

0.02 mm.

REGIN TH. SCHWAEN

Clay is made from frozen glaciers. The production takes place in Norway, Sweden and Finland when glaciers rub up against the subterranean ground and explode and grind granite against granite. An infinite pressure subdivides granite into stones, sand and clay. Mountain is transformed, broken down, divided up. Clay is a material that inscribes itself into a certain scale. It is of the smallest size, on the same level as dust. But clay might just as well have been a material that could just as well have been broken into stones and sand. Under chaotic crushing, a New World comes into being. Granite mountain is exploded and stone turns into stone, sand becomes sand and clay becomes clay. In the process of transport, the materials subdivide themselves into accumulations. This property is strange and fantastic, in a way, since it is through the ice's transport and the melt water's sorting effect that the accumulations emerge. These are accumulations of material of the same quality and character. The accumulations deposit themselves in the landscape under the ice's forward migration or recession and turn into deltas, sub-glacial stream trenches and hilly moraine terrain. This does not transpire in a uniform or homogeneous manner. Stone, sand and clay are not uniform, and they are not evenly distributed. Time, gravity and transport are the causes of the differences in the distribution and of the accumulations' non-uniformity. Clay is a material in larger and smaller accumulations. That's why there are different finds in the landscape and differing qualities. One can speak about an occurrence. But the clay has not always existed in this spot. The clay has been transported here. Clay is a material in exile.

Black platter. A crispy surface, like a frozen woven cloth. Rough and coarse, cold, fading nuances. Metal-gray sandpaper as glaze and covering in thin, delicate layers. Mini-world. Secondary world. I am moved into thinking about Iceland, and suddenly I exist in another scale. This surface, which Lone Skov Madsen has created on this platter, is a folded, dark, crumpled cloth, which springs forth from the platter's form. It is such a well-articulated cloth that it situates the platter as form in another and what for me is a new context. I am moved to experience that the form has been brought into a situation where the platter is no longer a platter but rather a cloth. Nonetheless, the cloth clothes the form and allows me to perceive the form as platter. This incites me into feeling something new and something old at one and the same time. Without challenge, there is no tradition, and tradition loves being challenged. Here, there is certainly no matter of an image of a platter. Here is a platter that throws me back on to the first perception. A perception in a concave form, in a hollow in the earth, in a folded cloth with crevices and shadows, in a grotto in the mountain where I find a home in the dark. This platter's curved surface is chaos, born of the night. And along the edge of the platter, an interchange between folded convex and concave forms - horizon - is articulated. The interchanges continue in toward the center of the platter in the same scale, and glittering glass-like glaze gathers itself in the exchange between the soft forms. The bottom is as small lakes that are filled with

very tiny bubbles. They appear to have once been liquid, for just a few moments. But they have now solidified and that's why it's possible to observe them. The tops are dryer and more like sandpaper. Nonetheless, they feel like velvet when I touch them there. I look at this for hours and the retina expands. Darkness. This platter is black. It is as black as the night in the trough of a wave in the North Sea. It is black, black, hyper-black.

Like a cloth, the clay has been laid out in a faintly undulating layer. It constitutes the forms that we see every day. It is of the materials that we are developing technologically. It is identity and home. The production of clay. The production of clay in Norway, Sweden and Finland. Over the course of hundreds of thousands of years, the material is carried toward the east

and toward the south. The Ice Age is a slow time, a frozen time. An enormous frozen force pushes its way forward and follows the trough of the Bosnian Strait. In much the same way that water, in a short time, runs down from the bathtub in the swirl of a spiral, the frozen glacier traces the same form. The movement is not outward and forward, but rather spiral-shaped and curved. This is the explanation for the peculiar fact that material in Denmark can be traced back to places in Norway and Finland. Two places which are evidently so far away from one another are represented in Denmark in that moment when the glacier jettisoned a quantity of material. At a certain point in time, an accumulation of red clay was spewed forth. At some other time, an accumulation of blue clay is thrown off. In between these times, the accumulations are mixed together and something new comes into being. It is inside this new stuff that we exist, and it is of this new substance that we are born and within which we grow up. Except for limestone, all of the materials have immigrated, and it is within this immigration that we have created a new identity and a new way of understanding. Denmark is a place where clay is a material in exile. It is all at once strange and fantastic. Especially because this happens more than once. As a matter of fact, we are living right in the middle of a period between Ice Ages. In about ten thousand years, there will be the advent of a whole new epoch, which will re-form the place all over again. Without glaciers there would have been no occurrences and no qualities. No blended accumulations and no unmixed accumulations, no stones, no sand, no clay. Without glaciers there would have been no ceramists.

Crock, cone, calotte. Like a bread that has a crispy and sonorous crust, I discover an analogous crock, a cone and a gray calotte on the ceiling inside of Lone Skov Madsen's studio. The crock is only surface, and it comes into appearance as mass, and then as space, with the suggestion of a hole. The small hole, which is as hyper-black as velvet, actually permits you to look right into its interior. A space comes forth on the other side of the crispy crust and the dark interior makes the crock into a crock. The cone is resting on its side and the calotte is on its flat side and they turn me into some giant looking down on a North Pole. All three pieces are gray - sandpaper gray, of the same type with which you grind wet steel against wet stone. The texture is also like sandpaper and my childhood summers, spent on sun-drenched and sparkling light gray beaches, loom forth from the memory. The surface is so thin and so delicate, like the crushed Thermos bottle I once found in an old bunker, half-filled with sand. Peeling layer after layer off, one after the other, and studying the queer phenomenon was an intense experience. It was first

much later on that the form was placed, when another Thermos bottle was so unfortunate to evert its interior out into the exterior. The recollection fills me with the desire to own this calotte, because it is precisely this one that fills me with the sensation of the Thermos bottle's flakes. Its thin glaze is silver-colored/aluminum-like. Its surface is neither smooth nor enclosed in glass but is rather dry and sandpaper-like. I don't know why, exactly, but its sandpaper-like surface touches upon the very same feeling as the gray reflecting material, of precisely the same sensory material that conceals itself in the interior of each flake, which layer upon layer form the insulating core inside a Thermos bottle. Crock, cone, calotte. A hybrid of sensations is awakened. The form is concave and thereby repelling, but the surface is dry and inviting. The eye is fascinated by the silver-gray calotte. Scanning. Sensing. Matte surfaces, which are more sensual than they are smooth, as they establish very tiny reflections, even in between the pigment particles. As if each and every pigment were an immensely small cone which, inside of this thin crust-like surface, unfolds a reflecting space in between the pigments. The surface is glowing with light, like moss on a Norwegian mountain on an overcast day. Shine, afterglow, reflections within a double surface. Lone Skov Madsen is in possession of a particularly refined capacity to render these surfaces precisely and to discover, through an enormous degree of patience, techniques that actually establish this vibrating experience. Delicate thin crusts hover in the space and, at certain moments, allow the form to remain. Only in order to experience the glaze's intense sensuality.

In the middle of the Atlantic, a new form comes into existence. At the bottom of the ocean. In a gigantic oven. What is created is a new ceramic world. Delicate. Crust-like. Glittering and chock full of crevices. Atlant. Caryatids. Continental drift. Slow time and geologic time. As Europe and America, on account of the continental drift, very slowly distance themselves from one another, a crevice crops up in between Norway and Greenland. The crevice comes into existence at the bottom of the ocean, and out from this crevice pours new magma, new lava, new bottom. Inside the crevice a crust establishes itself. Inside the crust a crevice establishes itself. Repetition. Inside the crevice a crust establishes itself and inside the crust a crevice establishes itself. Infinite repetition, and a calotte with a surface with concave and convex justifying adjustments comes to be Iceland. It is the ocean itself that has signed its own name in the explosion-like cooling down of the liquid magma. Infinitely many cracks turn up, which were the firm stones in a cracked prism. In the moment that the island steps out of the sea, a new era is ushered in and a new production of clay begins. Europe's largest glacier continues to grind on Iceland's form and the clay becomes laid like a folded cloth over the landscape. *'May the secret of materials remain a mystery for us. Otherwise the ceramicist would not sit, in agonizing joy, before the kiln, hoping, dreaming of the new colors and tones that God, in his wisdom, neglected to create so that mankind could take part in the marve-lous act of creation.' Steel wire cuts plate. A hand folds the clay and inscribes a signature. Imprint of power from hand. A jolt. A knife. Geological fault. Once again, steel wire cuts plate. Miniature folded worlds are created by Lone Skov Madsen, and the pieces are then put into the kiln, and now they stand there in their own folded appearance, grouped, maybe in some random order or maybe according to some unknown taxonomy. All of them are pieces that you can grab hold of. They fit well into one another and their form recalls the hand's form. If you hold the small object,

the lightness is surprising and not many moments pass before a small hole is discovered. Hole to hole. The surface is a crust and turns the piece into a crock. Her hands fold, and what takes place is a spatial movement. Flat, thin clay inside a hand. It's a question of dimension. From flat to spatial. Hands can certainly hold a bit of water, some pigment or some grain, for a limited amount of time. But it's better to make a crock. In this little discovery, there is a gigantic leap. A crock is a container for something temporary and fluid. A crock is the first home.

*Notes

The quotation is taken from a text authored by the renowned Austrian architect, Adolf Loos. The quotation is taken from one of his many texts, this one being 'Ceramic', from the book entitled *Trotzdem*.

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Ler fremstilles af frossen gletscher. Produktionen sker i Norge, Sverige og Finland når gletschere gnubber sig mod undergrunden og sprænger og sliber granit mod granit. Et uendeligt tryk underdeler granit til sten, sand og ler. Fjeld forvandles, sønderdeles, opdeles. Ler er et materiale der indskrives sig i en bestemt skala. Det er den mindste størrelse på linie med støv, men kunne også have været et materiale der kunne nøjes med at være underdelt til sten og sand. Under kaotisk knusen opstår en ny verden. Granitfjeld sprænges og sten bliver til sten, sand til sand og ler til ler. Under transporten inddeler materialerne sig i mængder. Denne egenskab er besynderlig og på en måde fantastisk, for kun gennem isens transport og smeltevandets sorterende effekt opstår mængderne. Det er mængder af materiale af samme kvalitet og egenskab. Mængderne ligger sig i landskabet under isens fremdrift eller tilbage-trækning og bliver til delta, tunneldal og morænebakker. Det sker ikke ensartet og homogent. Sten, sand og ler er ikke ensartet og ligeligt fordelt. Tid, tyngdekraft og transport er årsag til forskellighed og mængdernes uensartetheder. Ler er et materiale i større og mindre mængder. Derfor er der forskellige findesteder i landskabet og forskellig kvalitet. Man kan tale om en forekomst. Men ler har ikke altid befundet sig på dette sted. Ler er transporteret hertil. Ler er et materiale i eksil.

Sort fad. En sprød overflade som et frossent vævet klæde. Ru, kolde, fadende toner. Metal-grå sandpapir som glasur og beklædning i tynde fine lag. Miniverden. Sekundær verden. Jeg bevæges og tænker på Island og pludselig er jeg i en anden skala. Denne

overflade som Lone Skov Madsen har fremstillet på dette fad, er et foldet, mørkt, krøllet klæde der springer af fadets form. Det er så artikuleret et klæde, at det sætter fadet som form i et andet og for mig nyt forhold. Jeg tvinges til at opleve at formen er bragt til en situation hvor fadet ikke længere er et fad, men blot et klæde. Men alligevel klæder klædet formen og tillader mig at opleve formen som fad. Det bringer mig til at føle noget nyt og noget gammelt på samme tid. Uden udfordring er der ingen tradition og tradition elsker at blive udfordret. Her er bestemt ikke tale om et billede på et fad. Her er et fad der kaster mig tilbage til den første oplevelse. En oplevelse i en konkav form, i en hulning i jorden, i et foldet klæde med sprækker og skygger, i en grotte i bjerget hvor jeg i mørket finder et hjem. Dette fads krumme flade er kaos født af natten og langs fadets kant er artikuleret en vekselvirken mellem foldede konvekse og konkave former: Horisont. Vekselvirkningerne fortsætter mod midten af fadet i samme skala og i udvekslingerne mellem de bløde former samler sig glinsende glasagtig glasur. Bunden er som små søer der er fyldt med ganske små bobler. De fremstår som havde de for små øjeblikke været flydende, men er nu frosne og derfor mulige at observere. Toppene er mere tørre og sandpapirsagtige, dog føles det som fløjlsagtig når jeg rører herved. Jeg ser på dette i timer og nethinden udvider sig. Mørke. Dette fad er sort. Det er sort som nat i en bølgedal i Vesterhavet. Det er sort, sort, supersort.

Som et klæde er ler lagt ud i et svagt bølgende lag. Det er de former vi ser hver dag, det er af det materiale vi udvikler teknik, det er identitet og hjem. Produktion af ler. Produktion af ler i Norge, Sverige og Finland. Over hundredetusinde år transporteres materialet mod øst og syd. Istid er langsom tid, frossen tid. En enorm frossen form skubber sig frem og følger truget af den Botniske Bugt. Som når vand på kort tid forlader et badekar i spiralform, følger den frosne gletscher den samme form. Bevægelsen er ikke udad- og fremadrettet, men spiralformet og krum. Derfor sker det besynderlige at materiale i Danmark både kan tilbageføres til steder fra Norge og Finland. To steder der tilsyneladende er så langt fra hinanden, repræsenteres i Danmark i det øjeblik gletscheren har kastet en mængde materiale fra sig. En tid kastes en mængde rød ler. En anden tid kastes en mængde blå ler. Imellem tiderne blandes mængderne og noget nyt opstår. Det er i dette nye vi lever og som vi er født af og opvokset i. På nær kalken er alle materialerne indvandret og det er i denne indvandring vi har skabt en ny identitet og en ny forståelse. Danmark er et sted hvor ler er et materiale i eksil. Det er på samme tid besynderligt og fantastisk. For dette sker ikke kun én gang. Vi befinder os midt i en mellemistidsperiode. Om ca titusinde år begynder en helt anden tid som på ny former sted. Uden gletschere fandtes ingen forekomster og ingen kvaliteter. Ingen mængder blandede som ikke blandede mængder, ingen sten, intet sand, intet ler. Uden gletschere fandtes ingen keramikere.

Krukke, kegle, kalot. Som et franskbrød der har en sprød klingende skorpe, finder jeg en tilsvarende krukke, en kegle og en grå kalot på loftet i Lone Skov Madsens atelier. Krukken er kun overflade og fremstår først som masse siden som rum, med antydningen at et hul. Det lille hul som er fløjlsagtig supersort, tillader netop at man kan se ind i dets indre. Et rum melder sig på den anden side af den sprøde skorpe og det mørke indre gør krukken til en krukke. Keglen ligger på siden og kalotten på sin flade side og gør mig til en kæmpe der kigger ned på en Nordpol. Alle emner er grå, - sandpapirsgrå, af samme

slags som det man kan slibe vådt i vådt med. Også teksturen er som sandpapir og min barndoms sommeroplevelser på solbeskinnede knitrende lysegrå strande, toner frem fra hukommelsen. Overfladen er så tynd og fin som den knuste termoflaske jeg fandt i en gammel bunker, halvt fyldt med sand. At pille lag efter lag fra hinanden og studere det besynderlige fænomen, var en intens oplevelse. Først meget senere blev formen placeret, da en anden termoflaske var så uheldig at krænge sit indre ud i det ydre. Erindringen giver mig lyst til at eje denne kalot for det er netop denne, der giver mig en fornemmelse af termoflaskeflager. Dens tynde glasur er sølvfarvet/aluminiumsagtig. Dens overflade er ikke glat eller indesluttet i glas, men tør og sandpapirsagtig. Jeg ved ikke præcist hvorfor, men dens sandpapirsagtige overflade rammer samme følelse som den grå reflekterende materie, af netop samme sansende materiale som gemmer sig i det indre af hver flage, der lag på lag danner den isolerende kerne i en termoflaske. Krukke, kegle, kalot. En hybrid af følelser vækkes. Formen er konkav og dermed frastødende, men overfladen er tør og indbydende. Øjet fascineres af den sølvgrå kalot. Aftastende. Sansende. Matte flader som er mere sansende end glatte, når de danner bittesmå refleksioner imellem pigmentdelene alene. Som om at hvert pigment er en umådelig lille kugle der i den tynde skorpeagtige overflade, udfolder et reflekterende rum imellem pigmenterne. Overfladen gløder af lys som mos på et norsk fjeld på en overskyet dag. Skin, genskind, refleksioner inden i en dobbeltflade. Lone Skov Madsen har en særlig fin evne til at præcisere disse overflader og gennem en enorm tålmodighed at finde teknikker, der netop etablerer denne vibrerende oplevelse. Sprøde tynde skorper svæver i rummet og lader i nogle øjeblikke formen tilbage. Kun for at opleve glasurens intense sanselighed.

Midt i Atlanten opstår en ny form. På bunden af havet. I en kæmpe stor ovn. Skabes en ny keramisk verden. Sprød. Skorpeagtig. Glinsende og fyldt med sprækker. Atlant. Karyatide. Kontinentaldrift. Langsom tid og geologisk tid. Som Europa og Amerika i kraft af kontinentaldriften ganske langsomt fjerner sig fra hinanden, opstår imellem Norge og Grønland en sprække. Sprækken opstår på havets bund og ud af denne sprække vælter ny magma, ny lava, ny bund. I sprækken danner sig en skorpe. I skorpen danner sig en sprække. Gentagelse. I sprækken danner sig en skorpe og i skorpen danner sig en sprække. Uendelig gentagelse og en kalot med en overflade med konkave og konvekse ud ligninger bliver til Island. Det er havet selv der har skrevet sin signatur i den eksplosionsagtige nedkøling af det flydende magma.

Uendelig mange revner opstår, som var den faste sten et revnet prisme. I det øjeblik øen træder ud af havet indledes en ny tid og produktionen af ler begynder. Europas største gletscher sliber stadig på Islands form og leret bliver lagt som et foldet klæde over landskabet. *'May the secret of materials remain a mystery for us. Otherwise the ceramicist would not sit, in agonizing joy, before the kiln, hoping, dreaming of the new colors and tones that God, in his wisdom, neglected to create so that mankind could take part in the marvelous act of creation.' Ståltråd skærer plade. En hånd folder ler og indskiver en signatur. Aftryk af kraft fra hånd. Et stød. En kniv. Forkastning. På ny skærer ståltråd plade. Små foldede verdener fremstilles af Lone Skov Madsen og emnerne bringes i ovnen, og nu står de der i deres egen foldede fremtoning, grupperet, måske tilfældig eller efter en ukendt taksonomi. Alle er de emner man kan gribe. De passer godt i hånden og deres form husker håndens form. Holder man den lille genstand overrasker lethed og der går ikke mange øjeblikke før et lille hul opdages. Hul til hul.

Overfladen er en skorpe og gør emnet til en krukke. Hendes hånd folder og der sker en rumlig bevægelse. Fladt tyndt ler i en hånd. Det er et spørgsmål om dimension. Fra fladt til rumligt. Hænder kan godt holde noget vand, noget pigment eller noget korn i en begrænset tid. Men det er bedre at lave en krukke. I den lille opfindelse ligger et gigantisk spring. En krukke er en beholder til noget midlertidigt og flygtigt. En krukke er det første hjem.

*Noter

Uddraget er fra en tekst af den østrigske arkitekt Adolf Loos. Uddraget er taget fra en af hans mange tekster, her 'Keramika' i bogen Trotsdem.