

Looking

carrying plastic bags
some bags are almost
bursting
puffy jackets
5 benches
large wooden seating areas
3 garbage cans
one bike rack
an old person who locks
their bike up to the fence instead
cigarette butts by the bench in front of
the library
hoodies
white sneakers
black sneakers
1 man with groceries
1 veiled woman pushing a baby carriage
bicycles (5)
boots
no sound of traffic
just steps, the heater
and the rattling of the
grocery carts, children laughing
a woman talking on the phone
clicking of a man stopping to
light his cigarette

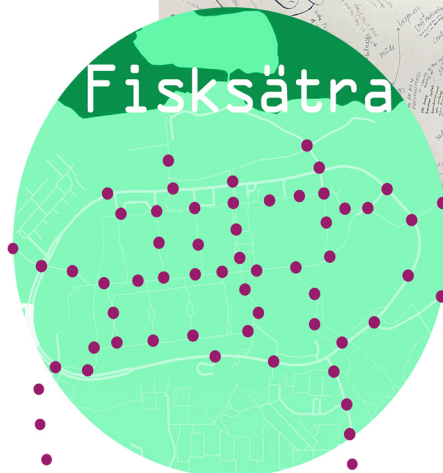
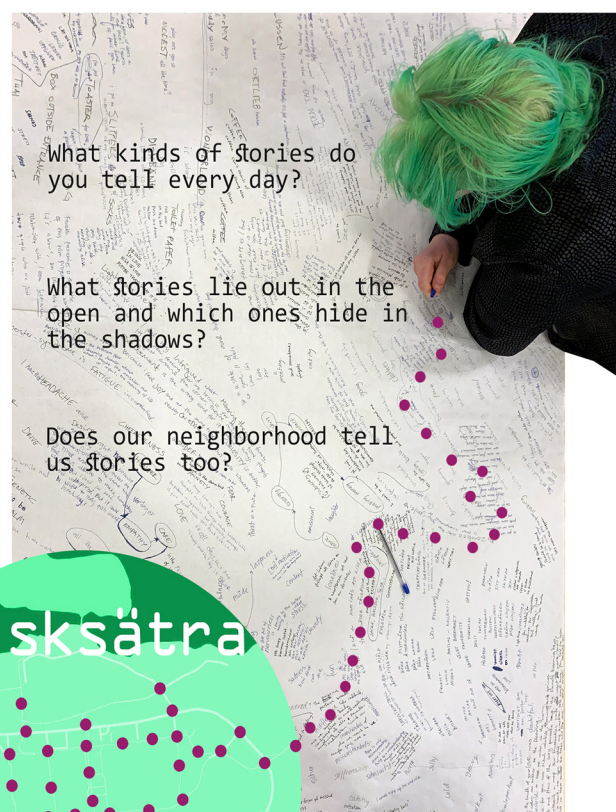
another man with groceries
father and little son with
sports gear speaking in Spanish
young man in sunglasses with
2 grocery bags *spits*
2 carpenters in workers' uniform
the library has a book return mailbox
kids speaking Swedish
man carrying double package of
toilet paper
two women, one wheelchair
and bottles clanging
another woman on the phone
something hisses
the space in the center makes an echo
the garbage bags are blue
some people have reusable bags
long shadows cast by the sun
newspaper
kleines Kind lallt
two hijab women with plastic
grocery bags bend over laughing
in Arabic

dirty rag on the ground
pebbles cover the stones

Fisksätra torg

Twelve black trainers crunch in their meeting with tiny pebbles of gravel leftover from the winter salting of the tessellated paving of the square. Rose, salmon, granite, almost black, charcoal, quartz, thunder sky, damp moss, muddy white, ivory. Some smaller, some larger though still small, some so tiny I can't see them but they are probably there, or carried off to the hallways of those traversing the square who take off their shoes when they arrive home. Some faceted, some almost rectangular, not many almost round. Inhabiting squares and rectangles bordered with pathways of concrete and grit. Sun casts geometric graffiti outlines filled with shadow, of the bin, the benches, the planters, the sign with directions to the train, to the sea, to home. There are windows, too, and balconies, and doorways to the museum, the shopping mall, the church, the apartment blocks that contain the people and create the many thresholds to the square. There are many squares in the square, and endless other shapes too. The square is not even a square. In real life, is a square ever really a square?

Everyday Stories



Writing Workshop

Fisksätra Library

Saturday 14th March 11-14

* Come along to write and walk through the everyday with us, in whatever language you like, followed by fika! Age 15+

حكايات كل يوم

Fisksätra

ورشة كتابة

في مكتبة فيسكساترا

السبت 14 مارس، من الساعة 11-14

* الجميع مدعوون إلى الكتابة و التمشية معنا في المنطقة يوم السبت 14 مارس من الساعة 11-14، والتفكير في هذه الأثناء معنا بأي لغة نحبون أن نستخدموها - وفي النهاية سنناقش ما نكتشفه حول القهوة والحلويات.

عمر 15+

Gündelik Hikâyeler

Fisksätra

Yazarlık Atölyesi

Fisksätra Kütüphanesi

14 Mart Cumartesi, saat 11- 14 arası

* Bizimle birlikte yürümek ve gündelik hayat üzerine yazmak için lütfen siz de gelin! Herkes idelediği dili kullanabilir. En sonunda da fika eşliğinde yaptıklarımızı konuşacağız! Yaş 15+

Vardags-berättelser

Fisksätra

skriv-workshop

Fisksätra Bibliotek

Lördag 14e mars, 11-14

* Följ med för att skriva och gå igenom vardagen med oss. Alla är välkomna att använda valfritt språk. På slutet kommer vi att diskutera över fika! Ålder 15+

Historias cotidianas

Fisksätra

Taller de escritura

Biblioteca Fisksätra

Sábado 14 de Marzo, 11-14

* ¡Ven a escribir y caminar a través del día a día! Todos pueden usar el idioma que quieran. ¡Al final conversaremos con fika! 15+ años

A neighbourhood

Does a neighbourhood exist if there are no neighbours? Or can it fail to exist even when many people live in close proximity, in one place? A neighbourhood is not just an architectural plan, a town or village strategy, but a meeting point of people, a collision, a cacophony of characters and intertwined yet disparate lives. On the street where I grew up, there were people I felt were strange and familiar at the same time: Margaret, whose house smelled of cigarette musk and whose daughter shared a birthday with my brother; Andy next door, who drove off daily in his car, wearing nothing at all...

What is neighbourhood?

What is my neighborhood? is a strange question to try to answer. Now that I'm posing it to myself I realize that I don't really have one... or i have many. It's Prenzlauerberg, the Bötzwow quarter where I spent my childhood. It's many corners of central Jerusalem, where I know everyone in the cafes and on the street. It's the small town of Rhinebeck in New York. It's also Vasastan, it's where I got to rest my body, the broom closet where I park it for the night.

b) My neighborhood is right on the edge of this very nice, old neighborhood with boutiques and money. But right on the border are harsh office and hospital buildings. It's a hard question to answer. You won't find it easily because everything there kind of looks the same. I don't really know where it starts or ends, because the closest to street life I've seen are the Roma sleeping on the street next to the church.

c) My neighborhood is a very responsible, healthy person. Maybe earlier in life they were stressed out a lot, but now they have realized that it's best to accept what's gin got around you so they've settled for a high level of luxury coupled with a mediocre day-to-day. This person has not suffered a lot, but sees their own life as a very meaningful affair. They do not like selfish people, but can get very loud and sloppy when they are drunk and haven't eaten enough.

I remember...

I remember many things when I listen to different songs: Enja for sleeping, restless as a child; Heather Small's growling voice for pep talks with my sister and pride; teenage brother's manic rock posturing takes me back to when he was a child, angelic soprano in choirboy gown; frenetic violins are arguments with my father; silence is the painful awkwardness of being alone.

German bread

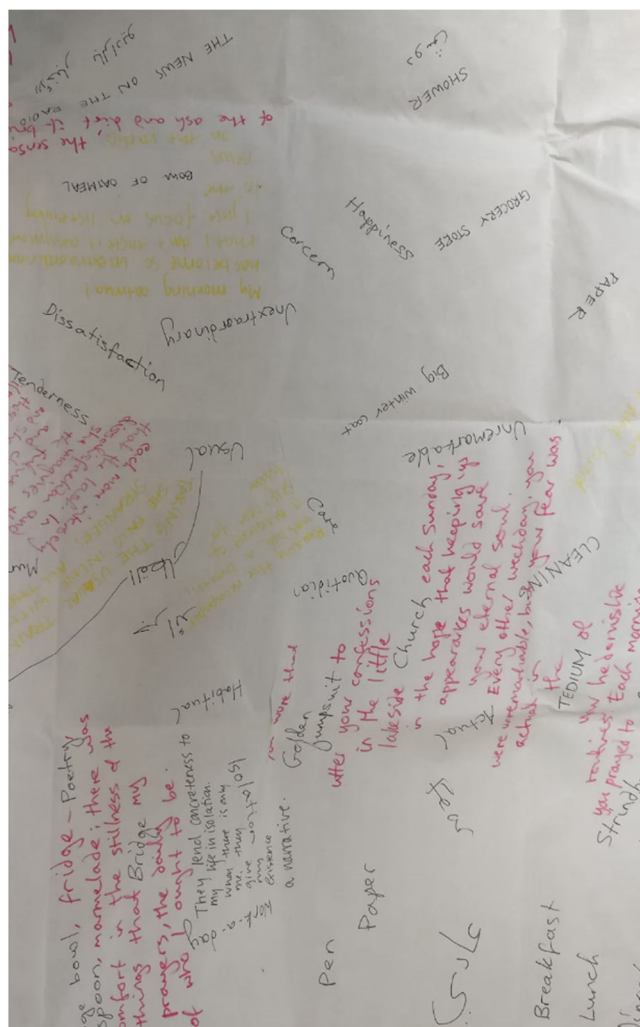
When I go to the grocery store, I think that I am never successful in buying the correct bread. I want German dark bread that fills up your stomach. I can't find that here. It's always the wrong things at the grocery store. When I look in the mirror every evening, I remember when I first became conscious of my appearance as a little girl and how I started posing in front of the reflective surfaces. I still greet my reflection with that same attitude now.

Threshold

My sight stumbles over the threshold every day. First, the threshold from bed to floor, judging the distance with my eyes and then the tips of my toes, feeling for the stepladder that will deliver me safe to ground. Threshold number two, that between apartment and togetherness, bedroom, kitchen, hall. Opening out after 63 steps of solitude on the staircase, I cross threshold number three, and step out of the front door, joining the street and the friends and strangers who have already entered the day.

What is something that your sight stumbles over?

I can't get over the view at school. The moment the little bridge comes into view in the morning. The moment I turn out of the back entrance and catch sight of the sunset over the sea. Hints of waves playing outside the windows of Hus 28. For the most part, nothing much arrests my gaze, other than people. People on the streets... their desperation, their poverty, their posh outfits. Their self packaging.



Clover Court

Clover Court is a tributary of Teasel Way, neighbour to Comfrey Court, Valerian Close, Violet Close, and the street where my grandmother lived out her last years and of which I have momentarily forgotten the name. This makes me sad. How could I forget? There are so many things that I remember: the red bricks, the flower names, the ceramic butterflies high up on the wall of the house where the lady with blue drawn eyebrows lived. She threw her son's television out the window once, she told me, as she filed and painted my nails.

My neighbourhood

My neighbourhood is right on the edge of this very nice, old neighborhood with boutiques and money. But right on the border are harsh office and hospital buildings. It's a hard question to answer. You won't find it easily because everything there kind of looks the same. I don't really know where it starts or ends, because the closest to street life I've seen are the Roma sleeping on the street next to the church.

Back and forth

Back and forth, back and forth, from school to home to grocery store to work to school to home, life is hard sometimes, but it is joyful. You spend your days flying past on that rusty bicycle, it seems, past hordes of teenage lost boys and strangers you seem to know only through daily nods and smiles. You are always busy, but quietly calm, a storm waiting to break. The sun mostly shines through in the end. You give and you give, though worn down and aching in your bones, as the street signs with their flower names welcome you home.

Responsibility

My neighbourhood is a very responsible, healthy person. Maybe earlier in life they were stressed out a lot, but now they have realized that it's best to accept what's going around you so they've settled for a high level of luxury coupled with a mediocre day-to-day. This person has not suffered a lot, but sees their own life as a very meaningful affair. They do not like selfish people, but can get very loud and sloppy when they are drunk and haven't eaten enough.

Everyday stories

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What kinds of stories do you tell every day?

When you meet a stranger at the bus stop, who do you tell about it?

How can a child's imagination change an old bridge into a monster's palace? A laundry line into a superhero's wardrobe?

What makes a story worth telling? Does a good story have to be true? What stories lie out in the open and which ones hide in the shadows?

Can we tell exciting stories about things we don't usually notice?

How do we express joy in our daily routines, in places we often go, foods we eat, and people we meet? What makes us feel at home every day?

Does our neighborhood tell us stories too?

In collaboration with Fisksätra Museum.

Morning

Air between bed and floor

Sheepskin rug

Linoleum in the hallway

Bathroom door

Bedroom door

Kitchen

Corridor

Stairway

Entrance hall

Front steps

Back steps

Street

Broken paving stone

Grassy mound

Cobbled slope

Shopping street

Square

Shopping street

Palace gateway

Waterfront

Harbour

Wooden bridge

Gravel slope towards the museum

Downward slope towards the school

Between lion and boar

Everyday spaces

Tunnelbana

Skeppsholmen bridge

grocery store

bed

kitchen

subway station, libraries, desks, offices, subway platform, escalator, stairs, sidewalks, red light, crosswalk, pedestrian zone, grocery store, cashier, shopping center, the trail in the park by the lake, the classroom, the cafe, the bookstore, the hardware store, the bathroom

When I go to the grocery store, I think that I am never successful in buying the correct bread. I want German dark bread that fills up your stomach.

I can't find that here. It's always the wrong things at the grocery store.

When I look in the mirror every evening, I remember when I first became conscious of my appearance as a little girl and how I started posing in front of the reflective surfaces. I still greet my reflection with that same attitude now.