

VAL & MARCUS DIARY



tall 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.

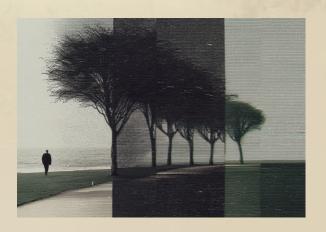
The rustle of pages, soft light from the window, and the scents — cosmetics, perfumes, new magazines that my classmates would bring and spread across the desks. Each magazine had a tiny sample — a small window into another world.



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?