

A big forest! But not so big, but big enough that you can get lost there. That's sort of a criteria for a good forest- that you get lost

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It was kind of a cul-de-sac. A fairly short little street that you wouldn't hear so many people talk about. But right at the end of the street there was a house, and in back of the house there was a forest. The only ones who went through the forest were the people who worked in the factory down near the water, which was- let's see- a 10 or 15 minute walk through the forest down to the industrial area. They were mostly Finnish immigrants who worked there- it was a bone-meal factory that made glue. It smelled fairly bad when the wind blew in from there, the smell of the bone-meal was really unpleasant. We kids were often down by the water and played, right by the factory. It was exciting in that area. It was a very special landscape, felt a little adventurous, a little dangerous. I had some friends who lived down there, but they were mostly Finnish. School friends.

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I work at Stockholm Central Station. I've worked there for 30 years. I meet a huge number of people in my work, from every corner of the world, every social position- all kinds of people! Fantastic! A rush of people all the time- and, like, the small, insecure person who is maybe scared and uncertain in their place, or the bigger, cockier ones, like someone who has just been released and is on parole from a long prison term, who then meet an even greater fear or uncertainty in their otherwise cocky roll- they might need my help. The homeless, those I take to the train. And all those things, I think it's fantastic. I work at Stockholm Central, and for me is that security, that which someone else might think is scary I think it's great to work there, that's where I work!

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...and I saw exactly the same thing at Medborgarplatsen.

Here's Götgatan, and here's the mosque, and here's a little bar, right next to the park. They have outside service, in three layers at that bar. There were people on the stairs here, lots of alcoholics, people who live on the streets, fairly rough people sat there. Here there were chairs, and wholly different people who sat at the tables, stood at the bar, then over that was a tile roof. . . under the younger people here, who these couldn't walk past, it was unbelievable!- one, two three tile roofs, and there up here there was a kind of balcony, and there was a bunch of young guys standing there, who were wholly separate, doing something totally different, they stood there and talked and joked around, teenage boys, you know, who came from the mosque, they stood up there on their own level, and everyone was on their own level, completely separated from each other- so fucking great.

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It's a whole science- as Werner Herzog says, "Walking by foot"- I'm really into that idea.

If you learn it/there's a lot to it

That was why I started walking/Because then you can only/a knot of public transportation/this way you learn how it all hangs together.

It helps that I'm interested in architecture

... different solutions, different buildings, how one is affected by them/. . . what type

of buildings they are/if you like the facades/how different places affect you
I go to some flea market/a little spot under the bridge/a secondhand shop/you might
have a cultural event there. . ./how many people are going through there/green
spaces, parks/. . . because its cheaper to have events there than elsewhere-

There are alot of bridges, so its really centered around bridges, and that limits which
alternatives you have for routes to walk to

Centrum/Södermalm/Normalm/Malmskillnadsgatan/Kungsholmen/if you want to go
through Platan, Platen is really special/the worst alternative is to go under Saint
Erik's bridge

ITs mostly about a clear impression/without getting confronted with. . ./. . .alot of
drug dealers there, you understand/. . . bank business district

Then the walk is only about that.

At the same time to walk down Drottninggatan/you "rub a circle" (rub up against) /
confronted in a fairly uncomfortable way/there are stretches you can be confronted
after 9:00/consumer society/it affects one's thoughts and expression/its the main
street for all of those big, franchise companies/gentrification/every time I go there/
globalisation

So maybe you choose another route!

Summer nights just after a rain, asphalt, the color of the leaves, Engelbrechts
church, walking around there, by the light of the electric lamps, and. . . .

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I love to go to Gamla Stan when it begins to be covered in snow in December, and
then I go through the alleys, and before, there were gas lamps, but now they've put
in electric lamps, its from, you know, a time, you can hear. . . .its only an illusion! But
even so- Monica Zetterlund, she sat in the window and sang.

You know, like in old films from the 1940s, or in photographs, or record jackets, like
that-

They have that "window opening" for all of December, every evening, and I usually
always try to go there when its possible- a couple times at least, every year.

I have some windows from Klara out in the country/when they tore down old
Klara. . ./my father. . ./. . . window frames left/they're a hundred and fifty years
old. . . .

so I go and listen to them singing from the windows, just because I'm so fascinated
with those beautiful windows, that are so old fashioned.

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Okay! So after fika, if we survived our fika, there's another thing that happens which
is sort of a secret-

The music school is - was! - an old junior high school building from the 1950s build in
yellow brick. So it has the sorts of things a junior high would have, like a school
courtyard, and one might think, a hell of alot of radon. At the same time you come
into a big room which has the ultra-ironic name Ljuscgården ("Garden of Light").

A few steps later, its called, like "Notes and Books"/Yeah, also a super sulky cafe
with these cool ladies in their fifties who are, like, state-employed and talk like this- /
eh, in any case, a nice menche works there, called. . . .like. . ./Yeah, hey, you wanna

coffee? , the real Stockholm accent, because they are from *actual* Bagarmossen/
He's a synth player with a kind of blond backslight/they're awesome, I like those
ladies/there's an old string instrument guy who's always there, too/yeah- you can buy
a coffee, it's cheap and completely fine-

It's weird-

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yeah-

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... it's really weird, I saw when I was visiting the new house, I looked out through the
window and saw this new, fancy studio, that was part of a magic recording studio,
nothing shabby about it- I mean sky windows- just that! - sky windows-

I was always really fascinated with that room, right in the studio corridor, the first
room to the left, that was a kind of professors' work room. It was the same room that
had been used by four or five of the professors. It felt like. . .like there was
something eerie, something very. . .the whole way it was arranged, the speakers
they had, how you sat there listening to music with your teacher, who pointed things
out on the paper with notation on it. . . it felt really like the music school in 1980.

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The Forest is best seen in a picture. A nice painting of the forest is nice- I mean, lots
of things, the sea, that people love to go sailing on, like that- the sea is so fascinating
as a dream, until you're sitting there, and realise how cold and wet and nasty it is.

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My favorite place- or one of them- is Skogkyrkogården (Forest Cemetery).

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I am really interested in a certain kind of place, which is not made to be enjoyed-

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It's like- I think Stockholm lacks in open spaces, where one can have calm and feel
that one can be in private- in peace.

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-I think it's important that there are places in the city which don't have any kind of
function, and neither have been set aside to function as recreational areas, either.

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Yeah, so, it takes a few hours to walk around it, this green area, which is extremely
well conceived landscape architecture, and the overall architecture is fantastic. So
that is one of the few places which, for me, is. . . I don't even have to pay an
entrance fee, and it has this enormous aesthetic appeal, I can get as much there as I
get from when I go to a museum sometimes. So that is a, you know, super favorite
place.

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For example, Under Saint Erik's Bridge. Its made almost as if a murder should go on there! A long time ago, in the 90s, there was a record store there, too. I don't know any longer how what those spaces are used for now, and thats fairly. . . it's remarkable, there are a few places like that in Stockholm. I remember one time I came there, it was in the evening I was walking home together with a friend, we went in there, under the bridge. And then we saw there was light coming from a door. So we walked up to it, and the door opened, and there was a woman who opened it, who was dressed in party clothing. She looked at us, then shut the door. I don't know what. . . was poetic about it! That kind of place is good. They aren't. . . they're un. . . they've become what they've become.

Parts of the city represent symbols for me, or political narratives or ideas that no longer exist- one can experience that as sad. The most obvious place is the intersection of Sveavägen and Tunnelgatan, if we talk about the murder of Olaf Palme- that kind of business- on the same street is ABF house, which has a strong connection to the place we are sitting now, since the first electronic music studio was in ABF house. They newly opened ABF house contains, you know- a studio for the future!

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This is "Siberia" (*an area of Vasastan*)

It was originally an workers area-

and it's called "Siberia" because it was one of the last areas in the city to get electricity

there's a place here, still, a restaurant called Norreport, and that hasn't changed- not at all

there is still a group of people remaining

it was a little rough, a bit of a bad area

there was even a porn club here in the area

but now its something that has gotten really orderly

this house has o elevator, for example

there are alot of antique, antiquarian book shops

but now a completely different kind of person lives here

something left of that atmosphere, that I believe. . . .

Siberia and Roslagsgatan- which is slowly on the way to disappearing

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We live in an age of Hype, of Advertising, basically, that everything should be so planned out and trendy, there is a lack of continual calm, that places just exist, that not such much noise is made about- that it doesn't need to be some juice bar, selling some kind of muscle juice for a year, then comes the next one, could be some kind of muesli, I don't know- something new certainly comes-

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We have an extreme renlighets noje, which is so strange- I live on this street with all these resturants, but you don't fucking smell any food, and people can't make too much noise, either, after a given time. And its not only there, it's also Förstahandsgatan, some places in Södermalm, where there are this row of restaurants.

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I look for contradictions- I don't know where they come from- yeah, it happened when I moved to Stockholm-

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. . .and I like that. And then I don't like- yeah- Gentrification, its called?

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So it means that you have your own oasis, like I said. And that can be anywhere- one chooses one's friends, one chooses one's place. One chooses from places where one does well, choosing one thing, not choosing another.

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Jane Jacobs. She is my goddess for how one should build a city! A little group here, we are organising here in Hagalund, to have the first word on how we should re-build the centrum here, to have more shops and so on. . . .Jane Jacobs- she's my goddess!

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Ugglan- a really special place thats gone now, that had a really special energy, you could say. There were different levels, different floors, different dimensions of Ugglan. Some people only went there to hang out at the bar, drank beer or wine and talked to their friends. And then there was round-robin ping-pong, where you can have another kind of social meet-up- there was a big line of people waiting their turn to hit the ball, and then you run around- really odd, but fun. You knew you could go there whatever night you chose, and always be met with something new. Really that extended living room, as you say, like the pub should be in England. And then there was a separate room where the concerts happened. Enormously good music happened there. Fantastic evenings-

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In summer and spring, in the summer and in the spring, there are lots of sea gulls here. And they shriek when they have babies- places like this, near the water, they go "RRAAA!"- sea gulls shriek, and they circle. Now, in August, suddenly *shoof* - the sea gulls disappeared- and the next day there was little- sparrows, I believe, that completely took over here. So now it went from the shriek of the sea gulls to a low whine- "woo-woo-woo-woo". But here it's blended in with constant ventilation, industry, like "brrrr", only a broom that comes all the time. I can't close my window all the way, so there was a little opening here. And no one had been here! But I saw- there was something lying on the floor. And then I understood that there had been birds that had been in here, had lived here- and then after some days I found a dead bird here on the floor, under the table, hidden under something. So - there is nothing to judge in animals, then that's gone, when you talk about birds, then they are only something which exist.

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I see

fairly often, people who take film or photographs

I see

alot of tourists who come and go down on the street, and hear

I see

often, people who are on their way to the theatre around the corner

I see

this- this here- this is home. Stockholm is mine- it's my Stockholm

I see

I like that I can walk a little, maybe 50 meters, and then see the whole city.

X

Apartments on Söder

I was only there once when I was 13 years old

an industrial building with really big windows

it was, of course, artists who had it, there was a really huge room

there were always people who there, partying

industry windows

and there was a spiral staircase

I was there only one time in my life and I could draw it because I thought it was so wicked

it only had cold water

down there at Hornstull

and the toilet was in the attic

so you had to go through an iron door

there was a spiral staircase up

we were there on Lucia. . .

And this woman, she was really leftist, dyed red hair, she had a baby

henna-ed her hair in this basin, that was an old sink basin-

and boiled the water on the stove

there was alot of *mah-jong* and, like-

she had such an totally wicked thing going, I thought-

she was always my idol!