

Nina Seijkens Blom
NOT A SWEDISH MYSTERY



FAMILY



FAMILY

Anna Lejkotłom



Nina Slejko Blom
Not a Swedish Mystery, a trilogy
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1st edition, 10 copies

Not a Swedish Mystery: FAMILY

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<https://ninaslejko.com/zines.html>

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Slejko Blom, Nina
Not a Swedish Mystery: FAMILY

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CAC 2025

This book is an exploration of the personal, political, and poetic. With over 200 pages of images and texts, it offers a deeply intimate yet wide-ranging meditation on family, weaving together the artist's experiences across two distinct cultural landscapes—her native Slovenia and her adopted home of Sweden.

The anthology of booklets, collected over years, captures the subtleties of contemporary life, including the clash of past and present, rural and urban, personal and communal. Through works like *SMALL TALK* (2021) and *UNICORNS ARE STUPID* (2023), she explores the everyday with sharp humor and poignant vulnerability, while titles like *THE CIRCLE OF FRANKNESS* (2024) and *PROSOPAGNOSIA* (2023) probe identity and human relationships in thought-provoking ways. Each piece is a stand-alone reflection, yet they form an interwoven narrative that challenges and invites the reader into a world both familiar and alien.

in the sea

long

year

weather

They don't help, *words* still *don't come easy*

But on days when my parents are visiting I
make little notes with topics, things we could
talk about.

Like weather.

Words don't come easy to us



Nina Slejko Blom, 2021

Small Talk

~~bicycle~~
bicycle

parcel

sandwiches

Grandma

First I slice a tiny bit off my finger,

then the baby becomes spotty and
I get a tonsillitis and then
she comes down with a little cold—
that becomes a little pneumonia—
and we have big scares and an ambulance ride and
a night at the emergency.

(And then a two-hour wait for a taxi fitted with a baby-chair to take us home.)

And all the while the deadlines pile
and the husband falls ill and
the flat with a dishwasher gets sold to people who get paid for their work
and probably own a car.

Now I miss a sweet, selfless, not overly emancipated,
or just more insightful,

old-fashioned mum. (Dads have always been rubbish).

I miss my mum, too.

But now I want cuddly warmth and hugs and a cooked dinner and clean
dishes, and somebody who could

and would

be close by

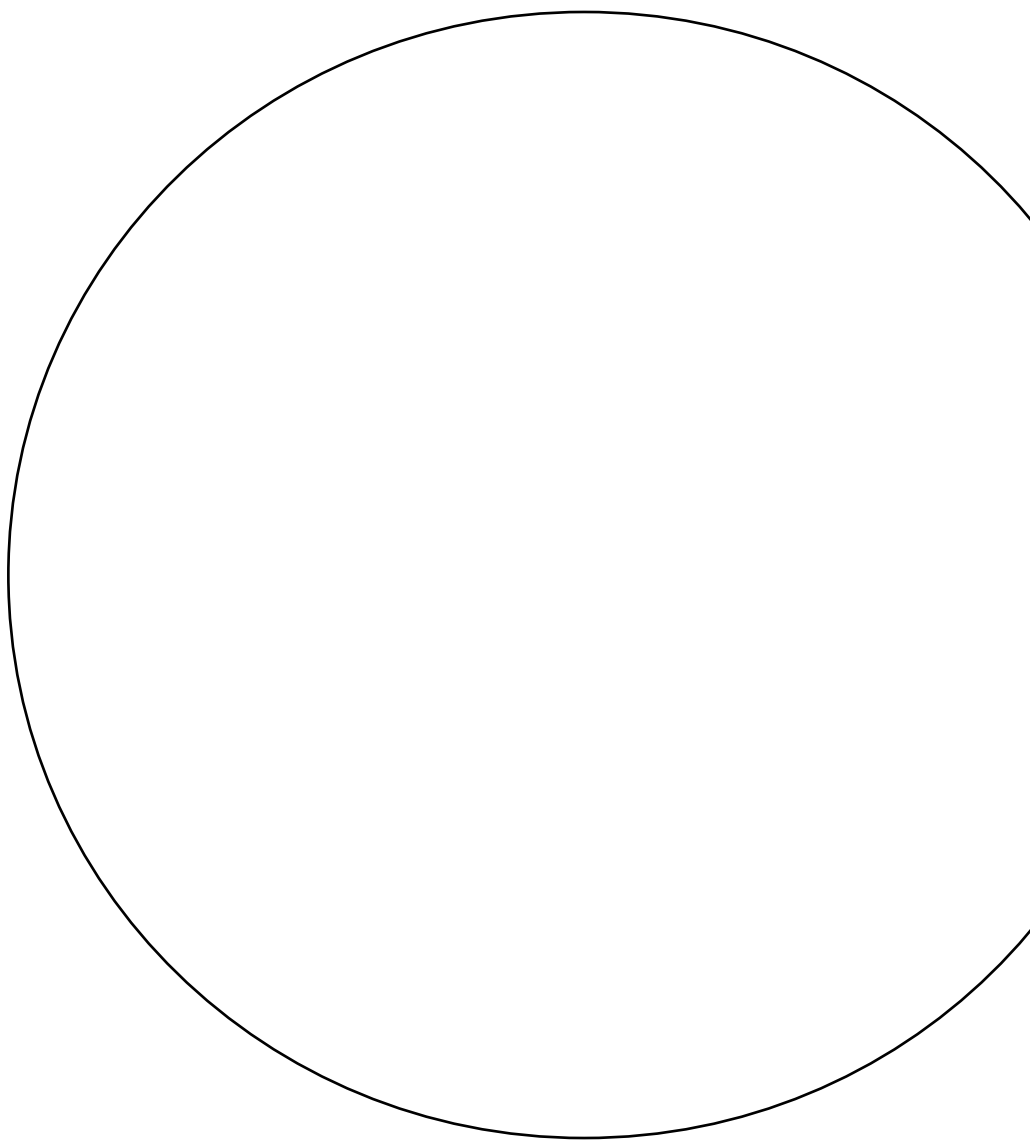
and choose to
take care of us

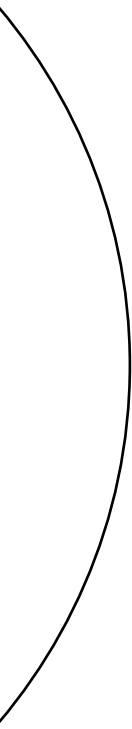
rather than

hike (1)

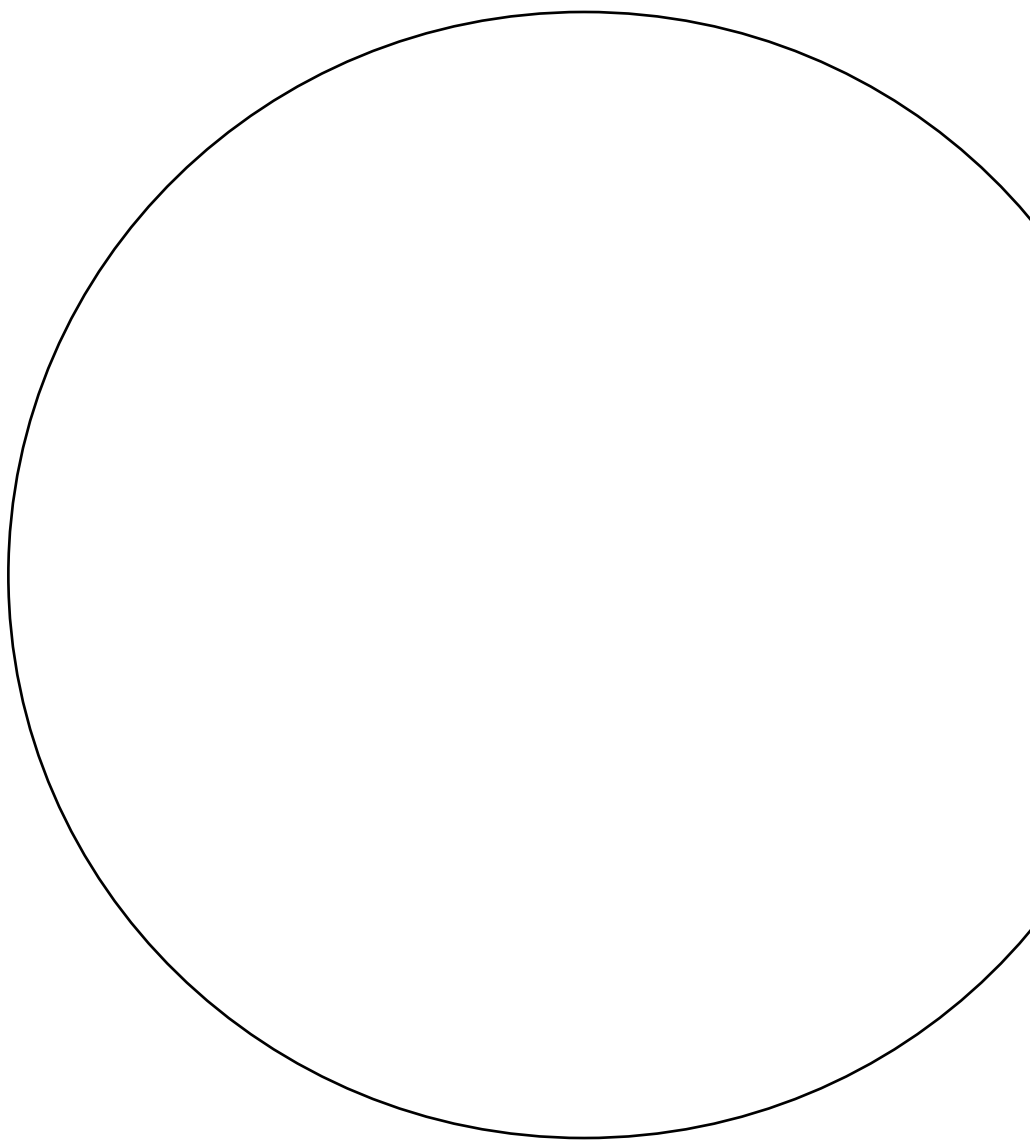
or
walk

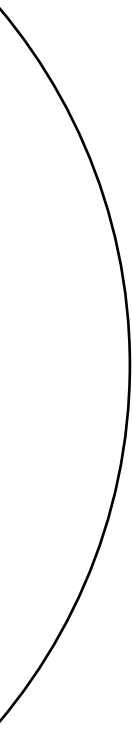
a dog. (2)





March 8





Grandpas are tired. Grandpas are busy. Grandpas can't. You mustn't disturb grandpa. Grandpas are by computers. Grandpas must rest. Grandpas don't know how.

Grandpas forget to remember.
(Ditto uncles. & too often, dads.)

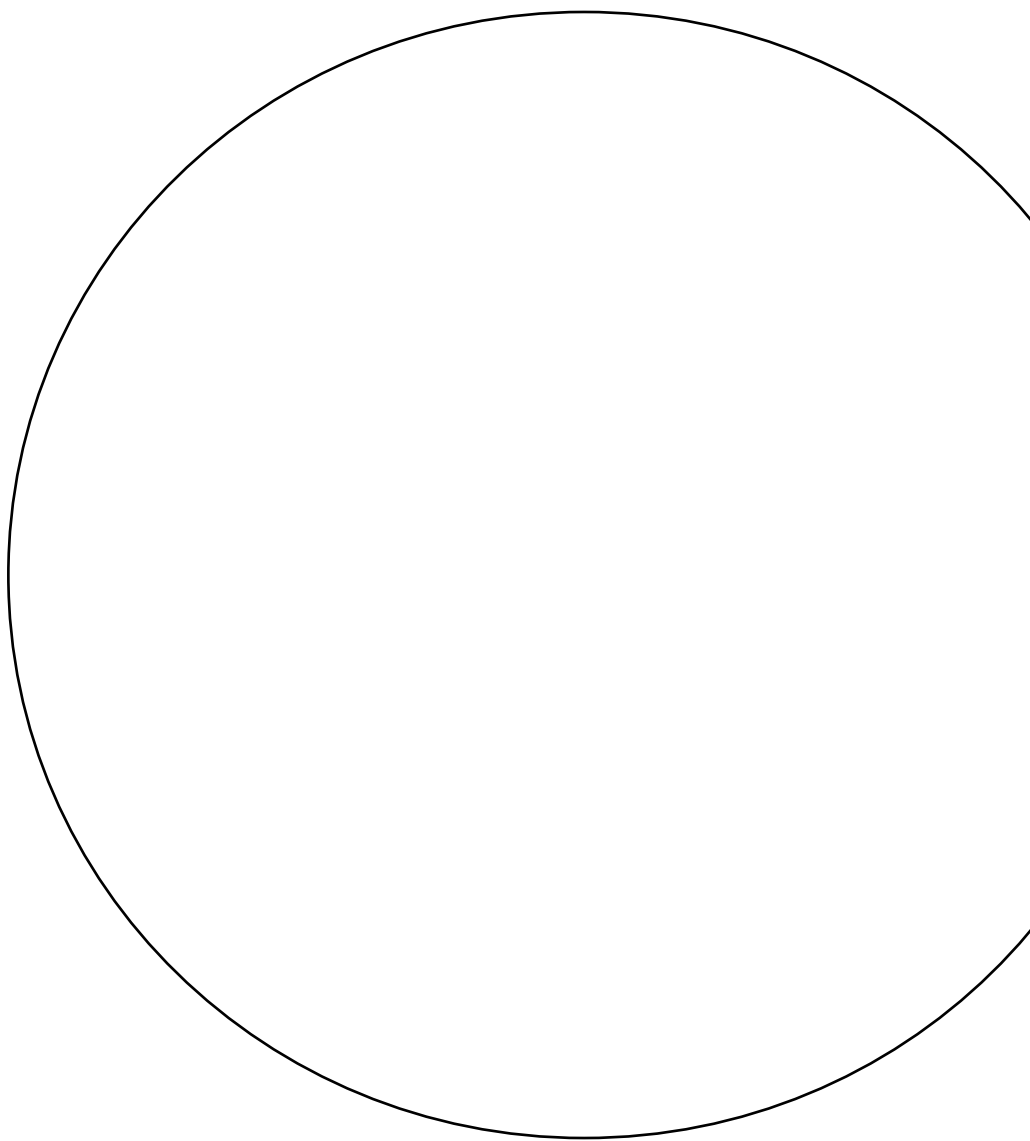
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[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

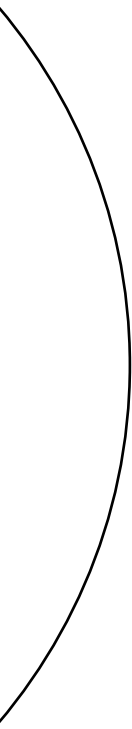
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] *Shoreline* [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

It is as it has been.





HOW WOULD
IT BE?



I often think of how it would be

If

I

was

bored

—with my family.

The person I chose
The person I made

I'm glad they're here with me,
it's with them I want to be!

This, I'm told, is an oddity.

One should be normal
and fed up with one's family.

*This will all make sense when I am older
Someday I will see that this makes sense
One day, when I'm old and wise*

How bored?
NSB 2024

“When I Am Older” a song sung by Olaf in Frozen II (2019)



I don't think so any more



— or maybe, I don't think I have friends.





The Circle of Frankness
nsb
2024





I used to think friends can be frank

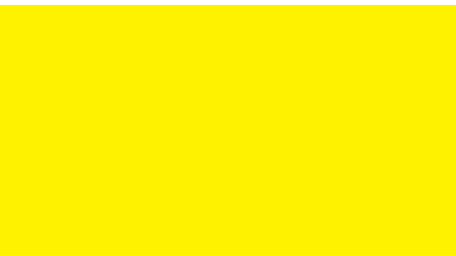




– discuss, disagree, comment.



I don't think so any more



— or maybe, I don't think I have friends.





The Circle of Frankness
nsb
2024





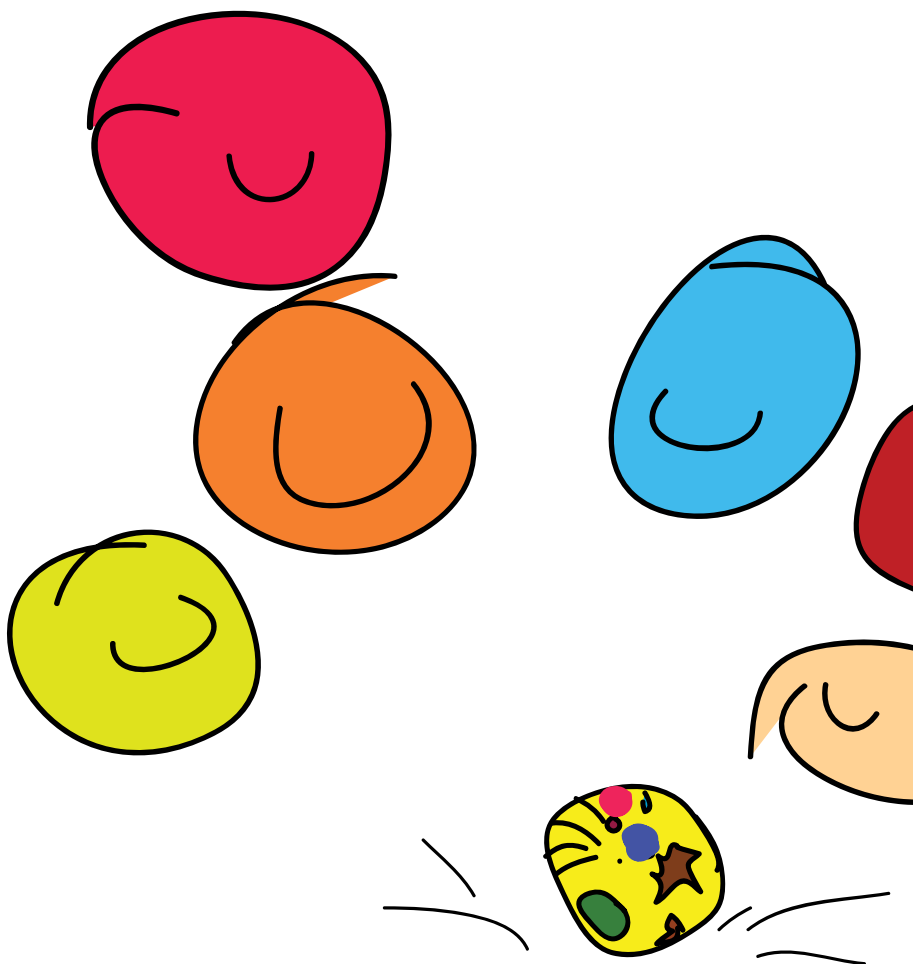
I used to think friends can be frank





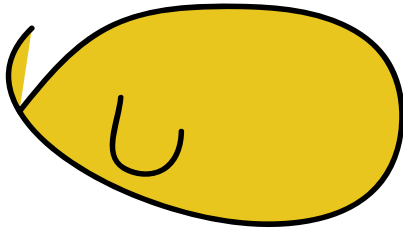
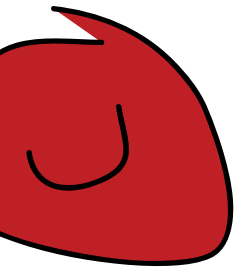
– discuss, disagree, comment.

AN OUTLIER



In the world, where I live,
a lowly one in ways I eat and talk and say hello;

in ways I walk and fall for smiling faces.



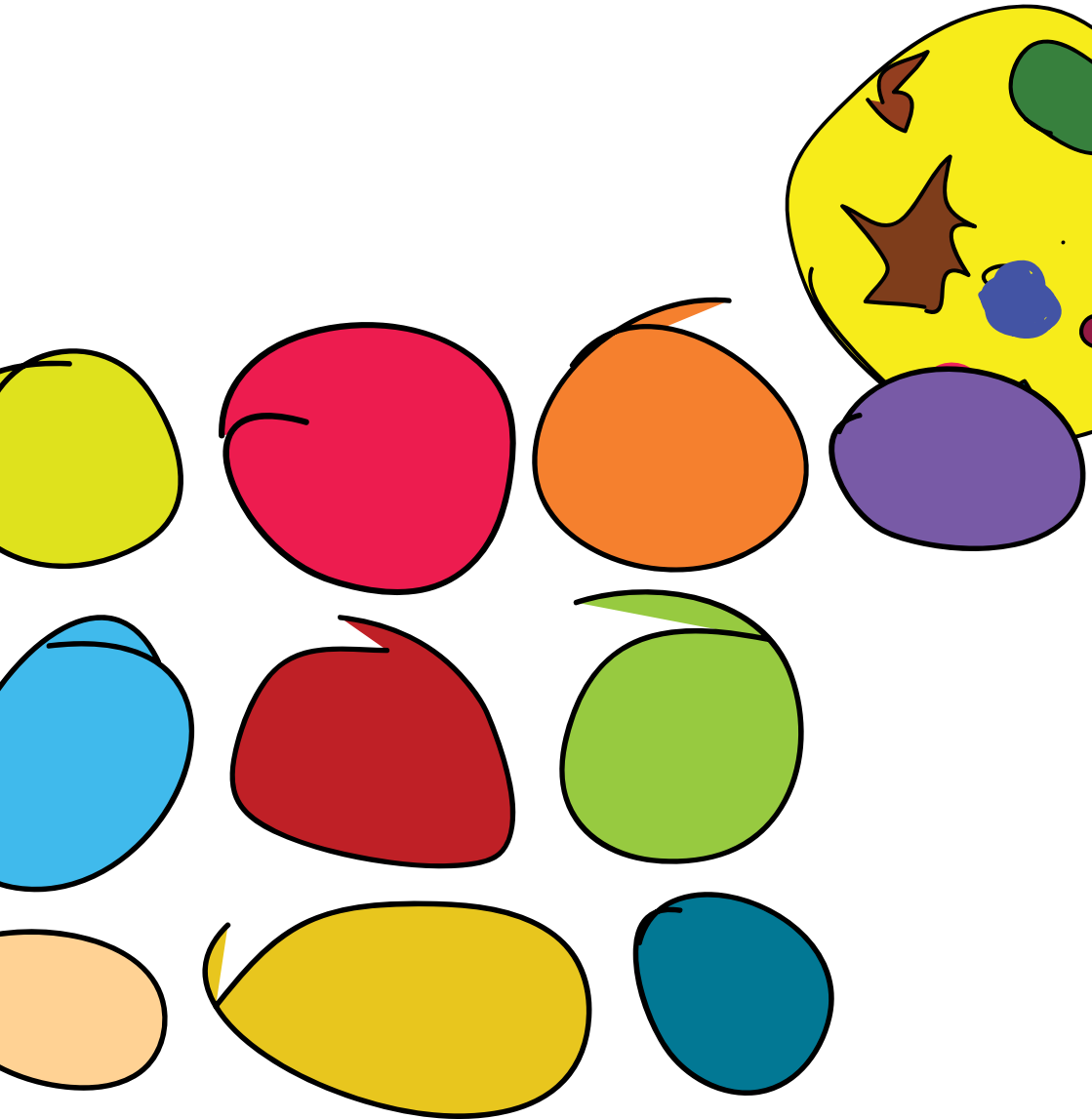
In the village,
a haughty one in ways I read and think and talk and
cringe;

in ways I fuss, and fuss over Fusilli.

In my new land, that has been new for 20 years,
an awkward presence, a clumsy particle with
wrong language and wrongly
understood correct references.

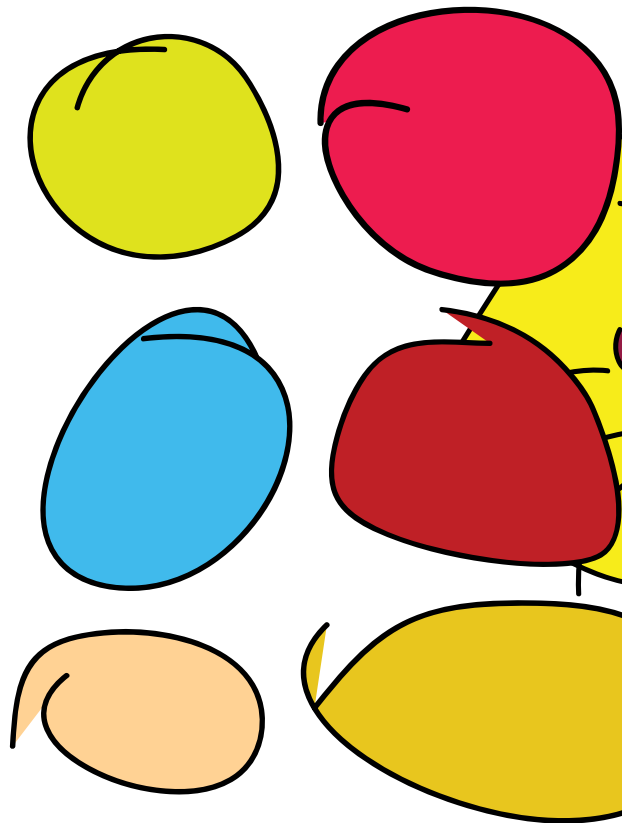


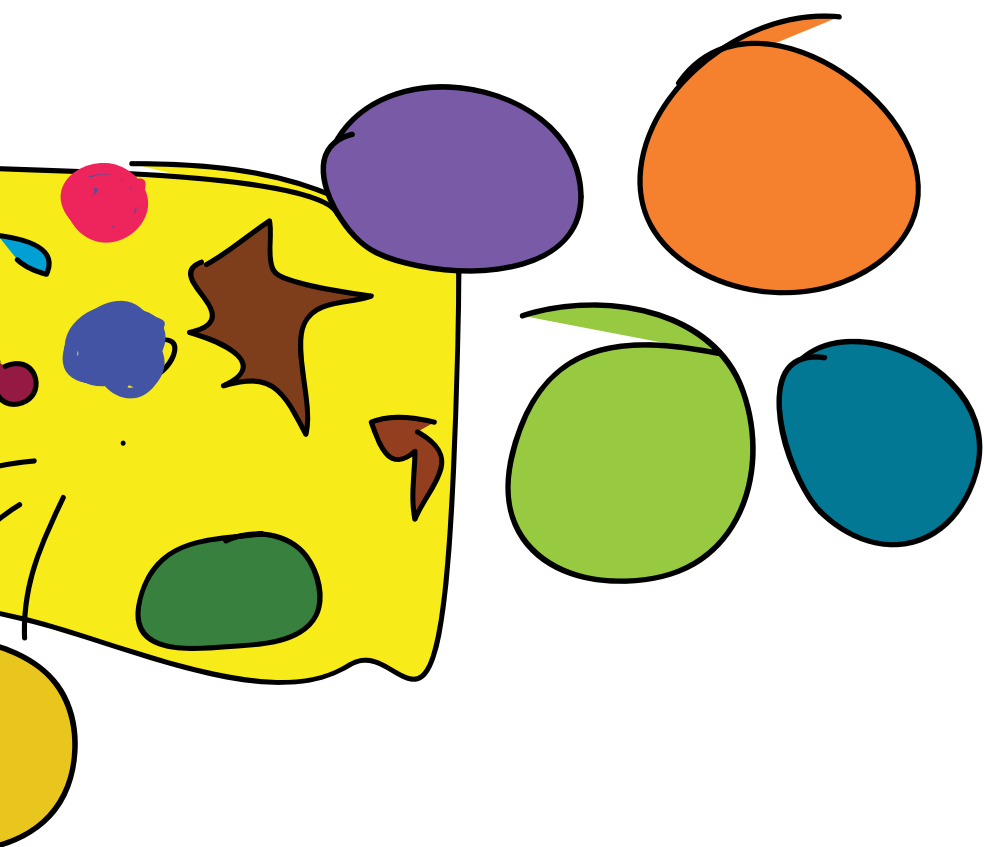
In my old land,
an uncomfortable disturbance with
faulty references expressed in
wrongly used correct language.



And — and this I can't blame on the circumstances —

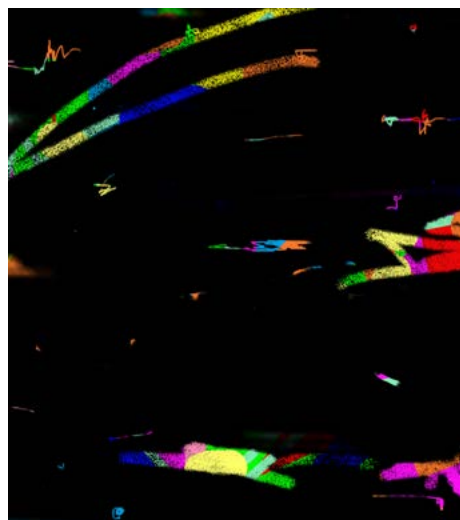
equally angular in any setting:
 Instead of fitness
 I yearn for poems & strolls.
 Instead of getting a manicure
 — Nutella from a jar.
Instead of playing along I get puzzled
and instead of concealing, I show.





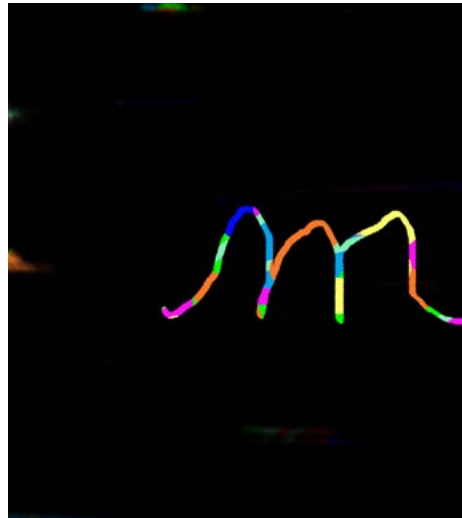


NSB
2024



Fine













HOW WOULD
IT BE?

I often think of how it would be

If

I

was

not

a

—foreigner.

We'd not be alone.
(I think.)

I'd come reco, I'd be eco
pure-breed & locally grown.

Perhaps

then

the world

would cease to be

a
confusing
incoprehensible
well of
hindrance and
cold superiority.

*I'll just dream about a time
When I'm in my aged prime
'Cause when you're older
Absolutely everything makes sense*

"When I Am Older" a song sung by Olaf in
Frozen II (2019)

How foreign?
NSB 2024



A HOUSEHOLD STAPLE,

MUM.



***LIKE A REFRIGERATOR, OR A TOASTER.
A PRACTICAL THING.***

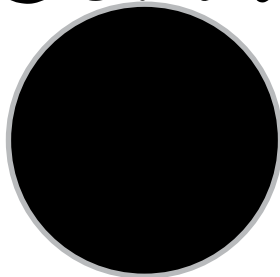
ALWAYS THERE.

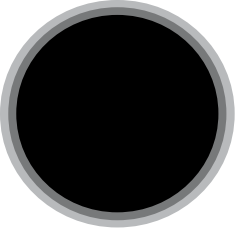
HANDY AND UNNOTICED...

UNTIL

IT'S

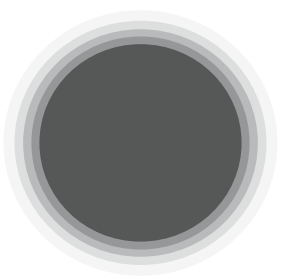
GONE!





**AND THINGS GET MESSY,
LIFE ANNOYING.
A LACK OF FOOD ITEMS,
CLUTTER EVERYWHERE. DULL BREAKFAST.

SCREAMING CHILDREN AND
MEN.**



**MUM'S WORK-
WHICH SHE DOES WHEN THE HOUSE IS NICE
AND EVERYBODY FED AND NOBODY ILL AND ALL
HAPPY, ETC.-
IS HER LITTLE HOBBY, LIKE**

DECOUPAGE.

**"SHE DOES NOT WANT TO
VEGETATE INTELLECTUALLY." (HELEN TRACY
LOWE-PORTER)**

MUM.
SHE LIKES TO BE LIKENED TO
A GOOD MEAL.

A WELCOME FIXTURE,

MUM.

a village in the mountains
(is where i come from)

Nina Slejko Blom

It takes a visit to a village in
the mountains,
a serene, pristine, calm oasis
and

to be shushed by one and all—kind, loving and decent people
with the right to vote and the right not to read—

to understand

how

there can still be wars

and still the inequality
and still the slavery
and still the dominance of the few over the very
many.

a village in the mountain (is where i come from)

An Idyll

(is where i come from)

Nina Slejko Blom

Dictionary

Definitions from Oxford Languages

idyll

/ˈɪd(ɪ)l, ˈaɪd(ɪ)l/

noun

noun: idyll; plural noun: idylls; noun: idyl; plural noun: idyls

an extremely happy, peaceful, or picturesque period or situation, typically an idealized or unsustainable one.

“the rural idyll remains strongly evocative in most industrialized societies”

Similar:

perfect time

ideal time

wonderful time

moment of bliss

honeymoon

paradise

heaven

heaven on earth

utopia

fairyland

Garden of Eden

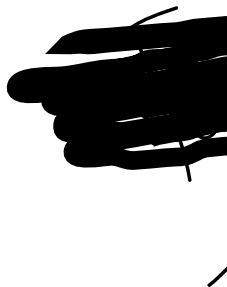
Shangri-La

Arcadia

Arcady

Erewhon

An idyll.



Idyll!

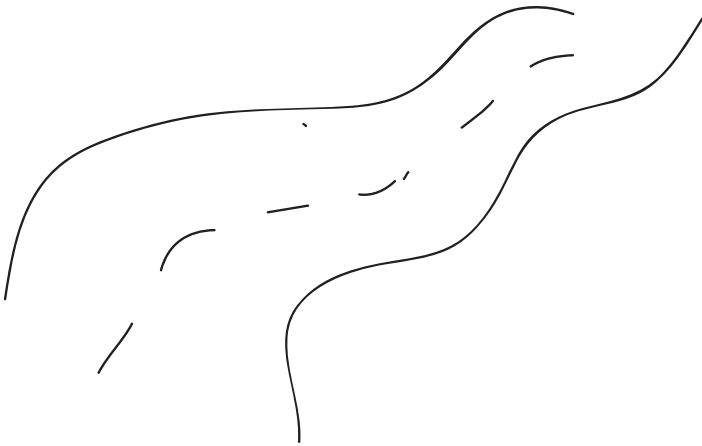
It could have been so fine.


very much!

Opposite:
hell on earth

An Idyll (is where i come from)

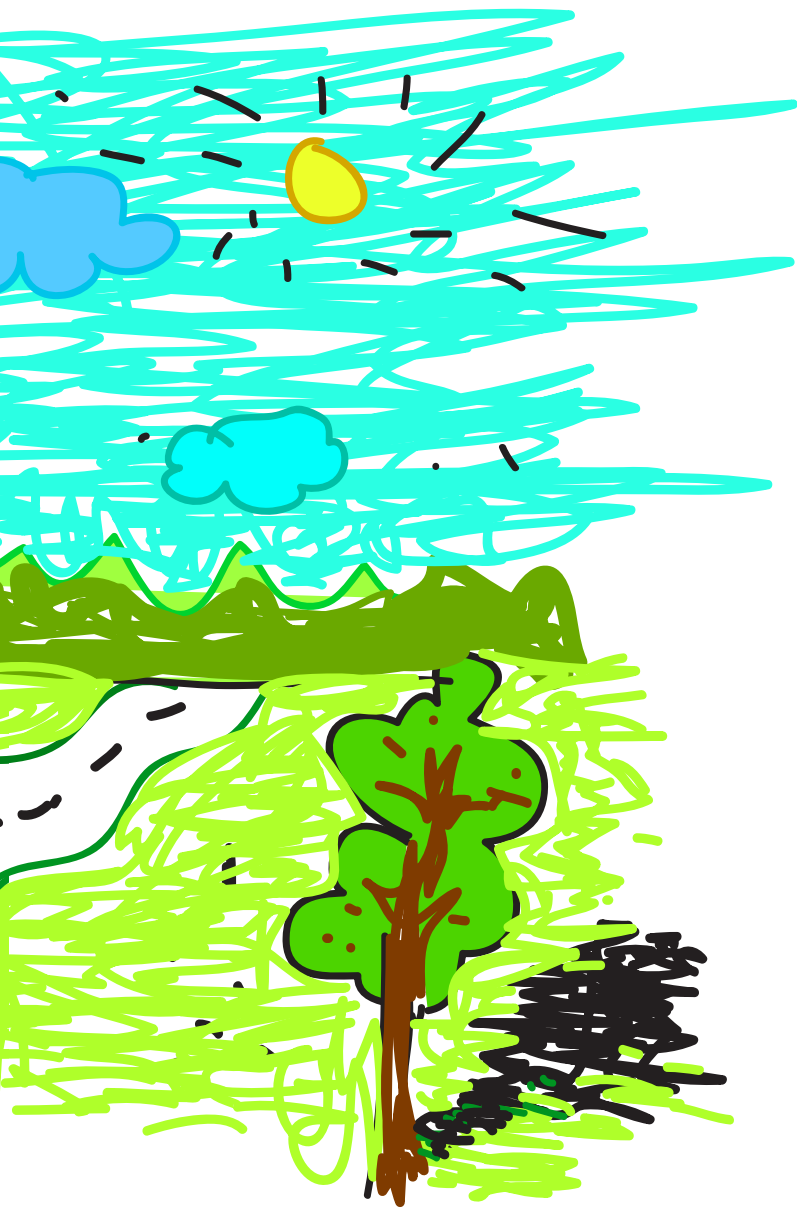
NINA SLEJKO BLOM

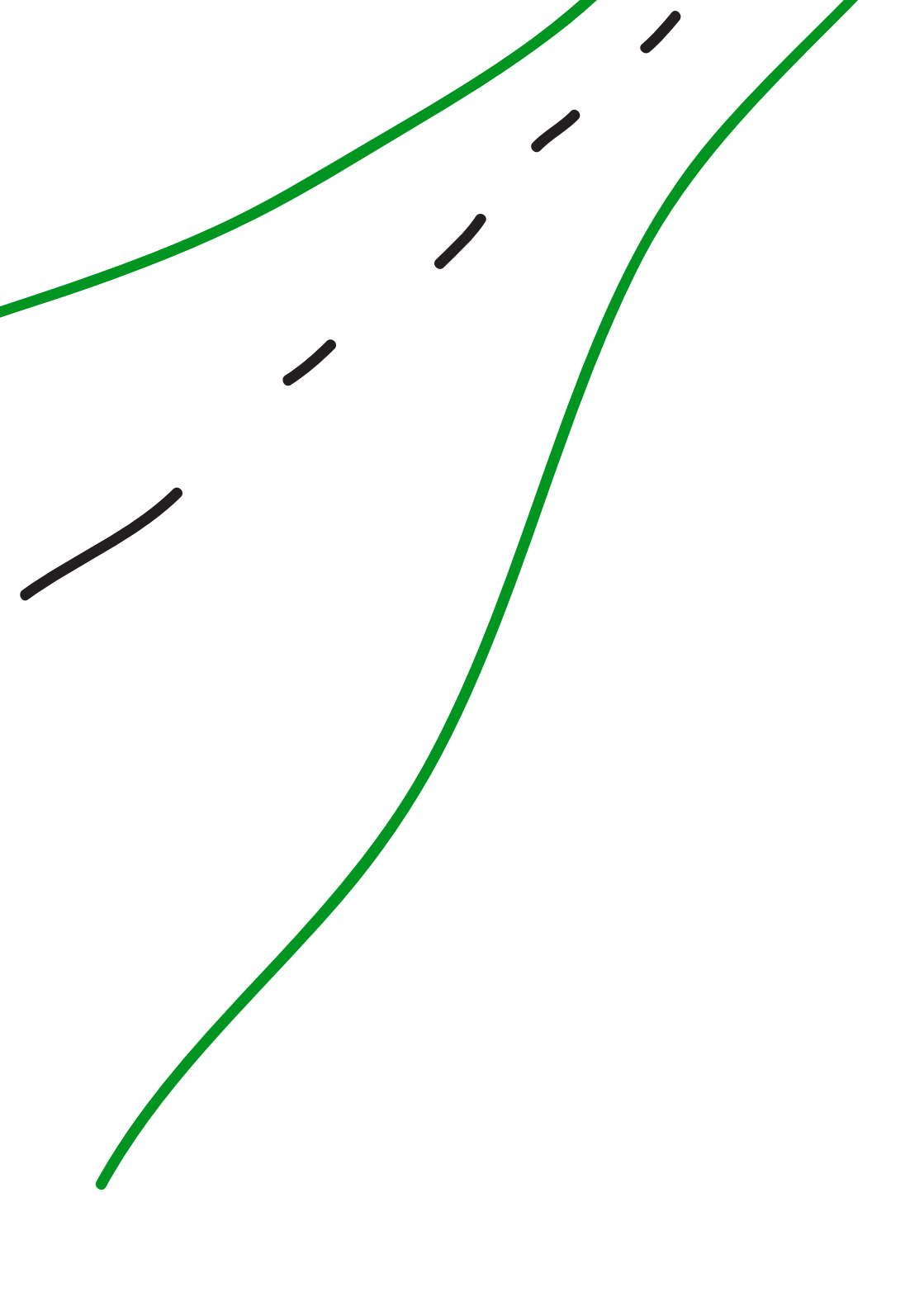


EXCUSE MY SWEDISH

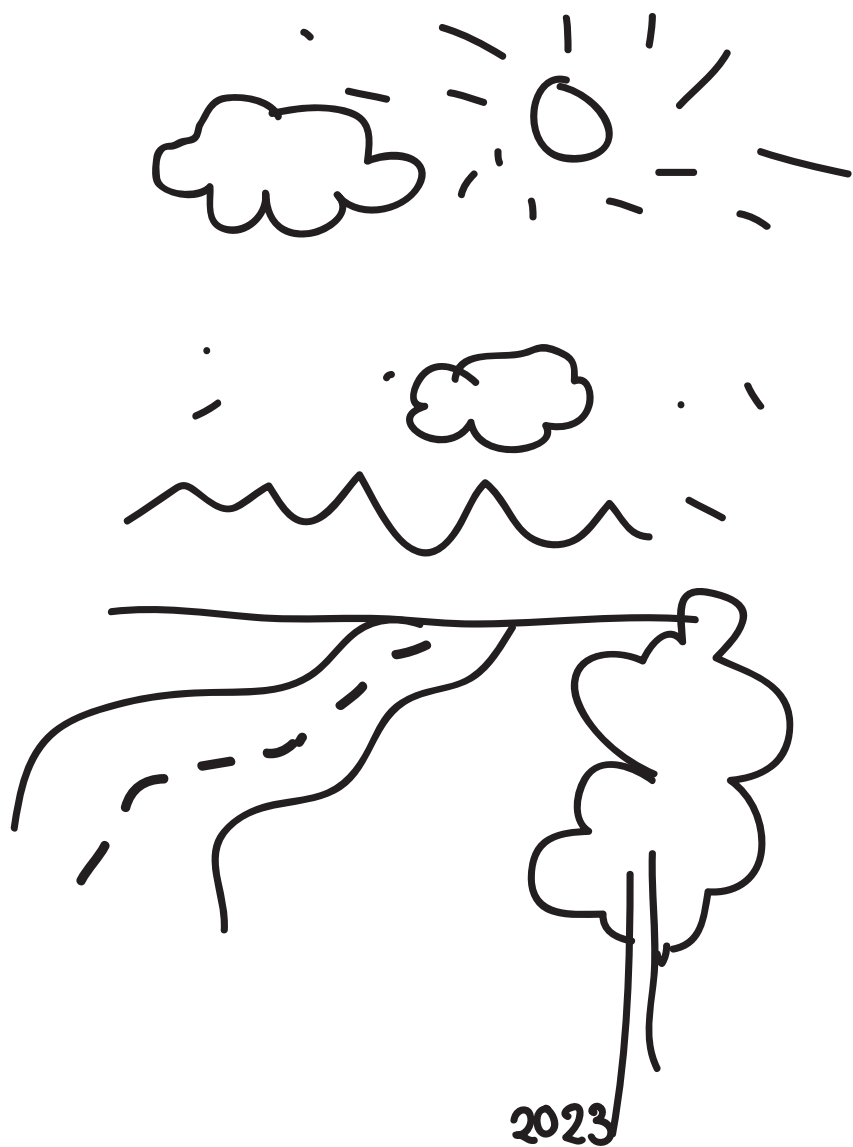
MA!







**JE BELA
CESTA!**



my father

told me

my grandma has died

via an e-mail.

A thick, hand-drawn pink border in the shape of a cloud or a stylized flower, framing the text.

**UNICORNS
ARE
STUPID**

PRINCESSES
ARE FOR
SISSIES

YOU SPEA

AK FUNNY

YOUR HAT
IS UGLY

**YOU HAVE
SHORT
LEGS**

**YOUR
PARENTS
ARE
IDIOTS**

**YOU ARE
A PHONY**

I HOPE
YOU FALL
AND SCRAPE
YOUR KNEES
AND
EVERYONE
LAUGHS
AT YOU

I SAY

TO A
FOUR-YEAR
OLD

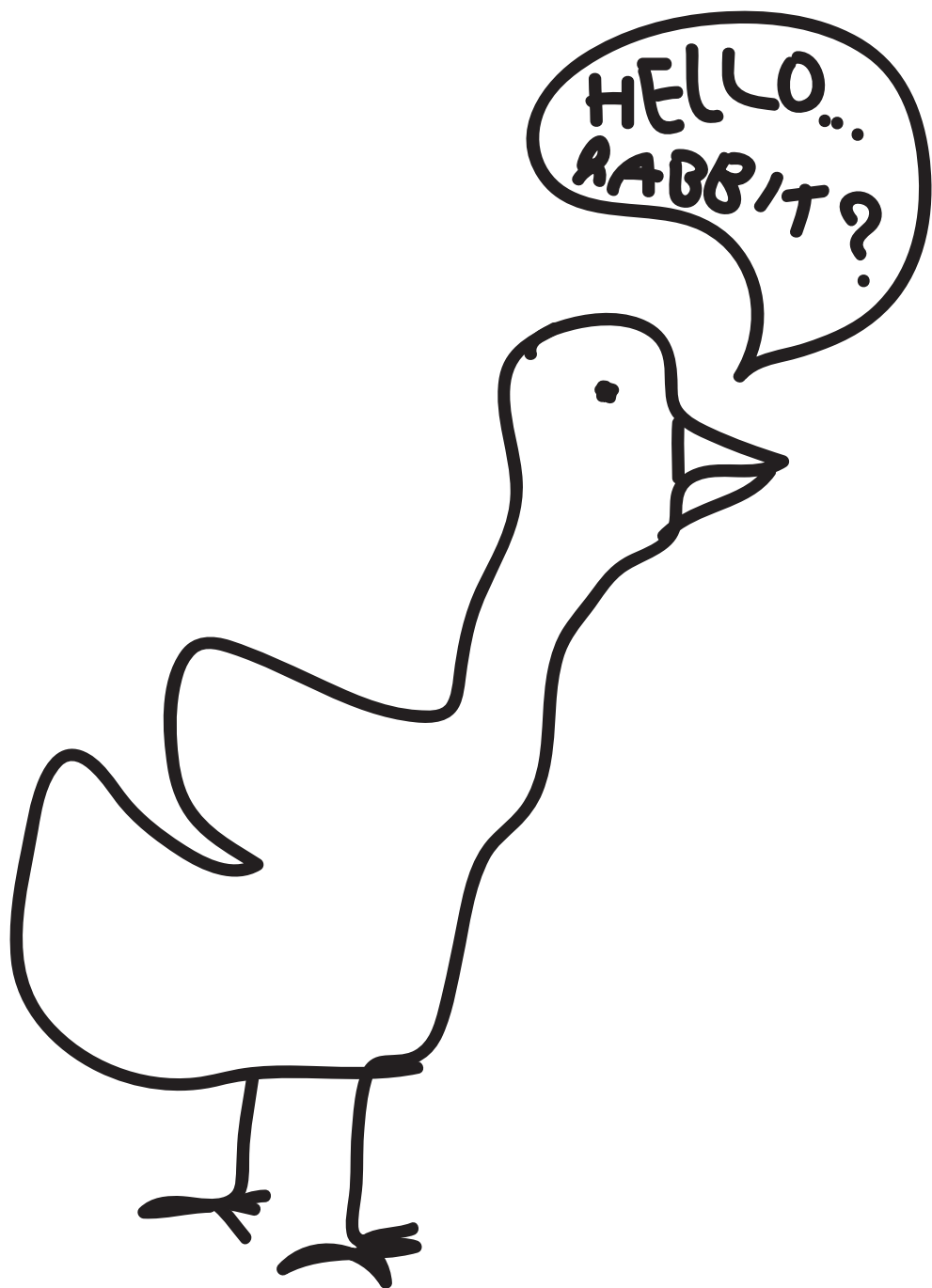
GIRL

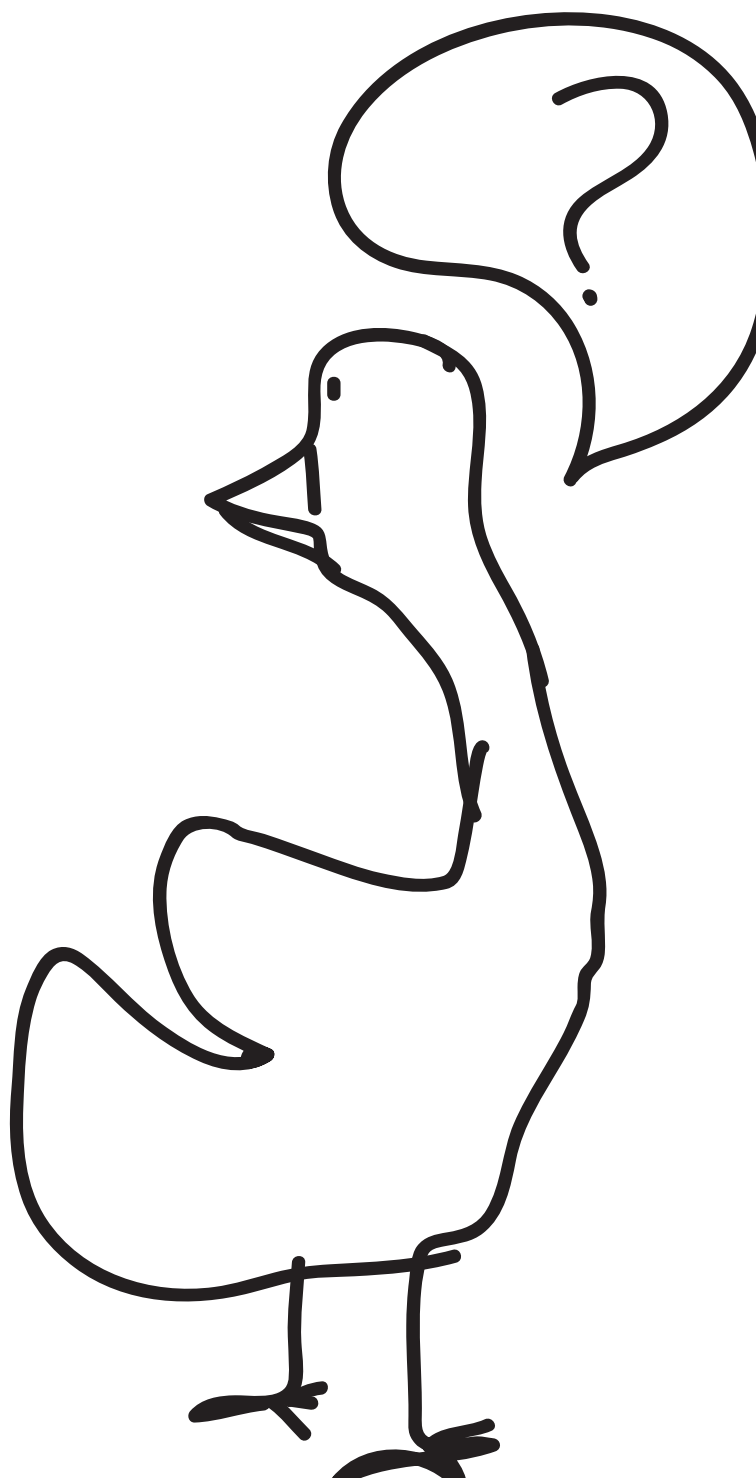
BULLY



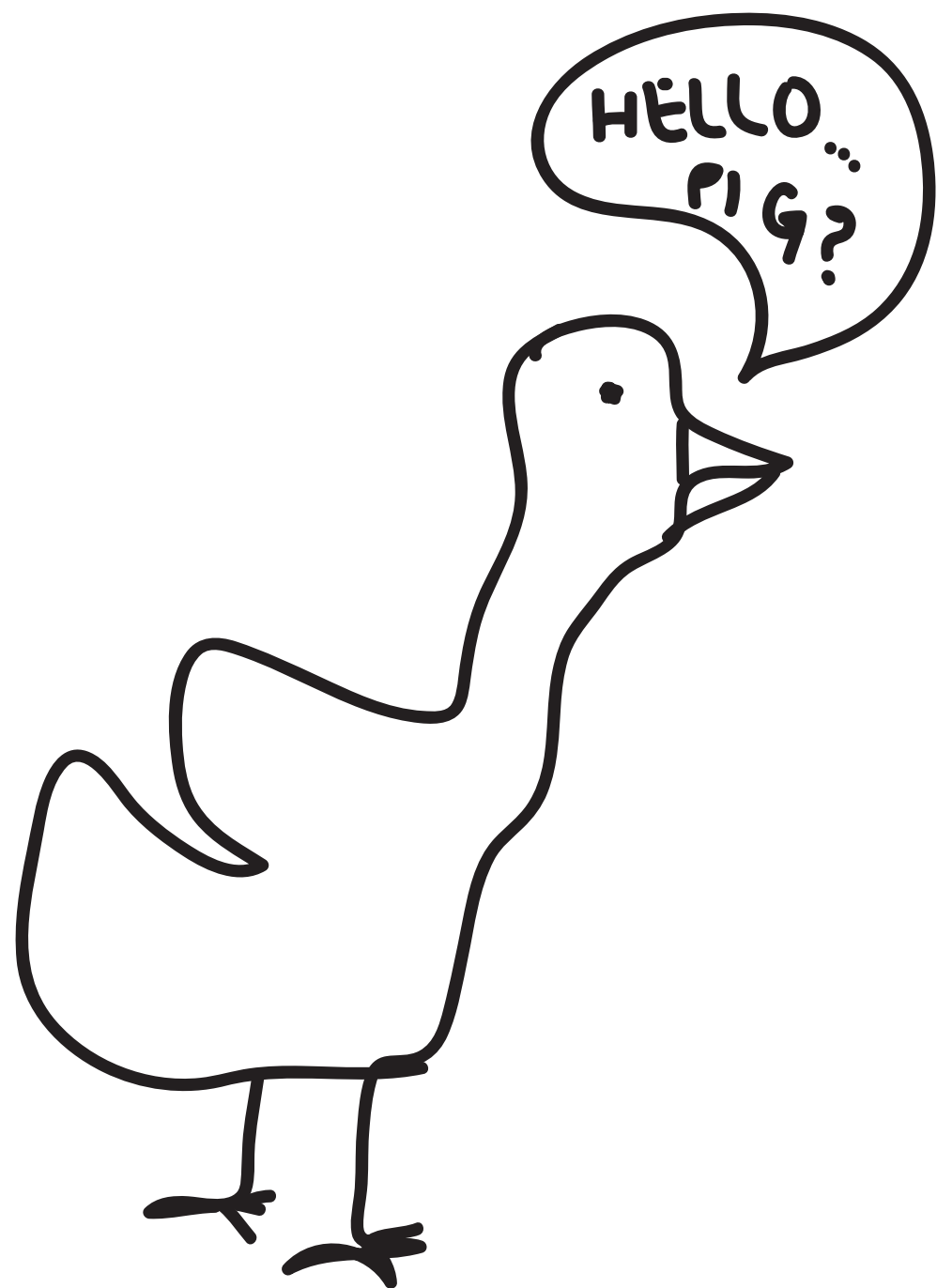
**IN MY
MIND.**

2020 AND
2021 ONE

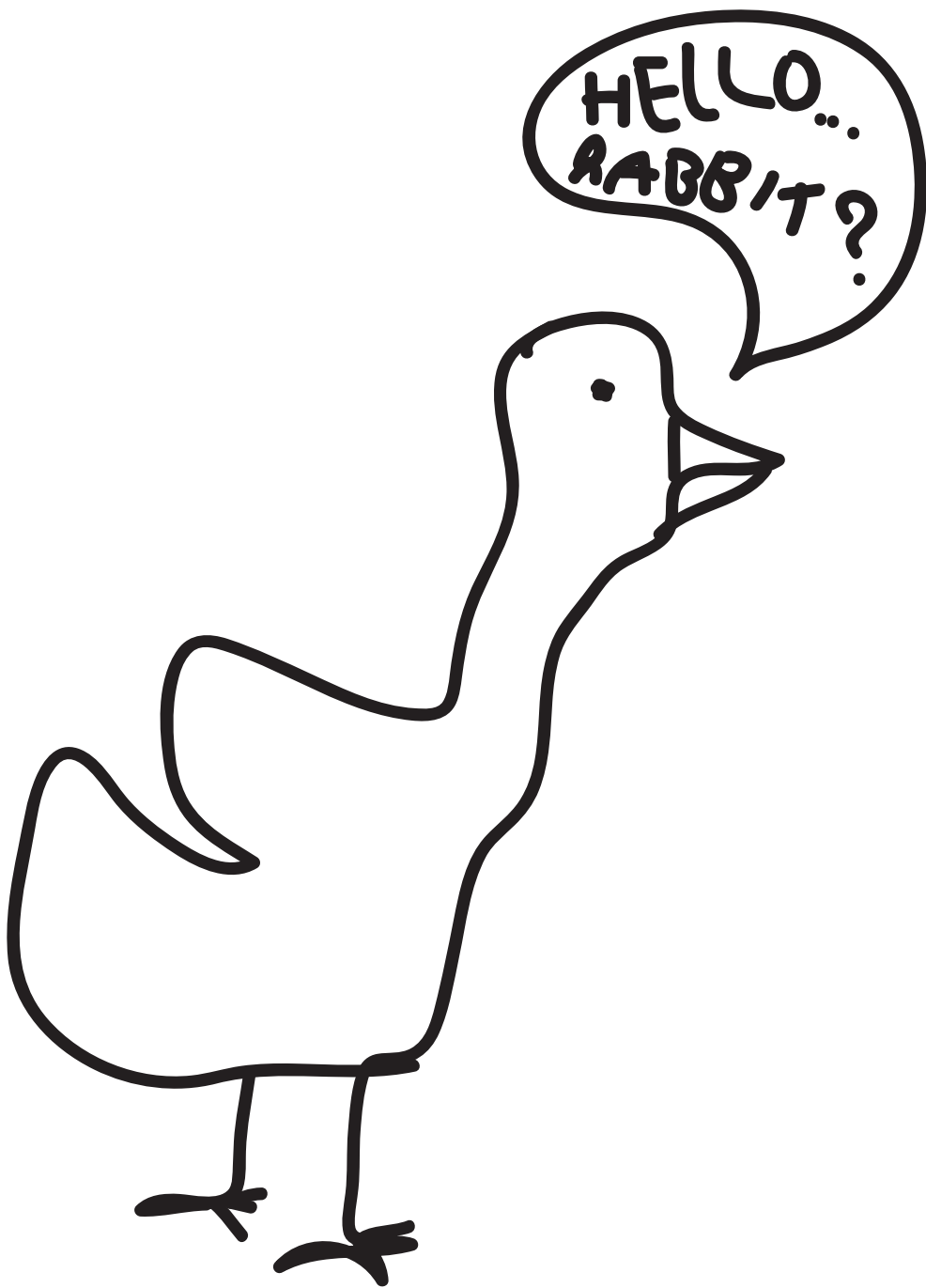


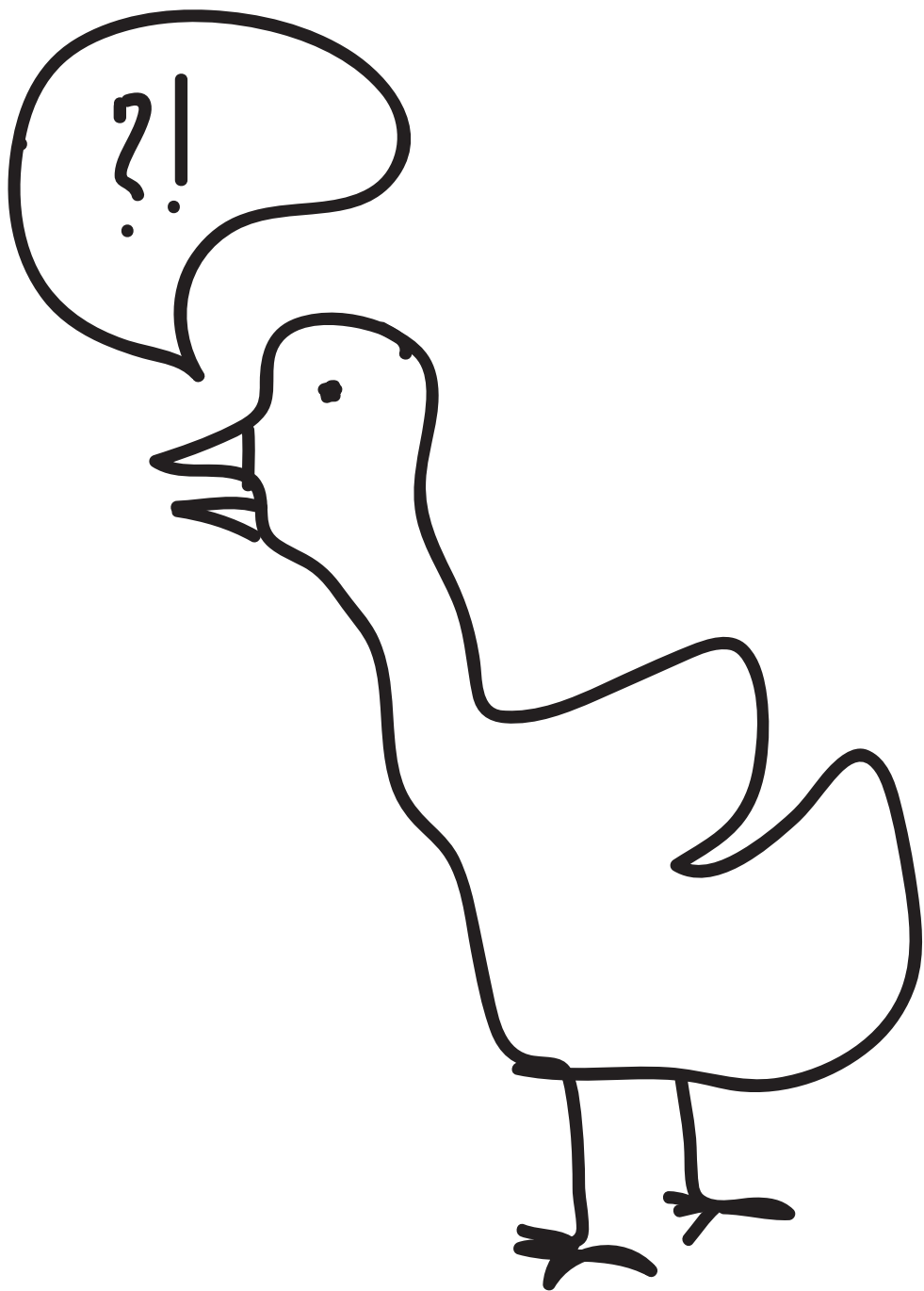


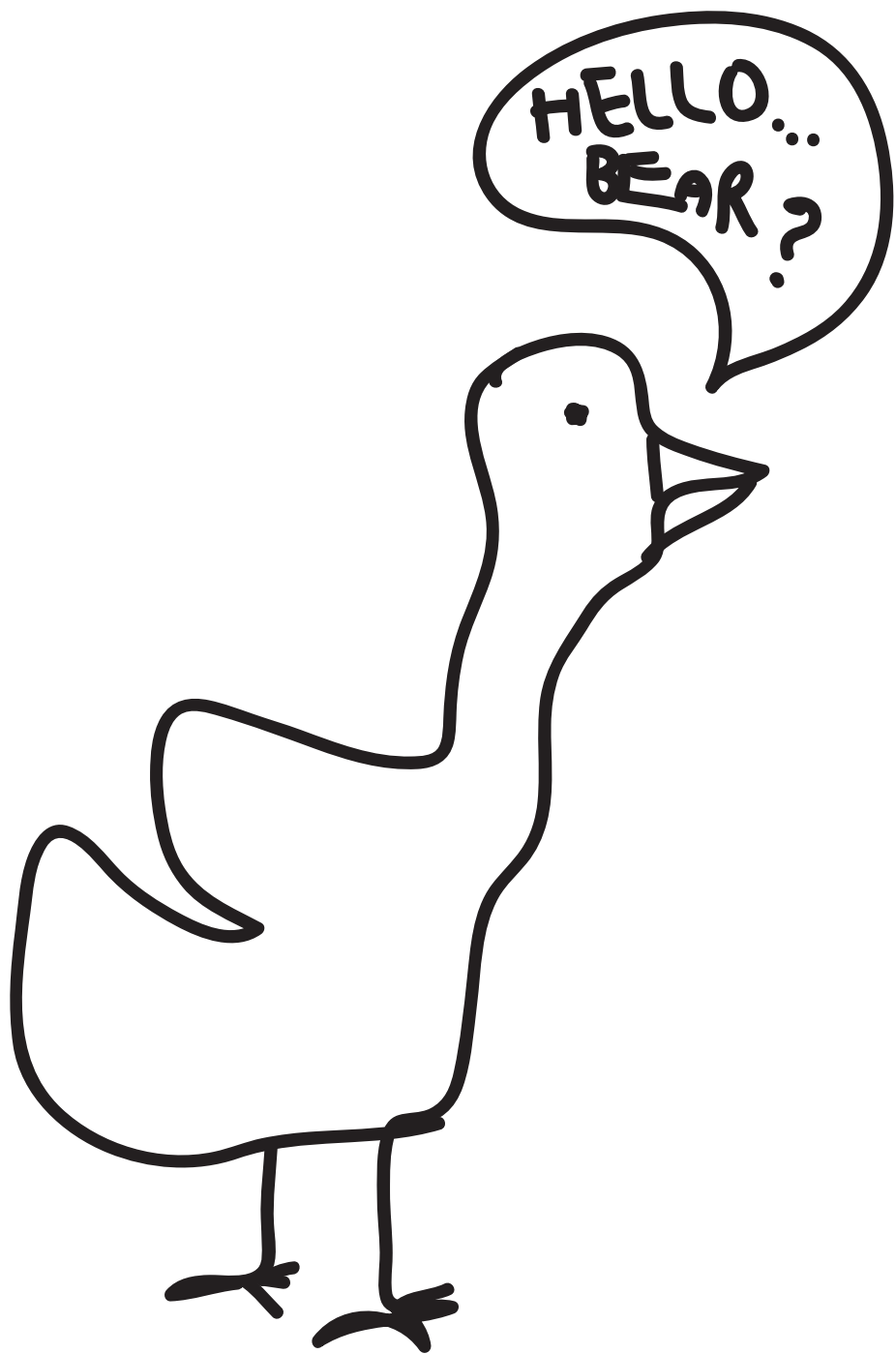




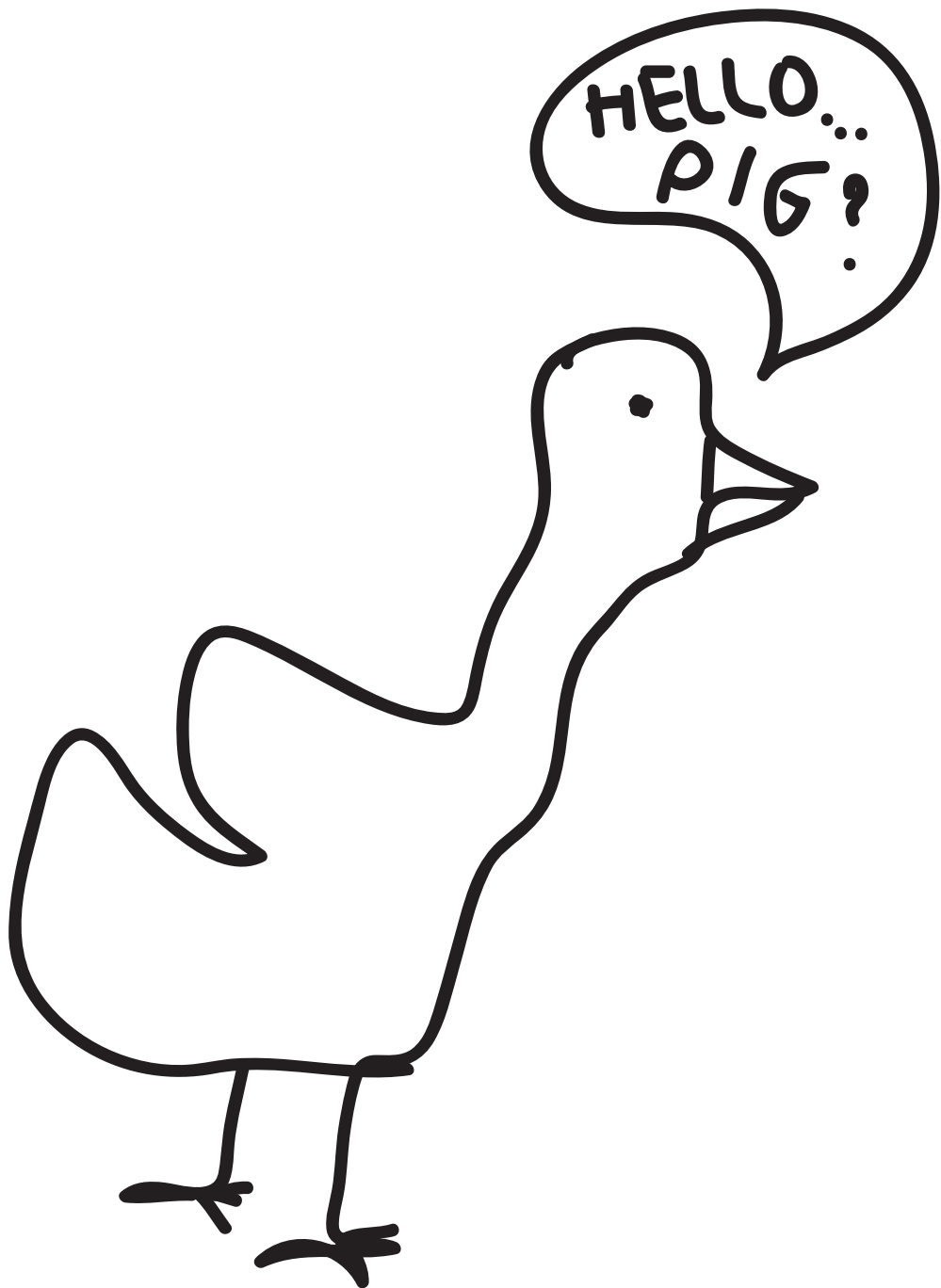




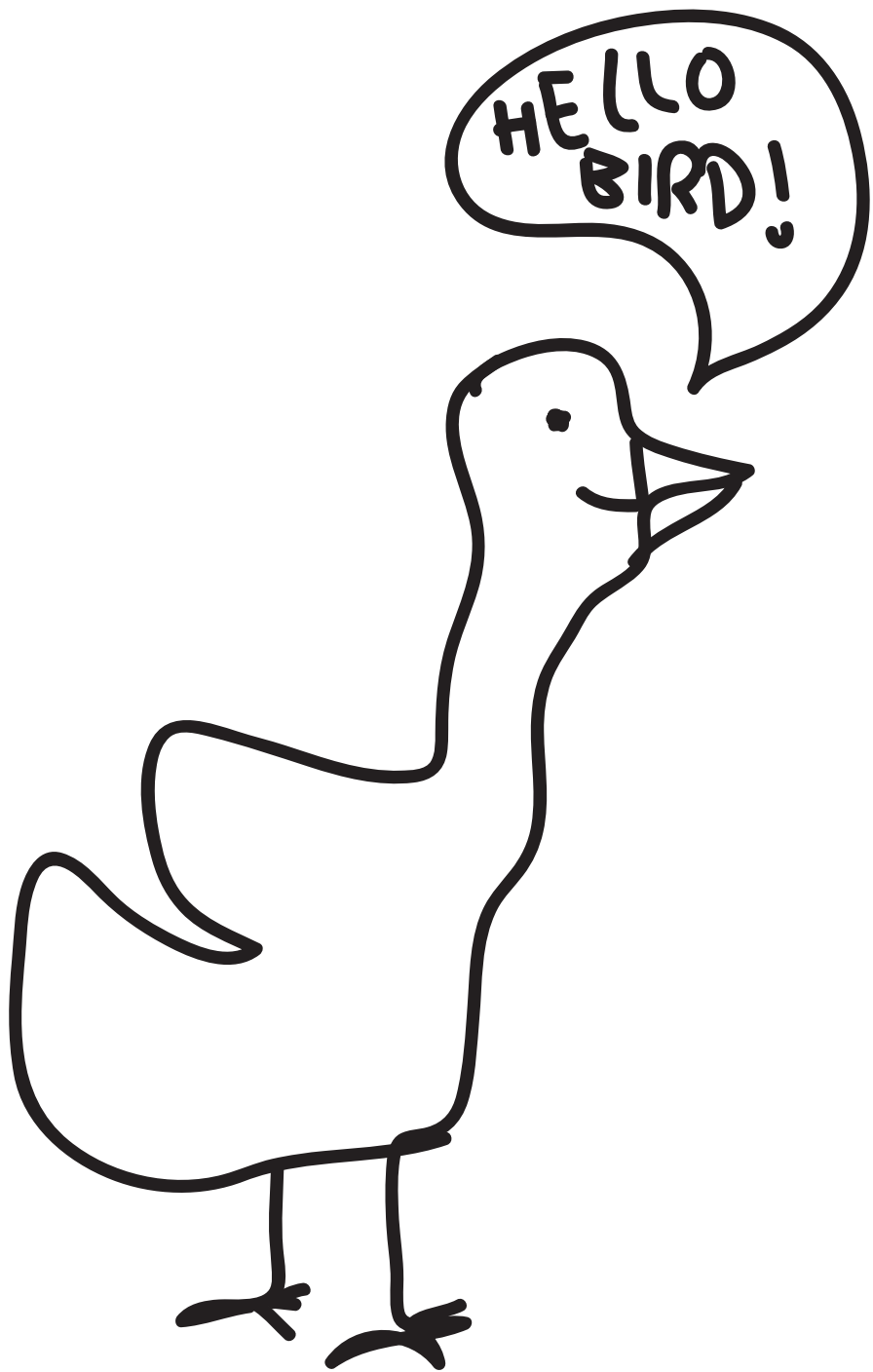








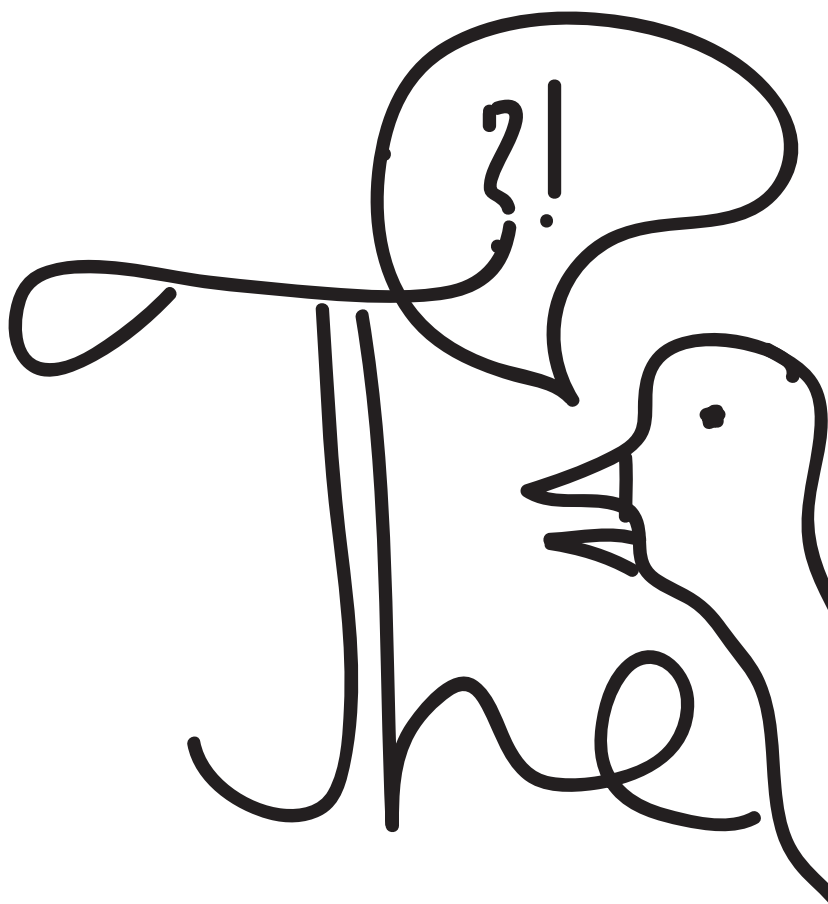






not

easy.





NSB
2023

HOW WOULD
IT BE?



I often think of how it would be

If

I

was

a

—refugee.

And I'd live abroad, as I do,

and never again feel at home

as I don't.

Not here
nor there,
not anywhere

—a ridiculously privileged me.

How would it be?

To really feel alone

and really unwelcome
really misunderstood
and if not ignored then
hated, feared, disrespected, as a
person up to no-good

and the only thing
others would see in me
would be
colour & race – i'd be perceived
entirely arbitrary –

I'd have legit reasons to be
towards the world
disposed unfavorably.

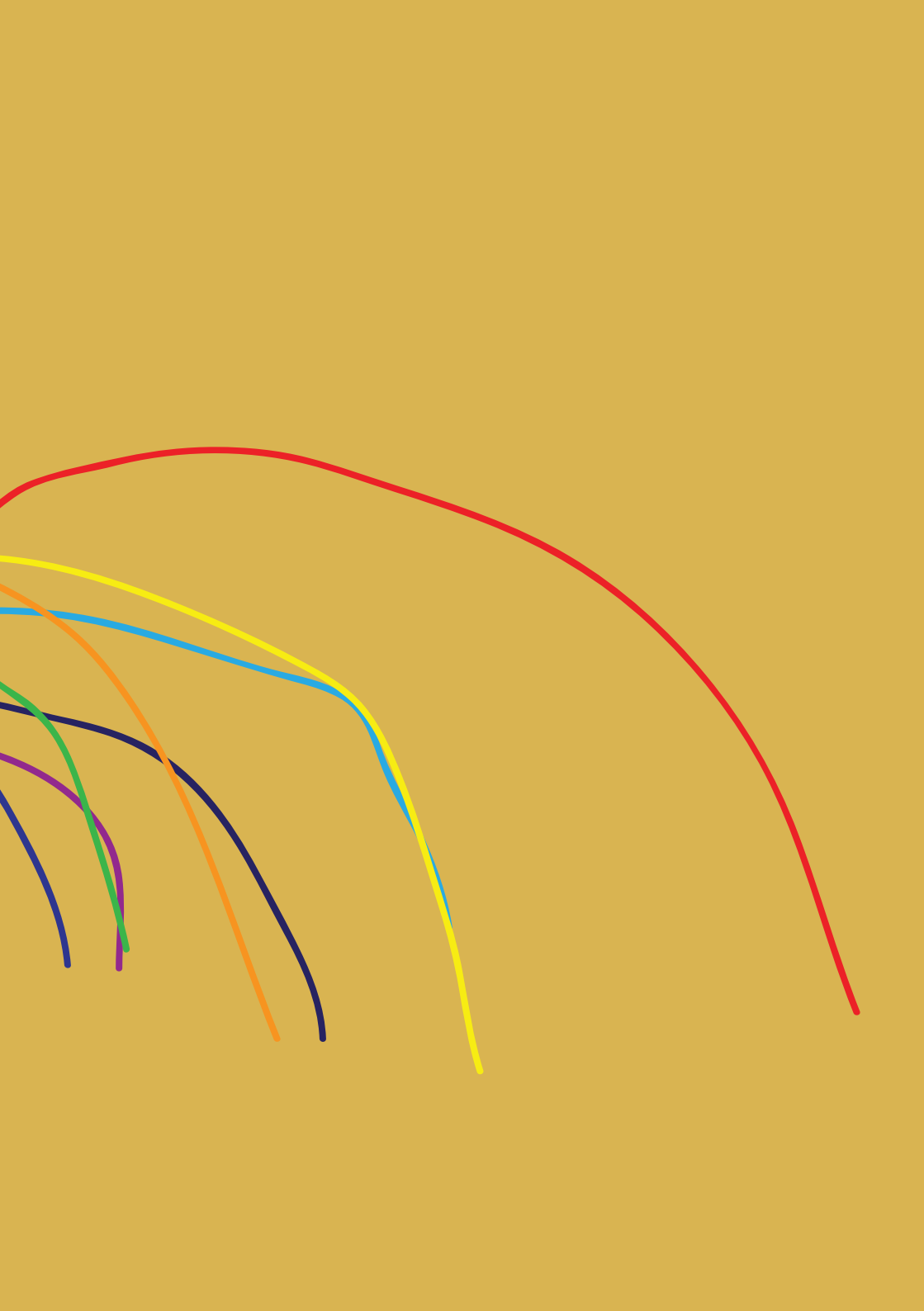
How alien?
NSB 2024

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Do you remember these disclaimers?

Please consider the environment before browsing
the Internet/using ChatGPT/watching videos of
eco-friendly practices & kitty cats ...

“Nina Slejko Blom’s latest book is an extraordinary exploration of the personal, political, and poetic. With over 1,000 pages of images and texts, this ambitious trilogy offers a deeply intimate yet wide-ranging meditation on art, family, and society, weaving together the artist’s experiences across two distinct cultural landscapes—her native Slovenia and her adopted home of Sweden.

Slejko Blom’s work is a masterful interplay of contrasting realities. Her anthology of booklets, collected over years, captures the subtleties of contemporary life, including the clash of past and present, rural and urban, personal and communal. Through works like *SMALL TALK* (2021) and *UNICORNS ARE STUPID* (2023), she explores the everyday with sharp humor and poignant vulnerability, while titles like *THE CIRCLE OF FRANKNESS* (2024) and *PROSOPAGNOSIA* (2023) probe identity and human relationships in thought-provoking ways. Each piece is a stand-alone reflection, yet they form an interwoven narrative that challenges and invites the reader into a world both familiar and alien.

At the heart of this project is a profound comparison between Slovenia and Sweden—two places that symbolize, for Slejko Blom, different stages of life, mindsets, and artistic expression. Her work dissects notions of belonging, displacement, and national identity, while also addressing universal questions of normalcy, connection, and transformation, as seen in *HOW FOREIGN?* and *HOW AT EASE?*.

The book, in its sheer breadth, becomes an interactive experience, much like her visual installations. It is a collection that asks questions rather than providing answers, with each page encouraging reflection on the worlds we inhabit and how they shape us.

Slejko Blom’s expansive work is a significant contribution to contemporary art and literature, a testimony to the power of observation and self-expression, and an essential commentary on the shared yet unique experiences of our time.”

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