

SJÖBLADSVÄG 39.

When I first told my parents that I wanted to move here, my mother forbade me.

-“I think it is pretty irresponsible Johan, to put your children in a situation like that.” she said in a firm but caring voice. However kind and open-minded my mother is, the heavy connotations of Rosengård were apparently too strong for her to neglect, and I couldn't help admitting that a part of me felt the same way. What that “situation” meant exactly, neither of us knew, but we had seen the same news and heard the same stories. Headline after headline, decade after decade, the area had been painted pitch black by both media and hearsay. And there are some sad facts to back it all up. According to Malmökommissionen, a government-initiated research group with the order to catalog the health of Malmö's citizens; inhabitants of Rosengård is feeling worst of them all. The area has the highest child poverty, highest unemployment rate, the most overcrowded housing situation and shortest expected life span in all of Malmö. In many cases, worst in all of Sweden. Why would I choose that environment for my kids, when I don't have to, I thought to myself. But as soon as I finished that thought, a very uncomfortable feeling arose. If this “situation” was unfit for my children to grow up in, how about the eight thousand children that live there right now?

I was embarrassed. Segregation is tearing our country apart and all I could do was to have some half-hearted guesses about it. I had to know more and I had to do it by myself. What you are about to read is a journal of me and my family's first year in Apelgården, Rosengård. A written and drawn attempt to grasp the nature of segregation.

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