

THE YELLOW PANTS

Paintings

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I started four years ago to dare to realize that my life is marked by anxiety.

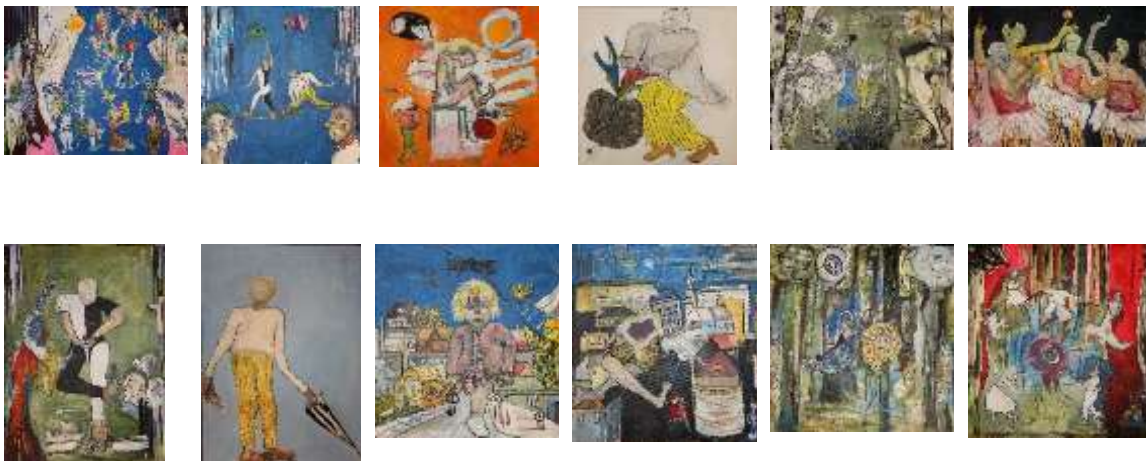
Could fear be painted if the subconscious took the reins?

I tried to keep my thinking away from the brushes, and allowed what they shaped themselves on the canvas to stay there. Along the way, I realized what I had painted, and as one painting after another was finished, I began to understand when fear arose, and see how it appeared when it was revealed in new shapes and colors.

Could the painting reveal something about my anxiety that I did not even knew myself?

I do not know when I know that a painting is finished, but my first feeling tends to be the key.

I spend a lot of time to look at the finished painting. I'm moving colors and motifs in the head, rejects, and accepts usually my first choice.



Blue Humor



I started painting some lupines, and then I painted two Muses. One on each side of the image. The area between the two Muses was white canvas and it was filled up by empty anxiety. Small performers and artists, clowns and tightrope walkers filled slowly up the room, with concealed laughter and fantasy acts. The brushes worked, and I followed.

I painted with the color *cerulean blue* around and in between the figures three times with a small brush. It took a long time. Most of a summer. I was in the embrace of blue, enthralled. The blue color has a characteristic that reminds me of the color of old blue kitchen pots and colanders, but tainted with a different blue color that I do not know what is. The color opened a door into my slumbering humor, and the blue color could push the white anxiety to the edge of the painting.

Cerulean blue is made by Albrecht Höpfner in 1789

I began to realize something.

Between the small street performers and artists, I had painted two line dancers on the slack line. The line was not connected to either side. I only discovered it afterwards, and I let it be so.

One line dancer had a four-leaf clover in his hand, the other an umbrella. Good luck to one, and protection to the other.

One line dancer became a central figure in the rest of the paintings. The man with the clover was in a leotard with contrasting black and white colors. The second line dancer with the umbrella had white shirt and yellow trousers with black stripes.

I wondered long over these two men's appearance, and gradually I identified myself with the man in the yellow pants. The yellow pants meaning my anxiety and the umbrella was the protection I was looking for. The yellow color is by some seen as falsehood. So do I, and the black stripes in the man's pants, I imagined, were the bars one associates with a prison that my anxiety had closed me into.

The line dancer in the black and white leotard could fend for himself. He was born lucky.

Red humor



The man with the yellow pants is shaky and afraid of falling down the line. He falters. His life is in danger. Parents, audience or friends look tacitly to. A red small ball attempts to keep up spirits with humor.

I came across some lines of Kierkegaard from the book "The Concept of Anxiety," where he used the word 'tightrope walkers' in a description of the being of anxiety. The link between Kierkegaard's words on line dancers and my line dancers made me understand some connections. I wondered if I might be both line dancers at the same time. Could one line dancer be helpful for the other, and could I be a therapist for myself? Could the two line dancers enter into a symbiosis in an effort to keep the man with the yellow pants on the line and myself in balance?

Hopeless Yellow



The man with the yellow pants fell down the line.

He's lost back on a stool and threw the yellow pants. He seeks to strip off the fear.

The yellow color has penetrated everywhere. Is fear everywhere? There is a Muse around the poor man. She glides over him with a ribbon, which can connect to life or death. The man has not yet seen or noticed it.

Muses give the artist protection and hope. Some call it inspiration.

The humor encounters a closed door, when you will not realize who you are and what you can.

It is said that you sometimes be down and "bite the dust". This feeling I know, but here it was different because it was something I myself had started creatively in a painting process. I could change the subject or the

colors, but I did not. I chose not to change anything, but to wait and see what would happen.

Something began to smolder in me. A starting diffuse anger, discontent and rage.

Something ought to go out, but I could not paint it.

So I went to the paint dealer to buy cement. He didn't have it, but I could get pumice.

Crisis

I felt repressed anger.
I could not paint.
Instead I slapped blobs on small
canvases. I did not know what I
wanted.

I looked long on the blob, and then I
drew one shapeless fat man who
just sat down at my lump.

I then threw blobs on another three
small canvases.



Some got more blobs and the more
blobs that appeared on the canvas,
the more go I got in the shapeless
man. He finally had to jump from
blob to blob, and he slimmed down
along the way and could eventually
jump very far.

The humor had opened a door.





I attacked my anxiety with anger and saw the humor in the doorway. My own life was also changing during the time. I searched next to the border, where I had never been before. I went into conflicts and tried the no-vote in many situations. It smoldered again violently within me.

Time after time, I discovered that my drawings or paintings plainly shows me how I feel. When I see it on paper or canvas, black and white, gray or wet, sees the finished result, a farthing suddenly dip up for me. The self-knowledge is worth gold, for now I can move myself creatively, and then I move also feelings. Scraper away, doing about or push painting into a corner for later, or I get a wonderful inspiration that completes the process of creation, I have started. It may feel like a gift, but not without thorns, and old feelings can hit hard and brutal.

Brutalis



This time I slapped a big lump on each canvas. I drew myself as a ballet dancer on one canvas, with a certain indulgence. The pumice lump given a central place in the middle of the body, comical and sad. A little wide person with small, yellow shoes and a tiny umbrella, as if I defied my urge to protection. I had barricaded my feelings behind a lump of pumice as a heavy skirt.

The humor was grinding on and fired up the sparks that smoldered during my frantic fury.

That's what happened when I had smacked my last big lump of pumice on the second canvas.

Now I had had enough. My character had had enough. Now it raises its umbrella and presses it fiercely into the stone mass that covers feelings, it does not know what are. Now it must sink or swim. It drives the umbrella into the stone lump, so it strikes

sparks, and with great courage brutally presses the umbrella straight down into its inner core, so the pumice shatter. In addition, rolls out a No and many more.

The result was "Brutalis."

I had proved to myself that I could say NO.

I acknowledged my NO and understood that it was not just men's right to have such. It was an equal No giving access to responsibility and adulthood.

It was a delayed emancipation of women. I knew about the female of the man which Pia Skogermann treats in her books, but I've missed considerations about the male in the woman as a means to become whole.

Now I was ready to paint again.

Green passion



The challenges came to be about all the emotions in a human life, inspired by the prophet Zechariah's vision of the Four Winds and the colored horses that come hurtling through rocks and canyons. I paint the four winds as four runaway horses on the way out to the four corners of the world. Maybe that's why I chose to let four colors, olive green, black, white and blue dominate the painting.

I felt a retained good wildness, as just going out.
The humor opened the door a little more.
Then came my next painting.

The Pamphilius of luck



Someone knows the art of keeping balance with what they have been given. They keep track of the balls that hover and float.
If there is not a ball to the ground, I lose the spark.
It's boring when something is predictable.
I painted Pamphilius of Luck, so I saw him eye to eye, but I did not make eye contact with him. Maybe he had enough in himself.
I lost interest in him.
Fear shows its face when humor slams the door.

At a loss what to do



It was worse with the man with the yellow pants.

The greater he became, the more he could, the more confused he became, and the more he realized his own loneliness.

The anxiety was more focused. Fear of losing and fear of death.

It was a heavy challenge.

I could not get out of the place and the humor crept away.

The man with the yellow pants was strangely quiet in the middle of a movement with a hand stretched toward something or someone and simultaneously withdrawn in itself.

The anxiety was about to leave the prison. It was scary, and the black stripes in the pants began to fade.

The anxiety in me was as cold as the cold ice blue light that surrounded him. I wanted contact with the humor again before it was too late. I realized that the artist's path is loneliness, because the artist must let herself be beheld and judged.

Acceptance



I sorted my old photos, and there was one that impressed me. A photo with men in tutu who danced 'The Swans death'.

It is challenging to paint from a photograph, because it can easily become an imitation without heart and blood. It is uninteresting. It is important to get behind the characters and behind the landscapes, for that is where the true is.

It was there that I met prejudice and mistrust, I really thought was gone. My conscience needed some soul-searching, and it hurts.

The small refrain singer



The self-discovery sent me curious back to my second year.
I would feel and see if the anxiety was there.
Therefore I painted myself from a photo from the Great Belt ferry where I
trample boldly forward, singing heartily.
I remembered myself and came behind the photograph. Felt myself. A
quivering empathy for the words that I tried to understand. 'Song of the
Wild Duck' and 'Mother is the best in the world.'
The anxiety I had painted like a little canary, who also sang.
I had defied the anxiety with my song, and it could push anxiety.
The bird flew.
Gørding

Radio Luxembourg



When I was 15 years old, played the anxiety around with my emotions from laughter to tears and vice versa. My parents' divorce threatened my safety, school anxiety, girlfriend anxiety, body anxiety and learning anxiety. Self-confidence disappeared. I used the new music with the Beatles and the Stones for survival and happiness.

The humor crept all the time by the back door and softened the heavy thoughts.

Curiosity and vision, flight and movement. Bra and bare thighs. Perm hair and nylon. Barber Nielsen, Dagny and the others. Alice gives the gas. The keyboard steames.

Videbæk

Humor struggle with anxiety



Traveling with humor and anxiety had developed me.

I had accepted my anger. I could live with my anxiety, and I had realized how vital the humor was for me.

Now, I painted my last two paintings with a clear intention.

I would try to make humor and anxiety equals in a battle that could not get a victor. The brushes painted unconsciously a seahorse with a woman inside with boxing gloves on, as I imagined the humor could seem. The strange thing about seahorses is that it is the male that stores the couple's eggs in its belly.

The sea horse is obviously blue as the humor is. Fear is in turbulent motion, where all yellow pants form a furious circle without it dominating the humor, the blue seahorse. Rather the opposite: Anxiety lets itself be kissed by the blue lips of humor.

Anxiety trying to escape



Anxiety is trying to escape, but do not know where. It seeks comfort from a Muse who is disappearing.

Anxiety does not enjoy to be where the dance goes over hill and dale. It searches out towards loneliness.

Is there a love/hate relationship between anxiety and humor?

I have probably realized that anxiety is here to stay, and I know its face.

Now I can live with anxiety, if only the humor does not close the door, but shows me its face.

Jonna Gisselbæk Svendsen

Born in 1947 in Gørding
Lived in Videbæk 1957-66

Training:

- Preschool Educator 1969
- HF-exam 1978
- Movement Educator from Gotved School in 1990, taught at Night Schools until 2005
- Ulrik Hoff's School of Painting 1995 - 1997

exhibitions:

- Debut Exhibition, Møstings House, Frederiksberg 1997
- St. George's Guild, Vanløse 1997
- Business School, Frederiksberg 2000
- Pictures on authors Thit Jensen and Johannes V. Jensen,
 - o Square 1, Farsø 2001.
 - o "Hedehuset", Hedehusene 2001
 - o The library at Danasvej, Frederiksberg 2002, with talks
- Your inner home: Seven paintings, seven digital prints and 14 own texts on seven emotions in cooperation with Copenhagen Technical School,
 - o City of Copenhagen's Technical management Art Society, 2005.
 - o Vestjysk Kunstpavillon, Videbæk 2012
- Danish Ø -Glimt, paintings from the Danish islands, Beder/Malling Library 2007.
- The yellow pants, Trehøje Art Society, The yellow building, Vildbjerg 2017

Author:

"Is it dangerous for the lungs to laugh?"
Novel, publisher Historia Odense 2016



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