

**score**

...

*score, js*

Morning.

I wake up wearing a slightly shapeless purple jersey and I'm looking out through a thin gold-foiled blind, which absorbs the light and separates the room here from the yard.

The walls over there are standard white. According to the description they ought to look raw. They are standard height and yet they appear different. There are small in-between spaces.

It's the door. It is folding to become a slim, natural wood-stained pillar. Kind of funny. A provisional solution – but it is functioning.

Someone is passing by right now. I go there to see what it looks like.

That which we are putting in here rubs off. I'm envisioning it, but I mean, it's not the kind of rubbing off of a crayon or drawing charcoal. It is a different kind of picture that appears. It's a scene.

*score, tll*

Something dark blue sticks to my hand. It tastes of ballpoint ink.

And it tastes of something that I remember from that time when my sister had a scan every second Monday at the Copenhagen Municipal Hospital in Hvidovre. She wore a cross on her cheek. A blue cross of ballpoint ink. Then the doctors knew on which side she had been lying. Which side of her head had been scanned.

The North Sea is roaring. It is the same blue colour as the ballpoint pen's ink. The sea is rough. Sand is beating against our faces. It crunches between our teeth. It is as if your mouths are full of tin foil.

My brother is shaking his head. He has sand all over his short hair. I have been wearing a cap. It is yellow, green and brown.

Candles have been lighted in the summerhouse, as the wind is howling. In a little while everything will disappear. Then everything will turn red. And orange. Tonight, it is rumoured, we will have the first night frost. Then they will die. The insects. Out there.

| My sister is digging a hole into the ground for a dead butterfly that she has named Alfred. She finds some heather to put on the grave. And a stone.

How do you spell Alfred?

I want to answer, but she has already drawn something. It's not letters. It is something that resembles a bird.

Do butterflies have a beak?

No.

I see.

Then it has been buried.

The heather is purple. This was the first thing I learned to say in sign language. The heather is purple. Now I have forgotten how. It was from some Lis Sørensen song. Her voice has, in fact, always been blue.

Not electric blue, just blue. Blue.

*score, js*

Forenoon.

The weather is still misty. The coffee is finest when taken black, and yet I pour in some milk. All of my outgoing mail today is black with patches of white. Perhaps this is what suits the best.

I'm looking right through the stocking. There's a big oblique hole that is impossible to avoid. The mending, I mean. Today, only for your sake. With irregular stitches I'm sewing something that reminds you of a suture. The thread is shiny. You are all smiles. Thanks. It covers up where a scar has been. And now it is precisely as horrendous as can be, if it were turquoise.

Were I to marry again, I would like to be a bride dressed in purple. Come! Let us get copper-purple with the beautiful years that mark our faces.

I'm stepping outside. Here I remain for a while.

Over there, daylight has practically not broken. The grille has been fastened. Everything will find its form. I'm fastening a small purple string so that they can tell somebody had been there.

...

score, js

Night.

You should have seen it!

A velvety string had been wound around the metal. The purple cloth with the silver dots supplemented it in way that was only made possible because it was fixed to a grille. OK, then. We'll create a new form. The soft purple cut.

Those tables are only placed like that during the night – in the dark when all cats are grey, are the tablecloths then still red and white checked? The dimmed light remains for a while. All the photos I take turn completely yellow. It's a bit *urrgh*, but that's how it is. In a way I would like to draw your attention to it, still, however, I say nothing.

It is night time.

I'm looking in and the shadows I see start growing taller. I remain like that for a while. It's my picture, but anybody can keep it with them if they want to.

Peepshow Purple, score, tll

Morning.

The sun is still black out there. The gulls and the swallows are sitting on the gutter together with the two swans that each autumn move into the cavity under the roof of *Det Ny Teater*. The birds sit closer when winter is coming. So do the foxes, the grey and the red ones. Not to mention the tailless squirrels that yesterday evening were hopping around in *Søndermarken*, stocking up. Together. It is only humans of all ages who stay where they are. In their loneliness. In their own small, isolated rooms. That colour is cloudy. Like old tea that nobody drinks and nobody has poured down the sink. Or like the glass of water in the studio that holds the paintbrushes. For the watercolour.

The sky is dark.

But not colourless.

Black isn't a colour. But what is it then?

By the way, the city smells of bindweeds and mock oranges, trying for the last time to give out a row of beauties into the space between us all. One last time. Before hibernating. It's a mechanism that sets in at this time every year. During what is left of September. One is fighting to maintain one's own dimension of beauty. However, one is worthless in that connection if nobody takes no notice. In this way, the bindweeds and the mock oranges at *Sankt Jørgens Sø* remind you of

the visual artist.

It is an art to flower.

But it is also an art to die. Maybe in the middle of one's beauty sleep.

My former professor at The Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts, Ursula Reuter Christiansen, once told me about a German visual artist who created his works while sleeping. When he was awake, he would listen to radio plays and broadcasts from concert halls of classical music that no one else had heard of; they existed because he sat in front of the loudspeakers and listened. When he was asleep, he was resting on a canvas. His body, in its sleeping state, touched the surface here and there in some patches of paint. It was his young lover who during the evening arranged the combination of colours for that particular night's sleep. His works were sometimes shown in libraries in southern Germany. Then the interest in him died away. He would rather be loved as the man who was listening to classical symphonies than as a visual artist who created a kind of meaning in the middle of the hopelessness of a dream. Ursula Reuter Christiansen had forgotten his name. But she did recall that of his lover, now a world-famous author.

I did not turn on the light as I walked barefooted across the loft to open the door to the studio. The cat accompanies me. I'm filled up with tea, warm tea, and the window hadn't been closed last night. The room is chilly. On one wall, sketches for drawings are hanging, and on another wall there's an accumulation of words. It is as if the two walls must soon merge. The words are going to become drawings. And the drawings are turning into stories about something that is me, but which is also you.

Now it's dawning.

The colour is blue. And red.

As if there's something that is burning.

A fire like that, I want it to burn for me.

Today.

Tonight Patti Smith will be playing at *Vega*. Her colour, I think, is that of the ocean. She sounds like everything that is never going to drown, never surrender. She is fighting the restless colours to the last. Because she is mixing them. And in her glass of water, the colour is never grey and cloudy. It is blue. Cobalt blue. Azure. Royal blue. But it is all just because she's worthy of an uncrowned queen. Not that she's bowing and scraping to a people; quite the contrary, she puts in the plug and plays the guitar until her fingers are bleeding.

She's the body of a work. And the work of a body. A life's work of blue patience. And pain.

That colour, we all ought to contain. Yes. Yes.

Peepshow purple, *score*, js

Night.

On the stairs it's dark, and then again not. There's something else in my entrance hall. I switch on the light and ... *blitz*, the filament breaks with a snap, and my attempt at light does not succeed. All of the light bulbs I have bought are in a black bag. They are coloured, green and blue. The electrician thought that the purple ones were too much of a good thing! That's why I have to think of a Plan B. Otherwise, I had already envisioned it and all... Electrical installations in the middle of the night do not turn out to be a good idea, so I, groping in the dark, imagine the light instead.

The floor is lacquered. My steps continue, sort of sliding along. Slowly. The breathing I hear is heavy, and the footsteps of the person living in the flat above are soft.

We are connected. We go on – and go out.

My tea is black and smoky, and I am visualizing a black form. The floor must be painted in coloured layers, I think. That's the way to do it.

Once more there are footsteps on the stairs. The newspaper. Click.