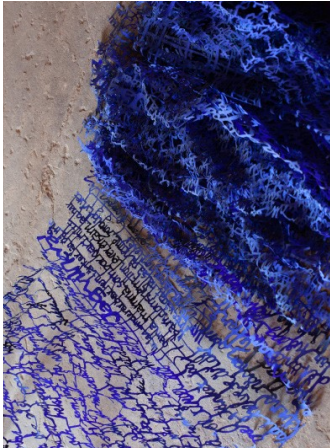


<b>Title</b>	HOME
<b>Artists</b>	Ulf Lagerberg, R.M. Åhs, Josefine Åhs Lagerberg
<b>Description</b>	<p>A collaboration at distance.</p> <p>Thoughts on the concept of Home - where the unspoken have been made into music. Based on recorded voices and handwritten letters by people mostly in isolation.</p> <p>A web of human musings, brought together in a composition of musical tones and textile words.</p>
<b>Format</b>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"><li>1. MUSIC (mp3, 10:42 min, to be looped)</li><li>2. TEXTILE, or a PHOTO of the textile</li><li>3. If possible: A projector (or a monitor) that displays translations of the words in the music. (See next page).</li></ol>
<b>Note</b>	See translations in English from the music on the next page (starts around 4:15 in the music file).
<b>Background</b>	<p>The music has been freely created and inspired by various statements and emotional connections that move within people when they consider the concept of Home.</p> <p>The conversations within the project have centered around the time we live in; our environment, the pandemic, and the importance of a home.</p> <p>Half of the textile letters lay in a pile on the floor, making the words near impossible to read - as a symbol for the voices that have been lost, or haven't yet been listened to.</p> <p>We all have a story worth being told, but not everyone is presented with the opportunity to tell it.</p>

Textile letters



## *What's being said in the music (translated into English)*

- One is of course very lucky to have a home to come home to.
- **But then I can step outside at seven in the morning and sit down to read the paper on the balcony and drink coffee, and that's great!**
- A lot of people can say that they're... going home to their childhood home. But I don't... I don't have a connection like that.
- **On my way home, but I don't want to.**
- But we at least built one of those family house-homes in Utby.
- **Or I've built a pillow fort indoors.**
- I grew up outside the city, and I used to bike home, and I remember when it was getting dark, I could long to be inside different homes, or houses or places, that I biked past. When light shone from the windows, and you could see people sit and eat... I dreamt that in there it was warm, and very safe.
- **David**
- I smell scents. I hear calm sounds, or music, or-- yes actually, music. It's like a place for loved ones. But also for someone to come and visit and knock on the door, who you can invite inside, and share all the... all "the good".
- **A liter of milk cost 33 cents.**
- I do like orange, and yellow and... a little cerise and red.
- **A good meal that Anders has made.**
- Neighbors who talk to each other or say hello. Children playing in the yard. And despite this pandemic, I feel *close* to people.
- **Home is where I hang my hat.**
- And see the sky!
- **That there's nothing bothering me when I come inside.**
- I guess it's where you go around dressed as you wish. And... well, you feel relaxed.
- **We got two toffees for a penny.**
- There's like a slow pace here... Yes, it's a pace somehow, people greet each other even on the street. People have lived here for a long time, maybe, or for not so long. But it's different generations, and I think that's... it's kind of inherited in me I think, actually.
- **An apartment in a public housing programme.**
- Home is where my books are.
- **I like my kitchen sofa when I get to lie on it.**
- My husband.
- **I sit down by the window in the room in my old chair, that I've inherited from my mother.**
- It took many years for me to feel at home here actually.
- **Home for me is safety, coziness and love!**
- I don't know what one would do if one didn't have a home.
- **Our little picnic basket!**
- On my way home, but I don't want to.
- **Nice feeling. A shield when it's needed.**
- When the sun shines through a window.
- **I enjoy having a big kitchen.**
- What I think, well I think I'm happy here. And if I hadn't enjoyed it, then it would have been hell in these times, when it's like this.
- **Safety, I think of sea, I think of... well, my house.**
- An emigrant told me they'd reasoned with someone at - the emigration agency, it might be called, I don't know. And this government official says: Why don't you go home?
- **I'm looking for a safe place to stay, a home.**