

# Lulu-journal

Nr.2

“The roads are as different as I am”

Sep 2018



Årets korsning, Ryssbält, Kalix kommun, Norrbotten.  
Foto: privat.

On the coast between Töre and Kalix lies the small village of Ryssbält. I have gone there every summer and many winters. My grandmother grew up on a farmhouse there, and I in a summer house.

In the middle of the village there is a junction. If you turn left, you'll reach an area with small houses. If you go right, you'll reach another. There is really nothing remarkable about this place. It looks like any junction, in any town in Norrbotten. But it is precisely at this one, that someone has put up a sign reading: JUNCTION OF THE YEAR.

The sign has been there for at least 15 years. It's the Junction of the year, every year. This is no longer a place you can pass without noticing.

I run the publisher, record label and production company Teg Publishing together with my brother Anders Teglund. We originally come from Luleå and in that summer cottage in Ryssbält we also run a residency programme for cultural workers together with our parents.

People often think that we only publish literature, music and film from Norrbotten. We do not. But we're from there and so are many others.

We have published some of them.

But speaking about one's origins as if it was

especially significant ... it somehow makes me uncomfortable. It is something that can often lead to either nostalgia, exoticism or patriotism. Three phenomena that ought to be avoided.

But this does not mean that we should not talk about the place, what others have done to it, and what it does to us. What it looks like.

Norrbotten is no more special than other landscapes. When we were asked to edit an issue of the Lulu Journal with the theme “The Landscape of Norrbotten”, that was what I thought.

In this issue we have collected a selection from our catalogue. They are all different expressions that do not really have much to do with one another, but they resonate with us, and maybe with others, too.

The purpose of our work has never been to portray Norrbotten, we have only found individual works that we wanted to promote, and which felt important to us. I think it's probably a more personal landscape than it may seem. That the images we present are specific rather than general.

I think the idea of a landscape is constructed only retrospectively.

“The road looks like the road”, the poet Pernilla Berglund writes in her collection Fälla. A line that sums up our programme.

When I read Pernilla Berglund's poetry, I understand everything and nothing, and I interpret it in which ever way I please. I read them, and think thoughts that cannot be put into words.

“The roads are as different as I am”, continues the poem.

It has not always been a given to me that it is possible to write about Norrbotten. It was only as a young adult that I understood that you can write about any reality, even ours. That it is allowed to take our existence and seriously or lightly as any other.

An experience from growing up in Norrbotten is that our places were not mentioned. They were not on TV, our roads were not written into books, and our voices were not amplified.

Not that it's much to whine about. There are

other positions that are even more marginalised, but ... that it how it was.

And at a time when cities and countryside are falling apart, it becomes especially important to render such images. It is an antidote to the lack of historical awareness that comes from no one talking about why we are here and why it looks the way it does.

“Why is our faith in raw materials, exploitation, jobs and welfare so blind? Why is our relationship to capitalism not logical and realistic? Why do we continue believe, even though the claim has been disproven time and time again?”

This is what Po Tidholm says in the audio report *Iron Cages*, which we released in 2017. A documentary about the industrial exploitation of raw materials.

I am thinking about what new perspectives I have gained from Po Tidholm’s articles and texts, how, in many ways, they have given us a history. How the economic practice and proxy-colonialism of the state materialise through our lives. It was a profound experience first reading the script for *Norrland*, which we published in 2012. I had never read anything about this before. On my mind, for instance, is what Tidholm wrote about “the constant threat of violence”, which suddenly offered new models for explanation and feeling with regards to my own background. And that it begins there, in economics and in politics.

I am thinking of David Väyrynen’s accurate insights into something as volatile as the mind. What exists in language, speech and thought. How that can provide a foundation for commonality.

And I am thinking about how his text *Hemvändervisan* (The Ballad of Homecoming) is invigorated through Sara Parkman’s musical score. Do you hear what it sounds like? Like tradition and history. It’s not, it’s brand new. But it feels like you never heard it for the first time.

I am thinking of Sven Teglund’s watercolours from Porsön, the residential area in Luleå where I grew up. Where Sven, who is my father, still lives. How the light from the ironworks is reflected in the clouds that blanket the sky on particularly cold winter nights, casting a special light across the bay. How that same sky also lights up over pizzerias in brown brick houses, and in Sven’s watercolours.

It acts as if it were something remarkable.

“The night colours the sky red like blood”

Mattias Alkberg sings in *Ingen sömn på Stengatan* (Sleepless in Stengatan). It is the same sky,

the same light. And maybe this is the first time ever that Porsön features in a pop song. I hear it, and it feels like the place exists, or as if it did not exist until now.

Not because I think the biographical has to play such a big part, or that one must share that specific experience in order for the feeling to be transmitted.

It could also look like something else.

Clara Bodén made a film based on the song, but from her own perspective. She has a different outlook, but still it’s the same sky, it’s just that here, the red is black and white.

Both the song and the film spotlight night workers and others who are awake at night in Luleå. Those who take the bus, those who walk among piles of snow, never wearing enough clothes.

“Times and places shine in time”, the Norrbotten poet Verner Boström once wrote, in a thousand different ways. The red sky over the road. All that is real.

Here are some people who were there, and saw it.

Jonas Teglund

Teg Publishing, september 2018

Read more about Teg Publishing:

[www.tegpublishing.se](http://www.tegpublishing.se)

Teg Publishing’s Residency programme:

[www.tegpublishing.se/vistelsestipendium](http://www.tegpublishing.se/vistelsestipendium)

References:

Boström, Verner, *Länder*, Luleå: Black Island Books, 2006.

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### EXCERPT FROM THE POETRY COLLECTION FELLING PERNILLA BERGLUND

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In Pernilla Berglund's poetry language and place continuously both constitute and unravel the other. No meaning is self-evident. The poems attempt to approximate a particular experience of language and place only to since rephrase their premises.

### THE IRON CAGE PO TIDHOLM

Page 5

For the sound reportage *The Iron Cage*, the journalist Po Tidholm, together with the photographer Cameron Wittig, went on three journeys through northwestern United States and one in northern Sweden in order to explore the effect of the global economy of raw material on local communities, mentality and people's lives.

What actually happened to the mine in Pajala? And how will it work out with the relocation of Kiruna?

### OUR VOICE CRYING (IN THE WILDERNESS)

DAVID VÄYRYNEN

Page 6

The poet David Väyrynen's debut collection *Marken* (The field) is about Malmfälten and has attracted much attention throughout the country. In this region, two major popular movements are still a big part of the culture and mentality: the Laestadian revival movement and the socialist labour movement.

### THE BALLAD OF HOMECOMING SARA PARKMAN

Page 9

The folk musician Sara Parkman has received a lot of attention for her performances *Fäboland* and *Sång till Välfärden* (Song for the welfare system). Her album *Matriarkerna* (The Matriarchs), which she made together with Samantha Olanders, was named the release of the year and the Folk & World Music Gala in 2018.

Here she has scored David Väyrynen's poem from *Marken*.

### EFTER ARTON SVEN TEGLUND

Page 10

The artist Sven Teglund is known for his watercolours of his mother's crocheted tablecloths in the book *ensamheten värst* (Loneliness Worst). These two watercolours, however, are of residential areas in Porsön in Luleå and are also included in Teg Publishing's first edition, *After Eighteen*.

### SLEEPLESS ON STENGATAN CLARA BODÉN

Page 11

The director Clara Bodén has made a nightly inventory of Luleå based on Mattias Alkberg's song *Ingen Sömn på Stengatan* (2015) focusing on people working various nightshifts. We meet workers in a steel mill, the home care's night patrol, a guard running through his nocturnal crossfit pass, a bus driver and others who are not sleeping on this night in January.

### KOLOFON

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→ *Excerpt from the poetry  
collection Felling*  
Pernilla Berglund

1.

The road looks like the road, the big waters to the left and the mountain shelves  
high on the right. The roads are as alike as I  
differ.

2.

History walks beside us, we have walked beside you. If you could have seen us  
beyond what we said, the shortening of time, just as I could have been  
another. It is tangible now. I shall mourn myself a place.

3.

Here we are at home or the experience is a limit towards reality.  
The position I speak from I must always seize. If we told ourselves against,  
a clarity that could be. Here we would be safe.

4.

To communicate in order to avoid. I borrow shoes from the storage, speaking  
on the hill, to fell wood like judgement. I walk from your opportunity, turning  
the moss and the branches we collect from the ground, brush that has been cleared. Density  
was in our way, every time we visit, now the stairway is overgrowing. I am spoken to  
beneath the downed.

5.

If we are sufficient in language, that it is always about speech.  
We reside in the voice or what could become a strength. How can I know  
when I coincide with myself. The bark back of the tree is also  
its front.

6.

You speak of cutting wood, from Felling downwards, ask for help with  
the regrowth. The writing scars the ground, we shall no longer recognize ourselves.  
The first page in the book that has come off and keeps falling out.

7.

At the clearing grounds, we drove there to see

When it is time for fall, when everybody leaves into the woods

Felling the animals and falling into place

The use of all your expressions

The place as an excuse for the absence

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# JÄRNBUREN

*Ett ljudreportage av Po Tidholm*

ORIGINALMUSIK — THE TALLEST MAN ON EARTH

LJUDPRODUKTION — NILS SVENNEM LUNDBERG

FOTO — CAMERON WITTIG



Teg Publishing



*Photo: Cameron Wittig. Design: Carl Anders Skoglund*

[www.soundcloud.com/  
teg-publishing/  
po-tidholm-jarnburen-avsnitt-1](http://www.soundcloud.com/teg-publishing/po-tidholm-jarnburen-avsnitt-1)

All episodes of The Iron Cage are online here:  
[www.adlibris.com/se/ljudbok/  
jarnburen-9789188035097](http://www.adlibris.com/se/ljudbok/jarnburen-9789188035097)

See Wittig's photos from The Iron Cage here:  
[www.tegpublishing.se/jarnburen](http://www.tegpublishing.se/jarnburen)

Original score: The Tallest Man On Earth /  
Kristian Matsson

Photography: Cameron Wittig

Sound production: Nils Svennem Lundberg

Design: Carl Anders Skoglund

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→ *Our Voice Crying (In the Wilderness)*  
David Väyrynen

and I daresay many of us here today  
in spite of everything share my pride  
at speaking up and speaking out  
saying how could you not want to live as we do  
knowing from experience as we do  
how much it benefits us  
to rely ever less and less from the south  
this creates a distance between us and the cities  
makes us strangers to the people there  
who are looking for pleasure in too many places at once  
a million necks bowed over a million toys  
I feel my own chest tightening  
I hope they look up soon

in spite of having witnessed everything going wrong in the world  
so it is probably quite right  
that we are the ones who see what needs doing here in our society  
which absolves no one of responsibility  
which is a motivating force  
that the land has disclosed its condition to us  
that it is we humans who are to blame  
we are all to blame in all of this and we all have to ask  
whether it is really right to leave it for the next generation  
so we have to strive not only for ourselves  
but also for others  
who bear even more blame  
so we will not turn inwards  
and tend our own plot  
we want a monopoly  
no the opposite  
as native peoples of our land  
we are duty-bound to help  
leave our doors ajar  
for them to come even from the south and share  
according to their abilities and their needs

but we also hear the call for manpower and growth  
and this of course presents a temptation  
as it has through the ages  
but today it demands the participation of all  
and is such that even then it calls for more  
all of this is strange to us  
yet not so strange  
that we do not feel its magnetic  
from so close at hand  
so we too have a battle to fight  
and here is our standard  
that we do not need what they trick others into taking  
although when we hear of ocean-crossing

so tempting to think  
surely we could learn from them after all  
or at least extend a hand  
to an offer that good  
you could live our way, couldn't you, even if you moved  
and leaving in fact used to be encouraged  
and some of us unfortunately fell for it  
they went where people never let the land rest  
and some of us here today never broke free  
and are still trying to unplug  
and when the calm upends a person's existence  
who is otherwise a city dweller  
who perhaps imagines she is free to choose  
even as her hand reaches for the technology  
she may not be reckoning with the consequences  
and this is the experience of many people  
even our experience who have lived here so long  
that suddenly rushes over you  
the feel of the frantic pace of the city  
and something of all that comes flooding back  
all the things you thought you needed

and I know we also have cause today  
to say to each other and keep on saying  
that we are better off without all that  
and we also notice our numbers are growing  
and we have cause to rejoice in the newcomers  
and will again whenever we meet  
what a joy that is in itself  
to meet comrades from other communities  
and see that they are doing just as well  
and give help when help is asked for  
and say yes, we have what we need  
which is not a new thing every minute  
the world aches for a new thing every minute  
but all we need is food on the table  
just so everyone can fill their stomachs

still despair comes easy enough  
watching city folk each stocking their own nest  
hearing the land groan beneath their feet  
yes in this  
we may sense our own inadequacy  
we are hardly enough  
but all we can do is what we do together  
and do it for the general welfare  
and with respect for the land  
also we believe it is important  
that when we do these things  
we remember the reasons  
which are not self-glorification

and I say to you comrades and all like-minded people  
let today be a day when we pledge solidarity  
for the work that will have to be done here in future

to allow us to be independent of them  
for only running their race  
do we need their machines  
only by being truly self-supporting  
can we stay alive  
and let us ever proclaim this truth  
that we have always managed without them  
that they have never managed without us  
that ours is the land and the independence  
forever and ever, amen to that

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→ *The Ballad of Homecoming*  
Sara Parkman



*Design: Erik Olofsson*

[www.soundcloud.com/  
teg-publishing/sara-parkman-  
hemvandarvisan-david-  
vayrynen](http://www.soundcloud.com/teg-publishing/sara-parkman-hemvandarvisan-david-vayrynen)

Text: David Väyrynen  
Music: Sara Parkman

→ *After Eighteen*  
Sven Teglund



Photo: Erik Holmstedt

→ *Sleepless on Stengatan*  
Clara Bodén



[www.youtube.com/  
watch?v=hddDJ6g\\_BH0](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hddDJ6g_BH0)

Music: Mattias Alkberg och Petter Granberg  
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## Lulu-journal

Lulu is how Luleå first appeared in writing in 1397, a name of Sami origin that can be translated as "Eastern Water". This is the title of the Luleå Biennial's journal, published once a month from August 2018 through February 2019. Across seven issues, through text, image and film, readers are offered different points of entry to the biennial's overall theme: the dark landscape. All issues take as their starting point a public artwork in Norrbotten. The Lulu journal is made by the biennial's artistic directors and invited guest editors. It is published on the biennial's website and can be downloaded for printing. [www.luleabiennial.se](http://www.luleabiennial.se)

## Colophon

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