

The 3 paths

Maybe my favorite paths to three of the places, maybe the places were and are favorites too

The Book of  
Finding The In  
Between Place in  
The Barn

This is a book  
with photos and  
text from the  
exploring of the  
place in the barn.  
First time I seek  
out and occupy  
this place since I  
was a child.

Under the barn,  
trying to find  
a ladder I can  
use to reach the  
place.



A ladder in wood.



Looking up at the space which is between two floors in the barn.



The ladder that extends up to the floor so that I can climb up to it.





I had to go to the toilet first, luckily there is one in the barn.



I look at the blue sky as I look forward to occupying the secret floor and one of my magical childhood places again.



I'm climbing up.



Soon there now.



Soon.



Arrived, it smells the same as it did in the old days. I feel happy and lie down in the place that is just as soft. My senses are completely open and absorb all the impressions that come like wild strawberries on a straw.



A soft bed.



Someone has  
been on this floor  
too long,  
thankfully not on  
my spot.





I bring out four  
of my objects  
and feel that the  
space becomes  
even more mine.  
I put them on a  
damaged shelf  
and relax next to  
them. I think the  
objects make it  
so that I can be  
more myself.



The light plays  
with me when  
I lie here and  
relax. Just like it  
did when I was a  
kid. In exactly the  
same way.











The dog Nero  
welcomes me  
down from my In  
Between place.



The Book of  
Finding The  
Summer Barn



This is a book  
with photos and  
text from the  
exploring of the  
summer barn  
place.

The cat Lola  
wants to find the  
place with me,  
but she got tired  
on the way and  
did not want to  
climb up the  
electric fence.



An old tree that  
relaxes so that a  
new room arises.  
I'm fascinated  
and have to take  
a break next to  
this tree.



Foam from nature because there is a lot of water in a river that moves down from the mountain. I have the river by my side as I continue to search for the place.



A cave suddenly appears. I look into it. It is completely black but not so big.



A tree stands all alone as I walk past it, it stands steady and acts as a nice support while I walk down a steep terrain.



Smooth rocks  
that act as a kind  
of slide on my  
search.



I now see something hiding inside the forest. It looks almost a bit magical where it lies and peeks out between the trees.





I walk closer and  
it feels like I'm  
inside a painting.  
I am amazed at  
how beautiful it is  
when the vulnera-  
ble summer barn  
emerges. It wants  
me to enter it I  
feel.



I am right in front of the barn and suddenly I see something blue next to the barn leaning against the wall. I go closer and see that it is my butt sledding board from when I was a child. I get excited and endorphins bloom around my body.



It almost bends  
for me, half the  
roof is broken  
and it bends to-  
wards me so I can  
come in to see.



I go in.



But peek in  
between two old  
planks on the  
side of the barn  
first.



The hole in the roof allows it to grow freely inside the barn. I am fascinated by it and look at it for a long time.



I watch and enjoy it.



Feels safe even if the roof is damaged. I can remember this feeling from when I was a child even though the roof was in order.





Feels safe.



The broken roof.



The broken roof.



I place my old  
picture inside the  
barn. I like that. It  
becomes a little  
more mine and  
I feel playful and  
the contact with  
the past  
becomes greater.



My picture looks  
through the  
cracks in the wall  
just like me. We  
reflect together  
on what it is like  
to exist in this  
room.



I gather some things from the barn and say goodbye.



Suddenly I can glimpse something through some trees next to the barn. I go closer to see that it is an old cage that belongs to the barn.



It's so beautiful where it lies and hides. I feel like patting it. I do so and discover that there is a round stone lying to rest on the cage. A stone that will be taken care of. I pat it and carry it with me.





So beautiful.



I go home.



My found objects  
relax on the  
terrace at home.



The Book of  
finding the  
Snow-Hut place

This is a book  
with photos and  
text from the  
exploring of the  
Snow-Hut.  
First time I seek  
out and occupy  
this place since I  
was a child.

I walk across the yard to enter the forest where the place is.



I pass a grid  
made of some  
stone slabs.



The cat Lola is  
with me a short  
distance towards  
the forest, where  
the place is.





The sun swaps  
places with Lola  
and I walk past  
my favorite rock  
with one tree on.



We go together.



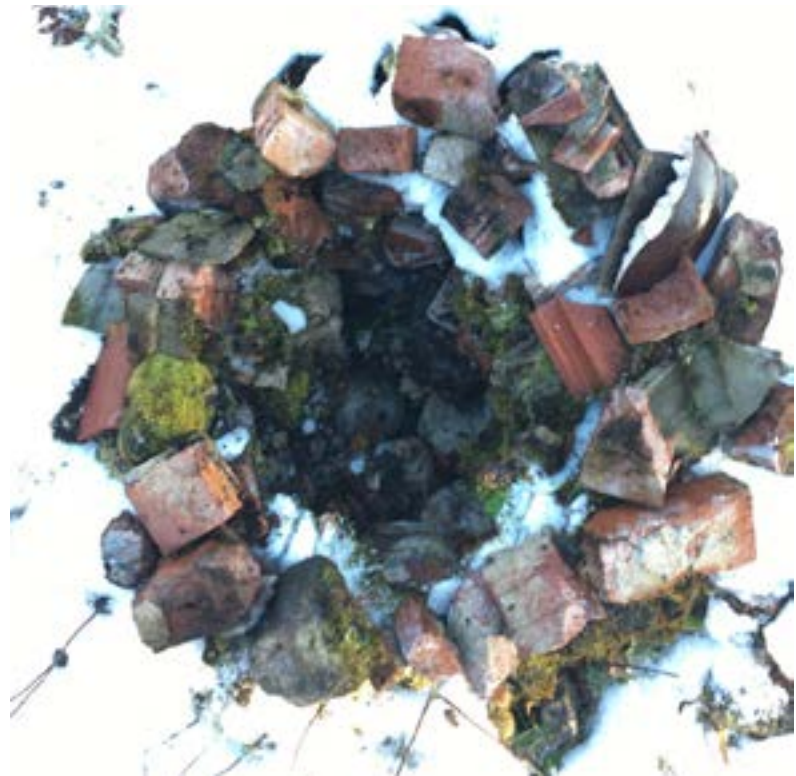
The sun and I find  
the place, there is  
less snow but it is  
the same place.



There is a snow-covered mound of stones right next to the place. I feel like digging into it and moving it closer to the place. I do so.



A cave I made. A  
circle.



I find a broken  
circle. Puts it  
together and  
places it inside  
the circle I made  
myself.



The tree that  
holds the snow  
hut is waiting for  
me to get closer  
with the cave.



I carry three  
pieces from the  
cave and put  
them in my place.





I carry several pieces from the cave and put them together with the other pieces.



A house appears  
from the cave.



The place and  
the house are  
happy with each  
other.



A door I found in  
the cave.



The house are  
growing.



The circle also  
moved to the  
Snow-Hut.



I have to go home. I am bringing the house and the place with me to Oslo.

