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VAL & MARCUS DIARY



where are you..

who are you..

October 11, 2025

talk to me

Today I'm remembering my gymnasium. Room 212.
Evgenia Nikolaevna.
There was a small room inside her classroom,
and from it her son would often run out – noisy,
full of life, like a beam of sunlight breaking into
the lesson.

The rustle of pages, soft light from the window,
and the scents – cosmetics, perfumes, new magazines
that my classmates would bring and spread across the desks.
Each magazine had a tiny sample – a small window into
another world.



Now, October 11, 2025, I'm sitting
in Café A43 in Gothenburg.
A girl and her mother just left the
table next to mine.

And suddenly – faintly but unmistakably
– a familiar scent floated through the
air.
One of those very same perfume samples
from my gymnasium.



And everything came back: the classroom, the light,
the laughter, the warmth.
And him – the person who meant so much to me, and maybe
still does.

Now there's so much emotion inside me that I can barely
keep from crying.
I don't know where to put it all.
It feels like more than I can carry – as if something
tender and painful is spilling through an open door
inside me.

Before the exhibition of Sophie Ristelhueber
at the Hasselblad Center, I spoke with its CEO, Kalle,
and asked if I could work as a reportage photographer.
He advised me to set up a meeting with Jenni.

And now it's late evening.
I'm at home and already thought of going to bed –
even though it's not even half past eight.
The light outside is bluish, like before the rain.

I want time to move faster. Why?