

**Jockum
Nordström**

Jockum Nordström

Till Månen

Et uartigt barn

Emma Rosenzweig, 2024

En mand sidder på sit ene knæ og holder hånden over ansigtet. Det er, som om han bukker for træet, som står foran ham. Han er iført en matrostrøje, den øverste del af hans ansigt er skjult i hånden, kun hans ene øre og den sorte nedadvendte mundvig kan skimtes, imens han står i denne positur. Han er en karakter i et hjørne af en collage af kunstneren Jockum Nordström. Han er tegnet, malet, klippet ud og så klistret fast på noget nyt. Han har forladt sit ophavspapir og er i stedet blevet placeret sammen med andre figurer, som ligeledes er flyttet hjemmefra, for at blive blandet sammen med andre fremmede skikkelses, som alle stammer fra, hvad der kun kan beskrives som et morbidt barndomslands morsomme mørke. Højere oppe på samme collage er de udklippede figurer blevet til træer. Forskellige nuancer af brun, sort og grå. Det lader til, at endnu et ansigt gemmer sig bag en palme. Dette har hverken øjne, ører eller mund, men lyst langt hår, som stikker ud under palmens blade. Og så endnu et træ, men dette vokser ud af en form for gravsten, som svæver over den knælende, gemte mands hoved. På stenen står sætningen: "IN MEMORY OF FATHER" indgraveret med blokbokstaver, og øverst i collagen, i det modsatte hjørne af manden på knæ, skuer en form for labyrinth af smalle, lange, lige strimler i forskellige nuancer af hvidt papir ned over scenarierne som en form for gud eller en stum mor.

Da Jockum Nordström kom ind på Kunsthøjskolen Konstfack i Stockholm, var han kun 17 år. På det tidspunkt havde han tegnet, så meget han kunne i hele sit korte liv. Han havde tegnet side om side med sine tre søskende i den treværelsес lejlighed i Skärholmen, som børnene levede i sammen med deres forældre. Drengen Jockum tegnede for at skabe en grænse omkring sig, et usynligt hegn, som ingen andre end drengen selv kunne klatre henover. Han tegnede, fordi man ikke blev forstyrret, når man tegnede, man fik lov til at være i fred. Det handlede ikke om, hvordan udfaldet af tegningerne blev, det var ikke en æstetisk ting, det var en måde at leve i en anden verden, i en fantasi eller en drøm, i en verden af muligheder, uden at udefrakommende kunne intervenere.

"Boligkomplekserne var oppe i mit ansigt, det var naturen ikke. Når man vokser op i en by, er byen ens landskab", siger Nordström, som vandrede rundt mellem de høje bygninger og betragtede arkitekturen, når han tog til og fra skole i den lille forstad til Stockholm, hvor han voksede op. Da Jockum var barn, var forstaden ved at forvandle sig til en by, den voksede sammen med Jockum Nordström, byen var et barn sammen med barnet, og barnet legede med sine venner om aftenen, når håndværkerne var gået hjem, i de bygninger, som var under opbygning. I dag er Jockum Nordström som et uartigt barn, der opholder sig inden i en voksens krop, et groft barn, der besidder en voksens viden, en form for umulig meta-

morfose, som er i konstant konflikt, en sommerfugl, der sidder fast i limen fra et pappersbygget boligkompleks. Den voksne Jockum beskriver den følelse, han havde som barn, når han kiggede på husene ude fra gaden, hvordan han forestillede sig det, der foregik inden i dem, som var de store myretuer fyldt ud med liv. "Det handler ikke om at komme ind i myretuen, men at betragte den, mens den bevæger sig, på afstand", siger den voksne Jockum Nordström.

Hvis man kan lave en plan for sit liv, når man er 17 år, var Jockums, at han ville være kunstlærer. Han startede på kunstskolen Konstfack for at uddanne sig i at blive en, der en dag selv ville kunne uddanne børn i kunst. Men da han som 21-årig blev færdig, og han bladrede igennem telefonbogen for at finde arbejde, fordi han ingen penge havde, var det ikke skoler, han så efter, men aviser. Han ringede til alle de aviser, han kunne, og forklarede, at han ønskede at blive ansat som illustrator, hvilket lykkedes ham. Samtidig med at han opbyggede en seriøs kunstnerisk karriere lavede han illustrationer til flere af de største forlag og aviser i Sverige. Han opfandt en børnebogsfortælling om sømanden Sailor og hans hund Pekka, en socialrealistisk, sørgelig, sjov fortælling om hverdagssituationer i små byer, hvor alt fra feberdrømme til kirkesange udfolder sig i den udklippede collage-socialsurrealisme, som også er allestedsværende hos kunstneren Jockum Nordström i dag. Efter en togtur gennem et koldt vinter-Europa og et møde med to nonner fandt Jockum ud af, at han var kunstner.

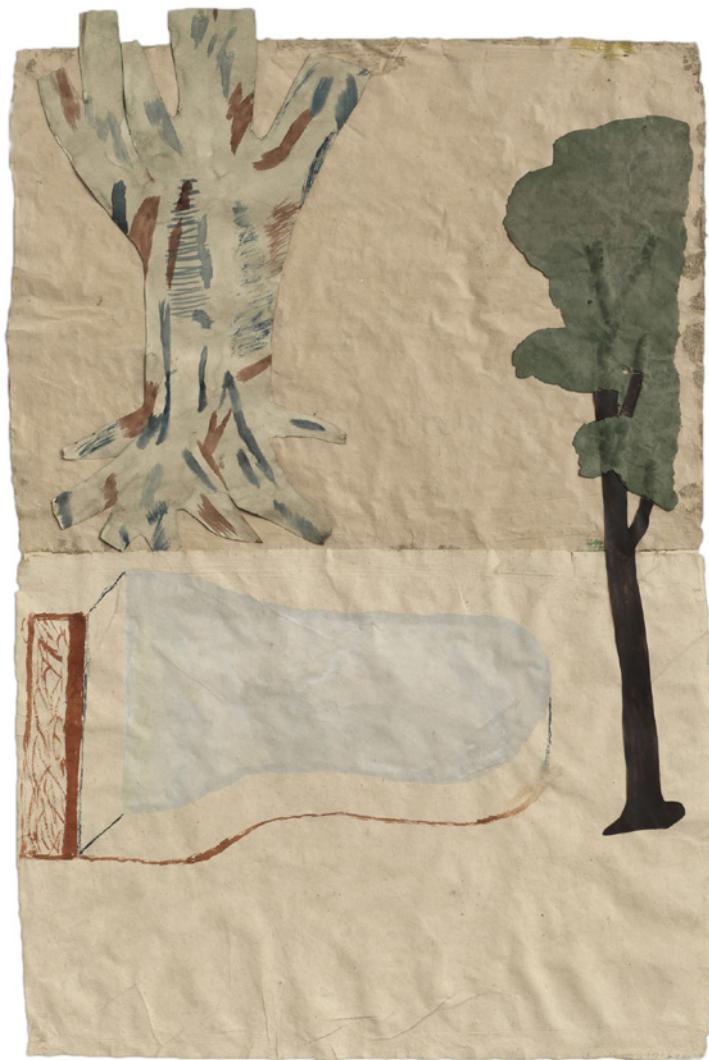
At se på kunstneren Jockum Nordströms værker er som at række ud efter den far, som gravstenen under træet på collagen mindes. Det er som at se på ryggen af et menneske, der i ny og næ vender sig mod en og rækker tunga. Det er som at få en orgasme i en sepiafarvet film fra 1953, at ligge i en seng i et hus uden tag, mens tørre blade falder ned fra træerne og blander sig med ens kropsvæsker, alt imens en lodden kat slikker en på kinden med sin ru tunge, og man stakåndet forsøger at få vejret. Et af værkerne, "Boîte", som på fransk betyder "kasse" eller "kiste", leder ens tanker hen på den amerikanske maler Mark Rothko, hvor et andet, "Valentine's Day II", får en til at tænke på den tyske kunstner Meret Oppenheim's pelsede handsker. Men bag lagene af referencer og intellekt føles det hele tiden, som om man kan lugte lugten af barnet, et vredt barn, et vulgært barn, et uartigt barn, et drillende barn, et nysgerrigt barn, som gerne vil tømme tændstikæsken for at sætte ild til noget simpelthen for at se, hvordan det ser ud, når det brænder. Jockum Nordström begrænser sig ikke. Han bygger dybder, både i sine skulpturer, sine tegninger, collager og malerier. Selvom Nordström i dag er en af de mest anerkendte kunstnere i Skandinavien, har han aldrig forladt børnebøgerne, og det er sigende om hans kunst generelt, at han fortsat søger hen i den retning. I 2018 udgav han illustrationer til den russiske forfatter Leo Tolstojs mere ukendte børnefortællinger. I bogen famler Jockums dyr som mennesker efter meningens med livet. Dyr og mennesker taler det samme sprog, og de leder efter svar på,

hvor roden til alt det onde i verden ligger, og finder det gennem slagsmål og oppe i træerne. Når man læser Jockums børnebøger eller ser på hans skulpturer, collager eller malerier, kan man ikke undgå at få en snert af konfrontation med den ensomhedsfølelse, som man kend fra barndommen. Det er den ensomhed, som er fundamentet for ens identitetsskabelse.

Og i den virkelige verden sidder han så, kunstneren, som både gemmer på et barn og en mand. Høj og rank i en fin, ternet bomuldsskjorte med ærmerne foldet op over albuerne. Han læner sig op ad træstolen, han betragter noget i den anden ende af rummet. Han er spinkel af natur, hans gråsorte hår falder ned i den ene side af hans markerede, smukke ansigt, han vifter håret væk med hånden en gang i mellem. Han kunne være en filmstjerne, men det er han ikke. Han er en tilskuer i sit eget køkken, et køkken i et stort hus på den svenske ø Gotland. Det er sent om natten nu, en varm og lys sommernat, som aldrig rigtig bliver mørk. Manden har siddet her længe, mange minutter, timer endda. Han går ellers og arbejder på værker til en udstilling, men det har han glemt, for lige nu betragter han et kaos, som han selv har bidraget til, fordi han kunne. Han har medvirket til at skabe en fest, et orgie, en dans for myrer. De boltrer sig i massevis på køkkenbordet, oven i hinanden, de mæsker sig i sodavand, de kæmper om sukkeret. Det er manden, der har hældt sodavand ud over bordet. Da han så, at køkkenet var begyndt at blive invaderet af myrer, stoppede han med alt, hvad han selv var i gang med, og gjorde det modsatte af, hvad de fleste mennesker ville have gjort: Han fandt en måde, hvorpå han kunne byde dyrene velkommen. Han ville ikke drive dem bort. Han ville se, hvad der skete med dem, hvis han hjalp dem med at finde det, de søgte efter. Og nu nyder han synet af dem. Nogle af dem falder om i kampen, fordi andre af deres artsfæller overmander dem, andre fordi de er så mætte af sødmen. Da morgenen begynder at smelte sammen med natten, er der nogle af myrene, der får vinger og flyver ud ad det åbne vindue. Manden sidder der stadig. Af og til forlader han stolen for at strække benene eller gå på toilettet, for at spise eller for at klippe i noget pap eller læse i en bog, tegne en tegning. Men over de næste par dage vender han trofast tilbage til sin tilskuerplads for at se, hvordan myrernes velkomst i hans hus udvikler sig. Efter tre dage er dyrene væk, og manden er igen alene i huset. Sodavanden har myrerne selv gjort rent, de har slikket det hele op efter sig. Hvis man ikke som manden har set, at de netop har været her, er der intet spor, der peger på det.



En gång kommer jag ihåg melodin, 2024
[JNCOL-24-010]



Vägen till parken, 2024
[JNCOL-24-001]



Ek (Oak), 2022
[JNCOL-22-002]





Skördevaktarn (Harvest watcher), 2017
[JNCOL-17-005]



Natten stör natten, 2024
[JNCOL-24-002]



Oboe, 2024
[JNCOL-24-005]



Dubbelteater, 2024
[JNCOL-24-006]





Nere i änget (Down in the Meadow), 2022
[JNCOL-22-001]



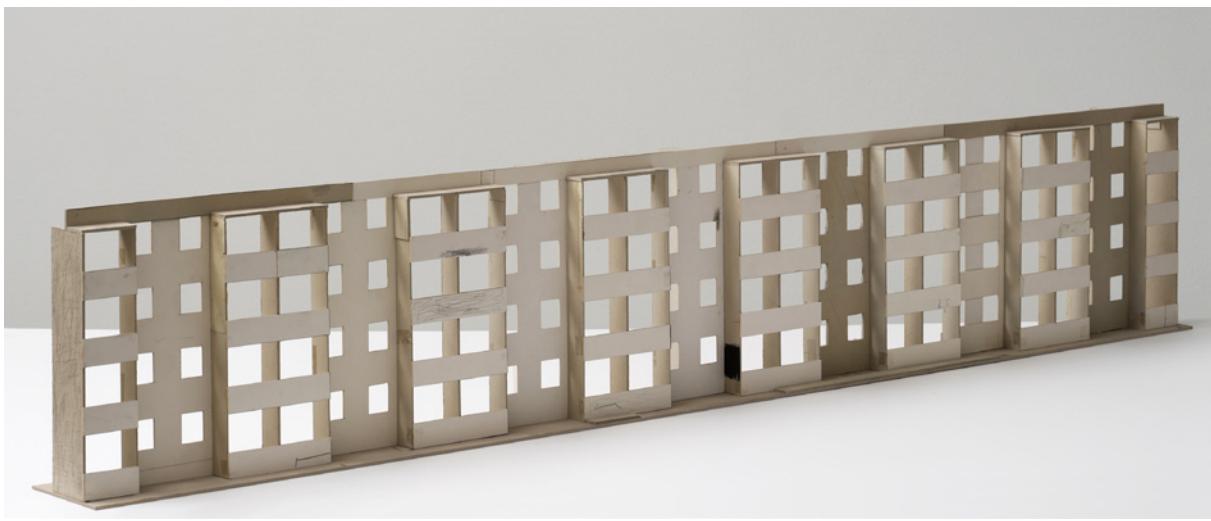
Ljudet /The Sound, 2015
[JNCOL-15-001]



Den nya musiken, 2012
[JNCOL-12-001]



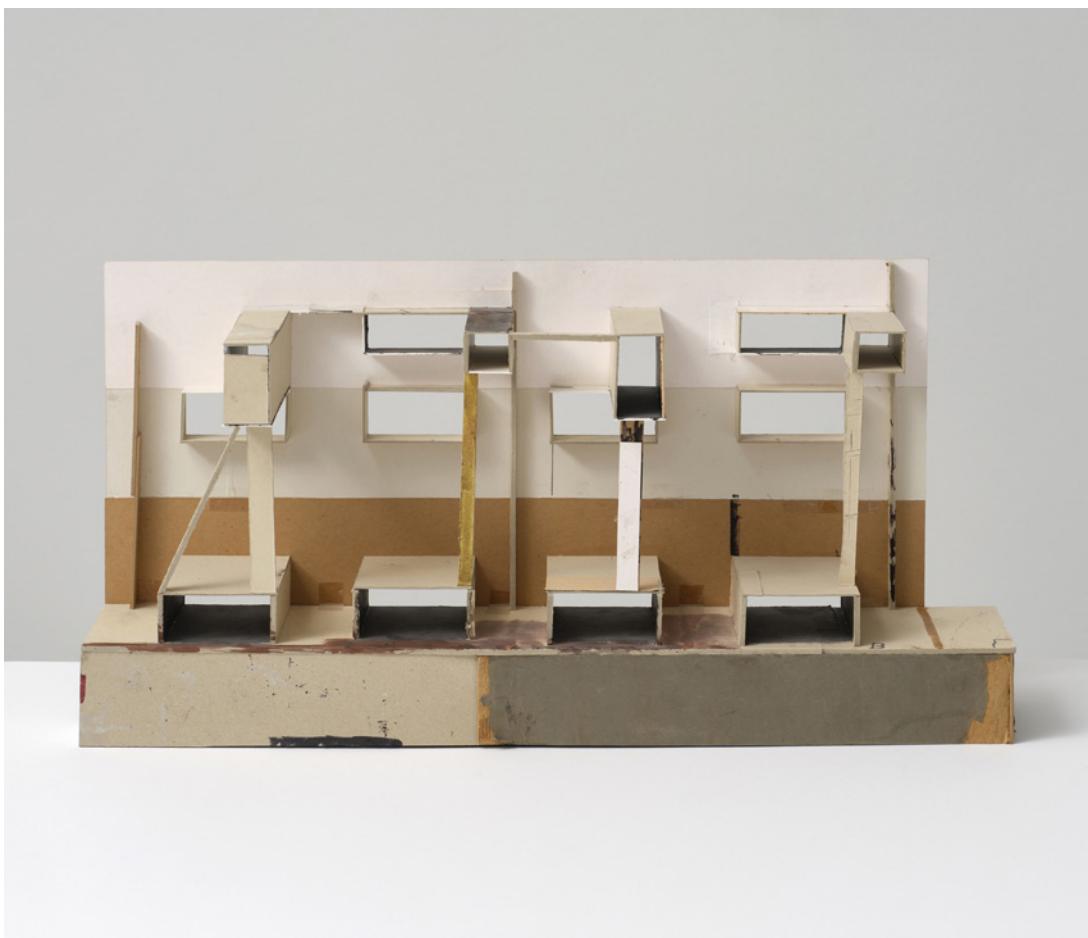
Wer nur den lieben, 2020
[JNS-20-001]



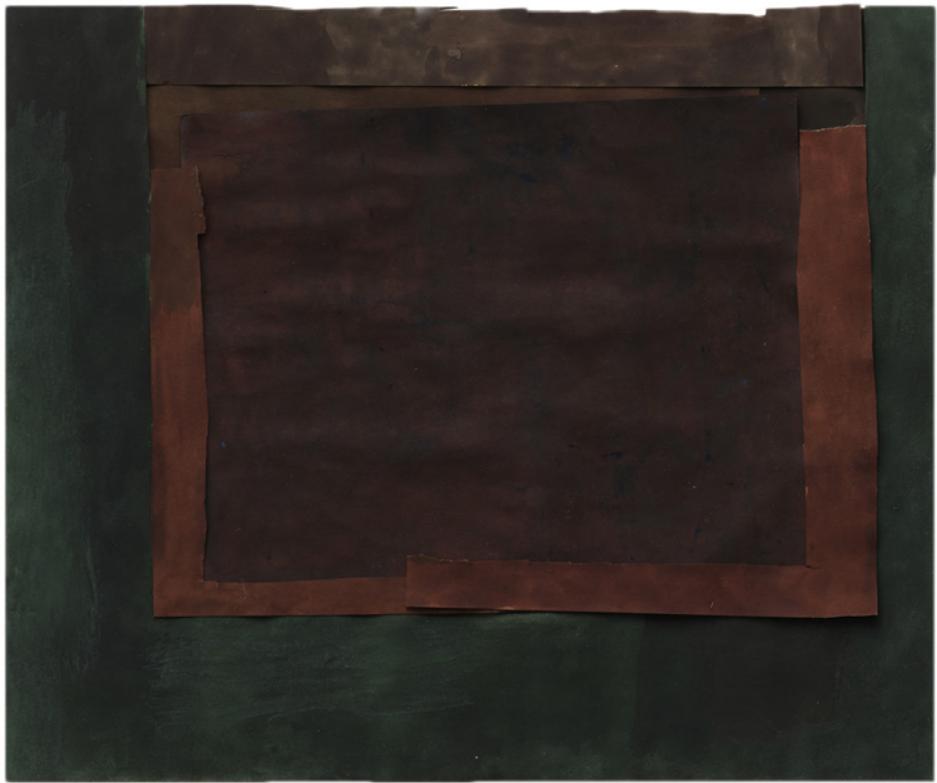


Barndomsminne I, 2020
[JNS-20-002]





Aldrig Förbi, 2011
[JNS-11-001]



Boîte, 2017
[JNCOL-17-006]



Hjälp, 2022
[JNCOL-22-003]



Att Vakna, 2015
[JNS-15-004]



Loppan (The Flea), 2017
[JNCOL-17-004]



Rymden tystar ljudet, 2017
[JNCOL-17-003]





Två Vädersträck, 2023
[JNCOL-23-001]



Kapitel 3, 2018
[JNS-18-003]



Besök i fyran, 2020
[JNS-20-004]



Teckning, 2018
[JNS-18-001]



Bell Breaks, 2018-2024
[JNS-24-001]



Marken, 2018
[JNS-18-002]



Nisch, 2021
[JNS-21-002]

Naughty Child

Emma Rosenzweig, 2024

A man kneels, covering his face with his hand. He seems to be bowing to the tree in front of him. He is dressed in a sailor shirt. The upper part of his face is hidden by his hand, only one ear and the black line of his mouth are visible. The man is a character in a corner of a collage by the Swedish artist Jockum Nordström. He has been drawn, painted, cut out and pasted somewhere else. Leaving his original sheet of paper, he has been pasted alongside other figures who have also left home to be mixed with weird characters from what can only be described as the droll darkness of a morbid childhood land. Further up in the picture, the collaged figures turn into trees in brown, black and grey. Another face appears to be hiding behind a palm tree. It has no eyes, ears or mouth, only long blond hair sticking out below the fronds. Another tree grows out of a burial monument hovering over the kneeling man. The monument is inscribed "IN MEMORY OF FATHER" in block letters, while at the top of the collage, kitty-corner to the kneeling man, a kind of maze in strips of different shades of white paper gazes down on the scene like a god or a mute mother.

Nordström was just 17 when he was admitted to Kunsthøjskolen Konstfack in Stockholm. All his young life, he had been drawing as much as he could alongside his three siblings in the three-room apartment in Skärholmen where they lived with their parents. Jockum, the boy, drew to create a boundary around himself, an invisible fence that no one but he could climb over. He drew because no one disturbed him when he was drawing, he was left alone. It wasn't about how the drawings turned out, it wasn't an aesthetic thing, but a way of living in another world, in a fantasy or dream, a world of possibilities with no outside intervention.

"Housing complexes were in my face, nature wasn't", Nordström says. "When you grow up in a city, the city is your landscape." He would walk among the tall buildings and look at the architecture on his way to and from school in the small Stockholm suburb where he grew up. When Nordström was a kid, the suburb was turning into a city. It grew alongside him. The city was a child alongside the child, and he played with his friends in the evening, when the builders had gone home, in the buildings under construction. Today, Nordström is a naughty child in a grown-up body, a rough child with the knowledge of a grownup, an impossible metamorphosis in constant conflict, a butterfly stuck in the glue from a housing complex built of paper. As an adult, Jockum describes the feeling he had as a child looking at the buildings from the street, imagining what was going on inside, as if they were big anthills full of life. "It wasn't about getting into the anthill, but about watching it move, from a distance", Nordström says.

If it's even possible to make a plan for your life at age 17, Jockum's was to become an art teacher. He started art school at the Konstfack to someday teach art to children. But when he graduated, at 21, and flipped through the phone book to find work because he was out of money, he didn't look for schools but newspapers. He called up everyone and told them he wanted employment as an illustrator and succeeded. While building a serious career as an artist, he made illustrations for some of the biggest papers and publishers in Sweden, he came up with a children's book featuring Sailor and his dog, Pekka, a social-realist, sad, funny story about daily life in small towns, where everything from fever dreams to church hymns play out in the cut-out and collaged social-surrealism that pervades his work today. Taking the train through Europe in the dead of winter and meeting two nuns, Nordström realised that he was an artist.

Looking at Nordström's work is like reaching out to the father commemorated in the tombstone collaged under the tree. It's like looking at the back of someone who turns to you from time to time and sticks out their tongue. It's like having an orgasm in a sepia-toned movie from 1953, like lying in a bed in a house without a roof, while dry leaves fall from the trees and mix with your bodily fluids, and a fuzzy cat licks your cheek with its rough tongue as you try to catch your breath. One of the works, Boîte, French for "box" or "casket", recalls the American painter Mark Rothko, while another, Valentine's Day II, echoes the fur gloves of the German artist Meret Oppenheim. But behind the layers of references and intellect, there's always a sense that you can smell the child, an angry child, a vulgar child, a naughty child, a teasing child, a curious child who wants to empty matchboxes to set something on fire, just to see what it looks like when it burns. Nordström doesn't limit himself. He builds depth in his sculptures, drawings, collages and paintings. Though Nordström is one of most acclaimed artists in Scandinavia today, he never abandoned children's books, and it's telling of his art in general that he continues to go in that direction. In 2018, he illustrated Leo Tolstoy's less familiar children's stories. In the book, Nordström's animals, like humans, grapple for the meaning of life. Animals and humans speak the same language, looking for the root of all evil in the world and finding it through fighting and up in trees. Reading Nordström's children's books or looking at his sculptures, collages and paintings inevitably involves a whiff of confrontation with the sense of loneliness we recognise from childhood. It's the loneliness at the foundation of identity formation.

In the real world there's the artist, who's both child and man. Tall and straight, in a nice chequered shirt with the sleeves rolled up over his elbows. Leaning against a wooden chair, he is observing something at the other end of the room. He's slender by nature. His grey-black hair falls down one side of his chiselled, handsome face, and he brushes it away from time to time. He could be a movie star, but he isn't. He's a spectator in his own kitchen

in a big house on the Swedish island of Gotland. It's late at night, a warm, bright summer night that never really gets dark. The man has been sitting there a long time, minutes, even hours. He's working on an exhibition, but he has forgotten all about that now as he looks at the chaos he has created, because he could. He has created a party, an orgy, a dance for ants. They frolic on the kitchen table, hordes of them on top of each other, feasting on soda, fighting over sugar. The man has poured soda all over the table. When he noticed that his kitchen was being overrun by ants, he stopped what he was doing and, unlike what most people would do, found a way to make the animals welcome. He didn't want to drive them out. He wanted to see what would happen if he helped them find what they were looking for. Now he's relishing the sight of them. Some fall in battle, overpowered by their fellow ants, others from gorging on sweetness. When night melts into morning, some of the ants sprout wings and fly out the open window. The man is still sitting there. Once in a while, he gets out of his chair to stretch his legs or go to the bathroom, to eat something or cut something out of cardboard, to read a book, make a drawing. But over the next few days, he faithfully returns to his front row seat to see how the ants he welcomed into his house are doing. After three days, the animals are gone and the man is alone in the house again. The ants have cleaned up the soda, licking up every last drop. If you hadn't seen them, like the man did, you wouldn't know they'd been there.



Hem till fots, 2022
[JNCOL-22-004]



Sista dansen (The last dance), 2017
[JNCOL-17-002]



Cat Dog Cat, 2016
[JNCOL-16-001]



Snö, 2024
[JNCOL-24-009]



Samma spelbord, samma mynt, 2019
[JNCOL-19-001]



Putsa klockan, 2024
[JNCOL-24-004]



Kyrkbacken, 2024
[JNCOL-24-003]



7 Kronor, 2024
[JNCOL-24-008]



Valentine's Day II, 2017
[JNCOL-17-001]

JOCKUM NORDSTRÖM

1963 Born in Stockholm, Sweden

Educated

The University College of Arts, Crafts and Design, Stockholm, Sweden

Lives and work in Stockholm, Sweden

Selected Collections

Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York

Hammer Museum, Los Angeles, USA

Centre Pompidou, Musée national d'art moderne, Paris, France

Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio, USA

SFMoMA, San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, USA

Moderna Museet, Stockholm, Sweden

MOMA, New York, USA

Magasin III Museum & Foundation for Contemporary Art, Stockholm, Sweden

Weatherspoon Art Museum, Greensboro, North Carolina, USA

Västerås Art Museum, Sweden

S.M.A.K. The Stedelijk Museum voor Actuele Kunst, Ghent, Belgium

Lille Métropole, musée d'art moderne, d'art contemporain et d'art brut, Villeneuve d'Ascq,

Lille, France

Skissernas Museum, Lund, Sweden

Statens Konstråd/The National Public Art Council, Sweden

The City of Stockholm, Sweden

Gothenburg Museum of Art, Sweden

Helsingborgs Art Museum, Sweden

The Nordic Watercolour Museum, Skärhamn, Sweden

Selected solo exhibitions

2024 *Till Månen*, Galleri Bo Bjerggaard, Copenhagen, Denmark

2023 *No Paper, No Coins*, Liljevalchs, Stockholm, Sweden

2022 *Wishing Well*, Zeno X Gallery, Antwerp, Belgium

2021 *Pour ne pas dormir*, La Criée centre d'art contemporain, Rennes, France

The Path of the Invisibles, Galleri Magnus Karlsson, Stockholm, Sweden

2020 *Vem gick i trappan?*, Tegnerförbundet, Oslo, Norway

Without Lantern, Skissernas Museum, Lund, Sweden

2019 *The Anchor Hits the Sand*, David Zwirner, London, UK

2018 *Why Is Everything A Rag*, Contemporary Arts Center New Orleans, USA

2017	<i>Rymden Tystar Ljudet</i> , Zeno X Gallery, Antwerp, Belgium <i>Jockum Nordström & Dan Wolgers</i> : Ej funktionstested, Karlskrona konsthall, Sweden [two-person show]
2016	<i>När ingen vandrar vägen fram, då vandrar vägen själv sitt dam</i> , Galleri Magnus Karlsson, Stockholm, Sweden
2014	<i>For the Insects and the Hounds</i> , David Zwirner Gallery, London, UK
2013	<i>All I Have Learned and Forgotten Again</i> , Lille Métropole, musée d'art moderne, d'art contemporain et d'art brut, Villeneuve d'Ascq, Lille, France <i>All I Have Learned and Forgotten Again</i> , Camden Arts Centre, London, UK
2012	<i>Begin, Began, Begun</i> , Anthony Meier Fine Arts, San Francisco, USA <i>Jockum Nordström</i> , Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris, France [permanent collection presentation] <i>Wij Bestaan Niet</i> , Zeno X Gallery, Antwerpen, Belgium
2011	<i>The Donkey Prefers Garbage to Gold</i> , (With Marcel Dzama), Galleri Magnus Karlsson, Stockholm <i>Les étoiles s'en balancent</i> , Institut Suédois à Paris, France <i>One Two</i> , House of Sweden, (with Mamma Andersson), Washington, D.C., USA
2010	<i>While the Mortar Dries</i> , The Douglas Hyde Gallery, Dublin, Ireland <i>Who is sleeping on my pillow</i> (with Karin Mamma Andersson), David Zwirner, New York, USA
2009	<i>Wry</i> , Zeno X Gallery, Antwerp, Belgium
2008	<i>Beware the Devil's Yarn</i> , Galleri Magnus Karlsson, Stockholm, Sweden
2006	<i>Jockum Nordström</i> , David Zwirner, New York, USA <i>Diptych</i> : Jockum Nordström (with Mindy Shapero), Wexner Center for the Arts, Columbus, Ohio, USA
2005	<i>A Stick in the Wood</i> , Moderna Museet, Stockholm, Sweden
2004	<i>Jockum Nordström</i> , Galleri Magnus Karlsson, Stockholm
2003	<i>Jockum Nordström & Marcel Dzama</i> , David Zwirner, New York, USA
2002	<i>Jockum Nordström</i> , David Zwirner, New York, USA
2001	<i>Jockum Nordström</i> , Galleri Magnus Karlsson, Stockholm, Sweden
2000	<i>Jockum Nordström</i> , David Zwirner, New York, USA

Records

- 2022 Joakim Åhlund and Jockum Nordström meet Moussa Fadera, Chimp Limbs
- 2020 Murray Collections (sound from the Anchor Hits the Sand) with Rudolf Nordström, Junk Yard Connections
- Holly Tree, with Niklas Nordström and Mr, Top Hat, Twilight Enterprise
- 2018 Why is everything rag, Jockum Nordström and Joakim Åhlund, Contemporary Arts Center New Orleans, USA
- 2016 Dracula's Son, with Joakim Åhlund, Junk Yard Connections
- 2012 Paddan och Hunden, Jockum Nordström and Joakim Åhlund

Selected Catalogues & Books

- 2023 *Inget papper, inga mynt*. Liljevalchs, Stockholm, Sweden
- 2022 *Året runt*. Rabén & Sjögren, Stockholm, Sweden
- 2020 *Vem gick i trappan?* Tegnerförbundet, Oslo, Norway
- 2019 *For the Insects and the Hounds*, text by Katarina Wadstein Macleod. ZENO X BOOKS, Antwerp, Belgium
- 2018 *Fabler och andra berättelser*, text by Lev Tolstoy. Rabén & Sjögren, Stockholm, Sweden
- 2016 *Ej funktionstested*. Karlskrona Konsthall, Sweden
- 2015 *Eviga ögenblick*, text by Martin Nyström. Fri Tanke Forlag, Sweden
- 2013 *All I Have Learned and Forgotten Again*, texts by Marc Donnadieu and John Hutchinson. Hatje Cantz, Germany
Va ska du? Rabén & Sjögren, Stockholm, Sweden
Vägg i vägg, text by Johan Nordbeck. Wahlström & Widstrand, Stockholm, Sweden
- 2012 *Jockum Nordström*, text av Gunnar Lundkvist. Orosdi-Back
- 2011 *By and To Jockum*, Christopher Daviet-Thery, Paris, France
- 2010 *Who is sleeping on my pillow*, with Karin Mamma Andersson. David Zwirner, Inc.
While the Mortar Dries, text by John Hutchinson. The Douglas Hyde Gallery, Dublin, Ireland
- 2006 *Gå till Klacken, gå*, text by Johan Nordbeck. Wahlström & Widstrand, Stockholm, Sweden
- 2005 *En pinne i skogen / A Stick in the Woods*. Moderna Museet, Stockholm, Sweden/ Steidl

2003	<i>Between the Table and the Legs</i> , texts by Mårten Castenfors and Dorothy Spears. Galleri Magnus Karlsson, Stockholm and David Zwirner, New York, USA
2001	<i>Sailor och Pekka, Varför - Därför</i> . Rabén & Sjögren, Stockholm, Sweden <i>Vi visste inte vilken tid det var</i> , text by Johan Nordbeck. Wahlström & Widstrand, Stockholm, Sweden
1999	<i>Musiken ställer fram ett par skor</i> , text by Johan Nordbeck. Wahlström & Widstrand, Stockholm, Sweden
1998	<i>Var är Sailor och Pekka?</i> Rabén & Sjögren, Stockholm, Sweden <i>10 000 gulddollar till den som gifter sig med snön</i> , text by Ludvig Rasmusson and Johan Nordbeck. Galleri Magnus Karlsson, Stockholm, Sweden
1995	<i>Sailor och Pekka och söndagen</i> . Rabén & Sjögren, Stockholm, Sweden
1994	<i>Sailor blir sjuk</i> . Rabén & Sjögren, Stockholm, Sweden
1992	<i>Sailor och Pekka gör ärenden på stan</i> . Rabén & Sjögren, Stockholm, Sweden

Jockum Nordström

Till Månen

25 April – 25 May 2024

Værker / Works

Jockum Nordström

Den nya musiken, 2012

Mixed media

49 cm x 116 cm;

JNCOL-12-001

Jockum Nordström

Ljudet / The Sound, 2015

Mixed media

45 cm x 63 cm;

JNCOL-15-001

Jockum Nordström

Cat Dog Cat, 2016

Watercolour and pencil on

paper

49,4 cm x 57,2 cm x 2,0 cm;

JNCOL-16-001

Jockum Nordström

Valentine's Day II, 2017

Watercolour and pencil on

paper

73,9 cm x 90,0 cm x 3,0 cm;

JNCOL-17-001

Jockum Nordström

Sista dansen (The last dance),

2017

Watercolour and pencil on

paper

91,3 cm x 115,8 cm x 3,0 cm;

JNCOL-17-002

Jockum Nordström

Rymden tystrar ljudet, 2017

Watercolour and pencil on

wood and paper

84,0 cm x 62,9 cm;

JNCOL-17-003

Jockum Nordström

Loppan (The Flea) , 2017

Watercolour and pencil on

paper

79,2 cm x 78,8 cm x 3,0 cm;

JNCOL-17-004

Jockum Nordström

Skörddevaktarn (Harvest
watcher), 2017

Watercolour and pencil on
paper
80,4 cm x 172,5 cm x 3,0 cm;
JNCOL-17-005

Jockum Nordström

Boîte, 2017
Watercolour and pencil on
paper
49,4 cm x 57,5 cm x 3,0 cm;
JNCOL-17-006

Jockum Nordström

Samma spelbord, samma mynt,
2019
Mixed media
115,5 cm x 96,0 cm x 3,0 cm;
JNCOL-19-001

Jockum Nordström

Nere i änget (Down in the
Meadow), 2022
Watercolour and collage on
paper
60,4 cm x 135,2 cm x 3,0 cm;
JNCOL-22-001

Jockum Nordström

Ek (Oak), 2022
Watercolour and collage on
paper
122,2 cm x 91,6 cm x 3,0 cm;
JNCOL-22-002

Jockum Nordström

Hjälps, 2022
Mixed media
42 cm x 39 cm x 3 cm;
JNCOL-22-003

Jockum Nordström

Hem till fots, 2022
Mixed media
84 cm x 76 cm;
JNCOL-22-004

Jockum Nordström

Två Vädersträck, 2023
Mixed media
162,5 cm x 218,0 cm x 5,0 cm;
JNCOL-23-001

Jockum Nordström

Vägen till parken, 2024
Mixed media
119,0 cm x 77,5 cm x 3,0 cm;
JNCOL-24-001

Jockum Nordström

Natten stör natten, 2024
Mixed media
80,0 cm x 47,5 cm x 3,0 cm;
JNCOL-24-002

Jockum Nordström

Kyrkbacken, 2024
Mixed media
90 cm x 72 cm x 3 cm;
JNCOL-24-003

Jockum Nordström

Putsa klockan, 2024
Mixed media
58,5 cm x 77,0 cm x 3,0 cm;
JNCOL-24-004

Jockum Nordström

Oboe, 2024
Mixed media
140,5 cm x 70,0 cm x 3,0 cm;
JNCOL-24-005

Jockum Nordström

Dubbelteater, 2024
Mixed media
99,5 cm x 78,5 cm x 3,0 cm;
JNCOL-24-006

Jockum Nordström

Ibländ kommer jag ihåg, 2024
Mixed media
49 cm x 38 cm x 3 cm;
JNCOL-24-007

Jockum Nordström

7 Kronor, 2024
Mixed media
60 cm x 51 cm x 3 cm;
JNCOL-24-008

Jockum Nordström

Snö, 2024
Mixed media
107,5 cm x 80,5 cm x 3,0 cm;
JNCOL-24-009

Jockum Nordström

En gång kommer jag ihåg
melodin, 2024
Mixed media
121,5 cm x 89,0 cm x 3,0 cm;
JNCOL-24-010

Jockum Nordström

Aldrig Förbi, 2011
Paper and cardboard
28,0 cm x 55,0 cm x 10,5 cm;
JNS-11-001

Jockum Nordström

Att Vakna, 2015
Matchstick boxes and
cardboard
27 cm x 37 cm x 10,5 cm
JNS-15-004

Jockum Nordström

Teckning, 2018
Paper and cardboard
34 cm x 40 cm x 7 cm
JNS-18-001

Jockum Nordström

Kapitel 3, 2018
Paper and cardboard
53,5 cm x 46,0 cm x 9,5 cm;
JNS-18-003

Jockum Nordström

Wer nur den leben, 2020
Paper and cardboard
145 cm x 22 cm x 10 cm;
JNS-20-001

Jockum Nordström

Barndomsminne I, 2020
Paper and cardboard
150 cm x 30 cm x 12 cm;
JNS-20-002

Jockum Nordström

Besök i fyran, 2020
Paper and cardboard
46,0 cm x 26,5 cm x 10,0 cm;
JNS-20-004

Jockum Nordström
Nisch, 2021
Mixed media
37,5 cm x 28,5 cm x
7,0 cm;
JNS-21-002

Jockum Nordström
Bell Breaks, 2018-2024
Paper and cardboard
43 cm x 38 cm x 6 cm;
JNS-24-001



Ibland kommer jag ihåg, 2024
[PKI-86-012]

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