A little something on fog and confusion

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by Emilie Victoria Sonne Birket-Smith

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A little something on fog and confusion

Woods and lakes and marsh.
Stables and barns and stone hedges.

I’m crossing the south of Sweden by train. It’s a sunny Sunday in the beginning of April.
The landscape still has desert yellow tone to it.
I see everything backwards. it has already passed me - I see it disappearing from my position.

Lakes, industrial buildings, pine and birch- all becomes a one.

I'm supposed to somehow condense and crystallise the past two years and my methods of creating.
The landscape passing me is offering a generous visualisation of process which has been full fog and confusion.
It is impossible to take time out of the equation. It is anchored to the now. It has a chronology. And it’s tide to time.

From which point do we create? Which desire do we have to formulate ourselves?
Is it a method to be free, allowing ourselves just to be in life or is it rather a way to make sure we do not disappear? A method to stay present in life?
To preserve a moment. A meditative practice which forces us not to float away from reality? Or is it the opposite-a staged reality where we suggest causalities? It’s a way- some might even call it a method - to be daring, brave. A tool to get closer to others. And to one oneself. Daring to ask and dare to keep quiet.

I started masters with a desire to talk about trauma and the body. To investigate the core of trauma though sound. Using my own body. Trying to uncover and understand what previous generations has passed on to me.
But a film emerged. As a lifebuoy. Allowing me to rest from the body sound project and myself for a while.
I saw the film as something minor in the beginning. An experiment.
The dynamic shifted. And suddenly the film became the primary focus.

I ask myself why did I not let go of the one, allowing my full attention to the other?
I’m starting to believe the one project worked as an uncomfortable reminder of difficulty to allow me to go deep into the other project. The two becoming each others measuring stick. Equally important. We need something to measure against.

I am somehow gonna try and lean into chronology as a framework for this thesis. But I will move away, around and above chronology. Because it’s impossible not to put the full picture into it all.
An old memory. Not tied to a specific event. Rather a memory of an atmosphere. Like a fish breaks the structure of calm waters when snapping a fly from the surface. I haven’t forgotten the story around it. I’ve talked about it. Dealt with it through therapy. The situations. What happened. Possibles explanations for why it happened. How did it make you feel? Why do you think that is? This is different. This is not just about me. Not just about my experiences alone. The situation that cause the trauma is tied to me, to my body, but the trauma is not just mine. Belonged to those before me. Within the field of epigenetics it is suggested that trauma can be passed on. Leaving a mark on DNA. Passing on a trauma from generation to generation.

“In order to liberate myself from the past, I have to reconstruct it, ponder about it, make a statue out of it and get rid of it through making sculpture”¹
Louise Bourgeois about her art-making

Both my mother and I experience sexual assault before the age of ten. Our bodies share a type of memory, but it is not just that. It’s suggested that my body in someway stores her experience. So what can I do, when I don’t want to talk about it, but feel an urgency to face it.

THOUGHTS ON SOUND AND WORDS

THE BODY HOLDING A MEMORY

When dealing with traumas words are often in the center. Trying to create logic, a way to find meaning. Talking about the event. The direct consequences of it. The story becomes the centre. Words suggests a truth.
Words adapts to the situation, we adapt ourselves to a situation.² Words can be argued against. Words can be misunderstood. Words can create distance. Words can hold “moment” forever.

Sound does not claim a truth. I don’t wish to captivate a moment in forever. I don’t want to be misunderstood. Maybe not understood either. This is not about a truth or not. But a memory belongs just as much to a body as it belongs to the mind.

¹ https://www.roundlemon.co.uk/zest/women-artist-series-louise-bourgeois
² 244, the body keeps the score
MARCH 2021:
I’ve spend the past seven months talking about doing. Talking about thoughts. Trying to stay with trauma. Resisting and insisting. People sense my ambivalence with the project. I don’t know how to approach myself. I don’t know how to approach others. I feel I smell of grief and tragedy and pity and it alienates me from others. I project. I know it is all in my head. But I still feel it. I finally get around to going to a body therapist after thinking about it for five months. She does womb healing.

On the day I’m going Im agitated. I’m afraid. I’m restless and stressed. I want use my body, exhausting it will somehow help me land. Be present. The day starts with sun, but during the afternoon it becomes more and more windy. By the time its time for me to go there is a snowstorm going on. It’s too hostile for me to bike. I have to take the train. I have to let go of my idea of how it was gonna play out.

My project is a mess. My life is a chaotic place. I feel lost. Not being sure about my own boundaries. Investigating my boundaries and how they where crossed in the pasted. Suddenly it seems like I am reenacting these boundary crossing by insisting to stay with the project. My relationship spilling into the project. My project spilling into my relationship. There is no free zone. No break.

And I want to avoid falling into constructed narratives. I want to allow what wants to emerge to emerge. And honestly: I don’t know what the fuck I am doing.

I take off my clothes. Wire myself with microphones. Lay on the mattress on the floor. She holds her hands over my body. Gently pushes my jaw so I breath freely. The clock is ticking. It interferes with my recordings: Please stop me.

I’m tense, rationalising. Breath! she says. I forget to breath. Seeing myself from the outside. I am not in my body. All seems wrong. I feel nothing. This is ridiculous. What do I wish to achieve?

And it hits. A waves of undefined emotions. I don’t know where they come from. What they are about. And then the burning feeling starts.

Her hands is at my right hip. I see my mother. My grandmother. My two abortions. Life is situated/placed here. This is about the life that was before me. This is about the potential life. The life that will be in the future. This is timeless. It’s painful and peaceful. It’s my ancestors without having to perform. Without having to deliver. It just is. It is forgiving, it is loving, it is without judgement.

The therapist holds her hands here until it is time. Until the knot in my ovary is gone. She moves her hands to my left hip. This is where the harm is. This is where the abuse is. This is the rape. This is the sexual interactions which I would tell myself it was ok. cause I wouldn’t know what to do with it. if I was not ok.

Being ok is a way to protect yourself from the fact that you’re mistreated. Not knowing that to do with unfair things. Un-right things. I scream. I cry. It hurts. There is the stillness in chaos. I float in space.

She moves to my ribs. My chest. I almost explode with anger. During the session I had vivid images of people and places and situations not knowing where it came from. Afterwards I feel confused and in a haze.
I fall asleep exhausted and wake up 2 am. Right awake with one clear ambition: I need to make something about Sven! I need to make a film about our letters.

Why haven’t I seen this before?
I don’t have any filming experience. It seems like a nice break learn something new and I like the idea of having an interaction. Taking away the pressure of me being the sole “performer” yet having to be authentic. The body project offers no fun or lightness and it solely depends on my doing. After going to the session I try to listen to the recordings from the therapy session. Each time my stomach turns. I get overwhelmed. I start to cry. I don’t know how to be with it. It sounds pornographic. It sounds horror movie. It sounds primal. I forget about this. I dive into Sven.

SVEN:

Sven and I have been writing letters for the past four years.

Sven is a man in his seventies. Born and raised in the small town of Gudhjem on the island of Bornholm living in his childhood home. I meet Sven when I was living in Gudhjem.

I moved there to do my internship at the local radio station and to get closer to my father who has moved to Gudhjem a couple of years prior. My husband joins me and we tried to establish ourselves there. It didn’t go as planned.

We divorce. He leaves. I stay.

I’ve just got the keys to a small apartment across the street from where I used to live with my now ex-husband. I am trying to scrub the mould of the tiles from the bathroom when Sven appears out of nowhere.

He’s standing in my door holding a bread and a cheese. “Is it true that you’re about to move?” “Yes” I say confused. I have only nodded politely to Sven before—never exchanged words. “I have a bread and cheese for you, wishing you’ll never needing anything in your new home” My hands are dirty, I am overwhelmed by his generosity. I am sweaty, smelly and hungover and I’m grieving my divorce. I point him towards the apartment. I finished the cleaning and go to sleep in my new apartment for the first time.

A homemade bread and a small cheese neatly placed on the kitchen counter. Sven gives me my first meal in my new home. Sven leaves a Christmas letter in my mailbox, I knit him a pair of gloves and we start writing letters to each other when I give up on the dream of Gudhjem and eventually move Stockholm. Sven and I have only ever exchanging a couple of polite hellos in person— even after we start our exchange of gifts.
Sven is a careful man—fragile and shy. I always write him with tenderness, never sure if I cross some invisible line. I have a sensation that he can turn any time. Suddenly not wanting to be in contact anymore.

Sven’s letters are full of drawings and details. His handwriting in meticulous. Precise. I am never quite sure what he writes about. Shifting between dreams, memories, quotes from books and overheard conversations. I cannot say what I get from our writing, but its special and unique—something I want to cherish and cultivate. I am shy about my uneven and loose handwriting. Not to mention my lack of experience and reference. My poor knowledge of culture and politics.

I now have a box full letters from Sven. I want to make a film about Sven’s letters and his relationship to the fisher town Gudhjem.

I call him. The first time we’d ever been on the phone. I tell him about me being on a school where I can learn how to make film. If we can make a film together? Can I call him to begin with? The pandemic and distance from Stockholm to Bornholm is making it hard to start the actual filming. He agrees. I start recording our phone conversations until I can come to Gudhjem.

We carefully get to know each other in a new way.

It’s the April and I’m planning to go to Gudhjem in June to start filming.—I haven’t mentioned a date. He doesn’t like to plan, he tells me. “All living wants to be free” he says in one of first our conversations.


What if something has happened to him—he is after all in his mid seventies. I ask people I know in town if they have seen him around. Sven is doing fine they say. He is still not picking up the phone.

I panic. It looks like the film I was planning to make just have lost its main character.

“I went for a walk in the forest this morning. I couldn’t sleep and I thought I wanted to greet the sun as it was rising.

I had a dream about you and I. I came to your house and we had tea in your kitchen.

I’ve been trying to reach you, but you don’t pick up.

I’m worried that you perhaps don’t want to do the film anyway, but I tell myself that you are properly just busy picking fresh herbs in the forest.”
By the end of May I write Sven. I write about the stuff I normally write about and carefully mention that I am worried: Doesn’t he want to be in the film any longer?

I try again and call him a week after I’ve mail the letter. He picks up. Happy to hear my voice. Like nothing happened.

“I got your letter yesterday” he says
“Did you read it?” I carefully ask.
“Of course, that is the first thing I do!”

He does not mention the 6 weeks ghosting.
I go to Bornholm in June. Nervous about our meeting. Nervous about filming. And nervous about the fact that I’ve decided to make a film which is situated in the same village where my father lives.

I haven’t been in Gudhjem for a year. Last time I was here was to break contact with my father. Asking him to stay out of my life after a long conflict. And now I want to make a film which is situated in the same town. Believing that I can somehow avoid my father in a village which has less than 800 inhabitants.

On afternoon I arrive to Gudhjem I run into my father. I can tell by his expression that he’s happy to see me. And surprised and not understanding what I’m doing here. I tell him that I am in Gudhjem to film Sven.

My father is a photographer by profession. I come up with an idea. He points the camera at me and interviews me. I’m interested to see what kinds of questions a father has to his daughter after not having taken any part of her life for more than a year. Does he understand why I didn’t want to be in contact?

He agrees. I come back to make a meal and do the “experiment” the day after.

The year before- when I broke the contact- we had a long conversation. I gave him a letter- giving him the reasons for me not wanting him in my life. What I found distressing. What I wished from our parent-child relationship. Why I didn’t feel that he was meeting my needs.

Now we’re having a meal. Talking for the first time in a year. It’s tense and I am hostile. I find everything he says annoying, boring and triggering. I am furious. Also I do not want to touch upon anything I would want on film. We set up for the interview. He starts recording. Asking me vague and uninteresting questions. How is school? Do you learn anything? Did you get your vaccination?

I get more and more worked up. I loose my patience. “Are you gonna ask me why I didn’t want to be in contact?”
“I thought it was me asking the questions” He replies.

The conversation goes back and forth. It’s no longer an interview but a discussion about how things played out coming up our conflict last summer. I ask him: “Did you read the letter I gave you when I left?”

“What letter?” he asks. I can hardly breath. I start crying. “I spend a lot of time formulating why I didn’t wanna be in contact” The letter served as a way for me to be heard when being ignored and silenced. Ghosted. “The letter was a way for me to try and get some agency back” I continue “But you didn’t read it?”

“I can’t have, if that was the context of the letter, then I would remember” he says quietly.
The conversation stops and my hope for us to reconnect disappears. I tell him nothing has changed. I don’t want him back in my life.

My head is about to explode. One man is reading my letters as the first thing. The other cannot even be bothered to open my letter. Both in the same town. Even if I want to I cannot leave my father out of this story.

Later when I get back to Stockholm I try and look at the material. Each time I open the editing program I get just as sad as the first time I got the message: I did not read your words.

SCORE on approaching material:

1: record your material
2: approach it.
3. feel the hesitation.
4: become angry with it
5: feel you being overly emotional with it
6: hate it
7: try again- fail
8: fall in love with a new idea.
fall in love with yourself for having a new idea. You’re amazing
9: remembering that you have an unfinished project that you are trying to avoid by falling in love with “strangers”
10: approach your material again.
11 become angry with it. Again. Be emotional. Hate it. Doubt yourself and ask yourself “What do you want to achieve? Doubt yourself some more. Consider doing something that is not creative.

12: become angry at yourself for having the idea in the first place.
Your hesitation. Your stubbornness. Hate it all. Hate that you got a new idea as a way out.
13: do this a couple of times.
14: approach your material AGAIN.
Move away from creating meaning or narrative.
15: cut it up. Put it in a random order. Do not look for meaning.
16: make a small thing of it, which has no meaning. No sound. No narrative. no structure. Let it sit for a while.
17: approach it again and realise, that you are no longer privately involved in it. You see it as material. Something that is not connected to you any longer.
18: know and remind yourself that all processes has the same dramaturgy. You’ve been though this before
19: try and accept- make something out of it which has the meaning you intended for it in the first place.
tell yourself it will be different next time.
20: approach the new love which now has taken the same position as your previous love has. Believe this time it will be different. Start from 1.

Hopefully a failure or mistake has emerged during your process. This helps as a shooting element. Making you believe that all has a purpose. The mistake being a kind reminder that you cannot control all of the process. The mistakes will give the project is own autonomy, It gives a weird kind of meaning to you.

I stay in Gudhjem after meeting my father. It takes time to gather courage to approach Sven. Meanwhile I write letters to Sven. I write about what the village meant to me. About my dreams. The divorce. How I once was hoping for something. How life played out differently than the initial plan. My restlessness. How I understand love. And dreams.

I knock on his door. He does not open.
I leave a note.
I come back. 
The note is gone. 
I knock on his door again. Nothing. A new note 
I come back the day after. 
Knock. Nothing. 
I go for a walk, hoping to run into him.

Sven is not opening and I am here to film him.

I extend my stay. He finally opens. Says nothing about my many attempts. No sorry. 
Just “I thought it was you I saw outside my window the other day”

We’re together for the afternoon. We walk in the forest, crawl on the cliffs. He tells me about childhood memories. Shows me flowers and insects which he’s drawn in his letters.

Tells me that they- the dog walking gang- use to call me and my ex-husband Adam and Eve. Cause we went swimming naked in the morning. He says word for word what I remember he said, when he gave me my first meal in my new home. “May you never need anything in your new home” He talks about the first time he noticed me. And he gets a bit impatient with my poor knowledge about the world.

We walk and talk and drink tea in his kitchen. I go home to Stockholm the day after.

I send him the letters I wrote while I was in Gudhjem waiting to meet him. 
I look through the material and start editing and realise that the film is not about Sven. It’s about us. 
I tell him on the phone. “I gathered” he says. And maybe it’s not just about us, but about handling the pain of letting go.

If I didn’t have the camera I would not have the courage to ask my father the question: Did you read my letter? If I was not making a film-experiment with Sven, then I would not deal with the grief of letting go of the dream of stability and normality. If I did not place the microphones on my body then I would never gather strength to lay on the floor and allow myself to acknowledge my history. The world around Sven offers me a pause- gathering strength to approach my body project with a new freshness.
Transcending memories. I want to let the body with traumatic experiences be heard. Allowing the body -uncensored- to take space.

Free from the meaning making of visuals. 
Free from the claim of truth which words holds.

Working with sound I want to explore if a memory can transcend and somehow become a bodily experience rather than a logical one. Creating a space where the body will be heard different stages. Allowing the body to be more than one thing. Holding both trauma, pleasure and struggles. I'll expose myself to bodily deal with the traumas I have experienced. And exploring the ones which supposedly are stored in my body from previous generations. I do this by attending different types of body therapies and record my body during the process.

How to do it?

Score:

1. Take a recorder
2. Tape microphones to your body
3. Press record
4. A) Do something pleasurable
   B) Do something exhausting
   C) Do something painful
5. Put the recordings away. Give them - give yourself - time. 
   Allow the situation to become a memory.
   Let them find their own dis-order.
   Allow it to find its own life.

   (Let the sounds overlap if it helps you to)

PRESENTATION of trauma/body-piece:

The work will be site specific- presented in two different modes.
One: creating a room allowing sounds to come from objects and from surround sound. 
Moving between the sensation of being inside a body and being a spectator- Centring the sound in objects. Embodying the sound.

Two: some of the sound pieces will be played headphones- preferably among other people and activities. Creating a different mode of listening allowing people to share space but being alone with the sound. Somehow reenacting the sensation of alienation which trauma can create. Having something tied to your body, distancing you from the world cause
you have a bodily experience that cannot be fully shared with words. I am considering trigger warnings. I do not wish to
tell people how to interpret what they hear or how they could create meaning from it. Therefore mentioning trauma as part
of the research project will likely be told after the experience. I am considering to get support from using non-
figurative visual-clips to help the spectator having a sensation of duration: maybe I don't care.

FALL 2021

During fall I approach the body project. I do cut-ups. It becomes something else. I can suddenly work
with it.
I go to another session to record my body. This time it's different. I know what to expect. I know where
to place the microphones to get better sound. This time I do not have vivid images. I still feel pain. I still
cry. I still get an overwhelmed and peaceful sensation at the same time. While I'm on the floor I think:
“Did I press record? But I always press record” I need just to sink into being there. We finish. I look at
my recorder. Nothing. Fucking nothing. I didn’t press record. I’m overwhelmed. Angry. This never
happens. I come home. I have one recording. It's 30 seconds long. I say: “And now I'll press record” It’s so stupid it can only make me laugh. Afterwards it gives me relief: having something for myself. I
become even more detached to the recordings I do have, cause I also have something that just belongs
to me. I end up seeing my fail just as important as the actual recording.

I'm on phone with Sven serval times as winter approaches. He asks me how I am doing and I say I am a
bit sad. He apologies for talking about himself and I start to cry. I tell him I’ve tattooed the fish that he
drew to me in letter. I did it even though he never gave me the permission I asked for in a letter.”That
was not for me to say” he says and continue “All that I have given you is your and you can do with it
just a you please”. I get sad and happy and overwhelmed cause it is difficult to invest in “something”
that is special and will very likely disappear within a foreseeable future.

Yes: Death is always present and within close proximity of old people.
I go to Bornholm in November. On my way to Sven I pass a garden with apples. A branch hangs heavy
over the fence. I steal some apples to bring to Sven. We film. We stay inside his house. Hiding from the
cold wind and aggressive sea. We drink tea. He makes drawings. I offer him a slice of stolen apple.
He is reluctant, but accepts the slice I’ve just cut. “Just like Eve did with Adam. And then they where
kicked out by the Gardner” he says as he is about to take a bite.

And it becomes even more clear to me. The film is not so much about us either. Maybe I am using Sven and our letters to tell another story. To
process my grief leaving behind a dream. Grieving my divorce. Grieving letting go of the sensation of a home. The brief belief:
That I could live a life which would offer me peace, quiet and predictability. And a weird way of forcing myself to approach my father again, to relive
the disappointment.
As I leave I say to Sven that I’ll come back for December.

When I get back to Stockholm I try and look into the recording I did with my father in the summer. I’m angry with myself. I decided to cut contact with my father cause I felt I lose control over my emotions. His contact was unpredictable. And here I am, revisiting his rejection again and again through imagery. Not only that: why should anyone would want to see this.

The dilemma of taking up space which “stories” rooted in a personal experiences and finding support in others

Touching upon the unpleasant things in life, claiming space by “showing” it can make me doubtful. Questing if I give more than I want to. At times it leaves me with a sensation of feeling empty and drained. But then a sensation of anger will arise. Why am I allowing myself to be dictated by a codex and a desire to please. I become paralysed when I am preoccupied with the outside world and pay too much attention to the imagined fears of opinions from the outside world. Why do I feel entitled to do any of this? Why does it matter to create? Then I’ll stumble across others who in someway create or talk about entitlement. Pieces of work that will talk to me, perhaps in a different way than intended. Perhaps an atmosphere inspires me, like the carousel sensation of disorientation I get from the short movie “My name is Oona” by Gunvor Nelson. I’ve taken a lot of inspiration from Marianna Simnett work “Faint with light” an audio-visual piece where Simnett self-induce series of faint attacks. Or my reflection when experiencing Pia Arke piece of ten pictures.
The series shows everyday objects which are organised next to a picture of missing breast. Suggesting that something as physical violent as a removed breast is just as much a part of life as a teddy bear and books. Organising the “pleasant” and “unnoticeable” objects as books and a teddy bear along with a missing breast. All of the works inspirers me to courage. I imagine how the artists could feel they where claiming space with something too private, but as the spectator I do not have those thoughts.

During the winter of 2021 I take an edit course. One of the first tasks is to edit a clip which has no meaning. No sound. Edit it from a rhythm. I’ve been stuck with the footage from my encounter with my father in the summer. Every time I open it I get overwhelmed. Maybe not looking for meaning but just editing it from a sensation of rhythm will help me. I use the footage in different edit exercises. Then I’m done with the course I approach the recordings without feeling emotionally overwhelmed. It “just” is.

I call Sven in February 2022
I tell him I plan to come to Bornholm in March. I apologise for not coming in December as I said I would. I get shy about my flakiness. Our agreement about not agreeing anything is just as soothing and accommodating to me as I believe it is to him. I even suspect him for making this agreement to please me. Maybe he’d figured me out. I work badly with timing. That I get nervous as soon as I make promises.

Sven tells me he dances under the stars. He has mentioned this in one of his letters. Asking me to dance a rain dance. Or he would, under the stars on his shaky legs. Sven’s letters are neat. Full of detail. It works as a form a fog. Disarms me and makes me question the realness of his words. Never sure if he is referring to dreams, history, his own and other peoples experiences, rumours, me or if he is telling lies. “Do you dance under the stars?” I ask. “Yes of course I do. It relieves a lot of tension” “Will you dance under the stars with me next time I come to Bornholm” “Yes! Of course” “Good, I believe I’ll come in March- but we do not promise each other anything. That was the promise we made”

Our conversation ends.

I have found my ending for my film.
The last scene will be me and Sven dancing under the stars while you hear my voice:
“Dear Sven. It was never the intention that the phone calls and filming was gonna substitute our letters. We have to end the film”

March comes, March goes. It’s not til EASTER IN MID-APRIL 2022 I arrive to Gudhjem. Before going I consider if I should call and make a plan. It was never the DNA of our interaction. I shouldn’t change the DNA now just cause I’m close to a deadline. False safety and I’m past the uneasy and nervous feeling of not having agreements.
I arrive to Bornholm on a Wednesday. I'm trying to gather my thoughts before going down to Sven. A butterfly comes to the window. Trying like a maniac to get out. The wings smashing against the window.

There was a butterfly in the church at my mother's funeral. Many years after there would always appear a butterfly within the first weeks of me moving into a new place. Even in a snowy November a butterfly was in one of my first apartments. It always felt like it was my mother came by for a hello, you're doing alright and I am just gonna see your new place. The butterfly feels like a gentle motherly support as I'm here trying to gather my thoughts before I do the last shooting for my film.

I come to Sven's. Knock on his door. Look though his window, There's fresh daffodils in the hallway. Maybe he's out. I leave a note: “I hope you'll dance under the starts with me. I'll come back before lunch tomorrow” I put a stone on the note for it not to fly away.

I come back Thursday at 11. The note is gone. I knock. Nothing. I knock again. Nothing. Maybe he thinks I'm late because it's 11 o'clock in summertime and Sven does not believe in summertime? I leave a new note put the stone on top.

It's Friday. From the hill I see the flag in the harbour is on half. I came from the hill and look down at Sven's entrance. The note is still there. I panic. I run to his house. Knock. Nothing.

I run to a nearby cafe. “Why the flag is on half? Did anything happen?” “Its good Friday” He replies laughing. “So have you seen Sven?” “Yes, I saw him the other day” I leave a new note. I come back Sunday. The note is there, the ink has faded from rain. I leave a new note. “I will forget you until Tuesday. Then I'll come back” I put the new note on top of the old.

Tuesday comes. He has taken both notes. I knock. Nothing. I knock again. Nothing. I write. Sven. I thought I had an ending. I guess all living wants to be free. I'll go home to Stockholm and finish our movie. I hope I'll hear from you. Until you tell me all is not good, I expect us to be ok”
The daffodils have started to wither.

I leave. I believed I had my ending, but I am being rejected by my main character. This was not the plan. But suddenly his rejection is reinforcing what this film unconsciously has been circulating around: There is no such thing as certainty. I was haughty believing I knew where I had him. Believing I could plan the ending.

Before I leave Bornholm I go to the farm where I have some of my belongings stored- might as well bring some of my things back to Stockholm.

I meet Søren who owns the farm. He asks me if I've spoken to my father. And I say no. And he says he thinks I should. And I say I’m not going to. He insists. “Your father is not doing well” Søren tells me that my father just got a call from the doctor the week before. My father had an operation. The doctor found cancer. My father has cancer. A bad one. And I think about the butterfly and my week of me being afraid of Sven dying. And maybe my feelings was right. I just looked the wrong place. I go to my fathers. He is surprised.

He asks if I just got here. I tell him I’m leaving tomorrow and that I know that he’s sick.

**DIAGRAM OF CREATING**

Why do I want to create, is perhaps the question that I ask myself the most. What does it do to me, when I share. How can I be in the vulnerable process of sharing something intimate and make sure I care for myself in the process. What is the need to create? Why does creating or conceptualising a process feel urgent?

I see the creating process as a "soft"-diagram

**ME:** A desire to process and conceptualise experiences, thoughts and memories, so they become something new. Embodying them. Diving into it, being with “them” in different stages and giving it a physicality. It allows me to let go. Letting “them” become something psychical. No longer being a part of me, but something that moves through me. Sharing and re-creating an atmosphere rather than a statement or a claimed truth.

**WANTING TO BE UNDERSTOOD:** Another part of creating -for me- is the opportunity to a kind of mirroring. Allowing a memory/obsession/idea/understanding/atmosphere to leave me physically and be co- experienced is a way for to of leave a state of solitude. I am in a way understood a tiny bit more, even if misunderstood.
EXPECTATIONS: At times I become obsessed with what I expect others expect of me. When talking about a project peoples own interpretations and associations plays in. This can be a help. It can also foster a desire for me to please others. Moving away from my intuition. Suddenly navigating after what I expect the room wants to hear. Becoming a people pleaser.

OUTSIDE WORLD: Another aspect is meeting the outside world. This cultivates a certain amount of doubt and fear. Fear of taking up too much space with too little. Am I entitled to make the claims I do? How do I achieve these claims, is it the right way or is it perceived as banal or unoriginal? Where is the line between being private and personal? Did I put enough effort into it? What kind of quality does my making hold? Am I entitled to make them? All questions which can overwhelm me and for moments leave me paralysed.

Something about death. Something about loos.

My father has cancer. He’s had it before. But this time it’s not just in the skin. It cannot be removed. It has spread. From his skin to his bones. To his organs. Small cancer cells now lives in his lungs. Now it’s no longer a question of I hope he grows old and stays fit. Now we do not have time for me to be ready to reach out after be breaking contract. Its no more: I hope we get to do that travel we’ve been talking about since I was a teenager and that he always presents when we try and have a parent-child relationship again. There is no more: I look forward to one day have a house so I can get his help restoring the kitchen. Now it is: I hope we get a year. I hope we get to be together on his birthday. I hope we can have one more easter together -which I now come to realise it became a tradition in the pasted without us ever agreed upon it. I hope I get to say all the things I haven’t said. I hope I can think out all the questions that I imagine my future life will present and need answers for, before its too late.

I think about all the things growing in to adulthood which has been painful about the loose of my mother. There are the big things. Like she won’t meet the people who I love and who loves me. She didn’t get to get excited about me getting accepted to educations. I can’t send her postcards. She won’t get to approve or disapprove my partners. She can’t tell me that is completely normal that your period changes when you get older. Or support me or tell me to get my act together when I feel sorry for myself cause my desires don’t always serve me good. All the things we imagine will happen. The parts where we carry them with us somehow, regardless of their presence or not. Knowing exactly how they would react and feel in certain situations.

The big things which are visible—even for strangers.

Then there are the small things. The small wrinkles of life which not even your closest friends notice or pay attention to. The small changes, that are so subtle you believe they have always been a part of you. And maybe they have, you yourself just haven’t noticed it before. These parts of you where your parents know you better than yourself. Because you are their flesh and bones. Because they have experienced it on their own body and seen it in you, long before you knew it was a thing.

And there is the small revelations and discoveries of the world.
I had just moved out of home to live on my own in Copenhagen. I was walking in a park with a friend and I suddenly discover a flower I never had seen or at least paid attention to before. It was tiny and white with blue stripes going from the centre out to the tip of the leaves. This was my first conscious encounter with Puschkinia. The small flower violently threw me out of my depressive stream of thoughts. I was over the hills of excitement seeing this fragile, pretty and tiny flower. It is one of my favourite spring flowers.

These things I cannot share with my mother. We cannot laugh about my extreme immaturity in my twenties- I cannot apologise for the times when I was judging them to hard. We cannot talk about how much easier life gets when you stop hoping for people will read your mind, but instead express your desires and expectations.

I do not get to share this with her. And now I am in a hurry to tell my father all the things in my life which has happened in the two years absence. All the things I did not think where important, but that I want him to know about me before it is too late.

And I bike. And I think about all the hate I’ve had towards my parents. All the unfairness. And I realise that I was made by dreamers. And I am in my core a dreamer as well. And maybe if I would let go of some of the hate it would make life a bit smoother. So I guess I am in a hurry to find all the reasons to love my father. And find a forgiveness which is not determined by my current life situation. To pay attention to the small details which makes someone human and not just a person.

It is not the times he would take me travelling or buy me clothes which makes me emotional. It is the small gestures- him trying his best. Making an effort. Like the time my father started his new life.

It's easter 2015. His past relationship created a distance between us and it's the first time I spend time alone with my father for many of years.

He had just ended a long unhappy relationship. He moved to Gudhjem, a fisher town on the shore of the island Bornholm to start over.

He’s never been the one for decor. We’re trying to catch up on the lost years. And he is licking his wounds.

The garden is hesitantly waking up after the winter. The air is fresh, but the sun warm. My father cuts branches of the yellow forsythia. The bush is one of the first bloomers in spring. Attracting bugs and birds, offering a preview of all the life summer will bring to the garden. The bright yellow colour against the radiant blue spring sky creates a psychedelic contrast. Attentively and careful my father picks some branches and place them in a vase in the living room.

My father is changed. He’s realising how messed up his life has been. Only understanding the scope of it now that it is over. He is relieved. His face has soften and it reveals that its was not without consequence.
He is attending the living room. Making it look nice before our easter dinner. Without words showing that me that is important to him that i’m here. He wants to make it nice for us. He is making an effort.

He shows me around the island. Showing me where he would spend his summer as a child. He is for the most time silent. Cooking dinner while I nap. And the day before I’m supposed to leave I’m trying to buy a ticket. The departure is sold out. And suddenly I have to leave in an hour. And my fathers face dissolves. He looks scared and broken. And he is sad. And perhaps he does not want to be alone. And maybe it was really really nice to be close to your family. And I leave. And I am broken, cause it breaks me to see I break my parents. And I decide that I have to go back to try and get the parent I haven’t felt throughout my upbringing. And I move to Bornholm. And I try again to get a parent I didn’t have and it works for a while. And then it doesn’t work. And I broke off contact- again. And now we’re here.

And before I leave my father after the news of the cancer I ask him if he ever found the letter I gave him. And he tells me yes- just the other day. And I ask if he’d read it, but he hasn’t.

And I say that maybe it’s not a letter to read right now because the things I say are not nice. And he says. Well, maybe not. But I will read it regardless.

So now I text my father every day, telling him a small thing about my life. Or a tiny memory. Or an observation about him or about me. I might sneak in a wish because I guess we are in someway just as defined by our past as we are by our wishes and hopes for the future.

If I didn’t insist on staying with trauma and my body and a wordless space, Sven would not have appeared as a nice way out.

If didn’t go to Bornholm this easter I would not have been within his proximity when he got the news. I would not be close by to tell him face-to-face that I know. Did I not film there in the first place I wouldn’t have known that my father didn’t read my letter. And I’m thinking about my uneasy feeling throughout the week being afraid that Sven died. My feeling was right, I just looked the wrong place.

The butterfly is frantic trying to get out and crawls onto my hand as I’m about to let it out. I open the window and it sits calmly on my hand. Like it is reconsidering if it wants the freedom which is now presented to it. I get overwhelmed by the weightless insects. And then it flies. I appeared out of nothing and disappeared into nothing.
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