



## THOSE BEFORE US:

### **1 Uppsala Castle:**

*Queen Kristina (1626–1689)*

Queen Kristina broke norms in many ways. Raised as a king, she saw herself as a manly individual in a woman's form. Kristina was explicit in her unwillingness to marry, bear children or have sex with a man. Several sources indicate that Kristina had romantic relationships with women, most notably lady-in-waiting Ebba Sparre. Queen Kristina's vanguard interpretation of gender generated confusion, wonder and disgust. Throughout time, questions have arisen about Kristina's biological gender and in 1965, her grave was opened and her skeleton was examined. Queen Kristina's monarchy ended with a radical abdication at the Uppsala castle with a public resignation on June 6, 1654.

### **2 Castle Prison:**

*Anders Magnus Åhrman, christian name Anna Maria (1777–date of death unknown)*

Anders Magnus Åhrman (baptized Anna Maria) is a person thought to have lived more or less openly cross-gendered. Some people in Åhrman's surroundings saw him as a woman, others as a man, and others as a little bit of each.

Åhrman was married to Anna Frederica Lundmark. They met at Eka Sätessgård, Hagby Parish, where they both worked. The marriage took place in 1799, at Jälla Sätessgård, Waksala Parish.

Åhrman was charged in 1800 for "mendaciously portraying himself as a man and wedding with female Anna Frederica Lundmark." One interrogation during the judicial process took place in the castle prison where Åhrman was placed. He was convicted of deception, unscrupulousness in society, and for running out of marriage and church ceremonies.

### **3 Drottninggatan 7 / The Pastry Shop:**

*Aron Forss (1807 – 1854) Confectioner*

Aron Forss ran a popular pastry shop on Drottninggatan 7 from the year 1830 to 1850. Stories written about him provide some understanding of his life as a cross-dresser or genderfluid person. Among other things, stories recall "what the rumorstold" about Forss, whether he was "male or female, or more accurately, maybe both at once." It is told that his clothes,

accessories and body language were understood in that time period as a mix of male and female expression.

Forss faced harassment even though he was also a respected confectioner with a popular pastry shop.

#### **4 Pontus Wikners Gata:**

*Pontus Wikner (1837 – 1888) Philosopher and Author, Associate Professor in Theoretical Philosophy and Lecturer at Uppsala University.*

Pontus Wikner's private notes and diary are compiled in "Psykologiska självbekännelser" ("Psychological Self-Esteem") that was published 1971, almost one hundred years after it was written. In the diaries, Wikner writes about his homosexuality and he reflects on relations, unfaithfulness, desire and sex. Wikner gave his collected notes to the Medicinal faculty at Uppsala University and asked them to use them in whichever way that felt relevant.

Wikner has a street named after himself in Uppsala. He is buried at Uppsala Gamla Kyrkogård (*The Old Cemetery of Uppsala*).

#### **5 Trädgårdsgatan 14 / "Upsala Kvinliga Studäntförening" (Upsala Female Student Association)**

*Lydia Wahlström (1869–1954) Historian and Author*

*Klara Johanson (1875–1948) Literary Critic*

Lydia Wahlström was enrolled at Uppsala University in 1888 and was the second Swedish woman to earn a doctoral degree in history in 1898. In 1892, Wahlström founded the "Uppsala Women's Student Association" and became its first chairman. Wahlström was very active in the voting rights movement. She was one of the founders of "Landsföreningen för kvinnans politiska rösträtt" ("*The National Association for Women's Political Right to Vote*") and she was the chairman of the association for four years.

Klara Johanson studied aesthetics at Uppsala University between the years 1894 and 1897 and was a member of Uppsala Women's Student Association. Wahlström and Johanson met through the student group and that quickly led to a love affair. On the night of November 18, 1894, they really found each other for the first time. They came to celebrate this anniversary for decades. Until 1932, Wahlström still sent Johanson flowers. Their relationship ended in 1898 when Johanson moved to Stockholm.

#### **6 Stabby Prästgård:**

*Helge Söderblom (1896–1932) Actor*

Helge Söderblom grew up on Stabby Prästgård as a bi-sexual. Söderblom was working as an actor in Berlin, Helsingfors, Vasa, Åbo, and Gothenburg. He later earned a Bachelor in philosophy from Uppsala University because his acting career was not accepted by his parents. Söderblom lived out the last stage of his life at Ulleråker Hospital in Uppsala due to his mental health condition.

#### **7 Drottninggatan 10 / Kajsas Kafferum:**

*Karin Fransén (1892–1958) Food Columnist, School Kitchen Teacher and Director of the cafe Kajsas Kafferum.*

Karin Fransén is the lead author of the popular cookbook Kajsas cookbook that became one of Sweden's most widespread cookbooks. Fransén ran the cafe

Kajsas Kafferum between the years 1936 and 1944 on Drottninggatan 10. The cafe served as a bakery, coffee shop and a dairy shop. Astrid Knudsen was Franséns life-partner as well as a co-writer of Kajsa's cookbook

### **8 Järnbrogatan 2 (currently S:t Olofsgatan 2) / Edlingska Gården:**

*Karin Boye (1900–1941) Author*

Karin Boye lived here during her education in Uppsala. Boye had romantic relationships with men as well as women and she is usually described as bisexual. During her studies, Boye was married to statistician Lief Björk. One of Boye's great romances, unrequited as it may be, was with Anita Nathorst, a woman seven years her senior who studied theology and humanities at Uppsala University.

Another unrequited romance was a teacher named Ingrid Odelstierna who worked extra at the library on Carolina Rediviva. Boye later met Margot Hanel in Berlin with whom she eventually lived.

### **9 Östra Ågatan 29 / Photographic Studio:**

*Gunnar Sundgren (1901–1970) Photographer*

Gunnar Sundgren is a well-known Uppsala photographer who documented the city and captured many famous and anonymous people through portraiture. He worked for The Institute for Racial Biology in his youth. Many of his pictures are in Upplandsmuseets (*the Uppland Museum's*) photo archive. He was bisexual, married to the dentist Lisbet Ringstrand, and struggled in periods with his same-sex feelings and reasoned through them as a "double psyche".

### **10 Vasagatan 1A:**

*Barbro "Bang" Alving (1909–1987) Journalist and Author*

Barbro Alving was born in "Skandalhuset" on Järnbrogatan 10 (currently S:t Olofsgatan 10) but was raised on Vasagatan close to Vasaparken. Alving was a pacifist and a feminist and she was one of Sweden's first female foreign correspondents.

Alving lived together for a long time with Anna Sjöcrona (1896–1989). They created a family together when Alving's daughter Ruffa was only a few years old.

## **EVENTS AND LOCATIONS:**

### **11 The Cathedral:**

Photographer Elisabeth Ohlson Wallins exhibition *Ecco Homo* was shown here (1998 & 2008).

### **12 Uppsala City Library:**

UFH (Uppsala's Association for Homosexuals) held their own exhibition at the city library. The exhibition was destroyed and cast into the Fyris river (1980s).

**13 S:t Olofsgatan 8 / Fröjas Cafe:**

A crew of lesbians from EKHO (Non-denominational group for Christian homosexuals) met here every Thursday at 5:00 pm during the late 1980s.

**14 Stenhagenskolans Open Preschool:**

Rainbow family meetings were organized here for a while (2005).

**15 Tiundaskolan:**

Tiundaskolan was the first elementary school in Uppsala to be LGBTQ-certified by RFSL (2017).

**16 Svartbäcken / At the restaurant:**

A same-sex couple were denied service at a restaurant after they kissed on the premises (2014).

**17 The Cathedral:**

Sweden's first gay bishop, Eva Brunne, was ordained here (2009).

**18 Svartbäcksgatan 9:**

Selma, an LGBTQ club, was organized here (2009).

Shylips, Uppsala's first club for lesbians, was also organized here (2012).

**19 Fyristorg:**

One of the first gay parades in Sweden passed through here. It was organized together with RFSL's congress. Roughly twenty people partook in the parade which more closely resembled a political protest than today's pride parades (1971).

**20 Svartbäcksgatan 29:**

This was the gay hangout spot, Pink (early 2000's).

**21 Eriksbergsvägen 17 / Villa Agda:**

Here was "Villa Agda", RFSL's first space where they organized meetings and dance parties. Almost everybody was pleased except for some neighbors who complained about the loud music and slamming car doors at the crack of dawn. The meetings seemed to have been well-visited and up to eighty people could sometimes squeeze into the smokey rooms (1970s).

**22 Svartbäcksgatan 68:**

UFH (Uppsala's Association for Homosexuals) held film nights here every other Wednesday and showed films including "The Killing of Sister George", a lesbian triangle drama taken place in London, "Konsekvensen", a West German film about the romance between a prisoner and one of the guard's sons, and "The Times of Harvey Milk", about San Francisco's gay mayor. The films were free for everyone and they served snacks (1986).

**23 Börjegatan 52 / The book publisher Bokgillet:**

The book "Man in a cage – confessions of a gay man" was published here. The book is a collection of letters written in the 1920's by an anonymous man who reflects over desire, yearning, love and sexuality (published 1965).

### **Uppsala, Undecided Place:**

EKHO (Non-denominational group for Christian homosexuals) and UFH (Uppsala's Association for Homosexuals) ran a telephone support line "Gayjouren" that was open every Monday evening between 7:00 p.m. and 9:00 p.m. Those who wanted to participate were welcome to ask questions surrounding sexuality, relationships, loneliness and HIV and Aids (1987 and onward).

## **OUR STORIES...**

### **24 Gottsunda:**

I came here, to Gottsunda, to say "YES!" after regretting I said "NO".

### **25 Nyby:**

I lived in the collective, Änglagård, from the year 1995-1996 with many other women. I shared a room with Marija. Everyone fell in love with her. Myself included.

### **26 Uppsala hamn:**

In 1979, I worked at a factory here in Uppsala hamn and I didn't tell anybody about my homosexuality. The trash talk from other workers wasn't exactly encouraging and the environment was intolerant, to say the least. The homophobia was evident. Anyway, I didn't stay there for more than seven months. It was the most prejudiced workplace I have ever been to.

### **27 Eriksberg:**

I moved here and to my delight I quickly realized that a same-sex couple lived on the floor below.

### **28 Uppsala Central Station:**

Once, I met up here with my partner with whom I had a non-monogamous, long-distance relationship. They traveled here by train from Arlanda and I welcomed my partner with a rose and a coke zero.

### **29 Svartbäcksgatan 7 / Dressman:**

Once, I was with a partner at Dressman and we were in the pants section, looking for pants when suddenly a few more dykes show up who were also there to buy pants. Ha ha. And then we were like, "It seems like this is the place to meet other queers! In the Dressmans pants section!" It was a small queer space for a little while.

### **30 Studentstaden / Rackarberget:**

We broke up, here. It was a hell of a breaking point. Later we could start over. Today, we are together again.

### **31 IKEA:**

Once I was on a second date at IKEA, it was 2007. I was helping her buy a bed. Today she is my wife.

### **32 Nântuna:**

I grew up here. When I understood that I was in love with a person of the same sex, I seriously thought it was a death sentence.

### **33 Carolinaparken:**

All of the teenagers used to gather here when I was younger. And this was like, the place where the big break took place in my high school life when I started to meet the adult world in a whole other way. You could say I met my first whatsoever LGBT-friends here. This was the place where we drank cheap red wine with other teenagers.

### **34 Finn Malmgrens Plats / The Bench:**

One day, my friend took me and another friend and sat us down on this bench. They told us, "I experienced something this summer and I realized that I am bisexual." When they said this, everything felt super strange. My heart began to rush and at the same time it felt like it would stop. My chest felt heavy and I didn't understand what was happening. It was a deep, physical reaction and I started to wonder if I was a homophobe. If it was a bodily, homophobic reaction. I didn't say anything. Time went by and I understood pretty quickly that what happened was that, well, I had feelings for this person. That was the thing. I spent the rest of the year yearning after my best friend. This was before I understood that I was pansexual...

### **35 Stadsträdgården (City Garden):**

It was here in May, 2014. He came down to say hey to me when I worked in Uppsala temporarily. We took a walk in the city because he hadn't been in Uppsala before and it was the afternoon and super warm and sunny. We walked around, we ate ice cream... we had been dating since, I don't remember if it was the end of December or the beginning of January and there, in the beginning of May, it was like it became, it became official in some way that we were dating...even though it was not the intention. It was a very warm and sunny day and we took a selfie right here by the bridge. We took the picture in the backlight of where we stood with the park and water behind us. We stood tightly next to each other and we smiled very, very big. We were so happy and we had both just shaved our heads. We had a great time.

It probably just started when he uploaded this picture on Facebook, exactly as he uploads other pictures all the time... He usually uploaded pictures almost every day in parks, of nature, of the sun... But now it was us who smiled there. He wrote nothing about the picture. It was just the photo, but we both got... well, I shared the photo on my Facebook page also and he shared it on his and we both got like about 158 likes each. And he normally gets about four likes max on each of his pictures. So he was totally shocked to have so many likes and I hadn't either got so many likes on any picture I ever uploaded... So many people congratulated us and commented and thought we were so beautiful together. Everyone directly understood that we were a couple, that we were together. So that was what it was like to become officially together in some kind of way.

He had never really done any sort of official updating on Facebook before so it was almost like he came out, although he had already come out to his closest friends. But it was really so public like, "I have a boyfriend" "I am gay". So for him, it was a really big thing to do that.

### **36 Västra Ågatan 16 / RFSL's Earlier Location:**

Unfortunately, the coffee was absolutely disgusting at RFSL... We had a super old coffee machine that was really bad and it was always like this, "Does anybody want any coffee?" and everyone responded, "No, we don't want coffee!!" Jokes aside, I remember that we had a very tiny little room. I mean...it was the only safe place. This is the fourth biggest city in Sweden and it was literally our only safe room. Would every one of Uppsala's LGBT-persons fit in there? It wouldn't work. We needed a LGBT-house, at least. Two houses.

### **37 The Train to Stockholm**

I have sat here, and yearned, so many times.

### **38 Stadshuset (City Hall):**

My partner and I got married in May on a sunny yet cool spring day, only six degrees celsius warm. It was exactly one month after our seventeenth anniversary as life-partners. My husband had hired a seamstress whom we felt could sew a rock and shirt in a Swedish fashion and a suit vest in flashy colors. I myself carried my coat with red carnations, white gloves and a side collar that I made myself. It was blue and matched my partners vest. A friend organized a limousine service that resembled a mini buss chevy. A gigantic bouquet with blue flowers decorated the car. He picked us up and drove us to the City Hall where the ceremony would take place. All of our friends were standing and waiting for us by city hall. We stepped into the city hall followed by seventy friends. The partnership agency said that there were never so many people at one wedding. It was solemnly. When the ceremony was over, we got our certificates and kissed each other.

### **39 By Svandammen:**

Below Slottsbacken just before Svandammen, there is a building where there used to be clubs sometimes. There was a certain club organized there that some friends and I used to go to. It was the first time that I actually felt I could take space. I was so nervous but it was also the first time I really felt that "this is who I am".

I remember that I got really drunk, because I thought it was so scary. But it was also very pleasant. It was the evening that I like, started to be open about being a fetishist in front of people that I know. I felt that I stood up for myself.

Now, when I go by that place, I feel happy. That evening gave me a feeling of liberation.

### **40 Stora Torget (The Big Square):**

The most unsafe places are probably these, outside of all of these pubs down in the city center. It is there I have experienced the most people cat-calling and noticeably drunk people who stumble forward grumbling. You become an easy target if you don't express yourself like the others.

#### **41 Sysslomansgatan 7 / Palermo:**

One time we met up, a group of dikes and queers in the basement of Palermo. We were about twenty people. We really took the space and thought, "it's a queer take-over, which is super cool." It felt empowering! We made the space into a lesbian room.

#### **42 Eriksberg:**

I tried to take a romantic interest here one time, when I lived in Eriksberg. It felt a little strange. I showed the place and a few places which were a part of my daily life. And we went around in Eriksberg and... it felt super weird. It felt almost filthy and wrong and a little bit too personal.

I don't know if I felt happy about it or not. It was some kind of mixture of feeling too exposed. I have been on all of these roads in so many different contexts and it's like, this isn't the city I want to show, rather it is the city I want to lay behind me. I was a bit embarrassed the whole time. I remember I always thought it would be quite laborious for him to come here because I never felt like there was anything to brag about or show. It was probably the only time I ever brought a relationship so close to Uppsala.

#### **43 Gottsunda / LIDL:**

My best friend lives here in Uppsala. We usually sit at her house and relate to each others poor-queer-bodies while sitting and looking out over LIDL's parking lot.

#### **44 Ultuna:**

I worked here at the end of the sixties with the cows and the calves and there was another woman who worked with the sheep. Well, we met each other. We drank many cups of tea. Such a classic, haha. We never exactly talked openly about it, but well yeah after many cups of tea, we noticed that we had something in common.

We never held hands or kissed in public or so. It was actually one of our conflicts when we were together, that I wanted to be more open than her. It makes you wonder about what makes a person venture out, more or less... She thought I was quite bold.

#### **45 Slottet (The Castle):**

My then-girlfriend was invited to a ball and I would go with her. Immediately, we encountered a problem with the seat placement because, according to the seat rules, we could not sit next to each other. The people in charge consulted with each other and it ended with us sitting together. The rest of the night, we danced together in our long dresses.

#### **46 Norby:**

I have had a really hard time with my bi-sexuality because it is really like wearing the all the sorrows of society over love relationships that may or may not be allowed to exist. I can feel sad because some people live really self-evident lives. Some people who experience heterosexuality have met such little friction in their lives. As a bisexual, I can see both what



it is like to be within the norm and outside of it. There are such huge contrasts. In a relationship with a man, I never need to fight in the headwinds. I never need to be afraid.

#### **47 Trädgårdsgatan 14 / Seminar for Domestic Education:**

I met a woman from Svalöv who went to home economics school in Uppsala. There was a home economics school in Uppsala at that time. She lived in a collective. I remember that we always moved the mattresses because she didn't want her friends there to understand that we slept in the same bed. She didn't want to be exposed, so to speak.

### **STORIES WITHOUT A SPECIFIC PLACE:**

#### **Uppsala, Unknown Place:**

I feel as though I could not have found myself here. I haven't been able to find a place to revel in or express myself. I am not from here. I moved here from Turkey, so I didn't know anything about the dynamic when I came here. But Uppsala wasn't as welcoming as I had expected it to be. I couldn't find any sort of queer context where I felt secure. When I first moved here, I googled nearly every thinkable combination such as "Uppsala gay", "Uppsala lesbian", "Uppsala queer", but all that I found was a community youth center hang-out. I had hoped to find one place to at least go and have a coffee. All of the places here are, well, heterosexual.

It feels like I am always visiting others at their houses. It can be pleasant, but after some days, you want to come home again and I found nobody home here. I don't feel at home in all of these not-queer places. I would be much happier here if I could find this kind of secure, queer place to be in.

#### **Uppsala, Unknown Place:**

I came out for my mom in this city. She got really mad at me. She said that I was pitiful. She saw it as a failure for both her and me.

#### **Uppsala, Unknown Place:**

At fourteen years old, during the early thirties, I discovered that I was homosexual. Homosexuality then was something that people didn't talk about on the whole. It was so completely taboo that nobody dared to mention it. And what could be found in the books wasn't exactly encouraging. In the best case, they wrote that homosexuality was a disease. It was also called unnatural. If I went to the bible, I was told it was a sin. It created a deep self-contempt. I felt perverse. Perverse was exactly the word that I used the first time I told someone about my homosexuality. "It is so perverse, all of it." It was so tremendously taboo. Today, I am a strong person. I have gotten strength that I might have never known about. I am free. I feel that I can go out in the city with a straight back and look at people in the eyes without shame.

**Uppsala, Unknown Place:**

I am with a transvestite and I love him over everything else. We met in Uppsala through the web forum, Darkside, so we also have a BDSM relationship. He is twenty years older than me and we were both busy when we met but after two weeks of only hanging out and playing a little BDSM games, we fell in love. When we realized this, we both left our partners and began to live life together.

On my birthday, April 1st, my love chose to go out with me and our friends dressed up, for the first time. The whole night, we were given so many positive comments. Unfortunately, it ended with some dudes coming up and harassing him.

It is a life where a lot happens, but I wouldn't have it any other way.