

det det det där ute
gjort
går tillbaka in, hallen ekar, köket ekar,
rum efter rum

ryktet sprids

About body-building

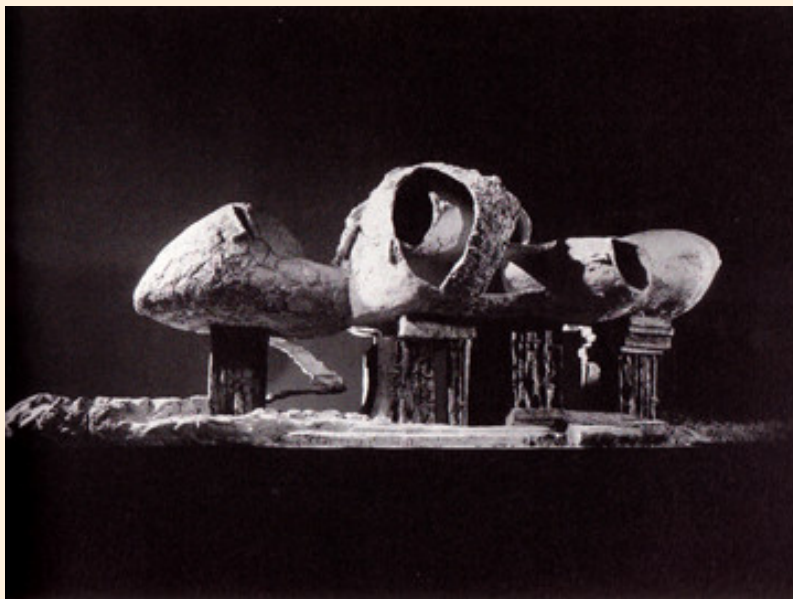
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Not always so remarkable but still most important. Every day. The beautiful, small, horrible and often insignificant experiences that makes us who we are, fascinates me. You see, choose and become with no interruption. The constant change inspires me.

This is a text circulating around an artistic practice, it's an illustration of a why how what. Or, maybe more an attempt to put words onto a wish to see for tracing, where an aim is being become became. *Be*

the endless house*

*



All ends meet in the "Endless" as they meet in life. Life's rhythms are cyclical. All ends of living meet during twenty-four hours, during a week, a lifetime. They touch one another with the kiss of time. They shake hands, stay, say goodbye, return through the same or other doors, come and go through multi-links, secretive or obvious, or through the whims of memory. - Frederick Kiesler

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Entrance

*Any part of a house represents a part of yourself, in a dream you are the house.
The front door is associated with drama and can signify that you are about to embark on
something important in life. Dreams can work as metaphor*.*

It was in the middle of the summer and hot. Hotter than I prefer but what to do but keep on walking. The map showed me in direction towards a building but I could see on a distance it was wrong. I never figured out the angles of the streets but finally I reached my destination. You welcomed with a hi and told me to pass the first garden and take the stone pathway up the hill. The sound of water was luminous.

When up on the plateau it was I and you, me and the second garden and the humble house I had longed for. I had read about you, seen pictures that had tried to catch your essence but you were something completely else. I went to the porch as I had been told. I took off my shoes as I had been told. I waited.

I entered.

Entering a Japanese tea house you do thru a small door called nijiriguchi, or "crawling-in entrance" which requires bending low to pass through and symbolically separates the small, simple, quiet inside from the overwhelming outside world. The passage between outer-inner becomes an enhanced ritual and I had trouble not relating it to a symbolic action of going from a conscious to an unconscious state of mind. That the entering and the doorway itself, functions as time portal.

*

Metaphor is a way of expressing oneself using a figurative expression instead of saying something. One of its most important functions is that it innovates and expands language. But it's far from just words, it rather forms our everyday being. "Our ordinary conceptual system, in terms of which we both think and act, is fundamentally metaphorical in nature" (Lakoff & Johnson 1980, s. 3). The mountains got *feet* and the chair has *backs*. We are not always aware of this but nevertheless it's central when it comes to phrasing our experienced reality.

Another example of a metaphor is the use of *war*, that has become the image for arguing. "He *attacked* every weak point in my argument. His criticism were *right on target*. I *demolished* his argument" (Lakoff & Johnson 1980, s. 4). And I wonder: what impact do the repeated image of war have on us? What do the ongoing infusing image of war make to us? I wonder about the meaning of war, the killing, violence, suppression. What power does the everyday use of war references unconsciously have on our look upon each other. Can't it become a filtered gaze this incuse of death and defeat?

And I also wonder why we have to look upon argument as something to win in the first place. Why do we want to win? Why can't arguing be seen as a discussion and something to develop from. For both parts. As a situation where no death and defeat is happening. A different approach and possible proposal: "Love is a collaborative work of art" (Lakoff & Johnson 1980, s. 139).

Inside a tea room, the ceiling is low and the room has no furniture and the guests and host sit seiza-style¹ on the floor. Joints and skin, a body's flesh and bones are activated. Knees got bruised (I very easily bruise, just like father) and this bodily presence made me think of the reason why I am here. You made me and these feet carry traces of mother.

All materials used in a tea room are simple and rustic, wabi-sabi* like which is the beauty of three characteristics of existence, the aesthetics of accepting transience. Like shifting seasons, life and matter transform. Is mortal.

I had glanced at you from a safe distance and knew you where not for me. I was different and you too big. The size mattered and before that first meeting I actually thought the noise would entrap. Instead a first time treat - belonging.*

POINT OF DEPARTURE AS A MATTER OF FRACTION

1996 is some linear time ago and the year for the specific event that brought me to art-making. At that moment I did not call it art but I was making and what came out was a first series of photographs,² a project I named .. i don't remember. That event made me forget and makes me forgetting still.³ But I kept the pictures as evidence. I keep on keeping my pieces of work as evidence, not to hold against, but as a reminder of *what*.

I was not grateful at the time of that first event but later on I understood why. Why I felt like i did, why you acted as you needed. Why what happened. Or at least I got closer and for sure: body act was necessary at first. I created pictures. Later on that action transformed into words and I could articulate the *what*, get released and realize. First perception, then rational knowledge: 1. Body. Second. Mind.

Descartes was wrong.

We can't escape living life, we are attached to a body which is the form that carry identity in a present moment with history included, connected with what is to come.

¹ Seiza (正座 or 正坐, "proper sitting") is the Japanese term for one of the traditional formal ways of sitting in Japan. To sit seiza-style, one must first be kneeling on the floor, folding one's legs underneath one's thighs, while resting the buttocks on the heels. Stepping into and out of seiza is mindfully performed.

² [...] Something Heidegger also believes is a fundamental part of our very existence, as we are meaning-seeking creatures. Whatever size of event in life, we always make choices that strengthen the sense of meaning for us. What I can see I needed there and then to make life reasonably meaningful, was to get out of alienation. Try to renounce the alienation I had not chosen for myself and create new relationships where I was involved.

In the book "Aesthetic learning processes: experiences, practices and forms of knowledge" that investigate aesthetic qualities, we read that "the expression gives the creative person insight into what it mean. All the choices we make on the way to "finished" products are a search for and a creation of meaning." I can see that through the overall process with photography, I got access to "someone" I could reason with, where the photograph itself became a physical dimension of a responsive relationship I could relate to with a body.

[...] As I see it, I was forced into an unnatural state since we are social beings. I believe that the support of a biological function; the strive for belonging, made me go from just existing to creating meaningful situations. In the work with photography I made room for an opportunity to object to this involuntary state. With photography I got the possibility to make myself heard and to connect.

[...] I also think about how the image own its own body, that it is someone to relate to: skin against paper-skin. That a work of art has its own narrative at the same time as it is part of the creator. That image making or any making of art, can be seen as a form of birth.

One could say that I together with photography, filled a former vacuum with new listening "others" that confirmed my existence. [...] Photography gave me a chance to go back in time and create new constellations to look upon with eyes of today. When bringing together past with a present now, I got the opportunity to adjust something that had already passed for the future to be different. (In *The end was of importance for a beginning*, Carola Björk 2016)

³ With time I have realized that "bad" memory is good and to my favor. It helps me accept the present moment, to see and listen to what *is* and not to rely on stored facts. Later, memory will become a dedicated topic for research.

*

Wait a moment. So we just met and here I am absolutely sure, knowing how you will move forward when speaking and wave arms in the air when laughing.

This first hi and smile has happened before.

We start walking street up and down in the way we love to do it. We stop and sit put, watch and ask. You give me words about a sister and friend and tell me you want to show me a favorite spot. Of course I came along and you introduced me to: the bookstore. A favorite of mine to. Of course. And it was here I found another member of family.

On a two wall shelve in the middle of the room, on the side that made me pause eyes on the street from time to time, you caught my attention with a sincere paper brown cover and will continue the conversation for the rest of a life, with an affirmative inside of all those "so this is why!".

All things are impermanent

All things are imperfect

All things are incomplete

In Japanese culture, aesthetics is concerned with the value of harmony of things. Nature is profoundly close, the respect of it. Here you are called wabi-sabi and behold the meaning of wabi's transient beauty and sabi's beauty of patina. "Through wabi-sabi, we learn to embrace liver spots, rust, and frayed edges, and the march of time they represent".

They haven't always been together wabi and sabi, but now days they are. But its hard to talk about this. Not the words coming together, but the meaning of wabi-sabi as a whole. When asking about it, it's hard to find words for describing you say, but you say you anyhow know.

*

Home is not where you live but where they understand you.

Christian Morgenstern

According to attachment theory, a child is genetically programmed to attach to its first caregiver, where the evolutionary purpose is to increase survival. Attachment theory includes at least two: child and caregiver, which means it is based on interaction and intersubjectivity. Something that also means that a child has implicit relational knowledge before it understands with a reflective mind.

How the caregiver repeatedly reacts and responds to the child's signals, such as screaming, is of crucial importance. These recurrent experiences turn into inner models of how it is to function with another person. In other words, the very first relationships affect our behavior and future social abilities (Havnesköld & Risholm Mothander 2009, pp. 180-204).

[...] In a healthy environment, a child can turn to its caregiver to seek consolation and at the same time claim its needs without the fear of being abandoned. Children who are not allowed to develop through a sufficiently good connection lose the opportunity to create a sense of belonging and coherence self. "The feeling of self that is first and foremost a physical experience, not based on language but through sensations and movement in the body" (Ogden & Minton & Pain 2006, pp. 41-64).

[...] The attachment behavioural system is most active between the age of one and three, but the search for belonging is something we continue to do throughout life. Which means it is a continuous process and is actually possible to change with the help of new relational experiences (Weninger 2010).

With the body you relate to an external world which can be seen as a shared stock of objects, where the inner self is personal property; biology, heritage and psychological conditions and needless to say, an individual taste of apples.

In Maurice Merleau-Ponty's⁴ text *Cézanne's doubt* we get invited to the painter Cézanne's personal horizon. Here Merleau-Ponty reason around his being in the world and resides around the timely event when he is painting, a specific *now* where past and future weave together without interfering on a present experience.

Merleau-Ponty claims that Cézanne's upbringing had impact on the way he painted, that his life formed his art but nevertheless can explain the meaning of the work. Neither art history nor his own statements about his art can explain the meaning according to Merleau-Ponty. Cézanne's paintings are instead a language pronounced for the first time as he says, in which the past, these "temporary experiences", co-create an expression. Life and art are intertwined, the artwork is something other and therefor not a "translation" of anything existing.⁵

It is in the encounter between viewer and art meaning arise and it is not determined by *one* individual, but yours mine and everyone else's meeting with the work generates value. For this to be possible the artwork have to be open for the viewer's reading and individual interpretation. When art does not define in advance, new languages can be formulated where the piece of work is received.

What is made visible here is that it's not only Cézanne's work in itself that is a language pronounced for the first time, but the experience of his art continues to become new languages together with whoever experience it. Or with Merleau-Ponty's words: "The painter could only construct a picture. He must wait for this image to come to life with others."⁶

Cézanne's own endeavor was to resist a discussing mind that "cultivated people locked up in" to get hold of an expression Merleau-Ponty calls primordial, an expression that happens before words take place. With time Cézanne understood that *will* was the only thing that could enable this. Which was why he often meditated before painting, let go of rational idéas so that the body could work with its whole knowledge. "Nothing is more distant from naturalism than this intuitive knowledge" as he said.⁷

His description of this mind setting reminds of the meditation practiced in zen, zazen. In the *Three Pillars of Zen* we get to know this about zazen:

Zazen which leads to self-realization is neither vain daydreaming nor contentless inactivity. It is an intense inner struggle to bring control of the mind and thereby use it as a silent projectile to force the barrier consisting of the five senses and the distinctive intellect (which in Buddhism is called the sixth mind). This requires determination, energy and courage.⁸

⁴ French phenomenological philosopher (1908-1961). He wrote *Cézanne's doubt* in the same time as his big work *Phenomenology of Perception* (1945) and it is said that the essay is a description of his own philosophical project, a theory inspired by gestalt psychology and neurology.

⁵ Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Cézanne's tvivel i Lovtal till filosofin : essäer i urval*, övers. Anna Petronella Fredlund (Brutus Östling bokförlag Symposion 2004), s. 107-108

⁶ Merleau-Ponty 2004, s. 118-120

⁷ Merleau-Ponty 2004, s. 115

⁸ Kaplau, Philip. *Zens tre pelare*, övers. Kjell Lidberg (Red dot publishing 1995), s. 33

Cézanne fought a constant battle against definitions and from having to choose "between the seeing painter and the thinking painter, between nature and composition". Painting was not one or the other but both and even that seemed limiting for him, having to decide at all. Which was also the reason why Cézanne "failed to convince and preferred to paint".⁹

Late in life docking. I collect you and thank.

Modern epigenetic confirm¹⁰ Merleau-Ponty's statement about the importance of a personal background, that it affects our behavior later in life and is the basis of our decisions. Neurologist Robert M. Sapolsky says that "it is not much in childhood that determines the adult behavior, but practically everything in childhood changes the propensity for a behavior later in adulthood".¹¹ However, this is not fresh news but something obvious worth repeating.

Our background matter and settles a personal point of view that is carried of bodily matter. But we are not bound to our history, especially not if we want and the *will* I get back to.

From this horizon photography also matter-ed. My search began with photography and continued to be a main expression for several years. I used everyday experience as material and to answer your questions on what you saw in my images, I said: "I aim to catch a movement, on what is happening between to and from".

In *The Miracle of Analogy* Kaja Silverman¹² argues that photography is "the worlds foremost way of revealing itself to us" because it is a representation of what is seen and works as a kind of reporter of a being.¹³ Words I didn't think of then. Before I just made pictures not knowing what I know now, or.. not knowing in the *way* I know now.
.. because I was completely certain.

It's about seven years since photography left. For some reason you made me sick. You had served me and I had enjoyed, not always in a pleasant way, but appreciated you. Needed you. I depended on you and as for a reason I do not yet completely know, I started to feel a resistance. One of those coincidences that make you choose.

I chose to leave Stockholm and went to an island. I met new others, got a studio and started to collect material to horder up in my space. I felt like a fraud. Who am I to pick up pieces for putting together. Who was I when photography went elsewhere.

I have tried these last years to take you back, but even thou I've applied a third dimension to your surface (that flatness I believe has something to do with me not being able to deal with you), it still doesn't feel natural. I make you fake and I want to rip you apart when you enter!

On the island, this wonderful piece of land separated from other land¹⁴, I quit use drinking as protection and this was the time mirrors* deliberately entered my life.

*Genom dörrar och jag följer minnet i näsgångar.
.. förföljer mig*

⁹ Merleau-Ponty 2004, s. 110-115

¹⁰ not to give weight to Merleau-Ponty's thoughts but to extend the matter of fact.

¹¹ Sapolsky, Robert M. *Varför vi beter oss som vi gör*, övers. Patricia Wadensjö (Natur & Kultur 2018), s. 218

¹² American art historian and critical theorist (1947-)

¹³ Silverman, Kaja. *The miracle of Analogy or The history of Photography, Part I* (Stanford University Press 2015), s. 10-11

¹⁴ an oval form of existence became a symbol of separation. The bridge connect and functions like a synapse link between two neurons: one land from other island. Two parts relating giving birth to each other. Dependent independence.

*

what you bring to the mirror is what you will see back.

Mirror neurons were discovered by the Italian neurophysiologist Giacomo Rizzolatti in his 1996 study of monkeys. In one of the experiments where a monkey observed another monkey reaching out for nuts, Rizzolatti saw that it generated the same kind of neuron activity in the monkey watching the other. The neural activity was thus the same in both of them, in the one performing the action and in the one just watching.

Mirror neurons is cells also in humans and is related to empathic, social and imitative behavior. Its purpose is to reflect the activity we observe. Maybe you have experienced meeting a smiling person and smiled back. Or perhaps fed a baby and open your mouth when lifting the spoon towards the baby because of a wish for it to mimic you and take a bite. Mirror neurons also intuitively inform us about someone else's feelings.

The mirror neuron is an indicator of that humans are social beings and show we live in a shared space of meaning. We are born with these and Joachim Bauer, professor in psychiatry and psychosomatic medicine, says they need to be used not do dry up and die out. Without mirror actions, development is not happening. At an early age, the child needs an identification object to reflect and mimic. This is how the smallest of us learn. As a matter of fact, this neuropsychological mechanism follow us daily and affects our entire life (Bauer 2005).

Between x and x

In mathematics, the variable x is not a fixed term but is used to describe relationships rather than define something constant. It can change and alternate value. X and x is the number two which describe the significance of opposites as such, the meeting with something like of you and I. Between, a third component exist. Here new formulas rise when x and x is put together.

When I am facing you, another part call it x , there is a sphere of air in between us. We look upon each other through a space that let us be different, that in a way define our separation. Space: enable fractional parts to say hi, to ask answer communicate. For example x say what about this and x respond, no not for me but what about letting go. Maybe maybe. New formulations rise when you and I are put together. The space in between become a room of reasoning and gives us the possibility to show who we are. Space becomes the scene where x and x relate with the capability to create joint meaning and mold new.

A wish.

Early mornings are risky hours. Coordination, this fumbling off makes coffee cups become more then solid form, shatter on kitchen floors. Today I move mindfully and it has not happened in years but every day I adapt to the loss of control, to the limbs necessity to wake up slowly.

This particular time, it was in the middle of the day, you broke anyway. It was a cloudy day and you asked where I came from. I reached out my arm to grab for another sip and answered when it cracked open. Words became form so to speak and I just showed instead of telling.

Crack: parts as a possibility to become whole.

Sometimes things don't work out as we plan. "Life isn't perfect". But what does that mean, what is perfect? The stain on the carpet I am more sorry about then the broken form, you I instead lift up with delight. The conversation we had when you broke was about the beginning and here you are, the needful two for that same beginning. What a sign! And so so beautiful.

We hope for a good life and seek happiness but yet it's not always easy. Sometimes we feel broken and the not so easy parts is also part of us and something we can not escape. And why should we, I have asking myself more or less intensely since that first time in Lövhölmén.

You have made it an art form, this mending together and you call it Kintsugi. What you say is that the beauty of an object also is the imperfection of it. You highlight the crack with gold, make it precious. Even thou it's broken it deserves our respect, a kind of philosophy easy to add to life itself.

A wish.

Entrance functions as doorway between concrete realities, is an oscillating in and out possibility for continuous re-building foundation. It extend identity.

Hallway

In a dream the hallway in a house may depict how you relate to other people, how much you let them into your life. It might also suggest the connection between the different parts of yourself, such as different interests or talents.*

Start by writing about your own experience of a hallway, *that* hallway where it began because it's a good example of a frozen moment and place of relational importance for a rest. Describe your surrounding, the feeling of the carpet with cold plastic knots that made your body thrill and the gaze in the mirror. And mirror, that face of a mirror which told me truth with covering up makeup and jag har snubblat i trappan. Try to describe how you changed room and hid forever. That you became a red black small little square in a big wide white paper. Or at least for a good while because now that moment is thawed (scar remain with risk to rip¹⁵ open). Walls eventually moldered.

Walls.¹⁶

Borders and concrete form dividing this from that. A construct holding it up. Like skin holding it in, the rest of a body: flesh blood and temperament. The skin is a protection against the outside world and houses the sensory mind. Its main function is actually to protect the interior of the body and *feel* surroundings.

¹⁵ it's an everyday effort to let it rest in peace

¹⁶ Inner ruptured and the wall papered ones I left. Days from that specific day, I moved out. I had to. Big humans came to collect a household where I wasn't included even though I acted as a figurine. I did though hide the china vase and the blue little creature (where did I later in life forget you?!), plus the painting I now have given back and is hanged upon your new walls.

*

"The world hangs on a thin thread, and that is the psyche of man. Nowadays we are not threatened by elementary catastrophes. There is no such thing as an H-bomb; that is all man's doing. We are the great danger. The psyche is the great danger. What if something goes wrong with the psyche? You see, and so it is demonstrated to us in our days what the power of the psyche is of man, how important it is to know something about it. But we know nothing about it."

C.G Jung

According to Carl Gustav Jung we are body, soul and spirit. His theory *Analytical Psychology* is focusing on the significance of the symbol in an individual's life. The symbol consists of a visual image including an unknown part of it and functions as a link between the conscious and unconscious.

In Jungian psychoanalytic work, a dream image containing such a symbol can give understanding of a person's current circumstances, but also raise awareness of an individual's development. The goal of a Jungian psychoanalytic work is individuation, to discover our potential and achieve meaning in life and is gained when contact is created between conscious and unconscious areas of the psyche.

Jung also describes four types of functions; thinking, feeling, sensation and intuition. This is the analytical psychology's model of how humans more or less appear in the world. And this is in constant change, we never stop developing (Jung 1975).

Wall skin barrier clarify differences and separates inner from outer or inner from other whatever. A wall is this basic ingredient in a construction and functions like a link between rooms and levels of floors. Is connection. With Tadao Ando's words walls are "the most basic elements of architecture, but they can also be the most enriching".¹⁷ And I grab enriching to wander of thinking. If walls, as this skin body border, is to be what Tadao wish for, you have to be willing to believe separation present difference, that walls besides detach, also unite:

Come together with respect for the essential other.

At least two is needed for connection.

You came with support.

Emmanuel Levinas philosophical concern is the significance of the *meeting* where transcendence, existence and the other are themes that creates its present situation.

In *Time and the Other* (1992) you developed thoughts about the origin of the self, where the most relevant time dimension is *now*. That self is a "timely synthesis" where the other is not an object to conquer for knowledge. The meeting between self and the other can instead be experienced on equal terms, where love is the power that makes this possible. Because love does not want to own but keeps distance and is a transcendence that allows the relationship to remain relationship at the same time as the relationship is being experienced.

For Levinas, the other become future where the future is something we do not yet know and thus is an indefinite opportunity. A "mystery" as he says.¹⁸

WANDER, I WONDER

Every day continuous now now now, but what is time? "If no one asks me, I know; but if I want to tell it to someone who asks me, I cannot" says Augustinus.

I wake up within the rhythm of a tone scale. Deep blue almost black empties and turn purple. The night is not as heavy no more, dissipates and make details visible. The lump is what feels, the back aches like a sign: it is time to open eyes because together with birds singing it becomes a *wake up call*.¹⁹

Right here (not always here) the curtain has the same color as a certain time in the tone scale but which has passed now. Now crispy blue. Still only details of window frames and rooftops. Trees waving without separation against background and I smile back and enjoy the wind. They lean into natural position and I towards the wall where I take a sip of the coffee. Body has gone from mass to substance with moving parts.

The shutters signals relationship with the sky.

¹⁷ Hien, Pham Thanh. *Abstraction and Transcendence Nature, Shintai, and Geometry in the Architecture of Tadao Ando* (dissertation.com 1998), s. 145

¹⁸ Levinas, Emmanuel. *Tiden och den andre*, övers. Erik van der Haeg & Sven-Olov Wallenstein (Brutus Östlings Bokförlag Symposium 1992), s. 9-13

¹⁹ I lied but not to me. I had called you and you hade come to pick me up. I sat in the back when you drove us away from my black plastic bag home to the place where your mother lived. You didn't either have somewhere else to go and there you at least owned a mattress. High building low life, so so underneath. I took it but didn't swallow, just waited for you to disappear so I could leave. And I left but had to leave a couple of more times until never again.

I find one in words:

It is not enough with one life to see how minor original one is, that one has never been, that one could not be, that no one is: made out of stored up furnitures belonging to everyone else, lots of others.²⁰

Let the gaze sway away, loose thought-self and come back with attraction. Keep on moving until something has something to say. Its not deliberate this. I move forth, back, sideways and love alleys but for some reason I hated (strong word not usually used) Venice and its tricky streets that made me turn around and go back, like return and walk safe in previous footsteps. The pace needs no habits, sometimes it has a goal but often not. An aim is always not to have been on this path before, let corners and angels conduct and signs of whatever guide. Like attraction: toes in water*. I stop. Listen.. yeah. Answer listen answer listen listen purpose.

I ask you, what can this be?

"Only through an ever renewed symbolization do we constitute and secure ourselves as subjects of desire. Second, we must go forward rather than backward because our doing so is the condition for the world to appear and so to Be, in the strongest and most important sense of that word"²¹ are words by you and I would like to invite Gille Deleuze for a ménage à trois (without sexual implication but out of pure love).

In *Proust and Signs* Deleuze claims that *time* and *truth* are allies, that they are part of the search for ..yeah what. "In love as much as in nature or art, it is not pleasure but truth that matters."²² To be able to get hold of this delicate topic named²³ truth, you need an encounter that forces you to think and wish for it. The meeting within itself is a sign to access, where truth requires a desire to "interpret, decipher, translate and find the meaning of the sign" as he says.

So in other words, you need a will of wanting to see and then you have to act. You have to decide to stay put in the meeting with what ever catches you attention and give time to read the unveiling message. And I listen to you too Dewey²⁴ and affirm with early and later in life big and often miner experience, that it's the consequence of an act: what happens afterwards, mind can reason around that event.

Because in the beginning you are not alone, a single head with single thoughts. You are this being sharing space with something that owns a skin-surface, like with the ground that carries body or walls that keep you safe. Or with a face in the elevator (going up for the moment) that reminds you of early hours in a different city, eyes you may mirror and smile into. Or with a face in the elevator (going down for the moment) that is someone you see for the first time, eyes you may mirror and smile into.

You are at first placed somewhere, then, awareness is lit.

²⁰ Fjällström, Roger (red.). Ett misstänksamt förhållningssätt till skrivandet ur *Se Michaux* (Ordström/Gallimard 1986), s. 45

²¹ Silverman, Kaja. *World Spectators* (Stanford University Press 2000), s. 16

²² Deleuze, Gille. *Proust och tecknen*, övers. Rikard Johansson (Glänta produktion 2015), s. 15

²³ Merleau-Ponty talks about *name* as language's ability to name things but believe it is not a scientific method to define meaning. Instead, the name should be seen as "the insistent reminder of a mystery as familiar as unexplained." (Merleau-Ponty 2004, s. 253)

²⁴ John Dewey (1859-1952) was a key figure of pragmatism, a philosophy that rejected dualism and claimed that knowledge was something that came out of individuals relation to an environment. That knowledge is process: proven experience.

*



And thou time endlessly progress with its now now now, the search for truth has to be something you always do. I believe. But "who is in search of truth"²⁵ Deleuze asks and I add, *what* is the who?

In-gång, out and elsewhere

From sitting to standing can take some time, sometimes minutes until you release and let me walk unhindered. Every time I come to think of you. Your ups and downs in the förarhytt that later on made you need warm baths. I even got you a vetekudde that you actually used and nevertheless you died.

The joints we share like the wet asphalt and pallets. And of course every mustasch in the world. When you left, knees weekend and I fell apart. Soft parts on hardwood floor. I went in and out of memory and oscillated between practical fixations and inner reactions. To that exhibition a sculpture became our funeral.

BAD HABITS DIE HARD

In this project I have dealt with questions about responsibility and choice.

I have been reasoning around directions.

Exhibited: OpenArt 2015

I look inward, poke loose memory and let it come up to the surface where it take a breath with its own lungs. Here we meet. "Hi you!". Can you please come join us Merleau-Ponty with your fabulous formulations about the chiasm, you who say this about that:

What there is then are not things first identical with themselves, which would then offer themselves to the seer, nor is there a seer who is first empty and who, afterward, would open himself to them - but something to which we could not be closer than by palpating it with our look, things we could not dream of seeing "all naked" because the gaze itself envelops them, clothes them with its own flesh.²⁶

We are intertwined, this alive bodily form of yours is not just this form but carry other form also. We are for example in company with memory and selves from different times, at the same time as you stand here and recall those happenings of before. When we remember we re-connect to who we where then and become two in one, you and the memory of a former you. An other you.

Like when you look at a surface next to you and connect, place the experience of that surface within and make it part of you. Let experience-surface be present in your own body.

We are inside-outside (something other) where the dash illustrates an in between of importance. It's here, in this space, that inside and outside experience the meeting. Here and now we live. And you need the other: self, human or the surface of a thing for conversation to arise, to create a dialogue and make room for that in between where we find ourself, still in one form as your bodily own. Because you can not be a memory or the surface of a thing. Or with Merleau-Ponty's words:

²⁵ Deleuze 2015, s. 15

²⁶ Merleau-Ponty, Maurice. *The Visible and the Invisible*, övers. Alphonso Lingis (Northwestern University Press 1968), s. 131

The visible about us seems to rest in itself. It is as though our vision were formed in the heart of the visible, or as though there were between it and us an intimacy as close as between the sea and the strand. And yet it is not possible that we blend into it, nor that it passes into us, for then the vision would vanish at the moment of formation, by disappearance of the seer or of the visible.²⁷

In another text I put you in dialogue with Zen Buddhism and their thoughts about non-dualism but the institution over there didn't approve and said: "has he been compared to Zen before". As if that would be the definition of it being a thing to do or not. As if "done before" could validate my wish of wanting to do so as right or wrong. Of course I did not share their idea of truth and continued.

Weeks after that comment I found your name among the names of eastern philosophers and something I new was shared by someone else too. Because it is obvious you are talking about the impossibility to split body from mind, the body from being interconnected. We are alive because we experience sensations of heat, cold, the sting of a bee and happiness/ sorrow: not because we are thinking about it. What you do is that you highlight separation, that we stand alone in a singular body, but make clear that it is not an ontological detach to the rest. As an individual I interact with a surrounding and this is where I exist.

I am relation.

Life is an achievement and how we do this is up to I and you.

To think further I take trains to Eskilstuna, Lund or wherever else. I need movement, to sit by windows and let eyes travel far out on moving fields and end up within depth I have not reached before. A wish at least and I try hard not to think when it happens.

Before, the rail had joints and the train made a rhythmic sound when passing over them. Döödummdööö dum döödummdööö dum döödummdööö dum. Today, rhythm is still important.

In *The pedagogy of place*, Lars Lövlie speaks about rhythm through a musical example where the definition of a good performed concert is created when the artists on stage is attuned to one another, "where the coming in rhythm and expression made them oblivious of self". When the reasonable mind is set aside, "the music seemed to reside in their bodies and fingers and in its tonal inflections".²⁸

And I relate. The surrounding is important for creating rhythm and "think further atmosphere", a place where the mind do not restrict. On trains, *being* is an evidently constant change in relation to the fields and cityscapes passing by. Together with eyes gaze, watching become some kind of score with treetops and buildings as notes. A train running through landscapes plus I by the window become a score of ongoing being and from this progressive point I move into future and can not go back the same way. Like life is impossible to repeat and live exactly the same as before.

The travel is always with a round-trip ticket never back.

²⁷ Merleau-Ponty 1968, s. 131

²⁸ Lövlie, Lars. The pedagogy of place in *Nordisk Pedagogik*, vol. 27, pp. 32-37, s. 35

Parentheses

Cognitive therapies assert that psychological problems are the consequences of wrong thinking, while Jung believes it is a blockade between ego and self.

We shared days, I read words where you say we need to expand today's therapy forms that is mainly structured out of Freudian thoughts which does not involve the self as a source of knowledge. I find it interesting how you talk about Jung's absence in the development of psychology: "It is understandable that society would have something against too many people being initiated, because people with power, in control of rules and outer regulations can lose their influence when members of society follow their own feelings of right and wrong. This could also be the reason why Jung was never accepted as a scientist because individuation can seem dangerous to society."

Exactly where you say above my note doesn't reveal but the following you say on page 100: "Combining words with visual images becomes an activity that re-connects the two parts of the brain."²⁹

Birth by coincidence

The other day a mother cries out "what have I done, what is this!?!", a phrase she repeated over and over again and after a while I had to look. She was whining over a stain in the oven. She was devastated and her wish was to remove, my was to keep. I wanted to collect this sign of a living, this beautiful trace of time passed and I thought: this is close.

I get thrilled over the possibility to capture and maintain, collect messages and rewrite to open up for something else. The oven event became a print of burned shoulders and set the mind for bigger pictures. Several years later a familiar coincidence made me see the possibility to make work out of waste from an exhibition setup. The name of that piece is *Accidental mirror* and I will forever be grateful for that cross road. Now I knew new.

Detour is another piece of work that was born with the help of social matter. When I came to pick you up you were gone, still in the room but violated. What the fuck! Who, who the fuck had! Who have had the nerve to grab because.. yeah why. Flayed and just... Im so sorry. This greed and unreflected thought. A disrespect or what else can you call it. Idiocy perhaps. Or.. perhaps someone was just being human.

Hours passed, many many hours by your surface to reconnect when this particular interferens was put on a distance. Anger draw boundaries, let you know what you had just taught me. So I thank you too and you too anew*.

Hallway functions as a dwelling point between differences, is a womb where parts houses, this meeting place where new born.

²⁹Skov, Vibeke. *Integrative Art Therapy and Depression* (Jessica Kingsley Publishers 2015)

*



Anew (2015)

Used material: Passed by plastic (burned) & an inside.
60x20x35 cm

Room

Your dream house is a symbol of the self, while the rooms inside relate to various aspects of this self and to the many facets of personality. The attic refers to the mind and the basement represents the subconscious. For example.

Before Einstein's theory of relativity we thought there was a time that flowed like an autonomous system, independent of our experience, like absolute. Today we know that time requires an observer and that observers can experience time in different ways. We also know time count started with the solar system's birth 4.5 billion years ago which therefore also defines the starting point of our knowledge.³⁰³¹

Knowledge, this promiscuous³² concept.

From early on I knew something was wrong. It just stood there in the middle of the room, between us and in the way of my self. I had to circle around it, walk pass it and round round round round round around it until I completely stiffened.

You are a few I would like to apologize to. I didn't mean to be so.. , or be that.. But I just couldn't handle situations and still I practice. As we continuously could do.

I can not remember when it made me figure things out, but I know I learned how to navigate with its voluminous carcass. A teacher you for sure where.

³⁰ Tegmark, Max. *Vårt matematiska universum*, övers. Pär Svensson (Volante 2014), s. 17

³¹ Hawking, Stephen. *Kosmos*, övers. Tönis Tönisson (Norstedts Stockholm 2015), s. 27-49

³² adjective: characterized by or involving indiscriminate mingling or association, especially having sexual **relations with a number of partners on a casual basis**. Consisting of parts, elements, or **individuals of different kinds brought together without order**. indiscriminate; without discrimination. casual; irregular; *haphazard*.

In a different kind of beginning, hotel had keys to the rooms. I mean real keys. From time to time we borrowed a temporary room that we could lock and come back to and then leave for good. From time to time when we left these rooms we brought the key with us without knowing. The key had hid in our pocket and the hotel needed to make new ones for new guest which became an expensive cost. As a result they started to make keys bigger then possible to put in pockets. From this moment the key became guiding source and taught guests a new behavior. We no longer took you with.

Hotels now have plastic cards as keys and I wonder what they will make us realize in time.

In another text also called *The pedagogy of place*, Moira von Wright³³ also talks about the surrounding being important and now specifically for learning. A posthuman perspective make this its center of attention, that things and places makes us change (for better or worse I have to add) and that social relations is something you also have with those who can not respond in words. Bottles, clothes, and keys (and not to mention nature!) have impact and affect the way we act. And I would like to stay with the word social for a tiny while.

Social is a word that describes an activity, how we interact with others and maintain relation. In the late 15th century social described how someone was "devoted to or relating to home life".³⁴ There is an underlying emphasis to the word social that indicates that an action is in progress, someones aware/ unaware decision of being like this or that take place. In a way *social* is portraying this attentive action of yours.

But could it be possible that the word social has got stuck to the denotation of being connected with social relations between people, when social is a behavior that actually has to do also with your attitude toward things? Because isn't it right that you have a relationship with your favorite coffee cup and lunch-nap sofa? Or when you lay eyes on a shirt in the store, isn't it as much the shirt that is looking at you. Isn't this thing outside of yourself actually calling for your attention? For sure you and that shirt can connect when trying it on and become friends for the rest of a life.

A fold out thought.

Now going back to Moira von Wright who also says that meaning is not an inner condition housing in the psyche and something we just add to our personality, pile up and store away in our selves.³⁵ Meaning is something that happens in social relations as she says and I would like to point to *happens*, this event going on in the present now between you and I, or between I and that wonderful piece of furniture that inspires and make me happy. The feeling of something being meaningful and relevant for you, is being revealed from where you are: is an actual happening.

With the coordinates length, width, height, *time* is a fourth dimension that together with the others forms *spacetime*. Spacetime is *room* and *time* merged into an entity and a point in this four-dimensional sphere is within the physics called *event*. What if this point is you, the body of an individual and human being. That you and I are an ongoing event, some kind of anatomical now. A proposal.

I continue:

³³ Finish/Swedish professor and researcher in the field of pedagogy (1957-)

³⁴ www.etymonline.com/word/social

³⁵ Wright, Moira von. *Platsens pedagogik i Lärandets grunder: teorier och perspektiv*, Lund: Studentlitteratur 2011, s. 142

In physics the event of here and now is defined as *origo* and in Latin *origo* means origin, the beginning of... Another humble suggestion is that meaning is something you and I carry within this bodily form. That meaning, a not fixed matter, is something you as an individual continuously release and bring to mind from a subconscious or other dimensional level, always in correlation with a surrounding. That what is happening in a whatever room, helps you to remember what you already know beyond a reasonable mind so to speak.

Maybe not news this either, but it is a pleasure to continue dressing those thoughts in words.

SPIRITUAL THINGS*

Warm white surface, I know your metal core, feel a pounding heart and sweeping heat. I see your balancing act with the wooden floor and together you hold us. Details from before is kept, like this majestic radiator. I perish! Just as I value the cold surface underneath the windy windows, you who also hold but flowers (plus souvenirs) and filter my gaze with deep forest fantasies.

When they died I noticed, needed to nourish a self. Many went missing and I'm so so sorry but I was lost too. Friends came with the advise to turn to plastic but that was out of the question and a clear no. The most difficult word at the time was easy to use when it came to flowers made out of plastic.

When you got older you started to neglect your green fingers and replaced your living ones. It was during this period I came to realize they disgust me. How come plastic as flowers disgust me when plastic tubes makes me feel the opposite?

It didn't take long to figure out.

When in Tokyo time appeared in new gown and hindered me from taking the subway for longer journeys. The city space made me tired. But not to my disapproval. I loved my bed-office in the corridor of eight square meter big apartments. I loved my hut and a daily feeding consisting of batata, tomato juice and green tea on utensils bought in the neighborhood. Favorite tools broke one after one, but I made them endless as *Three little objects*.

Or at Tischendorf for example

Combines here make me ++''. Corner! I yearn. As for the lamp with black strings of what, grass, is it grass yes it is grass or rather reed. Anyhow is it gathering up with a lofty lampshade and its shooting star fabric and tiny knots in natural colored other fabric. Stars is falling over enlightened form and I wish .. it's a long time ago since I saw a star fall so it's hard to choose.

When I arrived you where still preparing so had to wait outside and here I stood and more people came and I got nervous, started to walk on and of really wanting to enter first, making living in the corner. That corner that gives a possibility to see the beautiful moving still lively, a league of life. The shape of existence.

*



*Downstairs I was looking for another one but instead fingers draw you out. On bookshelves in a private kitchen I have others of you, but this.. now, in this stage of. Of course I brought you with and here in another private sphere, a reading chair; I need to hold you close in overwhelming connection. You are here and I'm so grateful, as for the words: "To begin with, the corner is a haven that ensures us one of the things we prize most highly - immobility. It is the secure place the place next to my immobility. The corner is a sort of half-box, part walls, part door. It will serve as an illustration for the dialectics of inside and outside [...]"*³⁶

I got the corner, I am safe. A gaze bubbles to tables in front, to the one with marble plate on white worn wooden legs that comes from elsewhere and maybe has traveled far to join here on a street in another dimension. Now you are in company with chairs that have flip seats like those in old cinemas.

I find it hard to breathe when eyes haul between this and that, travel, discover signs that says "backstage" and photo wallpapers with summer alps. Between dogs and that dog, the one with gray fur that becomes a pencil point in the middle of colorful words. Creates meaning in tandem.

The couple with a croissant and dog with shimmering fur sits next to a mom and little girl in the window. They are having a warm conversation eating fruit next to him and him also. One of the him is talking with a deep voice and is younger.

On my right the three, who are an elderly woman in beautiful white hair, a man with mustache (that bring to mind he who I forgot the name of but who got red fields around his eyes when not sleeping enough) and she. The girl that has her back towards me and decided to sit on a pillow just as I did thou it matched perfectly to my jeans buttocks! They all eat breakfast and talk quietly, seems to like.

I eat too and surely love.

The banana bread with ricotta and honey is here now and I have taken a first bite and I.. those reducing abc:s keep distance but I want to make you understand so we can share this beautiful cream of cheese that halt by the edge so you can hold the slice of bread without getting sticky.

The gentle yellow honey has settled down like a little pond in the cheese and slowly drips thru the bread. This lukewarm bread with a round taste of banana that creates rhythm with the scrunch of nuts. Never want a first bite to come to an end, that taste become habit and the palate forget. Please don't stop playing to the tones of a tongue's pace.

I keep coming back and again and again I come further.

Paper brown poetry

Can only remember a couple of times I've had people around celebrating a new year of mine. At one of the occasions I perhaps turned seven. I have a blue tone sensation and that I wore a white dress with colored dots. We sat in a ring maybe playing games and at some point probably ate Princesstårta as that was a favorite one (still is).

³⁶ Bachelard, Gaston. *The poetics of Space*, trans. Maria Jolas (Beacon Press 1969), s. 137

Then a big jump to number 18 and the tower buildings. Your father had rented the place at the top, the one with a balcony towards the arena and I still can reconnect to the feeling of standing there listening to Jean-Michel Jarre. What if I had stayed the entire night, then I perhaps hadn't smashed the opportunity to a future home, inflamed our relation. Perhaps I would have missed out on the haunting little unreasonable dot in the register.

Some years later the 10th of May happened again. It become easier for every year but still. This particular time was the very beginning of an understanding that paper, and not just any but a specific one, is an existential need. I love you so much.

You wanted to take me to dinner and I said uncomfortably yes. It was so strange this, that someone wanted to give, so so strange. We went and when I opened the door to the place I never went back to because of the painful noise, I saw you too. More of you that where here to give. So so strange.

We stood in the bar for a pre-drink and it was here it happened. You gave me a little one first and I said awkwardly thanks. And then. It wasn't wrapped so I took it in right away and couldn't hold back: tears flooded over new relation. You knew me.. you really understand who I am and had given the real me something.

And what a beauty! You where about 70 cm long with a diameter of 10 cm, the weight was heavy like a little body and the surface.. smooth/rough at the same time and the color was the humle one: in brown we meet in equal.

I was so grateful but it took only seconds until you revealed your idea. You had given me help to paint the terrible yellow living room, the present was actually you two as helping hands, not the paper that I had taken as the gift. The beautiful roll of brown kraft paper was for protection and secondary.

But not to me. This event was a bewildering experience and from this moment love was confirmed.

Just precisely you are no longer with, but from where I sit at the moment I can count to one, two, three, four, five other paper brown rolls creating poetry with the rest of the room. The fabulous five stand in company with the pink poster I got at the Francesca Woodman³⁷ exhibition, a painting on paper from *Morning Series* and the *New place portrait* from Tokyo on canvas. A roll of wellpapp and some other wavy thin brown paper also gather up in the corner.

In another direction a little to my right, three of Antoni Tàpies eyes is looking at me from a folder that is warmer white. On the way to Venice that year I found an add in the paper saying Palazzo Fortuny where holding your exhibition. People said that the exhibition was about: "his way of perceiving things, of looking around himself without limits of time and space, in a striving for answers about the Universe, human nature, art, the mystery of life".³⁸

Several floors and four hours later: I will never forget that turn in life.

On the shelf in front I have the most recent gift that reminds me of soulmates. It is a wonderful little book with prints made of the above Tàpies and in the window behind

³⁷ American photographer (1958-1981). I have already thanked you with a homage but thank you so very much again!

³⁸ <http://fortuny.visitmuve.it/en/mostre-en/archivio-mostre-en/tapies-the-gaze-of-the-artist/2013/02/7064/the-exhibition-8/>

me another favorite make center of attention. I see it when entering the room and as sitting here in my armchair it keeps me company. When I got it a few months ago, sound appeared. I heard thunder when browsing it and ended up with the memory of a metal sheet that made the most sound-a-like storm.

Through the plastic window cover, a brown kraft paper is shown and the inner side say "Apply glue here". Someday perhaps, but now it lay in my knee and I will soon meet following sources of inspiration in the palm of my hands: Murakami, Sadaharu Horio, D.T Suzuki and headlines like "Torn paper and a Chair on the Ceiling".

Two and a half Drops of Bitters is a piece of Gutai³⁹ art itself.

As an end to this thinking I want to mention the paper mass production. When paper is made, fibers find new partners in the creation going from plant material to pulp to paper. The fibers coming together is part of the process of making paper and how this happens is something science can't completely explain.⁴⁰

- So paper is in a way a magic phenomenon.
- I know!

ARRANGE RE-ARRANGE

With only toes over doorstep I new this was a place of consequence. "White" walls and dimmed light could not foul and I challenged you. The drawer was a wooden burly one and made centerpiece in the space. I moved you. I moved the bed, the floor lamp and released windows, but the feeling of being hunted stayed. Increase. Corners and chopped up so called walls assaulted me. What has happened here??

I considered rushing down and out, away away or at least change room but what would they think. So I challenged also myself and the dimmed light turned black and into a full long nightmare. For my next birthday you gave me an original copy of *The Hounds of Tindalos* and I found kinship:

It is just conceivable that we can thwart them!" he exclaimed.
"But we must work rapidly. Frank, there is a stepladder in the hall. Bring it here immediately. And then fetch a pail of water."
"What for?" I murmured.
He turned sharply and there was a flush on this face. "To mix the plaster, you fool!" he cried. "To mix the plaster that will save our bodies and souls from a contamination unmentionable. To mix the plaster that will save the world from— Frank, *they must be kept out!*"
"Who?" I murmured.
"The hounds of Tindalos!" he muttered. "They can only reach us through angles. We must eliminate all angles from this room."⁴¹

³⁹ "[...] Gutai Art does not alter matter. Gutai Art imparts life to matter. Gutai Art does not distort matter. In Gutai Art, the human spirit and matter shake hands with each other while keeping their distance. Matter never compromises itself with the spirit; the spirit never dominates matter. When matter remains intact and exposes its characteristics, it starts telling a story and even cries out. [...]" - Gutai Art manifesto by Yoshihara Jirō (Gutai: Splended playground, s. 18)

⁴⁰ Paper Stories Exhibition (23 February - 28 April) at The Museum of Far Eastern Antiquities in Stockholm

⁴¹ Long, Frank Belknap. *The Hounds of Tindalos* (Belmont Books; First Paperback Edition 1963), s. 168

I need to set the room for peace and furnish to free thinking but sometimes it's just not possible. Sometimes entire rooms need to be demolished because it's fundamental structure has to big of a power. This time I chose to stay and it brought forward a sleepless consequence.

They always come in pair those choices and consequences.

Freedom is connected to beginnings and overcoming restriction of multilayered kind. You talk about negative and positive freedom where the negative freedom is the one when coming loose *from* something. An existing power is overtaken by your own ability to act. The negative freedom is "concrete and reactive".⁴²

A positive freedom don't dodge death, but can listen to its striving sensation of wanting to go forward. This kind of free being is confirming and within this you don't want to run away from something but to live explicitly. "Once the will is able to act spontaneously and autonomously, that is, our capacity for transcendental freedom is absolut and positive; through it, we are able to issue actions and events form ourselves, to be self-legislating".⁴³

You always have the possibility to choose, where not to choose also is making a choice. I am far from saying it is easy but what you and I share as a human animal, is a reasonable mind that can come to the conclusion its time to leave. Or at least try. And try and try again until former habits become new ones, settled from a point of view that is more of what your self want. As a suggestion.

We are not born finished. Life is practical action going from crawling to running, to thinking this towards believe in something else. We learn and learn again and have to keep on fighting the feeling of needing a smoke until the body, the whole body, accept it is not needed anymore. When you quit, new habit has taken form.

And I come to think of the (im)possibility to move out from another structural power that is still keeping its grip around my neck. Feet and joints I share with a mother and father, this slow in change heritage. I come to think of the need to re-arrange your self. That you have to get rid of others fucking⁴⁴ furniture to make room for your own.

"It's not that the outside world is not there - the salons, costumes, gestures, the opera, the beach, it's just that the outer is always mediated through an inner" as Marcel Proust say with me adding to his message: you can never escape your private eye but your vision can definitely be defiled by others gaze. Because how many burning eyes have you not had trouble avoiding in life. Mocking looks, looking disapproval at you at dining tables, dictating direction towards isolation. For example. Or even those tips and trix that come from others with love affect with the idea that their wish for you to do this is a wish "for a good sake". But for whom really?

People detox is sometimes necessary, preferably from time to time. To get rid of those sofa's that sneak into your living room whether you like it or not.

⁴² Stewart, Susan. *The Poet's Freedom* (The University of Chicago Press 2011), s. 6

⁴³ Stewart 2011, s. 7

⁴⁴ Recently read notes from then so frustration dominates but most of the days; shiny, cloudy, rainy, a mood is more of a mildly one. But I appreciate your sincere tone.

Comment on flexibility / plasticity

I hear what you say and bend myself to the shape of yours. Make violence on a personal form to become as you look upon things. I cut off or adapt, I am flexible.

I hear what you say and expand. Wow, so that's a way of looking at it! I agree to some point but believe a personal view is important too. Together we widen. You and I are of equal importance, we borrow from each other and become new form(s).

Plasticity shape individual being: move borders, fill up form in plural.

Another space-matter

Lottery was the way to distribute areas and today my un-lucky number was seven. In just months it was time for Konstfack's degree exhibition and here I was, devastated.

A first meeting, I coax with convictions. You nag with watered-down color scales and details in all directions. Brutally you gush over everything and smother. Disgusted back in daylight there is no return because you remind me of him. A complain.

Who are you to decide that I should stand put in monologue and accept speech that is not sincere. Can't be in fake embrace and act relaxed when not home. I am unable to eat with my back against the open and I dream nightmares when lines cross without respect. A complain.

Reinforces knowledge that nobody owns, that reaction is possible. If it is not possible to change premises and number seven which became my lot today, I can after all choose. And behind immune system there is no risk of contamination. But still. A complain.

STATEMENT

Used material: An event, plastic carpet & nauseous walls, plastic + yellow (stay the fuck away) tape.

Exhibited: Konstfack's degree exhibition 2017

An artwork is not just material, it is a creation or creature even. It's an autonomous other as who ever, this body of someone you encounter. Of course it makes difference if I get to see you in a dark corridor or open space, in bright sunlight or intrusive rain. The situation, where we meet, have impact on our dialogue and more or less interfere with the conversation.

The context is of importance and I respect you.

I use you.

Space, is like a word in a sentence that is possible to put elsewhere. You are of similar importance like the rest of my work that I also see as solitary words in a sentence possible to re-phrase. Meaning shift. The opportunity of a finding (like stitch*): one meaning. Intercourse, hands on movement (like I paint): one meaning. A gaze at created creatures outside studio space: another meaning. And of course and probably the most important meaning of all: yours as whoever, that will look at the piece of work.

Art is a non static construct.

*



Stitch (2019)

Used material: Found woody wound with wires, nails & some rest of cement.

160x30x30 cm

*And not to forget:
Silence matter*

SOUNDSCAPE

Skåne is one of my favorite landscapes because of its open fields and wide views. This flatness let the eye travel far, so so deep, let deep listening occur. I listen and hear and have somewhere heard Miriam-Rose Ungunmerr-Baumann say that "aboriginal people practice deep listening, an almost spiritual skill, based on respect. Deep listening is inner, quiet, still awareness and waiting".

Listen as choice and acoustic consequence for hearing

I affiliate to above and propose that listening owns different qualities. The ability to listen is not just a sense we own and something that happens to us. Listening is an aware act that can be directed both outwards and inwards. "Oh I am sorry I didn't hear what you said, I had my mind somewhere else. Please, say it again".

Ok I said that listening is a deliberate act and contain more then one condition, as for example: you choose to listen to what I say. You activate a bodily sense with an aware decision, like switch it on and concentrate. As a second step in the act of listening, you hear.

But before hearing appear I want to shed light on the sphere where you are. Perhaps you sit, stand, lay down in a space with walls or not but that for sure generates a specific acoustics. The character of the space, like the size, what the construction is made of (concrete, wood, plastic) and what things it contain, influence the character of the sound in the room.

To have a conversation in a room with cold hard tiles is for example a clacking experience. Here, the words we pronounce bounces off from tile to tile and collide with themselves without end, creates a chaotic atmosphere. You and I who stand in the middle of their battlefield have trouble listening to new words coming out of our mouths because of the activity of words around us. We have to really concentrate on each other and at the same time fend of the noisy surrounding, something which is energy-consuming and tiring. When we finally quit talking, the words fall to the ground and calms down. As me too.

Down memory lane I remember when I jumped parachute and was falling through the sky. Before, I thought that the sound in the air would be piercing but instead it reminded me of the sound that appears when holding hands over ears while speaking. When listening in the sky, surrounded by blues and clouds, the acoustic gave back a mumble softly sound.

The quality of a space is of importance for our experience, has impact on our selves. A room and its content affects us. It can for example be disturbing, calming, repressive and another familiar voice dress that last fact up in following words:

Grandmother has burnt pancakes specially for me.
The middle and outer pores are blackened and contracted, besides
golden brown.
She has been very careful.
I open my mouth. Saliva boils
but the ceiling is too low, anyone can see that, and the walls -
so intrusive
that they give me electric shocks in the ribs.
The acoustics are simply non-existent here
that there is no point
to speak.⁴⁵

So: I choose to listen and when this happens I am in a space that affects the sound, a sound I hear and in re-turn affects me. To listen is an act that derives *from* your body, the direction is towards something. What you hear is something you after listening get *back* to your body.

In anyway, when listening you discover and get to know.

Body form resonance and the necessity of lyhördhet

Another quality of listening is resonance and this is what happens when the sound is back within yourself. I would like to suggest that your body functions as a sound box and react when listening.

The resonance vibrating in your body contains information of relevans and to get hold of most of it you have to be lyhörd. Lyhörd is a word I find hard to translate to english but in a try to explain you can say that an apartment for example is lyhörd. What we mean with that is that the apartment plant sound really well, we here sound clearly. Lyhörd is a kind of clarity and openness you could say.

To be able to get hold of the informative resonance within your body after listening and hearing, you have to be adjusted and open to that resonance.

And the reaction within the body, the use of resonance, I believe can be selective. You can choose to be more or less lyhörd. With a more delicate tuning you get a wider range of what you hear and with less open attitude, the opposite.

I also believe it is possible that resonance don't have to happen at all, as in Åsa's* example in the kitchen above. She felt there was no reason to speak because of the lack of acoustics which in turn ment it was no sound coming back to the body, that resonance didn't came into existence. Or in other words: since your body is carrying resonance, *you* then don't come to existence when acoustics is mute and resonance is not taking your bodily form.

That is why we sometimes decide not to talk at all, because of the environments inability to take care of the sound that comes from a self. We silence up for the sake of our own existence. When the room does not receive sound/ people do not listen to what you say - when your sound is not respected - what is the point of speaking as you say?

⁴⁵ Nelvin, Åsa. *Gattet. Sångert från barnasinnnet* (Norstedts 2009), s. 36

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”I varje sekund upphör mitt liv”

How the body perceive sound is dependent on how you act, what (who) you surround yourself with and who you are. And the listening sense is not something static you were born with. You can practice your ability to listen in the same way you practice to ride a bike or continue to develop your painting skills.

Some people (as for the aboriginal) has a well developed listening ability and hear things most of us probably don't notice the slightest. For these individuals the impact of listening is therefore more vivid and stronger you could say.

Just as for highly sensitive persons. Today we talk about hsp-personality which is a highly sensitive and innate temperament that researcher and psychologist Elaine Aron introduced in the 1990s.

High sensitivity means that the brain is designed to note subtle things which makes you particularly susceptible to both internal and external stimuli and are therefore easily over-stimulated. You are from the beginning lyhörd and I also need to develop the ability to draw boundaries to a surrounding, not to be engulfed by the sounds of others.

In anyway, listening is a holistic experience.

THROUGH WINDOW CLOUDS

Clouds in the sky is visible accumulation of small particles, usually water, which float freely and are important indicators of what is happening in the atmosphere. When I look at my photo paper shaped clouds collected from trips to here and there, I also see an inner atmosphere, remember what I felt when on my way to you.

But they can also inform me when you are happy, because you let me know when you float on them. Or when you say you *float on pink clouds* I know you too are in love. Cloud: is bearer of individual meaning and has become a symbol for change and the intangible existence and here is some of Stagnelius words to that reflection:

What is our life? A cloud that fleetingly floats around in the sphere of the Fates cold gust. Transformed eternally, it never rest and lasts only a summer evening's hour [...].⁴⁶

Extract from a thinking with and about you

[...] An exception in the repetitive interpretation of Agnes Martin's art is Kasha Linville's phenomenological reading which is based on how it is to look upon her paintings. Rosalind Krauss believes that Linville prove that the feeling of atmosphere exists in a system where opposites are necessary for the feeling to emerge. That the experience of atmosphere is not an objective characteristic of the painting itself.

[...] Krauss develops the argument by referring to Hubert Damisch's work "A theory of / Cloud /" in which he describes *clouds* function to be a reminder of that it cannot be adapted to a system but nevertheless is needed to enable the system to be

⁴⁶ Erik Johan Stagnelius (1793-1823). Poem: Molnet

defined as a system at all. He says for example that "the cloud has no other value than which comes from the relationships formed with the other elements of the system".

The cloud (you) is a semiotic operator in the dialectical model for experience.

[...] Based on the reasoning above, the artwork's meaning is something that arises in an autonomous system where an individual viewer plays a main role.⁴⁷

If one accept that viewer + artwork is an individual meaning-bearing system, what does that really mean for the viewer and: what does the artist's intention mean for yours and mine experience? And what does the artwork proclaim?

Agnes Martin herself did not want to be defined as a minimalist painter and despite that critics continue to place her within that field. What does it mean when critics misinterpret artists and consequently filter the viewer with its own interpretation? For you. For the development of society.

Who has interpretation priority?

The Cloud of Unknowing ⁴⁸

Change, 31, 57, 58, 85, 107-109,
113-116, 118, 122, 160, 187;
constant order of, 61;
interest in, 126;
shocks of, 88, 90;
slow, gradual, and
unacknowledged
accumulation of, 93. ⁴⁹

The aesthetic label suffocates...⁵⁰

Here in the Western part of the world, aesthetics is a philosophical subject to "learn" where it in Japan for example is incorporate in everyday life. In an Easterly area, a subject some of us choose to study in academic forms, is closer to any and every one. There, aesthetics has a basic and general cultural value.⁵¹

Aesthetics can be translated into "the doctrine of perception" or in other words "the doctrine of experience life". If this is of fundamental value and you have developed an ability to experience reality, what impact do that have on the individual's well-being and sense of meaningfulness?

I wonder.

And I feel grateful to finally have found company. It was over there you where, the closest of all.

⁴⁷ Reflections on reading Rosalind Krauss's "Agnes Martin: The /Cloud/" in *Bachelors* (October Books), s. 75-89

⁴⁸ "...I do not know. With your questions you have put me in the same darkness, in the same cloud of unknowing where I want you to be!" (Unknown author. *Molnet*, övers. Tryggve Lundén (Artos 1996), s. 35)

⁴⁹ Mirra, Helen. *Cloud, the, 3* (Christoph Keller Editions 2007)

⁵⁰ ...the viewers's imaginative capacity to think "beyond the limits". (Doris von Drathen, *Vortex of silence* (Edizioni Charta, Milano 2004), s. 20)

⁵¹ Carter, Robert E. *The Japanese Arts and Self-Cultivation* (State University of New York Press 2008), s. 7-19

Distance I know to well. As the one of a kind that happened then for example. You came with an invite and used other's words when talking of the exhibition you were about to have comments on. On the question "what was *your* reaction to it" you said: I saw this and that but shifted seconds later to other's thinking of art. You couldn't/wouldn't (?) but for sure didn't stay with your personal reflection.

- Why is that?
- There is no such thing as simple answers, but what if...the reason why it is hard to talk about personal meaning is because of an undeveloped ability to access individual experience? For centuries, West have been of the idea that body and mind are separate units and to that we may (do not) thank Descartes. We have been of the idea that these two relate in a not entwined way and have assumed "that the connection between the mind and body must be constant (not developed) and universal (not variable among different people)".⁵² We are brought up with the inherited habitual idea that we are in somewhat static form and that our different bodies and mind can be spoken of in theoretical ways.

In other words, for decades we have been influence by the idea that body-mind experience is not foremost a singular and individual kind of thing you access by your self, but something you can formulate in general terms.

But if experience is personal and a skill to practice, maybe we need more of this practice and to begin with: break loose from the idea that life (body-mind) is fixed matter and instead something you develop and keep on developing for your entire life. With ongoing self-cultivation we may gain connection to our own meaningful experience, courage to be who we are and to show this self. Maybe we need to focus our thoughtful attention on this and create new habitual idea to inherit?

- So it can also be fear that stop us from being personal?
- Well perhaps. Fear is a basic affect that arise when threat is close.⁵³ When being the center of attention which you are when you are about to express what is happening inside yourself, the exposure can be threatening. Here there is a risk that you get judged for example, so fear may arise.
And fear, that helps to protect this inner self, dress up in creative ways of action. It prepare us to flee and for example we can start talking about something else, put the focus away from an own body and lead people (and a self) elsewhere. Here, far away from your core, you are safe from others penetrating gaze, thinking, judgement.⁵⁴ Here you avoid eventual pain. But also responsibility.
- What do you mean responsibility, for what?
- For your own freedom*. I mean: *you* see what *you* see when you look at life and is the one that encounter with a painting for example. That gaze and meeting is not anyone else's and a general one. It is only you who can express your individual experience. You are free to take responsibility of your self.

⁵² Yasuo, Yuasa (edit. T.P Kasulis). *The Body - Toward an Eastern Mind-Body Theory*, trans. T.P Kasulis and Nagatomo Shigenori (State University of New York Press 1987), s. 2

⁵³ According to Antonio Damasio (1944-), Portuguese-American neuroscientist, *emotions* is an integral part of thinking. He says that emotions consciously or unconsciously assist with necessary information and helps us to think and make decisions. He claims that emotions cover the whole body where the brain is a coordinating organ. He says that emotions helps us "minding the body". (Utvecklingspsykologi, s. 166-172)

⁵⁴ Havnesköld, Leif & Risholm Mothander, Pia. *Utvecklingspsykologi* (Liber 2009), s. 139-140

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Freedom's restriction

According to Jean-Paul Sartre, freedom is not a choice but something you *are* independent of personality or your social context. In *The Ethics of Ambiguity*, Simone de Beauvoir claims something else and says that our premise's plays a role. That freedom is related to the ability to choose.

My wish is to make her arguments visible and will thru out the text discuss the noticeable and less visible conditions of freedom. In parallel, I will put her reasoning in dialogue with Kant and highlight the individual responsibility they both talk about. I would like to point towards *self-reflection* as a tool that can loosen the grip of Simone de Beauvoir's "conditional" freedom.

[...] freedom exists partly within the reasonable mind since freedom means *wanting* to "unveil being" as she says (de Beauvoir 1990, s. 26). Simone de Beauvoir believes that in any given situation you have to make a choice based on the conditions that are given, with a *will* to face what you are facing despite difficulties that may arise. [...] "Wanting to unveil the world and wanting to be free is the same movement" (de Beauvoir 1990, s. 34).

[...] For both de Beauvoir and Kant, freedom is residing in the *will*. A will that they believe should come from an individual source and not be executed out of other's arguments. [...] de Beauvoir believes that if we let go of the idea that existence must be confirmed by an outside world, one's own ability and personal freedom become clear (de Beauvoir, s. 28-29).

[...] Kant implies that focus on one owns thoughts is of importance, as reasoning make you able to be critical toward "The officer, Finance Committee and the Priest": someone else's voice that cries out "do not reason!" (Kant 1992, s.29).

Both Kant and de Beauvoir direct attention to self-reflection.

The invited was one of those that seemed to have learned how to talk about art and for what I heard, with a distance from a self. A personal reflection was kept away, an experience we should focus on at least for a bit I believe. Because what is the purpose of art? What is it for? Or for who. For you and I and those different other's that walk around in unique bodies?! For people that can never claim the other's view on things since your idea of the taste of coffee is yours as I own my experience of red? We are free and individual, so why shouldn't we talk more freely about the personal meaning of art?

And I wonder:

How come the art world (a market where deals are made) have such a developed skill of putting labels on art and juggle artist around from field to field as you say?⁵⁵ It is a pretty practical skill that, but what for?

You make us reflect upon a word we know well by now, *pharmaceutical* industry and ask what we think of the sound of healthcare *industry*, prison *industry* or refugee *industry*.⁵⁶ And what do we think of the sound of *culture industry*?⁵⁷

Labeling is practical perhaps but reduce diversity, create a homogeneous milieu and I agree with you Doris, you who say the following:

1.

One of the most important observations I have made during my research is that the actual process of inscribing contemporary art into the corpus of art history not only seems to be exercised with "downcast eyes", but, above all, also shut out what to me appears to be the pivotal point of any approach to art: the viewers's experience.⁵⁸

2.

How can we speak of the freedom of art when, at the same time, we do our utmost to hurriedly undermine its otherness through bourgeois strategies of dominance?⁵⁹

3.

Hence, once I acknowledge the boundary separating me from the other, I am as a viewer shown the true dimensions of the opportunity that lies in encountering art. The absolut silence of this zero-point experience offers equal freedom both to the work of art and the viewer.⁶⁰

4.

5.

6.

Room present a space for you to be.

⁵⁵ von Drathen 2004, s. 14

⁵⁶ Lee, Mara. *När andra skriver - Skrivande som motstånd, ansvar och tid* (Glänta produktion 2014), s. 143-144

⁵⁷ Adorno & Horkheimer. Kulturindustri. Upplysning som självbedrägeri in *Upplysningens dialektik* (Daidalos 2012)

⁵⁸ von Drathen 2004, s. 14

⁵⁹ von Drathen 2004, s. 15

⁶⁰ von Drathen 2004, s. 25

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