



HOMOLULU

- Short queer stories

Harald Olausen
Kulttuuriklubi

HOMOLULU
-Short queer stories

Harald Olausen

Kulttuuriklubi

ISBN: 978-952-6668-17-8

We will never forget!, Florence is just adorbs, Bad promises, and Li'l Bears of then and now translated by Elli Oravainen. I Love Ben Wishaw, The Madream, Pink Flamingo's living garbagemoviepoetry and This is why we are so easy to fool translated by Jukka Ylisuvanto.

Harald Olausen
queffeuq@hotmail.com
www.kulttuuriklubi.com
Print Riika-Latvia 2019
Layout Mika Jyrylä
Train2GOAL Raahe

Dedicated to DEAR MITJA
FROM RIGA

Index:

About Homolulu

We will not forget!

Florence is just adorbs

Bad promises

Li'l Bears of then and now

I Love Ben Wishaw

The Madream

Pink Flamingo's living garbagemoviepoetry

And this is why we are so easy to fool

About writer

About Homolulu

Homolulu – Queer Short Stories is a collection of eight stories about the ordinary life of ordinary queer folks in Finland. Harald Olausen writes in Finnish, Swedish and English and in 2015, his poem collection *Gay Poems* got nominated for the Stonewall Book Award in two different categories. The award is considered the Nobel Prize in Literature of the gay scene. His first book of queer-themed short stories, *Egyptin prins-si ja muita homonovelleja* (“The Prince of Egypt and other gay short stories”) (2012),

was praised by one critic as an unashamed tribute to the desires of the flesh and a grueling trip into the delightfully twisted spiritual life of a man who has borne the load of being different for his entire life: “The stories in this work are wide-ranging and deliberately lewd. The length of the sentences and the tightness of their layout makes the reader run out of breath at first. Attentive reading, however, reveals that this jungle of words holds an incredible amount of secret wisdom and references to other works. It is marvellous that a book such as this has been written.” Another critic found the book to contain several clever points about the problems of current norms. Olausen’s literary gifts that first shone in the Finnish edition of *Gay Poems* (2011) flashed small lights with which to find hidden pearls: “Small, incredibly beautiful flashes of human destinies in the grip of homoerotic feelings, reminding more of prose poetry than short stories – they show that Olausen has much to give as an artist who follows his own way.”

We will not forget!

We will not forget!

We will remember the innocent,
tortured souls of young gay people executed in Chechnya.

On that morning when they came,
I knew the sun would never rise again for
my love,
or for me, or my friends languishing in
jail;

On that morning when they no longer
come,
and we will be finally able to sleep in peace
next to each other,
me and my love,
we will not forget those mornings when
they came,
since they are sure to be still somewhere
out there,
ready to come again and again and kill,
if only given the chance.

Florence is just adorbs

“If I was gay, I wouldn’t need an asterisk beside my name. I could stop worrying if the girl I like will bounce when she fids out I also like dick. I could have a coming-out party without people thinking I just want attention. I wouldn’t have to explain that I fall in love with minds, not genders or body parts. People wouldn’t say I’m ’just a slut’ or ’faking it’ or ’undecided’ or ’confused.’ I’m not confused. I don’t categorize people by who I’m allowed to like and who I’m allowed to love. Love doesn’t fi into boxes like that. It’s blur-

ry, slippery, quantum. It's only limited by our perceptions and before we slap a label on it and cram it into some category, everything is possible.”

-Leah Raeder, Black Iris

Before the next interrogation begins, Cutie-Shamir looks at himself in the mirror, comparing what he sees to the passport photo of his mother he has in his front pocket. He resembles the picture more and more day by day. Just a touch of lipstick and make-up, hair done differently, earrings, a sprinkle of mother's favourite Syrian perfume, and he would be a twin of his mother.

“So what does he remember of all that, what happened to him and his family back then, in that little Syrian city long ago?” the ponytailed immigrant official asks again, sternly, through an interpreter. Cutie-Shamir feels awkward.

This sitting is the third and last one before the final verdict where it is decided if he may stay in Finland or whether he will be sent back to the area that, according to the

officials, has turned safe. Cutie-Shamir is no longer a child – he has grown into the exact same size as his mother. He has always been called Cutie-Shamir, to differentiate from his father, who was also called Shamir.

Problem is, he doesn't remember anything that would fly with the ponytailed official, since no human concern seems to appeal to him or make a difference. Cutie-Shamir looks at the interrogator awkwardly, devoid of understanding, rubs his sweaty palms together and recounts the same brief story, who knows how many times he's told it already, the same one he's been telling every other corresponding official for the last year in hundreds of meetings: that he can't properly remember anything no matter how hard he tried.

The reason he doesn't remember is that in his young boy's memory, all those times are a mixed blur of a squealing rocket in the sky, shouting and gnashing of teeth, crying on the ground; the same unending run for cover, whether from soldiers out to kill you

or thieves who rob people in the ruins, hunger, chills, sleeplessness – always a taste of death in your mouth, dire straits tearing at your sanity.

He knows well this is no longer enough for the immigration officials. The rules have tightened lately. When he came to Finland, the area he was from was still marked unsafe on the lists of these ponytail-officials, which earned him the right for automatic refugee status. But no longer. Almost every one of the young and healthy asylum-seekers is being turned back, making use of whatever excuses, back to the middle of all those various flavours of hell they had the nerve to escape from to be a burden to the westerners, he knew.

There's been a lot of talk of these things among the refugees, in that big reception centre in the middle of Helsinki, which is where he, too, lives in the same room with five other people in bunk beds. Two of them already got a deportation decision and disappeared. The third one has been arrested

and sits inside the Pasila jail after having a fight with the guards. The only ones that remain are Cutie-Shamir and his best friend Imir from the neighbouring village. A week ago, he and Imir woke up to a terrible scream when someone found the hanging body of an unhappy Iraqi youngster who had received a deportation decision on that same day.

“Your area is marked as safe in our map. Where you are from is a peaceful area nowadays”, the ponytailed official had explained to him, faking a friendly smile and showing him, after being explicitly asked to do so, where the line was drawn between safe and unsafe. It was at that very same street corner where Shamir’s family used to have their kiosk. At the back room of that kiosk, the family had had their own small living quarters with their own backyard to grow herbs and tomatoes for their household needs.

“But that whole area was a smoking ruin”, Cutie-Shamir had tried to explain with the interpreter’s help. It had no effect even after

he had used the internet to find a picture taken of the area through a satellite connection, printed it out and waved it in front of the official to show painstakingly that not even rats lived in an area so lifeless and grey from dust, judging from the pictures, that's how dead the place seemed to Cutie-Shamir, and that's how it surely would still be if you went there.

“We have our rules and obligations”, the ponytail-official had snarled at him, without even taking a good look at the picture. “An evaluation group has gone through the area and seen it with their own eyes and confirmed it with currently valid European standards, classifying the areas that are safe to return to”, he assures him, knowing full well himself that it's as blatant as lies come.

The official looks Cutie-Shamir in the eye and says: “But if you were from the next town over, you could be given a refugee status. It has been approved by our own group as an area that fulfills these criteria.”

Cutie-Shamir has heard that recently,

those who the ponytailed official clearly represents, those who hate the likes of him, have been accepted to the government, based on promises that practically all people like him would be kicked back to where they came from. And now it is really all the same to them where he comes from or what his situation is, he would in no case be welcome to the country they rule and he would gain no help from them, apart from the temporary food and roof on his head. Meanwhile, they'd try their best to find good excuses to kick him out like those other ill-fated people, before he'd assimilate to the surrounding society and manage to find any friends to help him.

“This new European standard, then. What does it mean and where does the model come from?” the interpreter asks the ponytail-official, who seems to feel awkward for being asked something like this. “Did your client ask this question?” he snaps back, implying that the question is unsuitable for the occasion. “I didn't notice him asking!”

The interpreter glances at Cutie-Shamir before lying to the official with a straight face. “Yes! He did right in the beginning, I just forgot to translate it.”

“The new refugee status is only meant for the real victims of the war”, the ponytailed official says pompously, and continues before the confused interpreter even has the time to interpret the answer forward to Cutie-Shamir.

“The model comes from our neighbouring country, Estonia, and our fellow countries Poland and Hungary, who have dealt with their own refugee crisis successfully, keeping in mind everyone’s common good, in the same way, just like this, so that no one would have to suffer too much.”

“But Cutie-Shamir is a real victim of the war. A lonely orphan left with nothing. No parents. No relatives. No money and no future, at least in his former homeland which is in pieces, in ruins, taken over by enemies”, the interpreter says to the ponytail-official, who merely smiles his pretentious I-can-do-

nothing-the-law-is-the-law-smile. The law now offers enough protection for his hatred, enough to cover his sharp canine teeth when he smiles.

The official glances at his watch – and there's another thing Cutie-Shamir knows, that these discussions are nothing more than a theatre act. A formality forced by the law, so that they could have black on white as proof that all the nasty, inhuman treatment reserved for him and his kind in blustering speeches of people like that ponytail-official across the table now happened in the name of and according to meticulously written laws by the current government, not in the name of goodness, and in any case not according to anyone's will or any international treaties.

Residence permits are only granted in extreme cases, to small children who enter the country alone, mothers, the elderly and the disabled, those that formed only a minority of the applicants, Cutie-Shamir's pals knew to tell from experience before they were

made to exit the country in droves. The most important thing for the ponytail-official is that the young Syrian would not stay in Finland for too long, to loiter and spend their money, as he was sure to condescendingly claim they all did when surrounded by his own kind.

The sitting has ended and the official leaves the room for his office, for the likely reason of making a deportation decision, as the legal term goes that Cutie-Shamir has heard from his fellow downtrodden in the reception centre. He waits outside with the interpreter for five minutes, until the door opens and the ponytail-official comes back to, yes, deliver Cutie-Shamir his deportation decision for him to sign his name on.

“Let’s try to book a return flight for you for next week”, he says as Cutie-Shamir gives him a reluctant signature for his own deportation order. The interpreter can no longer hold back his tears and begins to weep, so that Cutie-Shamir has to comfort him.

“There’s nothing to worry about here. I’ve

been prepared for this the whole time” he assures him, pretending nonchalance, even as his heart is beating hundreds and thousands of beats in his chest, and many contradicting thoughts are crisscrossing in his head so that he’s afraid of losing it and exploding into smithereens right there and then.

He does remember something, but it will no longer help him, he knows. Bits from here and pieces from there, and between them, long stretches of time without remembering having seen anything but the thick cloud of dust they had to breathe in while waiting inside, scared, anxious about what would happen after the cloud would be gone, and what new horrors would appear from behind it.

Moving to distant Finland, all alone, from a small Syrian city bombed back into stone age had been no easy feat for him. As soon as the bombs had begun dropping from the heavens like rain, the father of their family had hurriedly gathered round their things and packed them.

At first they moved in with some relatives in the small rural village right next door, and when the situation got too critical there as well, they moved a little further from civilization again, into a big hole in the ground, where a couple of other familiar families were also staying in hiding.

How long the bombings continued, Cutie-Shamir cannot tell. For an eternity, based on how it felt; day and night, on and on, continuously, many weeks spent in the pit swallowing dust and shaking in fear had made him jumpy and readily receding in his own thoughts.

When almost the entire town had been successfully bombed down, the bombs also began falling close to his family's hiding hole, so that Father decided they should try and get safety from the Red Cross refugee camp located on the other side of the town.

The problem was just that in order to get there, you had to pass through the ruined city that had turned into a deathly battlefield.

The route was not safe, Father had let Cutie-Shamir know. Therefore he decided to first leave with Mother to ask around from friends and other trustworthy people, to find out if anyone else had the same plans and when would be the safest time to attempt the escape trip.

He remembers how Father and Mother left that fateful night. That he remembers well. It was a starry night, wolves in the area were howling restlessly. Bombings still went on at the other edge of the small town, where a struggling subset of life somehow remained, and a few buildings had in some strange turn of luck been saved from them.

Before leaving, Mother had given him her passport that had the underage Cutie-Shamir mentioned on it. "In case something horrible and irreversible happens to us. Take it and put it in a safe place close to your heart, it'll be your ticket to freedom in your time of need", Mother had said to him.

Elsewhere, the whole town started to be completely demolished, and most of the in-

habitants that made it through the bombings were staying at the Red Cross refugee camp awaiting escape from the country. When all that happened, Cutie-Shamir had only just turned fifteen.

Until then, they had been just like any lower-middle-class Syrian family. Together, Mum and Dad had operated a small, moderately successful grocery kiosk in the neighbourhood, inherited from Grandma.

What he remembers would not be of interest to the ponytail-official, as he can only recall scents and colours, and how the kiosk's great oven was on all the time as Mum baked delicious-smelling buns, pitas and other small delicacies.

But another thing he remembers as well as yesterday is that otherwise ordinary evening, when the sky suddenly cracked open and began raining bombs on them without warning. Then...

“In what order did those things happen? What happened then? What group did his parents belong to? Were they helping rebel

forces or government forces?”

These were the kinds of questions Ponytail had asked, and of course Cutie-Shamir couldn't answer them, since he remembered nothing about that clearly, apart from the fact that Mum and Dad never returned from their recon trip.

“When did they leave and where? Did they have money with them? Did they leave you and run away?” the official had probed aggressively from Cutie-Shamir, who only rolled his sorrowful dark eyes and shrugged his shoulders to assure Ponytail of his ignorance. “Did they or some of your relatives belong to some secret terrorist organisation? Did you have weapons?” Ponytail had continued grilling him.

He also remembers well, although does not want to speak a word of it to outsiders, how he had sat in the hole in the ground wearing a grave expression as if he'd known how things would turn out, praying with sobs stuck in his throat that Mum and Dad wouldn't go and leave him alone in the pit,

and how Mum had then dug out the pita bread she had hid in her apron for the escape trip, and given it to Cutie-Shamir, smiling soothingly to his son, tears in her eyes, as if knowing they would never see each other again.

And what kind of smile? Cutie-Shamir will remember it for the rest of his life. Mother had smiled her sad, surrendered, but at the same time encouraging Mona Lisa smile so that with this one smile, he got everything meant for him in his life, what he needed like a flower needs the sun to grow and bloom, as his packed lunch to prepare for the stormy seas of life in store for him.

The scent of his mother and that smile of hers were his only luggage on the trip from sadness to joy. And those are the things he always pulls out from the nooks and corners of his mind when he is scared and shaking from head to toe in front of new people and unexpected things.

Those other memories, the ones that Ponytail demanded he dig out of his mind,

were still after many years too strong in his mind, so that it gave him shivers to even try to remember all the things that had happened around him, things he knew nothing about because it was all before the eyes of a boy too young to fully comprehend, because he had closed his eyes and ears in fright and only listened to how his wildly pumping heart in his chest cast rumbling echoes in his head.

That night, Cutie-Shamir disappeared from the reception centre for good. He walked the weekdays and nights alone in the town, trying to avoid meeting people, and slept his days in the forests. Hunger gouged at him in his already nonexistent stomach and he was very alone and unhappy and wondered whether he should just end his helpless, hapless life by jumping in front of a train or by drowning himself in the Töölö bay.

Just as he was about to take action – horrible action – he felt the faint scent of the Syrian perfume his mother used to wear.

He followed the scent and after walking for some time, he saw his mother smiling at him. The sad, surrendered, but still encouraging Mona Lisa smile. She was offering him a freshly-baked pita bread...

Mother was right, thinks Cutie-Shamir, now officially Florence, while he's in the bathroom correcting his make-up before meeting the ponytail official and the interpreter once again. Her passport, the one he'd sewn under his shirt, on top of his heart, was his ticket to freedom after all.

"Unfortunate case, your son disappearing tragically only a month ago, Mrs. Florence Hamir", Ponytail says politely to Cutie-Shamir, whom even father-Shamir could not have told apart from his mother Florence, that's how perfectly alike they look.

Florence winks to the interpreter, who returns a warm, understanding smile. For some reason, no words are needed between the interpreter and Florence. They understand each other without. The passport

did, after all, contain the ticket to freedom Mother had promised at the time of need: the town next door marked as her official home.

Now it's been a whole year since all of that, and Cutie-Shamir, who now goes by the name Florence, has managed to escape from the officials, undetected, invisible, on the streets of Helsinki. Perhaps because by essentially being his mother now he has changed, to his advantage, so that on the surface they would no longer recognise Florence for that same Cutie-Shamir. When he smiles in a Syrian café serving pita bread to his customers, he smiles at them with that same yielding, but encouraging Mona Lisa smile.

And even though it is nowadays harder to tell the good people apart from the bad in his new home country, he still has managed to be a good example to others who were suffering, managed to show that you don't have to become a monster yourself even when you fight monsters.

He even has a growing fanbase at the gay night club Hercules, more precisely at the Middle-Eastern and North African modern music nights, organised for GLBTIQ immigrants, where they play Iraqi, Persian, Kurdish, Lebanese, Syrian, Egyptian and Moroccan club dance music, along with remixes and belly dance music.

Florence has become the most well-known belly dancer in the club, sporting the stage name “Florence is adorbs“. His boyfriend Imir gave it to him originally, after Cutie-Shamir saw his mother appear to him in a dream and tell her son to take on her role, so that he would get forward in life as he was meant to – for the reason she had given birth to his son in the first place: so he could live life, fully, the kind of life he would enjoy.

“Why, oh why, must we always go through pigs to get our truffle?”

- James St. James, Party Monster: A Fabulous But True Tale of Murder in Clubland

Bad promises

”If you were expecting Prince Charming, I’m sorry. He’s with his boyfriend.”

-Shayla Black, *Wicked Ties*

When Milla had turned fifty and continued in her position as a primary school headmistress within the capital city area, they still always took every chance, in whatever party she attended, to sing Anssi Kela’s song about her namesake. The song about that Milla whose present life was a bit of a mess and whose future never seemed that clear either. Milla, hey, stop being a loser, your life is going nowhere. The Finnish radio stations had been very fond of in the early 2000s.

Milla had the background of an art teacher. In order to keep the passion alive for both teaching and art, she worked as the substitute for the art teacher in her own school whenever needed. “So that the true meaning

of this work would not be forgotten”, she stated as her reason for her unusual way of working as a headmistress. “The school is not here for us, we are here for the school, which in turn is here for life”.

She had painted these words on the wall of her office with her own hands, mimicking old hieroglyphs. Her background wasn't entirely typical for a headmistress of a big school such as this, for someone who had to uphold discipline and tight schedules. A maths teacher might have been deemed more suited for it, but Milla got well acquainted with the headmistress job and surprised herself by how much she liked it, even after having had slight difficulties at the beginning.

What even were these “small initial problems” then, Milla tried to recall. Maybe it was that she was too nice and didn't have the ability to say no to other teachers' wishes initially. All too easily, pleas and wishes turned into promises in her office, and those promises could be hard to keep, especially

if they were bad in the first place. Maybe it was expected of her, because sloppy art teachers were seen as carefree and bohemian in the eyes of the other teachers? After all, they represented educated creative forces in the teaching staff that was otherwise such a tightly packed, unified bunch.

Milla was different. She was something from between those two worlds. Strict, but gentle. Teacherly, but understanding at the same time. Already as a child, she had been an organised kind of person, proceeding from idea to action, and not someone with her head in the clouds, so that she'd been so inspired by her own beautiful thoughts she'd forget the cold, cruel world waiting right outside.

Maybe that was why she was chosen to substitute the severely ill headmaster in the middle of the semester, and later continued in the job permanently after her gig went successfully, at the request of other teachers. Being the headmistress of the country's second largest primary school was no small

task.

When it came to the song about her namesake, she didn't exactly hate it, merely thought it was unnecessary and stupid – even as, deep inside, she felt like it really was about her empty, unchanging private life. You always grab the short end of the stick, it will not help you one bit.

But it wasn't all bad. It was thanks to the irritating song – or its fault, whichever way you wanted to look at it – that she came to meet Heli during the yearly teachers' training days in Park Hotel of Käpylä, Helsinki. Milla was there to lecture about her experiences as a headmistress of a large school in a challenging geographical area, with the background of an art teacher, and how she found herself successful even with all the expected difficulties. Heli was a substituting art teacher, a beautiful blonde, thirty-five, divorced, and a single mother of two teenagers.

“Oh, Milla”, Heli had said, smiling, as they were introduced to each other, and chuckled

with an air of goodwill. “My sympathies go to all the Millas who have been bullied with this song. They were remarkably active playing it on the radio in 2001 or so – that was when I was still working on my thesis, while on my training period in Ressu, you know, the normal school in Helsinki.”

Milla, the brunette who had a weak spot for blondes, found herself with an immediate crush on the playful Heli and had a hard time convincing her that she hadn't in fact been bullied over the song, although it did seem to have a less-than-inspiring effect on her and every other Milla right until the point the accursed record had been played on the radio so thoroughly there was likely nothing left of it but a smouldering wreckage.

“And the singer's star will fade until it's no different from all the others' dim light, in some corner of that backwater town he came from, barely shining from its own house to the postbox – until the bloke comes up with some other name to manhandle”, said Milla.

After the evening party, it was Heli who came up with the idea to get a big gang of girls and head to the Helsinki Drag Battle in the restaurant Oil Virgin, to cheer for Linnea von Kattendam, Heli's favourite contestant. "Catty who? Who's that?" the other teachers asked, wrinkling their noses a little bit. "One of the funniest drag-donning headcases in Helsinki night life", Heli answered, winking her eye playfully at Milla. "Not otherwise, but she's really adorably grannylike when she's doing her Petula Clark imitation routine!" Heli said, laughed a little and then sang a bit of some popular song while the other teachers looked at each other, confused, and shook their heads.

"Never heard but why not!", Milla had answered Heli, laughingly, although in hindsight, the words 'adorably grannylike' should have rung some warning bells for Milla.

"The others weren't interested one bit, and no wonder", Heli later said to Milla in the taxi while gulping off the bottle of Smirnoff

vodka in her bag, acting like some party animal from a racy music video on YouTube.

“These countryside teachers seem to be a stuffy lot. So career-oriented. They would’ve rather gone to karaoke to sing hymns with the prim, pompous chairwoman of the association for visual arts teachers!”

In the morning, Milla woke up in Heli’s bed naked, with a dry mouth, a sore head, and nothing to cover herself with but a big poster depicting last night’s drag stars: Peter Juhan, Luka Streetcorner, Lady Clapback, Linnea von Kattendam, Ghastly Business, Pola Ivanka, Xenia, La Dame Blanche... She didn’t remember anything from last night, apart from the taxi trip. If she struggled really hard, she could barely recall them dancing, feeling each other up on the dance floor and kissing eagerly before Milla’s mind had gone blank.

There was no sight of Heli at the breakfast, and not for the whole day of the seminar either. Milla had to leave for her school right after lunch due to a sudden sick leave.

The art teacher had sprained her ankle, and Milla had promised to fill in until the education department had found someone suitable in her place. Milla closed her computer just as there was a knock on the door of her office. Heli was as surprised about the sudden meeting as Milla was. According to her own words, Heli had got a text message this morning about a long-term substitute's position, but hadn't known it was in Milla's school. "Details sort of got lost in all that rumble", she would say in her defense later on.

After the initial surprise, both burst into laughter. "This stuff doesn't happen even in Pedro Almodóvar's fiercest movies", Milla said to Heli, whose tired face revealed traces of last night's hard partying, but whose smile was still just as disarming and deviously inviting as it had been the first time their gazes met. And although Milla was an avowed spinster, careful to not think too much of anything, something in her heart slid out of its place seemingly irrevocably, and for a

moment she felt like her life would change and it was no longer continuing on its way to nowhere, as if cursed by that damn song.

At first, co-operation and friendship went well for both, naturally and without any trouble. Still, despite their one night stand, both kept a certain distance to each other at work. They didn't hang on to or become too cosy with each other, if only out of professional pride. Milla didn't concern herself too much with what Heli was doing, and Heli didn't invade Milla's private life.

What they did was take on the habit of going for a drink in a wine bar nearby each Friday. Before now, Milla had always taken the lonely place, back towards the front door, feeling ashamed for drinking alone. There was even a portrait on the wall that was just like the one described in the Milla song – an old greyscale photograph of a woman on a windy beach, holding onto her hat and smiling.

They chatted, exchanged news from the past week, but took care to not go into too

much detail or cross a certain intimate, safe limit. At those times, they both broke free from their everyday life roles and chose instead to talk about all kinds of things that didn't require too many ties to that life.

And even if they never mentioned their first meeting or what they did or did not remember of those moments smelling of cheap booze, they spoke about everything crazy and funny on top of Earth, of things that purposefully didn't have a purpose, of things that merely existed, that, just like the best moments of human life, gained their power from chance, destiny or accident, things that us human beings have no say in how they happen or show up in our lives.

"Just promise me one thing", Heli had asked of Milla.

"What", Milla had answered.

"You'll have to figure it out yourself."

Milla didn't understand what that could be, but promised anyway, and Heli smiled.

Overall, there was something mean and sharp in Heli's words. It disturbed Milla

even as she was in the middle of that first-time crush phase. It was as if Heli wanted to show her her place, with words behind which there was plenty of fear, threat, guilt and loathing. Maybe they were nothing more than unwanted leftovers from her past life, Milla thought. After all, Heli was a single mum of two children without a steady job.

Deep in her heart, in secret, Milla still had just as much affection for Heli as she had in the beginning, but she did notice Heli had become calculating and careful. Maybe it was because she was her boss. Anyway, it lessened her attraction to the woman. Milla began to think about what there was they had in common, besides that night spent together she had little recollection of, or if indeed there was anything besides that.

When Milla once asked why Heli was so interested in drag queens, Heli's answer was that they were such terribly bad jokes of womanhood that she felt a kind of masochistic delight while watching them, and

as a result somehow felt more worthy as a woman.

This was an example of how Heli talked a lot and listened a little – it began to irritate Milla. Heli's opinions might have been intended as good jokes, but they played along with the zeitgeist of these harsh times when it seemed natural to think of people in a cold, indifferent and one-faceted way, was how Milla saw it. This or that could be stupid and bad according to Heli, but despite several attempts from Milla to get her to explain why that was, she wouldn't back her claims up with arguments or even discuss the matter further.

And when Milla thus faced the invisible wall Heli had raised in front of her, she didn't want to climb it, instead she backed down, became more timid and refrained from touching it. No use, she thought. Mere waste of time!

Milla looked at Heli and thought about how beautiful and girly she still was. Her hair for instance. So strong and silky. Her

coiffure was très chic, and the make-up only enhanced her blond beauty. When Milla looked at herself in the mirror, she saw the lines on her forehead and the first liver spot on her temple, feeling an unpleasant jab at her heart.

She was old, old like eternity, she realised while watching and listening to Heli.

Next Friday, she sent a message to Heli that she couldn't make it to that day's meeting, but didn't give a reason. Heli only answered with an "ok", followed by a telling question mark. Milla knew Heli was on to something, especially since the same happened the following Friday and the one after that, eventually leading to them quitting their mutual meetings over a couple of glasses of Friday wine.

One Monday morning, Milla got a text message from Heli where she complained about a headache and told her she'd be visiting a doctor that afternoon. Milla cancelled the day's meetings and taught Heli's lessons. The same happened again the next Monday,

and the next. In truth, this was something Milla had been anticipating. The next time she met Heli was after she had called for a talk in her office.

When Milla finally saw Heli, she was startled by the change Heli had gone through in such a short time. The twinkle was lost from her eyes, her bloated face hung unappealingly where her cheeks had been red with vitality and beauty the last time they had met.

Until now, Milla had looked on Heli with more patience as a headmistress than she could have done with others, even as she'd had inklings of her alcohol problems and a certain laxness of character. But what she hadn't anticipated was that Heli would be angry with her, accusing Milla of being a hard-boiled abuser who enjoyed power and the humiliation of other people. "You promised!" Heli almost shouted at her.

At first, Milla felt a sting in her heart, but then she remembered why the others had wanted her in this thankless job despite her weaknesses. Milla was by nature just and full

of good will, she didn't want to pay evil unto evil, like so often happened in the quarrels behind closed doors in the teachers' world. Meanness and spitefulness she couldn't stand, though. Especially if they were properties that came from deep within, as seemed to be the case with Heli, she thought, who flaunted those qualities, thinking it would reap her cheers and attention.

Milla wasn't left with much choice after one pupil had complained that Heli had called him a pitiful scribbler. No, this would not do in her school, not from educated creative forces. "The school is not here for us, we are here for the school, which in turn is here for life", Milla said as she turned in the paper that laid Heli – now openly crying – off, out of her school.

"This is how it is!" Milla concluded in the words of the song she'd been bugged with all her life: "You're no little girl at this point, so take a hint and do what's sensible: get a grip and quit your childish games."

That something in her heart that had gone

off its hinges or slipped from its place for an unspecified time, in an unspecified way, went back in its place safely as she watched Heli walk away from her life for good.

She didn't feel good or bad, she didn't see herself as good or bad, and it was no guilt or longing that sliced at her heart, only shame towards her own foolishness.

Heli had revealed in her anger that she had got a text message about the substitute's position on offer the day before the training days, and that she knew Milla was the headmistress of that school where she was supposed to go and offer herself to be the substitute art teacher. And so, she'd decided to hit on the older woman, even though she wasn't even a lesbian herself, in case it would help her gain that job that, according to the unemployment office, had also been on offer for sixty-three other unemployed art teachers in the vicinity.

As she'd left Milla's office, Heli's face had been lit with an angry shade of red as she hissed through her teeth:

“You’re just like that tranny von Kattendam’s hideous Petula Clark act, nothing more!”

On Fridays, as Milla sat in her spot alone after school, at the familiar pub, she no longer felt shame about drinking and being alone.

She now feels like that portrait hanging on the wall; old, familiar, set in greyscale. On that beach, she holds on to her hat and smiles, now that her life is changing for the better, drop by drop, by every drop of the wine sipped down her throat, even as she knows she could never keep all of her promises – not yesterday, not today, certainly not tomorrow, particularly if they are bad ones.

“I want to sharpen my pride on what strengthens me, my witness on what haunts me. Whatever we name ourselves, however we end up shattering our self-hatred, shame, silence, and isolation, the goal is the same: to end our daily material oppression.”

- Eli Clare, *Exile and Pride: Disability, Queerness, and Liberation*

Li'l Bears of then and now

“Gay kids aren’t a “plot point” that you can play with. Gay kids are real, actual kids, teenagers, growing up into awesome adults, and they don’t have the books they need to reflect that. Growing up, my nose was constantly stuck in a book. Growing up as a lesbian, I was told over and over and over by the lack of gayness in said books that I did not exist. That I wasn’t important enough to tell stories about. That I was invisible. Why are we telling our kids this? Why are we telling them that they’re a minority, and they don’t deserve the same rights as straights, that they’re going to grow up in a world that despises them, that the intolerance of humanity will never change, that they’re worthless. It’s not true.”

- Sarah Diemer

Jari had been about ten years old, that’s how

he remembered it now that something made him recall it as an adult, when he had a good look at his own body from the big bathroom mirror. And he'd smiled to himself, at his small plump belly, slapped it with his hands, looking so satisfied that Grandma, who'd just happened to come in accidentally, burst into laughter. She said Jari was just like Winnie-the-Pooh himself, on the cover of the honey puffs cereal box, or just like Jari's grandfather from back when he'd been his age, before the wartime.

Jari stood in front of the mirror, rubbing his tummy and only wearing a pair of cardboard Winnie-the-Pooh ears cut out of a cereal box. Grandma stood behind Jari, continued laughing, it was just so funny to her. Jari deliberately rubbed his belly, overacting, licking his lips like Winnie who'd just stuck his hand inside the honey pot and scooped out a serving of the golden, oh-so-luscious wonder liquid into his mouth.

From that on, Jari got playfully nicknamed Winnie-the-Pooh among family

members. But when Jari grew up and began more closely resembling a small bear cub, they started calling him Winnie's Big Brother, and eventually Li'l Bear, like his grandfather who had resembled him so much as a child, and so it also came to be how he was known half-officially.

But Li'l Bear didn't really identify with the teddy bear fashion of the time or the picture in his mind of the honey bear, whom he even occasionally mixed with the heroic Bamse. These were the times when many Finnish families had their TVs regularly switched on for Winnie-the-Pooh children's shows, and many boxfuls of honey-covered Winnie-the-Pooh cereals were eaten, as a reward for children for eating their detestable vegetables, and sending the cereal boxes to the producer was in turn rewarded with official Winnie-the-Pooh plates to eat them off.

What no one else understood at the time was that "honey" to him represented the same philosophical truth, a kind of "pure Shangri-La magical world of dreams" as it

did to Winnie himself. When Jari's mother looked out of the window to see where Jari was, it was sometimes hard to tell which one of the little bear cubs playing outside in their yard or one of the neighbours' yards was her own little teddy, that's how similar the children looked in their teddy bear ears and hats.

Jari wasn't called Li'l Bear at school, though. That's what his grandfather had taken care of, given precise instructions. Jari gave the others not the smallest sign that he could, if one was to look closely, in any way step out of the line of other little boys, where it was important to dress the same way, and like the same stuff as the other little boys, to avoid bullying, people talking.

At home, he was still the same Li'l Bear, always, even after years and years. Or he was, until the small plump bear of the fairytale grew into the big true-to-life forest bear, which was what happened to Jari in time as the child's smooth, frail features gave way to the grownup's strong, abundant frame.

The hairs began to grow overflowing in his entire body around the same time as his head got rounder, neck gained folds of fat, and all hair apart from the ones that formed sideburns on his cheeks escaped his head quickly. Li'l Bear had also found himself a soulmate and good friend on the internet: an older, equally bearlike man Kalevi, who worked as an ambulance driver for the local hospital.

Right after his army service, Mum called Li'l Bear over for a Sunday lunch. About half of all his relatives attended, in honour of the order – Commander of the Order of the Lion of Finland – that Grandpa had received from the President in honour of the Independence Day.

Grandpa had just turned 90. Long ago, he had also been granted the Mannerheim Cross for outstanding courage in the face of overwhelming enemy force in the battle of Vyborg Bay. He was one of the iconic heroes who'd given a face to the faceless entity of war, to be celebrated by the generations

to follow. Since Li'l Bear was little, grandpa had represented to him the model of a real man, someone to look up to in everything. Along with that he was a dear and important person, fishing buddy as well as an embodiment of the heroic Finnish Winter War spirit.

Those rarely seen, distant relatives who hadn't seen Li'l Bear since long before he left for his service, and his subsequent change into a forest bear, had to hold in their laughter when his mother raised a honey-dripping voice to call Li'l Bear over to the table, and a hairy hulk of a serious-faced, sturdy man lumbered in front of his astonished relatives. He sat through the whole long festive family meal ordeal – songs, hurrahs for the hero, raising of glasses – quietly and without showing much emotion.

Mother's curious, impish cousin, the pest known as Aunt Alma, measured Li'l Bear with her gaze. "Now, since you've grown up so much, have you found your heart's chosen desire?"

As Li'l Bear flushed red, Grandpa rushed in to save the situation.

“Good grief, he’s fresh off the draft, he’s in no rush to get married and settle down for a family! I didn’t do that until I was 33, a long time since the war was well over and finished. He’s got time, as long as he gets enough peace and quiet to think about what he wants and who he’ll accept.”

The festivities were important for the whole family. Grandpa, who had been not so well – somewhat down with the flu lately – had got off his sickbed in the morning contrary to doctor’s orders, because he didn’t want to cancel his party that the family had planned for several weeks. In the middle of another round of raising glasses, their hero felt a sting in his chest and fell to the floor to the horror of the festive folk.

Li'l Bear went to fetch Grandpa’s nitrate tablets and his mother tried to calm the old man down by holding his hand and whispering softly into his ear, but Grandpa’s state only got worse, and Li'l Bear called straight

to Kalevi in his ambulance. When the car finally arrived, his half-conscious grandpa asked Li'l Bear to come with him. The old man had a new heart attack in the ambulance, this time a harsher one, sunk down into a coma, and died in front of shocked Li'l Bear's eyes before the ambulance had time to reach the hospital.

Kalevi tried to comfort the grieving Li'l Bear, and drove him home with his own car. Before the new heart attack, Grandpa had asked his grandson to take a picture out of his pocket. It was a photo, taken of him sometime during the war, and half of it was torn. A letter came with it, and the old man had made his grandson vow to take them to the address written in the back of the picture, "as a last service to a friend".

"As an atonement for all the bad things that happened and unfortunately, for all the good that didn't", this is how they had once mutually agreed, Grandpa and the other person with him in the picture.

When the funeral was over, Li'l Bear did

according to Grandpa's last wish and went to the address written on the back of the photograph, to a slightly run-down house at the edge of the town, and knocked on the door carefully.

For a long time, there was no answer from the inside. Li'l Bear pressed the doorbell button again. He was already about to leave when the door finally opened, silently and with great effort. A woman around Grandpa's age stood hunched behind the door. She squinted her eyes in a way that suggested very bad eyesight, but as soon as she saw Li'l Bear, she smiled gently at him and invited him in.

Li'l Bear cleared his throat, taking Grandpa's picture out of his pocket, and explained why he was there, apologising for the disturbance.

"Don't mind, no matter" the old woman replied in a surprisingly chirpy and warm tone. "I had been expecting you by now."

"How so?" asked Li'l Bear, confused.

"I read about your grandfather's death on

the paper. At this age, there's not much else to do besides read obituaries on the newspapers and try to remember if the deceased was a friend, an enemy, or something in between like your grandfather was."

Li'l Bear was startled by her words: had his war hero grandpa once been a friend, and then an enemy, to the elderly lady in front of him?

She took the half of a photograph he gave her, depicting Grandpa in Vyborg Bay, in the spring of 1944, when the Karelian Offensive was about to begin. She set out to make some coffee and began her tale of Li'l Bear's grandfather.

"Pertti was my little brother" the woman said, pointing at a picture of a soldier in her bookshelf. "Pertti and your grandfather Martti were best friends practically since they were playing together at the sandbox, even though Pertti belonged to a modest, poor worker family and Martti was part of a wealthy banker family. In the olden days, class divisions were nigh-uncrossable, you

see, and it was very rare for boys from a rich and a poor family to become life-long best friends.”

Li'l Bear let his gaze wander around the old woman's living room. The walls were full of skillfully made portrait paintings, among them a picture of grandfather from his childhood years. The style was detailed, careful, but not overly flattering or elaborate in the way commercial pictures might sometimes be. Some of the paintings were even so adeptly made with their lights and shadows that they could pass for art photography. The woman nodded as a response to Bear's questioning gaze.

“Yes, they are mine. I used to be a professional artist long ago”, she reacted to Li'l Bear's curiosity from the kitchen, where she was making coffee the old-fashioned way.

“If we want some proper old-time coffee”, she explained, “we need to forget filters and first boil the water in a copper kettle, really warm it up, and then add well-ground, aroma-rich coffee.”

When the coffee was ready, poured into large cups, and a few sips had been taken, the old woman made a solemn gesture of taking out one large picture album labeled with the names Martti and Pertti. The names had been connected with a plus sign, and they were beautifully encircled with a silvery-golden heart.

"I was the first to get to know your grandfather, and developed a crush on him, but then came my brother Pertti and neither of them no longer noticed me." There was no bitterness in her voice. She passed the file to Li'l Bear, who took his time to go through it in peace.

The first picture of the album was at the sandbox. Two plump toddlers were playing, shoveling sand on top of each other with tiny spades. And quite true, he thought, Grandpa as a child was just like him, similarly round, good-humoured, made of one sweet smile as he'd been, in the photographs as well as in the drawing on the wall.

The next picture had two little boys stand-

ing in line at a school, both wearing caps. The third one showed two teenagers hugging in a friendly manner in front of a treehouse, wearing cheeky "gotcha, neener-neener" expressions towards the one who took the picture. In the fourth one, the boys were standing next to each other on a sunny summer's day, fishing. There were many similar pictures, always showing the two friends cheerful and happy, a twinkle in their eyes, obviously up to boyish shenanigans and always ready for a daring little adventure.

The sceneries changed, gradually ranging from the safe home environment to big cityscapes. Playful, foolhardy boys grew into serious youngsters, and then, picture by picture, into strapping young lads immersed in the world of cars, motorbikes and other masculine machinery, motor oil and oily rags – until suddenly the stream of pictures came to a halt, the last of them being of the young men together as fresh army recruits.

Li'l Bear rifled through the book again – now more frantically, hand somewhat

more shaky out of excitement and of the deep emotional stirring it caused in him – meanwhile, the old woman read Grandpa’s letter. Li’l Bear wondered why the last pages had been torn away and what was it the old woman was trying to tell or reveal to him through the pictures. Did she have some secret to share? Li’l Bear wondered why Grandpa’s and the other man’s names had been connected with a plus sign and a silvery heart. The next time he glanced at the old woman, who had been frozen in her place clutching the letter in her hand, he noticed that her tear-soaked eyes were shocked, fixated on something somewhere far, not on this world, as if she was nailing an accusing eye on Grandpa’s childhood picture on the wall. After a moment of silence, the woman wiped the corners of her eyes and began finishing the story of the friendship of Martti and Pertti.

“Pertti and Martti remained together until Pertti’s death, even in the army. Pertti as a common soldier and Martti as a platoon

leader, carrying the Ensign's insignia, although they were still best friends despite the fact that Martti was an officer. And they even lived in the same dug-out, which would have been unusual and exceptional had it not been during the offensive, the one that the Soviet Union began in the spring of 1944 at the Karelian isthmus, and the escaping army's troops were in disarray, and the losses were huge, while at the same time they were sending more cannon fodder to the battlefield, to try and fill in the ranks, inexperienced boys that went into shock as soon as the first grenade hit the trenches... At that time, the men lived here and there, wherever they managed to settle."

Li'l Bear remembered how Grandpa, who had fought continuously on the battlefronts since the Winter War began and up until it ended, had told him everything about it. But he never wanted to talk about, not even remember, those bloody fights at Vyborg Bay that raged from June 30th to the fourth of September in 1944. Grandpa

was demobilised for good not before 17th of November that year, after which his life was permanently changed according to his own words. But how exactly was it different from before? He hadn't spoken a word to specify that. The old woman went on with the tale.

“In that artillery hell of Vyborg Bay, Pertti lost his mind in the middle of all the firing and accidentally ended up on the enemy's side, where he was taken prisoner and tortured for a week before he managed to escape back to his own frontline one night, when the Soviet soldiers were celebrating hard and forgot to keep their eyes on the prisoners carefully enough. After that, Pertti no longer wanted to fight, and ran from the army. The law was harsh on runaways back then. When he was caught in the act, he was shot right there.”

Li'l Bear was dumbfounded. He felt a sore lump in his throat, his palms were sweaty and it was difficult to look straight into the old lady's teary eyes as she continued.

“The body was never brought to church

land. Where he was shot, he was left, along with the bodies of other deserters. For all these years, it has been unclear where that place is located, but no more. This letter you brought me, it reveals the place where Pertti was shot. Only one man knew where it had been done. His commanding officer, who had to shoot Pertti himself...”

Now Li'l Bear understood the full extent of the old woman's grief and was shocked by what he was hearing. It began to dawn on him why Grandpa never spoke of the battle of Vyborg Bay, or why the last pages of the picture album dedicated to Pertti and Martti had been torn away.

On a Sunday some time after the encounter, Li'l Bear noticed the old woman's obituary on the newspaper. Exactly one month after that, he received a letter from a lawyer who oversaw the last will and testament of Pertti's sister. To Li'l Bear's surprise, the old woman had left quite a large sum to him in her will. There was also another letter within, dedicated to him by her.

“As soon as I opened the door, I knew who you were. So alike were you, you and your grandfather Li'l Bear. But to think that your nature was also like his, just like back when he sat here in our house, with a blushing face and palms sweaty of embarrassment and excitement, that was a huge surprise to me. Here, have your grandfather's letter, as the missing piece of the puzzle, the one that explains what happened. It also contains the coordinates to the place where Pertti was shot. Your guess was correct. Yes, unfortunately the platoon leader had to shoot any deserters wherever they were caught, by order of the drumhead court-martial. Martti had no choice but to shoot Pertti. I left quite a big sum of money for you, so that you could fulfill your grandfather's last wish and take this missing piece of the picture to Pertti's grave.”

It took Li'l Bear a long time until he could gather himself enough to truly begin planning a trip to Vyborg Bay, together with Kalevi. He hesitated many times, and was caught between whether or not to go. He

felt compassion for Pertti and simultaneous shame towards Martti's deed. Kalevi teased Li'l Bear that the reason he didn't want to go was really that he was afraid of meeting the restless, possibly vengeance-seeking ghost of Pertti, who could want Li'l Bear's life in exchange to get rest for his unsettled soul.

"What do you suppose the Russian officials will say if they meet us digging the ground or burying this picture in there?" Li'l Bear asked Kalevi, who was equally undecided and couldn't say much, for or against – even though all in all, he thought Bearie-boy shouldn't weasel out of his promises to Grandpa.

At long last, after many twists and turns to put the Russian officials off their trail, they were at the right site. They were travelling with their own car, having "got lost from the main routes" in the Vyborg Bay archipelago. Li'l Bear's shovel hit something hard, and when he continued digging just a little, he found a skeleton inside a military coat.

There it was, the other half of the picture.

It was settled beautifully on top of the body, surrounded by remains of flowers. Li'l Bear took the other half out of his pocket and united it with its pair. Then he slowly closed the grave to permit eternal sleep for the deceased.

In the picture, Martti and Pertti were standing side-by-side, hand casually slung over each other's shoulders. They were wearing swimming trunks and looking like the happiest people in the world as they smiled at the camera, showing no signs of different rank or class. Li'l Bear stood at the grave for a long time, lost in his thoughts, Kalevi standing next to him. Eventually, he turned to Kalevi. Smiled at him, and took Kalevi's hand in his own, saying:

“I chose the future, unlike my grandfather.”

“‘You have some queer friends, Dorothy,’ she said. ‘The queerness doesn't matter, so long as they're friends,’ was the answer.”

- L. Frank Baum, *The Road to Oz*

I love Ben Wishaw

Upon watching the films starred by the famous british actor Ben Wishaw, ("The Hollow Crown" Richard II, I'm not there, Parfyme, Cloud Atlas,, London Spy, Mary Poppins Returns and A Very English Scandal) you get the feeling that these movies, made in the form of a socratic dialog, are goodbyes to "dangerous inclinations, thrall and seduction" inspired by Hans Castrop of Thomas Mann's The Magic Mountain.

And you understand thoroughly but ex-

pression by expression, look by look what Baudelaire meant when he wrote that "Dandyism is a setting sun; like the declining star, it is magnificent, without heat and full of melancholy."

The Dandy might well be a bored human being, a suffering individual – but if he suffers, "he will keep smiling, like the Spartan under the bite of the fox".

Wishaw's character has an air of intellectual solitude that defies conformity, thus maybe being the very impediment of what John Stuart Mill meant when he wrote that "precisely because the tyranny of opinion is such as to make eccentricity a reproach, it is desirable, in order to break through that tyranny, that people should be eccentric".

Thomas Mann also wrote about such solitude in his *Death in Venice* masterpiece as he said that it is the condition that creates eccentric thoughts, brave and strange beauty, sweet poetry, but he also understood, to his horror, that it was also the condition that gives birth to all that is wicked, unnatural,

disproportioned and illicit.

And it is this pressing dilemma of these times that this book is about and also why this book is dedicated to this sad Don Quixote figure, Ben Wishaw, whom would make Andre Malraux proud, because Wishaw stands out as real actor-intellectuel in a world manicean mannerisms and whose depth, tonal scala and quality are keys to the fountains of real thought leading the viewers, with his interpretations, to the original mysticism of emotion where the chronology of time breaks up from off the stories to set free the pure experience and then to dissolves itself back into the stories (as it was in Shakespeare's world) as diverse passages that bring things, people and stories to strange coherence and harmony, so that the only things that still remain, are the confusingly soluble feelings of randomness, insanity and grotesque cynicism that deny guilt and propriety and thus make visible the hollowness of precise intentions and the terminal impotence of their final definitions.

The Madream

”...I thus drew steadily nearer to the truth ... that man is not truly one, but truly two. I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will

outstrip me on the same lines; I hazard the guess that man will be ultimately known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens...”

– Robert Louis Stevenson, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

I dream that I'd meet you after all these years, and you'd still be the same mischievous rascal you used to, long time ago when we met with sparks in your eyes taking the piss on everyone and getting all excited about everything and taking turns in playing first Robin Hood then again the ferocious Hospodar of Onze Mille Verges. For these I've left my door a little open for you.

Every day I wait with excitement are you going to surprise me or what's that just behind the corner?

You can't surely know, how I miss the times when we wreaked havoc and fucked around so that we were the worst of the neighborhood, of the century. I listen to my heart, It says I'd be ready for a new adventure with

you, but then I hear what happened to you, that you are no longer, that you lost and suffered.

You were defiled; it's the way of the land, dragged through deepest mires, and beaten up. Caged and killed. Every night you sneak into my dreams just the way you was. And it's not a small thing. With that spark in your eyes, face glowing with excitement, the wind in your hair smiling that all-conquering smile of yours just for me, and it was no small thing, just so you all should know, and many would have paid all their lives for that, like one did.

Dedicated to the album publication party (the 12th of December 2012 at 12:12 pm simultaneously in 12 cities; London, Rovaniemi, Oslo, Reykjavik, Copenhagen, Berlin, New York, Tokyo, Rome, Barcelona and Cape town) of Jere's anarcho-hore-lad-punk band Serene Despair's White boy trade and "The in vain lost boys" and the director of the video; Panda. "

Diogenes who strove toward a virtuous

life without earthly possessions. He believed that the teachings of great philosophers weren't necessary to people but insisted that they were the fountain of all suffering, because this way the people pursued something impossible or useless most of their life's. Less and less interested, though still curious enough to take on his invitation,

I was walking towards the place where our meeting was to occur this time.

My frustration had gone beyond what I could bear, but then again, to my experience there was two kinds of frustration: the kind when I thought there was nothing to do, that nothing worth while could be done and then the other kind inside the organisation, in action but obscured of any purpose what so ever.

While let in to mere fractions of the master plan – if there was any – the frustration was of being kept in the dark, but all the more hungry for action, always, I was born that way, I guess. Integrated into working machinery, my taste for action and per-

sistence in getting things done had helped me further within the organisation relatively fast, but still, I was unable to grasp the big picture. I had gotten so fed up with all these shady operations carried out with, vague information, at best, as if there was no plan at all and the point was to keep us busy.”

Just a moment ago Smiert Spionom was sitting at in London, Heathrow airport waiting for Finnair’s scheduled daily flight back to Helsinki, and from there a continuation flight to Kittilä where he lived, and wondered how the clouds were yet again so ominous and scary, just like a month ago when he was fleeing from Finland to London, to safety just in case, and he was reading a book published by Inner Arctic Circle publishing, a publishing house from Kittilä he didn’t know existed. Now Kittilä is a province in northern Finland about the size of Denmark, but has a population of approximately 6000 people. How is it possible that there’s a publishing house there, in the middle of nowhere? The book itself was

about a series of gay murders and suicides in Finland.

Now suicides in Kittilä are nothing out of the ordinary, but then again, gays in Lapland are too rare to even form a minority. It would have to mean that all the macho lumberjacks and drunkards come out of the closet like the famous gay waiter no one ever talked to. It was now that he realized what Brodsky meant when he wrote how he, at the age of 10 or 11, came to think of the famous quote from Marx according to which existence controls awareness, but already at that age he'd come to the conclusion that the statement wasn't true, or that it holds true only as long as it takes for awareness to assimilate alienation; after this awareness was on its

own, and could, according to Brodsky, both control existence and dismiss it all together.

As a jack-off aged lad he'd read in Jack London's *The Cruise of the Snark* about a dazzling lad of golden characteristics, soft

skin, and bright eyes, Alexander Roul, whose chest and shoulders were broad and robust, and the fleshless few inch stump of his right hand along with the bone bleached by time bore witness of him having once escaped the teeth of a shark.

This was of course just the kind of fellow Smiert Spionom was dreaming about, and he'd thought he'd found it in Pete. And just like emperor Hadrian fancied the way the beautiful young lad said what he thought straight up and without making it pretty, and of course the lad's pure heart, Smiert Spionom fancied Pete.

The lad exuded untouched innocence and a rare originality. Profusely fed up of all the lies and camouflage, Smiert Spionom found the lad's fresh thoughts like purest cotton and his jovially mischievous words dangerously enthralling.

All this, along with sweetly intoxicating wine, formed an unexpected cocktail in Smiert Spionom's head and he fell in fiery love with this lad that became the center

of his life for a while. Pete was a child of nature.

When in your arms he would pur like a kitten, eager for admiration and flattering. When they were alone Pete's words were like music to the ears of Smiert Spionom. He never tired of admiring his beauty and called Pete his quietly following beautiful Afghan hound. Everything in Pete pleased Smiert Spionom's eyes.

His lean young body. That constant and wondrous ability to change according to situation and adapt to the thing at hand. At times Pete was like a sleeping young gazelle with a velvet skin straight out of bed looking like Narcissus, the divine faun. At times like Apollo, the god of war faster than the wind, muscles always in tension ready to battle time and the overpowering faceless force with his own strength and determination.

And at times like the Gods of Olympus frolicking and bickering about whom is most beautiful, sometimes like their generation of Olympians and the most handsome

young athletes of the country racing naked to the best and the mostest. Smiert Spionom contemplated on Pete's figure as if he was a statue, a statue appearance of which changed as the day progressed and that reflected the sunlight all the more, as all that was good to Smiert Spionom he'd got late in life. But he got to experience a happiness many don't dare even to dream about during the short haze of their lives.

This is how a short and intensively happy period in the life of Smiert Spionom got started, and during which he could see old things, to his great surprise, in a new light. Smiert Spionom found poems and poetry interesting again. He would enjoy mere luxurious and hurlyless idleness greatly looking at the open starlit sky like for the first time with open eyes, and full of admiration. And not like he used to, tense, stressed and mind full of questions; why and what can the stars show him about the future.

This kind of existence held no interest to Smiert Spionom now happy and in love.

This moment of being. Those small golden bits of happiness as he watched Pete playing some kind of hunting game with the dogs, how he would fall asleep suddenly just somewhere on the grass surrounded by the dogs that faithfully guarded his sleep, or as they dove together into the cool waters of the river just when the sun was blazing with such heat, and then play and play for hours splashing and dashing in the water as if they could never be bored and only this could satisfy their souls.

It is this summary and childish carelessness, this complete immersion into the moment revived burdened Smiert Spionom, who had become neurotic, unable to concentrate and immune to the he momentary beauty of things. He'd let futile haste, competition, harsh regulations, and binding orders ruin himself, kill the child inside that for so long and insistantly kept on playing as the world around went sterile for dreams.

Now it woke, full of life, as if resurrected by the divine Antinous, whose incarnation

Pete must have been. Yes, Antinous in the funny way Pete would play the youthful games from the early morning to the wee small hours until they both fell laughing and satisfied, half dead human carcasses, to bed and each other's arms.

But the dazzling youth grew, got older, got hair on its body and the voice went lower. The infantile roundness of features was replaced by the wiryness of a man. The timid child full of questions became a self aware and confidant young man hwo had his own thoughts and plans. His beautiful mouth got a bittered wrinkle.

But Smiert Spionom was just as much in love as in the beginning, although he too had to admit that the weight of love was getting hard to bear. Now there were rivals. And Smiert Spionom would get a crush here and there, and these young things would of course insult Pete by their very existence.

Smiert Spionom was at times overcome with an agonizing compulsion to hurt Pete and sensitive mind, and this because he felt

that Pete had become a burden to his own personal freedom.

And this game went on until their last night together turned out to be a perfect disaster, and the air was saturated with grief and goodbye, and when Pete died, Smiert Spionom couldn't know what something he'd done, or what someone else had done, or did Pete do it to himself.

The spindle was a mess, and the various different yarns and tethers of cruel passion were all tied in this knot so tightly that Smiert Spionom's guilt over his own loss of interest – he might as well face it, he was bored of Pete – couldn't be the motive or explanation to Pete's mysterious death, not the only one at least.

On his last night Pete cried. His dried tears on his now weather worn rosy cheeks made Smiert Spionom thoughtful, as if he was sensing something ominous, but there was nothing he could have done anymore.

The boat was overturned. The current had shifted, and those who were carried by it,

had changed, and he was thoughtful, and sad, and beyond all hope, but new all too well that he couldn't do anything about it.

Pete had slipped away from him quietly, and out of his own free will, although he was still lying there gently breathing just like the first time they'd made sweet ferocious love and the stars in the sky had opened and spilled down to him in all their mysterious beauty.

That was the time he'd made the mistake of thinking he was a God, and forgot all that he'd learned and taught; the Stoic calmness of the mind when faced with the deceitful and seductive nature of facts, and yes he'd thought this happiness would last him all his life, as if passion in itself was eternal lust, and not just something rare you get to borrow after painstaking efforts on this journey towards deeper wisdom and realization of the random factors of human being in a game, that had now ended, and all the play had been left into the quiet rooms of yesterday.

All that was left of it, whatever it was, were the slowly fading memories of a lonely human being. Pete disappeared from his life just as fast as he had appeared right smack in the middle of it. When he thought about this later on, he realized that even then Pete was something entirely different than what he pretended to be, although one had to admit he was hot from heel to toe, with every cell of his body like "James Bidgood's Pink Narcissus, a dream, a very poetic and dangerous maddream", when he answered Smiert Spionom's personals add that of course emanated erotics and wafted the smell of sperm.

Smiert Spionom knew, now, one experience richer, that it wasn't hazardous to keep ones dreams alive, but to hide them was death, but also that the most hideous thing was to live them. Living the dreams would mean to lose the excitement and surprise, because Pete answered his what-kind-of-dude-and-what-kind-of-cock-available-and-on-what-kindof-conditions:"I peddle my small ass only few hours a week,

that is, just enough to get the money for rent, food and electricity, that I won't have to beg from my parents, and that's about all the use I have for money.

Deliberate and consciously chosen Buddha-poverty is perfectly fine, of course, being a conscious choice and all, and I will inherit some money one day, or not, a heap of earthly capital – maybe.

I spend my time on things that I find meaningful, schedules of which I draft. If you are, and especially if you are one of those national standard uptight brainless career missile, or a workaholic, whose schedules are only and entirely dedicated to promoting that dung-heap climb career you should refrain from any further contact you vile looking pig.

You inspire only grave loathing, despise and instinctual need to shun. I won't do anything in my life to a man whose time and company I have to beg, and who continually feels he's sacrificing something dear when he has to open five minutes in his schedules,

along with other non work related “extra” things.

You should continue your life as the thick supporting beam of society you are, the compulsive performer, and hurrying forward in life with starry eyes, aspiring towards the peaks of competitive hierarchies of ass kissing.

That will never be my manifest, my catechism, nor any controlling principle of life, you stinky pig. And what do I do if I’m not working mys ass of in the true Finnish – needless to say Lutheran – way, sweating and frothing like the dog I am, writhing in a paid job, pissing myself in submission to the Boss man, slurping his polished ass, or muttering invectives thoroughly phobic of his stalking eyes from dusk til dawn?

I watch movies, dream, jack off, get wasted (I used to sniff glue) and loiter around now that I still can. If you’re interested: Blow-job 10€, handjob&blow-job 20€, ass-fuck both ways 30€, fondling, pawing and kissy-kissy 10€, all-nighter 50€. I don’t do weird stuff.”

First thing Pete uttered was an original lie, that he wouldn't have offered any other options dirty trick department night-shift rubber gloves wanking off his boyish cock, milking the sperm out, lying straight at you that he never said out loud his most important message, and wouldn't trust it to any one even in silence, all despite the fact that the wet essence of these copulations was to see how extremely difficult it was for him to experience many of these things that could be said in just a few words.

It felt like his entire being had shouted, with its juxtapositions in the words of Heidegger (of course Heidegger was a part of the favorite reading material of his pained child's mind):

"The reception of being itself belongs to being, because being demands and defines it. Being is ascending and opening. Being present it encounters also the present human being, in other words, a human being opens himself up to the present being by receiving it. Being is not made to be by a

human being sees it by representing it in the meaning context of subjective perception. It is rather that being sees the human being and, as it opens, gathers the human being close to it in being present.”

And that is why his openly digressing hesitation let you understand that he had finally, despite his young age, found his Epicthetos, when the innermost essence of his loneliness, love, and his own elegiac longin for happiness was revealed to him, along with the compulsive necessitating trinity complex in its ambivalency.

When Pete finally realised what he couldn't change, he wouldn't worry about, which was the polar opposite to Smiert Spionom who always regurgitated on some similar inability every time he got into the last bus of the day that took him to his small town from the city of London, and could never find any peace for his soul (balsam for his wounds), even if he hoped that things would happen as the may, so he had had to convince himself once more every time in the bus while watching

the lights that flash as the bus passes, some go out already, for the night, yes, then he would have to convince himself that after this experience nothing could ever again harm him against his own will, and that was also the moment when Smiert Spionom realized that the thing that bothered him was after all just the apprehension he had on these things, not the things themselves, and was now, finally ready to leave cleansed of all the tiresome burdens he'd been carrying, and go into the next story equipped with the reasonable idea that even under the most harsh outside pressure one could lead a happy and dignified life from even a perspective such as these dim witted as a mitten goof-ball villagers.”

With its big cock it fucked everything that moved. It was a divinely beautiful athlete, whose starlit eyes and innocent as faun just woken up from the afternoon nap appearance you just can't resist, not even if you were the Devil or most rigidly straight incurable hetero, you would always feel the

vibrations in your loin when this wet dream walks past you beckoning openly curious, smiling its babyface smile wafting this gentle innocence. I would have wanted it to fuck me in the ass, in the mouth, every orifice and crevice, fold of loose skin. Like let it burn baby, so that the sweat would flow in streams on the frothing body, and would mumble, with a litre of sperm in my mouth, something incoherent almost choking, but would, of course, have to swallow everything just to be able to breathe.

But the feeling after all this, that great wall of silence that puts you down adamantly as the stone, that solitude. Always that sorrowful pain when you button your pants, every time, sure as fuck like a cutting pain in the brain as a sign that there's something wrong with the situation. Those quick evasive glances, rejection, no words, no names, no thank you, no any kind of warmth, no embraces, no exchanging phone numbers, no how are yous, no just sitting around together enjoying each other, nothing I cared

for in this affair.

I just didn't want to be left alone. I didn't want to just go and explode without feeling. I didn't want to function like a fucking machine even if fucking and wanking was constantly in my thoughts, my thoughts in my cock thinking about fucking everything that moves in my sight or in my imagination. In reality, it didn't care about sex. It didn't need to.

All it wanted was to be. It was satisfied just to sleep next to someone. Held on to something else then someone's cock, although I thought that it reeked from miles away like lewd and filthy gay sex. The bodily fluids of approximately ten different boys, spurted on him. Then I got bored dreaming about it. I said to myself firmly to fuck with all shockingly bad gay-porn videos with their strange inflatable Ken -dolls and tiresome panting and moaning, to fuck with all exploitative commerciality, and all the fantasies of sweet fresh rectal mucus, and raping them as a good excuse for some dreamy eyes on my

part, and especially to fuck with all my personal shameless hoggery and immoral aspirations conspired with other equally willing and able ever depraved of all fuck, ugly and accordingly sickly messed up homos.

Then I just woke up wondering had I come to my senses or lost it completely. Then realized it was snoring next to me with a hard on.

”One sad famous poet saw in the faces how the world demanded too much from us, and made hope, courage and light crumble off of them. He said we were all drunkards and sluts, and how dreary it had come to be for us here, so don’t you start pretending to be some holy pigeon or dove by demanding for chastity on your behalf and go preaching about what just doesn’t concern you. What if the litter lieth still on the floor, the window is cracked and the kitchen tab is dry. It doesn’t end the world. What if I was to wish for something it would be that you’d see in front of you just enough to understand why you are here.”

-Me a long time ago

Pink Flamingo's living garbage- moviepoetry

"He was a child of nature. When in your arms he would pur like a kitten, eager for admiration and flattering. When they were alone he's words were like music to the ears of mine. I never tired of admiring his beauty and called him my quietly following beatyful Afghan hound. Everything in he pleased

my eyes. His lean young body. That constant and wondrous ability to change according to situation and adapt to the thing at hand. At times he was like a sleeping young gazelle with a velvet skin straight out of bed looking like Narcissus, the divine faun. At times like Apollo, the god of war faster than the wind, muscles always in tension ready to battle time and the overpowering faceless force with his own strength and determination. And at times like the Gods of Olympus frolicking and bickering about whom is most beautiful, sometimes like their generation of Olympians and the most handsome young athletes of the country racing naked to the best and the mostest.”

-Gayfilmboy

Richard Shusterman, an advocate of pragmatic aesthetics, wrote in his book “Art, Life and Aesthetics” about the aesthetic impressions of Kantian ideas and the forming of Romantic poetry that helped to progress criticism and thus also helped to justify the modernistic formalism of this day and age. Shustermann depicts this by when he

narrates how Richard Rorty had said that the language of a poet must always borrow from an earlier common language to develop and emphasize his “newness”, because his success depends in the main on public acknowledgement. Rorty praises Nietzsche, who “by depicting himself in his own terms, created himself, for it is by constructing his own mind that he created the only part of him that mattered.

The creation of one’s own mind is always the creation of one’s own language. For historically people haven’t been “other than present – and absent tendencies to use sentences that are expressed in a historically conditioned vocabulary.” In the words of Theodor Adorno, this is opposed by open thought, that doesn’t create a synthesis out of chaos, but parts with the pre-dominance of theory, truth and concepts of reason.

This is the exact opposite that contemporary poets do, they’re either still Cartesian, baleful prisoners of either/or -attitude, and this shows as an endemic dullness and

hopelessness in their poetry. The academic keepers of the canon and lackeys to pure poetry all think that the greatest sin is if the poet isn't in control of the form of the poem or doesn't distance himself from the poem. This kind of academic poem analysis that's entirely preoccupied with itself and the protection of those claimed as their own, is dragging a century behind other art reviews.

Its starting points are pictographic language, the speaker and the theme, but doesn't get involved with the biggest problem – copying and fake-intellectual narcissistic language games. And because these academic snobs write mostly to each other, they're trying too hard on for example catachresis, or a metaphor when words that, because of what they actually mean, form random juxtapositions when used in context with each other, and the hyperbole, when the object is depicted in an exaggerated manner attempting on climax only through imagination, emphasized repetition, or anaphora, but forget the real emo-

tion and the live human – the one addressed and what is said. This is why contemporary poetry has gotten away from the people and went to become a reciprocal epistolary correspondence of researchers that isn't really interesting to anyone anymore.

Now the time would be just ripe to return poetry back to where there's life. And living poetic life you can only find in movies. Like some proper b-grade trash-movies for one. Take John Waters' "Female Trouble" from the year 1974, there a spoiled schoolgirl runs away from home, hitch-hikes to freedom and gets pregnant.

The runaway ends up as a model for a couple, both cosmetologists, who give her shelter. But these beauty professionals have taken a liking to photographing women in criminal activity, where the frumpy goofball appearance of a transgender-monster in super make-up vomit was just the thing for the part. "Pink Flamingo's living garbage-poetry" from the year 1972 where transgender-monster Divine furiously bat-

bles for the title of worlds filthiest human in the crude anarchistic and churning spirit of these times with fats flapping cheap make-up flowing down the face executing his competitors on the side prancing as the high-priestess of bad taste.

Especially when Divine was asked in *Pink Flamingo* what his ideology was, he answered with a smirk and bloated appearance after a blow-job: "Everyone must be killed instantly, first degree murder has to be allowed, cannibalism must be defended. Let us eat shit! And that should be known as my political line is filth and it is also my whole life.

"Divine's hetero-comical and meagerly funny way (not like the troublingly idiotic and pre-chewed elementary joke level garble) English cousin's Benny Hill's semi-shameless shadow-fest of patting- and pinching-voyerism that spawned out of the pet peeve of Victorian double standards that should have been put together in some corner and roll the most resplendent jewel of commer-

cial TV's limbo-culture, "Our secret lives", so that the crowd could have been able put the missing pieces in from under the surface layers of these lard-asses of our culture just to amuse themselves and to the joyous glory of the praising of filth, and understands that every time they go shopping in the K-mart they are supporting the stuffing down of the perverse world-view of "Our secret lives", down the throats our growing youth rotting their morals so that the blame of school-killings should not fall only on the dim lighting of this suburb.

Thinking and caring people still yearn, among the technically over the top and complexity fumbling with the story-line super naive Ibsenian Hollywood melodrama to jerk off to in boredom good old propaganda movies, these that focus on the life and co-incidences momentary imperfection's simple mood explosions of every-day life, poetry.

Where the beautiful life of movie-humanism and the steadfastness that loves

humanity is displayed , for the fact human ,in the words of Socrates, is the measure of the world, even though, and just because, that things happen to us and happen to the torn fragments of the souls of Chaplin's, Passolini's or De Sica's movies. Good movies enthrall you like magnificent poem-frescoes painted in the endless colors of human life's riddles – comfort and hope, that we wouldn't, in this narcissisticly disturbed historyless and ideologyless present, where all you do is eat, consume and fuck, whomever in whichever rabbit hole, forget why we are here, and especially why we are humans.

Susan Sontag said that every photo is a “Memento Mori”, a kind of death. How about a movie in which we die every moment in motion pictures just to gain an eternal life? The pleasurable anarchy of the cinema has to do with the privilege that we don't have to believe in the meaningfulness of every moment, every day of our lives, and can thus focus on the more relevant things, the important sensations and churning emo-

tions in peace and in a time when different exciting things happen to us constantly.

This is why we'd rather watch and long for the restful and lingering pictorial narratives of movie masterpieces greater than life (Kieslowsky-Angelopoulos), where the eye, thought and the dreamlike twilight zone of chaotic meanings between consciousness and subconscious reveals us in flashes like a mirror (Tarkovsky) who we are and why we are what we are: As if we were compelled, nay, forced to watch these in brain-fart productions (In the unyielding spirit of Filmihullu against the Turku methododoxy of filmstudies to the last man) of Turku intellect that limbo ever lower with their intellectual dishonesty, hideous things that realize Walter Benjamin's horror-prophecy in scandalous manner as technical hoax exponentially replaces the unique understanding that used to be an essential part of movie-gloria.

The French known and well accomplished director, Francois Truffaut, who begun his career as a critic, wrote in his book Films

in my Life that he was ready to take into his thoughts all of their movies who, without being immoral, suspected the morale of others:

“Without being a passionate viewer of pornographic movies, I believe that they represent a compensation or at least a pay-back for the debt that the 60-year lie with which the cinema has distorted affairs of love. I am one of those readers to whom the writings of Henry Miller have not just tempted but also helped to live. Back then I was already suffering the fact that cinema was so far behind Henry Miller’s books, in other words, life as it is. It is unfortunate that I am unable to mention an erotic movie that could match Miller (the best from Bergman to Bertolucci have been pessimistic movies) but actually this liberation of the cinema is just recent development, and we should bare in mind that boldness like this presents far graver problems to pictures than to words.”

Truffaut was known for shaking up the

canonized and petrified appreciations by being wild, free and mischievous without restraint, but he was also meticulous and uncompromising when it had to do with the principle of justice, a little like our own French movie club schooled film-genius Aki Kaurismäki's (whose cinematic pen was as fluent as Truffaut's) gentle and anthropic, peculiar Nordic moviehumanism that blows to the same still glowing ember as Italian Neo-Realism, or like the understanding philanthropy of Abbas Kierostam.

Truffaut was also prophetic in his criticism when he, as a young movie critic, revealed the pet peeves of contemporary French cinema: the infertility of movies and their alienation to life; the clay-cast characters, unnaturally textual and shallow dialogues of these completely trivial movies. The editing chief of Filmihullu-magazine, Peter von Bagh (+) asked, in the editorial of 3/1986 volume of the magazine, quite relevantly whether Finnish cinema is the boogie-man, the culprit of our spiritual deprivation, something

familiar from outer space or what? And that question is still valid, unfortunately.

We could continue asking his question only adding, in the spirit of Truffaut, as a subsidiary clause, how is Raymond Williams' view of life and death in the heart of Strindbergian tragedy as inverted appreciations visible in contemporary cinema as we continue our hunt for the perfect movie. Williams thought that the storms of life should not be depicted through an actual act; it begin at birth, and we are completely enslaved by it.

Death, on the other hand, is an accomplishment of sorts, a completion and peace. This kind of pained opposition, defiance of fate is significantly marked by the approach, the boredom and extrication. In the hunt of a movie as good as this the searched characters are often not only prisoners of each other but also of their conditions.

Cornered – and this has nothing to do with the Ibsenian revelation and subsequent purification from a life of lie; this is the de-

vouring beginning of the final end just a moment before the last blindfolds have been removed facing the fact that the fountain of poetry has depleted and what we have is the unpleasant nudity of the real. It is in this way that a good movies breathe the same air separated by a distance even of an entire century in the wake of other such searching and avant garde art, where the terms of living are strict and the rules choke, but unfortunately equal to all everywhere.

And where Strindberg used to constantly ask himself:

“What if all the characters were blabbing beside themselves and would reveal their real thoughts, the thoughts they have had to hide in the masquaerade of life, forced because of our daily bread and acceptance into society.”

And would reply himself with the motto of his Dream play:

“This world is Hell, this invincible and wisely constructed prison in which I’m unable to take a single step anymore without

wounding the happiness of others, and where my fellow beings cannot be happy without hurting me”, and thus the epiphany of what the hunt for the perfect movie is about is slowly outlined on our retinas. It should, as a synthesis of all the above mentioned coordinates, be honest self contemplation on this nightmarish day, and forever continuing search scouring impossibility’s unknown pains inside us, en route, being on which has been more the point than cause of ever since the onset of humanity – onset as in both the beginning and attack, invasion.

In the hunt of the perfect movie and it’s poems being *On the road* is also an attempt to find oneself and that Shangri-la magic place we thought was our lost connection.

That which we imagined as floating around our being, between us and the world, somewhere close by but still irritatingly invisible as intended. And leaving us between the two to contemplate whether there’s an invisible hand behind the curtains, a fate, law of nature or a god that guides everything always

as he pleases pointing to our internal voids as if to say these hollows inside us are filled with the fucks he gives.

Or can we in this incidentally random arbitrariness have some say as to how our fates go, or is it all a cruel joke, an illusion and a great hoax to cover the fact that we don't even exist as the independent and humane creatures we think we are thus suggesting that what we are living is a shared nightmare, and that because we are asleep to be awakened in death.

Walter Benjamin wrote that the writer of the book *In search of a lost world*, Marcel Proust did not yield to such a dream:

“Nevertheless, or rather, because of this Jean Cocteau could write in one of his beautiful essays that the tone of his voice followed the laws of night and honey. By succumbing to their powers he triumphed over the hopeless grief inside (in the quintessence of incurable imperfections and the present moment) and built with the honeycakes of his memories a hive for the bee swarm of

his thoughts.”

Benjamin continues that Cocteau saw in Proust huminity’s blind, mindless and extreme yearning for happiness: According to Cocteau, it was reflected in his eyes that weren’t happy. Benjamin wrote that there’s two kinds of happiness:

“The hymnic and the elegiac happiness. The first is the never before experienced and always evading climax, and the latter is an eternal once more, eternally original and the first resuscitation of the first happiness.”

In the hunt of the perfect movie we are helped also by Benjamin’s claim that Proust was untiring in unraveling the endless thumb-knot of the self to re-produce again and again the image that was supposed to soothe his curiosity, not his home-sickness, sickened by which he laid in his bed longing to a state of similarity, to a world accomplished where the real and equally surreal face of existence would get to be visible. And to this world, according to Benjami, everything that happened to Proust belonged,

as did the gentleness and discretion with which it was presented. And according to Benjamin, this was never done with isolated pathos nor on a visionary mode, but well prepared in advance, and backed up thoroughly, carrying inside a fragile, precious reality. Just like the hunters of the perfect movie open up in the vein of the elegiac yearning for happiness as depicted by Benjamin, in a quiet melancholy that touches every human being, and in its equally shared primal blitzkrieg of love, where suffering possesses a crown under the surface appeal wrapped in somber beauty, and as something that appears only in a good movie or a good poem. That which actually happens, or what was the thing itself, the thread of sensations, or the suggestive core of the poesy of cinema just does not interest the media, because there was no time, no expertise, eye, heart or even a fraction of something that would elsewhere be called either civility or common sense to use the senses to do what was supposed to be done

with them, and not slimy ass kissing, humility, fawning over the price tags of the high ranking cake pieces and badmouthing just in case all the suspicious skeptical question raising masterpieces, and belittling or even ignoring to death the real and rare culminations of art.

Then there are these people from the pearls to swine department, shocks of mind, you will know upon seeing these roadblocks to mainstream, of course get run over with their poetic criticisms in indie mags, these that could and had the energy to challenge the surrounding idiotic stranglers of reality with fresh flashes of hope and a better tomorrow not to mention life worth living in human terms whereas these regional papers that Adam and Eve were reading and we're still supposed to eat this shit and not from the tree, this all consuming conglomerate that like a beached whale oozing rotten puss over all that could have been moral and good, big money advertisement collection that stir all that was serene and beautiful into

their muddy whirl of marketing like they mean it or because they just lack the ability to do anything else, and of course they understand fuck-all, these so called writers that haven't ever heard and actually aren't interested at all or then these movies that require some intellectual-aesthetic effort beyond the normative slag are made by the wrong element, the very people they despise, those shunned from the petty-bourgeois niceness universe that are actually flicking the finger to all completely futile and did I mention dump as fuck silly things, slag I tell you, and you too would be a bitchy art refugee a la James Joyce multiplied by million, or then these are secrets I call for, that no-one clever enough has yet written about, and to what is written this slimy and noisy mooing crowd already dangling from the rope and noose their stupidity and lack of understanding has tied and they follow nicely and kindly as they're pulled in by their executioners, up the dung-heap to the gallows, mimickers of cheap shit in love with their own voice could

then copy the praise, meaningless superlatives to their own morning comics in the regional newspaper with breakfast and coffee to add joy and wonder to the soap opera setting, like camouflaged as information or even journalism but actually full blast advertisement consisting of bright colors and catchy words, and they seem to think it is journalism, at least so they insist with an earnest face at their clientele's and stakeholders parties in the long lingering hours of twilight before the dawn on that moment when the ghost, in a thoroughly Nietzschean manner, would have turned invisible, if they just had looked at it for a moment longer, but as everything to these writers is a must, have to do, because it should and as it should, they just don't understand, do they, running errands for the big fish, generally and uncompromisingly taking the piss on everyone but most of all one self, treason and common cowardly bully-fun born at pre-school level, learned at the sandbox from alpha-dog drill-sergeant games, re-

ducing abstraction, model readers, mediocre values, car salesmen's bad jokes, target group thinking, advertisers' views, from the expectations of pre-ordered and pre-studied zero researches, supposed reality made into entertainment, cut backs, reductions, from the bitching alcoholic men in their fifties who try to cover their femininity with ice-hockey, and what more hideous and shocking than orthodox only truth whopper purists who shove their absolute worldview on you, to whom Winston Churchill himself would have said a long and smelly thank-you-goodbye by bidding these idiots who long for that nonexistent and fictitious past a pleasant journey to the intellectual hicksville Alabama adding a sarcastic tone to his 1940 speech: "History with its flickering lamp stumbles along the trail of the past, trying to reconstruct its scenes, to revive its echoes, and kindle with pale gleams the passion of former days.

"I can see, just as enigmatically as the Sphinx

smiles, from the twilight of the alley of shadows and obscure dreams to those dark areas of society where others don't dare to focus their eyes, or can't because of shame and pity. It tells the viewer an extremely direct and gimmick free story where his intense images laden with the invisible mysticism of every day life draw clear lines around the holes big enough for the human to fall through. And hit their carefully picked marks with biting chill without stooping much to pinpoint the guilty in these chains of events, where the most important thing isn't what we are, but that we become everything possible. And that we always have to hold on to something, rather it be understanding, tolerance and empathy even if we have to live under the constant knowing of how humanity is divided into two classes, the first and second, twisted with this pedigree breeding."

-Gayfilmboy

And this is why we are so easy to fool

”My frustration had gone beyond what I could bear, but then again, to my experience there was two kinds of frustration: the kind when I thought there was nothing to do, that nothing worth while could be done and then the other kind inside the organisation, in action but obscured of any purpose what so ever. While let in to mere fractions of the master plan – if there was any – the frustration was of being kept in the dark, but all the more hungry for action, always, I was born that way, I guess.

Integrated into working machinery, my taste for action and persistence in getting things done had helped me further within the organisation relatively fast, but still, I was unable to grasp the big picture. I had gotten so fed up with all these shady operations carried out with, vague information, at best, as if there was no plan at all and the point was to keep us busy.”

-Me sometimes!

In that park where children were imprisoned under a transparent dome, where play and tears, joy and threat had been left out to wait for the miracle of times emancipation and the ecstasy of growing where the water flowed in summertime and the laughter of children loosened an entire ocean of smiles to people's air and the flowers for once they said something else than in commercial lingo, I saw you once sitting with a book and reading classes cutely askew somehow slightly worn looking as some professor absent minded or just pretending.

And when I turned my head to find some

refuge somewhere you were gone already and on the bench there lay a familiar book, on which you had inscribed your phone number but I didn't dare touch it lest the innocence of the entire thing fall apart in my hands in the morning when once you were gone I'd realize you were just human, flesh and blood, stupidity, lusts, worries and troubles and that precisely what I abhorred most – these in broad daylight witnessed clear observations suggesting that everything has its meaning and purpose against that I should have to wake up from this dream of mine

Maybe we are living a post-modern era, or post-post-modern, but what is relevant, and what post-modernity means, is that the heroes are reduced to entertainers, and prophetic revelatory prose is revealed as an empty language game. Fantasy and fiction are just that, fantasy and fiction, and the defining of reality is a serious business reserved for the lobbyists and lackeys of big money's interests.

And it would truly be a post mortem era

were it not for the likes of Truman Capote, and his brave followers, latest of which, the Norwegian Karl Ove Knausgaard carried James Joyce's *Dubliners*' project to a shining conclusion through a factual dream projected by reality itself.

But as strong as is the effort to show the reality of dream as an indispensable part of the concoction that is official reality, is the persecution that drives artists into exile partly with the philosophical weaponry provided by Deconstructionists who successfully took down all totalities as equally arbitrary constructs.

This is why no artist can be a prophet on his own land and why the prophet must be displaced and sent as far from reality as possible to live in that flat at 7 Eccles street where all untrodden paths are thus set to lead, and why the artists need the distance to be able to look at what is closest.

But if the Deconstructionists' arguments are thus utilized, it should be borne in mind that there is considerable hostility toward all

attempts to alter the way reality is seen, and correctional facilities abound like Foucault so poignantly

argued. If the artist refuses to play with the abstracts and admit to delusion, insisting instead on reality, the one and only orthodox free market nature of profit is happy to hand down the verdict “unfit to plea” for all artists trying to make a difference. Such is the nature of things sans totality, and such is this confusion known as post-modernity – a smokescreen in the haze of which we are most certainly and tangibly fucked.

Could have been even Odysseus. Waterproof evidence of all emptiness and futility. Fate, greater than life pre-ordained in heaven, and chained to this prophecy: See your name there Oedipus.

The man that solved the riddle and rose foremost in power. Whose happiness the people thanked in envy and now you can see how demise has pulled him into its abyss. ”But I wasn’t, when I woke up, I got up and left and uphill already after just a few

meters.

I'm not denying nor admitting that I didn't know how it'd be should've been and how, say and do, yet I know how to distinguish stupidity from being a cunt it's just that right now I don't give a fuck not that I'd eventually give in not even close but because I'm curious of what is there behind the next corner as if already peeking at me – what is that adventure on the wings of which, for that I could/ so that I'd get to enjoy what I like the most: babbling and idleness without direction and point. That is my life's course and why I don't give a fuck when they try to provoke me, I let them be.

When we were making Spoon River anthology together, there were no toxic gases in the air, yet no stealthy suggestions, tricksters winks out of deep suspicion or that fall-out between us that rotted all (it means we were lying to each other heavy when we were playing hypocritically these supposedly kind, jovial who-cares-men-of-the-world) But when the heavens finally tore up, it

opened our eyes and how brutishly carnal we got to be in that flash of an eye "You be Hob Putt and I'll be Isa Nutter."

And how did the epitaphs open into nothingness and oblivion with their melted hopes and bitter disappointments. And the show went well because/that we really became Hob and Isa, and would never again-after that utter a word to each other, how could we, we were dead and and it wasn't anymore a thing to joke about but truest reality in the silence of the valley of death we were supposed to pay homage to from afar, devoutly and self-consciously.

Anna Ahmatova's testimonies on scum. Yup, I knew it perfectly well even as a child, thank you for reminding me that I will never become anything decent that I would go/wander these streets as a shadow at night and would be, if possible, out as to all this, what you said real culture/art was made of, what made the nation proud of its sons/daughters that can do, where the mind was elevated and heart ached, all being suddenly spring

to tension out of reverence, and because I was, as

you just testified, at that time a seriously disturbed disrupter of which I'm proud of even now and walk head high just to tease you, and just can't tell how you flatter me as if it hadn't dawned on you that for some reason, even though in cultural circles you are that testimony repeated by Joseph Brodsky, originally by Anna Ahmatova, that the origin of poetry is in scum, has fallen in the shadow of the shit-stiffness prancing around, always in meetings and marinated in humanism.

I went up and down looked to the sides and behind just in case. But I didn't quite see anything. But No-one could say that I didn't carefully plan all this It's just that I didn't know where I was going. And when the road ended I went on along the trail in the pitch black darkness. To the side, strayed, through the bushes, among and into. And by the time I was who-knows-where, and nothing was to be done anymore. I couldn't

go forward nor back down. So I just were. It wasn't like they told me, it wasn't that special.

Maybe I was done for already, on the way with high velocity sliding down toward perdition, the graveyard of oblivion and unfulfilled hopes that I had for long feared and that had then and again shown itself in my nightmares there at the terminus, end of my horizon. And when I finally came to from these delusions, the day had turned into evening, and all that melancholy longing at the graves of my dreams was all gone.

I'd shake myself awake from the unreal dreams and delusional longings for things I cannot want, awake to this moment and the physical limitations of reality and thought now's the time to get my shit together once and for all and try to change my lamentable life and walk head up, even though I was getting older, and even if I didn't get what I wanted and was pissed off all the time because of all the lost chances that I could have gotten if I were – what was I supposed to be?

First thing he uttered was an original lie, that he wouldn't have offered any other options dirty trick department night-shift rubber gloves wanking off his boyish cock, milking the sperm out, lying straight at you that he never said out loud his most important message, and wouldn't trust it to any one even in silence, all despite the fact that the wet essence of these copulations was to see how extremely difficult it was for him to experience many of these things that could be said in just a few words. It felt like his entire being had shouted, with its juxtapositions in the words of Heidegger (of course Heidegger was a part of the favorite reading material of his pained child's mind):

"The reception of being itself belongs to being, because being demands and defines it. Being is ascending and opening. Being present it encounters also the present human being, in other words, a human being opens himself up to the present being by receiving it. Being is not made to be by a human being sees it by representing it in the

meaning context of subjective perception. It is rather that being sees the human being and, as it opens, gathers the human being close to it in being present.”

And this they did by the method of revelation, just like Hans Christian Andersen a hundred years later when he showed us that the emperors never have new clothes, but old ideas clothe them as the smug peacocks they are, as if their resplendent feathers really could clear the doubt, hide the evil, meanness, and obscene greed. Nah, after all these years and inbreeding of their precious lineage, these cocks look rather like molting chicken.

The delightful force of resides in their anti-authoritarian, Byronic and as tragic as romantic heroes luckily naïve enough to be incapable of lies and compromise. And because of this incapability we get to see a world that is, if possible, more real than the one obscured by the twilight of post-modernity, this gray confusion smokescreen that caters to all the leaching, vampiristic par-

asites nestling in the till of the earth, more real than that darkened desolate landscape they offer us with the crumbs they feed us with, more real than this travesty we have been thought to appreciate as our one and only life.

For Raymond Carver even the smallest hint towards this kind of literary shenanigans made him retreat to his shell. Extremely nifty hogwash – all this tomfoolery conceived in the name of intellectualism and language made him fall into deep sleep, because he thought that real writers didn't need this kind of help.

Yes, as said, he thought they didn't have to pretend the smartest bloke on the block. This is exactly what the contemporary Finnish poet doesn't do. Most are rather intrigued by fancy sounding terminology and ferociously intellectual ethereal pondering about the nature of that which is, the cosmos and the structure of sentences more than real dialogue with life and people.

Raymond Carver would get pissed im-

mediately when one of these complacent pedant idiots, copycats of everything whatsoever and of course better than anyone else came prancing around and started talking about “the formalism of modernity” or such overly intellectual goo.

Yes, it sounds grand when the talk is about The Tel Aviv School of Poetics or the phenomenology of reading, and probably is grand in the chambers and grottoes of the academe world, but in real life all that should remain in the background explaining things and not impose by force in the middle of sentences gnawing on emotion and reality. “What came from generative transformational grammar where, indeed, the contradiction focalized by the manipulation of paraphrase is possible?”

Justlikethis experimentation in the name of experimentation shit with a with a sincere face Carver loathed and insisted that it allowed this negligence, foolish and imitative writing. Even more so because it likewise allowed the alienation of the reader.

When according to Carver, and like Ezra Pound emphasized in his day, by making his way on his own, feet on the ground and in touch with all of us, by bringing messages from their own worlds for us to read.

Carver said that every writer has got plenty of talent, and that he didn't know a single one completely without. But the ability to see things as they are, once in eternity, and clearly, and then find the exact words for it, that, that, he said, was something else. He said this was about style, but that style alone wasn't enough.

The world of the writer had to be according to the writer and indisputable. The writer's world and not of some one else's. And this is exactly why the smarty-pants hogwash spewed by contemporary poets enrages also others than Carver: "Collective and conscious subjectivation is re-composition. Every-day life denies all directions, and thus does not exist. Writing is sublimation of energy."

If Carver had had to face text like this he

would have reminded the reader about how Ezra Pound always tried to clarify to these pseudo-intelligent wannabe poets.

But the poets continue their faked intelligence hoax dismissing the words of warning Carver and Pound had uttered by fluently speaking about: “Chaotic aesthetics, the spatial dimensions arising from linear language, how the shift of dimensions in language is transgression of consciousness in the human medium, or how, according to him, the border of active and passive art is subject to relativity, or how the meditative attempt to experience being as such might aspire to extinguish the scattering and chaotic process of imagination.”

And other such obvious supposed poetry shit squeezed out to the deviation of the human mind, but nothing simple, clear, beautiful or touching about the life experienced is said, or is left unsaid because of lacking abilities. Because there is no will nor ability for such things.

And what most horrible, no desire. Carver

loved the simple clarity of Anton Tsehov's sentences and the realizations they conveyed.

As reader faced with Tsehov's text he felt a strong sense of relief and restlessness of anticipation. Just like Carver, Tsehov didn't want to bore the reader with with overly emotional agony just to get the point through.

Carver was a revolutionary of style in poetry, just like one of his most important role models, the most colorful spark in Arabic literature, Abu Nuwas.

Carver had the guts to write about ordinary people without emphasizing his own genius or without romanticizing his own troubled and failing earthly epoch in Bukowskian manner on this uncertain and morally slippery road of randomness and obscurity. In his unconventional and edgy way he was as adamant and unconditional as the zen monk poet Ikkyuun? Carver, Nuwas and Ikkyuu are all united by Anna Ahmatova's words.

This is why poetry should be saved from the hands all the pompous stiff-necked academic wankers who terrorize real poetry with fake-intelligent blingbling and hoard all space and attention.

And it should be brought back to where the sprays of farts and wheezing and other clatter fill the streets, back to the discos, to where the lowest instincts and desires display their super-naive spiritual form (smell included!) with shedding some light to the claim made by the French revolutionary Jacobin leader in the mode of poetry.

And this is why we are so easy to fool and lead into these poetic dead-ends; just like in reality, we don't know, we can't know, and these complacent idiots appear as they do when actually its a part of their diagnosed narcissism, to pretend like they knew.

Maybe they're like the rest of us, even though it's impossible to know, they need to know like we need to know, and thus, in the name of life, we give our understanding, our taste to others to define, and the suffer

for being too timid to say what we needed to say (and because they defined us wrongly) and be the real people we nonetheless are, real also in the world of words and emotions.

”Now that I could get some, I don’t feel like it anymore, am tired and bored of everything. But the mind is no longer down cast although I don’t feel like it anymore. I start to get pissed off. I’ve seen that too before, Many times.”

-Me nowadays!

About writer

”The contemporary framework for the borders of human life are complete woo woo and theological concepts that offer uncovered promises, like fundamentalist christian’s overly saccharine delusions of being in that harp-playing happiness in that heavenly supposed paradise, and in this manipulatory scam conducted by grinning hawk-eyed discard-politicians the special states of emergency have the same purpose in terms of jurisdiction as the miracle had in christian theology. The thing is just that nowadays the insanity infested and possessed by politics strives to strip true miracles out of the miracle-working aha-effect by framing them as flat everyday propaganda exterminating all anomalies, exceptions to rule and understanding of such with effective purposeful-

ness. It is only by laughing at this pompous and self-appointed power in the mode of Rimbaud/Verlaine that its boredom/lameness can be overcome. It just cannot sustain any blows from light-hearted jesters, because the supposed reality consists of bureaucratic snobbery and prudishness and peeing on each other's turf. We always have the option to choose between daydreams and the logic of foggy brains. Either jump and run like rabbits on command and enslaved by the clock, for most of our thoughts are hidden from us and thoroughly sentimental. Therefore the solution should not even be searched for in that which is visible, but rather in the subordinate clauses, blinks of the eye, sighs or breaks between words than the too obvious suggestions following causality in a normative and slave-like manner!"

-Harald Olausen

"The Gay-Kalevala" (2015) is an epic tale of the fears and loneliness of the real gays and bis in hiding. It is a story about these sweat

smelling workers, the handsome hunks that stood put and ossified on their asses and the bores who drunk away their minds in the neighborhood pubs. It is theirs, because they all hate that feminine media-sexy whining gayness out there.

Before this Olausen has written a gay trilogy; "A Gay Detective Story about Gay-murders (2012)" written in Kotka dialect it concludes the trilogy that centers around this young Kotka-shire lad, Jere. Of course it's an elegiac hymn praising male companionship in the vein of Walt Whitman.

The first part of the trilogy, "Homorunoja Gay-poems" (2011) is an equally elegiac hymn about the longing for happiness. The second volume, "Egyptin Prinssi ja muita Homonovelleja The Prince of Egypt and other Gay stories" (2012) is a story about the wretched and unfortunate state love can put us in and the subsequent liberation from under its reign.

Harald Birger Olausen's Prince of Egypt and other Gay-stories isn't, despite its name,

a collection of short stories but a bundle of essays in which the writer dismantles his own frustrations concerning the dominant forms of gay culture.

Olausen makes it clear, rapidly, that to him there's only one way to be a true gay, and that true way, deviating from which is, of course, plain and simple wrong. In this Olausen shares a lot with the Gay Shame movement.

"Olausen describes himself as a kind of Prometheus-figure carrying the torch of civilisation and thus lighting the way for those fumbling in the dark. Among his numerous enemies there are, of course, society's Tories but also the evil LGBT-lesbians that have defined gayness as something that should be recognised as a part of respectable society, which it, according to Olausen, isn't. And he fights his enemies with an extremely alienating text that isn't divided to sections nor paragraphs and repeats itself far beyond congestion. He keeps dropping names of philosophers and artists, and regularly mis-

spells them. The style seems to be seeking a powerful form of otherness, but without success. The end result is an almost schizophrenic sense of wavering between the extremes of inventiveness and vapidness. The stylistic failures are a shame in that Olausen has managed to incorporate many quite sharp observations about the problems of the dominant norms. Also his literary talent, that shined in his Gay-poems, is present, albeit momentarily, even in this surge of chaos. If the reader is persistent enough and manages to wade through the first 70 pages, which are dedicated to the bashing of "the insatiable abbess" or is smart enough to dismiss the section, the pages beyond that do contain pearls; bits of incredibly beautiful prose, or rather prose poems, that convey flashes of human sentiment in the grip of homoerotic passion. These bits show that Olausen has a lot to give, but not merely just because of his angry gayness, that has become a norm in itself, but someone who pioneers on his own path, that is, an artist."

-Tuomas J. Harviainen Turun ylioppilaslehti 27.03.2013

”Harald Birger Olausen and the concepts of levelheadedness, crystal clear classical realism, factually acknowledging literature and political awareness form an absolute opposite for that equally political agreed upon irrationality that found a faithful coordinate point in Turku and its supposedly radical publishing house Savukeidas. [...] But Olausen shows that the ability to write, rhythm, sentence, awareness of textuality are all secondary levels the richness of which become of significance only after the primary level has been reached. And this level is a point of view, a perspective from which the world appears as soft and bare, aching to be cut and set in state by incisive dichotomy. The resolution, the precision of incision is what Harald’s levelheadedness is about. And this levelheadedness is accomplished by doing the opposite of what the escapist LSD-hippie deprived of all creativity would do. Thus

we arrive at this here station where from the big roll of the world's thinnest silk paper begins to unroll. The language acquires wealth, its momentum, from its incisiveness, from the contact established with reality, surface for vivisection, and it is here that the languages constructions find stable basis. This surface and basis cannot be established from inside a foggy plastic tube that glides right through the organs and organizations of life, from inside a cultural exoskeleton not unlike a Japanese tourist buss. Rather a culture phrases and images of which remind us of the fact that the scratches and scrapings inside a culvert pipe are down to earth.”

-Sven Laakso 30.11.2012 kaymala.blogspot.com/2012_11_01_archive.html

”Jorma Savikko: Pitkä ajo. Henkilökuva elokuvaohjaaja Rauni Mollbergista [The Long Run. A Portrait of the Film Director Rauni Mollberg]. Edited by Harald Birger Olausen. Kulttuuriklubi, 2012. Rauni Mollberg (1929-2007) was a prominent Finnish

actor and director with three remarkable careers: in the theatre, in television, and in the cinema. This is the first book on him as an artist, written by Mollberg's lifelong friend and collaborator Jorma Savikko (1926-2010) as a work commissioned by Mollberg himself. The book was finished in 1994 as Mollberg was making his final film, but then Mollberg turned his back on the project and banned its publication, although it is a sober, balanced, and positive study. Now it has finally been published, in a virtually self-published edition by Harald Birger Olausen, in hard cover. It is an original, well-written book full of little-known facts. - So far the only books on Mollberg have been by his daughter Eira Mollberg, who portrays her father as a monster."

-Antti Alanen: Film Diary Sunday, March 03, 2013

Ilari Koivunen, a literature critic wrote in the fall of 2012 after the publication of Harald's book "The Prince and other Gay sto-

ries” that the book was, on the other hand, a plain shameless exaltation of lewdness and carnal desire, but on the other, a harsh journey to the pleasantly twisted soul scape of a man who has carried the burden of being an outsider all his life:

“The stories are intentionally lewd. An ordinary reader will have to struggle to catch his breath with the extremely long sentences and the density of the layout. With the pace and accuracy of a machine gun the book spits out gay fates of all colors and inclinations. When reading close with a razor sharp eye you can find from this jungle of words an unbelievable amount of hidden wisdom and intertextual references. It seems that with his rapid fire of references Olausen is trying to make sure that the gayness infiltrated in everything can't be passed unnoticed.”

It is apparent that Koivunen liked the idea of such a book. He thought that the book successfully argued the fact that gayness is not just hirsute old drabs fumbling in the foul smelling darkness of apartment build-

ing corridors, but also healthy love between two adults.

Koivunen also asked whether this hideously beautiful book could also be the start for a gender neutral erotic literature, in libraries and bookstores, as an equal addition to the millions of shelf-kilometers of heterosexual erotics and love stories.

Yes, Ilari Harald's books are a sequel in a series of gay-avalanches and landslides, and, all at once, an ejaculation on its own but an addition to the canon of pre-existing gay literature nonetheless.

Harald Birger Olausen spends half of the year "somewhere else" and half of it in Finland. He is proud of both of his identities; as a citizen of capital Helsinki and Kallio, and as a Norwegian. Olausen studied history of ideas at a university and has worked as an imago consultant, speech writer and a reporter, to name of few.

"Tales from Tampere" (2013) is his eighth novel. In addition to writing, he has edited two books: as a biography of the Finnish

movie director "Pitkä otto" (2011), Rauni Mollberg, and a kotka centered children's book "Hugo Merellä Hugo at Sea" (2013), written by Heli Vähäsilta. Harald Birger Olausen has also written articles to two other books, he is also a playwright for both the stage and radio.

His first book "Minun Loviisani My Loviisa", was published in 2011, and it is a satirical tale of the small-mindedness and conspiring nature of people of small town, written in "the spirit of Marcel Proust and Alfred Hitchcock." The readers appreciated the beautiful use of language, bubbling humor and the fresh way of expression of the book to the point that it became a big success.

His poetic language, exceptional frankness, challenging truthfulness and witty intellectualism have been the source of many a praise. He knows how to break the clichés and romantic myths from around us by using humor, seeking truth, goodness and beauty with his writings.

Olausen's work reflects his ability con-

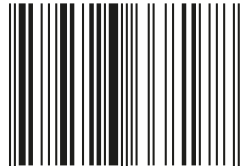
trol every aspect of his writing; the catchy rhythm, the flowing vocabulary, and both the internal and the external wiewpoint of both the surroundings and the context. He paints the world in astounding detail and offers his readers to see even the slightest nuances through his words.

The clarity he offers brings sense and pleasure to the everyday crazines. Olausen uses his stories to shed light into secret corners of the minds of everyday Finns. He writes about the dream-like road that appears in between the sighs an pauses, which leads into heavily guarded room, where all your dreams come true.

FAKE IS THE NEW
TREND &
EVERYONE SEEMS
TO BE IN STYLE

Homolulu — Queer Short Stories is a collection of different stories about the ordinary life of ordinary queer folks in Finland. His first book of queer-themed short stories, *Egyptin prinssi ja muita homonovelleja* (“The Prince of Egypt and other gay short stories”) (2012), was praised by one critic as an unashamed tribute to the desires of the flesh and a grueling trip into the delightfully twisted spiritual life of a man who has borne the load of being different for his entire life: “The stories in this work are wide-ranging and deliberately lewd. The length of the sentences and the tightness of their layout makes the reader run out of breath at first. Attentive reading, however, reveals that this jungle of words holds an incredible amount of secret wisdom and references to other works.” Another critic found the book to contain several clever points about the problems of current norms. Olausen’s literary gifts that first shone in the Finnish edition of *Gay Poems* (2011) flashed small lights with which to find hidden pearls: “Small, incredibly beautiful flashes of human destinies in the grip of homoerotic feelings, reminding more of prose poetry than short stories — they show that Olausen has much to give as an artist who follows his own way.”

ISBN 978-952-6668-17-8



9 789526 668178 >