

**LET LIGHT IN**



one of the highlights of my life.

With my friends in my studio on my birthday,  
drinking wine, playing music, playing cards,  
singing songs.  
2019



If you wake up and the day feels a-broken  
Just lean into the crack  
And it will tremble ever so nicely  
Notice how it sparkles down there

I can decide what I give  
But it's not up to me  
What I get given  
Unthinkable surprises about to happen  
But what they are

It's not up to you, well, it never really was

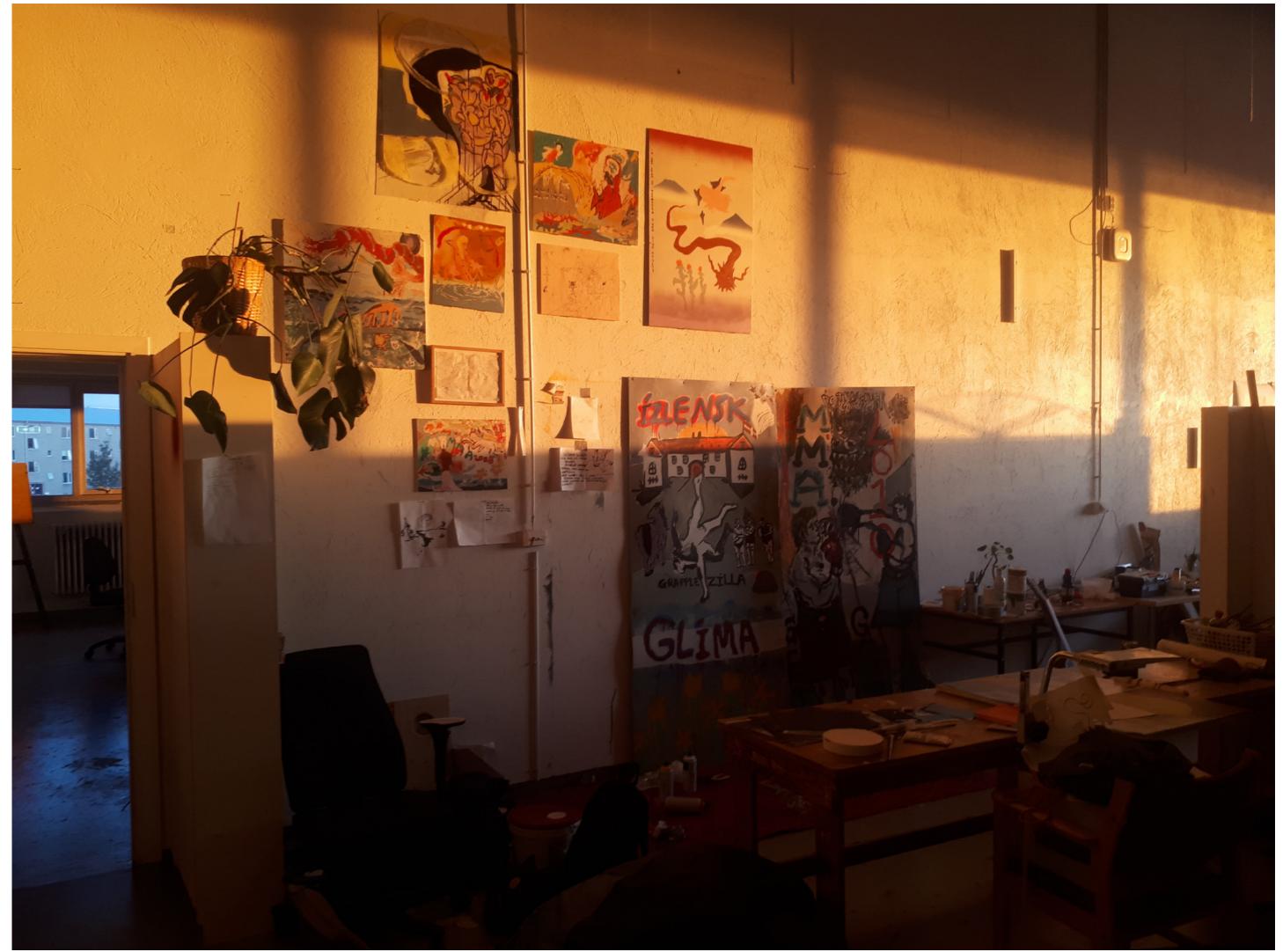
...

(It's not up to you - Björk)

There must be a reason for all of this  
if not then we might as well make the best of it  
Anne Karenina and we try our best to be good  
Howl by Ginsberg and let our voices be heard  
Marshall Mccluin and how should we do it  
Kubrick and let our mad vision change the world  
William Blake and let us make art for an audience in heaven  
Freud and challenge what you know to be true  
Joni Mitchell and we'll skate down the river together  
musicians and what is love, will we ever find out?  
Poets and we are listening  
Phil elverum and I'm also on a dark rock doing nothing  
Molly Drake and may your happiness bird come often to visit  
Stórvá and dance with your suitcase full of money, naïve art and joy  
Kjarval and god and the holy in the paintings  
Hilma af Klint and the holy



Ode to Stórvá,  
concrete, 2021  
15x15x2 cm



the studio to me is very important,  
you make the space inviting and open,  
creative things will happen, make sure it's a place you want to spend  
your time in,  
if not, than all of this is for nothing,  
the studio is open, come and paint, come play the guitar,  
come sit down and tell a story,

when I talk about god I talk about the spirit, everything that's in between us, the line between our will and what seems to be already decided for us, but how, and what does that mean? decided beforehand, flight fright or freeze, past experiences, learned behaviour, auto pilot, childhood memories, what about the will?

will of who?

of god?

of you?

Who's in control?

what about the soul, the person, the individual, what about the will of the people, the will of god, the collective dream or goal, collective consciousness

If you base a decision on a dream...

if you base your decision on a spiritual awakening after a connection with your unconsciousness...

actions based on dreams?

then the dreams as a precursor to our actions.

Films, art and literature talking about the dream or the vision, what ultimately came true.

the trip and the adventure, to have a story and then, reflection, documentation, archive, art show, life comes before art, art and life sometimes being one and the same, maybe Fluxus had it right with their situations, happenings and something spontan, emphasis on the unexpexted.

Who are we to think we are in total control of what happens, our art and ideas beyond our control, Rothko in his grave thinking about students seeing his paintings in a dimly lit room from a projector, outsider artists in their grave, perhaps peacefully, outside all of this western rational, theory and history, early humans in their grave who existed before there was a word for art, who painted on the walls or made pottery, peacefully,

if we can we should highlight those who, dared to challenge, dared to live, dared to be kind, dared to.. so, here is to you;

Hilma af klint, the beats, the poets, philosophers, people with mental illnesses, people with disabilities, people suffering from a heartbreak, Phil Elverum, my family, my sister, my friends, old lovers, future lovers, Harriet Tubman, Anne Frank, Stórválf, Reynir Pétur, Alejandro Jodorowsky, Harmony Korine, Andrei Tarkovsky, Ingmar Bergman, Gaspar Noé, Cronenberg, Fellini,

John Stuart Mill and his ideas on freedom, we are always to question our beliefs, we must imagine the strongest arguments against our strongest beliefs, if not, than your ideas and beliefs are dead words, dead in it's meaning,

we must be able to talk about and question things for the common belief isn't always rigth or true and who should we trust to censor our speech or way of thinking, why would we give that power to anyone and for what reasons?

the art is fluid and misunderstood, about half of the conversations being had at all times are probably based on misunderstandings, different images pop up, Shakespear and "What's in a name? That which we call a rose By any other name would smell as sweet." vowing to never be romeo again, only a 'lover'

and to whom and what do you mean when you talk about art, art as in...

it's just, maybe, that, art schools and institutions have a way of shaping our way of thinking, being able to rationalize... well, what are you gonna do?

I try to focus on nature, life before art, art as the byproduct, art as something sacred, the holy moment, magic, the sublime, the spirit I'll shine whatever light I have to give.

breathing space

Can we completely bypass small talk?  
do we need to talk about the weather before we talk about love?



I put it to the test  
My friend on the left and a complete stranger to both me and her  
to the right,  
we went to the same school so it was not out of the ordinary to  
ask a student from a different class to participate in projects like  
this, (this happened when I was for one semester in Art Science at  
KABK, den haag, 2018)

The instructions,  
go into this small dark closet with no lightsource but a lamp  
with a stranger, connected by a bedsheets cut with two holes,  
and no talking, a camera in the closet, monitor outside for an  
audience, not recording, just observing for 10 minutes,  
they didn't know anything more than these simple instructions.

around the 6 or seven minute mark they looked at each other,  
smiled and laughed, without saying anything, they started to play  
with the lamp, moving it around and eventually turning it off.

when they came out they were told about this idea of overcoming  
small talk without having to small talk  
they seemed friendly and more at ease, they talked together after  
the performance as friends, not strangers.



John Cleese talks about, all creativity comes from the unconsciousness,... it all boils down to getting in playful and relaxed frame of mind.

The floor is ready, amps are on, caples and microphones in place, acoustic instruments and objects scattered around the floor, join us, no needed for prior musical knowledge, come and play, or just sit with us and enjoy.

"Everything is an instrument" is an event created by me and my friend, where we set up a cosy space with lots of instruments and things to play around with, we invite people to come and join, play the spoon drumming on the glass, play the rice in the box, make your own shaker, do whatever.

For a moment we are all in a trance and everyone resonates, it's amazing how obvious it is that the rhythm is primal when you are in a setting like this, get a lot of people together and start banging on some things and make noises, magically everyone locks onto the groove,

magic? groove, a feeling? Atmosphere, connections, why should we explain it and how?

is there a price to pay for explaining too much, worries and how much should we really care?

The war is over  
So said the speaker with the flight suit on  
Maybe to him I'm just a pawn  
So he can advance  
Remember when I used to dance  
Man, all I want to do is dance

(Dirty Harry by Gorillaz)



Painting with friends, the moment, the madness, the stories we try to tell, the language that we have to use in order to be able to paint together,  
at first it was really challenging, you have the power to paint over the things you don't like about what I paint and vice versa,  
so you trust someone for erasing or recreating something that you had spent time on,  
if there is trust and honesty, in a setting that allows for pranks and peace, tranquility and chaos, then this is one of the most amazing feelings ever.  
there's no limit on how many can paint at the same time, the same with orchestras or bands, different sizes, different genres, different feelings, but trust and a special language or communication that is beyond words, beyond belief.

(2018-present)

Ragged clothes and hands in his pockets, kicking a rock, a boy  
stumbling about, lost in the city, romantic ideas of the perfect  
getaway to the countryside, will I go alone or is there someone out  
there?

We die alone but can I get a girl to kiss me on the nose?  
Can I distinguish the dream from the... the artist going mad for  
something real,  
in his hand, a tiny book, Howl by Allen Ginsberg, am I looking for  
an angry fix?  
am I an angelheaded hipster burning for the ancient heavenly  
connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night?  
can I find out if I had a vision or you had a vision or he had a vision  
to find out Eternity?

In My Dinner With Andre, Andre talks about how strange it  
is how often a doctor will live up to our expectation of how a  
doctor should look,  
artist trying to live up to someones expectations of how an artist  
should look and behave,  
why does the artist sit in the park, drinking beer and playing  
music,  
sexual freedom and fuck all and something bigger than us,  
something about the guitar maybe, alchohol or drugs,  
artist, the free spirit, the beat, the hippie, the outsider

different from everyone else? we the artist and them, but how so?  
the mechanic like a dancer,  
the gardener in a trance,  
the butcher dealing with life and death in a way we...  
we the typical artist will never even come close to understanding,  
but what is a typical artist and what is deling with life and death?

Are you closer to understanding what comes before and after  
death because you slaughter animals for a living?

Is a priest closer to god then we are?

What is oversaturation and does that apply?

Diminishing returns and novelty, serendipity and mastery,

create, think, make friends, be inspired, inspire, learn, teach,  
collaborate, sing, play, tell stories

the absurdity of doing something, Francis Alys, Sisiphus, Camus,  
the boulder goes up the mountain but keeps falling back,  
why should we try if we know we are going to fail,  
lessons learned through mistakes,  
we keep pushing, we keep on doing something instead of nothing,  
Sartre and his prisoner who is born in a cell,  
the freedom you possess to move as you please, stretch, breath  
and moan,  
sing, cry, shout and whatever comes to mind, the freedom of just  
being alive,  
at the same time he points out the responsibility and the burden  
of freedom,  
you can do anything, better do it right, for the right reasons,  
because if nothing really matters and you feel you have a will,  
better use it for good,  
in the end, does it matter,  
what is this anyway,  
should I talk about the surrealists and their free flowing speech,  
automatic writing, but how do we know,  
language as images like the egyptian hieroglyphs,  
what is automatic anyway,  
if we think before we do but we don't control it, the spirit is  
channaled through the hand and  
the word come out and it's meaning and message...  
did you write this? the holy spirit? what is it? why did you do this?

<https://storval.github.io/rough-portfolio/index.html>

(rough portfolio website, videos and more pictures)