

NSU summer session 2017, Saulkrasti, Sunday 30th July.

The caravans are sleeping under the pine trees, they look like big white beetles randomly placed in the forest of tall trees. We all have adjusted to our caravans and speak about them as they were our pets. They all have their special characters: abilities and disabilities. The one with the leaking roof and a puddle on the floor, the one with a missing leg, the one with UK-standard electrical contacts, the smelly one, the rocky one, the one with a fridge, etc...

One of the inhabitants of the one with tarp covering the roof to prevent water from leaking in told me that when describing his caravan to the caravan-doctor who was here to fix the ones that needed maintenance, the caravan-doctor replied "Ah, you got the bad one!".

Some of us like our caravan, others want to change to another one or leave the life with caravans for good. Not everyone is a caravan-person...

The bad and the good ones... the crippled and disabled caravans that no one wants. Are they representing *the other* among caravans?

I am writing this lying in my caravan, looking out at the slow movement in the trees hearing children and the sea surge in a distance, through the open window I sense the scent of pine.

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