

# Home Sweet Home

My parents have had this ceramic relief for as long as I can remember. Hanging at the opposite wall of the entrance door it was always the first thing you saw when you entered the hallway. It reads: *Hem ljuva Hem*, meaning *Home sweet Home* in swedish tongue.

Glazed in different colors it depicts a man with blonde hair, white shirt and blue jeans, scything the green grass in front of small red cabin, with a woman standing in the door post. Behind, the swedish flag blows in the wind with it's yellow cross and blue background.

During my teenage years, I used to think of this thing as a kitschy relic, a romantic representation of old ideals since long left behind. Over the last couple of years however, similar pictures seem to loom present again, no longer as nostalgia of the past, but as ideals for the future.

In the 2018 election, close to one out of four people in my home municipality voted for the national-conservative right-wing populist party, the sweden democrats.

Three month after the election, I was invited to exhibit in my home town. Last time I exhibited there must have been seven years ago. Whilst laying in bed one night, pondering the question of what I could possibly exhibit, I came to think about the relief. I gradually realized that this object that I grew up seeing had layers and connections that I hadn't thought about before, that it contained contradictory feelings and political connotations that reached beyond me and my personal connection to it. I imagined it as a kind of preimage of a urgently present ideal, fed with nostalgia and regressive longing, but even more so of hidden desires, anxieties and fears, hard to locate and define.

The next time I was back home I asked my parents if I could borrow the relief for an art project, but I fumbled as I walked off the train at Stockholm Central station. When I picked up the blue package from the concrete and opened it, I saw that a big piece of the top right corner had been broken off. I tried with guilt to glue the pieces back together, but the damage would not be undone.

Right now, the artwork exist as a downloadable, editable 3D-scan, rendered free from the colors that I grew up seeing it clothed in. I've been trying to make some sort of physical copy for the the exhibition, but honestly I like the fact that it exist as a mere ghosts on the screen, possible for anyone to renegotiate it's conditons. To add, remove, repair, distort, print it or delete it.

Oh and by the way, my parents have a new relief. They hung it up once they've heard I broke the other one. Hanging on the opposite wall of the entrance door, it is the first thing you see when you enter their hallway. It read: *Delad glädje är dubbel glädje*, meaning *Shared joy is dubbel the joy* in swedish tongue.