

Dear Reader,

I go in and out the small houses occasionally bumping my head into the low door openings. The brightness between the summerlight outside and the darkness inside the small houses makes it difficult to see. It smells organic, authentic - like old wood.

After a while I can see light that barely leak through a gap in between horizontally layered lumber and continue through the room until it hits the floor forming a bright shape. Daylight in this format has so much higher value than the endless amount everywhere outside. I'm holding a full-frame digital camera with a 24.3MP CMOS chip pointing it towards the shape.

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It's early summer, unusually hot. Even some of the Japanese tourists have taken off their coats. The Norwegian Museum of Cultural History is the location for this special reportage. It's always been my favourite museum in Oslo. They have gathered wood houses from all around the country (not really) and rebuilt them here, on a small island, where the richest people in Oslo also live. Most of them can be peeked into and others walked into such as the one I'm inside now.

Gaps in the lumber were made just small enough to enable doing a basic activity, at the same time not letting too much precious heat out (this was before the luxury of window glass). The light that passes into the darkness of the opening becomes so bright that contrast presents itself solid, like an independent object and gives me a futuristic feeling. Or more correct the feeling of presence, deeply emotional.

Being here is such a treat, I think to myself while having a waffle with sour cream and strawberry jam in the cafe. All though when serving waffles in a place like this the cafe manager should not save on using cheap jam (this tastes like sugar with flavour). I think the tourists here would have the buying power to put in some extra for a traditional home made jam with a more natural sweetness to it. But the sour cream is good enough just directly from the self of any super market!

Parts of the Folk museum portray a typical Norwegian life style quite recent in time, just some 100 years ago but with life conditions being so different it makes it hard to identify with. On the other hand the wood that everything revolves around has a timeless quality. Except when it's rotten. I could feel the basic way of living could come back at some point. Maybe other cultures has stone or soil as their main material. Everything here is wood. And everyone knew how to make and use wooden tools.

When I think of it the Nikon 600D DSLR is really bulky and heavy. It seems like I try to make a point about being serious as a photographer, all though I am. The only reason I have it is because it can do triple exposures in the camera. The triple exposure is less known than the double exposure, both simple ways to break free from the inherited documentary quality of photography. And to bring the attention from subject to surface.

My dog was a lazy golden retriever that passed away 25 years ago. She would always lay on the floor where the sun made light shapes so that the shapes would fixate in her golden fur instead. She was very dear to me and immensely sad when she passed away. But when I think of her now it doesn't make me that sad anymore.

