



Pre-Diploma Book

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y
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B
J
E
C
T
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CLAIMING A ROOM

Table of contents

**T
H
E

S
T
O
R
I
E
S**

THE MAGICAL GREEN ROOM AT LISTA

THE TREE-PLACE AT LISTA

THE DAY WITH MY FUNNY MOM AT BYGDØY

THE OLD STOREHOUSE AT MOLAND

THE GREEN BENCH-ROOM IN OSLO

THE CHARCOAL PLACE IN THE FOREST

**THE DAY I FEEL IN LOVE WITH THE
SCREENSAVERS ON THE TELEVISION**

THE SAKURA HIKE THORUGH OSLO

PICTURES FROM MY FILM 2-STRIP HOME

INVENTORY LIST

THE 14 ROOMS WITH TABLES

A DRAFT DRAWING OF A HOUSE IN SENS OF THE GREEN ROOM AT LISTA

The magical green room at Lista

I'm sitting by a wooden table in a small room. The walls are green, the ceiling is white and the floor is blue with colorful rugs. There are two white windows in the room, one facing south and the other one facing west. White embroidered curtains. In the first corner there is a black tall story oven. In the second corner, behind the door, there is a refrigerator. In the third corner there's a thick wooden stick with a thick rusty nail. And in the last corner I'm sitting on a chair. I'm drinking hot coffee and eating some smoked fish on bread. I have placed a brown and yellow sculpture of a human that I made in south Africa ten years ago in the window facing south. I have placed an old painting that I collected at my childhood home in Flatdal on the wall facing west with a nail that I found in one of the kitchen cabinets. It's a small painting, with a gold-plated frame, of a living room with a big window with white curtains, a blue couch, a small table with a white cloth and red flowers in a flowerpot, two cozy chairs in pink, a painting of dark nature, a door that goes into another room and a colorful rug. The sculpture is looking at the painting on the green wall. I am looking at them, thinking how strange it is that these two objects fit so well in this room. This small green room in the Pennehouse at Lista.

I've only been here in the green room for one hour and the wooden table is already full of my stuff. I need my objects around me I think. I need them to carry me when I need help. I need them to make the next move and to create something with me. I look at them and like even more to be in this room surrounded by them. The refrigerator is now making more sound and I am thinking how warm the room has become. I take a stroll through the house and decides to find a more comfortable chair. I find a chair with a pillow in the kitchen by the stove. I place it in the green room by the old story oven. I think I'm going to sit in this chair tonight and read in a book that I borrowed from the school library. The night with the dark blue colour suddenly surrounds the house. Sitting in my chair in the corner I'm thinking the roof lamp is too bright because can't see the dark blue outside anymore. I need to find another lamp that isn't to bright. In the bedroom downstairs I find a black office lamp. I place it at the end of the wooden table, next to the refrigerator. The light is gentler and warmer and in combination with the candle light it is perfect. It fits in as a new visitor of the green room. And the dark blue outside I can now see.

The next day the wind interacts with the old house and the green room. I'm alone, but not alone. I imagine that the wind is different humans living over me, under me or beside me, just like home in the city of Oslo. This makes me happy, to feel the nature so close and to let the nature become humans. Maybe tomorrow I get to play with them. The refrigerator is making louder sounds. Maybe it's time for dinner? I think I'll make a stew. I have to go through a cold room to get to the warm kitchen and have to go back and forth to the refrigerator to get ingredients for the stew. The feeling of moving from a warm room through a cold room into a warm room I kind of like. Maybe it is the essence of this old house? In the coming days I think I'll make this my daily ritual.



The sky is pink and the dark blue night is coming. I sit in my corner in front of the wooden table. On the table there are new collected pieces from my hike today. An old, swiny and rusty iron object, an old and damaged porcelain jug with flower patterns, a bended wood piece, some broken tiles in white and black, a piece of a rooftile, two rusty pieces of an iron oven, one with a small hole and one with a broken slightly bigger hole and a cork with a crack. I look on my new objects and think through the day that has been. I feel calm. I think I like everything about this small green room now. I'm listening to the wind, the sea, the refrigerator and the silent of this space. I'm warm. I have the light I need, my favorite sweater, my slippers from Japan, one comfortable chair, one chair for studying, food, my painting, my sculpture and my objects. The two windows are dark and I can see the reflection of the room. The reflection creates a memory of the room that I can keep in my mind.



The tree-place at Lista

I'm on a hike in the morning sun with my backpack filled with two of my objects. The old painting and the brown and yellow sculpture. In this landscape there is rocks everywhere, rocks upon each other, beside each other, standing alone, hiding and bathing. They are creating interesting lines among the grass, water and the dirt. I touch and I climb them. I admire them. I follow them. I see a tree hiding among them, in a corner just like my corner in the green room. I look at the tree from where I stand, it's so beautiful and mystic hiding like this among the rocks, it does not break the horizon. I go towards it and stops a lot of times to admire it. The tree wants to show me something. I can feel it. Something under and around it. A place created by the rocks and this magical tree. A dwelling for someone it must be. I take off my backpack, open it and take out the painting and the sculpture. I placed the painting below the tree on a twig. I hang the sculpture a bit further out on a twig. They are safe here I think. They have a roof of wood and they have walls off rocks. This is a new story. Do I really know what is happening and what the connections are between them? Between the painting and the sculpture, the tree and the rocks, and between all four of them? Are they doing something with the place? Are they creating joy by bringing a new set of feelings to this dwelling place? Or is it about feeling safe, and be taken care of?



The day with my funny mom at Bygdøy

The sun is looking through the skies over Oslo when my mom and me are jumping on the bus to Bygdøy. In my backpack the brown and yellow sculpture and the old painting are resting together with a book and some handkerchiefs. Two objects that want to nest in another space like the space at Lista, the tree-place. They may want to play or find something. My mom and me walk around and enter different rooms. The two objects are coming out of the backpack and my mom starts to play with them. She is suddenly a child again. She is fooling and jumping around with the sculpture and the painting. She even hacks some of the videos I make. She walks into the framing and become the star of the show. And she wants to do more, she is now addicted to doing something different. I guess it is the feeling of a kind of freedom. A freedom that creates a togetherness. To be able to letting loose. I stand here and think my objects created this, a happier hike, a happier place and also a closer connection between my mom and me. So, the objects from my backpack is worth more than I thought. I think they create an important relationship between humans, a human and an object and between objects. A beautiful and important value.



The old storehouse at Moland

In the white sparkling snow, it stands, waiting for me to enter. I'm on my way but I'm sinking in the deep snow. I'm soon in front of the big orange door with my white sculpture standing and protecting the house, like it has for some twenty years. A white sculpture that I made when I was a child. In the left pocket of my jacket lies many keys, old and new. Keys that I took from my dad's pink cupboard in the hallway of our house. I was afraid that I didn't find the right key to the old storehouse so I brought with me two big keychains. In front of the red, white, brown and orange little storehouse I put my hand in the left pocket and suddenly one of the keychains fall out and lands in the snow quietly. I almost don't hear the sound of steel meeting the snow, but I notice that some keys are missing in my pocket, so I look down on the snow and see them. I pick them up and brush the snow off. The first key I try in the lock is the right one and I unlock the door. I enter the house. A smell of old and soft wood and a sight of wooden things and a wood construction surrounds me. I feel amused and my eyes can't cope with me looking everywhere at the same time, so I get dizzy. It is like being at a treasure hunt. I love it and feel like I am a child again. This beauty of really old things staring at me and wanting me to touch them amaze me. And I do so, I touch them gently. The half-dark atmosphere makes me careful. No one has been here for a long time. Suddenly feel the urge to go and get my two objects, my "friends". The old painting and the orange and brown sculpture. I need them here. I follow my steps in the tall white snow and get them. They get really excited to see the white sculpture in front of the storehouse. They are now a happy trio. I enter the house again and place the orange and brown sculpture in one of the stairs. And the painting I hang on the wall with the old nail from Lista. The white sculpture is not quite ready yet, so it remains on the outside in front of the house. Almost like a safeguard. The most of the things in the storehouse are light weight and easy to lift. Almost like they are flying in the palm of my hand. I do everything gentle. I lift the things gentle. I step gentle. I even look gentle around. It feels almost like somebody is watching me, the house maybe. There is old clothes hanging around in the room and they are moving because I left the door open. I kept it open so I could see more with the help from the daylight and the white snow. All the clothes are grayish and looks like old dancing creatures from the past. They annoy me a bit. I ignore them and continues further into the house. I enter a half empty room. I can see a broken pink bed with a dirty bedspread hanging from the bed touching the floor with white mold. I get a strange feeling. I think it is because of the darkness in the room. The darkness that was hiding from the one window that let the daylight in. I feel something I can't see. Something in the walls maybe. Or on the surface of the old beams in the roof. It is so quiet here, in the half dark where my body is placed. The sound of nothingness or the sound of the past is now quietness.



My next steps make a present sound and I move out from the half empty room. I enter the staircase in the daylight and "snowlight" from the door and go up to a room with more things and also one window. A window with blue pattern curtains that hang crookedly. There is also a bed in this room with things on it. A wooden box with textile on the top, it is empty. Beside it there is old flower curtains and a long pink tube twisted together touching the floor. A big paper sheet hangs on the wall around the bed trying to create a shelter for it. But it is broken, dirty and tired. The pattern curtains move in the air and the cold breeze from the outside comes in. I'm now playing with the wind that blows thru the cracks all around the room except from the corner with the bed. I back up a few steps and moves toward a door that I almost can't open. But with a big push it opens. And I enter a new room with only one window. It is almost empty but it has an old bed with white and pink stripes. Two curtains that hangs from the window over the bed is also white and pink. Hanging from a beam two gray jackets inside a big paper bag are moving slowly. The darkness around them almost creates some peculiar spaces. I see if I can find more strange spaces in the room. But there are none. I feel odd now and leave the room

I'm now in a hallway. I walk carefully on the floorboards. I can see the ground underneath me through the cracks in the floor. It is white from the snow and some bits of green are lying beside the white, the old grass from last year. The floorboards make a whimsical sound when I walk further in on the layers of wood, white and green. A broken chair is standing in my way when I walk around the corner. I sneak my body around the chair and continue. Around the corner three chairs are standing in different angles. Like a family missing a member. I stand silently and admiring the cracks where the light enters the room and touch the three chairs. On my way down, I start collecting. I almost don't dare to bring some of the old objects from the house with me. But I feel I need to do it. To bring them together with something else and maybe even a specific other object. A tin box I collect, and many small objects I collect in it. On my way out I pick up the white sculpture and lock the door. I follow the steps in the white snow and go home with a new home.



The green bench-room in Oslo

I'm going on a hike with my backpack. The backpack with my yellow and brown sculpture, the old painting and the white storehouse sculpture from my childhood. Some food, camera, coffee, a flower cup and my favorite orange and brown wool sweater to sit on is also in the backpack. A strange and exciting feeling rush through my body when I'm now moving among the buildings and the few people in the town. The silence coming from the people is not recognizable. They are moved by the virus and they are not fan of walking close to me. My body reacts and though it's warm I feel cold. The feeling scares me a bit, but I have a mission to attempt so I'm happy. I straighten the sunglasses on my face and stroll on, on a search of a place to sit and work with my objects. My objects that now are relaxing in the backpack hiding from these strange humans. I find a green bench with some graffiti on an elevated space at a cemetery. I took my backpack of and placed it on the bench. A perfect place with some view and with some sun warming the left side of my body. The birds are singing and some crows are trying to sing. I place my objects on the bench beside me in a row. I pour myself some coffee in the flower cup and observes the surroundings. It is beautiful to just sit here. We sit in this row for a rather long time. And no strange humans are passing us. It is so nice. Just being and just looking. Some really thin and long twigs are laying together on a stone wall beside the bench. I take them up and make a circle with them. They are so soft to bend and my hands enjoys it. My objects and me decides to take the soft twigs with us. All the way home I hold them in my right hand so the circle isn't broken.



The charcoal place in the forest

It's sunny outside. I take my gold helmet on and I start the motor on my little black vespa and I drive up and into the forest. I have my backpack with me, with my important objects inside. And with them some food and some hot tea and my favorite orange and brown wool sweater. The sun is so kind to me, it warms my face and is making this little trip on the vespa a joy for me. The sound and the smell as well, so nice. I enter the forest. The wind is playing with the treetops and the sun is making them greener and also happier. I go in-between them and the sounds from the birds and the wind is like music to me. I leave the vespa and go further into the forest by foot. The sun is playing through the trees and make the forest magical. The shadows also play around me in the forest. Like the trees are playing with marionettes, and the shadows are the marionettes.



Among this I find a place up on a hillside. I decide to sit down with my objects and my hot tea for a rest. It is so quiet and forefeeling to just sit here and drink some tea and look at this theater that is going on. I feel honored to be one of only four guests in this magical play in the forest. Beside me there is the remainings of an old bonfire. I get an urge to join the play, so I take a charcoal from the bonfire and start to draw on one of the trees on the hillside. The black from the charcoal on the light brown tree trunk without bark is fantastic. I'm moving the black around while the play is playing. My painting from home wants to see some more so I hang it on a twig on a tree. Suddenly the wind wants to play with the painting while it is watching the play. It is funny to watch. Then the white sculpture from childhood get really jealous. So, I also place it on a twig on the tree a bit higher up than the painting. What a view I think. An amazing view for everyone. My brown and yellow sculpture and me, beside each other on my favorite wool sweater. And the old painting and the white sculpture sitting in the tree beside us. A magical day in the forest. What a day!



The day a village appeared on my table

I'm moving my objects at home. It's quiet in the living room and the dark blue is outside my window. The objects are everywhere. I lift them around and put them down in new surroundings on the table. In these places they haven't been before but I think they love it and want me to move them around more. And then suddenly, in the light from my green lamp, a community with many different houses and gardens appears on the table. And my objects are jumping in joy from place to place to hack all the other objects. Maybe they will create new friendships and families in this environment. The object also looks up at the photos of my family and friends on the wall beside them. Now we all are becoming a part of this new community on and around this table. We live and heal together here now. And I think my way of healing with them is my way of living. I think the different things happens in a ritual with something and someone. This so we can heal and just be us in our dwelling.



The sakura hike thorough Oslo

The backpack, Oslo and me again. The gray asphalt is now leading way through different spaces and different feelings. The sounds from different street workers fill the air. Together with water and smoke. The sun wants to see through the skies. An old woman walks past me. Four crows are playing on an abandon kindergarten. Dried leaves fly in the wind and makes noise when they touch the asphalt. My back gets warm from my objects sitting on some old stuff inside the backpack among my books. I take the backpack off and sit down on a bench. Some tiny birds are looking for something in the forest behind me. They are going in circles, on and on. It does kind of annoy me. So, I leave. Take my backpack on, get warm again and go on. On the fortress by the water we sit down on a bench without backrest. It is a cold day so my object is staying inside their bags but they can't see. So, I opened the bags a bit for them. We sit there and feel the sea breeze in the air. Alone, but at the same time together. On a street on our way back home the sakura trees is so pink. The cherry blossom has started and my heart get warmer and really excited. It reminds me of Japan and some of my amazing friends. I want this moment to stay longer so we take a branch from one of the trees with us home. The pinkness I just adore. What a nice and strange day I think.



Joyfulness in 8 different places



Happier mind



Happier home



Happier forest



Happier house



Happier mom



Happier past



Happier graveyard



Happier path



PICTURES FROM MY FILM 2-STRIP HOME //

120 screenshots from every ten second



Alone by the water at the fortress in Oslo. But I still feel like home because I have my objects with me in my backpack.



Hair in a paper bag, dirty and old from the storehouse at Moland. I touch it and my hands react, moves away from the paper bag and now I am just looking.



A pair of gloves waiting for its owner on a tombstone. Two silent screw nuts are relaxing beside and supporting the pair of gloves.



A tree hanging on a wall at Moland. My hands worked with eggs and coloured dust through different movements with twigs, and in the end it got a place at my childhood farm.



A small fly trying to turn over so it can live another year.



A flame looking at itself and reflecting.



A face in a puzzle that didn't want to be finished.



Tic tac tic tac. The pink clock makes a loud sound in the bathroom at Rykkinn. The time is short.



A happy pink fish under water. Wish I could swim with the pink fish.



My feet are playing with the sun home in my apartment. The time goes to slow.



My important object inside its first home. A home with too loud noise.



My favourite flower that I kidnaped from Tøyen and took with me home. The flower is happier now, but have a shorter life.



A happier past inside the storehouse. Created by some of my objects.



My aunt that loves the colour blue are feeding her dog while she's talking about how practical the room is.



Snow that has buried a life. My old green swing.



My objects on vacation in an old apartment at Bygdøy. They make the room feel fresher.



Trying to reach the sun. Two of my not so new objects.



Clothes in a machine going around and around home in Oslo. I sit on the toilet and watch them riding the carousel.



Sakura flowers living at Rykkinn in the pink bathroom. They are many.



A free coffee in the forest on a hillside. There are trees and moss surrounding the coffee.



The terrace is chilling in the warm sun at Moland with the white snow.



My mom having fun at Bygdøy when she is hacking a room. Hacking with my objects.



Mom is looking for some meat inside the freezer home at Moland. The sound is so loud.



A dirty bed at the storehouse at Moland protected by paper on the walls.



My dangerous painting hanging in an abandon toilet room at Moland.



I'm sitting on a sheepskin on the balcony home in Oslo, trying to get some sun. I'm pail.



I'm playing with crayons on an iron objects from the storehouse at school. I love the greasiness feeling on my fingers.



The clock and the Norwegian royal couple. Hanging on my green wall at the kitchen home in Oslo. Smile.



The sakura flowers dancing in my hands with its dark shadow. Just like the theatre in the forest.



Colourful lights playing in the roof at my brother's place. My Little niece Anna loves it. Our humming girl.



The sakura flowers found a home at my home. A bed in the window.



My old white sculpture protecting the door at the storehouse. Where it's been resting for over 15 years. Now it's with me in Oslo ready for a making of a diploma I guess.



My objects trying to stay in an unknown room on a kitchen table. My mom is watching them. They are safe. The strange humans aren't here.



A white window home in Moland. A fly has this window as its home. A home with a view.



My yellow and brown sculpture sitting on a bench by the Oslo fjord. She is cold and afraid.



Blue plastic gloves fixing my bike. My most important human is wearing them.



Two jackets in the storehouse. Maybe for twins. They are old and the wind is making them move and play.



My object hanging on a tree in the forest, I eat my lunch and drink my coffee under it.



There almost no one in the streets. I look up and I see this view. The crane is not moving. It's quiet.



The black crow is watching me. Alone from the neighbour's rooftop. He is hungry in the snow.



A drawing of memories. Simple lines from my balcony at home in Oslo.



Dinnertime at Moland. My mom sits in a red dress waiting for the food. My dad is standing and stirring the meat in a small pan.



Peace in the forest. I drink my coffee and listen to the songs of the birds.



The clock at Moland is making sound. I think it is too loud but my mom doesn't.



Snow its touching the roof, its dripping and making this beautiful sound when it hits the ground. Spring is near.



This is Ove. The white monkey in the window home in Oslo. He is from Prague and loves to sit in the window and look inside, not outside.



A dark room at Bygdøy. The light hits the table and the wall. I watch it with my mom.



Something is hidden under the storehouse at Moland. I try to get it out from the dirt, but it wants to stay hidden.



Working on my embroidery on the balcony. The colours match the spring.



The old living room at Moland likes my objects. The bed is soft and it's nice to touch another painting. My objects also like the room. Friendship.



A Chicken in milk and some wine on the table home in Oslo. Love food.



The sound from my fingers touching the duvet is nice. Like touching a roof that's too low.



Trying to steal the sound of a strange birds singing in the forest. It sounded like hit.



Playing with green crayons. I love how my fingers get dirty from them.



A small house in Oslo. Like a top hat in the middle of the city.



Touching my pottery from South Africa. So smooth. Brings back good memories.



Refrigerator magnets home at Moland. Collected over a lifetime..



Its runs water from the sink down to the underground. A river inside that looks like a note.



Wood on wood at Moland. The light from the outside loves to play with it.



A beautiful crooked tree that stands waving naked in the blue. Wish I could sit on the top of it.



The morning light with a lamp at Rykkinn. Books on the table. A melancholic atmosphere in the air.



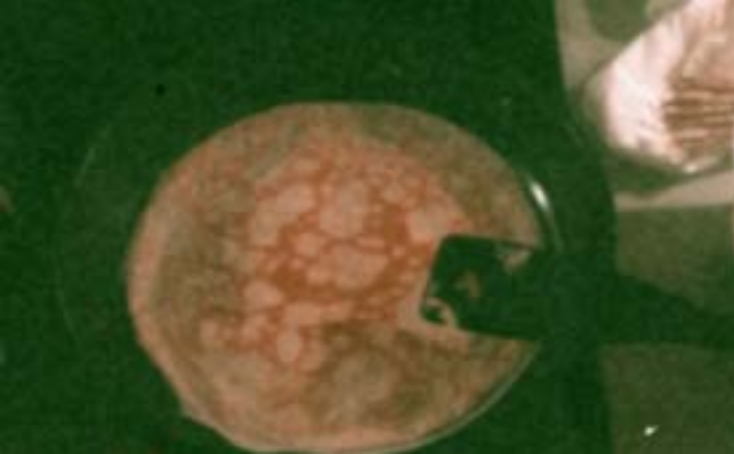
Three of my objects are asleep in their bags. Except the white sculpture it doesn't have a bag yet.



The most amazing sliding door ever. Glass in wood. Not in Japan. It's at Rykkinn.



A shadow of my mom on a pink wall. She is walking down some stairs slowly.



Making pancakes at night-time. The dark blue may-be want some.



Girl in plastic dress is being photographed while she's moving like a dancer by Akerselva in Oslo. Like a wedding.



A pattern under the storehouse at Moland. Its reminding me of when I was a child and I touched it when I was hiding from my twin.



A man in a tree at a park in Oslo. He is combing the hair of the tree. Its spring.



Playing with charcoal that I found by a bonfire on a tree in the forest. Good times.



Red light at Moland. Something is hiding in the dark. My mom.



A river that sounded too loud at the side of the forest. I walk on.



Hacking an old home with my object. It swings when I give it a push. And it feels nice to play with the house.



Lost house. The snow is trying to help the house maybe. My beautiful aunt used to live here.



My friend from japan that are good to hold. Heavy but always smiling.



They want to play again. My objects. And make some food in this old room I guess?



A red 3D horse-painting that my twin-brother made. It's my sisters' horse.



Lola the cat of Moland. She is a cat-Queen relaxing on the top of the kitchen cabinet.



Looking through my beer glass when I watched the new screensavers on the television.



The entrance to the storehouse. Into the darkness of the past.



The fireplace home at Moland with my most eager objects. They want to be warmer.



Mother-in-laws corner. She was the coolest woman ever.



The keys to the house at Moland in the paper garbage. Safe.



A pink fish on the television. Strange and beautiful. It's a long day.



My niece Anna. Dancing while she is moving around different toys.



The dog is waiting for a new friend in the closets. How is this human, that we love but aren't here yet?



Taking a break from walking with my objects. They are heavy.



Washing with a big pink sponge. The hot water is nice.



Party for the birds. The humans are gone.



The working table at school before the look down. They got a new home.



Its dancing in the wind with a roof over his head. The tree under the storehouse at Moland.



Pink roses. They are white but I want them to be pink I guess.



Foam in the bathtub at Rykkinn. I need to relax. My body is sinking down through the foam and into the hot water.



The trees waiving their big wings in the wind as I look up on them and admire.



A sculpture that I made in South Africa that likes to stand in windows. It prefers this window.



Sakura flowers over the sink. The heat inside killed them. They got a shorter life.



The green bench with food and coffee. A lovely day it was.



Founded soft twigs. Was so nice to bend them around and make circles.



Foam on the asphalt. Looks like snow and the bathtub at Rykkinn.



They are so tall. The two trees. When my brother and me had our confirmation, we got a spruce tree each from our school that we planted in the garden home at Moland.



Making dinner with my most important human. Home in Oslo.



My favourite chair of all time. It can be a house when you flip it. When I was a child I could stay inside that house for ours.



The green bench with my most important object I guesses.



Mom being funny with a closed door at Bygdøy. The door made an amazing sound when she opened it.



They got a new friend. A really old one, but a stable friend to have when days are ruff.



I'm watching a seagull. The seagull is watching a boat. It's so quiet, but not quite when the seagull scream.



A hat hiding on the storehouse at Moland. It's of wood, its fragile and its cold in the wintertime.



Mom being funny in an old room behind laundry. With my objects. She is like a child again.



A flower bush in the snow. It's trying to get help from the sun because its longing for the summer.



By the sink at the school some objects are getting clean and are finding some new objects. The water is warm and they get a bit smelly when they go under the water.



I found a packet of chewing gum in my paint-suit-case. This was after I went on a funny hike with my funny mom. Funny I think.



They are sleeping so quietly. No noise. It's at daytime so it's a bit strange. At home.



Moland is bathing in snow. My mom has to use the kick-sled to slide and get the mail.



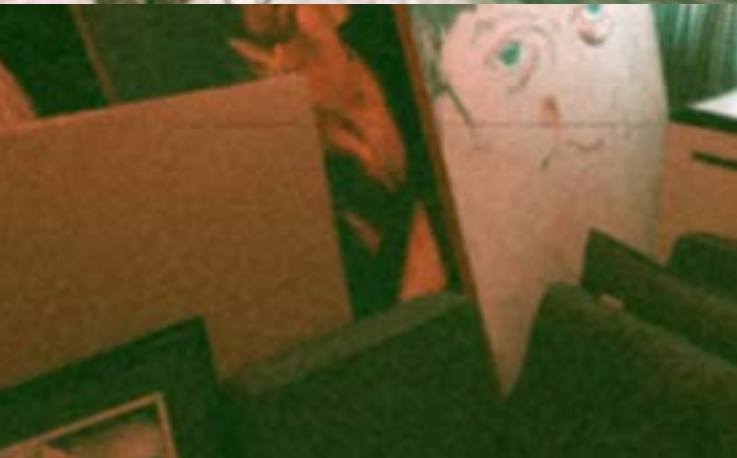
Reflection of beautiful shapes in my kitchen. It's a day where I long for a different day.



A stone on a stone in the forest. Somebody has been her moving stones.



Lola the cat enjoying the sun at Moland. She loves to smell the old tree in the garden before she goes on a little run.



My old paintings among some pillows in the abandon house at Moland. My aunt didn't have so many paintings.



A happy day in the forest with my objects. The objects like to climb in the trees especially when its sun and some theatre in the forest.



Alone by the water at the fortress in Oslo. But I still feel like home because I have my objects with me in my backpack.



Inventory list

THE FOUNDED OBJECTS

NAMES	OBJECTS	LOCATION	The black bag for the yellow and orange sculpture	Sofa textile, sewn together with sewing machine and drawstring.	Home in Oslo.
The old friends from the sea	A founded old wooden stick with nutshells and teacher gum.	By the sea of Lista and in the streets of Farsund.	The black bag for the old painting from home	Sofa textile, sewn together with sewing machine and drawstring.	Home in Oslo.
The feets of Farsund	Founded nutshelles with a piece of old roof on top.	In the streets of Farsund and inside of an old house at Lista.	The green coffee-bag for the white sculpture from my childhood.	A green coffee-bag from Japan in textile.	Founded in the coffee cabinet at home in Oslo.
Mom's small stone house	A broken triangular slab on to pieces of wood.	Inside an old house at Lista and from my old paint-suitcase.	The old memorie-bag	A plasticbag with things.	Home at Moland.
The paths of two loners	An embroidery in different colours of a space between two of my important object.	From my apartment in Oslo.	The for riding fellow	Carved out of founded wood, a bended fork and soft wire.	The trashcan at school and Reykjavik.
The home of the Japanese swan	Two broken white slabs, six small stones and a yellow swan.	Insida an old house at Lista, on a road in Farsund and from a room in Tokyo.	The findig my self place	A stones, bark, pinecones, card-board and leaves cigarettes put together with glue.	Bygdøy, forest at Lista, Lunde, Farsund and Reykjavik.
Mr. green	Something round in steel with green crayon on top.	From the storehouse at Moland and my old paint-suitcase.	The old lady	Porcelain jug, rusted iron ring and soft wire.	By the sea at Lista, home in Oslo and at the storehouse home at Moland.
The chair from Lista	A wooden piece with brown crayon on.	From the wood workshop at school and my old paint-suitcase.	The sea-window at Lista	Old strip of wood made green by the nature.	By the sea at Lista. Placed in a window.
The home of dark days	Thin flower branches, a square iron piece and some old bark.	From the storehouse at Moland, on a graveyard in Oslo and in the forest at Lista.	The tent of two homes	Bended watercolor paper, bark and an rusted iron ring.	Home in Oslo, the forest at Lista and the sorehouse home at Moland.
The fireplace couch	A small wooden stump, five needles, pink tread and some green chalk.	At a fireplace in Vestmarka and in my apartment in Oslo.	One nut bed	Rusted iron, filler in white, green crayon and a founded nut with two cuts.	The storehouse home at Moland, Oslo and at school.
The secret family	Two wood and iron pieces, small woodblocks and an old little buoy.	From the storehouse at Moland, the seashore at Lista and the wood workshop at school.	The tall protector	Three wooden sticks, soft wire and a small jewelery bottle.	My old paint-suitcase, home in Oslo and from my old memorie bag.

The flesh and column bowl	Wood splinters and a half beerbox.	At home in Oslo.	Pictures of 14 table-rooms	On white A4 paper.	Printed at school.
The fisherman from Manndal	A white stone, a thick green wire, a half beerbox and a green fly hook	Home at Moland, home in Oslo and in vestmarka.	The film 2-Strip Home	Made by a green sepia filter. 120 clips, 10 second each clip. With a sound of my voice singing favorite norwegian poems of the forest.	Everywhere walked, inside outside.
A door to a hike	Bark	The forest at Lista.	My 8 stories	Haking different spaces with my favorite objects to make the place happier.	Lista, Oslo and Moland.
The sunroad-house	Old rusted iron piece from a oven, a broken paint brush handle and a brooch in stone.	Lista, home in Oslo and my old paint-suitcase.	The new and not finished frame.	6 wooden sticks	Made in the workshop at school.
The chair room from Lista	A gray and old wooden piece, drawn with green crayon.	At the school.			
Thirteen polaroid pictures	Small pictures with a white frame.	Taken at my homes and hikes.			
The coffee tower	An old tall tinbox.	The storehouse home at Moland.	THE 3 TRAVELING "FRIENDS"		
My old paint-suitcase	Suitcase in wood and steel with rooms inside.	Taken up from the storage room in the basement home in Oslo.	The yellow and orange sculpture	Ceramic with a brown and yellow slip and a glaze over it.	Port Elizabeth, South Africa.
The old brige	An hanger in wood used as a brige between the <i>The home of the Japanese swan</i> and a old house at my table.	The storehouse home at Moland and home in Oslo.	The painting from home	A old small painting with a lookalike gold coated frame.	Collected at my childhood home in Flatdal, Moland.
Six brown paintings	Acrylic and oil paint on thin white paper.	Home in Oslo.	The white sculpture from my childhood.	A white lightweight block that's easy to cut into by hand. From my father.	Made when i was i child home in Flatdal, Moland.
four drawings	On watercolor paper in A5 format with black pen.	At Lista and home in Oslo			



PICTURES OF SOME OF THE OBJECTS FROM THE INVENTORY LIST



The old friends from the sea



The feets of Farsund



Mom's small stone house



The paths of two loners



The home of the Japanese swan



Mr. green





The home of dark days



The fireplace couch



The secret family

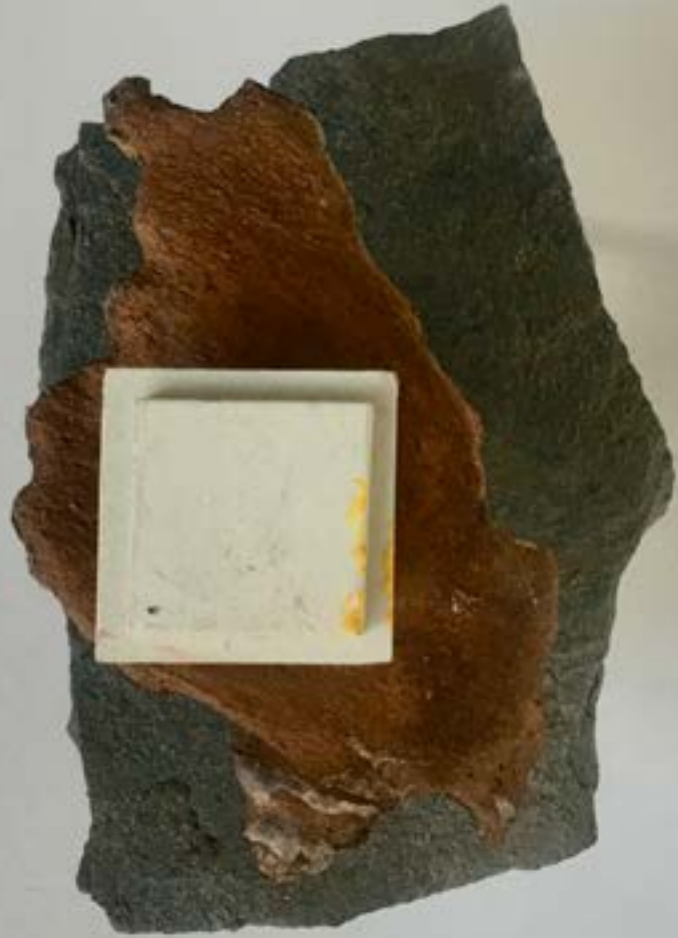


The sea-window at Lista



The fork riding fellow





The findig my self place



The old lady



The tent of two homes



One nut bed





The sunroad-house





THE 14 ROOMS WITH TABLES



Lista



Nishiurakuzura in Japan



Bygdøy



Rykkinn



Bygdøy



Oslo



Farsund



Brusand



Lista



Moland



Bygdøy



Bygdøy



Bygdøy



Bygdøy

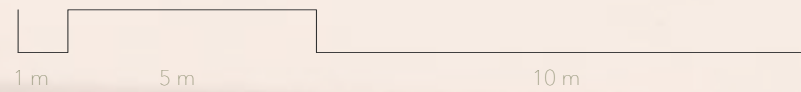


A DRAFT DRAWING OF A HOUSE IN SENS OF THE GREEN ROOM AT LISTA

Why is this room so good to be in?
Is it the windows?
Is it the wooden table?
Is it the warmth?
Is it my things?
Is it the view?
Is it the sounds?
Is it my thoughts of the table in the room?
Is it my feelings?
Is it the calmness of the surroundings?
Is it the nature outside?



Is it possible to make this essence of this room again?
Somewhere else?
A room as a house?
A house like this room?
I try.
With everything I have of impression from this beautiful room.
I draw a draft and see what happens.



A Table.
Surroundings.
A Core.
Safeness.

