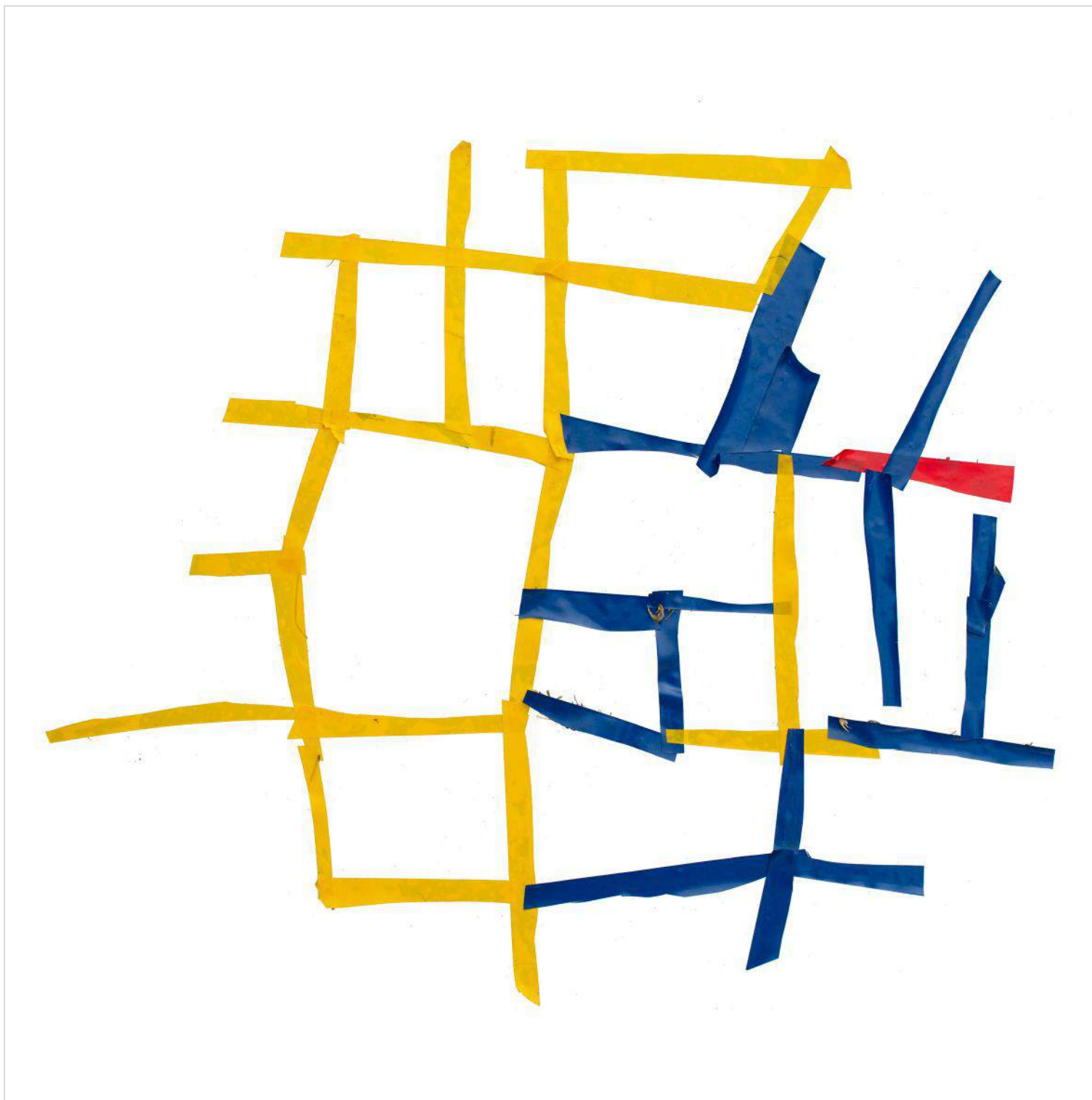
RE-flower 17 (no. 2), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 100 x 100 cms





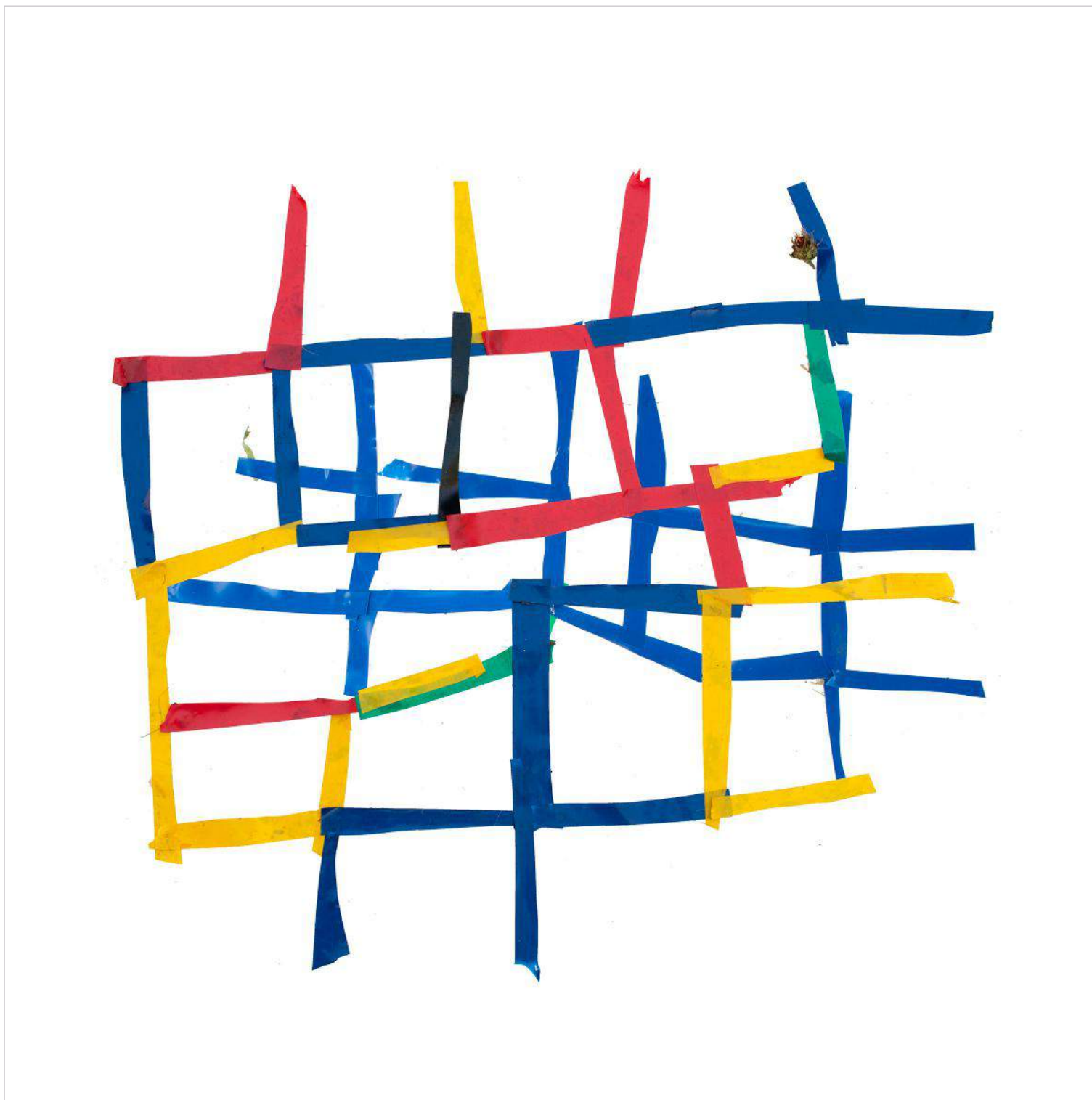
RE-flower 17 (no. 3), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 50 x 50 cms





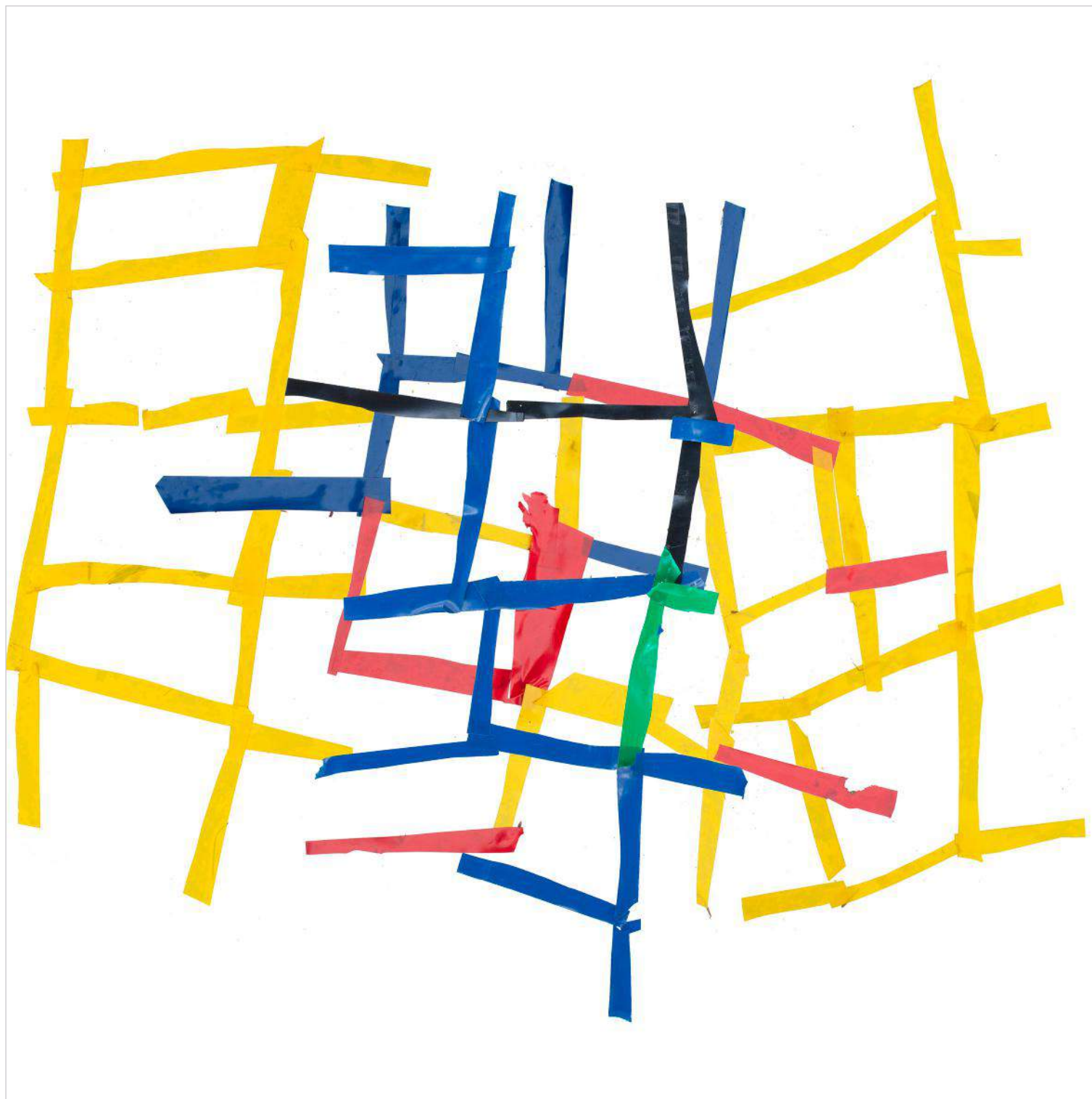
RE-flower 17 (no. 4), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 50 x 50 cms





RE-flower 17 (no. 5), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 50 x 50 cms





RE-flower 17 (no. 6), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 50 x 50 cms





Plus/Minus





Consider this...

Plus: Is there anything that has gone well... a success?

Minus: A failure... something that you wish you had handled differently?

The current series is intended as a confessional... or a mirror with plus/minus signs: Plus animates you to think about what has gone well, while minus is the manager for the opposite.

Life, as lived life, is spiced up with pluses and minuses, and minus often holds the greatest potential...

My own “status” can be read here (in Danish): <https://janskovgard.wordpress.com/2021/04/27/status/>

June, 2021





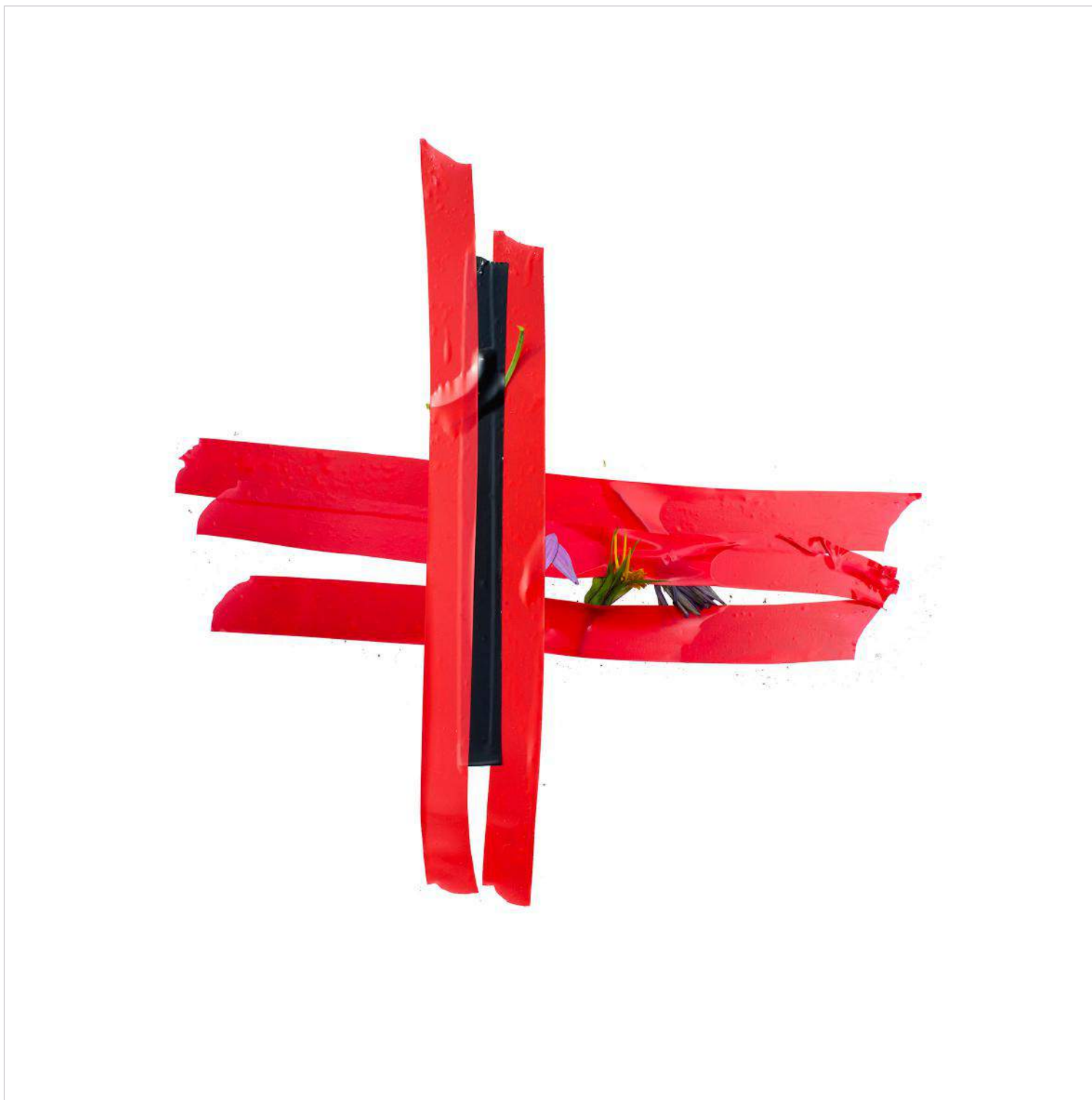
Plus/Minus (no. +2), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 80 x 80 cms





Plus/Minus (no. -1), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 80 x 80 cms





Plus/Minus (no. +1), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 80 x 80 cms





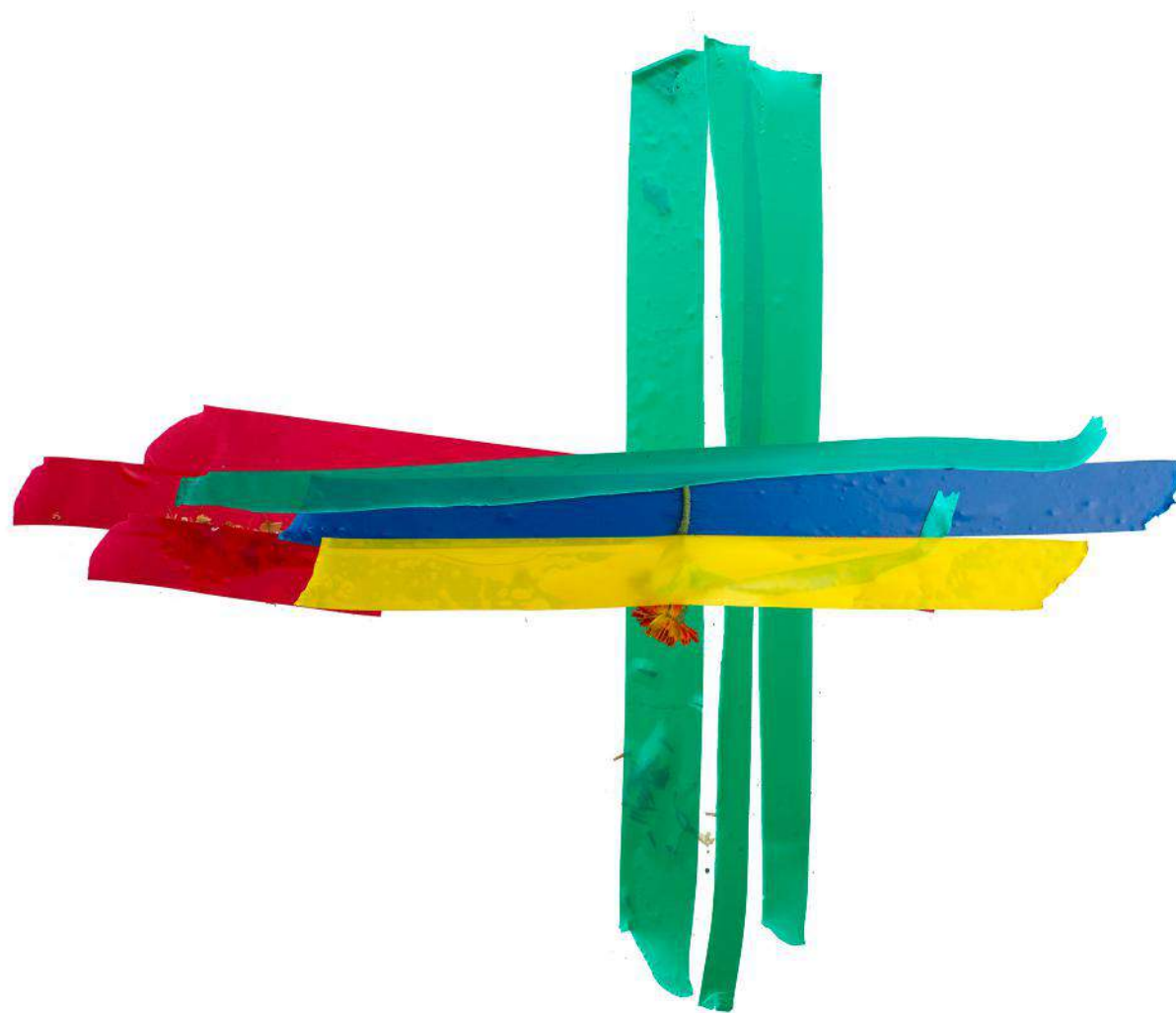
Plus/Minus (no. -2), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 80 x 80 cms





Plus/Minus (no. -3), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 80 x 80 cms





Plus/Minus (no. +3), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 80 x 80 cms





RE-flower 16





Tape is included in many of my series... not necessarily playing a major role, for that reason. Tape is a supporting part, a significant supporting part, but the main role is played by everything else... let us call it life.

But I admit: In this series, it may well look as if the supporting part becomes the main role.

I would therefore like to say a little about tape. And here I have to ask myself... I know what it is... but I just have not tried to put it into words before.

In 2004, the tape was on me... literally. Tape in the form of a bandage. Then it moved onto the plants that I am connected to, related to... I sometimes have a hard time distinguishing between them and me. I am their voice... and they are mine.

Tape is tape, but tape is also a bandage, band-aid, a brace or a form of adhesive.

Tape can be used to hold things together.

Something that is half can join something else that neither is whole... and become a whole.

Something scattered, or something that does not immediately seem to belong together, can come together and become a whole.

Something that cannot stand can be supported... and stand.

A position in headwind or even a lonely position can gain a support... a position, a belief, a feeling, an attitude, a loneliness.

April, 2021





RE-flower 16 (no. 2), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 60 x 60 cms





RE-flower 16 (no. 5b), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 60 x 60 cms





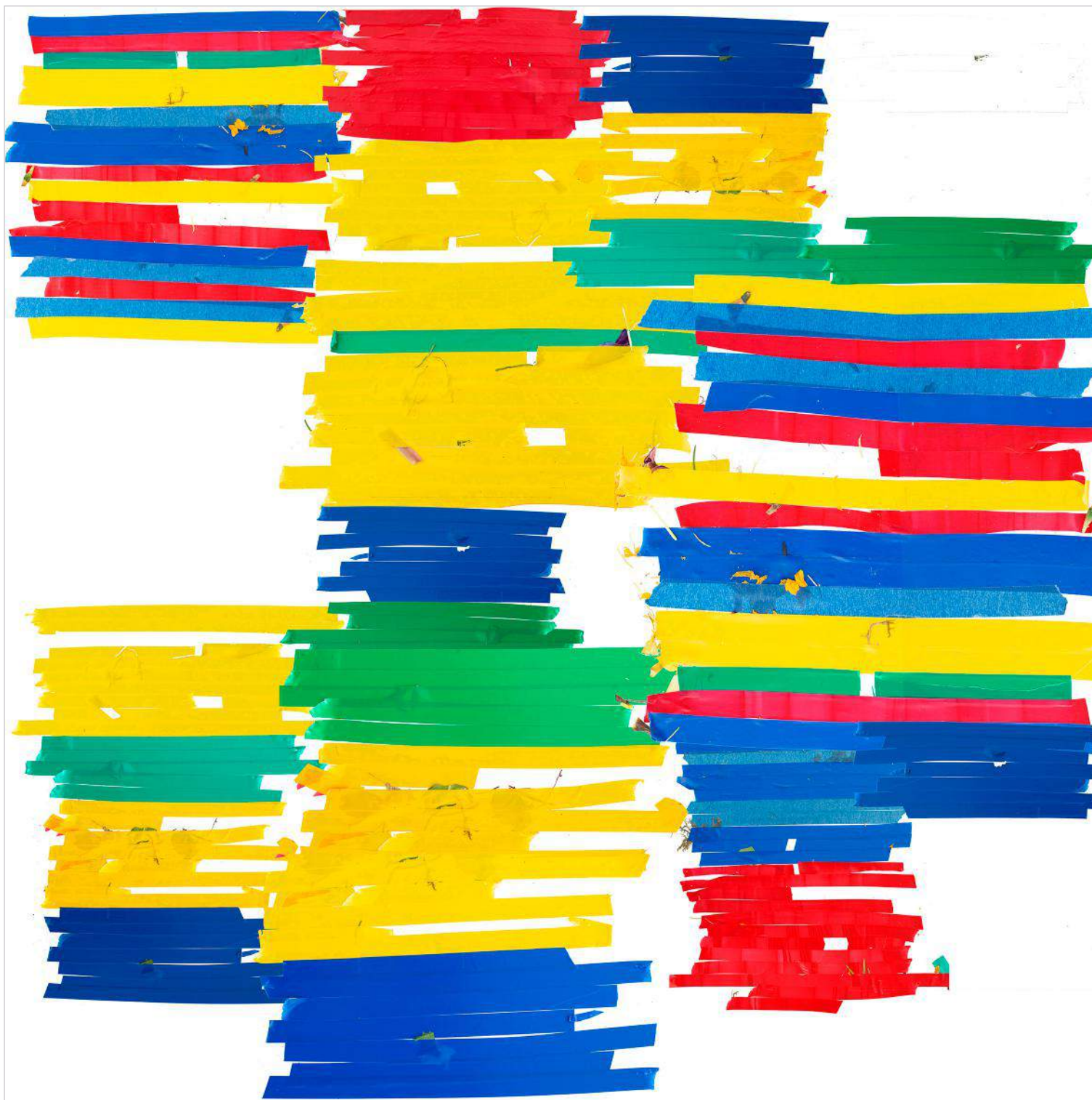
RE-flower 16 (no. 6b), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 60 x 60 cms





RE-flower 16 (no. 7b), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 60 x 60 cms





RE-flower 16 (no. 8), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 190 x 190 cms





RE-flower 16 (blue no. 1), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 100 x 100 cms





RE-flower 16 (red no. 1), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 100 x 100 cms





RE-flower 12 (yellow no. 1), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 100 x 100 cms





RE-flower 15





I am sitting... looking south. In my garden - that is how the garden is located. At the end of the garden there is a large field that ends in nothing. I can see it through the boundary of trees and bushes. Often you can hear geese at a small lake that is even further out.

Others live here. Although we are in the countryside, I have neighbours on both sides. On the one side, they also have a dog. It barks, but not at me... maybe it is birds? On the other side, the neighbour has a scooter. It is probably a hobby project. I have never seen the scooter but it will not start. I have heard that :)

This is where I do my stuff... including this series.

The RE-flower 15 series has come about like so many of my other series: A thought has taken shape.

You notice something positive about a bent nail. Or: A bent nail sees something positive.

Perhaps this time it is about reversed vanitas... vanitas with the opposite sign...

March, 2021





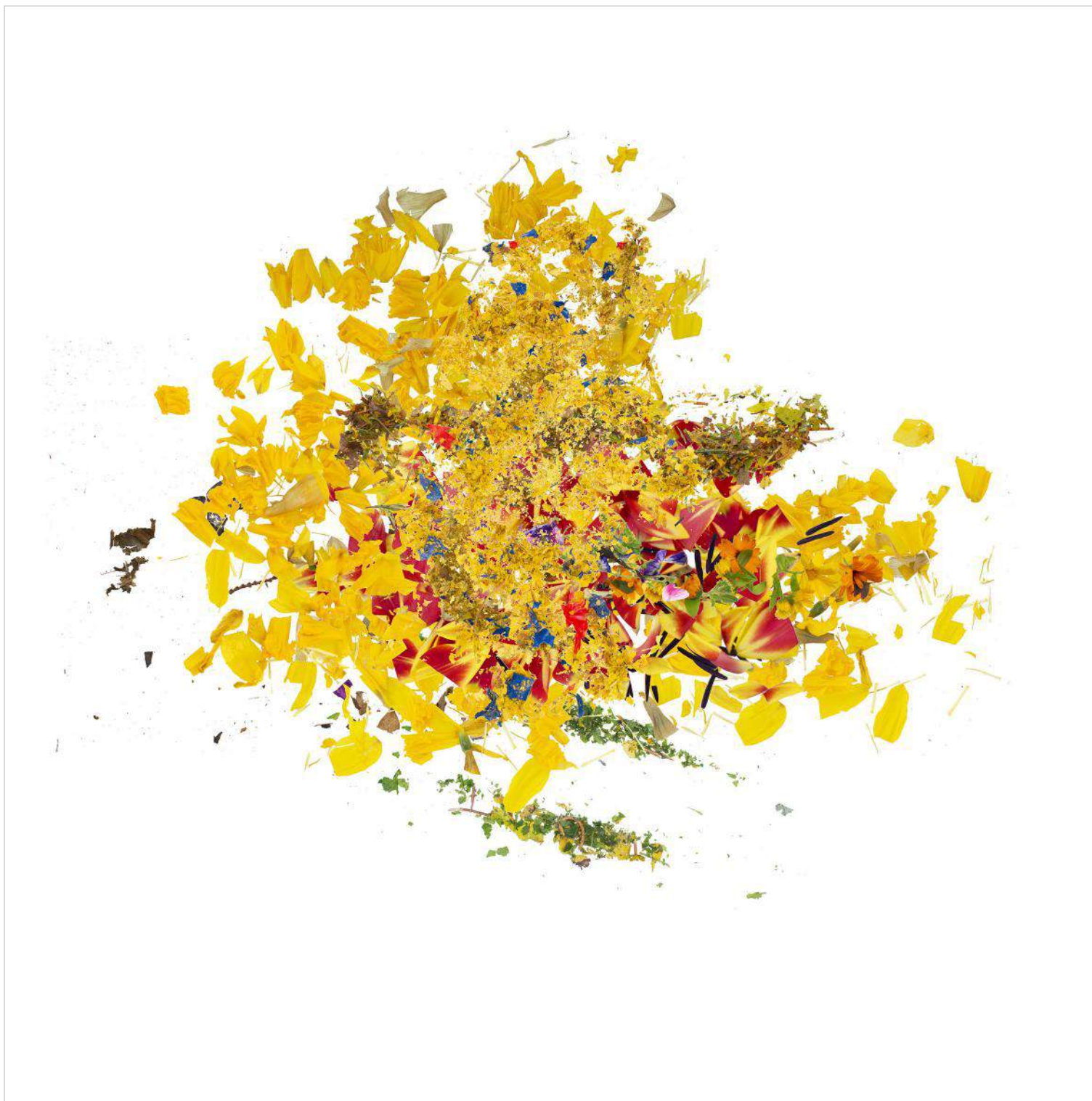
RE-flower 15 (no. 1c), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 130 x 130 cms





RE-flower 15 (no. 2c), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 130 x 130 cms





RE-flower 15 (no. 3c), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 110 x 110 cms





RE-flower 21 (no. 4c), 2014, print on dibond alupanel, 130 x 130 cms





Apple Tree





For me, art is about surplus. And this surplus can manifest itself as something beautiful, but there are certainly other ways in which it can be expressed.

Imagine an old apple tree. One of these stood in my garden until a few days ago, when strong winds caused its roots to give way, after which it fell over and landed almost horizontally in my neighbour's garden. A large, beautiful tree that has yielded many apples over the years, is now lying down. The chainsaw will come out and the ground on both sides of the hedge will be cleaned up.

But luckily, we do not do that when a person falls. You will try to get a person back on his feet and support him until he can stand on his own again.

I have tried that. In 2004 I collapsed – both mentally and physically. A healing was started up and as soon as possible a rehabilitation was initiated.

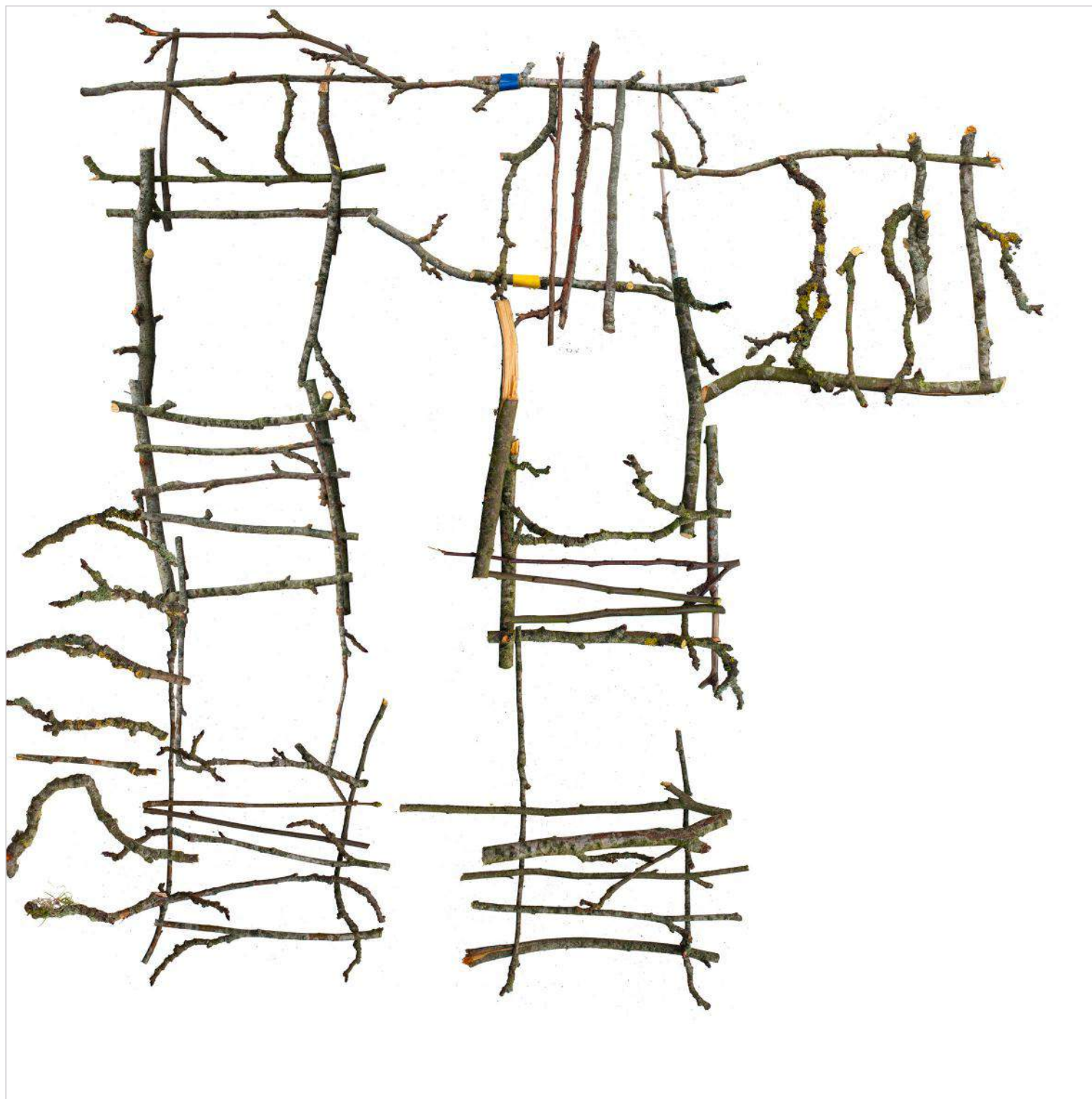
Today, more than 15 years later, I am again physically well-functioning... well, with various functional disabilities. Mentally, I have again found a positive balance... with the awareness that even the straightest nail can bend. The nail can be straightened again and re-used, but of course it does not have quite the strength of a straight nail. On the other hand, it has gained another strength, a valuable realization: Nails can bend.

This has, in one way or another, been the take-off for my art since my trauma. The art of the fragile.

In the current series I have chosen to use the fallen apple tree as material.

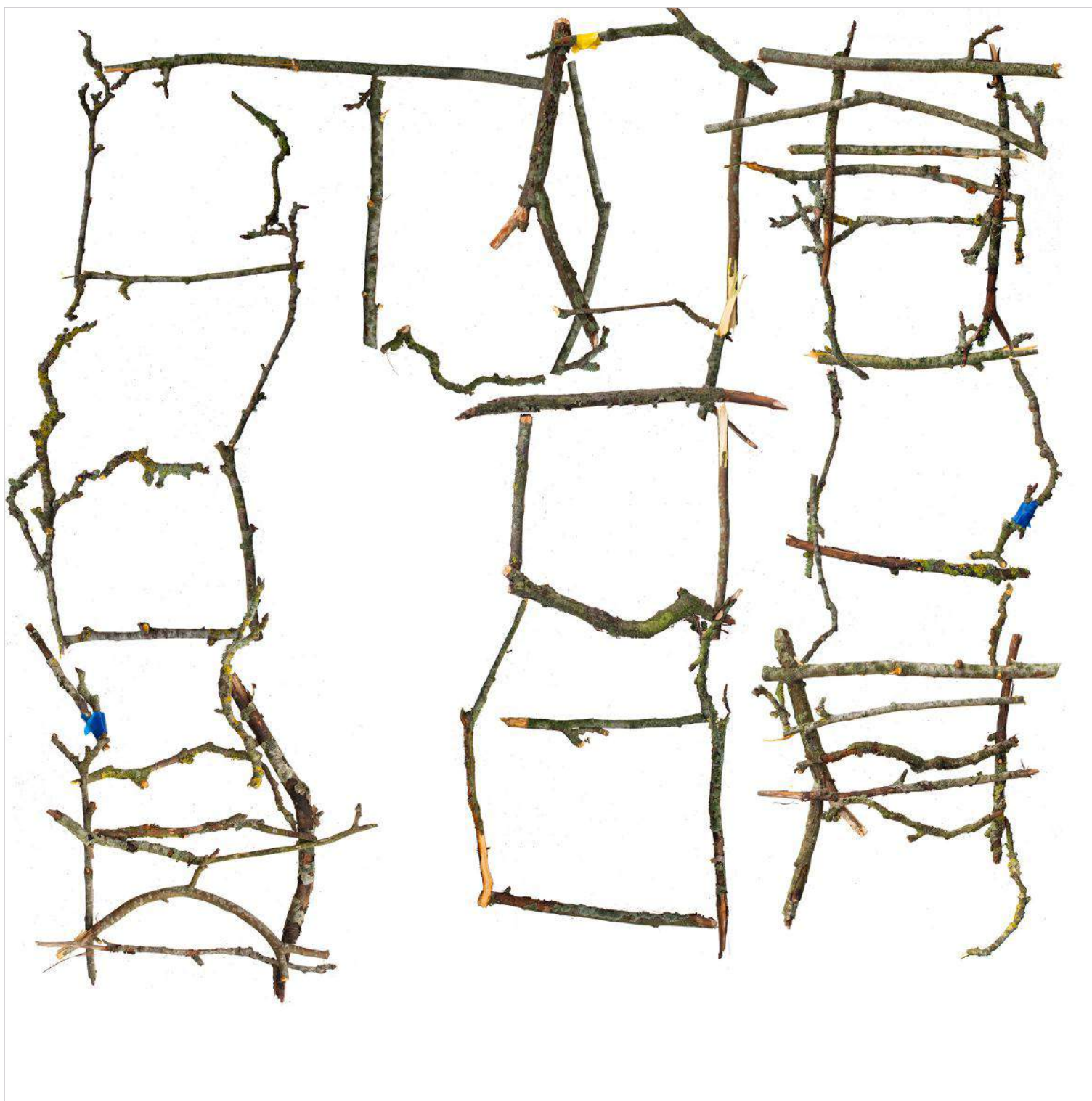
February, 2021





Apple Tree (no. 2), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 120 x 120 cms





Apple Tree (no. 1), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 120 x 120 cms





Apple Tree (no. 4), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 120 x 120 cms





Apple Tree (no. 3), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 120 x 120 cms





RE-break





What is new... and what is news?

I experience several tracks, and several that are parallel... more that unfold simultaneously... and that affect me almost simultaneously.

Where I live and spend a lot of my time, there is no Breaking News... except from that the sun is shining :)

The sun is shining when the sun is shining... I see it and I feel it. The day has a rhythm, so has the year, everything around me has a rhythm... and maybe I have, too. An arrhythmic rhythm.

But I am not isolated. As part of my daily rhythm in my corner I check the media. The mediated reality where I am connected to anything but my immediate vicinity.

When I sit in my garden, messing with a lump of soil or a splash of colour, the parallel tracks mingle... it becomes difficult to maintain a separation...

I can enjoy something tangible in one track, while at the same time being influenced by what I have just experienced in the other track.

And when my “messing with soil and colour” becomes art... then what is it about?... and is it new?

The answers are not quite simple, but let me start with the easiest one:

My art is new... for me. It makes me feel alive. Makes me feel joy... something positive. I hope I am able to communicate that, too.

And now the difficult question: At the same time, there is something disharmonious, something that is unredeemed, which may stem from a personal ambition to be more than I am, to take up more space than I do.

But the disharmony may also originate from the mediated track...

Let me give you a few examples:

...

Here, in my first review, I had listed two examples from what might be called the local habitat, which I considered, the best illustration of my commitment and my attitude.

But the examples have now been erased due to self-censorship.

The current examples inevitably involve others from the art world, colleagues and other stakeholders... stakeholders who will disapprove of my position.

In short, I have acknowledged that I am fragile and that I do not need further marginalization. I am looking for friends... not enemies.

But that is of course not how this text should end...

I see these pictures, the RE-break series, as a demonstration: The lumps of earth are you and me, the small splash of colour on pieces of bark etc. are the banners and posters we carry. And what is the message... what do the posters say?

They say that nothing is too big, that nothing is too small, that nothing is permanent, that everything is changing.

It may sound a little high-flown, but it is my experience. And it is not a new one.

January, 2021





RE-break 4 (no. 3), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 120 x 120 cms





RE-break (no. 2), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 120 x 120 cms





RE-break 4 (no. 5), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 120 x 120 cms





RE-break (no. 4), 2021, print on dibond alupanel, 120 x 120 cms





RE-colour





Newton, Goethe, Runge and Itten. This is the legacy I stand on, and from this point I have formulated my own colour system.

My system consists of 3 categories: Green, yellow/red and blue.

From there I attach meanings. The green colours signify nostalgia. They refer to something that has been. The yellow and red colours signify mainstream. They represent everything that has achieved a widespread consensus. The blue colours the new, the surprising, the unexpected.

My colour system is based on nature, represented by a leaf. A leaf, e.g. from a tree, goes through two stages: In the first stage it hangs on the tree. In the second phase, it has left the tree (or vice versa).

Right now it is the second phase, the autonomous one, that interests me. When the leaves drop from the tree, it is autumn - this roughly corresponds to where I am in life in terms of age.

I am 62 years old, and it is therefore just before I reach the age when my working life is thought to be over.

We associate the colours yellow and red with autumn. It is autumn right now in Denmark.

My colour system must be read in this context. The green is the water that has already passed under the bridge, - the past; the yellow/red is where we are now, and the blue is what we do not know anything about yet, - the future.

I can now apply my system and transfer it to everything - including art.

I am well aware that the meaning of colours is a cultural dimension where there is by no means, or ever will be, consensus on my system.

But that does not matter. It is not the first time I do not agree with my context. I am actually used to it... it has been that way since I was a child.

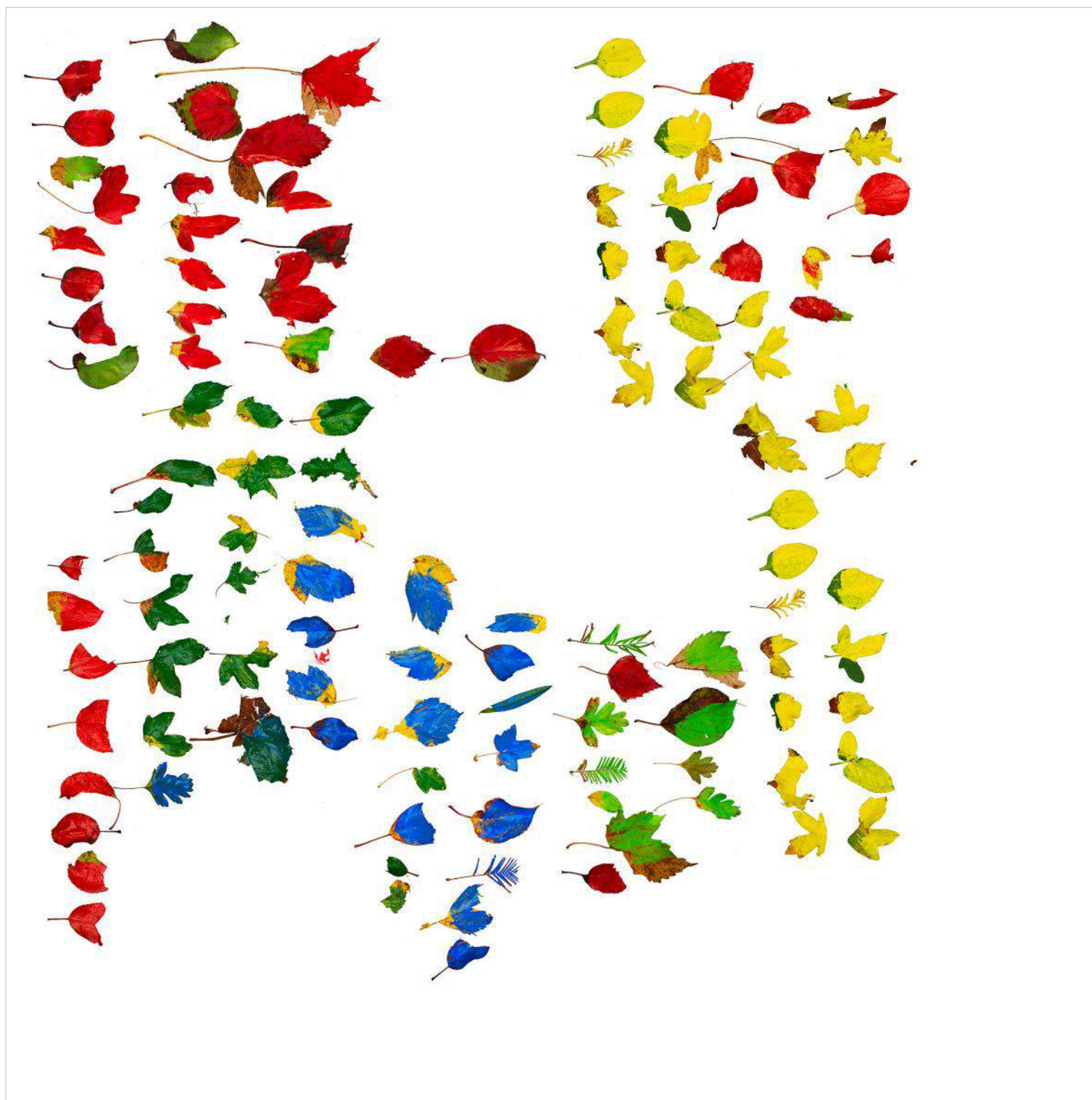
But my system matters to me in the sense that it disregards the conventions¹ that I have consciously and unconsciously been subject to when it comes to colour.

And colour is a big engine in my life, which is why the above is experienced as a significant release.

November, 2020

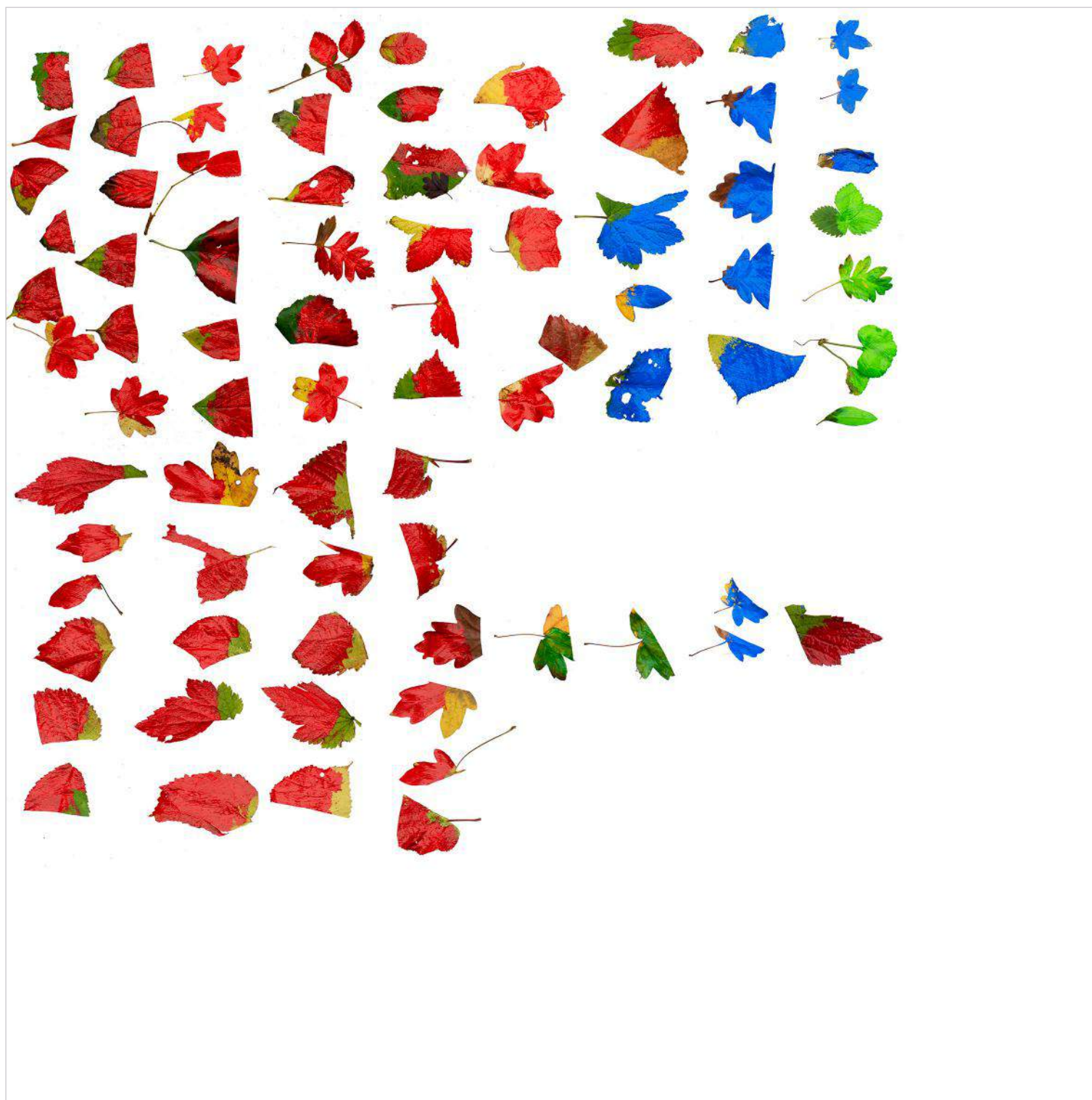
[1] E.g. Goethe has written about the meaning of colours.





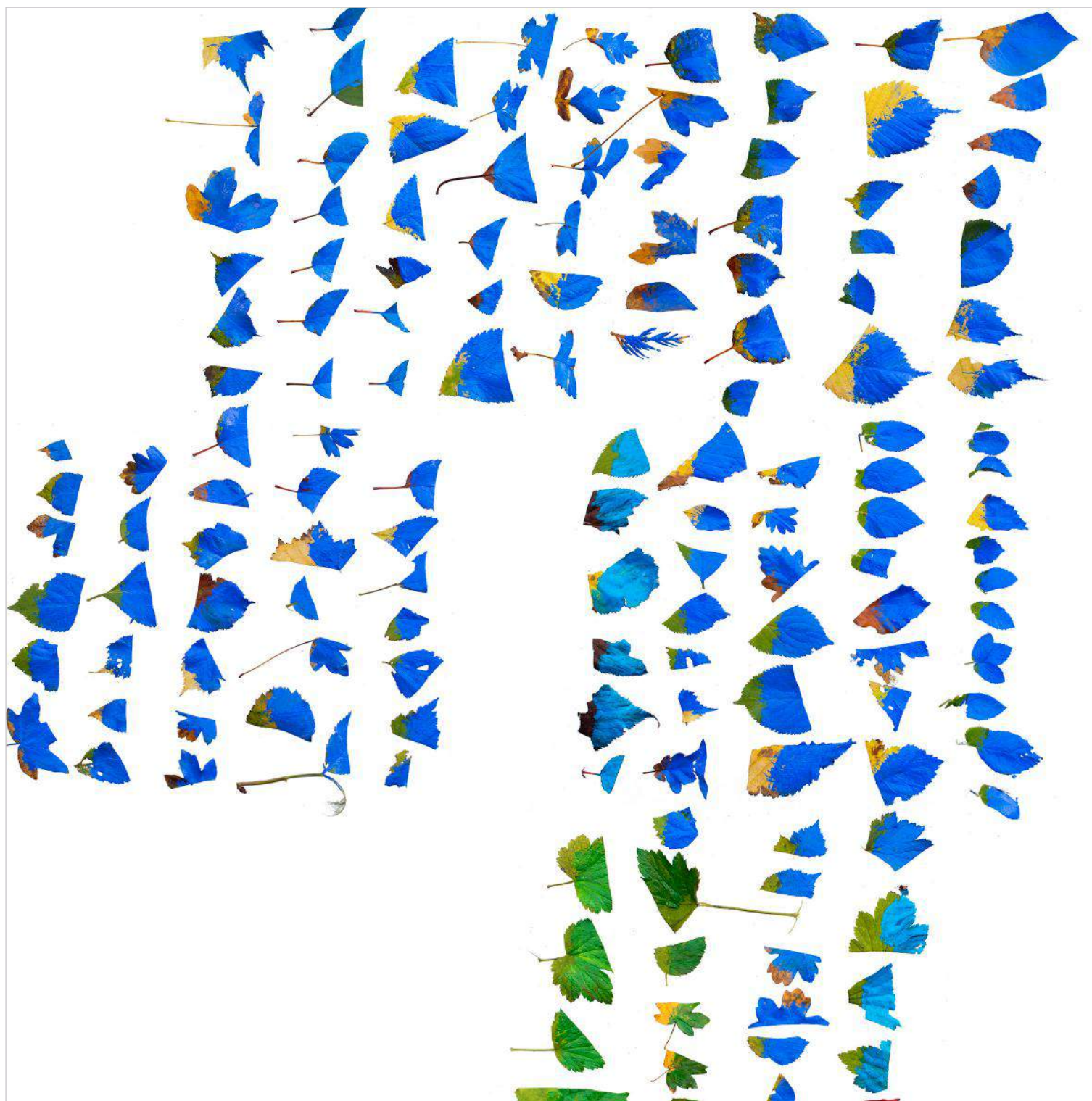
RE-colour (no. a), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 100 x 100 cms





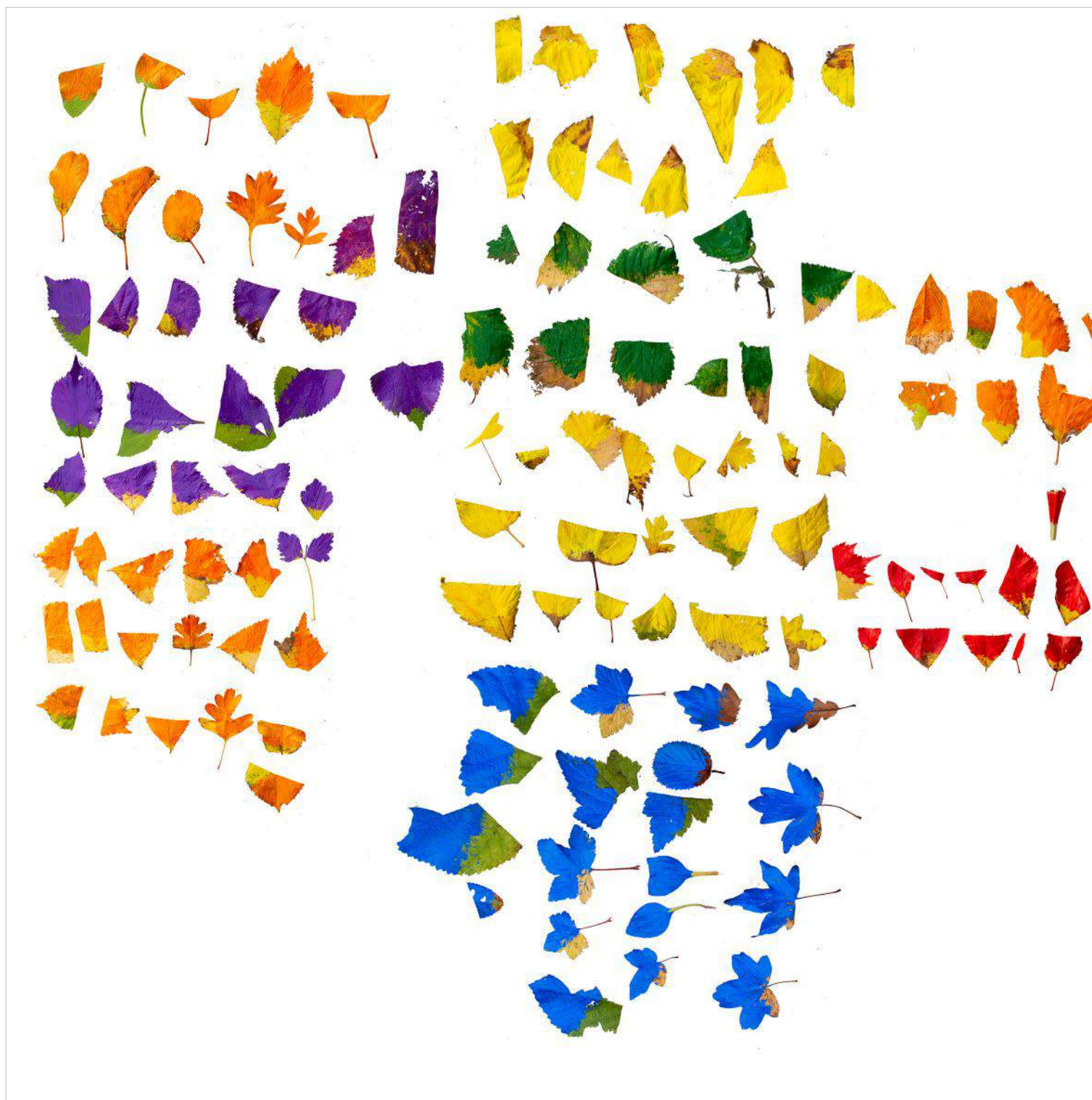
RE-colour (no. b), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 100 x 100 cms





RE-colour (no. d), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 100 x 100 cms





RE-colour (no. c), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 100 x 100 cms





RE-flower 14 (... sorry)





I live in what you would call “rural surroundings”. This means a lot of space and a view of open fields; it means that it is pretty quiet here.

But it also means odd smells from time to time. Animal waste disposals... open stable systems...

On my way to town, I pass one such, an open farm, and depending on the direction of the wind, it is important to shut off the air supply in my car to avoid the smelly air.

Everyone else knows that, too, all the other drivers, even the farmer himself. And although agriculture was here first some farmers do care about their image.

Therefore, in recent years, small plots of land have appeared along the country road, where the farmer has sown a seed mixture with various summer flowers and put up a sign with an invitation to pick the beautiful flowers while on your way.

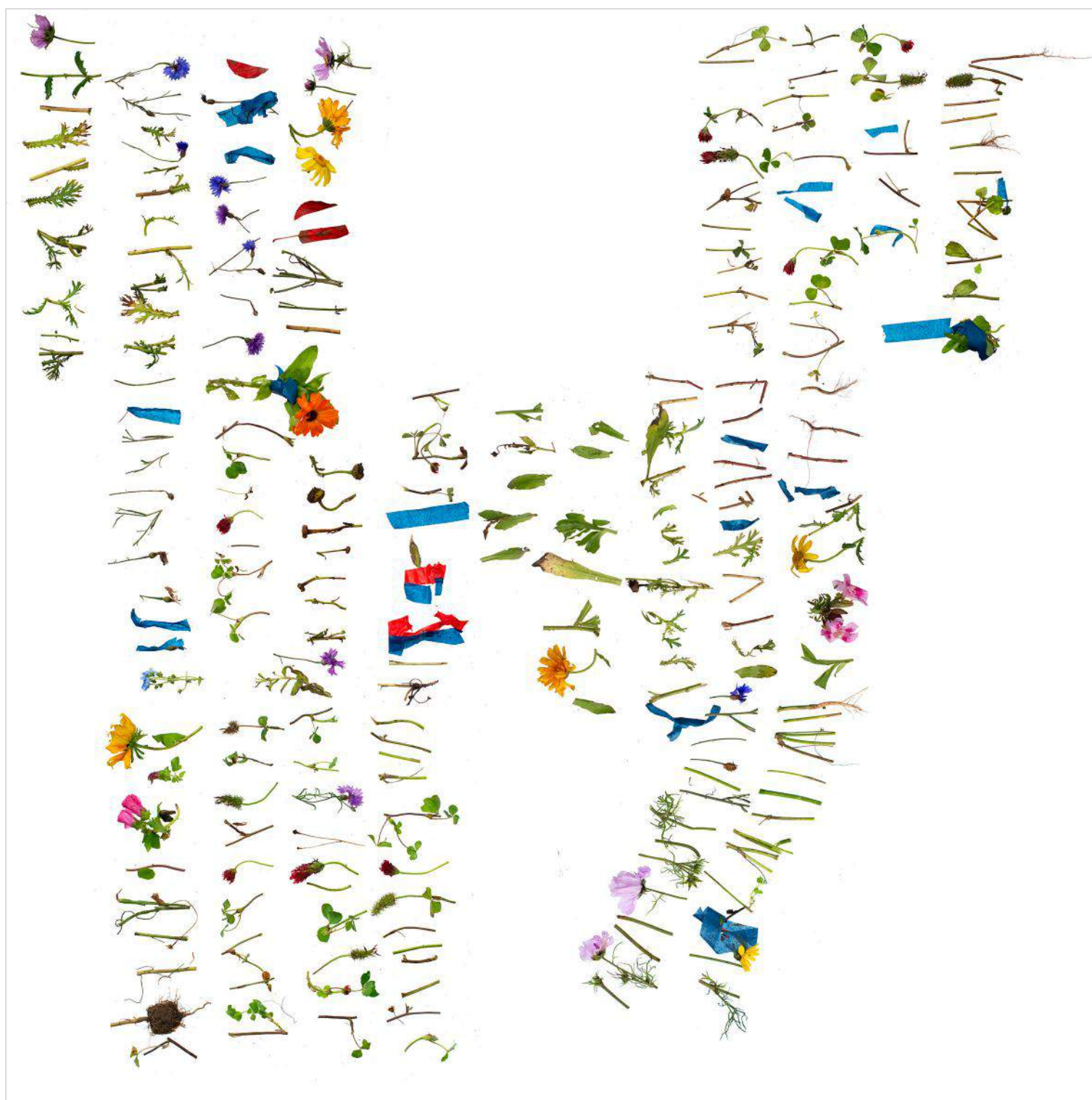
An arrangement that expresses a communication between the farmer and his surroundings: “I know very well... but farming smells. Sorry!”.

But is it really an excuse? The sign reads: “Pick a flower - and think of your farmer”.

I interpret it as an apology, but recognize that we, who grew up and live where the Reformation took hold, generally find it difficult to apologize. A disability, not least for ourselves, - as being able to apologize puts body and mind in a state that makes you feel good.

November, 2020





RE-flower 14 (no. a), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 120 x 120 cms



RE-flower 14 (no. b), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 120 x 120 cms





RE-flower 14 (no. d), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 120 x 120 cms





RE-flower 14 (no. c), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 120 x 120 cms



Civilization 2





In 1994, when I published my book *The Grand Tour*¹, it had a painting of a bouquet of flowers on the cover. I chose the motif because the bouquet as a concept, a collection, represents some of what I intended with my sampled images of the masterpieces of art history from Europe's art museums and collections.

The painting on the cover by Ambrosius Bosschaert the Elder entitled "Little Bouquet in an Arched Window", I had photographed at the Louvre in Paris.

In the preface I wrote "Tulip, columbine, french anemone, common hyacinth, roses and marigold. A little bouquet in an open window. The impossible represented in a unity of time."²

The last sentence being particularly worth noticing: An impossible bouquet ... the flowers represented Holland's overseas interests and possessions, which is why the reading is about beauty, about accumulated wealth and raw power.

Something similar applies to the tulip included in the bouquet. Tulips, which were also brought home, were intensively cultivated into new expensive varieties, cultivating becoming an act that contributed to man's self-understanding as superior to everything else.

Today, 400 years later, we are still standing... for better or for worse.

And 25 years have passed since *The Grand Tour*..

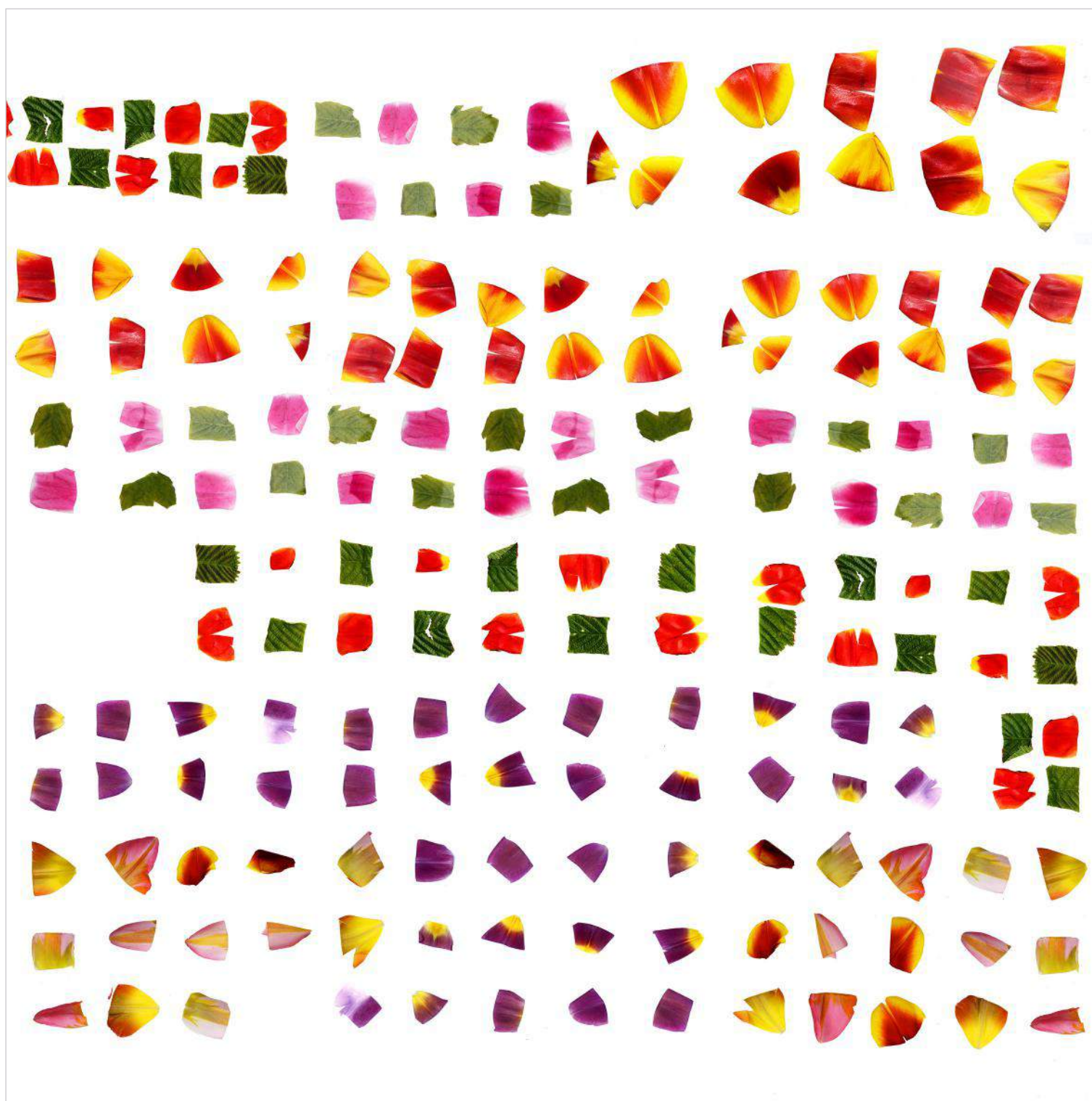
I have now revisited the tulip. Resulting in, so far, four pictures.

June, 2020

[1] The Grand Tour, 1994, Husets Forlag, ISBN 87-7483-321-9

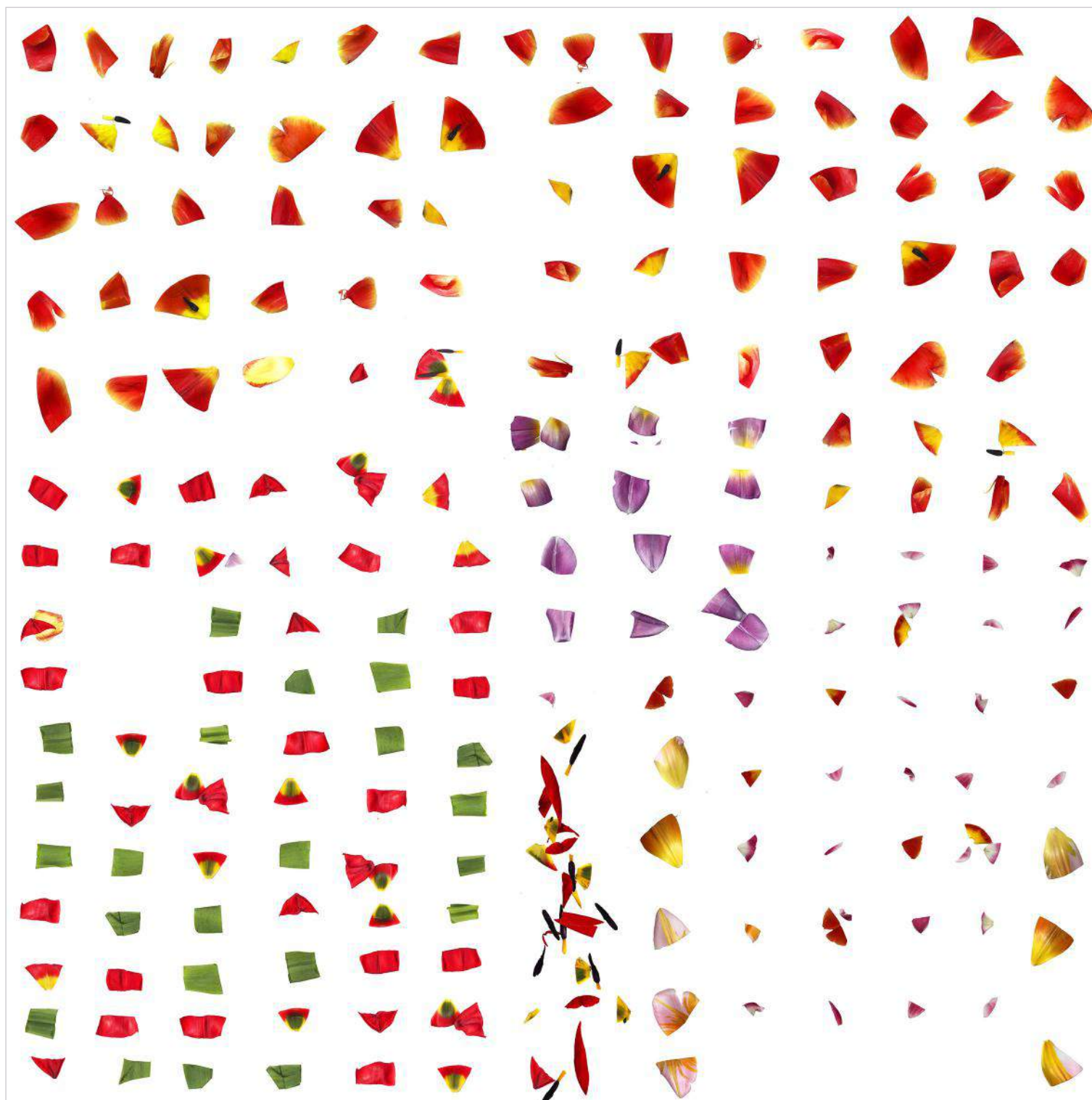
[2] The quote is taken, but from where I do not remember.





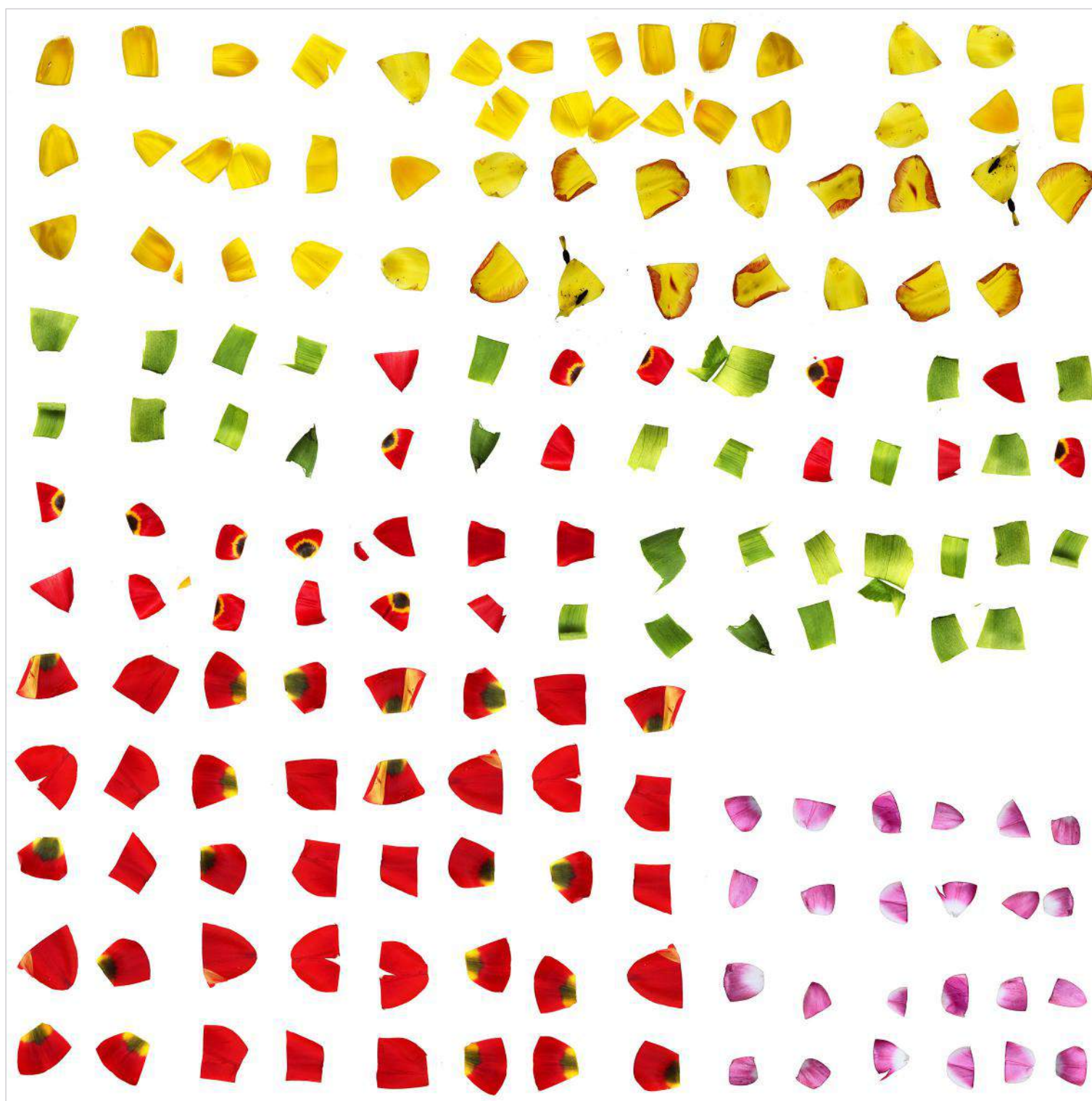
Civilization 2 (no. 1a), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 110 x 110 cms





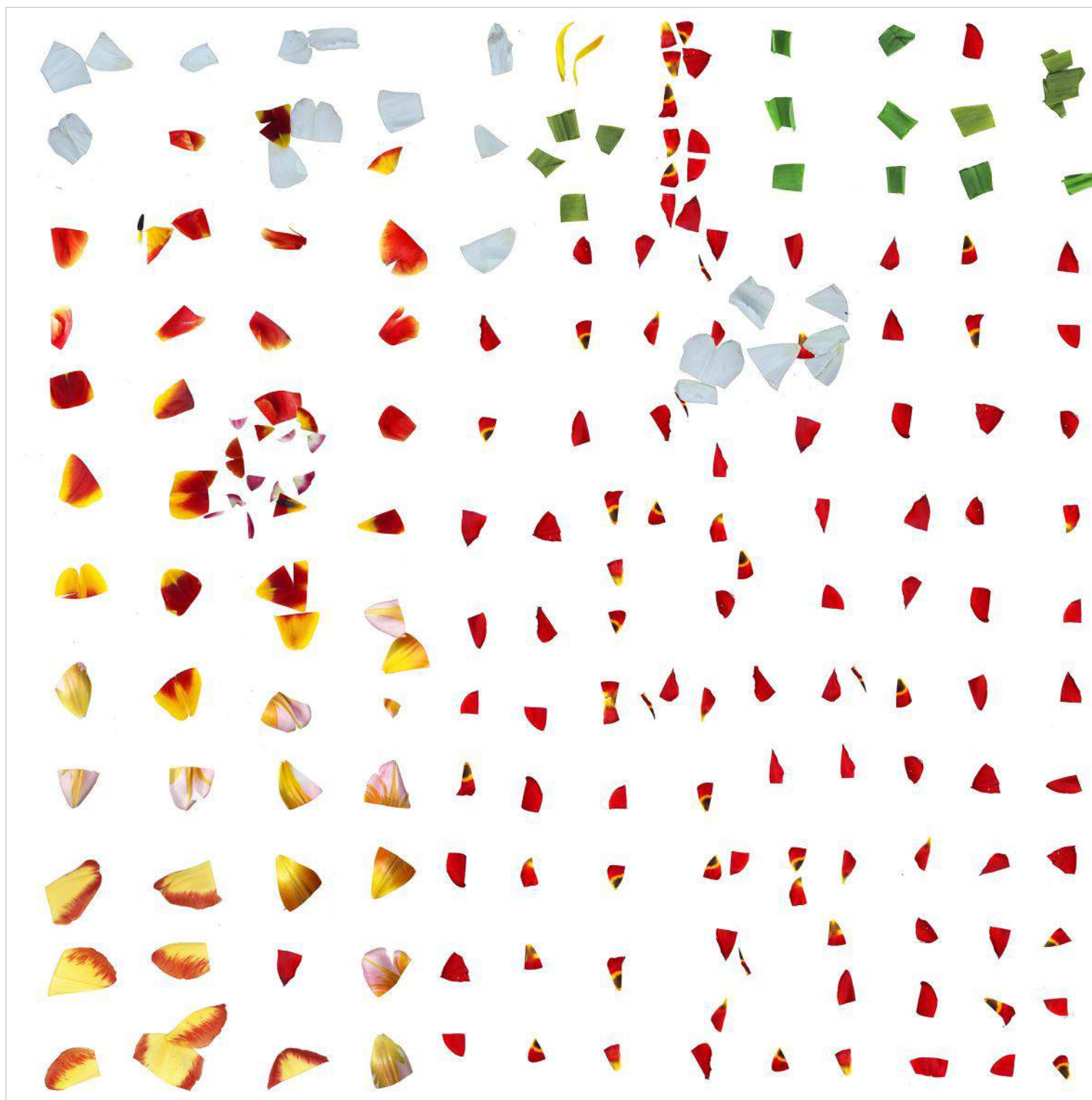
Civilization 2 (no. 3a), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 110 x 110 cms





Civilization 2 (no. 2a), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 110 x 110 cms





Civilization 2 (no. 4a), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 110 x 110 cms





RE-flower 12





The subject of this series is the plant named rough comfrey.

It is a plant that I know well. It stands tall right outside my garden. But what is just outside is in fact soil that I have removed from my own land... maybe the plant was in my garden before the pervasive cultivation, when grass was sown... the grass that is now moss...

Anyway, rough comfrey is very busy in the spring, setting purple flowers over the summer, collapsing completely at fall's first solid night frost. During winter it is gone.

It is a foreigner. It was originally imported as a crop in order to be used for feeding pigs... but this idea has long been abandoned.

Now I use it... I have a stand-in. This is how I experience it. And in this series my stand-in is rough comfrey.

May, 2020





RE-flower 12 (no. 7), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 40 x 40 cms





RE-flower 12 (no. 5), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 40 x 40 cms





RE-flower 12 (no. 8), 2020, print on dibond alupanel, 40 x 40 cms





Publications by Jan Skovgård:

Batmans Kåkebåk, Husets Forlag, Aarhus, 1987

Smerten og haveslangen. Fotolamper., Husets Forlag, Aarhus, 1989

LIGE, Husets Forlag, Aarhus, 1990

Red Herring, Husets Forlag, Aarhus, 1990

The Permanent Collection, Forlaget Brandts Klædefabrik, Odense, 1990

The Permanent Collection Paradox Pictures, Husets Forlag, Aarhus, 1991

T.P.C. Revolver, Husets Forlag, Aarhus, 1992

The Grand Tour, Husets Forlag, Aarhus, 1994

UPDATE, Husets Forlag, Aarhus, 1996

RE-flower 1, Forlaget Arkhest, 2019

