

## The empty spaces between action and happening.

Wednesday 11.2.1976

Linda is home from the nursery  
tired and cold  
I have slept three hours tonight  
I'm tired and the day is so wonderful now  
It's like a mirror that doesn't depict anything.

Lars Norén Nattarbeten (trans. By Oskar Korsar)

Most of the time, when I look at Carla Ahlander's work, it seems like she is trying to adjust the tones to remember those memories that belong to the 'in-between' - I mean those moments that we are quick to forget, or never happened. Like in her work *Every Possible Tone*, 2012 where we see two figures standing by a Saab 900 next to a highway. Maybe they have a problem with their car? I don't really know and but I'm not so interested either.

But what is amusing, is that they are there, and are so typical humans in the way they perform. The positions of their bodies, their seemingly agreed performance of contactlessness.

Or like in Carla work *The Idea of a Mountain*, 2016 "Documentation of a search for a moment long passed." where she's with her camera re-visit the place of a photo that seems to have been taken in Carla's youth. Even though she tries to make exactly the same image that was taken back then, it still doesn't fit. The reality that the images depict just seem gone. Like it's not there any longer, exactly like life that already been lived.

Once in despair I wrote a poem that goes like this. "*Everything is so meaningless so the empty spaces between the letters in m e a n i n g l e s describe more how meaningless it is.*" Now, when I look at Carlas images, I realize that I wrote it wrong, that it instead should go like this. "*Everything is so meaningless so it's just the empty spaces between the letters in m e a n i n g l e s that describes the meaning*"

I also all of a suddenly realize what the German 1400 mystic **Meister Eckhart** wrote in his eastern sermon. When he illustrated the need of Jesus death by putting a straw in water and how he by sucking out the air creates a vacuum so then the water flows up. With that he concludes, all empty spaces always fills up. Jesus died because we needed to fill up his empty space.

Now when reading it again I realize that it is in that vacuum something sacral exist. That God lives in this space between action and happening, where Carla's work is.

And then again I look at 12 PREGNANT FEMALE GOATS AND 1 MALE GOAT SEPARATED, 2002 and start to laugh.

I'm looking at all her work now, and starting to laugh. I'm not really sure what I'm laughing at. But it all feels so common. It's not easy to be human (or neither a goat). But why not laugh at it, it's also fun.

It's also tempting to say that Carla is a Voyeur, but this forces us to define the word more closely and maybe also to redefine it a bit. Voyeur comes from French *voir* translated to English "to see". Here we have to define the difference between "to look" and "to see". Cause "to look" implies a looker and an onlooker, it's here I that look at they/that. But Carla is the tender voyeur, the befriended voyeur. As the friend that Aristoteles talking about, the one that truly accept the other and by that creating a common world. A world that is not an island of the self, but a common, shared one.

It's overall the lack of words that creating intentions. And how the lack of them opens up this space of openness. I'm thinking of myself when I'm in the empty state of tired, where worlds just born out of the vacuum. When a sudden shifts in the clouds allows a sunbeam for a second, change grim boredom to beauty. And then worlds turn back to duties, all of we have left of the sacral is the fading memories and now Carla's witness of it.

I want to end this text by writing how brave I think Carla is for trusting these images. And how brave she is, trusting us to see the glory in them. This, at least, makes me trust Carla and so, I think, you should too.

Oskar Korsár, Thursday 22.11.2018