



21/1 Arriving Fasund

Arriving Løsta, or arriving Fasund.

After a light morning saying goodbye to a dear one that you just got to know for real. But the trip had to be done. With all the expectations connected to it. All the things that fell into place the right way and made it possible. Aurolas ~~house~~ at summer house and her open hearted family who let us borrow it.

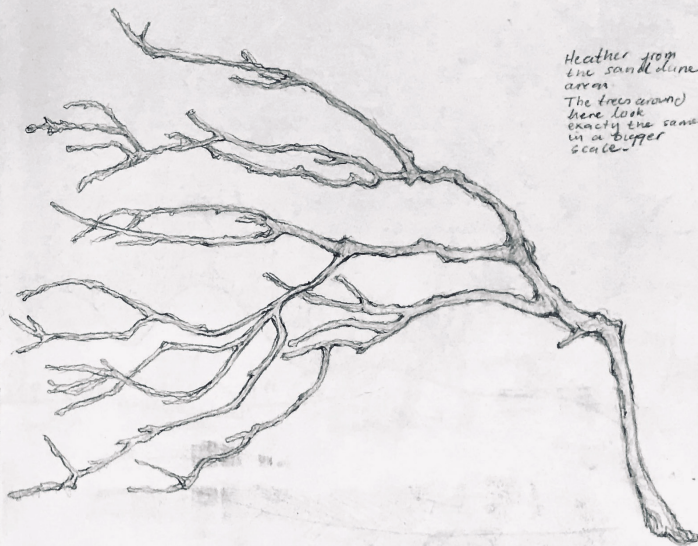
All the rivers run into the sea
yet the sea is not full.
Because all the rivers return to the river
below me.

We're using the first night to settle ourselves. One in the bedroom one in the living room. The dog is everywhere. Old country songs and folk music playing on the one valuable radio channel while we're lighting up the fire place.



22/1

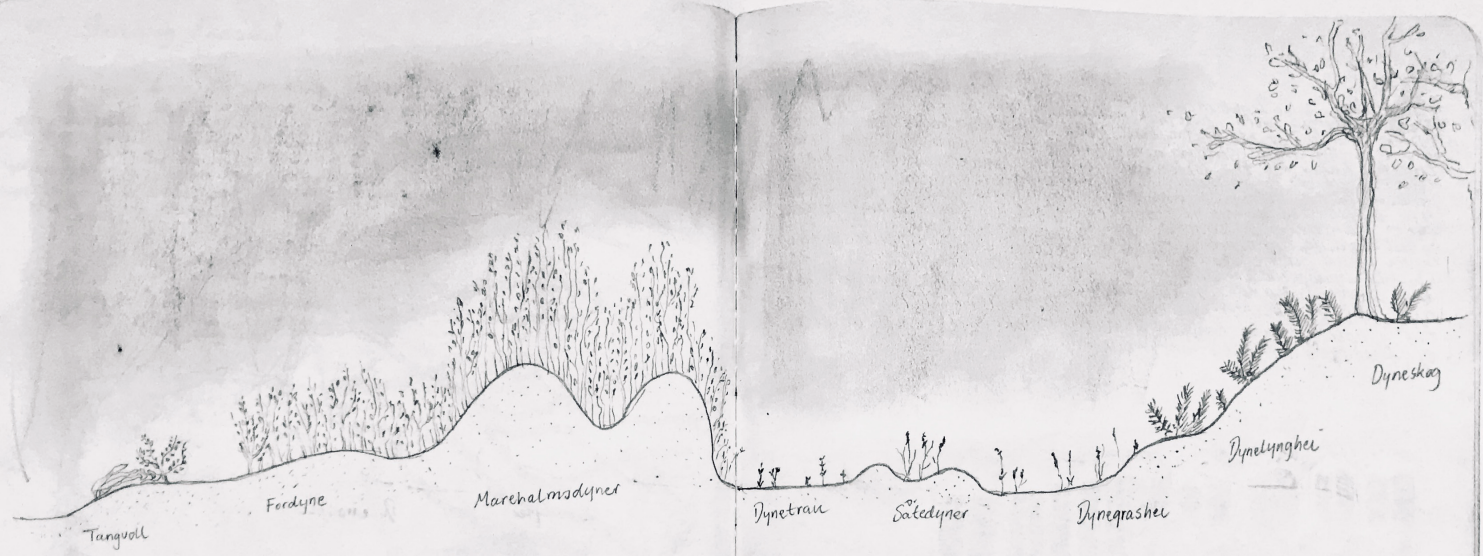
Woke up early while it was still dark outside. The dog jumped onto my bed and I saw her silhouette of her linen curtains let some of the street lights in. We ate boiled eggs for breakfast. Then rearranged tables and shelves at the small architect office down by the church. The pale and warm at the same time. Like the whole village and protected by a wave filler that prevents the surroundings from being too bright or sharp. The ashes around are we returned for a hike by the longhouse and found in the evening we left our materials and contained a lot of trash. we got to borrow a I found a rusty red The glazed ceramic type



Heather from
the sand dune
area.
The trees around
here look
exactly the same
in a bigger
scale.

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the sand dunes. saw a dead frog in the swampy parts before I had that we have already visited before. Said hello to out how far. Sim burned and painted dog's head wandered. to save a chair of metal at the place where garbage and sorted. First at the wrong place; a private address that also camping cars and other things. At the right garbage dump flash light, but we did not find the chair. tableware instead containing a cup, one small, and one larger plate



22/1-19
EMARNESET, LISTA
TVERRSNITT AV SANDDYNESYSTEM



VARNES FYR 24/1

24/1

We decided to explore the other side of Josta this day. Varnes lighthouse is located on the south side of the entrance to the Hvitafjord and approx. 10 km north of Josta lighthouse.

After driving along a particularly crooked road we arrived the mountainside. Like the road, the trees and stones here are also crooked. And covered with thick green moss. It made me think of the Japanese gardens.

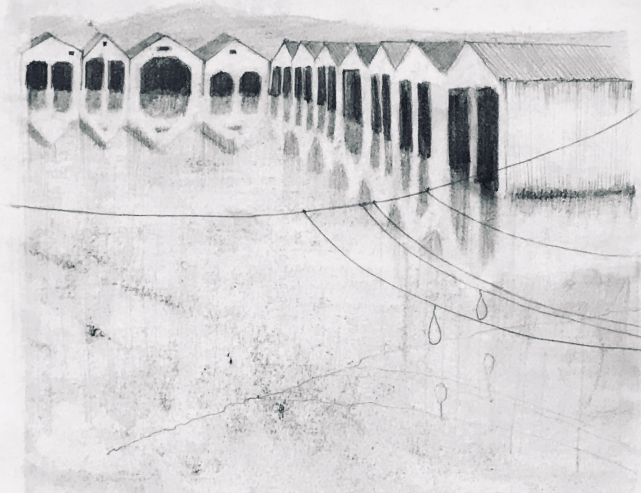
On our way to the lighthouse climbing the rocks we discovered a small red cabin placed at the bottom of the mountainsides just below the water's edge. We went down later on our way back. The door was open and in a guest book it said that a couple had spent their Christmas Eve there.



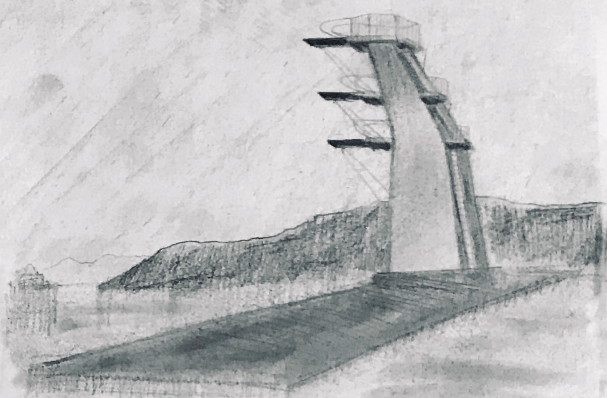
EVENSJØIKA 24/1

28/1

A foggy day. Some light rain hitting my face because of the wind that is blowing with, just me walking the dog along the sea. Seeing the harbor and the boat dock. The boat houses on a row along the harbor and almost touching next to each other in the fog and drizzle. Water on the rocks, walking in between the housing and gardens. People seem to care a great deal about their gardens here. We jumped through some fences. Met very few people. The highest point of the residential area here contains a small forest. The dog acted nervous and we decided to walk the steep stairs down again. The old house we are staying in seemed particularly cold this day so we lighted up the fireplace even though it made us run out of firelogs. We had trouble getting it lit on it and the whole house got filled with smoke. It still smelled of fireplace in the morning.



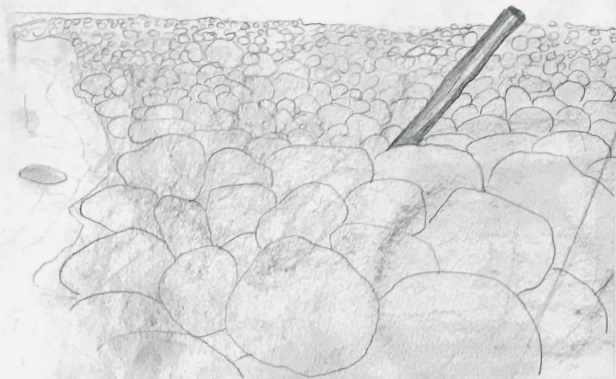
The boat houses are like boxes a yard wide with different porches. They accommodate different boats with different riggers. Some keep the openings shut, some of them always maintain open got blocks to look in.



27/1

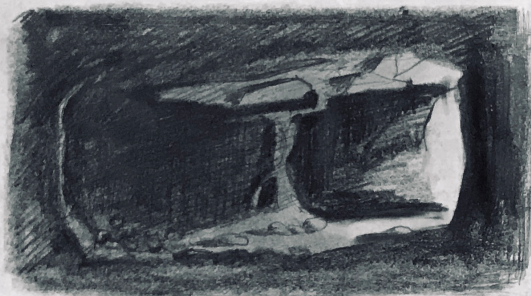
went out to hista lighthouse. Continued along the hista beaches. Some ruins of an old stone house remains there. It demands great concentration to walk on the rocky beaches here. They are all very round and slippery.

On our way back, we entered a part of Bohaug. I guess it's called Vestbygd. The alpaca farm lies here. we watched the alpacas galloping all of a sudden due to the appearance of a small surprising rainfall. We got to seek shelter in a new built atelier nearby by the artist who owned it. We had a chat about earlier land art projects done in the area and he showed us his work. Went dumpster diving in the evening and Ole Thomas arrived.



The week to come will be crowded because of the hista workshop. Some more people are staying in this little cabin and the walls are thick.

2/2



Went back to Varnes this time with Frank.
To walk through the underground tunnel below
Varnes castle.

Last time we did not dare to, because
we didn't know it was actually a
tunnel but went through the mountain, we then assumed it
was more like a cave.

It felt less terrifying this time, knowing
that the reason we did not see the
light in the end was because of a
abrupt turn at the very end.



Walking through caves
without light sources
and human faces.
Made me think of
other ages and the
layers of history that
are present at all
times.

Petroglyphs
NORBERTS FORT

2/2

29/1

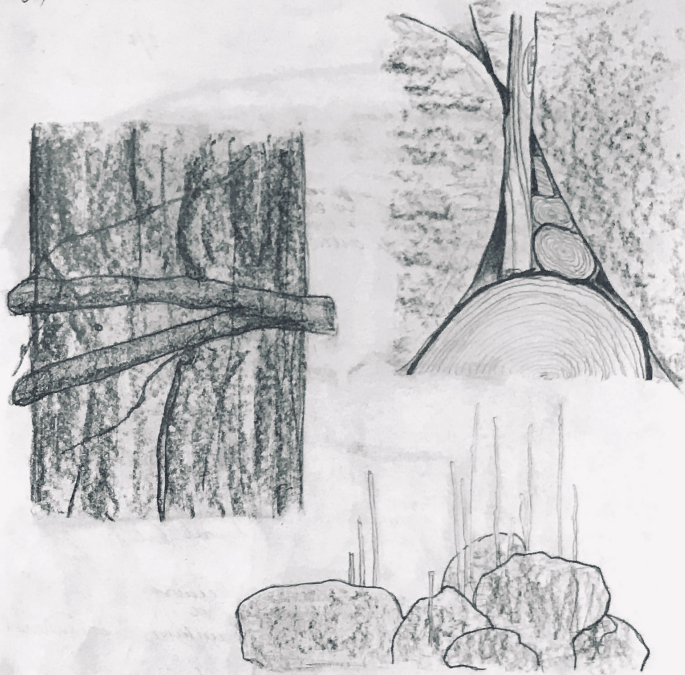
Solitude in the landscape around the Long house.
It's a different experience this time. The paths are
not unfamiliar this time. Some of the forests are
gone and a new area has opened up, revealed
as a dead trees sanctuary.

In this area I discovered a family of large stones.
They have been fixed together by large machines,
but less than familiar to each other.
I stay with them until the evening sun makes my
shadow stretch and distorted.



While walking this round to see what all the chains had been
doing. This amazing light appeared. Almost imperceptible.
Specific for this place.

30/1



I gathered wooden sticks, logs and roots from
areas around and made them join the
family of stones. By supporting each other
they managed to remain upsed.

After the rain the woodcops on
the ground turned dark and
slippery. The places where I
balanced my feet, the rubber
soles and pressure made the
bark let go of the tree trunks.
My front teeth went through my
lip and it burst.

Sin drove me to homovanden this day. The wind felt sharp and crisp in my face. The beach was completely empty. Only the sound of the aluminum factory nearby merged with the sound of the waves and wind.

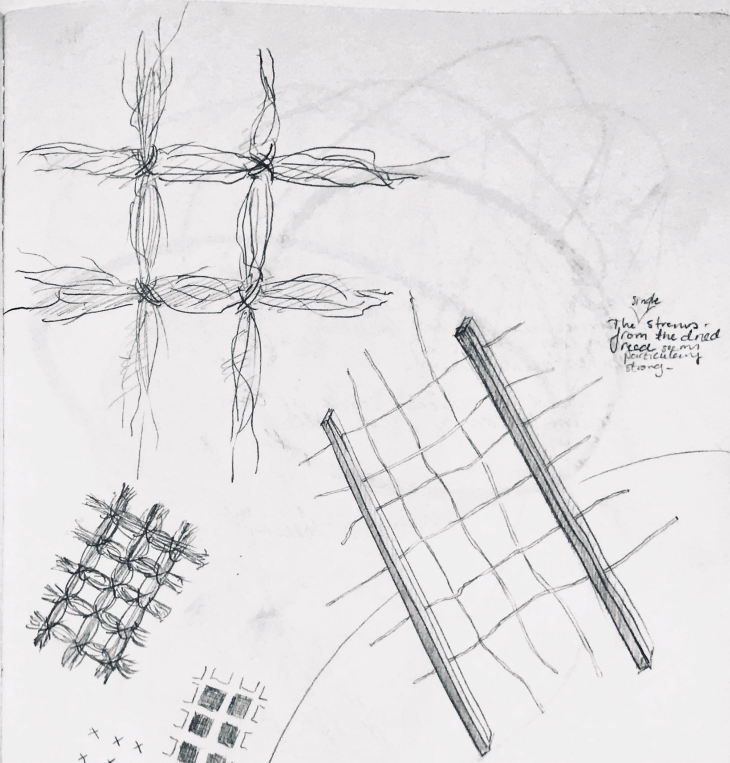
I started to collect some of the accumulation of reed balls, laying around, created by the wind and waves.

I started to roll them between my hands, almost like when felting wool.



Washing the sticks and dried grass made me think of basketry!

I wanted to braid the grass and try out different braidings, but as it started raining the material became sticky and my hands stiff.



Side
The stems - from the dried reeds of my basketry -



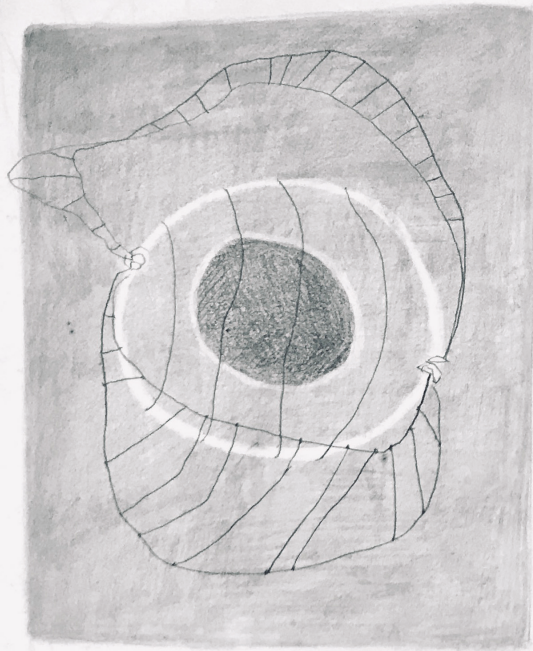
A middle aged couple with two fat Carrot Hounds looked back at me

My hands became completely white and started hurting. I called Sin to pick me up. I took a while since she was quite far away.

When she finally arrived at the parking lot by the beach, she stepped into the car carrying the wet braided reed in my arms. When I looked up after placing my body in the back seat, I discovered it was not Sin's car.

4/2





6/2

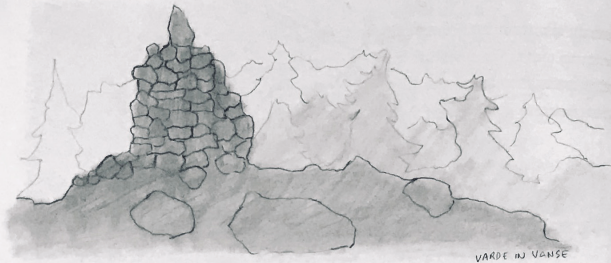


When joined
together, the
straws turn
out to be
surprisingly
strong.

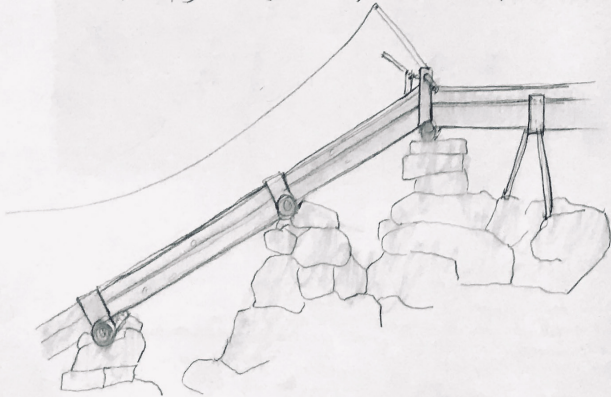
They form a
basket, a cave
of a float.
Maybe just a
fence at first

I brought all the objects made
out of straw back to their habitats.
The windy day at Hornsanden.
They might be more robust than they seem,
but against the wind and without ~~anchors~~ anchors
they were helpless and prolegal.
One became a raft when ~~it~~ was forced by
the gale. It stopped only suddenly by the
invisible layer of thin ice.

6/2



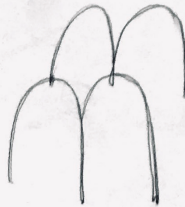
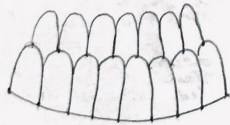
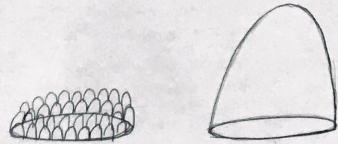
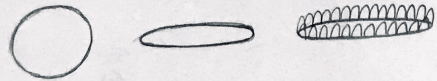
A hike from the Penne house.
 Passing the old watermill. Following old traces
 of where the old river used to travel.
 Making a fireplace while the sun disappeared in
 the light fog, making the light seem cloudy.



8/2

A week back in oslo and a
 trip to the mountains with snow
 and all there is.
 The winter thoughts and impressions
 get to rest.

16/2



Back to winter
and the things
lengthening there
wires of metal.

17/2

Thinking the site.
The making of smaller objects made by found materials
at specific places during hikes has led to a need of
creating a larger structure.

After working separately but walking together we
decided to merge our needs of making together.

Outside-

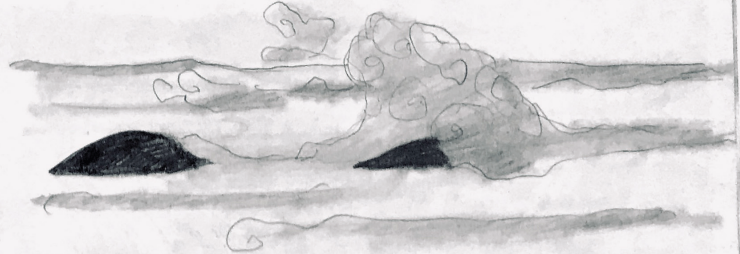
Choosing a place, a spot and collect the materials.

Our objects has been teaching each other for
a while now. Even if we are conscious about
it or not. The landscapes and input from
weather, moments of other things that are
placed here affect us in different ways
but in the end it's the same.

The wind was extremely moody this day.

The forces were overwhelming. Enormous waves
made the sea appear as one great mass of
white foam. Furious foam, but still
penetratingly free and swirling. Like the rhythm of
the waves followed my breath, polite, but still
a bit faster than usual.

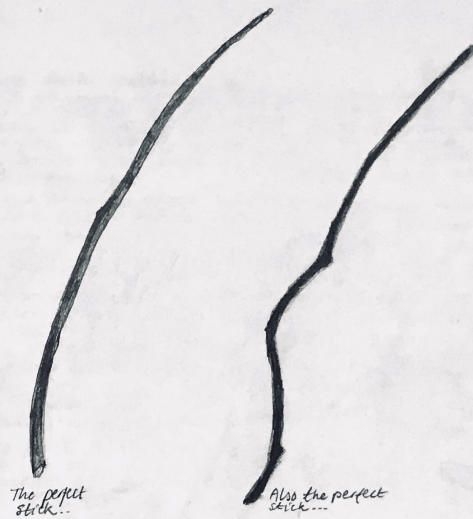
By lying down in the tall grass, the wind became
almost silent even though the movement of the
straws revealed the fiction.





VIEW FROM THE SIDE 17/2

LIVIA LIGHTHOUSE



The perfect stick...

Also the perfect stick...

18/2
we went back the day after and the wind was calmer.
gathering sticks and thin
Cutting of smaller branches and made calculations
by intuition whether they would fit or not.
The sheep in the area following us, with
one eye and some friendly nodding towards
neighbors on their daily walks.

19/2



We dove around in the village and
the once nearby to find the tools
we needed - or - The tool
to drill holes in the soil -

The soil by the beaches here are
mostly sand - I find it
facilitating that the grass is
capable to grow here with
the porous ground and
constantly exposed to the
salty wind, and high water
especially this line of fear -

We have been walking around this area several times
now. It changes its character a great deal depending
on the strength of the wind and from which
direction it comes from. We tried to find our
favourite spot. Walking back and forth several
times while the light was changing every minute, like
it always does.

There are already some established things placed at
this part of the beach. When we place our car before
walking down towards the sea there is a green house.
The colour of the paint stands out by being greener
than the greenest apple I have ever seen.

In the area where we planned to place our
structure there are several things, but still few.
The sea and a fenced area for the sheep are divided
by a small path where people from the area (and
ourselves included) walk their daily walks, or
maybe just on Sundays. The dirt path cuts into
the sand dunes and makes the grass it, falling before
it blends out further afield until the bare, more
rocky part of the beach.

There is also a mole here - it takes care of the
heaviest of waves, defeats them before letting
only the milder repercussions continue all the
way into the bay.

A shelter area between the mole and the sheep fence
makes a small waiting point. The grass here is tall
and a wooden bench is placed in
the middle. If you look more closely, you will
discover that the small elevation in the
grass that shelters this spot from the waves and wind,
is actually the remains of a bunker.

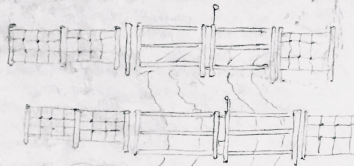


20/2

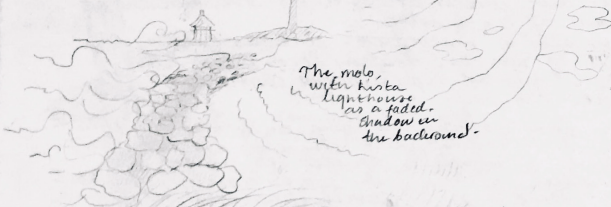


The green apple house.

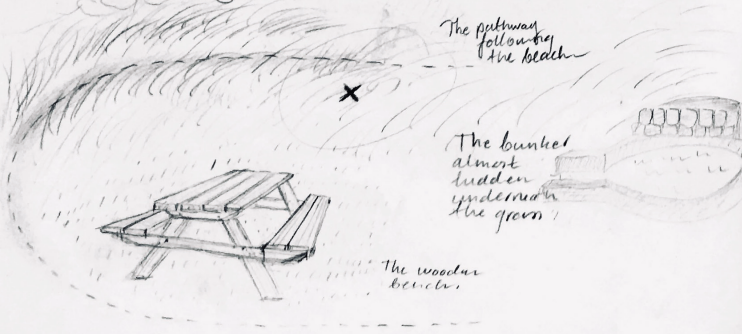
Piles of branches and stumps ripped up by the roots.



Following the middle road crossing through two palm trees made out of metal. Open by lifting the metal pillar.



The mole with lighthouse as a faded shadow in the background.

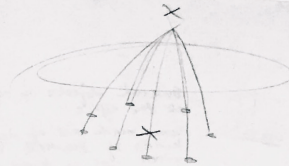


The pathway following the beach.

The bunker almost hidden underneath the grass.

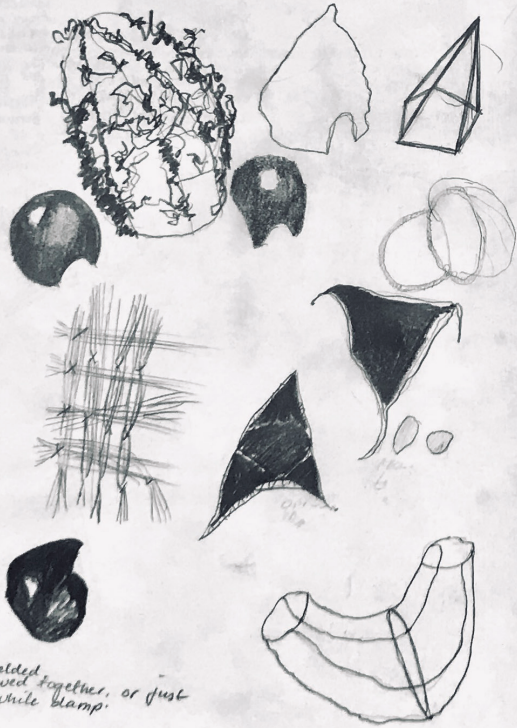
The wooden bench.

21/2

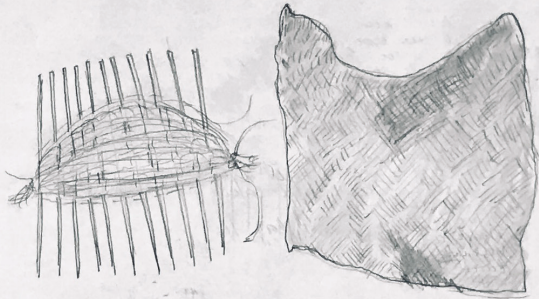


We placed the structure in between two almost established elements. The perfect place for nesting. Although the seaweed turned out to be a challenging material. The Salicornia tentacles are slippery and hard to trail.

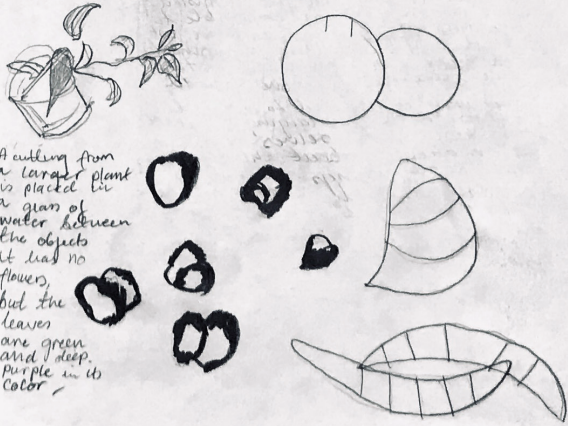
Several objects on our table at the office. Some made out of different kinds of seaweed, straw, wires or a combination.



Some welded, some sewed together, or just braided while damp.



Newspaper and seaweed cooked together and braided. -> Seaweed sheet.



A cutting from a larval plant is placed in a jar of water between the objects. It has no flowers, but the leaves are green and deep purple in its color.

We went back after a couple of days, to the site, and we reaped it. The wind had made the tentacles all dried out and made them change places and form. All of the material, except the sticks of course, had shrunk into thinner and wistfully rope hanging loose and messy on the sticks. It looked decayed and out of system and order. At the same time it still retained some of its pride. The sticks still looked on to the sandy ground and each other.

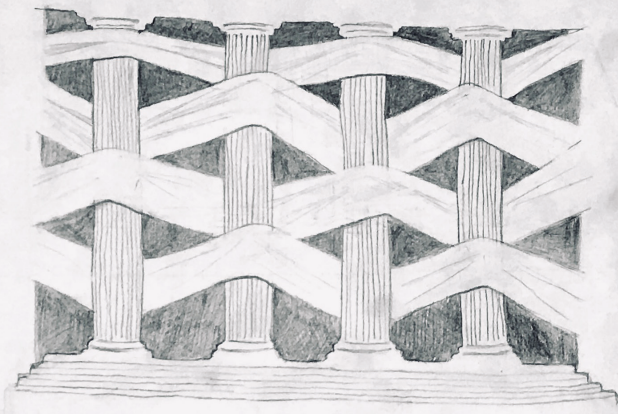
Other than that, this day felt particularly heavy and grey. Like one of those vacuum moldings. Before going out we barely spoke to each other. Just feeling that same heavy pressure lying upon us. Concerns and feeling unable for some reason that was impossible to get a grip on. But some days are just like that, like everything is passing by in a horrendous fast, but at the same time nothing moves forward.

Either way it felt good to be outside. We observed the decaying structure and compared ourselves to it. Became attentive about the truth in that some things are not to be controlled, like moods or the weather or anything else -



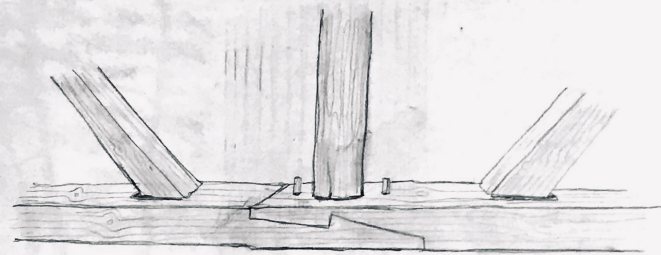
Decaying structure -

24/2



Joining

24/2



scarf joint

25/R

This day we decided to go for a walk in the
from Lyngdal - it's amazing how quiet the terrain
else. The green moss appears again, and the
left the car there and began walking
on broken glass. An old barn was left
on the inside. The barn floor was
random places. Probably based on



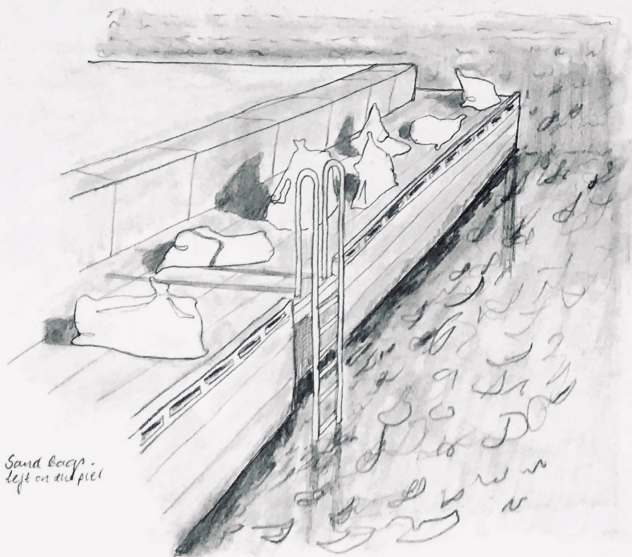
mountain area - on the other side of the fjord that runs
and landscape suddenly turn into something completely
hills are covered with snow - We reached a small lake
We passed several stone fences. One of them had
for itself. We could see the remains interior
resting on simple wooden pillars placed in
where the floor above needed extra support.

We saw a dead sheep, or what was left of it,
som mountains out of limestone of 50 -
Then we reached the old warden -
On our way back, we decided to
try to walk in a straight line, as
far as it was possible - not depending
on the different heights in the terrain.
This led us past a small lake and
a river track was connected to it.
While climbing along the side,
I found myself standing on a
Beaver's nest. I could tell because
of all the traces on the woodstems
nearby. The beaver had worked
on all of them. I small part of
me wanted the beaver to come out,
even though I don't know how
I would have reacted. At the
same time I did not want to
disturb it - or them -
We passed it carefully and as
quiet as we could.



26/2

Some days are meant to be spent alone. A few days ago there had been a storm. White sand bags were still lying in a row on the wooden pier down by the harbor, to prevent it from blowing away probably. This was one of very few sunny days. Just yesterday everything was covered in snow, but this day the spring finally arrived, or at least so it seemed. I listened to a new album just released the whole walk. Taking everything in, slowly, letting the music blend into the observations, all the small details. Creating this rather cliché mood which one may rarely allow to stay in for too long at the time.



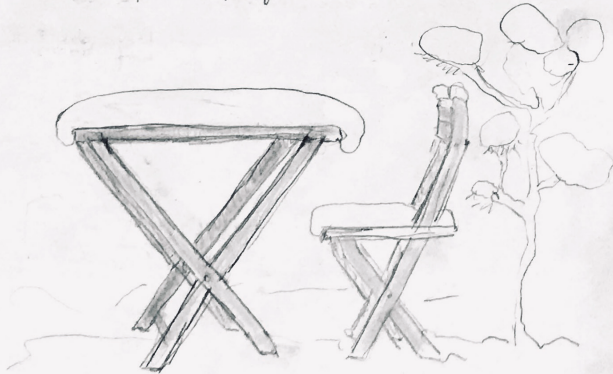
Sand bags -
left on pier

I walked by several moody moments, like a newly washed red table cloth blowing in the mild wind while hanging from a line. - or, it could have been a bed sheet or similar as well. I walked by a silent small forest of birch trees by the water, glimpsing the aluminium factory on the other side, between the trees. The wind did not reach my ears as hard, in this place, so I could hear the bird songs clearly.

27/2

Snow arrived again. Spring did not yet
win the battle.
Large snowflakes clinging to each other,
filling in the valleys in the air,
covering roofs and making all sounds
seem muted.

They are in the process of building a new
school just behind the little house we
are staying in, on the baroor side.
The floodlight from the building area turning
a bright path over the garden already
lightened up by the snow.



28/2

Driving to Feda: A village
we have been spending
our time. Although more
clustered together in the
middle of a valley.
Most of the housing placed
in between the main road
(which is rather narrow) and
the hillsides - or the river
of course. Some of the
houses by the water looked
a lot like boat houses. Some
of them were maybe even
a combination between the
two.

Some of them were placed
so close to each other that
only a narrow slit was
visible between them seen
from the right angle.



Row houses or/and
boat houses,
Feda.

29/2

Went out seeking for seaweed today -
The windy weather was without mercy -
It felt rather twofolded to both be
crawling around on the slippery stones
by the sea shore and at the same
time being infiltrated with a lot of facts
and knowledge about the different
algae and seaweeds in an academic
way - The biologist that came with
us taught us a lot about the
different uses, potentials and
characteristics of the different
species -

There will be soup for everyone on
Monday -



Lista

January - April 2020