

Arriving in Båstad by car just before midnight. Refueling at an all-night gas station, listening to Alabama Shakes, with Jonas, who is responsible for distribution, beside me and my dog Sasha sleeping on my lap. It's the fourteenth day of the tour with my film *Skärvor*, described as "a hopeful elegy." An intense schedule with a cinema screening every day in a new city and a conversation with an invited guest, providing different perspectives on the same work. Since the film is about the importance of pausing, focusing, being present, I try to remind myself to live just like that, travel slowly, take my time. My dog, who is with me everywhere, reminds me to be in the moment.

Meeting Hannes, the manager of the beautiful Scandia cinema, before the screening and conversation with Petra Carlsson and Åsa Egnér. It will be about the memories we carry and how everything imprints on the body, leaving traces. The importance of empathy and understanding. How everything happens on parallel planes and one easily shifts between different realities. Someone in the audience asks about the scene with my niece Siri in the forest. Five years old, sitting completely in her own world, painting the trees. It seems that scene awakens a longing in many; the feeling of wonder and being in the moment, fully present and focused. The sky is intensely blue in Båstad. World news is pitch black.

Trying to sleep but thoughts whirl in my head. Thinking about the deer in the fields back home in Värmland. The pine tree that almost fell over the house in the storm and that I need to deal with when I get home. The devastation in Gaza, images of mutilated children stuck in my mind. Thinking about the screening at Röda Kvarn in Helsingborg and how nicely Mattias and Jesper at the cinema arranged everything, setting up lanterns and a beautiful backdrop for the conversation. How such details mean so much. How the reverend Stina Hagman prepared so well and watched my film seven times. She said the film made her think of Kintsugi, the Japanese method where instead of hiding something broken, it is elevated to something beautiful and the cracks become like golden seams.

Thinking about the screening at Capitol in Gothenburg, the warm reception from Katarina Lorentzon, a passionate soul who runs the cinema, and the unexpected meeting with Abdirashid from Somalia. He came into the theater dressed in a tie and suit with three beautiful daughters. "Sara! Do you remember me?" We met 29 years ago at the library in Sunne and I was the first Swede he met and talked to, he said. He had saved a postcard I wrote to him and told his daughters about me. It had meant a lot. Something so simple. To see and meet another person. That was the highlight of the entire tour, meeting him and his daughters. I walk out onto the street in just sandals and film a magnolia tree. The cold is biting. It is the middle of the night. Sasha has nightmares after being attacked by a pit bull. Luckily it was muzzled. Otherwise, he would have been dead now. I don't know what I would do without him.

## **Saturday, April 20**

Reading an old post from my friend Ghayath Almadhoun on Instagram about Gaza. As of January 24, 122 of his relatives had been killed in Gaza since October 7, 2023. 90 of them children. "We are not numbers," he writes and then lists the names of all. I wonder how many more have been killed now on April 20. Feeling cold inside despite the spring sun warming against the stone wall I'm leaning against. A moment's rest after viewing the exhibition by Leif Holmstrand at Malmö Konsthall. Dinner with cousins and aunt at my sister Sissela's with her husband in Sofielund. Dad, who is celebrating his birthday, has made broccoli soup. In the evening, Panora and conversation with Lina Wolff, which deeply touches me. I recognize

myself in her, both in her texts and as a person. A shared resonance. It becomes a personal conversation. Thinking that there is something beautiful in recognizing oneself in a stranger, meeting through a work and in similar memories of darkness. At night, snow falls on Idun Street. A special kind of stillness arises from fresh snow. The air becomes clear and easy to breathe. I sleep with the window open.

### **Sunday, April 21**

Sun but still cold. Good vegan lunch at Asian Ihsiri in Lund. Afternoon screening at Kino with a conversation with Andrzej Tichý, who recently wrote *Händelseboken*. A mosaic novel. Fragmentary. I like it a lot. Fredrik Jönsson, the operations manager at Kino, shows the premises in the old bank that will be transformed into a cinema palace. It will be fantastic. Fredrik reminds me that we met in 1997 when I lived in Lund and studied history of ideas and literature. I think about the passage of time. Filming a tree I don't know the name of outside Kungshuset where I once studied. The tree that has stood there all these years, as a witness. "Take your time," my Dutch grandmother Bep said when she was 97. "Life goes so fast."

### **FACTS**

Sara Broos, filmmaker, writer, and education director. Lives in Östra Ämtervik and Berlin. Currently in theaters with the feature documentary *Skärvor*. She has previously made films such as *För Dig Naken* (a love story with Lars Lerin & Manoel Marques), *Speglingar* (a mother-daughter relationship with Karin Broos), *Hemland* (a short film with Raghad Kanawati). Her latest feature film *View From a Window*, made together with Gunvor Nelson, was shown in a joint exhibition, *Personal Films*, with 18 films at Kulturhuset Stadsteatern in 2023.