

RAKETA_REJMYRE LOG v. 35 2007
RAKETA_REJMYRE LOG v. 29 2008

what my name is ?
my name is Gösta .

what shall I talk about ?
life at the glassfactory ?

that
no uf uf uf

and the time passed by
and the time also went with me

me, I followed my father
he was a glasworker

his name was Carl
my father .

I was recieving glas

porridge
every breakfast

the time went by
and disapeared

we started at six a'clock in the morning you know
in the morning work started
and then we worked until 4 o'clock in the afternoon
then it was over
then the evening came

what we did ?
yes that is a question you could ask yourself

the best of everything for me
was the singing
and the fishing

the singing was the most noble

the best time I had
was when I was free at night
and could sing

there were so many nice songs

I can't sing now
no, it's not possible

there was a small song called
you are supossed to live for eachother

isn't that a nice song ?
oh god it's so good

my memory is disappearing
uf uf

what did the others do ?
yes what did they do ?

ask me ..

.

*r a k e t a went for a trip on winderling wood roads to Rejmyre - a small
place far away in a country called Sweden .*

*we opened the door at the hostel, where we had put our bags, and went for an
unsteady walk out in the village of Rejmyre - met random houses, trees, streets,
slopes, people, stories, memories, visions and the future.*

*We were touched of all the stories and dreams and suddenly saw the mill and the
wood and the glass in another light - so much more than glas! So much more than
glassblowing! So much more than cathing the glass!*

*The walk is continuing at the Glasbruksroad and other streets and places around the
wood and the sea and the world - and all the stories are all so connected !*

*var finns havet ?
where is the ocean ?*

*r a k e t a
22 . 8 . 2008
REJMYRE TEAM 2007 - 2008*