

ljus,

\* *light,*



**CHALMERS**

Ijus,

master's thesis in *Architecture and Urban Design*

june 2020

by: Lotte Olofsson

*Chalmers School of Architecture  
Department of Architecture and Civil Engineering.*

*Matter, Space, Structure studio*

examiner: Morten Lund

supervisor: Peter Christensson

*Today, it was that kind of light again.*

*The one I so clearly can see by a veiled being-within.  
But never can put my eyes straight upon.*

*Because it slips away instantly when I try.  
Re-arranges slightly, but enough for me to notice that I am blinder than when I started.*

THURSDAY APR 30 / 20.30

(light diary note.)

parts,

notes on material poetry

this booklet

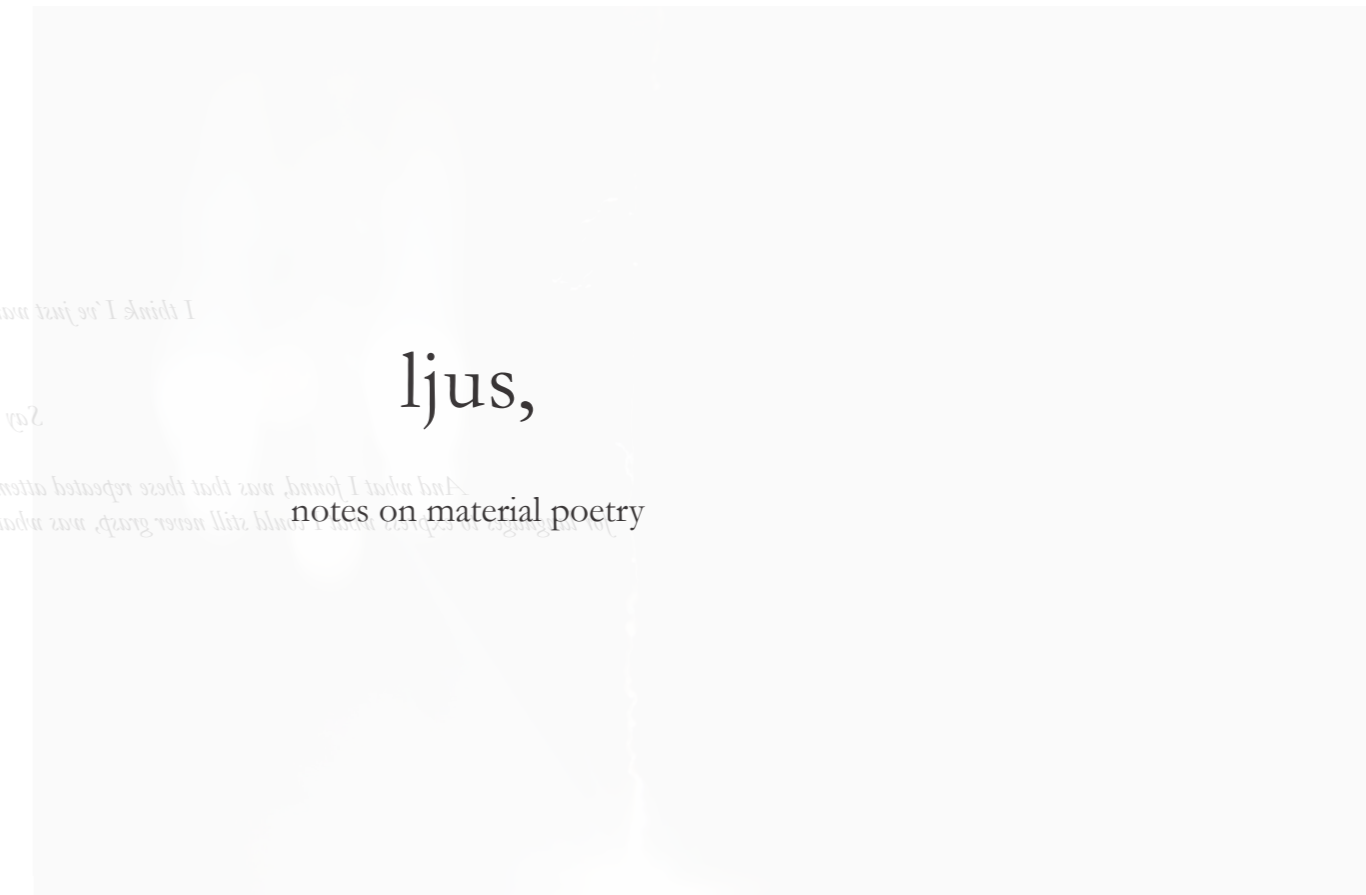
*1, intentions / 2, ljus, / 3, not just light,*

photography

exhibition at Härlanda Church, june 2020

commented photography

separate book



I think I've just wanted to learn to see. To learn awareness.

And I've wanted to say what I've seen.  
I've nothing more, but also, say nothing less.

And what I found, was that these repeated attempts of saying what I saw, this jumbling  
of words, still never grasp, was what words made me more and more aware.

THE DAY AFTER  
(morning thoughts before breakfast)

\* *light,*

ljns  
v11000-11000-11000-11000

*I think I've just wanted to learn to see. To learn awareness.*

*And I've wanted to say what I've seen.  
Say nothing more, but also, say nothing less.*

*And what I found, was that these repeated attempts of saying what I saw, this fumbling  
for languages to express what I could still never grasp, was what slowly made me more and more aware.*

TUESDAY APR 21  
(morning thoughts before breakfast.)

It seems, that what I normally call architecture, is in this moment instead profound material words. It seems, that the very materiality of the room, of the walls, and of light, just now mediates something un-speakable, but that I can still absorb. Something sublime and non-intelligible: knowledge, but impossible to fully grasp.

It seems, that there is not much difference in this sense, between a piece of architecture, a poem, a photography or a piece of music. It also seems, that these different 'dialects-of-a-same-language' call out to be used to deepen into one another.

It seems essential, for an architect to have more profound experiences of architecture – To be able to see, and to love, more of its subtle poetics. It seems essential, for an architect to develop a sensibility towards these inherent poetics of materiality – To be able to recognize them, and perhaps, even enable them. It seems essential, for architecture, to be widened – Deeper experienced, also poetically.

It seems quite clear, one shouldn't try to sort such matters out. It seems as clear, one is still obliged to approach them.

*So, I just decided to ask: "What is light?"*

*And, I decided to personally ask light itself.  
Over and over again. For a year.*

What became of that year, was representations of light. They formed a thesis. Perhaps, a thesis describing a certain ray of light happening once a day at Hurland's church. Or, a thesis searching to unfold a piece of all (poetry) existing in light, in its very widest sense. Or, a thesis developing personal artistic ways to more attentively experience subtle aspects of materiality. Or, a thesis exploring a common core behind all expressions of art – architecture and light being two among them. Or, a thesis insisting on how much richness there is to find in an ever so little corner of architecture, if one really wants to see.

Then, there was a book and a photo-exhibition. Simply due to the poetry of light itself.



*wanted to learn to see. To learn awareness.*

*And I've wanted to say what I've seen.  
Say nothing more, but also, say nothing less.*

*Attempts of saying what I saw, this fumbling  
that slowly made me more and more aware.*

TUESDAY APR 21  
(morning thoughts before breakfast)

*I do not recognize this. Do not have any references already within me. I cannot understand it.  
So all there is left, is to experience what is concrete, what is real: A structure with qualities  
larger than my concepts. I feel them upon my bare skin when no words overshadow them.*

*It seems, that there is not much difference in this sense, between a piece of architecture, a poem, a photography or a piece  
of music. It also seems, that these different 'dialects-of-a-same-language' call out to be used to deepen into one another.  
Eternal and pure. Gifts of amazing richness. Life, for real.*

It seems essential, for anyone, to have more profound experiences of architecture – To be able to see, and to love,  
more of its subtle poetics. It seems essential, for an architect, to develop a sensibility towards these inherent poetics  
of materiality – To be able to recognize them, and perhaps, even enable them. It seems essential, for architecture,  
to be widened – Deeper experienced, also poetically.

JUNE 2017  
(notebook, visiting Holy Cross Church in Chur.)

It seems quite clear, one shouldn't try to sort such matters out. It seems as clear, one is still obliged to approach them.

*So, I just decided to ask: "What is light?"*

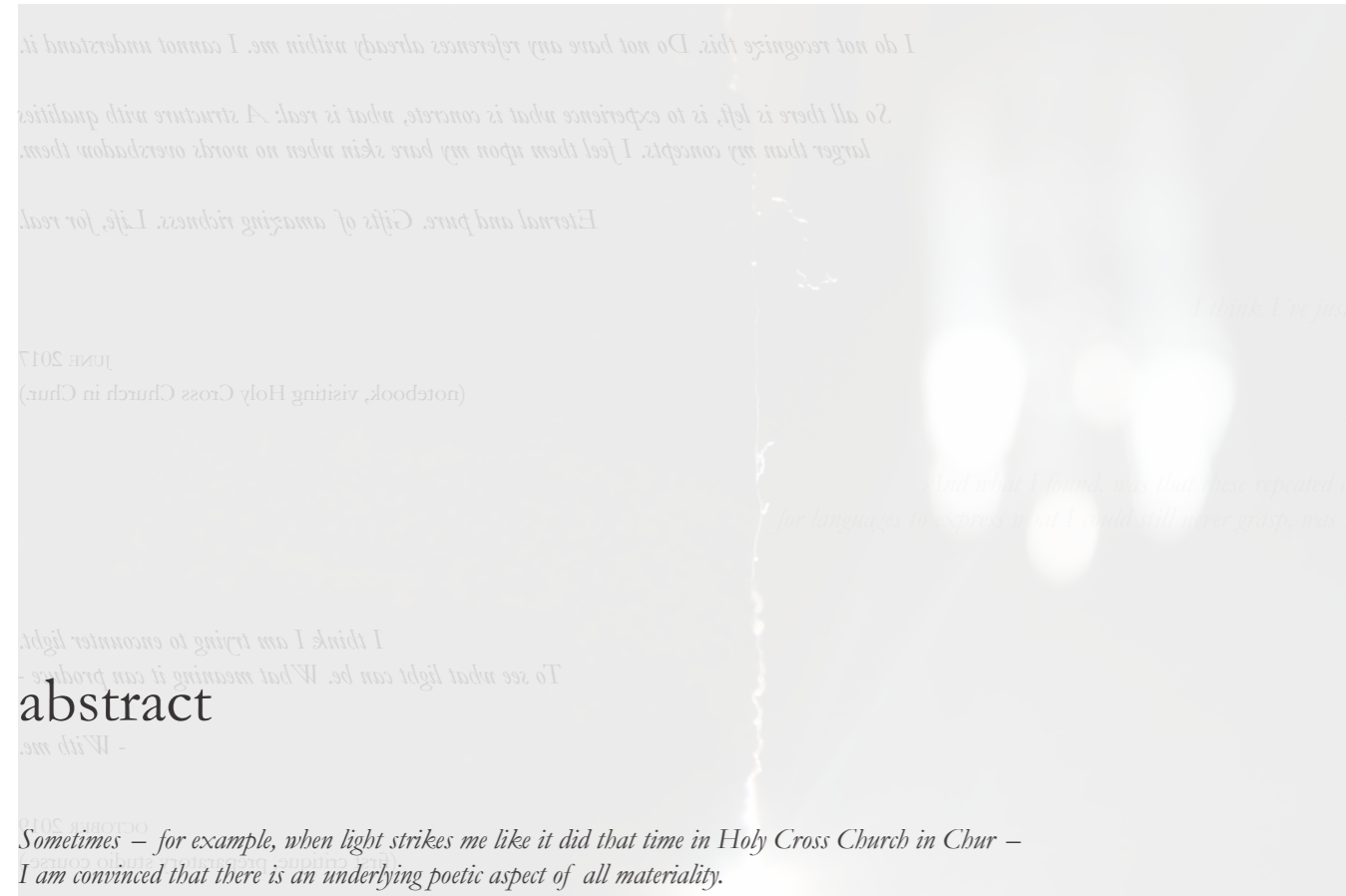
*And, I decided to personally ask light itself.  
Over and over again. For a year.*

*I think I am trying to encounter light.  
To see what light can be. What meaning it can produce -  
I, intentionally  
- With me.*

What became of that year, was representations of light. They formed a thesis. Perhaps, a thesis describing a certain ray  
of light happening once a day at Härlanda church. Or, a thesis searching to unfold a piece of all poetry hiding in light, in its  
very widest sense. Or, a thesis developing personal artistic ways to more attentively experience light. Or, a thesis describing  
Or, a thesis exploring a common core behind all expressions of art – architecture and light being two of them.  
a thesis insisting on how much richness there is to find in an ever so little corner of architecture, if one really wants to see.

OCTOBER 2019  
(first critique, preparatory studio course.)

Then, there was a book and a photo-exhibition. Simply due to the poetry of light itself.



# abstract

*Sometimes – for example, when light strikes me like it did that time in Holy Cross Church in Chur – I am convinced that there is an underlying poetic aspect of all materiality.*

*I think I've just wanted to learn to see. To learn awareness.*

*And I've wanted to say what I've seen,  
say nothing more, but also, say nothing less.*

*And what I found, was that these repeated attempts of saying what I saw, this fumbling  
for languages to express what I could still never grasp, was what slowly made me more and more aware.*

*Tomorrow was 21  
(morning thoughts before breakfast)*

It seems, that what I normally call architecture, is in this moment instead profound material words. It seems, that the very materiality of the room, of the walls, and of light, just now mediates something un-speakable, but that I can still absorb. Something sublime and non-intelligible. Knowledge, but impossible to fully grasp.

It seems, that there is not much difference in this sense, between a piece of architecture, a poem, a photography or a piece of music. It also seems, that these different 'dialects-of-a-same-language' call out to be used to deepen into one another.

It seems essential, for anyone, to have more profound experiences of architecture – To be able to see, and to love, more of its subtle poetics. It seems essential, for an architect, to develop a sensibility towards these inherent poetics of materiality – To be able to recognize them, and perhaps, even enable them. It seems essential, for architecture, to be widened – Deeper experienced, also poetically.

It seems quite clear, one shouldn't try to sort such matters out. It seems as clear, one is still obliged to approach them.

*So, I just decided to ask: "What is light?"*

*And, I decided to personally ask light itself.  
Over and over again. For a year.*

What became of that year, was representations of light. They formed a thesis. Perhaps, a thesis describing a certain ray of light happening once a day at Härlanda church. Or, a thesis searching to unfold a piece of all poetry hiding in light, in its very widest sense. Or, a thesis developing personal artistic ways to more attentively experience sublime aspects of materiality. Or, a thesis exploring a common core behind all expressions of art – architecture and light being two among them. Or, a thesis insisting on how much richness there is to find in an ever so little corner of architecture, if one really wants to see.

Then, there was a book and a photo-exhibition. Simply due to the poetry of light itself.

# 1, intentions

# 1, intentions

Then, there was a book and a photo-essay. Simply due to the poetry of light itself.

A thesis insisting on how much richness there is to find in an ever so little corner of architecture, if one really wants to see. Or a thesis exploring a common core behind all expressions of art – architecture and light being two of them. Or a thesis developing personal artistic ways to more attention to light in architecture. Or a thesis searching to unfold a piece of all poetry hiding in light, in its very widest sense. What became of that year was representations of light. They formed a thesis. Perhaps, a thesis describing a certain way of light happening once a day at Långholms church.

Over and over again. For a year. And, I decided to personally ask light itself. So I just decided to ask: "What is light?"

I seems quite clear one shouldn't try to sort such matters out. I seems as clear one is still obliged to approach them.

to be widened – Deeper experienced, also poetically. Of materiality – To be able to recognize them, and perhaps even enable them. It seems essential for architecture more of its subtle poetics. It seems essential for an architect to develop a sensibility towards these inherent poetics. It seems essential, for anyone, to have more profound experiences of architecture – To be able to see and to love.

of music. It also seems that these different 'dialects-of-a-same-language', call out to be used to deepen into one another. It seems that there is not much difference in this sense, between a piece of architecture, a poem, a photograph or a piece

something sublime and non-intelligible. Knowledge, but impossible to fully grasp. materiality of the room, of the walls, and of light, just now mediates something un-speakable, but that I can still absorb. It seems that what I normally call architecture, is in this moment instead profound material words. It seems that the very

# abstract

*Sometimes – for example, when light strikes me like a hammer on a nail, I am convinced that there is an underlying poetic aspect to all architecture.*

I think I am trying to connect light to the world light can be. It, but meaning it can produce.

## what is light

*That has been the question I've posed to light, over and over, for almost a year now. Of course, not to give any complete answer to it. The question is just my tool. Because what it does, is keep me from the temptation to try to capture the phenomenon of light. Instead, it allows me to dive into a cloud of increasing uncertainty around it.*

*ljus, \**

*driver of time.*

*constant change.*

*without duration.*

*articulation to darkness.*

*within the articulation to silence.*

*tinges.*

*movement.*

*stillness.*

*what could have been.*

*remembrance.*

*address.*

*balm around weakness.*

*(still lack words for this) ---*

*embedded in darkness.*

*representations of light.*

*\* light is,*

## encountering light

*Since last September, I am in a year-long encounter with light. A personal encounter. With actual, physical, material light.*

*That has turned out to be light in its very widest sense. But also, light in a very specific sense, as in one single ray of light happening once a day in Härlanda church in Gothenburg.*

I use myself as an experiment to approach the most passionate inquiries I have to the world. Those that ponder upon poetic or sublime aspects of materiality. I've never had any presupposed result with such a project, other than to explore how I can, in personal artistic ways, approach and unfold some of the inherent poetics of a phenomenon.

Light. I am deeply affected by light. I chose it out of many possible architectural materials carrying the same poetic potential. But still, the core in this is not just light. But the core is to learn to see. See deeper into something. And, to contribute with seeing. With heightened awareness. With sharpening of attention, towards all the subtle nuances of materiality.

More correctly, my year-long encounter with light is actually many encounters, where I've re-represented light in many different ways. Or, represented many different aspects of light, to produce seeds of answers to the question *'what is light'*. The answers, lifted out by me and light together, and from a quite inexhaustible cloud of vague possibilities, are my list of *'ljus,'* or *'light is'*. Typically, our encounters were largely intuition-based, and often done with the aid of other expressions of art. Together, they have so far given me a range of 'findings', or simply 'representations of light'. These can be visual, material or verbal, but are always sprung out of me, out of light, and out of the embodied encounter between us. They are the physical outcome of my project, and to make them have served different purposes for me:

*To pass on some of the poetry of light – and my love of light – to others.*

*To serve as personal tools to explore how I can approach more sublime aspects of materiality.*

*To exemplify one personal journey into the phenomena of light – mine.*

*To reach beyond mere visible light into that shared core behind all expressions of art – light and architecture being no less than two among them.*

Two things I've done daily over the year. One is to keep a *'light diary'*. That has turned out an important source of inspiration for the more focused encounters. To know what to ask from light, and, to depart in what is already embedded within me. This diary material, now almost 1000 small notes, I recently used to form a second book. A sort of poetic comments, to accompany my exhibited photographs, sorted and arranged along my list of *ljus*.

The other thing I've done daily is to keep a *'process diary'*. Simply, a text document on my laptop, that I allow to grow as long and unsorted as it wishes. I've continuously, without much thought, written down all reflections, struggles, thrills, questions and discoveries from what I've done. This text material, as little edited as possible, is what you find in the rest of this booklet, if not said otherwise. However, cut smaller pieces from, and re-arranged in an order that seemed to make a new sense to me. Together with the representations, it now formes a story of a personal journey into light. My *'notes on material poetry'*.

## borders to light

*Whether I experience how the chord dissolves after 14 minutes and 5 seconds in Arnold Schoenberg's 'Verklärte Nacht' :  
Or, how the light falls into the foot of an iron candle holder, at a certain angle and a certain moment, when I move inside Härlanda church.  
Or, how one word makes the meaning of the next slightly shift in Emily Dickinson's 'The spirit is the conscious ear' :*

*To me, the movement of the mind is strangely similar.*

surrounding,

poetry,

Jørgen Christensen  
Especially: Aftener \ Modemista (2014)

Emily Dickinson  
For example Gång på gång är skuggan rön \ Bonnier (2017)

Zjane Gjesing  
Idea Begrebet \ Modemista (2017)

music performance,

Viktoria Mullova (nl)  
Bach: 6 solo sonatas for violin \ Viktoria Mullova (2009)

Julia Fischer (nl)  
Sonata for violin \ Pentatone (2005)

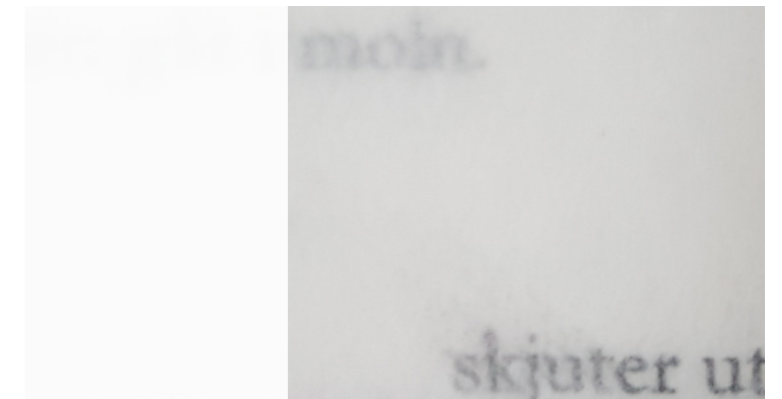
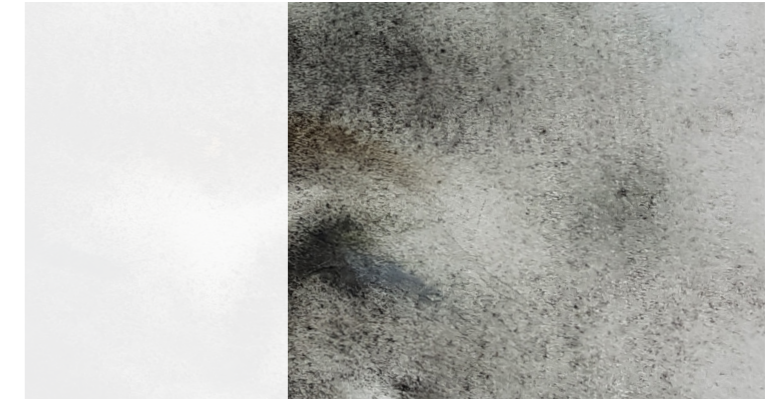
Khatia Buniatishvili (pl)  
Mehraband (var composers) \ Sony Music (2014)

literature,

Rainer Maria Rilke  
Brenn om Gårde (collected letters) \ Raster (1993)

Jørgen Christensen  
Vorden ønsker at se sig selv (poems, prose, drama) \ Gyldendal (2018)

Det kreative språket (essay) in Det er i språket \ Modemista (2017)  
Højlydte stillet (essay) \ Arct (2011)



## borders to light

*Whether I experience how the chord dissolves after 14 minutes and 5 seconds in Arnold Schoenberg's 'Verklärte Nacht'.*

*Or, how the light falls into the foot of an iron candle holder, at a certain angle and a certain distance.*

*Or, how one word makes the meaning of the next slightly shift in Emily Dickinson's 'The work is the conscious ear'.*

*To me, the movement of the mind is strangely similar.*

*surroundings,*

*poetry,*

*Inger Christensen*

*Especiallly Alfabet* / Modernista (2014)

*Emily Dickinson*

For example *Gång på gång är skogarna rosa* / Bonniers (2017)

*Signe Gjessing*

*Ideala Begivenheter* / Modernista (2017)

*music performance,*

*Viktoria Mullova (vl.)*

*Bach: 6 solo sonatas & partitas* (J.S. Bach) / Viktoria Mullova (2009)

*Julia Fischer (vl.)*

*Sonatas & partitas for solo violin* (J.S. Bach) / PentaTone (2005)

*Khatia Buniatishvili (pi.)*

*Motherland* (var. composers) / Sony Music (2014)

*literature,*

*Rainer Maria Rilke*

*Brev om Cézanne* (collected letters) / Raster (1993)

*Inger Christensen*

*Verden ønsker at se sig selv* (poems, prose, drafts) / Gyldendal (2018)

*Det klasslösa språket* (essay) in *Del av Labyrinten* / Modernista (2017)

*Hemlighetsstillståndet* (essays) / Ariel (2011)

*architecture writing,*

*Steven Holl*

*Color, light, time* (essays) / Lars Müller Publishers (2011)

*Tadao Ando*

*The colors of light* (foreword & essay) / Phaidon Press (1996)

*photography & film,*

*Richard Pare*

*The colors of light* (architecture photography) / Phaidon Press (1996)

*Krystallia Sakellariou*

*Att ta sig in i en målning, ett rum, ett museum* (presentation) / Gothenburg museum of art (2020)

*music composition,*

*Arvo Pärt*

*Tabula Rasa* (for violin & percussion) / in *Arvo Pärt* / Viktoria Mullova (2018)

*Arnold Schoenberg*

*Verklärte Nacht* (for string quartet) / in *Journeys* / Sony Music (2013)

*Caroline Shaw*

*Entre'acte* (for string quartet) / in *Orange* / New Amsterdam Records (2019)

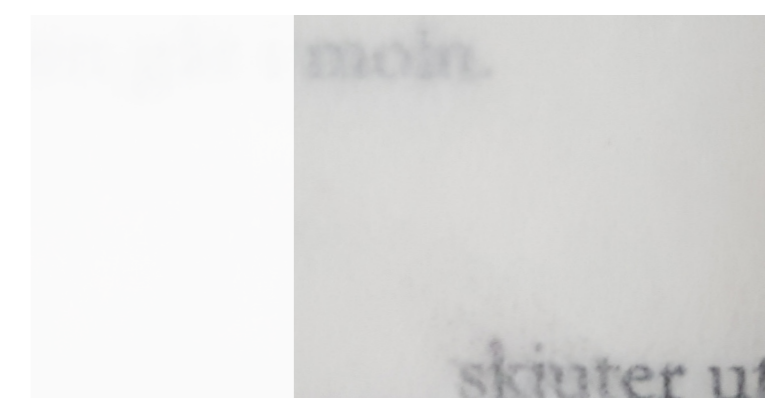
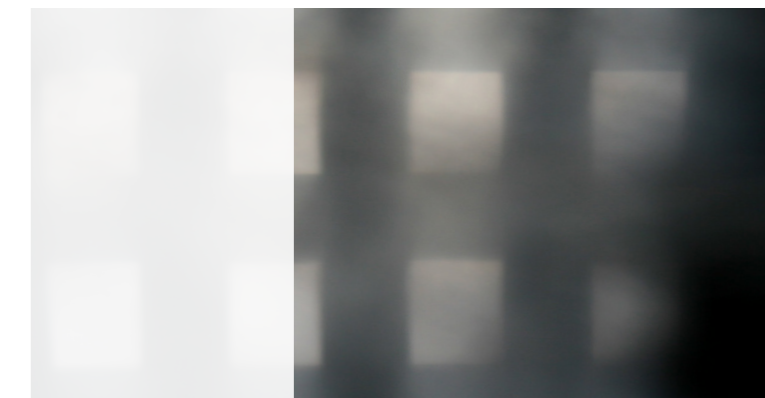
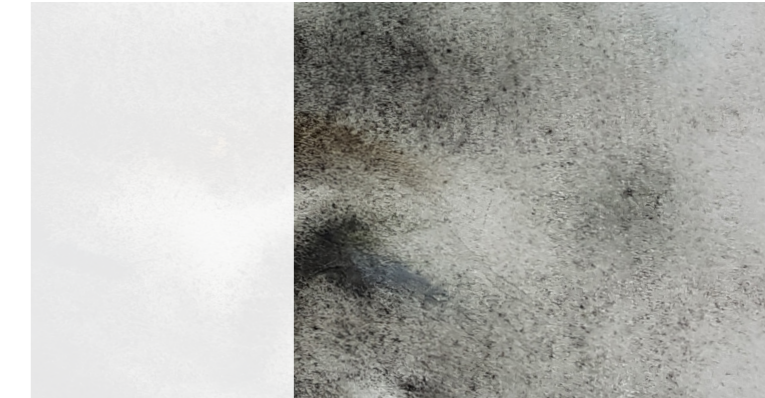
*other visual & material art,*

*Miho Kajioka*

*And, where did the peacocks go?* (poetry/photography) / Self-published (2016)

*Vilhelm Hammersboi*

*Från guldålder till Hammersboi* (exhibition) / Gothenburg museum of art (2019)



## borders to light

Whether I experience how the chord dissolves after 14 minutes and 5 seconds in Arnold Schoenberg's 'Verklärte Nacht' :

Or, how the light falls into the foot of an iron candle holder, at a certain angle and a certain moment, when I move inside Härlanda church.

Or, how one word makes the meaning of the next slightly shift in Emily Dickinson's 'The spirit is the conscious ear' :

To me, the movement of the mind is strangely similar.

*"Jag vill påverka blindbeten."*

(Inger Christensen, in 'Det klasslösa språket'.)

*\* I want to influence blindness*

architecture writing.

Zeynep Han

Color, light, time (essay) \ Lars Müller Publishers (2011)

Tudor Arndt

The colors of light (forward & essay) \ Pavidon Press (1996)

photography & film.

Richard Purr

The colors of light (architecture photography) \ Pavidon Press (1996)

Kristalla Zuckerman

All is sight in a museum (presentation) \ Gothenburg museum of art (2020)

music composition.

Arvo Pärt

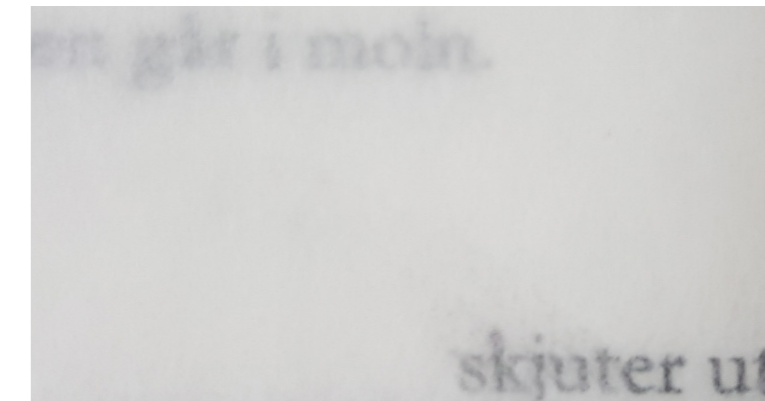
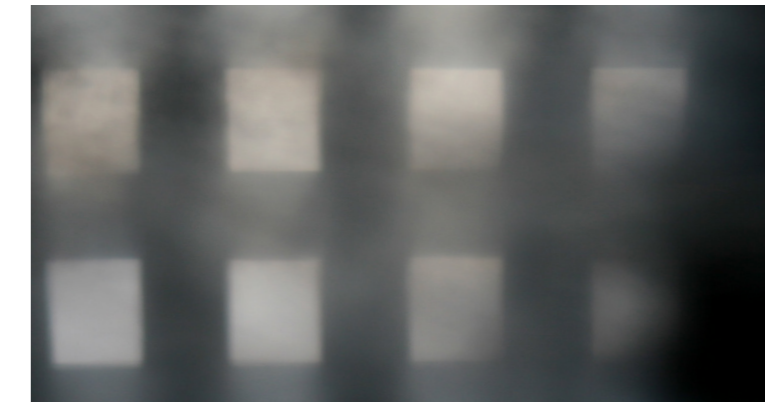
Tekla Raa (for violin & percussion) \ in Arvo Pärt \ Viktoria Mullova (2018)

Arnold Schoenberg

Verklärte Nacht (for string quartet) \ in Jorwarp \ Sony Music (2013)

Caroline Shaw

Entre'acte (for string quartet) \ in Orange \ New Amsterdam Records (2019)



2, ljus,

*\* light,*

*contents,*

*driver of time.*

*constant change.*

*without duration.*

*articulation to darkness.*

*within the articulation to silence.*

*tinges.*

*movement.*

*stillness.*

*what could have been.*

*remembrance.*

*address.*

*balm around weakness.*

*(still lack words for this) ---*

*embedded in darkness.*

*representations of light.*

*It starts to happen.*

WEDNESDAY JAN 22 / 09:55 AM



11:12:53



11:13:19



11:13:42



11:14:04



11:14:33



11:14:51

*Is light the driver of time?*

*If light had not, each new moment, changed in this room.  
Re-made everything in here,  
re-created everything.*

*Had there been any day rolled out in here today, at all?*

THURSDAY JAN 9 / 3.15 PM  
(light diary note.)

Composition of acrylic glass, light and time. Then, I got to be there for some hours to watch my own installation happen. See one by one of my little piles of glass sticks light up, to soon go out again, while the ray of light made its way from the first row of chairs, across the open floor and up towards the altar. And it spoke to me. About things I didn't know. Hadn't planned for. First, it was the overall thing. The way and the direction, where we are heading. In a sealed, non-negotiable pace. Carried forward. In a process not possible to hasten, halt or destroy. What I watched, was proof of that. Promised me that. Tied me to that. There was a before, a now and a then, that was material. Visible. Embodied. The acrylic glass I'd added to the room allowed light to suggest a course. It now took on a slightly shifted meaning, but in the very same space in which it took place.



Secondly, it was the close-up thing. The being-born and the dying-away. The becoming and the regression. The fading into the shadow. And that something still remains. Can be re-activated. Can light up again. But not apart from time: Not apart from light. To partake in this. Partake in time. Watch time happen. Material. Materialized. The constantly altering, all the little things, over seconds, the flares of light and shadow. Are and are not. Were.

WEDNESDAY JAN 22



I'm so glad I've read it. I didn't like it, but it moved me deeply. She, moved me deeply, through it. I want to remember one thing. This about architecture, the home, geometry, as an elongation of the inner life. A prism, to see the world through. The window as a prism. A poetic instrument. She lives in materiality, behind her prism, and reports from within. Another manner I've met among poets: Construct these material prisms, in which the world will speak.

TUESDAY JAN 21  
(reading *Emily Dickinson och vulkanerna*, by Josefin Holmström.)



*time*  
(from exhibiton *Ijus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)

It's not banal. It's at the verge of the banal,

but instead incredibly rich.

Right there, that's where I also want to be.  
At that very verge.

Breathtaking. Breathtaking to watch a film of a window, for 11 minutes, where the sun alternately sets in clouds outside, and the light slowly grows and fades in the curtains. Is there anything happening at all? Yes. Definitely. And once we've decided upon that, it's totally absorbing. Our gazes catch more and more subtleties. Make themselves at home in that room on the screen. A little giggle of wonder next to me. I agree, just felt the same. She, who shows this to us, says that:

*"Some changes are quick, some so slow we never even notice they took place."*

Oh, these slow transformations. These subtle tinges and circuses. Appearing to us only when we come close enough. When we lose ourselves and agree to be captured. The one who wants to see, will see.

WEDNESDAY JAN 29

(at Göteborgs konstmuseum, captured in film & photography by Krystallia Sakellariou.)

Made my own film, late when I came home. Among the clay-cups and porcelain-mugs on the kitchen table, as the flare of the candle played in the wind. Love it, even though quality's awful.

WEDNESDAY JAN 29

(later that evening.)

Really should've been working with the net and the paper full day. But couldn't resist first collecting how the ray of light in the church hall alternately gained and faded with the travelling clouds.

And the sky, that made this.

WEDNESDAY FEB 19

Watched the film again today. Several times. I never tire. Of how that corridor of light varies between existing and not existing. The memory of it. The anticipation of it. The breath in it.

THURSDAY FEB 20

(film / changing sky / a window opening.)



*now 1*

(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)



I can't understand what she does. Can't follow her. But still, I understand something about *how* she does. It's about fragments. About collecting. About things being recognized as 'something'. They're collected and. Laid down. On paper. Without hierarchy or relations. If hierarchy and relations aren't already. Weren't. In what was collected. Were! what was collected.

Then, the assembling; composition of fragments; poem of words; architecture of phenomena. Of things 'had'. Of things already collected. Found. And, the scaffolding; what fragments are draped around: the system. Why have one? Because that might give what we couldn't find ourselves. "*I've written what I otherwise never would have written.*" Because the world starts to write itself in the system.

Starting all over, the draped system is now a system of its own: the poem a scaffolding; the room a scaffolding. To be draped. And to be read. By light. And by a person - that is - by a poet.

What my doing is: collecting.

TUESDAY JAN 28

(browsing around in Inger Christensen's drafts and sketches.)

Gone through most of my 1700 photos now. Still some left. Notice I collect time. And change. Moment even, sometimes. The photograph as fixed moment, containing no time. But still collecting time, exposing time. Collected moments as representative for all moments. Not as if moments were general or replaceable. Representative, as in one unique out of millions of unique.

WEDNESDAY MAR 25

Cicadas exist; chicory, chromium... Something new enters at 'i':  
...*should* exist..., ...*shouldn't we* exist..., ...*if* coffins *really* exist...,  
...*that existed*...

FRIDAY NOV 15

(reading *Alfabet* by Inger Christensen.)



*now 2*

(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)

*There is never a settled amount of light.  
Ever, it seems.*

*It's always on its way.*

*On its way of declining - withdrawing.  
Or on its way of becoming - drawing nearer.*

MONDAY DEC 30 / 10.20 AM  
(light diary note.)

Aquarelle? Running. Something into something, in some way. Something new entering into something prevalent. Constantly, to be strict, but what I could extract would be fixed moments of it. This constant momentum of change, present in every instant of a piece of music, every instant of a single note, every instant of a pause.

And. “*There is never a settled amount of light. Ever.*”

WEDNESDAY MAR 4

This will probably be so hard. But perhaps it should be done anyway. I listened again, and this time I found a way to be within it. I shortened, in some way, the part of the music that belonged to my present. Until that present was so short it practically ceased. Then, suddenly, there was meaning and revelation. But only as long as I managed to drop both memories and expectations of the sound material. Something about a constant movement, being almost forced upon the mind, is so particularly evident in her music. That continuously travelling point of relation between ‘just now’ and... ‘now’.

That joint. That breaking point. Where the new reveals the old and the old reveals the new. Something becomes there.

But something not possible to remain in.

If you try, it snatches away. Or just overwhelms you. And that experience of everything continuously being re-made, re-moulded, shifted slightly. Read some in *Alfabet*. Find it there aswell. And that's exactly the experience of being in light.

The difference is that this time I know *what* I search for, but instead, I have no language to search with. I think I need to find a language *outside* light, first. To listen with that language, *in* the change of a ray of light, later. Accumulation, in some way.

And what material has properties that would help me describe this?

SATURDAY FEB 29

(listening to music by Caroline Shaw.)



*Within the dissolution of the chord at 14.05. (Verklärte Nacht, A. Schoenberg.)  
(aquarelle / water / shifts.)*

Absorbing. Fitted me well, regarding last night. Or, possible to do, just because of last night? I didn't know in advance how aquarelle would be my language, this was how: I composed a 'present state' in the paper space. Chose 'present states' in the music, where it turns, re-configures. What does that state contain, when I have this to chose from in pigments, form and wetness? How is the material gathered in itself? And how is it relating to the blank sheet? Then, I let water be the change,



*Within the first moment of the first note. (Tabula Rasa, A. Pärt.)*



*Within taking one step closer to the ray of light. (Härlanda church.)*



*the new* entering into *the prevailing*. The impact. Before the water enters, certain meanings prevail. When it enters, they're all altered. The meaning of the old, the new, and the whole. Just like one next word makes all meaning slightly shift in a poem.

The meaning of the new – from where does it enter? With what, I don't know... Intention? Will? Ambition? – I allowed water to remould the still wet pigment on the sheet into a new state.

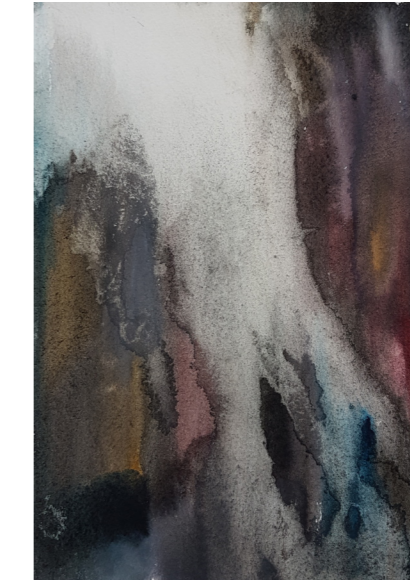
The mening of the old – how is it affected? Subsides? Fuses? Expands? Is washed off? Concentrates? Is forgotten? Explained? Evovled? – Again, this happens continuously, I've lifted out moments – still pictures! –

That doesn't really exist – Why? Because I wanted to learn to percieve this. Deeper. In music, first. Later, in light. Placing, blending, shaping and re-shaping pigment and water, that was the important thing. To do, with water to pigment on paper, what change in music does to the meaning of music prevailing. Or change in light to the meaning of light prevailing. How I long to be more true to those intentions! I fall for temptations to anticipate images, envision outcomes of my doing.

TUESDAY MAR 10



*Within passage of gradually lessened bow-pressure and tension on strings. (Entr'acte, C. Sham.)*



*Within the joining of percussion notes into a solo violin harmony. (Tabula Rasa, A. Pärt.)*



I looked so much forward to use this language in the ray of light. But it was hard. Hard to sense changes in light, the way I can sense them in music. Not because I don't think they're there, I was rather made more sure of that. But it was so difficult to grasp them. I'm used to being attentive to this in music. To listen for it there. I'm not used to listening for it in light.

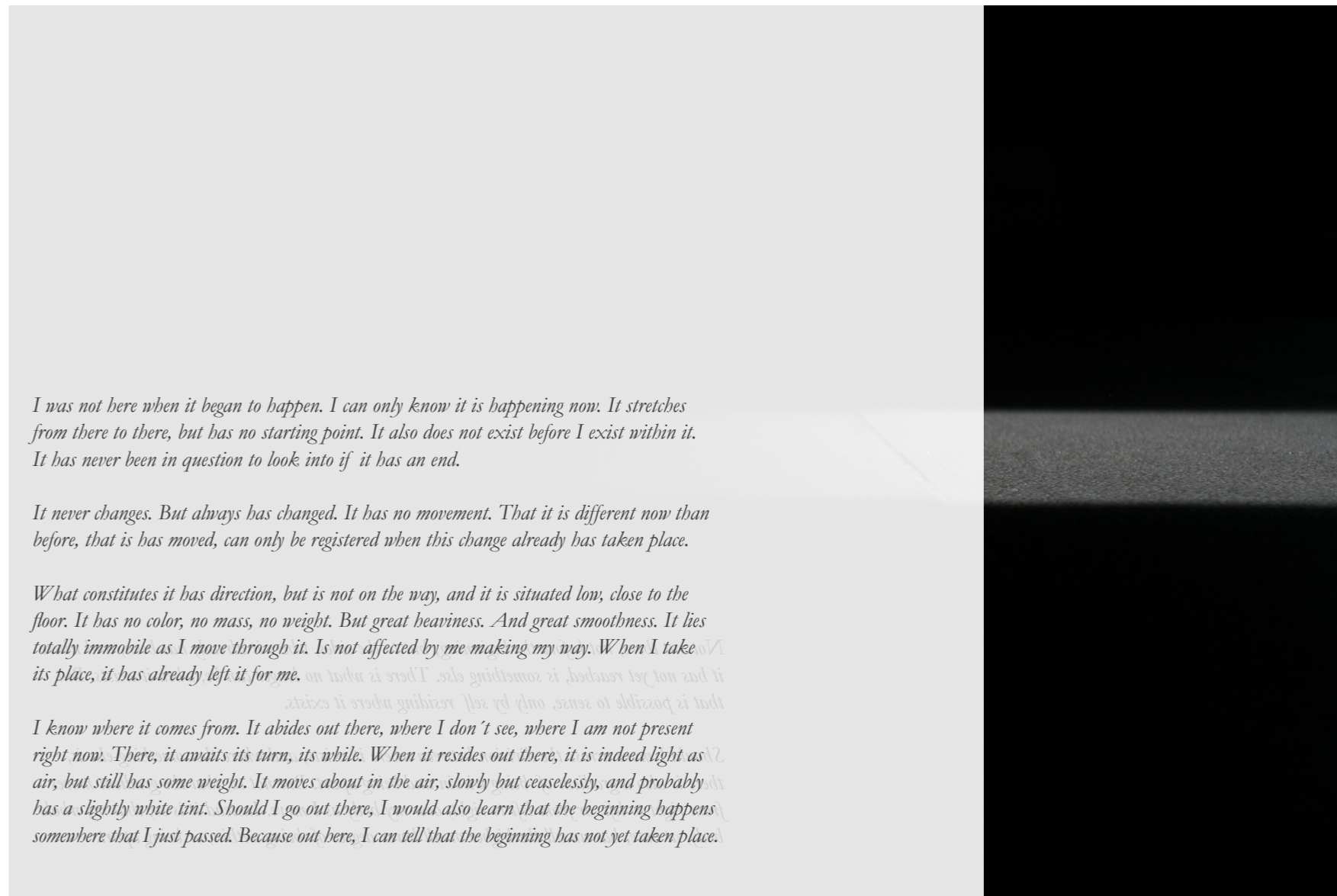
Listen...? Sense? Percieve? Experience?

If it's not listening in terms of light, it's as little listening in terms of music. I just *know* these changes, know them with all my body. All my mind. No, even more, with all my being.

WEDNESDAY MAR 11



*ephemeral thinnings for light,*  
(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)



*I was not here when it began to happen. I can only know it is happening now. It stretches from there to there, but has no starting point. It also does not exist before I exist within it. It has never been in question to look into if it has an end.*

*It never changes. But always has changed. It has no movement. That it is different now than before, that it has moved, can only be registered when this change already has taken place.*

*What constitutes it has direction, but is not on the way, and it is situated low, close to the floor. It has no color, no mass, no weight. But great heaviness. And great smoothness. It lies totally immobile as I move through it. Is not affected by me making my way. When I take its place, it has already left it for me.*

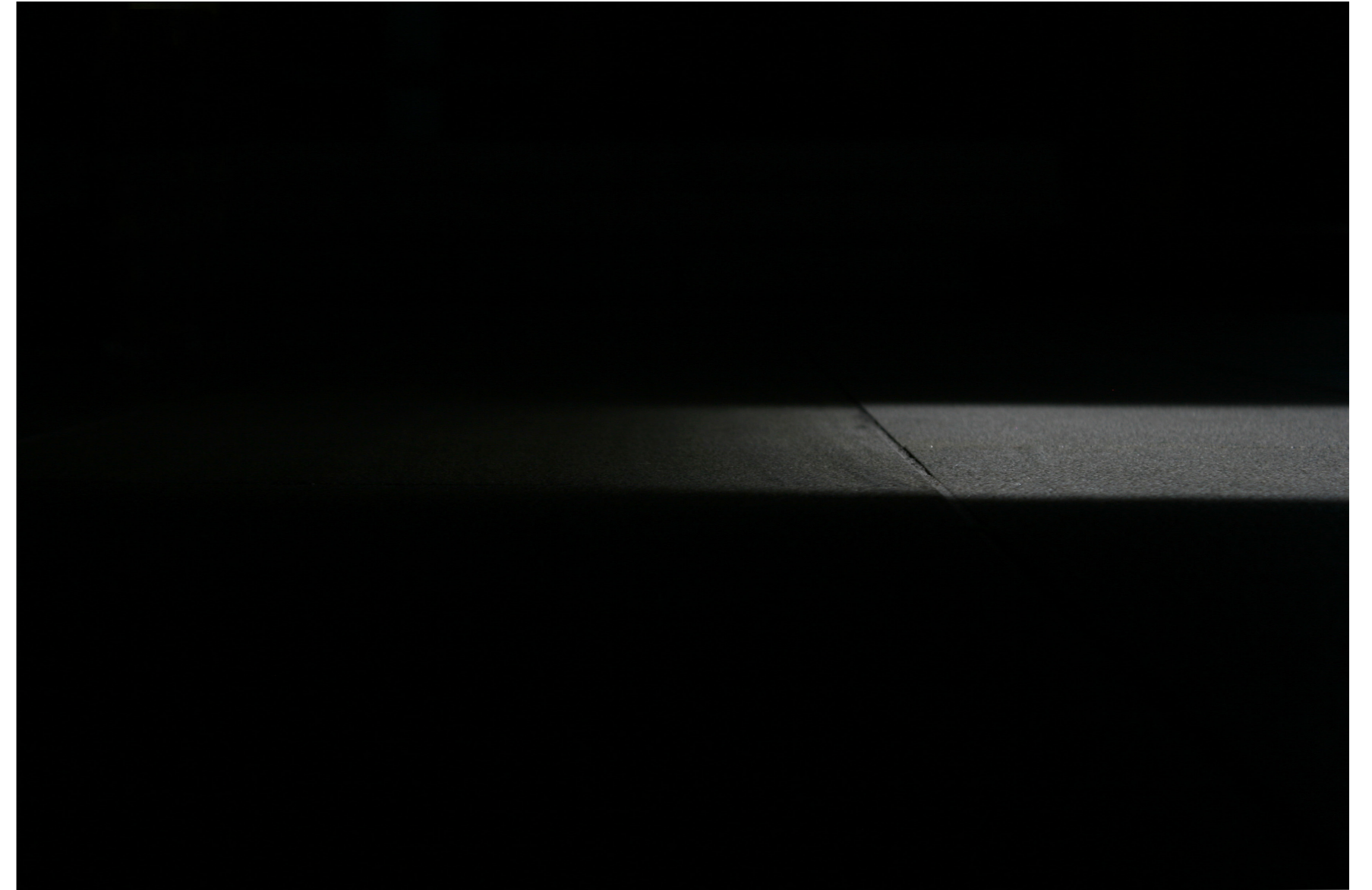
*I know where it comes from. It abides out there, where I don't see, where I am not present right now. There, it awaits its turn, its while. When it resides out there, it is indeed light as air, but still has some weight. It moves about in the air, slowly but ceaselessly, and probably has a slightly white tint. Should I go out there, I would also learn that the beginning happens somewhere that I just passed. Because out here, I can tell that the beginning has not yet taken place.*

*(excerpt from written representation of a ray of light, at Härlanda church)*



*ephemeral thinnings for light,*  
(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)

THURSDAY FEB 6  
(excerpt from written representation of 'a ray of light', at Härlanda church.)



*Some matters are so on-the-verge,*

This 'not-being-able',  
this fumbling,

is *that* what actually deepens the experience?  
Sharpens me,  
screens me off,  
helps me pierce in, in my

attempt to approach what I sense I cannot grasp.

And even if I still don't capture it,  
I *know* it, now.

But still, just me.

FRIDAY JAN 31

I think it has something to do with the verge between light and shadow. The dizziness of that verge. The articulation of it, the definition of it. And! The impulsion in it!

As if light were powder, shadow were powder — matters —

carried into the room. Or, sprung off the room spreading further into the room. In different directions and with different speed. Different articulation and address. And as such, always with a force behind. Something urging. Even when still. Always carried by a will to be just like this. For a certain while, long or short,

then, re-articulate. Re-group.

MONDAY FEB 3

*The verge of a ray of light,*  
(charcoal / shadow / articulation.)

*between existing and not existing.*

THURSDAY DEC 12 / 7.00 AM (light diary note)

She asked me about it in the car later. What made me say that two drawings were 'something' and the others not. I couldn't answer, I just think they captured something. Nothing I do can fully speak of the light I've met. All I produce are attempts. And two attempts caught on something more, in their 'attempt-to-represent'.

The others were just attempts. Without that something more.

What this 'something-more' is, I don't quite know.

FRIDAY JAN 31

I remember how the paper and the charcoal met with the low light.

How the drawing was active,  
conspired with the light and shadow.  
How they amplified one another, started to dialogue.

The gloss in the charcoal.  
The profound blackness.  
The texture of the paper.

When they coincided for a moment. And then, re-grouped —

*light with shadow,*  
*I with charcoal.*

*the constantly ongoing smearing of powders on paper,*



So struck by the likeness when I hear how she forms the 8th-notes!

It's one of those times when it's wide open. When I'm wide open.  
When it draws so near. The parallel is so obvious: The transition  
between light and darkness –

the articulation of it,  
the impulsion in it,

– and the transition between sound and silence.

This negotiation between two matters. Between two 'stoffs',

the 'stoff of sound' and the 'stoff of silence'. There is no light  
without articulation to darkness. There is no music without  
articulation to silence.

These two types of articulated transitions, in some sense they must  
carry the same type of meaning. Something akin is written within  
us by perceiving them. This will always be one –

of infinitely many,            what others will I find? –  
inherent element in            all (?)

poetic expressions of the world:

*The transitions to darkness in the side chapel,  
at the time of transition to night.*

FRIDAY FEB 7

*powder*

(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)





*"I had a sense,*

*a hint, of what I wanted to express.*

*Something I needed to physically do.*

*It was, sort of, more in my body than in my head.*

*More in my will, than in my imagination:*

*The dragging of notes out into the space of silence,*

*so far, as to the becoming of the threshold to pain.*

*As if there was some 'matter' gathered, sourced from, and stretched away.*

*All of this.*

*The way I've always been moved by that sonata.*

*I now used the charcoal,*

*and did to that, as I heard it being done to the stuff of sound."*

One of the drawings is special. Much more than an image, to me. It speaks exactly of how the music affects me, and even more, it can show me new layers of this aspect of the sonata. By seeing it, now,

and by making it, then. By placing dense sound of violin strings, lots of it, in a decisive space on the paper. And then pulling it, out into the silence of the sheet. Just as I heard her do, simultaneously.

Especially evident was how differently I perceived the music when I listened to express this particular nuance. Now I searched for a dimension of the music I wasn't aware of before. Had never come to search for, if it wasn't for this already existing charcoal language. With which I could now extract a new relation to the sonata.

It was light – a language intended for light – a language by light – that led me to deeper know this piece of music.

TUESDAY FEB 11



*Adagio*

from Sonata no:1 in G-minor, for solo violin.  
by J. S. Bach.

played by Julia Ficher.

And the impulsion. Powder of light, powder of shadow and their impulsions. And the articulation. Stoff of sound, stoff of silence and their impulsions and their articulations. And the will. Their will!

MONDAY FEB 10



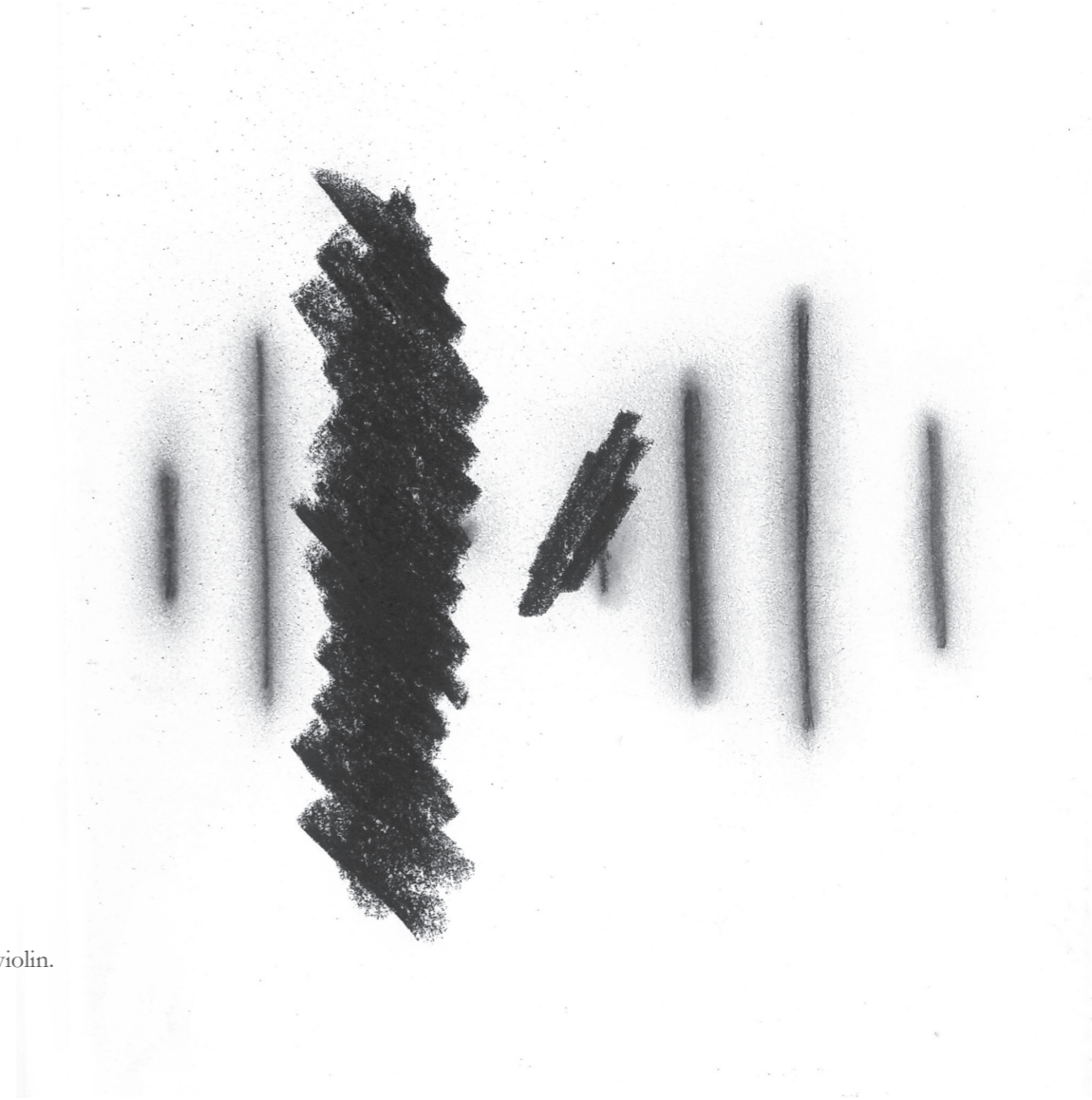
*Double*

from Partita no:2 in B-minor, for solo violin.  
by J. S. Bach.

played by Victoria Mullova.

Played one of the pieces myself last night. I was so glad to notice, I had wholly new intentions now. Especially, in regards to shaping and releasing notes. Wholly new ways of attending to them. New ways of *willing!*

WEDNESDAY FEB 12



*Double*

from Partita no:2 in B-minor, for solo violin.  
by J. S. Bach.

played by Julia Fischer.

MODEL: 11.00 - 12.30

*“The outer borders are simmering. At the same time in movement and still at their position. Smearred out, but heavy and massive. Contained within themselves, but emitting a sort of steam to their surroundings. Inside these borders, the density is lower, a thinness and lightness bordering on emptiness. Apart from in the agglomerations of sunlight, where light appears in solid form. Directly facing a source of light turn the condition around. Then, the gatherings of light are hollows inside a solid mass. These objects of light are also emitting steam, but one of a more fugacious and upward directed kind. A large agglomeration of light-mass is positioned in the side chapel. From there, it picks up speed and forms a narrow corridor through the church hall. Slowly twisting and redirecting its destination: The piano, the door of the sacristy, the corner, climbing up the stairs to the altar.”*

TUESDAY NOV 5

(from written physical models, plans & sections of light at Härlanda church.)

MODEL: 13.00 - 14.30

*“Everything is happening elsewhere than the side chapel now. In the rear part of the church hall, there is a dense stoffiness and a swarming. Here, the demarcation to the outside is weighty and absolute. On the inside, a swarm of bodies of light fill the lower third of the space. The swarm is inward directed, only slightly inclining and doesn't reach the floor until halfway into the hall. It has its origin somewhere in the window area, but does not come from the outside but is generated in here. It shoots into the space, through the backs of the chairs, but is frozen in its constant progression and always resting completely still. Close to the wall, the bodies of light appear like soft, cautious totts of clouds. Further into the hall, they are pointy, more compact and projecting. At a distance, they seem to have mass and weight, but dissolve and slip through the fingers at close contact. But they keep their color. The warm, golden is possible to touch.”*

Today, for some reason, it made my bodyparts dissolve into that same rousing powder of light. I was filling up the room. I was being thrown around. Forming cascades of myself. Soft, elusive, more volatile, intrusive, wild. In accumulations and swarms, I was animating the room. Articulated myself. Directed myself. Re-moulded myself.

In constant movement,

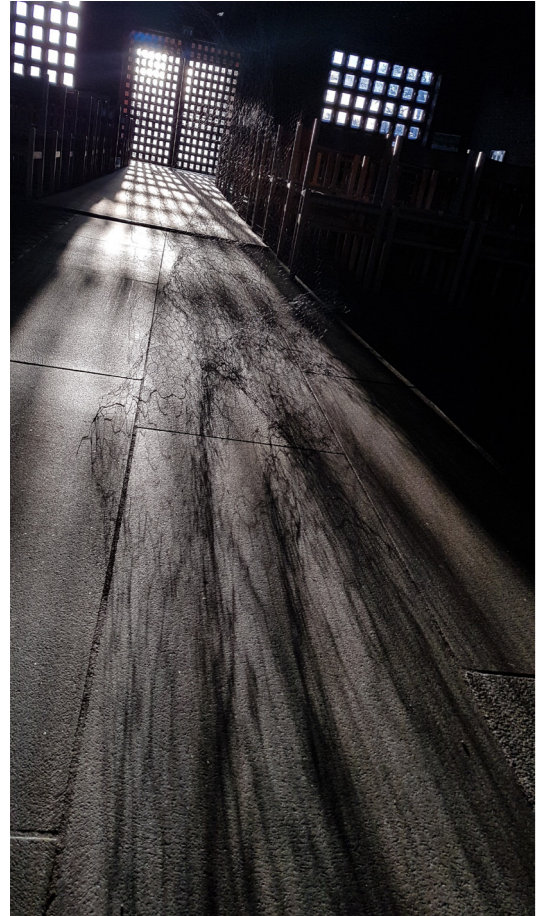
because even if still, the powder rouses and moves inside of me.

SUNDAY MAY 3

(chicken wire / paper / presence of light.)

*Dance: the vibrations of the transition  
from movement to light?*

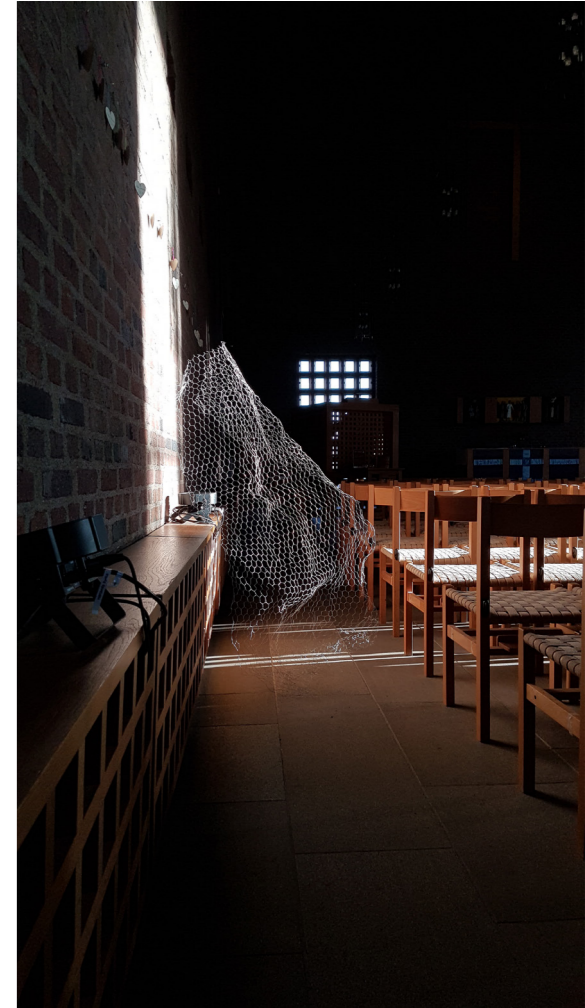
MONDAY APR 20



*If I reside where it exists, there is always a thin skin glued on to me, on to one side  
of my body. This skin, firm and rigid, is re-made with every move I make.*

*Re-made, not re-molded. Since it is not the same skin covering me, but a wholly new one,  
for every millimeter or split second I move any part of my body.*

(excerpt from written representation of a ray of light, at Hårhanda church)  
THURSDAY APR 9

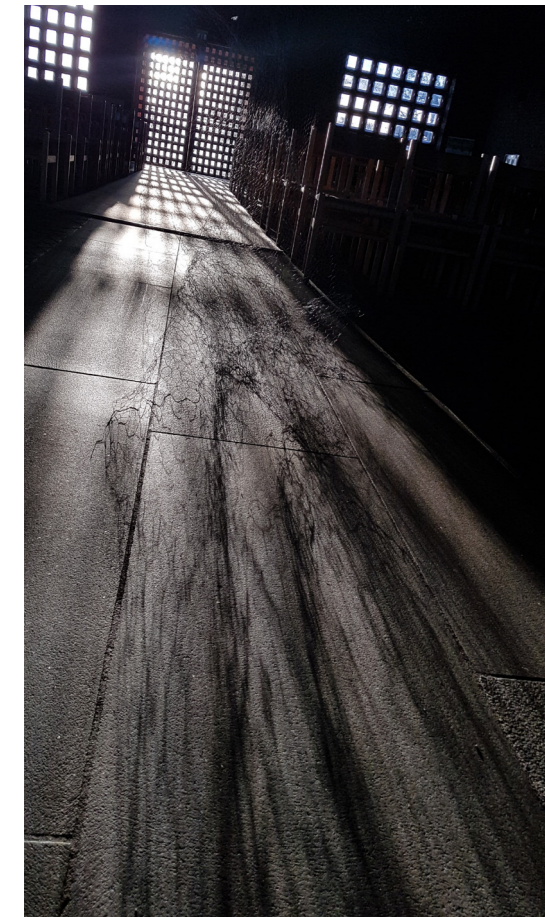


*Life: Dissolution of skins into light?*

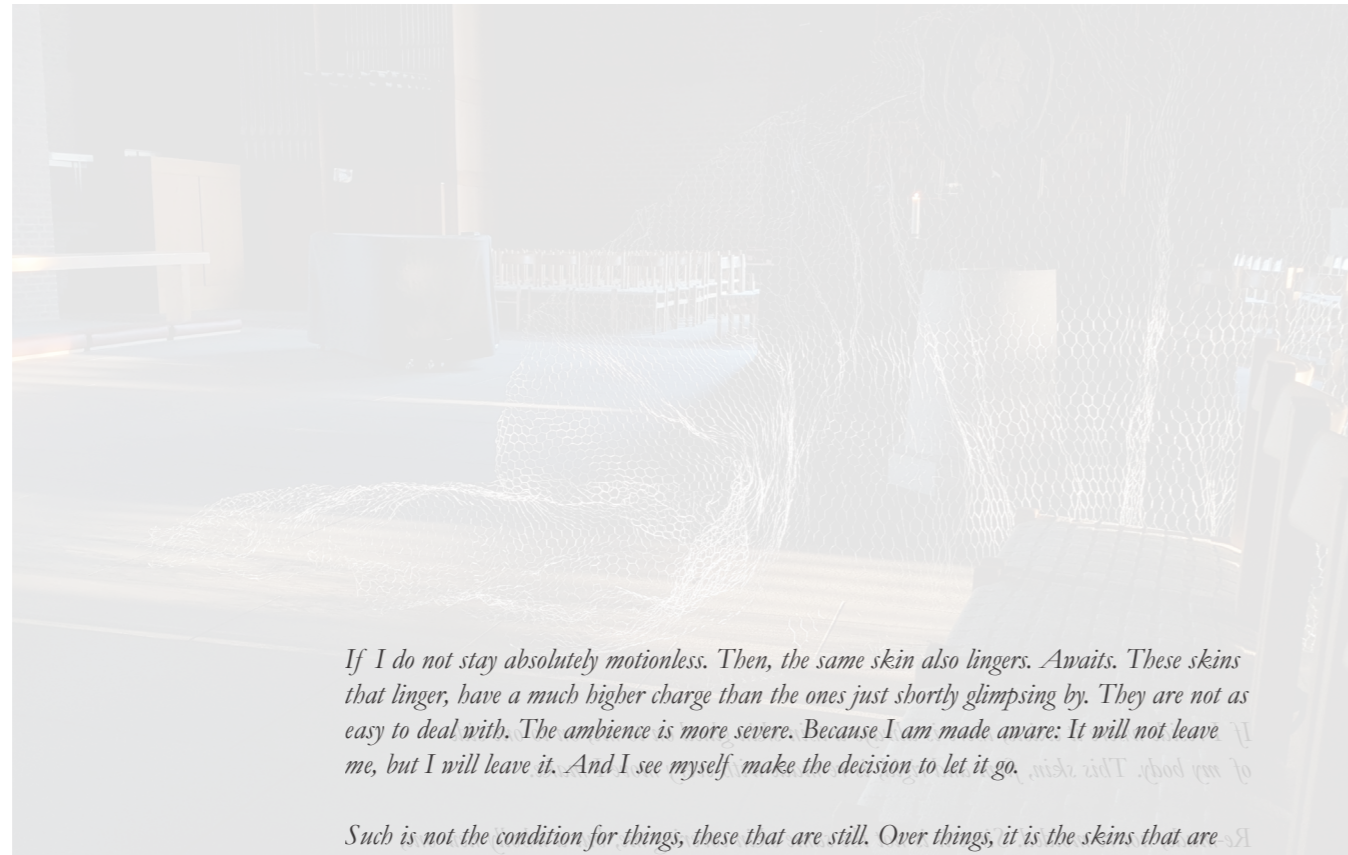
MONDAY APR 20

*Dance: the vibrations of the transition  
from movement to light?*

MONDAY APR 20



(chicken wire / paper / presence of light.)



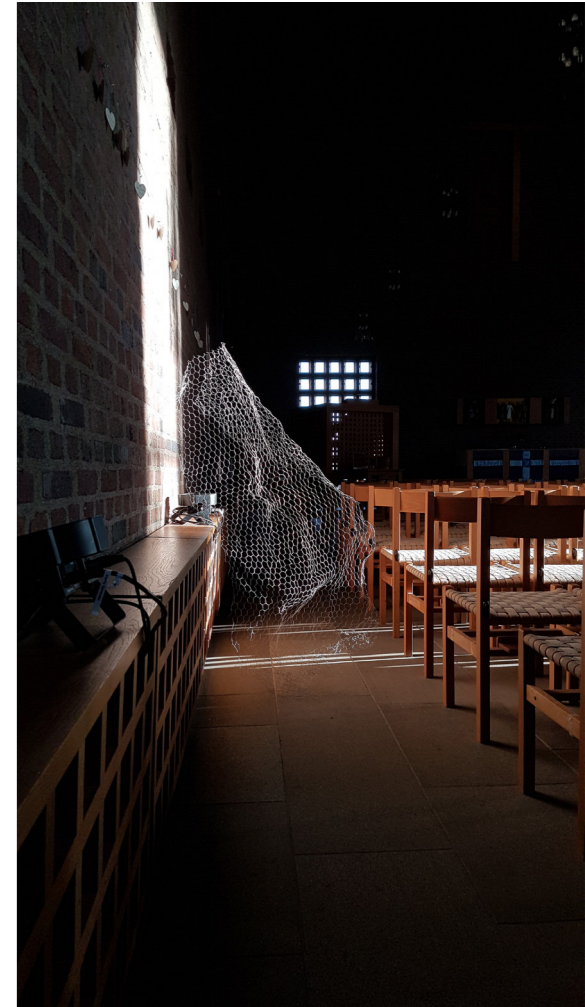
*If I do not stay absolutely motionless. Then, the same skin also lingers. Awaits. These skins that linger, have a much higher charge than the ones just shortly glimpsing by. They are not as easy to deal with. The ambience is more severe. Because I am made aware: It will not leave me, but I will leave it. And I see myself make the decision to let it go.*

*Such is not the condition for things, these that are still. Over things, it is the skins that are slowly drifting. The same skins, slowly moving across. But things don't know about them.*

*I try being a thing. Just the will to be still is enough. The will for the skin to remain. It bares with the quivers of the body then. With the body's inability to be a thing. More and more, I can now move within the same skin. As long as I want it to stay, it stays. I learn how it then agrees on however much stretching and force and speed. And I know about it, since I am not a thing.*

THURSDAY FEB 6

(excerpt from written representation of 'a ray of light', at Härlanda church.)



*Life: Dissolution of skins into light?*

MONDAY APR 20

200118 08.30 *light grey.*  
 191030 13.05 *light grey.*  
 191117 13.00 *light grey.*  
 191008 09.00 *light grey.*  
 200103 09.00 *light grey. with light in it.*

200217 09.30 *saturated light grey.*  
 191210 11.15 *light grey with light in it.*

200117 15.30 *grey. without light in it*



191227 08.30 *warm, warm, warm, yellow.*

200204 09.00 *blood red.*  
 191106 09.00 *golden. and light in.*  
 200504 09.30 *apricot glow. again.*

201025 15.30 *a persian carpet.*

*this does not have color.*

*ack.*

*transparent black.*

*transparency !*

191221 09.00 *vast grey.*  
 191013 17.45 *grey.*

200128 16.15 *heavy grey.*  
 200123 16.30 *very, very grey.*

200113 09.00 *burning pink and deep blue. behind heavy grey.*

191021 06.40 *iceing grey*  
 191108 09.00 *ice grey. inside.*

191103 14.00 *transparent grey.*

191205 12.30 *transparent dark grey.*

200202 09.00 *soft, invisible milk.*

201201 15.45 *white. saturated and unsaturated.*  
 200109 12.25 *serene white.*  
 200226 11.30 *deep, white milk.*

191215 12.00 *contains all invisible colors.*

200310 06.40 *wide open white.*  
 191124 06.00 *color of invisible water.*

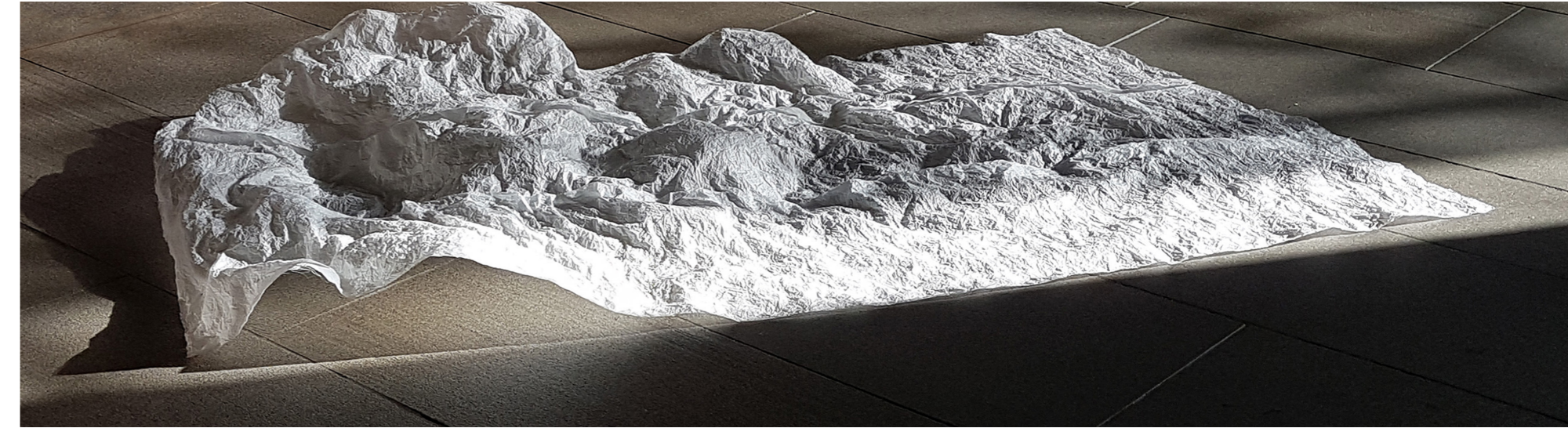
191029 --- *still as transparent.*

200326 19.35 *transparent pale yellow.*

(colors of light,  
 collected from light diary.)

I read it again, the one about heather, after breakfast: Can I read the text, *as-it-is*, without his own experience of this heather? Most likely not. So what do I read? My own experience of heather? Do I even have such a rich experience of heather to read? No. Will I have one now? Next time I see heather? That is, really *see* heather. Most likely. Most likely I will do just that,

*really see heather.* Next time I see heather.



I can also read his description of this heather with my ray of light before my inner memory-eyes. Take his treaded path. Follow that path into another phenomenon. Into a ray of light instead of three branches of heather. Even into the actual experience of light, not just the memory of it? An obvious extension of this would be: To alter some words. Re-write it?

No, not re-write it. Simply *read* it. *Read* my own experience in the ray of light, but with his existing structure and gaps to fill.

TUESDAY FEB 18

Re-wrote the text by Rilke, sitting in the last remnants of the ray of light. I used a scaffolding from somewhere else. From someone else. And from heather. And draped it with what was mine. And with light. I was able to reach inside of myself, to pull out what I wouldn't have known how to ask for otherwise. Such as, light being fine-grained, if possible to touch. Or containing flight. And the grease on the petals of buttercups. At the same time as it is fragile. Like aged, rigid wollen cloths –

That it contains paradoxes! Because it does. Of course, it does. And I was made aware of it now.

WEDNESDAY FEB 19

I never knew what it 'was.' But always sensed it played a big role in relating to the light in there. All those days with the net and the paper and the sculpting of it. But it was just: 'Let light describe itself in my materials'. Nothing more.

I also never knew what light said. I was just affected by its beauty. Got to know that beauty deeper. And, got to know what I wanted to do next – that reason, to do again...

FRIDAY MAY 29



Written representation, and importantly, written *in* light. Because then, you don't write *about* light, you aspire to *write* the light perceived. And you don't write *about* experiences of light. But write in order to *evoke* more articulate experiences of light. *While* writing. The longer I do this, the more evident it is to me, that all I do is a sort of reading aloud of what is around me. I'm simply trying to express what I perceive. Searching. With words. To describe. Or, to 'let-be-described' in.

But no matter if the words used to search with are written, visual, material – this constant 'not-being-able' to catch the fullness of it, this fumbling for ways to articulate what I still cannot grasp...

FRIDAY MAY 15

(said at final seminar.)

And I noticed, how I had to form the materiality *in* that light. Often at the exact spot in that light, even. Even though I'd tried most of it, in here, and in light, before. Otherwise it is completely dead work! My hands have no idea what to do.

FRIDAY FEB 21

There is so much beauty in how the materials interact with the light entering the room, at different times and places. But I don't know what to do with what I find. I find no reason...

...never before have I felt so enclosed and almost stripped bare by the spring light as last Thursday when it fell into the room during those morning hours. Since then, that very ray of sunlight shines before my inner eyes, and warms me with its firm, indestructible sheen, which is nothing but radiation from bodies in burgeoning heavenly orbits. But how delectable is it not, in this radiation. Whenever else does the sky infiltrate every pore of the skin in such a bath of shine, the impatient sky; in a shine more paralyzing than that of the sun, fine-grained somewhere it borders on touch and with total saturation and softness where one imagines it meets with the first notes. Vastness is contained in it, emptiness, escape almost and at the same time the intimacy of caress by a hand clothed in skin, wool, wine and the grease on the petals of a buttercup. Crackling and dry like old fabric but still golden and limber like a drape of the thinnest of silk. And to watch it: like painted art, perpetually ongoing; like drops of liquid light poured out into black, still wet aquarelle: (occasionally with a contrast so sharp as were it a physical dazzle) in a slowly drifting landscape. You should have been there during those very hours. I don't think light in that room could have been so beautiful before: If so, you would have already been enchanted and told me all about it. The memory of it now resides on my left cheek as I've tilted my head and let my eyelids fall towards the floor. It appears to me as a caress: no, just as that simmering landscape drifting over my body. Are all millions of lightfalls through windows really such abundant works of art? Feel the subtle nuances of the warmth, where there is a hint of wind, and see the breaking line against shadow, razor sharp and jagged behind the capillary raised tile on the floor, but carefully smeared and straight as if drawn with a measuring wire, where it runs across the smooth stone surface. Oh, I've already let myself be cradled to silence by the memory of it for an hour now and I am ashamed I did not feel blessed when I could wander around in all of this, in abundance. Now it just stands there, the net, looking like nothing at all had happened.

It was striking how light came at others up, re-shaped it again and again, let it glow. Caught this very very last remnant of warm bronze down by the floor. And so explained that light. Clearer, or at least differently, than before, when the net with it there. Light, as if drawn with a measuring wire, where it runs across the smooth stone surface. Oh, I've already let myself be cradled to silence by the memory of it for an hour now and I am ashamed I did not feel blessed when I could wander around in all of this, in abundance. Now it just stands there, the net, looking like nothing at all had happened.

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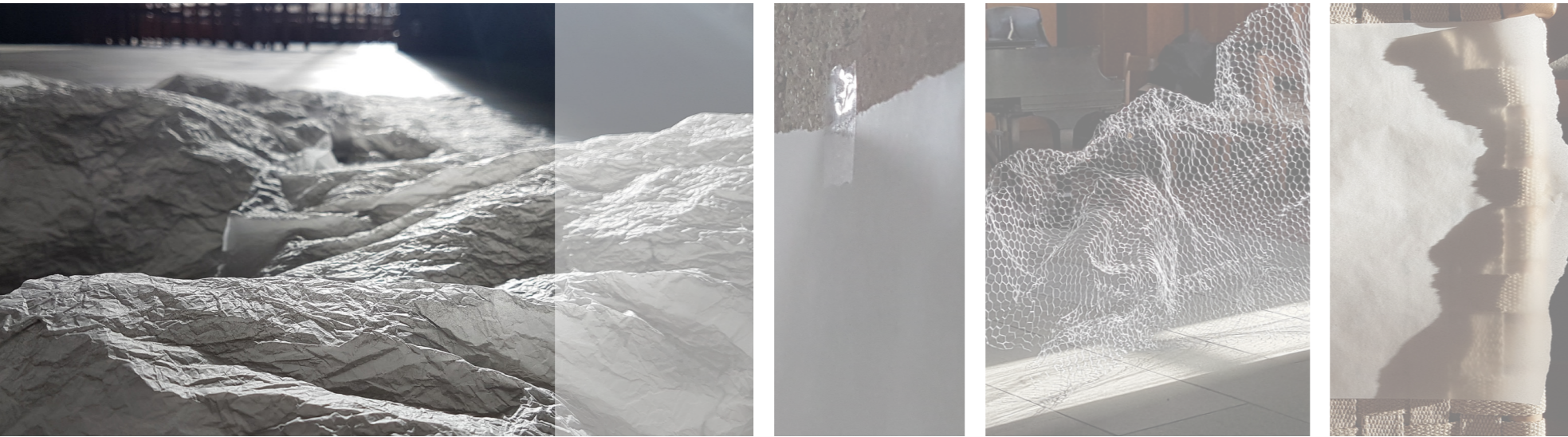
(representation of light, based on representation of heather by R.M. Rilke, in *Brev om Cezanne*, pp 29-30.)

WEDNESDAY FEB 19

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Light is not a thing, it is a stage of entering into another.

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WEDNESDAY FEB 19

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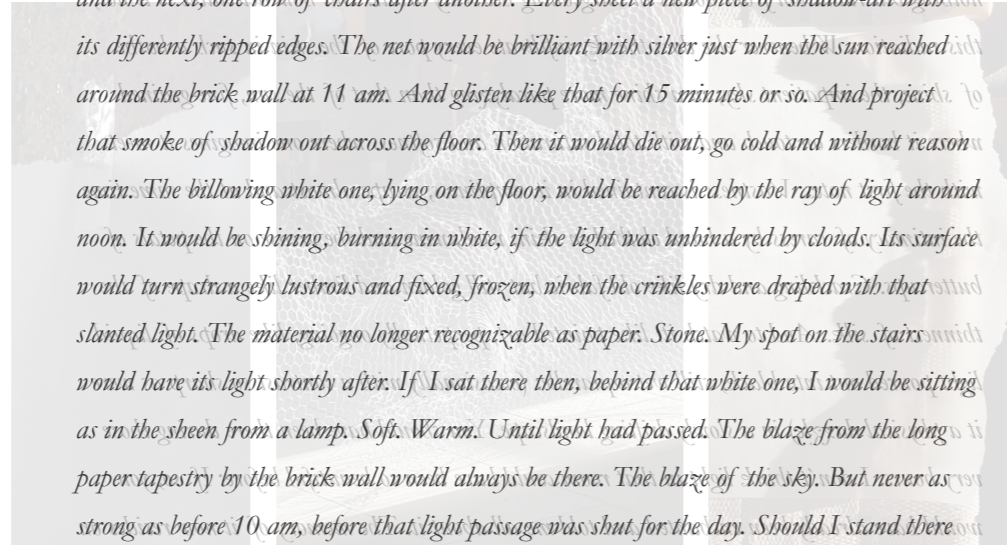
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FRIDAY MAY 29



*...and then I would have come there one day, and there would be light happening, and then I would get to see, one thing after another be lit up as the day passed. The sheets of paper on the wall and chairs would be the first, at around 9 am. Light migrating forward, the next papers, and the next, one row of chairs after another. Every sheet a new piece of shadow-art with their differently ripped edges. The net would be brilliant with silver just when the sun reached its peak around the brick wall at 11 am. And glisten like that for 15 minutes or so. And project that smoke of shadow out across the floor. Then it would die out, go cold and without reason again. The billowing white one, lying on the floor, would be reached by the ray of light around noon. It would be shining, burning in white, if the light was unbindered by clouds. Its surface would turn strangely lustrous and fixed, frozen, when the crinkles were draped with that slanted light. The material no longer recognizable as paper. Stone. My spot on the stairs might have its light shortly after. If I sat there then, behind that white one, I would be sitting as in the sheen from a lamp. Soft. Warm. Until light had passed. The blaze from the long paper tapestry by the brick wall would always be there. The blaze of the sky. But never as strong as before 10 am, before that light passage was shut for the day. Should I stand there then, close to it, the blaze of light would flush over me. Physically, over my whole body. A dazzle. A bathe of light. The one thing particularly impossible to remember or to save.*

Written representation, and imperceptible. And you don't write it. While writing. The longer I do this, the more evident it is to me, that all I do is a sort of reaching aloud of what is around me. I'm simply trying to express what I perceive. Searching. With words. To describe. Or, to let be described in.

But no matter if the words used to describe it, or the fullness of it, this fumbling for ways to articulate what I still cannot grasp.

FRIDAY MAY 15

(said at final seminar.)

*At first distinctly glowing, but fading more and more. A last deciliter of diluted, hardly visible glow by the floor. Then, even that would die away and the room be all silent again. This is what I would have got to see. One of those days. A day when it happened.*

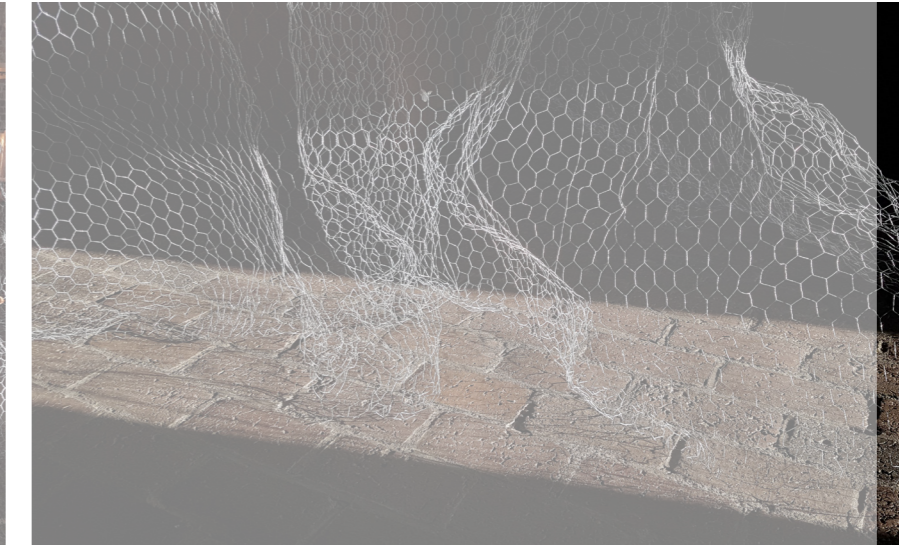
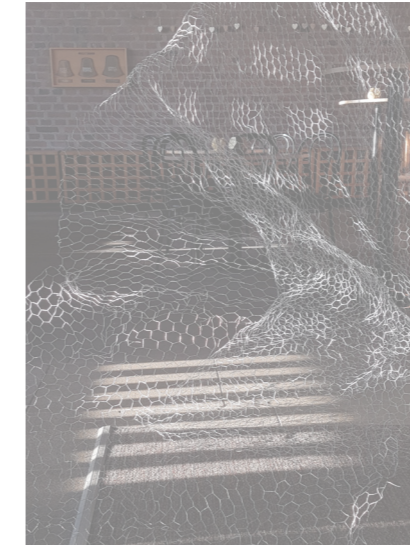
And I noticed, how I had to form it in that light. Often at the exact spot in that light, even. I tried most of it, in here, and there (written at home after a one-day material installation at Hårlanda Church.)

FRIDAY FEB 21

There is so much beauty in how the materials interact with the light entering the room, at different times och places. But I don't know what to do with what I find. I find no reason...

Now it's supposed to rain all week. No 'ray of light', or 'cloud of light', will happen. Realize, it's a good thing. That what I will do has something to do with this. Light not happening. But I don't know how yet.

SUNDAY FEB 16



Finally brought it into the church hall. In the absolutely last puddles of light of that day. It was striking how light came and went in the net. Made it come alive, changed its shape completely, put some parts out, lit others up, re-shaped it again and again, let it glow. Caught this very, very last remnant of warm bronze down by the floor. And so explained that light. Clearer, or at least differently, than before, when the net wasn't there.

Light ceased to happen and the whole state ceased. Like exiting one mode of seeing and entering into another.

Now it just stands there, the net, looking like nothing at all had happened.

Logic. Sober. States clearly what it is. No room for doubt.

WEDNESDAY FEB 19

I never knew what it 'was.' But always sensed it played a big role in relating to the light in there. All those days with the net and the paper and the sculpting of it. But it was just: 'Let light describe itself in my materials'. Nothing more.

I also never knew what light said. I was just affected by its beauty. Got to know that beauty better. But I don't know what I wanted to do next — that really

FRIDAY MAY 29



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WEDNESDAY FEB 19



*The boatman*

from *They say nothing stays the same.*  
for piano. And instruments I don't yet know the name of.

composed by Tigran Hamasyan.

*"It has open contours.*

*"Walls, without a fixed location.  
Openings, without a fixed shape.*

*A second-layer space,*

*placed on top of the formal one. Painted!  
On top of it. Landed, on top.*

*Independent, but with a different logic. One of its own.*

*To move in here, I need to fasten the walls.*

*I don't want to.  
I can't.*

*So I remain."*

TUESDAY OCT 22

(from representations of light written inside paintings by V. Hammershoi,  
at Gothenburg museum of art.)

What if I could come there tomorrow and everything would be still standing there. And it was a cloudy day. When nothing happened. And I saw everything, but emptied of light. And I wandered around among them. Took my time. Saw everything for what it was. But didn't see the reason behind everything being the way it was. And I went back home again. And trusted, that what was there, was a promise of something that would be.



*hesitation*

(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)

Perhaps there would be many days like that. Days when nothing happened.

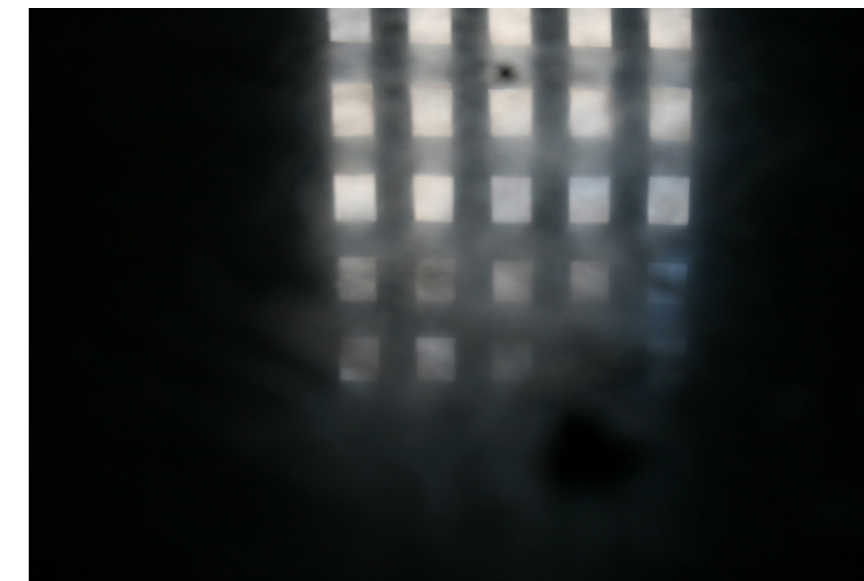
FRIDAY FEB 21

Things you know but can't see. Things you believe. That you live as if. Rooms, that keep vigils.

MONDAY FEB 17

And then I would have come there one day. And there would be light happening. And then I would get to see,

FRIDAY FEB 21



*desire,*

(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)



*Some meters around me, so much of it is attending to me. Is warming me, supporting me. Caring for me. The rest is attending to the room.*

*This, is something to be embedded in. Something with such a palpable presence. With so delicate edges, coming so close. Softening as a approach, bending to the sides, allowing me to move around wherever I like. So subtle and discrete. Attentively following my slightest glance, intention or change of mind.*

*It appears as if it existed in gatherings. Not that it is possible to distinguish where one such accumulation starts or ends. It has more to do with a sense of differences in concentration and eagerness. Still, one perceives some sort of measurement in here of some decimeters, similarly in all directions.*

*Its outer life, is a slow life of continuous re-composition and movement. But it also has an inner life of higher frequency and smaller scale. Like air, dazzling in heat, that is how it appears if you really draw near. If you, for a short moment, get to enter into it. It shows on the outside sometimes as well, and have you once seen it, you will always know it:*

*With my face in the core of a high concentration, something abrupt happens. A state of stillness begins. All that soft, ongoing, that I was just occupied with, is gone. Everything that exists before me now, is this sole concentration.*



exists before me now, is this sole concentration.  
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With my face in the core of a high concentration, something abrupt happens. A state of  
*The rest is in blindness. For now.*  
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Caring for me. The rest is attending to the room.  
Some meters around me, so much of it is attending to me. It nurtures me, supports me.

THURSDAY FEB 6  
(excerpt from written representation of 'a cloud of light', at Härlanda church.)



*but listen to it very, very softly, so you can hardly bear it,*



---  
(from exhibiton *jus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)

*but listen to it very, very softly, so you can hardly bear it,*

*and it will marble with the world here.*

*Für Alina*

in B-minor, for piano  
by A. Pärt.

played by Khatia Buniatishvili.



---  
(from exhibiton *jus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)



*words*  
(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)

*never noticed I always left one to be in the other. Now I was aware of it, as they went on simultaneously,*

Went there to pick up the net and the white. Photographed these 'tiny things'. Had no agenda, a bit confused around what to do next. Happened to see all these little details that light was occupied with, and now they really stood out. Started to take pictures. Two hours, but there seemed to be no end to what I could have found in there in the gloom.

THURSDAY MAR 27

There is no end! How deep into reality does light reach? How small? How subtle? Where is the limit? Both in tinyness and vastness. At the extents of the lens, I think. Light doesn't ha

THURSDAY MAR 5

1000 pictures, 10:00 – 16:00  
Notice I collect time. And  
Apparently, it's possible to

to lift out light!

Will try also with  
what I already know  
about light and how it

TUESDAY MAR 24

250 pictures, late

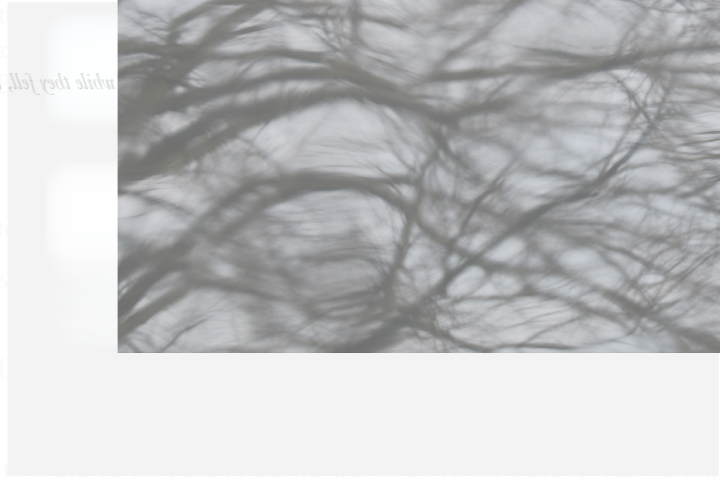
THURSDAY MAR 26

600 pictures, 9:00

Also, I seem to be looking for a picture here? I use the camera more to search. Use the frame of the camera and the way to see by the camera. Take pictures to find them in the room. Before, I first found them in the room, then I took pictures. Now I use the camera to find them in the room. Before, I first found them in the room, then I took pictures. Now I use the camera to find them in the room.

FRIDAY MAR 27

SATURDAY MAR 4





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(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)

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FRIDAY MAR 27

SATURDAY MAR 28

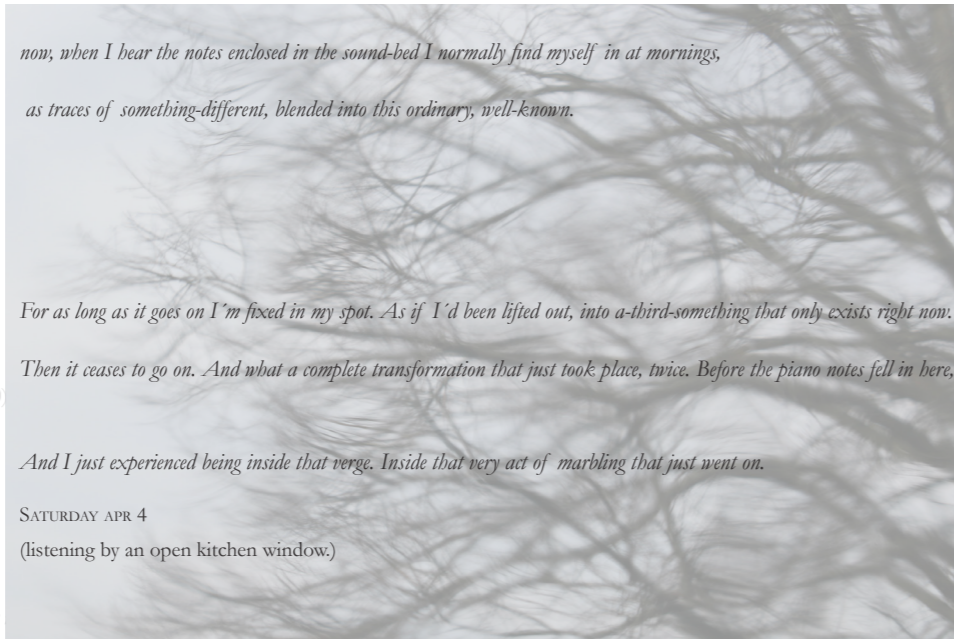


all it  
that





*words*  
(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)



*now, when I bear the notes enclosed in the sound-bed I normally find myself in at mornings,  
as traces of something-different, blended into this ordinary, well-known.*

*For as long as it goes on I'm fixed in my spot. As if I'd been lifted out, into a-third-something that only exists right now.*

*Then it ceases to go on. And what a complete transformation that just took place, twice. Before the piano notes fell in here, while they fell, and now afterwards.*

*And I just experienced being inside that verge. Inside that very act of marbling that just went on.*

SATURDAY APR 4  
(listening by an open kitchen window.)

*never*

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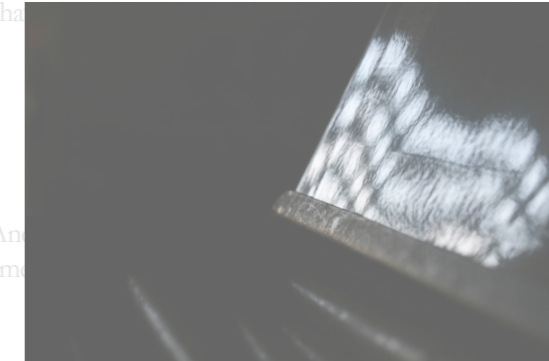
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FRIDAY MAR 27

SATURDAY APR 4



earlier.  
powder!

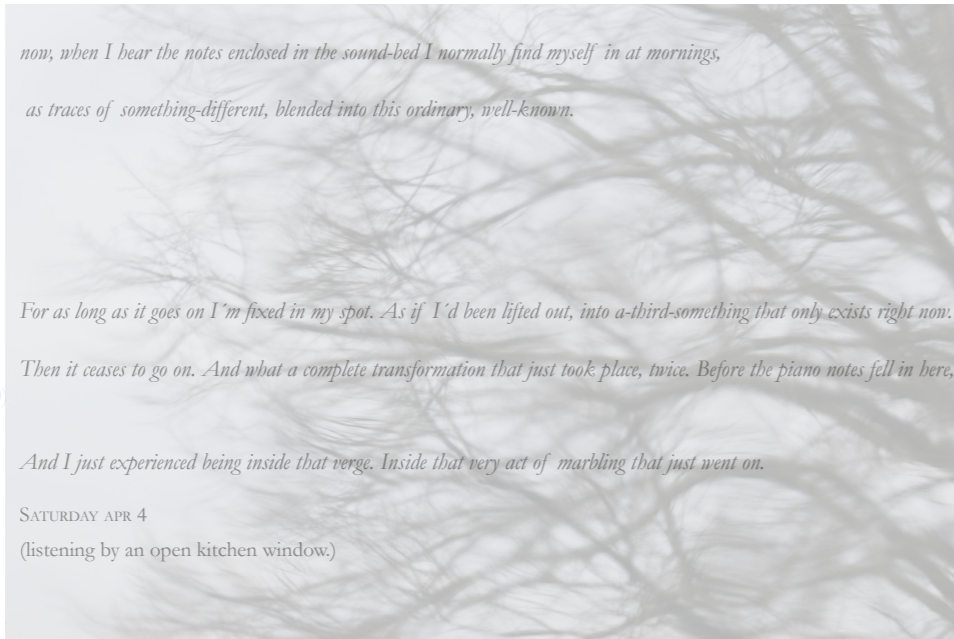


already know is there. And that I call it  
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r and over.



*words*  
(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)



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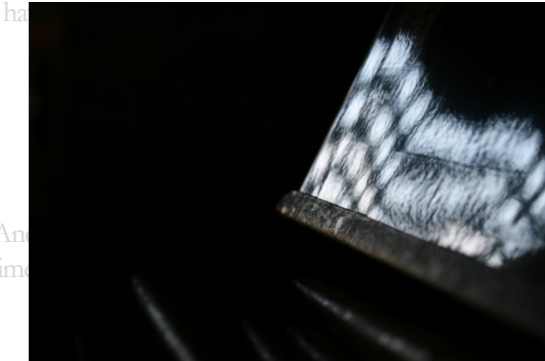
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SATURDAY APR 4



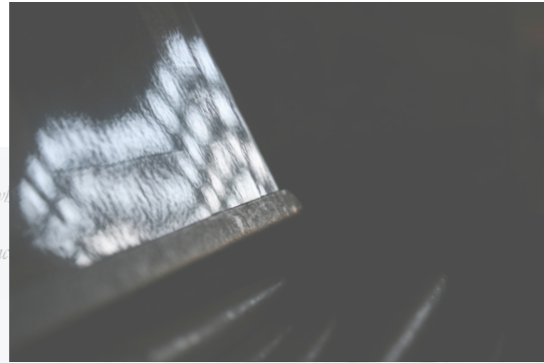
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*words*  
(from exhibition *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)



*now, w  
as tra*

*For as long as it goes on I'm fixed in my sp*

*Then it ceases to go on. And what a compl*

*And I just experienced being inside that ver*

SATURDAY APR 4  
(listening by an open kitchen window.)

*never*



*and now afterwards.*

*How deep into reality does this take place? How far into life does it reach?*

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Will try also with the shadow-powder. I know that this time I'm searching for what I already know is there. And that I call it what I already knew I would call it. I know it is seeing what you want to see. But I wanted to see this, *through the camera*, that was the point. Because I thought that would allow me to see deeper into it.

TUESDAY MAR 24

250 pictures, late afternoon. It's hard to find things. Hard not just doing the same, over and over.

THURSDAY MAR 26

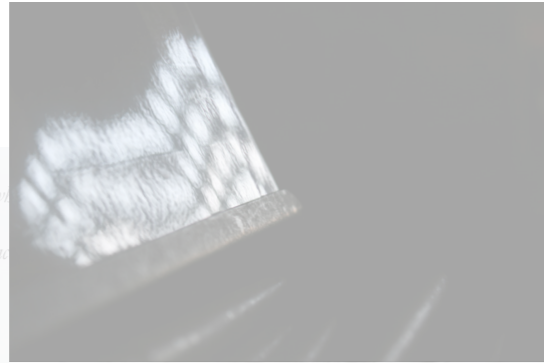
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FRIDAY MAR 27



*words*  
(from exhibition *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)



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as tra*

*at mornings,*

*For as long as it goes on I'm fixed in my sp*

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SATURDAY APR 4  
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FRIDAY MAR 27



(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)

I found the right word for them. Instead of *irregularities*. Because that easily makes you mistake them for blemishes. It was so good. But I've forgotten it.

TUESDAY MAR 3

And why does it seem so important? This about light seeing everything, attending to everything, attending especially to what we couldn't fully direct ourselves. Weaknesses often, even. It's probably important, because it most reasonably would have been the other way around. Or just been... nothing. Neutral. But it's not neutral. It's unnessecarily ornamented and cherished. What was small is made great. Taken care of. Transformed. Presented. Nothing is forgotten. The gaze of light doesn't consider scale. At least not in the sense I am used to. Perhaps there is another order? Smallness and greatness meaning something different?

THURSDAY FEB 27

I hear what I took pictures of. It's not precisely the floating light, the unevenness where the lacquer got an unintended roll, or the beams caught in the spider thread that I hear. What I hear are

*the particularities.*

In the same way that it tends to everything in the materiality of the room, light tends to everything in the materiality of the music. Materiality? Yes, materiality.

SUNDAY MAR 8

*"His voice often slightly before hers. His initiations sometimes a bit harsher than hers. Her voice, for short moments, containing a new sudden resonance, much vaster than his."*

*"Their consonants are gathered into a rhythm of their own. A second song, without known logic, placed on top of the song intended by themselves."*

MONDAY MAR 9

(and similar short comments. Wordings of how light seem to enter into pieces of music.)



*“The contact between the bow and the open E is such, as when the heart has had greater wills than what it’s able to shape, loses itself,*

*and therefore loses its grip on what it does.”*

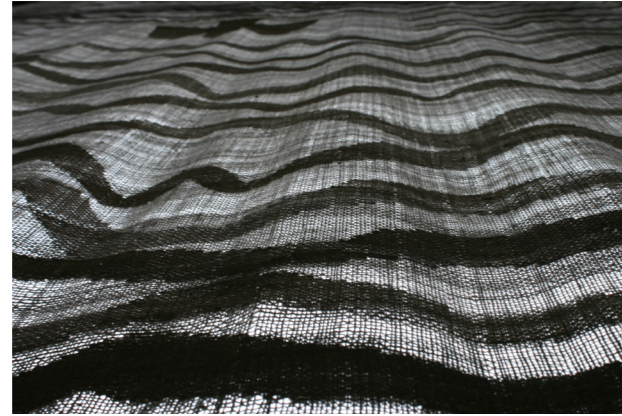
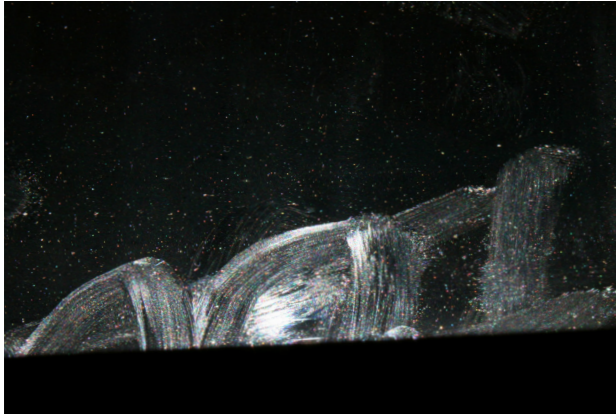
*Erbarne Dich, mien Gott*

from The passion of Matthew.  
arr. for violin & harmonium organ.  
by J.S. Bach.

played by Lisa Rydberg & Gunnar Idenstam.



*"Hesitation. Communicated by heart and hand -*



*"They fall unevenly. But with a movement and an inner tempo that corresponds to something already within me—  
I can bear, they were breathed out by a hand."*

*"The neighbours appeared in the courtyard with a stool and a soft towel. Now she's caring for the hair behind his right  
ear. The one grown too long, again come unruly, and that he himself can't reach."*

*"It's a little too late. Because she needed time to breath. Because of those unconditional inhalations."*

*"The width is always the greatest in the middle. But the growing, and how the hold is released,  
is not fully controllable and thus always new."*

*"It's not fully covering the silence. There are cracks and holes in it, for the air. Eats away even more in the endings.  
And then those large, absolutely unconditional inhalations."*

*- taken on by “*

*Sorgen och glädjen*  
from Ögonblick och evighet  
for voice, guitar and var. instruments. (trad.)  
sung by Anna Stadling

*(\*Sorrow and the joy, \*Moments and eternity)*





It has such a beautiful paradox to it – light doesn't give itself away as easy as that. Only when I've been sitting so long by the curtain that I've finished on the weather outside, the others in the room, the thoughts in my head, the motif of the painting on the wall:

Only then.

Only when I obey the invitation from a hint of gloss in one of the tiles and admit to bend down. Make the effort. Kneel on the floor:

Then, there is suddenly a thousand times more.

Only when I walk slowly, slowly along the entire wall, let my eyes wander over all the bricks, looking for what she told me was there:

Then I find it too,  
and then it's so obvious,  
impossible to miss.

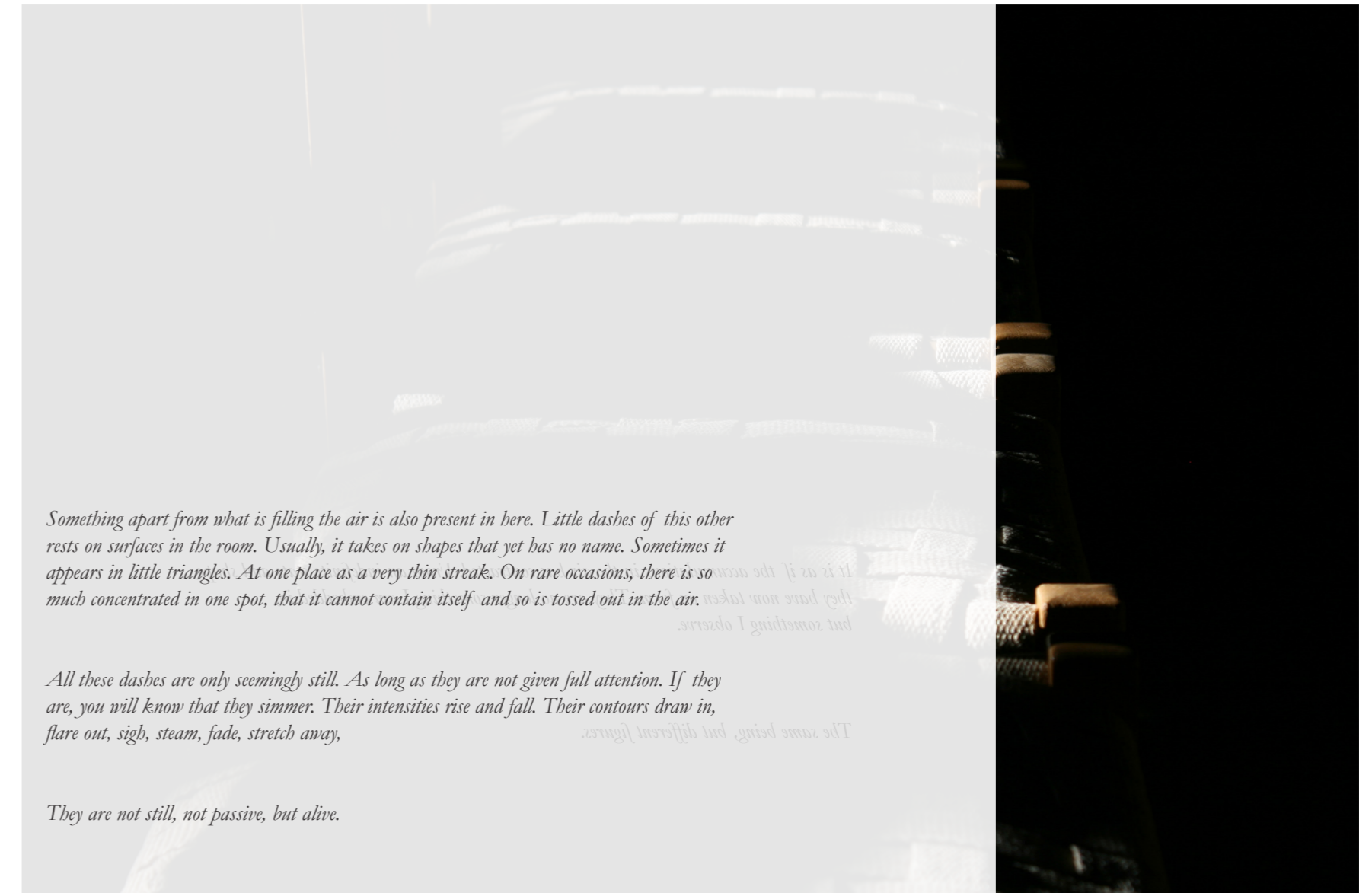
And then, when I've learned a little about how this goes:

When I peek into the gap between the leaf and frame of the door. Make myself small, the size of a child by the window. Notice that somebody slipped slightly, when making the corner of a cross in a crafted wooden table as perfect as human hands were able.

And I insist on it. Move around it to see it from all angles, because I want to know how light handles such an incident:

Only then.

WEDNESDAY MAR 4



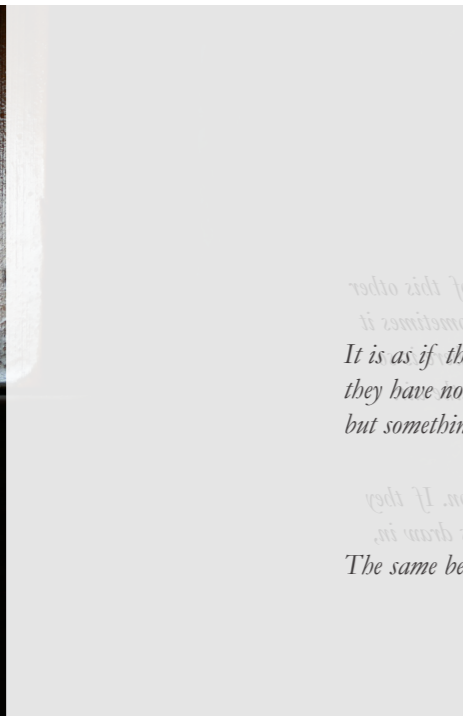
*Something apart from what is filling the air is also present in here. Little dashes of this other rests on surfaces in the room. Usually, it takes on shapes that yet has no name. Sometimes it appears in little triangles. At one place as a very thin streak. On rare occasions, there is so much concentrated in one spot, that it cannot contain itself and so is tossed out in the air.*

*All these dashes are only seemingly still. As long as they are not given full attention. If they are, you will know that they simmer. Their intensities rise and fall. Their contours draw in, flare out, sigh, steam, fade, stretch away,*

*They are not still, not passive, but alive.*

(excerpt from written transcription of a cloud of light, at Härlanda church)

*the joy*  
(from exhibiton *jus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)



It has such a beautiful paradox to it – light doesn't give itself away as easy as that. Only when I've been sitting so long by the curtain that I've finished on the weather outside, the others in the room, the thoughts in my head, the motif of the painting on the wall:

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Then, there is suddenly a thousand times more.

Only when I walk slowly, slowly along the entire wall, let my eyes wander over all the bricks, looking for what she told me was there:

Then I find it too,  
and then it's so obvious,

*It is as if the accumulations in the air has contracted. From an indefinite state and shape, they have now taken on form. They are no longer something I am embedded in, but something I observe.*

*When I peek into the gap between the leaf and frame of the door. The same being, but different figures.*

And I insist on it. Move around it. I want to know how light handles such an incident:

THURSDAY FEB 6

(excerpt from written representation of 'a cloud of light', at Härlanda church.)

Only then.

WEDNESDAY MAR 4

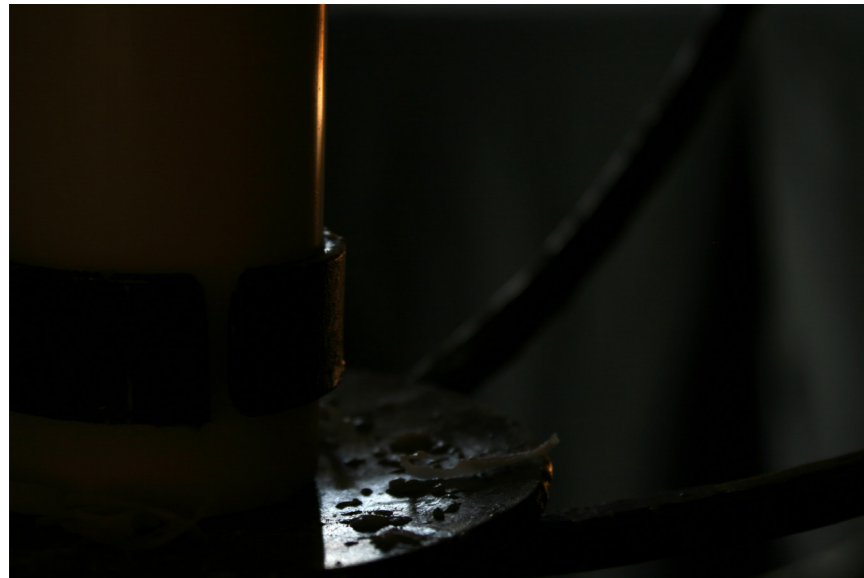


*the joy*

(from exhibiton *Jesus*, at Härlanda church, June 2020)



*prayer*  
(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)



Liquid silver.

To lift out that liquid silver, that in certain angles appears flowing over particularities here in the gloom.

For the eye it exists only short moments. Only before me. Only when I am attentive enough. Only when I stand just-there. But I can lift it out, exhibit it, enlarge it, keep it, let it linger.

FRIDAY MAR 20

Have thought so much about this thing of describing the dark. In a way, that is just what I'm doing now. It's dark in here. Very. But this darkness, that is still light. There is light, *inside* that darkness. Just like there is darkness embedded in all light I've... seen.

THURSDAY MAR 5

The light hidden behind darkness. The light blurred by darkness.

To pass through that darkness.

While darkness still is. Not after it is gone.

SUNDAY APR 5

Light diary from last Thursday: *"I have no relief from any of the two knives of reality: the beautiful and the dead..."*

Perhaps that will have something to do with things?

and: *"Roses grow by the (...) power plant. Just because the weather got warmer."*

MONDAY MAR 30

The sharp ray of sun has the overflow of light, but just as much it has the blending in of shadow. The faint room of evening has the pressing and the lingering of darkness, but just as much there is the glow and the glitter I find.

– hidden – within the poor. In the obscure and scarce. After that long, I was taught to see richness also there.

THURSDAY MAR 5

And what we talked about: The overly-burned bricks, that she knew how he just happened to find them, and wanted them, like the harshness through life. That light struck right on your face if you stood in the ambon before 11, but had left the place when it was time to start. That she had thought: What a dark and hostile church, when it first was hers. But had learned to love it. *"– Why?*

*– Because you notice things, get to know it after some time.*

*– Is that why, you think?*

*– Yes, and because of our life here.  
The life we live in it. What we do here."*

How it surprised me. To describe it as dark. I've always thought about it as light.

There is so much light in here,

TUESDAY MAR 3

I especially remember what happened with the glass.



*while*  
(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)



The little glass plate she tipped off the altar,

where the midday sun was strong, straight on, in the side chapel when she was supposed to put new flowers up and it landed in pieces on the floor. Then lay still on the triangular tiles, yet in the sunlight, while she fetched the broom. Sparkled there,

while she fetched the broom. Only that while,

until it had been swept up. Then, no longer. But I got something new that had happened, to collect.

It was so beautiful where it lay, her mistake, and was cared for and turned into something new by light. While the pieces of glass were there, this also was.

Was, by .

“...because of our life here, the life we live in it, what we do here.” A glass plate under a vase, that somebody didn’t know somebody else had put there, that therefore happened to fall to the floor because it got stuck under the vase and came along when she lifted it, is that not also part of the room?

part of what attends to,

MONDAY MAR 30

what sunlight awakes in me, or light falling through a window, or a last remnant of glow fading on the floor leaving me and evening alone. The physical laws of photons,

FRIDAY JAN 24

not to mistake these for the outmost limits of reality:

FRIDAY FEB 28

*It is so faint now.*

to influence blindness: .

to add seeing: .

*No more than a steam, casting sheen down on the surface where it rested earlier.*

seeing deeply into

*Still I can distinguish a shape, but it is the shine of something I watch, no longer its very substance. Perhaps I just witnessed the transition; A shapeless hovering – a descending, with a shine as a hint of form – a landing – a while of rest – a taking off, with sheen as memory of form – a shapeless hovering –*

*All of this now happens a meter further into the room. Not identical. Similar, but a wholly new choreography.*

*Perhaps it is not at all what I thought, that this is something born out there in the dazzling, vast, wide, free. But the birth takes place in here. Down by the floor. Deep in. In the dark. Something is conceived here which later takes flight. It starts small, at a certain place,*

*and then it grows,*

That makes me beam

*further and further into the room more dashes are born. They depart from their surface and add to what more and more fills the air,*

FRIDAY MAY 1

(light diary note)

*until this entirely imbues the space:*

The little glass plate she tipped off the altar,

where the midday sun was strong. *It is aware, it does not come as an intrusion.* was supposed to put new flowers up and it landed in pieces on the floor. Then lay still on the triangular tiles, yet in the sunlight, while she fetched the broom. Sparkled there,

*It is aware, it comes as something the room wants to receive,*

while she fetched the broom. Only that while,

until it had been swept up. Then, no

It was so beautiful where it lay, her mistake and was a  
While the pieces of glass were there, this also was

Was, by *because what it brings to the room is*

*becoming!*

...because of our life here, the life we live in, what we do here. *It is something born out there in the darkness*  
somebody else had put there, that therefore happened to fall on the floor because it got stuck under the vase and came along  
when she lifted it, is that not also part of the room?

*I can also take part in this becoming. I can take the place of the wall. Of the chair.  
Let myself become. Am I in this room, where this is, then I am where something 'is' and  
where something 'lets be'. And what the early dashes consist of, I can scoop up with my hands  
if I want to. It consents to being carried by me. Consents to being mine.*

MONDAY MAR 30

*But solely in here. I am never entitled to it. Can never bring it with me.*

what sunlight awakes in me, or light *Because this really has nothing to do with me. Or with these particular walls. Or these  
particular chairs. It only resides in here right now and attends to us. Chooses to have  
something to do with us. Chooses to spend its riches on us and perform everything possible  
to perform in here. But it does not belong here. It is, purely of its own right.*

FRIDAY JAN 24

not to mistake these for the outmost limits of reality:

FRIDAY FEB 28

to influence blindness:

to add seeing:

seeing deeply into

THURSDAY DEC 5

While I've been sitting here the light has set and it has gone dark. But I haven't noticed it. Because it is

the same !

that still whispers in the drops on the pane,  
that breathes in the curtain close beside me,  
that fills up the air just outside my nostrils  
and that nerves and aerates my body.

That makes me beam with those almost-closed eyes.

The same light that makes the heart beat in my chest,  
that makes the blood heat and stream,

FRIDAY MAY 1

(light diary note)

I knew it had to be that way, this morning, before breakfast, especially after having met the blind man this Wednesday,  
it's not possible he is deprived of light,

FRIDAY JAN 24

Opened my eyes after having them closed for a long time.  
Wasn't prepared,

overtaken,

by how light the light was,  
floating and hovering over the table-top. Not how bright.

To what degree the light was . How !

Its level of light-ness.

There exists no such adjective that I could write. But the real word exists. And it was just said,

and it was heard, by me, perceiving light as such.  
The perception was not the word, but that was how I sensed the word.  
And it was a very focused and isolated word.  
Meaning something very certain and very well contoured:

Just this.  
I could define it incredibly precise and clear.

But can no longer.  
It was just a word of its own.  
A word in itself.

By being.

The way it was  
And while it was.

TUESDAY MAR 31 / 6.30 PM

(some hours by my kitchen window, afternoon becoming evening.)

3, not just light,

I ask her what she thought it was all about. After giving her quite a fragmented explanation.

*“It seems to be about paying attention to what you normally see right past. And when you start to dig deeper into that, how much there is to find in there. Surely, most of us feel we really need light in some more general way. But you’re occupied with what it can mean for the mind, or, for the soul, or, I don’t know…”*

*That — which you really can’t live without, but still do quite well without before you’ve discovered it. But, when you once do discover what all those aspects of light can mean to you, then, you probably can’t live without them anymore.*

*In that sense, this really points at the greatness of light. It’s light, illuminating it’s own greatness!”*

I’m glad. Glad, because I can tell she has been moved. By light, that is. The light I made *her* see, herself. Perhaps not so much the light I actually showed her.

And I realize, that this is what I really want. Let light illuminate its own greatness. What could *I* ever add to that?

SUNDAY FEB 23

*“Roses grow by the (...) power plant. Just because the weather got warmer.”*

Why does that sentence get to me so? It holds the entire existence, if you admit to see it and choose to go with it. What she does, right there! Read reality out loud to us. Read its poetry out loud. Just reading-aloud. Not explain. Big difference.

MONDAY MAR 16

(embraced by *And, where did the peacocks go* by Miho Kajioka.)

So, it’s more about using materiality as means to enable something else? Less about using something else as means to enable materiality.

What is this *something else* ?

Something like — the poetic dimension of living —

What if, the drive would simply be a will to deepen our experience of the material? To expand, widen, our already existing physical surroundings. Raise the expectation of what they can do for us, mean for us, if we allow them. Know the poetic richness embedded in them, deepen the lives already lived within them, only because it enriches us. Not in the purpose of creating something new. Not to change anything, other than our perception of what’s already there. What if that was all to it?

TUESDAY APR 28

“I see light in a totally different way because I’ve been with you since you started to do all of this.” And,  
“You show things to me, that reveal new aspects of the home I live in every day.”

What an amazing task. Guiding someone, living in rooms, to deeper love those rooms. Guiding someone, living with light, to deeper know that light.

But, and importantly, who has *been with me while I did* this. Not, because of *just this thing that just I did*.

MONDAY APR 27

Getting to know quite many here now. Have become ‘the-girl-with-the-light’. How valuable to take part in the community more and more. And how valuable to speak with them about the light I’ve found here. Which they’ve sometimes found too, who are here daily. Or, here just occasionally. Seems to be different things, in that case, that you find. And also, what they’ve found that I didn’t. And I, that they had no idea of. To share all of this. Share all that light we’ve found here.

WEDNESDAY FEB 19

Imagine, if I could do the same thing here in my own home as I did in Härlanda. I’m sure there would be just as much here. As much light. As much richness hiding in the rooms here. It’s enough just to lean slightly against the door leaf, wait for light to paint a shining landscape over the flakes and the brush strokes in the thick layer of old paint.

There has to be no end to it here aswell.

Or, at somebody else’s. In the rooms where they live. Lift out what’s hiding in there. Enlarge it. Put architecture on the wall for them.

Put light up on the wall!

SATURDAY MAY 9

Light –

as in the very actual light, at a certain place, for a certain while.

Me –

as in my bodily presence, encountering that light, the way I am right there and right then. Consequently, *to re-do* something is always *to do it anew*. Two outcomes will never be the same. Light is not the same and I am not the same. I must also never fall for the temptation to just *imagine* light, try to *recreate it* or *make it up*. I must always, always, encounter actual light.

TUESDAY NOV 19

I didn’t know how much my own self was material for my work. Until I tried to remove my self to be able to work as before. Then, no work was left to do. It was so obvious how closely tied what-I-do is to who-I-am. That what-I-do exists inside who-I-am. And that what-I-do is no more than that. Can never claim to be anything more than that.

MONDAY MAR 30

What sort of meaning are we producing, me and light?

Partly, meaning I can articulate: My representations. That is, all my answers to ‘*what is light*’. That is, my list of *ljus* .

But I’m thinking it’s also something else. A sort of *this-is-something*. Something to catch on to and follow. Because it really is so, that one encounter with light has driven us to the next, often by a small detail. As if I, somewhere in that smearing of shadow on paper in the dusk, uncovered meaning I can’t understand or distinguish myself, but know is there to move deeper into, should I just continue searching.

And then, that third type of meaning, which will always be exclusively mine. A personal, embodied relation to the light I've met. Totally impossible to ever capture, articulate or pass on. Representations of it can come out of me, but not the actual inner knowledge.

That, is completely silent.

MONDAY FEB 3

Now I've cut my project into pieces.

The project diary, cut it in small pieces. Sorted the pieces in different piles: This, but not this. Absolutely not this. And then, cut also the saved pieces: These sentences, but not those. These ones, but perhaps somewhere totally different.

The biggest pile, the pile of notes, is on my floor. And there is my project now, really. Because there are my detours and my dead-ends. What I needed to understand, but other probably already knew, or would have no interest in knowing. What I thought I tried to do, but instead learned should not at all be done:

my project. Embedded within me now.

MONDAY MAY 4

But really, I think there is so much just in this training of awareness and seeing. And that such a training also is indispensable for enabling things to be, but in the long run. And where the result is not any specifics of the enabled, but simply a more sensible person enabling. Such persons being the very building material for a world richer on subtleties and nuances. In future, I will probably concern myself with rooms, materials, light, houses, music, gardens, prayer, poetry...

But then this matter, that my way is just my personal way, one personal example. No more than that. Can it ever be more than that? I didn't think so, and that was also part of the idea. To see if it really was so?

WEDNESDAY APR 1

I noticed, that now I listened to the second violin instead.

And I also noticed, I would have taken it on in a different way, should I have played it now.

I would have given something specific, in a specific amount, to every new note. Shaped my hesitation or my insisting in a specific way. Carefully balanced my level of some other specifics. Composed a specific whole with every shifting harmony. Together with the rest of that whole, that was being composed simultaneously. Which, I found, I actually could perceive now as something very defined – but not mine – so... *un*-specific.

What I was composing, I still would not be able to say. But to my mind, the words would be more clearly defined now. And I think I could have managed that *something-specific* a bit more. Most of all, I would have a *something-specific* to try to manage. Without first having to name it, I would still clearly know it. Sense it – Will it!

THURSDAY MAY 7

so when I come there next fall, I will be there, and see, for as long as it takes me to know what is already there. And I know I shouldn't need to "create" anything there. If I listen well, I will be told. The house itself will show me what can be done.

so, perhaps it's never about training to "create". Not foremost?

Not first? But it's about training to perceive? Because the deeper one can perceive, the more attentive one will be before letting something become?

so, if I my work treaded any path, it wouldn't be a path into creating, but a path into experiencing! (That is, *becoming*!)

TUESDAY APR 28

The longer I do this, the more evident it is, that all my doing is a sort of reading-aloud of what is around me. The small extraction of it that I perceive. I'm simply grasping for ways to say what I see. And in the very act of doing that, I learn to see more.

That plain activity seems to be all it takes.

WEDNESDAY APR 29

The being-in-languages. And the search for languages. Remember that, write that down too!

And, also important, not mainly the level of skill in a language. Since the search-in-itself turned out so central, not only the language-in-itself. First, the search *for*, then, *with – together with* – that language.

And how languages are personal! Aquarelle, a language in a wide sense. But the language I truly search with, is the one within the whole of the aquarelle language that I develop myself to express a certain thing. In this little personal corner of the common language, I can grow deeper into that little particular aspect I attempt to describe.

By that very describing. By that very being. In-the-language. Used, to describe.

I knew it was present in the music, I wondered if it was also present in light. That, write that down!

*"I wonder if."* That's when it goes interesting. I wonder, I don't know before. That inquiry. It's so crucial. That honest inquiry. Without which, no doing seem to be made fruitful.

MONDAY MAR 16

The edge of the charcoal, the articulation of the shadow in the room, the way the bow grabs the string, the exact choice of word in the poem. That's why I think they relate, I see that now, because they *sharpen* me in the same way. Because they are all gates to that same ungraspable. That, which they are all representations of. And once I've found them, how can I use these different poetic nuances, not to confirm what I see, but to enrich *how* I see? To enrich the *doing*, which leads to seeing.

WEDNESDAY 5 FEB

I just listened to something, in which the light could never be spoken of.

The whole – the fullness – is always so much grander: The unspeakable, but my work is full of words. Words of different kind: Visual words, material words, written words. I could say of all these words that:

This is nothing but empty air. Not light. Hollow shells, where light once was and where light once happened to me.

In a way, a comforting experience of the limitations of the senses. And of the mind. And the limitations of myself. But still, there is this craving that I have...

I think it is the way it should.

SATURDAY APR 25

But now that I've painted it, I've also ruined it. Diminished it. I have to speak about it, but when I do, I trap it. Force it into my conditions, that are way too limited to accommodate it. The image of the beginning of that note, will always be this one to me, now. Not any other. I've stripped the note of so much. Of so much of what it actually contains.

But I had to do this. Had to make the image to grasp something of the note. So, choice seems to be: Leave it undestroyed, but then do not engage at all. Or approach it, loose most of it, but taste a little more than before.

Be-in-languages to be able to see. But remember the point of languages is to be *seen through?* – *See-through?*

And when somebody else sees that image I made? Will that person's note be diminished too? Or, will it be opened up? But if so, just in my particular way? Or in wholly new ways?

What a responsibility! To use words with enough gaps in. Words possible to perceive in – *See*, through.

FRIDAY APR 24

*Why?* *"They are my favourites. Them, and gladiolus. Why do you think they are more beautiful than others?"*

*I don't know. I couldn't say.*

*(I wait him out.)*

*They last long. And have beautiful colors. And gladiolus? Why do you find them beautiful?*

*They resemble hollyhocks...*

*(I wait him out again.)*

*...and hibiscus, that's a favourite too! What are yours?*

*(I'm quiet.*

*Debating how I would explain my choice, should I make one.*

*Then thinking, when did I turn so rigid?)"*

SATURDAY NOV 30

*I have no relief from any of the two knives of reality:*

*The beautiful and the dead.*

*As if they were one and the same,  
but fallen in two directions.*

*They convey the exact same pain.  
Speak of the same impossible,  
but simply through being,*

*or not being,  
a piece of it.*

THURSDAY MAR 26 / 7.15 PM  
(light diary note)

Light diary from last Thursday: “*I have no relief from any of the two knives of my condition...*” And read Simone Weil yesterday:

*“...all consolation in misfortune therefore leads away from love and from truth. That is the secrecy of secrets.  
When you touch upon that, you’re safe.”*

MONDAY MAR 30

Perhaps this has to do with more things than I thought.

SATURDAY MAY 2

It’s such a balancing act.

Between searching to exploit and searching in reverence.  
Seek beauty to use it for some own purposes I have.  
Or seek it for its own sake.

Capture a phenomena: a dangerous phrase?

As soon as a trace of that idea takes root, beauty draws away. It doesn’t want to be captured. Doesn’t want to be used. It wants to be loved. When it withdraws, it is not possible to work. I fall down from the edge I found to balance on between two trenches: banality and intellectualization. Can I even say I want to unfold phenomena? Perhaps I can just

want to see. Want to be astonished. Want to show. Want to pass on

what I discovered in the encounter between me and reality. The only possible position in such an encounter will then be one of humility and wonder. Before the multitude of riches and magnificence contained in every little grain of what’s around me. This can also not be another strategy to reach a result. Reverence, before the beauty I face, must be my one, full, intent.

FRIDAY FEB 28

*I seek the phenomena to love it. But then, in some sense I want also to explain it. To be able to make you love it aswell.*

Yes, in that sense one seems allowed to capture. Not for own sake, but to pass on the loving. That, it seems to consent to.

MONDAY MAR 2

I calculated the time I spent with the ray of light in Härlanda so far. I was just curious, because I have by no means exhausted our encounter. That is also not that way it seems to be heading. What could be searched for in a single ray of light, seems to grow many times faster than the rate in which I find.

It is around 105 hours I spent there now. On 23 different days. Mostly alone. Mostly in silence. Mostly with the lights out.

WEDNESDAY MAY 6

I found no reason. . .

*To continue, to do again, for that it must – deepen: the reason, to do again. To deepen, one has to keep doing. Give up, often what one does.*

Why do I do that. Refrain from depth. Because it implies giving up something elsewhere. But deepening – always a promise.

– And always kept? Probably.

THURSDAY FEB 20

An hour in the kitchen window. I was really just supposed to sit here. But take it as it comes. And perhaps it is so, sometimes, that all you need to do is to keep still, be, while what you already did and thought settles, takes on shape, is mixed with some other of mine, perhaps some other of elsewhere too, and my part is just to pick the composition up. Anyhow,

TUESDAY MAR 31

Have pulled the thread ‘light is articulation to darkness’ today. Before I’ve pulled other threads.

I see that they start to converge, the threads I pull. That the fields I extract are too wide. Thinking that it’s fine. Because what seems to be happening, and what really intrigues me, is that things start to land in the transitions.

I should have known, it would not be possible to tie a certain representation material to a certain *ljus* ,. But by trying to define all my little fragments, by trying to sort them, I will place things in the in-between categories that didn’t quite exist yet. Or rather, things will place themselves there.

And that, I think, will show me something new about light. Between ‘light is articulation to darkness’ and ‘light is stillness’ – What is there? What is that about? If, now, those two turn out to border on each other.

MONDAY APR 6

I don’t read actively. Don’t interpret actively. Don’t interpret at all. You shouldn’t. Can not. You should let be built.

So I ‘let-be-understood’ in me. Allow understanding to be placed in me. Like seeds.

To build something from later, myself. Or, no, not even that. Just delight. Be stirred. Now. While eating all these seeds. Often I don’t know what I understood. Often I don’t understand at all. But I’m filled to the brim anyway. Deeply satisfied. Completely absorbed by what just dazzles around. Temporarily settles. Is re-arranged. Surprises, by being put precisely so.

Finally, she can use her landscape without my cooperation. When I see that happened, I’m glad to be out-maneuvered. I want to be. I trust her, I want to follow her,

because she dares to speculate!

I don’t. I just say what I know for sure. Things already settled. I think she dares to try. To see what new will settle. Things you don’t know – yet – if they really are like that. I new inquiry to start carrying. I want to live like that. Construct new wonderings. Uncertain relations between things you thought you were sure of.

SATURDAY APR 4

(reading *Ideala begivenheter* by Signe Gjessing.)

Not to fall into any of the two extremes, but to linger in the impossible condition of suspense. The refusal to resign from mystery. And, the refusal to sort mystery out. But, to bare with the uncertain. Stay in, and accept, mysteries. As in life at large.

But still. To lift out! Seeds of answers from that cloud of vague possibilities. And to dig deeper into how one can do that.

*ljus* , or *here are seeds I’ve lifted out* ,

from the great unmanageable tangle. From all uncertainty. It’s personal. And it’s subject to the person receiving it. But it’s lifted out!

MONDAY MAR 16

Into systems?

Systems to let the world write itself in. Become in. Land in. Systems to let light write itself in. Become in. Land in. To write poetry like that. To write *light* like that. Write light *down*. Down *here*. Down, in materiality –

Architecture ! – to *write* the world down: “*apricot trees exist*,”

Just this. Write the world down, and let the world write itself with much grander words in the system given to it. Given by us, to be able to read it, at all. So, not: *I sense that apricot trees exist*,

How will I remember what I understood? Because what I understood, is that I have to do what she does –

Architecture – to write light down *in systems*.

Then light will live in those systems. And change what we meant by them. We must let them go. Free. Free for light to speak in. Free for others to listen in. To do as little as possible to allow light itself to speak – The commitment: to influence blindness. Not to state any principles, waken any debate or tell what should be seen.

THURSDAY NOV 7

(evening lecture on Inger Christensen at Gothenburg city library.)

*ljus* ,                    or                    *here are seeds I've lifted out* ,

but light already was these seeds to me. More or less unconsciously. Often more. I recognize every one of them. That I've already lived with them. But I definitely couldn't articulate it before. To unfold each little seed of knowing of light, was to be allowed to pierce deeper into it. To collect a larger portion of it. Let it evolve. Together with light itself.

MONDAY FEB 3

and intuition!

since we've already encountered these more sublime aspects of light all of our lives. There already has to be a personal knowing of light, just as sublime, deeply imbedded in body, mind and spirit. The question is to wake it.

To encounter ourselves just as much as encountering light? Or, rather, encountering an already existing relation between us?

TUESDAY NOV 19

It's not the actual anticipation of the image that is the problem. The problem is the intellectualization I am up to. More intuition! That is necessary for what I tried to do. That's why it didn't work yesterday.

*Sense* the subsiding of the assembled light-matter. *Sense* the placing of pigment to the right. *Sense* the gathering. Not, let it subside *because*, place it to the right *because*, gather it *because*.

I realize I've attempted to sort out details of the mystery. Not just approach them and be occupied with them. Then it didn't work. Then it felt. That at-the-verge again! I noticed it as I started to search for the same thing in the birdsong as in the music and in light, while making breakfast. I noticed how I did it the reasoning way.

And then the sorting-out was obvious to me. That it was what I'd been up to,

TUESDAY MAR 17

*but something not possible to remain in,*



notes on material poetry

*I'm curious about them. The skins.  
What are they?*

and with by hand with skin 1

*but something not possible to remain in,*



notes on material poetry

*I'm curious about them. The skins.\*  
What are they?*

! otui znik ʔo noitudozab idgi.I

\* *hinnor.*



*but something not possible to remain in.*

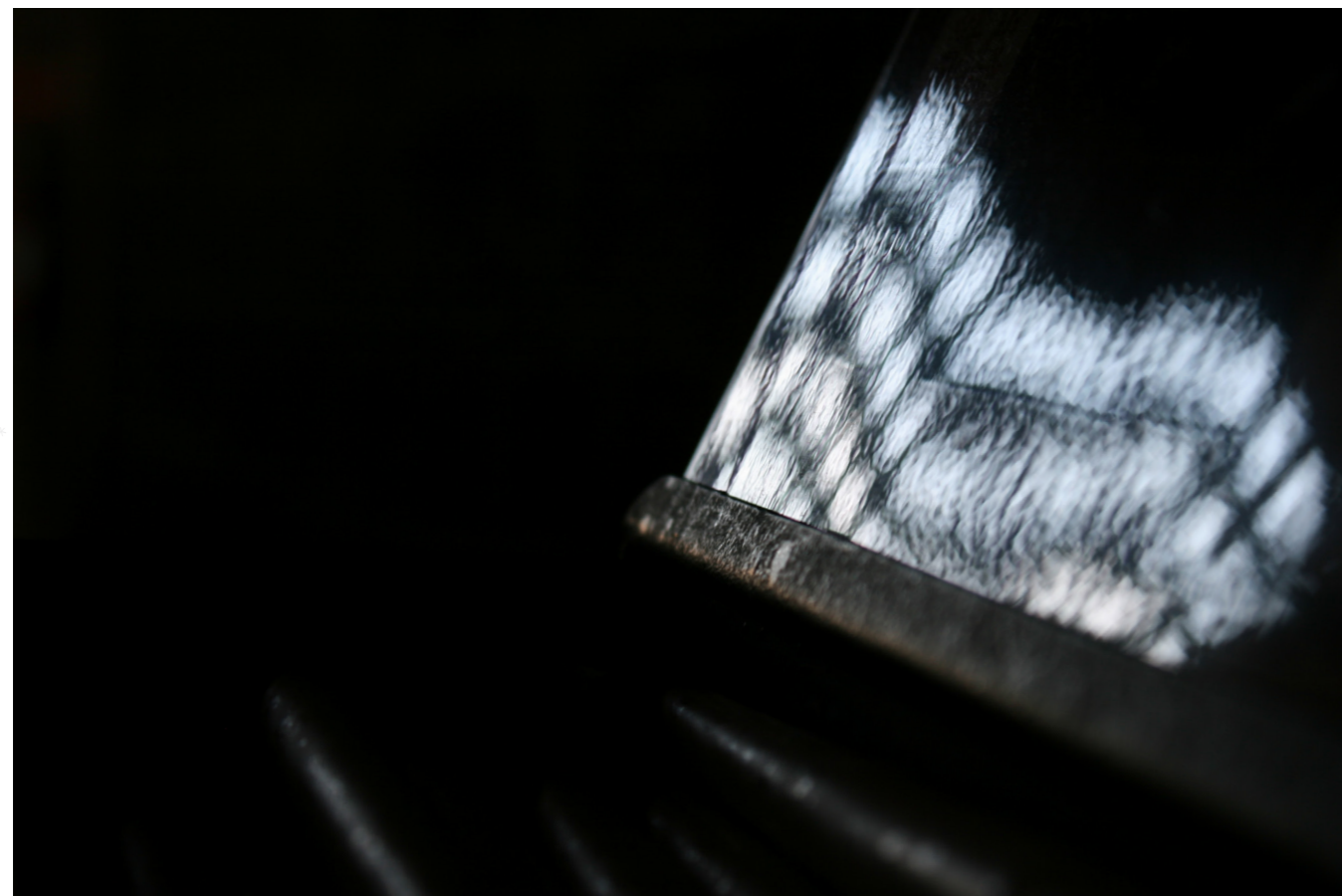
*Light: dissolution of skins into !*

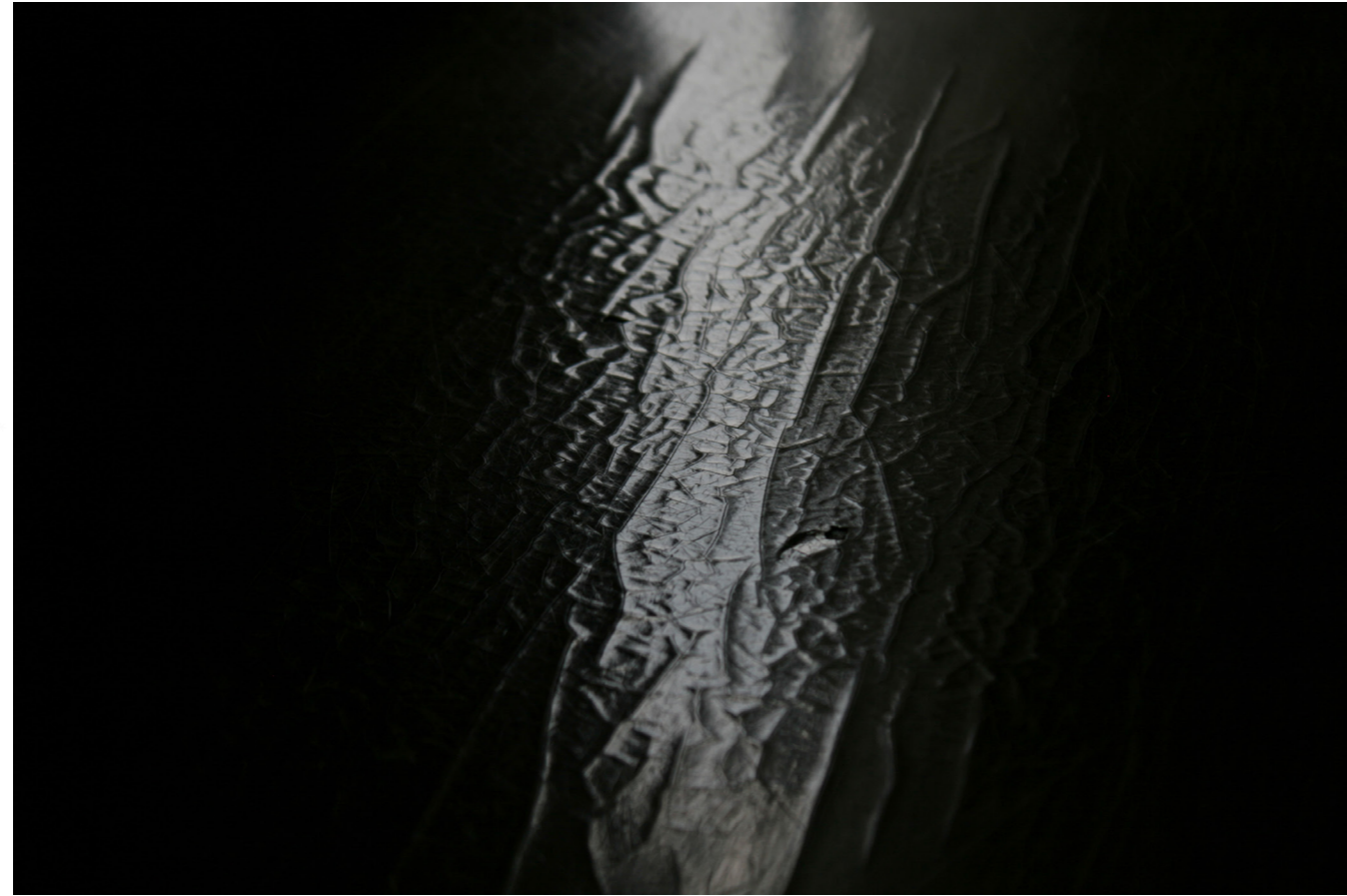
notes on material poetry



*I'm curious about them. The skins. \*  
What are they?*

*\* binnor,*





*skin*  
(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)

ljus,  
additional parts

*I think I would like to encounter skins. \**  
*To see what they can be. What meaning they can produce -*  
*- With me.*

\* *binnor,*



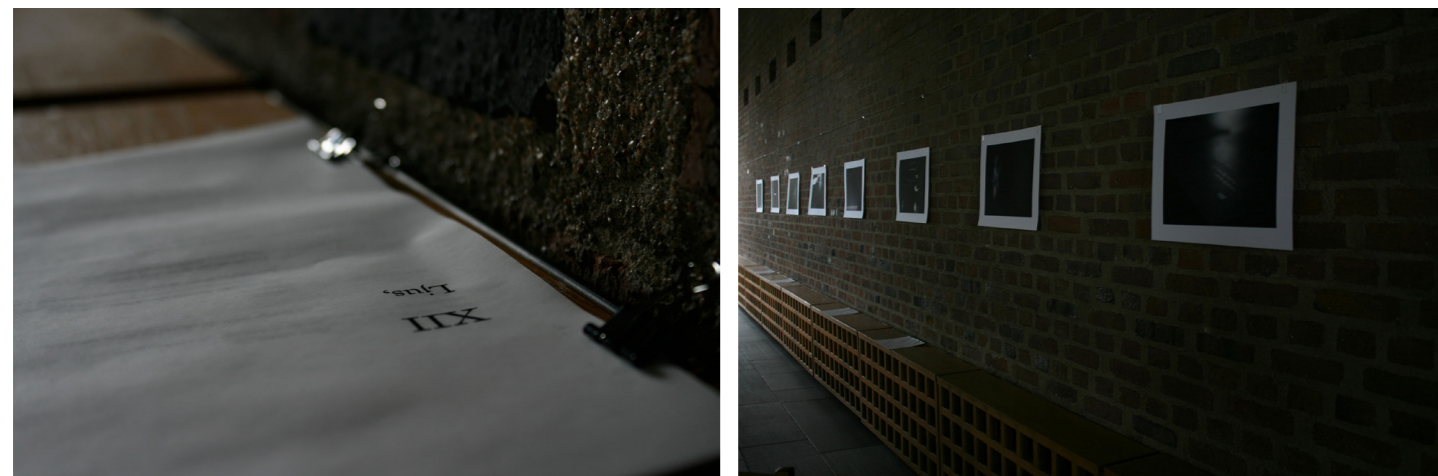
\* I think I would like to encounter skins.  
- To see what they can be. What meaning they can produce -  
- With me.

*skin*  
(from exhibiton *ljus*, at Härlanda church, june 2020)

\* omid \*

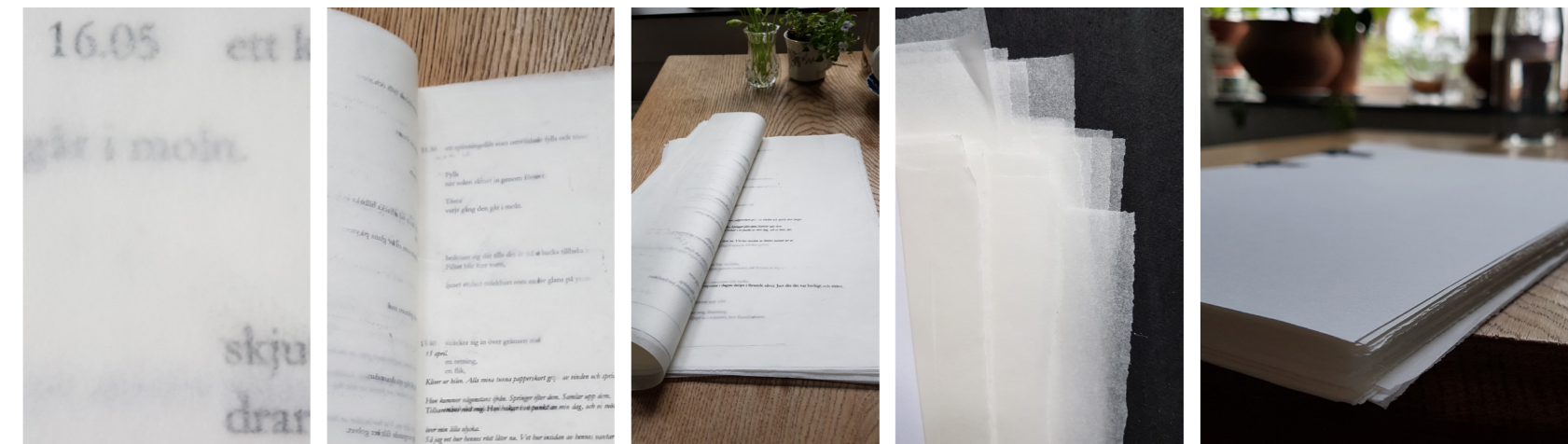
ljus,

additional parts



photography

exhibited at Härlanda Church, june 2020



commented photography

separate book



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me



light

ljus,

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