LINE LYHNE
Flicker in a glance
09.20.2026-10.24.2026

I, too, overflow, 2026
Dimensions variable, floor sculpture
Stone, steel, steel balls, keys, coins, magnets

(Clockwise from left of entrance)

Passage, 2026
49.2” x 26.7”
Graphite and pencil on paper

Carried away, 2026
15.3” x 62”
Graphite and pencil on paper

This elsewhere, 2026
25.5” x 19”
Graphite and pencil on paper, metal frame

Flicker in a glance, 2026
41.9” diameter
Graphite and pencil on paper

Held somewhere close to the spine, 2026
67.3” x 46.6”
Graphite and pencil on paper

Sunday, 2026
22” x 16.25”
Graphite and pencil on paper, metal frame

Enfilade, 2026
62” x 35.6”
Graphite and pencil on paper

Press Release

Text by Claire Greenshaw

In her exhibition, *Flicker in a glance*, Danish artist Line Lyhne presents a new series of drawings alongside a large-scale floor sculpture that consider the relationship between surface and ground and the poetics of chance.

Moving through the exhibition, carefully stepping between the materials that make up the sculpture, *I, too, overflow*, evokes a sense of walking across the spatial plane of Lyhne's drawings. Dispersed across the ground are coins, spoons, magnets, keys and small spheres. A collection of what might accrue in the bottom of a bag or a studio drawer. Their composition appears casual, an informal assembly of objects in an abstract conversation, repeating and diverging forms and clusters. Diffuse and site responsive, the sculpture resists a fixed identity, turning the gallery floor into a sculptural surface, or a pictorial ground for its idiosyncratic arrangement.

These objects are echoed in the drawings, as Lyhne makes use of them by scattering, then tracing some of them across the picture plane. The process of throwing coins on the paper to determine the composition evokes the I Ching, an ancient Chinese divination practice, where coins are tossed and translated in a sequence of simple glyphs depending on how they land—heads or tails—and in what combination. The symbols are comprised of a system of short broken and unbroken lines, not dissimilar to the quality of the carefully repeating marks in many of these drawings. While the I Ching is not a direct reference for the artist, chance and what surfaces from the unconscious guides this new body of work. In some ways the drawings not only trace the contours of the coins but also suggest the movement of a coin falling through space, turning and flipping from a disc to a thin line and back again, a spiralling fractal.

Lyhne's previous sculptural works' have a clear relationship to time and labour, and here those concerns emerge more obliquely. The coin points directly at systems of value and capitalist exchange but, beyond its exchange-value, a coin is also an object of public intimacy. A small form that passes through countless hands, traverses a city, in and out of pockets, purses, homes and businesses. This calls to mind the spoons in Lyhne's sculpture, their handles removed, estranged from their function in a way that accentuates the fact that this is an object for the mouth, a form that enters the private space of the tongue. Spoons and coins occupy a similar material ubiquity. Both are forms that circulate, are shared and used by many, whether that is the public at large or the smaller public of a household and its guests.

As one's gaze bounces between the floor and the wall, both planes expand. The drawings oscillate between diagrammatic fragments of architecture and what appears to be a choreography of movements across a surface. As we navigate the sculpture, our movement through space echoes the curves and flowing lines in the drawings. Guided by the objects plotted out on the floor, pathways like desire lines coax us through the gallery, moving between the vertical and horizontal planes, a poetics of line, spheres and spirals that endlessly scale and mirror one another through a shared logic of fragmentation, chance and repetition.

Enfilade

Text by Camille Clair

She removed her watch before speaking, placing it in her pocket. Noticing this action, I became aware of the contents of my own. I covertly rearranged the coins at my hip, envisioning them forming imprints resembling cyanotype on the fabric of my jeans; the silhouettes induced by the warmth of my thigh rather than the light of the sun. I was unsettled by them—the inconsequential trove of small objects—the remnants of machine-washed paper, lint, dust.

As my attention had slipped at the precise moment she began speaking, reentry became impossible. I was cast out of her speech—my attention coiled in my pocket, rearranging the fragments, so near to me, and yet invisible. And as I shuffled my collection, their physicality began to assume the shapes of objects I had recently noticed, their contours expanding slightly to fill out those in my memory. The speaker's watch, for example, whose form I had only caught in the act of its removal. I endeavored to reconstruct it in my mind, aided by the memory of my hand.

The watch possessed characteristics but no clear distinctions. It was neither contemporary nor archaic; indistinct, a vague, silver ellipsoid elongating in the air as she handled it. I saw it briefly, vertical, and then folded, before disappearing into her fist, her pocket.

My eye traced the movement of her hand to her pocket and lingered there. I sensed the ticking of the concealed watch at my own wrist—the subtle influence of its interior mechanics on my own. My hand records the alteration, commits it to memory, to paper.

When two clocks are placed near each other, they may begin to move in relation to one another. The movement of one is carried through vibrations to the structure supporting them both, until their pendulums acquire opposing rhythms. Neither clock is the source of its own motion; each becomes the condition of the other's. Their trajectories are opposed, yet mutually determined. This synchronization may, in turn, give way to the *death state,* wherein one or both oscillations cease.

To begin again, the clocks must be rewound, their inner mechanism manually reset.

She continued speaking while I rearranged cyanotypes in my head. The silhouettes fluctuated rhythmically, expanding and contracting in time with her disappeared clock. And when her recitation ended, I knew I would remember all she had said.

The lapse was the transmission; there is no word for thought.