

Cornelia Hermansson, *Luftfickor / Air Pockets*, 2024. Oil on canvas, 140 × 80 cm

Pendang
Cornelia Hermansson

Den älskade böjer sig sorgset
Då bildas en brun vinkel
Du tänker: Det är den färg som följer
På leda

The beloved bends in sorrow
Then a brown angle is formed
You think: This is the colour that follows on
from malaise
—Ann Jäderlund¹

Perhaps the most important point of reference in my work is not a painter, but a poet. Ann Jäderlund's (1955–) poetry deals with sensory experiences. What is evoked is rare, yet everyday language is close. In a number of her poems, colours recur as bearers of meaning. And a logic of their own seems to emerge, secretive but also quotidian. When reading her poetry, I've sometimes thought that Jäderlund writes as if by stethoscope. She places herself close to what is being observed and experiences it *within its own walls*, as if seeing from the inside out. Jäderlund's poems have been described as impossible to understand. But this isn't my experience of them. Rather, I see that they're written from a particular moment, as if directly from memory itself. Perhaps my interest in her work is also due to the fact that Jäderlund doesn't shy away from what can be frightening (illogical, fractured, etc.). And that, with remarkable ease and precision, she places such elements right alongside something glorious, what could also be described as grace.

In a passage from the novel *Vägen ut* (*The Way Out*) by Harry Martinson (1904–78), the protagonist Martin has a flash of clarity, a feeling rather than a thought. He calls it “the radium-second.” Martin's description of the radium-second has become a way for me to verbalise the work of being an artist.

On rare occasions, he had it. In such moments, there was a flash of clarity. Suddenly you knew it all. But only for a second. Then the hubbub continued as before, and you were left wondering why Wonder was like that. That it was as rare as radium. Such was the radium-second. It couldn't be held on to. It couldn't even

*be thought. Afterwards, you only knew that, for a moment, you'd known what you otherwise did not know. But you could never explain what this had been like anyway. Such was the radium-second. It came unbidden and left just as it had arrived. It was impossible to hold on to, impossible to attract.*²

To paint is to pay attention to a state. When I paint, I become incorporated into something else; the Self I'm usually acquainted with is gone, but I am still present. Stillness as well as activity hangs over the studio. I'm there to paint the paintings. I experience this as being in dialogue. I'm searching for something I can't necessarily name or easily relay in conversation. But this absence of language that exists in the work is not without content. I'm sounding my way through the emerging painting.

“The recognition must be as if you've never seen it before, and yet you have seen it before, perhaps something forgotten,” writes the artist Philip Guston (1913–80).³ In *I Paint What I Want to See*, he writes about how painted forms relate to forces, to movement, and how these forces, in a good painting, aren't entirely visible.⁴ Guston describes it as a magnetism in the intermediate form, the spatial field that surrounds the forms but that also activates them.⁵ The intermediate form reminds me that I cannot assume that I know it all; I have to return to what I see and see it again.

For some time now, I've been fascinated by a form's ability to be double: to be both front and back. I want to paint this ability—the back of the front, the inside of the outside. The outside-in form. The fold speaks to this point. The fold as a form is created through concealment and a reveal, in alteration. The fold depends on its own physical potential for motion: a mobility that is both closed and renewing. This capacity, to be both shell/outside and body/inside, is described in Walter Benjamin's (1892–1940) short essay “The Sock.” Deep in a dark chest of drawers, Benjamin finds a pair of socks.

I had to clear a way for myself to its farthest corner. There I would come upon my socks, which lay piled in traditional fashion—that is to say, rolled up and turned inside out. Every pair had the appearance of a little pocket. For me, nothing surpassed the pleasure of thrusting my hand as deeply as possible into its interior. I did not do this for the sake of the pocket's warmth. It was "the little present" rolled up inside that I always held in my hand and that drew me into the depths. When I had closed my fist around it and, so far as I was able, made certain that I possessed the stretchable woolen mass, there began the second phase of the game, which brought with it the unveiling. For now I proceeded to unwrap "the present," to tease it out of its woolen pocket. I drew it ever nearer to me, until something rather disconcerting would happen: I had brought out "the present," but "the pocket" in which it had lain was no longer there. I could not repeat the experiment on this phenomenon often enough. It taught me that form and content, veil and what is veiled, are the same.⁶

The fold speaks to me of both the outer and inner world. Painting has the same potential. In *The Fold*, philosopher Gilles Deleuze (1925–95) writes how the fold can materialise and define form.⁷ It makes evident how something that has a single form can have two sides. Deleuze goes on to write about how the fold can speak of both an external façade and the enclosed space. Perhaps my interest lies in the fold's similarity to a thin but elastic partition. To depict one such partition is to concretely show the location of two sides, or the focal point between two different positions. The fold is not static; Deleuze isn't talking about static walls but of something that is mobile. In the fold there exists both a capacity for resistance and pliability. Deleuze writes about how the body has degrees of firmness as well as degrees of fluidity, that it is elastic.⁸ Via Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz, Deleuze argues that the elastic body does not consist of parts that can be separated out one by one, but rather it is divided into infinite, smaller upon smaller folds that always retain a certain integrity.⁹ The fold seems to make visible an infinity, an infinity I can sense both inwardly, in my body, and outwardly, into the world. Both phenomena, the fold and the intermediate form, seem to possess qualities that prolong and activate vision. The intermediate form as well as the fold interest me.

Deleuze also offers an allegory about the Baroque House, a house with multiple levels.¹⁰ In the first area of the house, there are windows, representing our five senses. In the upper part of the house, nothing opens outwards; this is the house's private room, dark and chimney-like. Deleuze draws on the baroque interest in movement and depicts how the fold and the Baroque House can tell us about soul and matter, their structure and interplay.¹¹ Deleuze's allegory is fascinating: what do the inner staircases, attic, windows, and corridors look like? Which lie in darkness and which in the light?

I need the image to be complex, even for me; I've created it, but it remains partly unknown to me. This feeling has increasingly recurred in my studio. Perhaps it has even expanded into a parameter when I'm trying to understand whether or not a painting is headed in the right direction. It's a balance between feeling certainty about the character of the painting, about its subject, and feeling uncertainty. This interplay between knowing and what is as yet hidden resembles my relationship with other people, myself, and the world. The sociologist Hartmut Rosa (1965–) has approached this idea—how we experience resonance in an object that keeps itself partially hidden—in his book *The Uncontrollability of the World*.¹² Rosa suggests that the word "wilful" can help us understand the sensation we experience when we say, "There's something here," when something speaks to us.¹³

In the introduction to his book, Rosa writes about how a new reality arrives with the first snow.¹⁴ Snow is an example of the uncontrollability of existence, something we cannot force or plan. Rosa argues that, in contrast to what the modern world demands—controllability—real encounters in life are often characterised by uncontrollability.¹⁵ To see a good painting is to get close to a world. I sense its inherent mystery. It is as if a stillness can arise. But seeing is also a way of getting close to a person, to the artist. In the moment of looking, I sense an integrity that nevertheless makes itself receptive, accessible. Rosa has described the place I experience between me and the world as a tear. Rosa writes, "But then one overlooks the fact that there is always a tear, a crack between the subject and the world, or that which one is trying to grasp, and it is only and precisely in this gap, in what remains uncontrollable, what withdraws, that true experience and something living can blaze."¹⁶

Image courtesy of Youngjae Lim



Cornelia Hermansson, *Utun titel / Untitled*, 2023. Oil on canvas, 150 × 120 cm



Cornelia Hermansson, *Utantitel / Untitled*, 2024. Oil on canvas, 90 × 90 cm

Images courtesy of Youngjae Lih



Cornelia Hermansson, *Kil / Wedge*, 2023. Oil on canvas, 25 × 30 cm

In 2017, the artist Elisabeth Östin (1989–) made several paintings that would draw my interest again and again. (Here I’m thinking primarily of the paintings *Climber*, *Shift*, and *Carrier*.)¹⁷ Several of the paintings exist at their own points in the field of tension between abstraction and figuration. A mixture of scene, material, and body are apparent motifs throughout Östin’s work. The painting *Shift* consists of four colours: dark brown, a bright toxic green, white, and orange. The green space is visited in the image by an orange folding screen. At the bottom of the image is a brown, cropped field. This field of colour seems to recall hair or fur. The screen is upright, straight, but there is a curve in its right-hand side. It swells or is bent. Something is pushing into the screen from within or behind. As a viewer, I’m confronted with something tangibly physical, but not visible. The screen seems to depict a shifting between shield, shelter, and what is malleable, open.

What I seek emerges as I am working. An image filters through the state of painting, it emerges through activity. The painting unfolds from the choices made on the canvas. When I paint, objects I’ve never seen before appear in their entirety, but the forms seem to recall something I’ve sensed or experienced before. I can’t fully map them or verbalise what I encounter. But in a painting, I pay attention to this aspect of recollection. Painting can touch on something dormant. I paint with various tones of red, yellow, brown, and purple. The choice of colour is important. For me, a painting is finished when the dialogue falls silent.

My paintings appear both open and reserved. It’s a strange thing, this dual quality that I’m not deciding to show, but which nevertheless seems to emerge. The fact that something appears has stuck with me. Art has the ability to communicate the essential without necessarily having to show it; it finds its way through, nonetheless. This silent communication characterises my interest and my faith in the image as a medium. At times, I have several painters in me. But the division between abstraction and figuration is not what constitutes this division. Rather, it might be the application of colour. Sometimes my paintings seem somewhat weighed down by their own presence, but they are diaphanous, nonetheless. Not choosing between abstract and figurative painting has been important for me. I feel close to painting

that straddles both fields, that can unite the free-floating and the representational. Painting that can speak to experiences, of something lived. What escapes, becomes volatilised, is not unreal or purely symbolic.

In late autumn, I had a studio conversation with the artist Andreas Eriksson (1975–).¹⁸ During the conversation, Eriksson referred to “a large room” that can appear in a painting. This comment was not about a physical room that has been painted but rather an opening inside the painting. A space in the image, a void even, that reveals a presence. I think this is well formulated. The large room must be there somewhere, even if I were to paint a stone wall.

Intermediate form in a painting can show the relationship between different painted parts. Such space shows distance and scale. Intermediate form can also be an aid, a guide, for the painter and the draughtsman to catch sight of the shape that is to be depicted. It is as if I can only fully see a shape once I see how it relates to its surroundings: the plane of contact between the shape and the world. If I start by painting the intermediate form, I find my way to the representational via abstraction.

I also want to write about how my paintings relate to segments and distance, or rather proximity. Several of my works have made themselves visible precisely as a segment, a part of a whole that is hidden. The motifs are cropped. The component, rather than a tangible whole, becomes visible. The segment also makes the painting visible as a painting. The artists Nina Roos (1956–) and Elisabeth Östin have both used the technique of segmenting the image so that it appears on two canvases instead of one. A thin line of “reality” cuts through the image. In Östin’s *Mist and Ooze* (2019), the canvases are even of different sizes and the gap between them is relatively large.¹⁹ Yet it’s clear that Östin wants us to read the painting as a single unit. However, the break in the viewing of the work is not a burden; rather, the painting seems to be strengthened. When viewing it, I become aware of how I am being incorporated into the image.

There may be practical advantages to the painter when they split the picture across several canvases. When accommodating a very large, stretched canvas, working space is almost always

limited in some way, and even if mural painting offers a vast surface, there are other conditions that impact the work. But such division should not be reduced to mere pragmatism; instead, the physical rift can reinforce the composition of the image. In Nina Roos's *Regarding the Point of Restraint I* (2017), the piece is divided across two canvases.²⁰ The viewer encounters two paintings, strikingly similar, yet small differences can be discerned. It accentuates the work done by hand. There is an individual event inherent to each painting; their creation is not mechanical. The division of the piece into two canvases also creates a mirror effect. What I see is an image that needs its counterpart; the thin, stretched thread or steel figure I encounter is portrayed twice. In this light pink piece, the lines also run into each other and the other painting; a spatiality arises at the intersection between the canvases. The mix of rawness and fragility, which Roos has mastered, becomes visible in *Regarding the Point of Restraint I*.

I've come across the Swedish word "pendang" several times this year. The first time I read it, I didn't know what it meant. I took an immediate interest when I learned its meaning. "Pendang": counterpart, equivalent, spouse, parallel, mirror image, twin part. The idea that something is not singular, not separate. I've used the word as the title of my graduate exhibition. Parallel to finding this word, my interest in and my eye for objects that have a two-fold form sharpened. One example is the two arms of a magnet that run parallel to each other, even though they belong to the same body.

The word "pendang" communicates how something is not separate, instead there is a counterpart, a compatible other part. The other form is not a copy but an equal. In a small yellow and purple painting, which bears the same name as my exhibition, two forms of the same shape appear. One is in the foreground; the other can be glimpsed deeper in the image. Between them is a sense of empty space, but they are also drawn to each other. In my exhibition, some of the works approach forms where the structure of being two-fold characterises the image. Another painting from the exhibition is called *Khykan (The Branching)*.²¹ The painting is small, 25 × 30 centimetres, and is in reddish-purple tones. A shape that branches out can be seen on the image's left side. The painting is dark but still has a certain light,

possibly from the branch itself. You can sense a shadow beneath it. Up close, the painting seems almost hazy, but the shape is still clear; the glaze effect of the madder-lake paint can be traced.

When reading certain words, I encounter them in more than one way. It's not only a word's direct meaning that I perceive, but also the word's ability to shift, to slide. This ability relates closely to an important aspect of painting: that something can be two things at once. There's also something about how a word sounds that can expand my thoughts beyond its usual narrow passage. There might be a certain tension in the word or an ambiguity that causes me to experience this language as more nourishing, insistent. Wordless intuition is an important part of my painting. At the same time, encounters with words have increasingly started to play a role in my work.

When I first saw Nina Roos's paintings, I felt that I'd been wanting to see these pieces my whole life. In the paintings, there's a balance of power and sensitivity, unseparated. Roos allows several paintings to be spatial without making the painting illustrative. Perhaps this also has to do with the light. Most of the paintings I've seen include panels, straight surfaces, or walls as a major component of their structure, but the sense of permeability is still present. Light becomes visible in the interplay of space and flatness. The scaled-down nature of the works makes this existing density apparent. The spatiality of the works can often point to a more intimate, psychological structure.

There's something about the artist Georgia O'Keeffe's (1887–1986) colour choices in the painting *Pelvis Series, Red with Yellow*²²—the deep red shape in the upper left corner and the bright yellow in the middle of the image. O'Keeffe's painting is interesting because it can be read as both figuration and abstraction. What we see, we see from inside a bone. The "eye" looking out at the yellow is the hollow of the pelvis. It is as if I see the location of a gaze, the location of a segment. The light out there in the landscape is as bright and clear as the yellow colour. And the little red bean-shaped field in the upper corner simultaneously returns me to and reminds me of the body, the starting point and companion to perception. A way in and out is shown in the same painting.

I think I've always preferred the stripped-down, direct situation that is a viewer encountering a painting. There are few ways to safeguard yourself. With my interest in what is elusive and has its own language, I need the help of the clarity offered to me when facing the limits of a painting and perhaps even its history. The trust in encountering a work of art allows me to paint what is elusive and still hold the viewer's attention. The painting reveals itself emphatically but can still have a multi-layered shape. The painting is not entirely recognisable as figuration, nor as abstraction. Displacements shape the image. Here, the painting resembles poetry. It is both its own material and something beyond itself.

From time to time, painting reminds me of what it's like to try and articulate myself. I wait and try out different nuances. Part of my work is to trust in the image, the painting, to precede the word. If I'm too quick to justify an image, several paintings might be prevented from coming into being. I might hijack something before it has a chance to emerge. Perhaps meekness in the face of the unarticulated, that which is possibly still on the tip of the tongue, is an aspect of my work. The painting that has been thought out in advance of its execution is not the type of painting I feel the greatest need to see. Instead, I seek out works that seem almost intangible. There, something else is speaking. On my way to the image, during the act of painting, I must not shy away from the absurd, ugly, or illogical. I must take the image through stages that are more or less inexplicable. I have to let it evolve.

Some of my paintings can at times be perceived as nearly monochrome. When I see them in a project room at the school, they become like signal masts in an otherwise empty space: suspended, illuminated by the colour. The artist Josef Albers (1888–1976) has described how colour can be compared to a climate.²³ A climate has certain conditions and moods. A colour can tell you about light, but for me, it has increasingly gone beyond that—can I call it atmosphere? I imagine it can be likened to the weather. It's something that reigns all around, visible not only from a distance, like a sunset, but also experienced through the body, like the difference between foggy and windy days. In several of my works, the brushwork has a vibrating quality to it. In this vibration, there is space and movement. Perhaps it's also possible

to discern a searching attitude, how the paint seeks its place on the canvas. The atmospheric creates space for something.

I've chosen painting, the wordless, so why is a poet so important to my work? Perhaps because Jäderlund lets the paradoxical speak. Logic does not surmount experience—lived experience. Her work contains strange, sensory words that can remodel an entire sentence. Words meet in new constellations; as a reader, I have to re-evaluate my knowledge and attentively enter into a relationship with the poem. It seems to be more important to Jäderlund to be faithful to a sensation and its strange shifts than to engage in practised writing. This, combined with the inherently limited form of the text, makes poetry's impact on me palpable and enduring. There is similar potential in painting: something is allowed to emerge in its own right. Jäderlund's poems convey something fresh. I recognise this beauty from life, unpolished and given to suddenly appear.

There is a rigor in the poetry, an observance that cannot be dispensed with. A painting is similar to a poem in that everything around it, the distracting, the distracted, is shut out. I experience this directness, between me and the poem or painting, as both robust and delicate. The work has only its own independence, its own power, to fall back on. At their best, painting and poetry can portray moods. The mood, which is fleeting almost by structure or basis, can strangely become a body in painting and poetry. Something that cannot be captured can still be portrayed. The ability to give shape to shifts, changes in tone, is also present in these two art forms. And in some way, I encounter them alone. I've probably always felt that there is an intimacy in being a viewer or reader of painting and poetry.

During the process of painting *Spjäll (Throttle)*,²⁴ I rotated the painting several times. I was faced with a new image after each rotation. Once a shape in the painting is defined, it can help to see it anew. An opening in the image can appear if I'm also prepared to change the conditions of the image in a concrete way. One classic life-drawing exercise is to draw the model not with lines, but with volume, from within the form. The expanse and shadows of a colour or charcoal field become the entry point to the image, rather than the lines. I keep returning



Cornelia Hermansson, *Pendang / Companion*, 2024. Oil on canvas, 40 × 45 cm

Images courtesy of Youngjae Lih



Cornelia Hermansson, *Klykan / The branching*, 2023. Oil on canvas, 25 × 30 cm

to this method. Porous colour fields can interact with more opaque ones. Oil paint has the capacity to be both light/glassy and heavy/greasy. In this way, the properties of the paint can approach and portray sensory experiences.

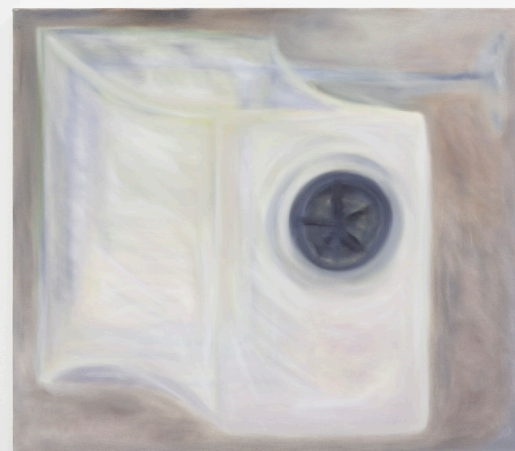
Several works by the artist Andreas Eriksson lack distinct lines. Nature as a clear figuration is removed, but the impressions, the light, remain: the darkness deep in a lake or the returning light in spring. I don't paint landscapes, but Eriksson's paintings have nevertheless been important for my work. Part of it is about his brushwork, the presence it creates in the painting. The colour fields don't tell you what something looks like; they tell you about the experience of being there—in Eriksson's case, in the landscape. It has been important for me to put this trust in the painted image, so that it can sweep me along with it, lead me, if I let it. In *Det oförlorades ekonomi* (*Economy of the Unlost*) by the author Anne Carson, I read a passage by the poet Paul Celan: "The poem asserts itself at the edge of itself. ... The poem is alone. It is alone and on its way. The one who writes it is sent along with it."²⁵ This also applies to the painter: the painter follows the painting.

Towards the end of John Sundkvist's (1951–) book *Mellan närvaro och sken – om konst* (*Between presence and illusion: On art*), the author writes about the possibility of painting to reveal an opening onto something unknown. He quotes Roland Barthes, "The unknown language, whose breathing and emotional oxygenation, in short whose pure signification I nevertheless perceive, takes shape around me, because I am moving, a slight vertigo, draws me into its artificial void, which only comes about for me: I live in the intermediate, freed from any full-fledged meaning."²⁶ Barthes's words are a good articulation of my experience of reading Jäderlund and the richness I find in painting—being liberated from full-fledged meaning. In the paradoxical, the "both/and," another starting point is allowed to take place.

I experience the wilfulness that Hartmut Rosa writes about in Ulrik Samuelson's (1935–) *Målning* (Painting), from 1963, which I saw at the Norrköping Museum of Art as part of the exhibition *Blick Stilla* (Stock still).²⁷ The rather small painting has something enigmatic about it. Most of the canvas is pink. In the centre, in the upper part of the picture, there is a deep-red shape alongside a cold white one. The white field seems looser, whereas the red can be interpreted as a body. A thin thread of shimmering yellow runs up from the right corner. The pink field curves slightly, making light and shadow visible, but without much contrast. The painting captured me instantly. I experience the range of my gaze in the picture as very short; what's happening in the picture takes place right in front of me, close to me. As if something dormant has risen and is now appearing right at the surface. The physical partition between me and the painting seems almost to have disappeared.

When is a painting finished? When I paint, I have the choice of preserving it or painting over it. There are two parameters to consider, one of recognition and one of the unexplored. There must be a balance between the two. To borrow John Sundkvist's description of his encounter with some painted shapes, "I could feel how they felt; I test them against experience and memory."²⁸ But I also test what is painted against something that relates to my ignorance, or perhaps a feeling of not being the one who knows it all. I've created something that, even for me, must be experienced for the first time. But in this mix of the remembered and the new, there is resonance. This is when I can leave the painting.

Images courtesy of Youngjac Lih



Top: Cornelia Hermansson, *Utan titel / Untitled*, 2023. Oil on canvas, 40 × 45 cm
Bottom: Cornelia Hermansson, *Spjäll / Throttle*, 2023. Oil on canvas, 65 × 75 cm

Further references

- Benjamin, Walter. "The Sock." In *Berlin Childhood around 1900*, translated by Howard Eiland, 96–97. Cambridge, MA: The Belknap Press, 2006.
- Carson, Anne. *Det oförlorades ekonomi [Economy of the Unlost]*. Translated by Niklas Haga and Rebecka Kärde Stockholm: Bokförlaget Faethon, 2017.
- Deleuze, Gilles. *The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque*. London: Continuum, 2006.
- Eriksson, Andreas, and Magnus af Petersens. *Andreas Eriksson: Nordic Pavilion 54th Venice Biennale, 2011*. Berlin: Sternberg Press, 2011.
- Guston, Philip. *I Paint What I Want to See*. Dublin: Penguin Books, 2022.
- Jäderlund, Ann. *Dikter 1985–2019* [Poems 1985–2019]. Stockholm: Albert Bonnier förlag, 2022.
- Kreuger, Anders. "Bildpoetik." In *Nina Roos: Shifting spaces: A Rapid Touch*, edited by Anna Holmberg and Lena Leeb-Lundberg, 16–33. Malmö: Malmö konsthall, 2003.
- Martinson, Harry. *Vägen ut [The Way Out]*. Stockholm: Bokförlaget Aldus, 1974.
- Roos, Nina, Gertrud Sandqvist, Patrik Nyberg, Michael Garner, and Marianne Backlén. *Nina Roos*. Helsingfors: Parvs, 2012.
- Rosa, Hartmut. *Det vi inte kan räkna över. Om vårt förhållande till världen [The Uncontrollability of the World]*. Gothenburg: Bokförlaget Daidalos AB, 2020.
- Sundkvist, John. *Mellan närvaro och sken – om konst* [Between presence and illusion: On art]. Paris: Schultz Förlag AB, 2003.

Works

- Hermansson, Cornelia. *Klykan [The Branching]*. 2023. Oil on canvas, 25 × 30 cm.
- Hermansson, Cornelia. *Pendang [Companion]*. 2024. Oil on canvas, 40 × 45 cm
- Hermansson, Cornelia. *Spjäll [Throttle]*. 2023. Oil on canvas, 65 × 75 cm.
- O’Keeffe, Georgia. *Pelvis Series, Red with Yellow*. 1945. Oil on canvas, 91 × 122 cm.
- Roos, Nina. *Regarding the Point of Restraint I*. 2017. Oil on canvas, 2 canvases, 175 × 185 cm each.
- Östin, Elisabeth. *Carrier*. 2017. Oil on canvas, 160 × 120 cm.
- Östin, Elisabeth. *Clincher*. 2017. Oil on canvas, 122 × 104 cm.
- Östin, Elisabeth. *Mist and Ooze*. 2019. Oil on canvas, 2 canvases, 150 × 160 cm and 150 × 135 cm respectively.
- Östin, Elisabeth. *Shift*. 2017. Oil on canvas, 104 × 122 cm.
- Samuelson, Ulrik. *Målning [Painting]*. 1963. Oil on canvas.



Cornelia Hermansson, *Pendang*, 2024. Installation view, MFA exhibition, KHM2 Gallery, Malmö, 2024

- Ann Jäderlund, untitled poem, in *Dikter 1985–2019* [Poems 1985–2019] (Stockholm: Albert Bonnier förlag, 2022), 125. My translation.
- Harry Martinson, *Vägen ut [The Way Out]* (Stockholm: Bokförlaget Aldus, 1974), 119. Translated by Saskia Vogel.
- Philip Guston, *I Paint What I Want to See* (Dublin: Penguin Books, 2022), 123.
- Guston, *I Paint What I Want to See*, 158.
- Guston, *I Paint What I Want to See*, 158.
- Walter Benjamin, "The Sock," in *Berlin Childhood around 1900*, trans. Howard Eiland (Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press, 2006), 96–97.
- Gilles Deleuze, *The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque* (London: Continuum, 2006), 39.
- Deleuze, *The Fold*, 6.
- Deleuze, *The Fold*, 6.
- Deleuze, *The Fold*, 5.
- Deleuze, *The Fold*, 5.
- Hartmut Rosa, *Det vi inte kan räkna över. Om vårt förhållande till världen [The Uncontrollability of the World]* (Gothenburg: Bokförlaget Daidalos AB, 2020), 61.
- Rosa, *Det vi inte kan räkna över*, 68.
- Rosa, *Det vi inte kan räkna över*, 7.
- Rosa, *Det vi inte kan räkna över*, 8.
- Rosa, *Det vi inte kan räkna över*, 128–29. Translated by Saskia Vogel.
- Elisabeth Östin, *Clincher, Shift*, and *Carrier*, 2017, oil on canvas, 122 × 104 cm, 104 × 122 cm, 160 × 120 cm respectively; seen in "To Live in Such a Place. Galleri Thomas Wallner, Simris 2017," Elisabeth Östin's website, <https://elisabethostin.com/to-live-in-such-a-place-scheele%C2%B4s-green>.
- Andreas Eriksson, studio conversation, 27 November 2023.
- Elisabeth Östin, *Mist and Ooze*, 2019, oil on canvas, 2 canvases, 150 × 160 cm and 150 × 135 cm; seen in "Det gåckande glappet: Master Exhibition 2019," Elisabeth Östin's website, <https://elisabethostin.com/det-g%C3%A4ckande-glappet>.
- Nina Roos, *Regarding the Point of Restraint I*, 2017, oil on canvas, 2 canvases, 175 × 185 cm each; seen on Nina Roos's website, <https://www.ninaroos.fi/regarding-the-point-of-restraint/afxl3mkpwwgikwlq8t92cz8i105ilj>.
- Cornelia Hermansson, *Klykan [The Branching]*, 2023, oil on canvas, 25 × 30 cm.
- Georgia O’Keeffe, *Pelvis Series, Red with Yellow*, 1945, oil on canvas, 91 × 122 cm; seen in "Georgia O’Keeffe: Pelvis Series, Red with Yellow, 1945," Collections Online, Georgia O’Keeffe Museum, <https://collections.okeeffemuseum.org/object/102/>.
- Josef Albers, quoted in "Study for Homage to the Square. Evident," Moderna Museet, <https://sis.modernamuseet.se/objects/3520/study-for-homage-to-the-square-evident>.
- Cornelia Hermansson, *Spjäll [Throttle]*, 2023, oil on canvas, 65 × 75 cm.
- Paul Celan, *Meridian. Samlad prosa [The Meridian]*, trans. Lars-Inge Nilsson (Lund: Ellerströms, 2014), 54, quoted in *Det oförlorades ekonomi [Economy of the Unlost]* by Anne Carson, trans. Niklas Haga and Rebecka Kärde (Stockholm: Bokförlaget Faethon, 2017), 113. Translated by Saskia Vogel.
- Roland Barthes, *L’Empire des signes*, quoted in John Sundkvist, *Mellan närvaro och sken – om konst* [Between presence and illusion: On art] (Paris: Schultz Förlag AB, 2003), 248. Translated by Saskia Vogel.
- Blick Stilla* [Stock still], Norrköping Museum of Art, Norrköping, 12 July 2022–31 March 2024.
- Sundkvist, *Mellan närvaro och sken*, 249. Translated by Saskia Vogel.