

# Cecilia Hillstrom Gallery:

The all-knowing weaver emits treacherous serenity.

Norns spin threads of destiny at the foot of the world tree Yggdrasil.  
Ada Lovelace writes the first computer programme inspired by the punch cards of the mechanical loom.  
Generations of grandmothers, foremothers weave.

Treacherous serenity is also within Sonja Larsson's painting. For who can claim that this is about calm and quietude? Between steady lines and measured dots emerge a myriad of explosions.

The Grid within Larsson's paintings is a conceptual framework constructed to allow for both physical and spiritual leakages to manifest. How close are we really to these supernovas of activity? Perhaps we are beholding something at immense and intangible distance.

Meanwhile we see a knot in a yarn. We see single colours one by one and we see the new hue they make together. We can follow the path of a solitary line. We see how all of these lines create absolute form.

Between the physical, corporeal presence of the painting and the abstract richness of the imagery something new emerges. Immaterial, celestial.

Paint and canvas go through an almost alchemical process until matter ceases and Gold appears.

Upon encountering Jacquard's loom where beautiful patterns are created by coded punch cards Ada Lovelace comes to the conclusion that the binary dot patterns of programming can generate both music, graphics and poetry.

Lovelace's poetical science equally describes Sonja Larsson's painting. Through the strictly mathematical something living and breathing appears, dancing across the lines. The picture seems to vibrate, the image swells into music.

The calm and methodical approach shared with Bach, von Bingen, Reich and Glass persists and carries on until the structure turns into rapture. The experience resembles meditative transcendence. The alchemy of repetition.

*Unfold.*

Leaf by leaf, crease by crease the universe unravels, reveals itself, unfolds.

The weave of the Norn divines an image of entirety. Grandmother unfolds her cloth.

In Madeleine L'Engle's *A Wrinkle in Time* the protagonists traverse time and space by *wrinkling* and thus travelling through the fifth dimension of the tesseract. The fold becomes a place where time becomes both endless and compressed. Where we become aware of the total complexity of it all. Where we understand how effortlessly everything relates. A completely logical shortcut if we are able to liberate ourselves from the notion of reality as three dimensional.

Larsson's paintings grant us such an opening. Beyond illusion, without applied perspective we can make our own folds and journey along the path of their course.

Katja Larsson