



ROVANIEMI POEMS

"I DREAM THAT I'D MEET YOU AFTER ALL THESE YEARS,
AND YOU'D STILL BE THE SAME MISCHIEVOUS RASCAL YOU USED TO.

I LISTEN TO MY HEART, IT SAYS I'D BE READY
FOR A NEW ADVENTURE WITH YOU."

HARALD BIRGER OLAUSEN

ROVANIEMI POEMS

Hey, don't think I'm silly like that, that I would admit to having lived the way you and your shitty friends keep saying and scolding me for it. Just like a hunter in the crops, how unnatural, the human being victimized by his lowly lusts and urges, meaning I won't admit to having deceived, cursed, lied, stole, whored around, slandered, killed, bullied, cussed and whatnot, I mean is there any more of these contemporary deadly sins, but I do confess, that I did do something just out of spite/to fuck with you, just a little, to be had and used in the confines of my home, and it was just the thing I most enjoy in life. I promise you, I'm not going to blab to all people, when you wrote, that when I'm reading it, you'll be far away here, even if you were just hiding somewhere around the corner and meant something completely different, and when I'm leafing around remembering you and thinking, I realize you meant the moments that remained riddles, the absence, the lack of being and doing when we just don't see it that around us climb the lethal habits of these monkey-taught, the commands, boredom, repetition of all as it was handed down and shrunk into their skulls, and to them out of all people, these cocksure and sharpened clubbings of culture inflicted upon you, me, the medias as chastisements so that we'd fall in line, straighten our spines and fear the lord stiff as shit, that we'd do it, just in the way they want it and that'd be the missing piece I won't blab about to those ignorant and careless, that it wouldn't happen again right away before you have dared to take a peek from behind your corner."

HARALD BIRGER OLAUSEN

This is his twelfth book and third poetry compilation. The first set of poems bewildered, delighted and pissed off people widely across cultural and social barriers. It was also translated into Swedish, but not yet published. Olausen is also active as a publishing freelance journalist and critic, and being a playwright for both the stage and radio, he takes a keen interest in the Finnish theatre scene. In addition to these Olausen acted as a producing editor for two books: a biography of the famous Finnish movie director Rauni Mollberg, and a children's book "Hugo Merellä" (Hugo at Sea) set in Kotka and written by Heli Vähäsilta.

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And then the mandatory words of warning to all the dog-good humanists, ladies of culture and artsy fartsy snobs of the world: this book is not for you! Of this I'm 110% sure because the dog got drunk, lapped up my whiskey and beer. The only fucking time it didn't howl and squeel all night. Next morning it bit my leg when I tried to offer some water. But you gotta try, and there's nothing to be envious about it." - So, I welcome you, for my part. Where were you? And what took you so long? asking Richard Warner in his Tannhäuser.

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MY POEMS

My poems try to depict the rascals that exist in the effect they are between people and things. Rascals that either draw in or repulse. The forces that separate and unite us are hidden from others, sometimes from our selves, and thoroughly. Awareness is no talisman that solves everything, but broadening it with the power of words we can peek behind the scenes of things and see ourselves, our lies and shackles, and the hope we thought was lost in the future, from behind and in a brand new mind invigorating and opening light.

It is rare to those who think themselves to be smart and make easy things in to indecipherable messages to remember the teaching Bertrand Russel received in a taxi cab. When he was once going to one of his lectures, the cabby became curious and wanted to know what the fine gentleman did for a living. And once he found out, he wanted to know what the lecture was about. Russel tried to explain the the topic as well as possible but the



cabby could not understand a word. It was then that Russell decided to write all of his lectures trying to imagine the same cabby as the audience, so that every man could understand the message, and not exclusively to a bunch of inbred jack-off philosophers, for the original purpose of philosophy had been to solve peoples problems and to incite new thinking, and not to make up an entirely new language and meaning based on some gibberish monk latin.

IN A SOCRATIC SPIRIT THIRST FOR THE TRUTH BACK TO PARCHED LIPS

My poetry isn't poetry (I will repeat this just to make sure). These are fragments that I present to you from a person to person, speaking about what it is to be a human being in this suffocatingly complicated/decorous grip of a world controlled by stubborn rednecked fat-asses and the negative spirit that destroys all love and understanding.

These "aforistic anti-prose poems" (phew!) aren't merely the works of the aching lack of dick that frustrates my ass nor fancy language games like Oscar Wilde's nor dark confessions of a libertine on a flashing streak.

I wrote these because I want to restore the might of words back to the everyday life of people and try (maybe slightly pompously escorted with the according fanfare) in a Socratic spirit thirst for the truth back

to parched lips, for to retrieve the spontaneity of experience in a PinocchioPeterPanesque Talking Head manner is how we can recognize real authentic human life. (as inspired by the straight-forwardness of Michel De Montaigne's and Pier Paolo Passolini's , and later Herder`s radical humanism)

This is why I write in shitty feathers giving a fuck about regulations, rules, formality through the emotions of a gay man, horny or in complete submission (not humble but eager to be fucked!) and that it is not certain that we can always wake up to another day of fornication but have to fight deep, hard and long in the cross-fire of the world's gay-hating ambushes, not to mention the Satan of self-criticism, all this in an all too serious environment that forgets all play, joy and humor.

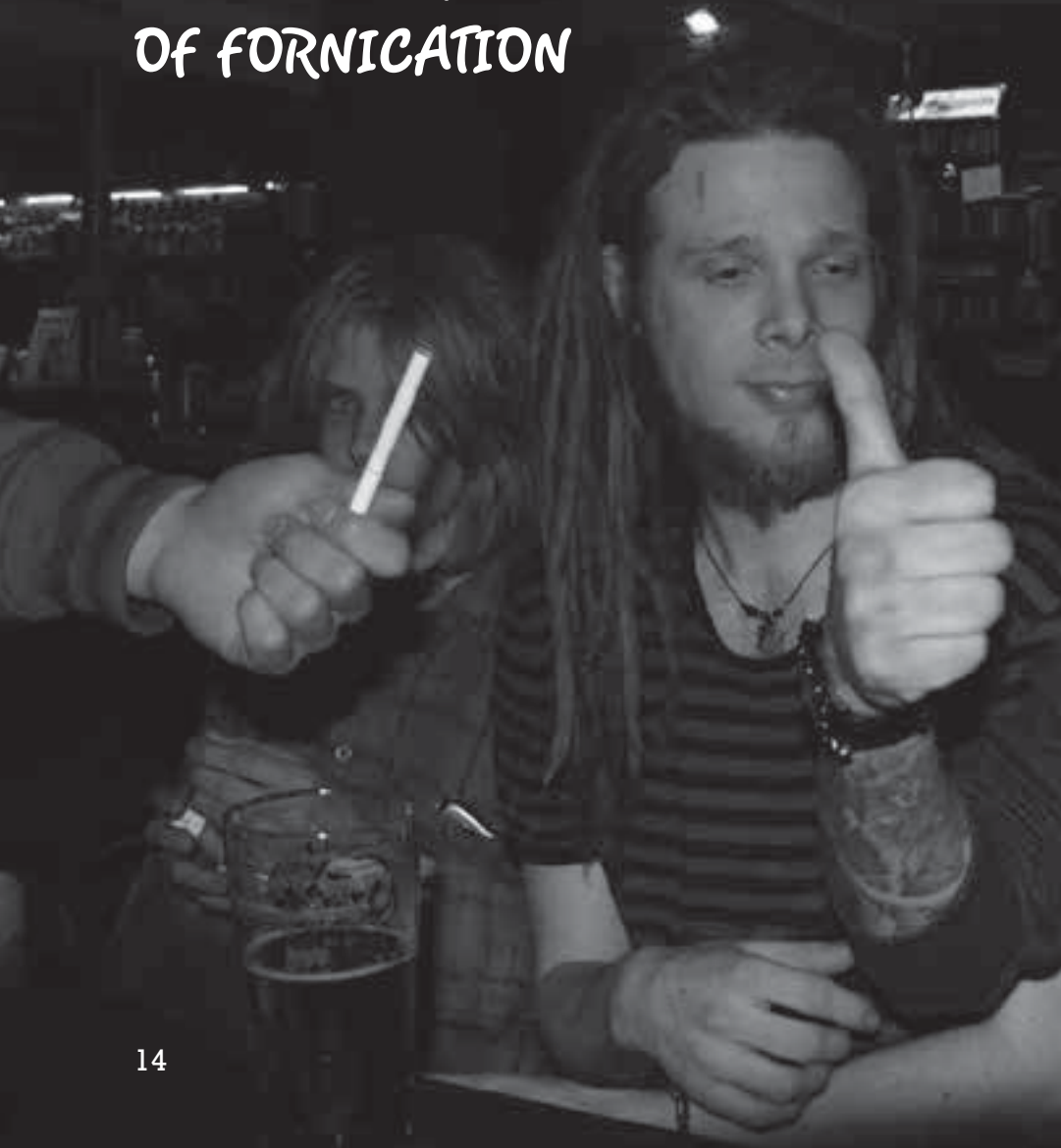


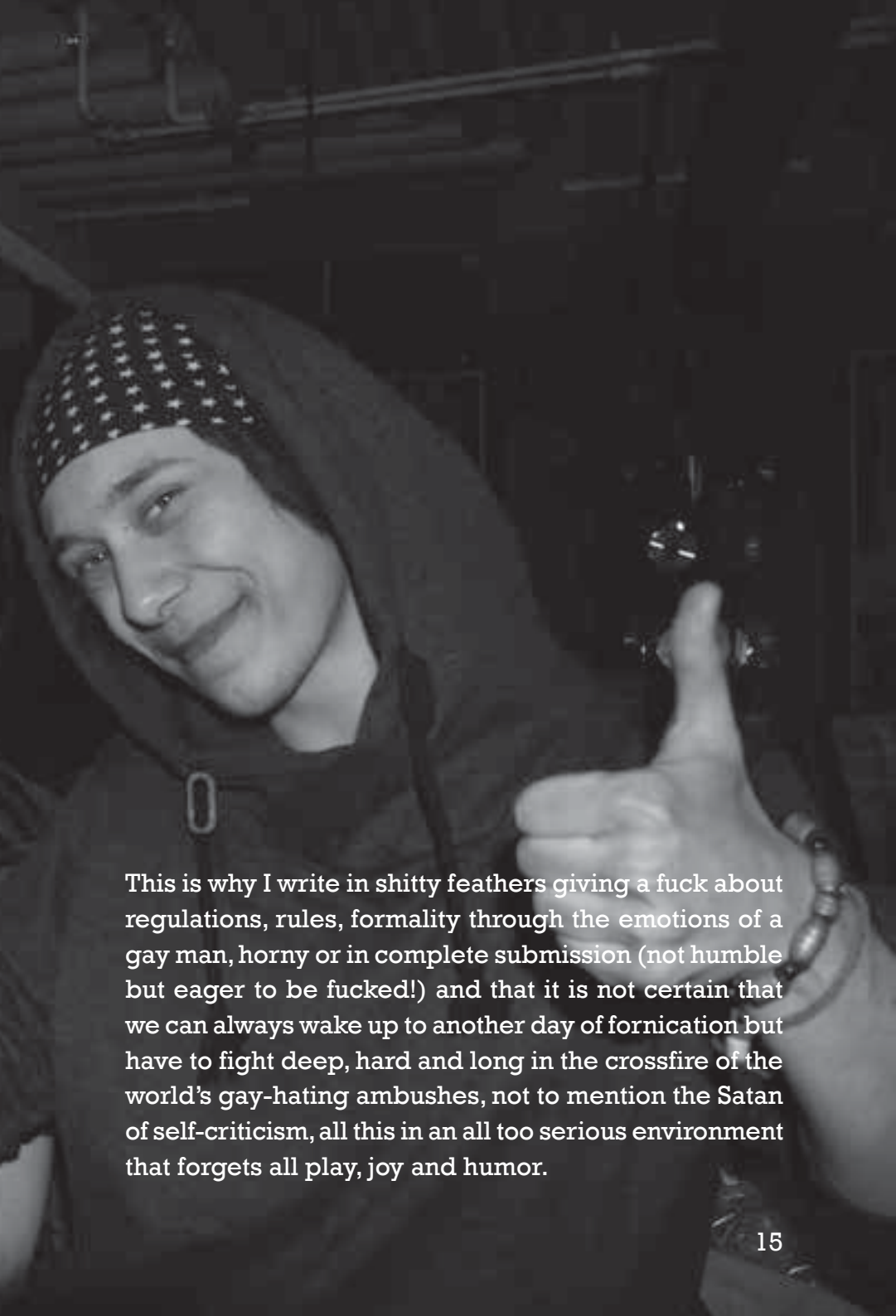
FREEDOM-BALLAD'S POETRY

For me life and human being as such is the measure and foundation of all life, like it was for Sokrates. I cherish the diversity, openness, possibility, and encourage the change together with the realisation that this world can, in effect, be saved from the vanity, self-deception's slavery and stupidity's perfection. It can be saved free of all necessitates and shit, and gave birth to these freedom-ballad's poetry about despair and pain.



WE CAN ALWAYS WAKE UP
TO ANOTHER DAY
OF FORNICATION





This is why I write in shitty feathers giving a fuck about regulations, rules, formality through the emotions of a gay man, horny or in complete submission (not humble but eager to be fucked!) and that it is not certain that we can always wake up to another day of fornication but have to fight deep, hard and long in the crossfire of the world's gay-hating ambushes, not to mention the Satan of self-criticism, all this in an all too serious environment that forgets all play, joy and humor.

SAFETY AND HONORABILITY

A useless obituary of one vainglorious shit talker. The all around handy man for the Pompous of the Nation guild, who hogs all publicity with great zeal, was talking about the advisory factor of Rhetorica Herennium in a speech, where the leading principle had to be presented as gain: "In the affairs of the State it is separated into two factors: to safety and honorability."

Safety is that a plan is presented with which the harassing threat can be fended off. There are two sub-categories for safety: strength and cunning. In the range of strength there are army. Cunning can be based on wealth and promises, faking and deceptions.

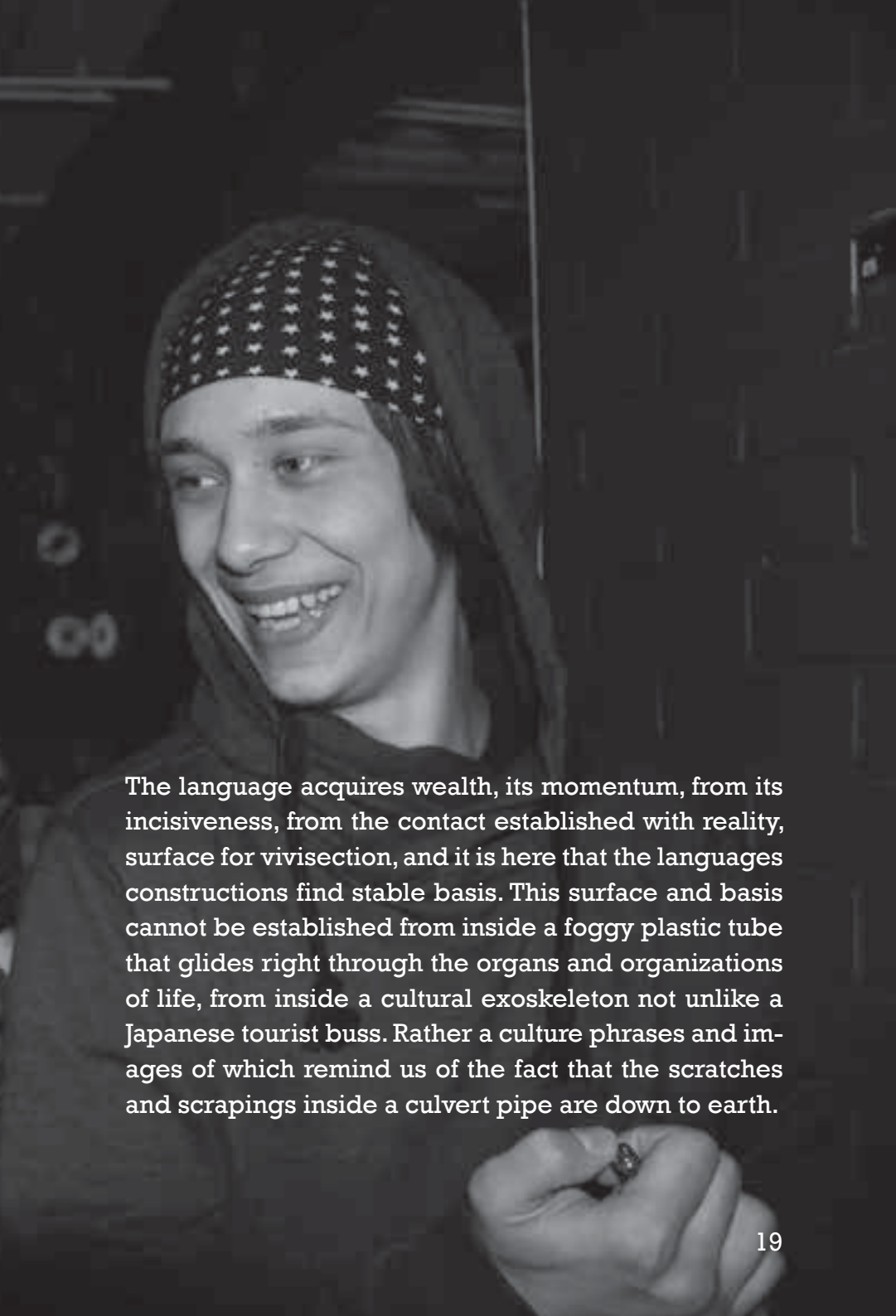
Safety is that a plan is presented with which the harassing threat can be fended off. There are two sub-categories for safety: strength and cunning. In the range of strength there are army. Cunning can be based on wealth and promises, faking and deceptions.

Honorability is divided in to that which is right and that which is praiseworthy. Right is that which is done by virtue or out of duty. Sub-categories of that are wisdom, justice, courage and self control. We plea to justice for example when we say that we should show pity toward the innocent; goodness has to be met with gratitude; the guilty must be punished; the laws must be obeyed. Praiseworthy is that which engenders even on the moment of the deed, and later, a precious memory.

For Cicero the speech of good speakers was always controlled by the tastes of the audience, because anyone who wanted to have an influence, had to think about what mood the speaker were on. Because everything had to be molded made to fit according the oppinion and appreciation of the audience.

NOT UNLIKE A JAPANESE TOURIST BUSS





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.

ABOUT ME

Harald Birger Olausen is a Finnish-Norwegian writer who spends half the year in Norway (Tromsø) and half in Finland (Rovaniemi). He is proudly both; a citizen of Kotka, a coastal town in southeastern Finland, and a Norwegian, a Viking that doesn't tolerate any bullshit. Olausen studied Intellectual History at Karlstad University and has worked as an image consultant, speech writer and a reporter, to name of few.

Harald Birger Olausen and the concepts of level-headedness, 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.

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THIS IS WHY I'M ASKING

I'm writing also from a slightly different perspective, one that may not concern all but stems from this pogrom lack of cock equally unshared by all contemplating individuals, and why did it feel like it was dominating all our lives when all the fancy dress put on for show was This is why I'm asking, with these poems and from myself, were my actions free and deliberate or needs, regulations and laws force fed to me cunningly by some other cunts, orders from outside as if rewards of successful submission, extensions of congratulations or independent as such?



ALL THE TIME IN DIFFERENT STORIES

Courage is readiness to go straight toward the goal and the ability to make solid and clear choices. You can't have that courage if you can't leave and leave behind. This question presented itself to me as a traditional freedom of choice-problem because I thought that we could be forced to respect the foul smelling heteros, which we didn't want, and if they insisted persistently with commanding authority, or we would not comply, we would be kicked out of our home town just like we were, all the time in different stories, different times, different ways, and we would be acting in self-defence against our will, merely acting out, where the final submission was the same as we would be shunning ourselves out, but all the same the sad truth was that to most of us it was a matter of survival like the ability to accept an ap-

parent lie is a vital part of adulthood, just to make sure accept it many times a day is life, hundreds of times, the faster the better

without hesitation, at least enough not to lose face, end up in the jaws of loudmouth yaps and grinded and dominated by strict hetero-domina powertripping cunts, just to have the silent opportunity to live, and not make a queens fuss about one's perverted sexuality and irritate the as intolerant as decent folks with this gay arrogance to exist, for if you were to exhibit such dangerous dissidence publicly speak only about what is most valuable in life, of course not to you, is forevermore and without exceptions forced upon you and imposed everywhere in this hetero-totality.



THEY WERE HARD TO SHAKE

In the book at hand I'm asking, with as holistic understanding as possible, from a sum-over perspective, in different guises, through detours of prolific yak, the ultimate question:

Have my desires born in me, out of me, independently as a fatal sum of all coincidences, or have I inherited them, have they been transferred to me from outside of my self, popped into me just like that, be as it my, in the very beginning, and could I shake them loose by avoiding these desires, refusing to confront them, these, my yet undefeated urges (of course not!)?

Anyway, about these churning boiling that dictate my actions, both inevitable and invincible. They were hard to shake. Because the rationalizations didn't erase my lusts, had all in all a very poor effect indeed on the need for satisfaction that screamed.



THEREFORE THE SOLUTION SHOULD NOT EVEN BE SEARCHED FROM THAT WHICH IS VISIBLE

Rovaniemi poems is ballad about courage and goodness as according to Sun Tzu depicting the bold “artist-fighter” and his five qualities: Intelligence, Credibility, Humaneness, Courage, and Discipline.

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 anoma-

lies, exceptions to rule and understanding of such with effective purposefulness.

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 others 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 from that which is visible, but rather 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.

A black and white photograph of a man with a beard, wearing a dark hoodie, holding a mug. He is standing in a room with abstract wall art and a modern lamp. The text 'BETWEEN ILLUSION AND REAL' is overlaid on the image in a white, stylized font.

BETWEEN ILLUSION AND REAL

We don't have to wring dry the subject matter by circling around it like undecided vultures for we can drill right down to it, into the marrow, into the invisible and excitingly detailed accumulations in the ironic whiplashes of which we find, between illusion and real, that tragic seriousness and curious whimsicality that belongs to the fundamentals of our mysterious life. It is their controversial crossfire that keeps us from getting lost into the twilight of half truths, but can, by the hunches that make tangible the empathy and understanding toward human weakness and failure, reverse the courage that accepts these as facts.



HAVE MY DESIRES BORN IN ME?

With as holistic understanding as possible, from a sum-over perspective, in different guises, through detours of prolific yak, the ultimate question: Have my desires born in me, out of me, independently as a fatal sum of all coincidences, or have I inherited them, have they been transferred to me from outside of my self, popped into me just like that, be as it my, in the very beginning, and

could I shake them loose by avoiding these desires, refusing to confront them, these, my yet undefeated urges (of course not!)?

Anyway, about these churning boiling that dictate my actions, both inevitable and invincible. They were hard to shake. Because the rationalizations didn't erase my lusts, had all in all a very poor effect indeed on the need for satisfaction that screamed.



WHEN LIFE WAS TOO SCARY

Sometimes, that is, after coming, I would feel such great shame and guilt that I couldn't help but to think I was forced to do this hideous thing against my own free will all because of what I had learned from dictation.

I remember how my exlove once asked in one of his lectures what does "un-lived life" mean. To me it was obvious that it had much to do with courage, or rather lack there of. Had been shut up. Has been afraid of mistakes and thus has done zilch. Gave way and went hiding, when life was too scary.

WHAT MY OWN
"TALKING HEAD"
IS ONCE FOR A MOMENT
IN ITS RANDOM
UTTERANCES OUT SPOKEN

This book is not about flowers in flowery words told in the tongue of daisies (isn't PC eager to please blah-blah fairytale about the serenity of sunday going to church thankful of our ever unalterable role as a spittoon for the righteous happiness cast in stone) and isn't going to even try to please nor entertain you, dear reader, but pick your nose for blood out of mine, lusting in fornications of cornucopia, maddening, maddening wildly, lies and distorts, argues and loses patience as well as temper before you even read a word, in

itself declares utter stupidity foaming in the mouth, what my own "Talking Head" is once for a moment in its random utterances out spoken, and preaches a sermon barking, bullying mean as fuck and all that supposedly all too real nonsense against the god-awful boring bureaucratic world that is so zealously poured upon us in all the medias simultaneously with other such entertainment scat narcissisticly and self-righteously as truth, the only truth and nothing but the truth we should adhere to, lap up to and pray to one day be a part of.

WARNERIUS OF ROUEN CALLED MORIUHT

Behind the detritus you could see the strong influence of the satire by Warnerius of Rouen called *Moriuht*, where the writer discusses the learned matters of the time through the brutal hero obsessed with the fulfillment of his bodily needs.



The main character, Moriut, is a poet who experiments with almost all the deadly sins, and leads a bad life. He is scripted obscenity and when he displays his no-good poetry, he puts the bodily and the spiritual constantly opposite each other, but also as parts belonging to each other on a fundamental level, where tongue falls on flesh and flesh falls on tongue.

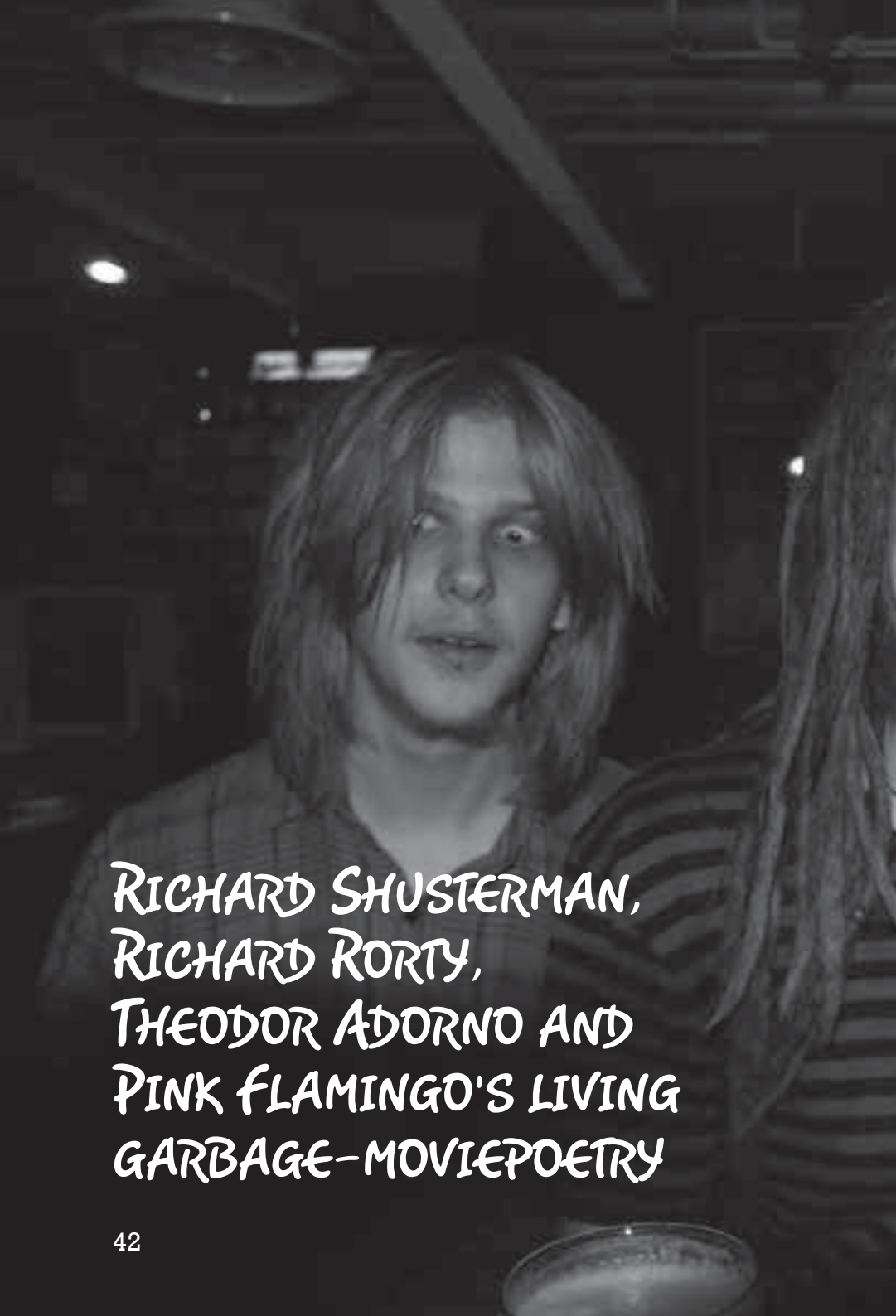
In the old story, Moriut, sailing in Ireland, is captured by the Vikings, whom he is very pleased to offer the services of his rear as the Vikings spank him, rape him and piss on him, selling him to be a sex slave in a convent of nuns when they're done.



NAG-JOURNALIST CULTURE- VOLUNTEER DO-GOODIES

In this boring and equally dull gray supposed reality's nonsensical bureaucracy that is also known as the present day, that, in the words of Carl E. Schorske, could easily be depicted as an imperium in which the elite was alienated from reality, the arts degenerated into gimmicky extravagance and the language lost its meaning, and where culture has become a sandbox for these slimy petty-bourgeois, these conformist queen-bee complex suffering wall-mart taste arbiters, nag-

journalist culture-volunteer do-goodies, so that everything truly important genuine, pure hearted, intellectual and creative is buried or scorned profusely with the enema, that there shall never again rise anything that could bother the general drive-in mart hum of mediocracy's theocracy and disrupt their continuous jack-off ring, and cinema has had a rare harsh role in trying to combat this agony of flat boredom.



RICHARD SHUSTERMAN,
RICHARD RORTY,
THEODOR ADORNO AND
PINK FLAMINGO'S LIVING
GARBAGE-MOVIEPOETRY



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 de-

velop 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 Finnish 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 Finnish 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 emotion and the live human – the one addressed and what is said.

This is why Finnish 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 battles 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 pinchingvoy-erism 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 commercial 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 narcissistically disturbed historyless and ideologyless present, where all you do is eat, consume and fuck, whom-ever 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 emotions 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 master-

pieces 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 payback 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 actu-

ally 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 Bach 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, unfortunatley.

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 devouring 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 humanity’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 Benjamin, 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 crowned 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 expertize, 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, reducing 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 world-view 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."

ROVAKATU

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 were
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.



THIS IS MAYBE ONE REASON

This is maybe one reason,
how I understand,
with gentleness,
why in Mark Twain's Letters from the Earth God,
while creating humans,
put in some courage,

cowardice, predator instinct, kindness,
straightforwrdness, understanding of justice,
cunning, deceitfulness, nobility, cruelty, evil,
viciousness, lust, mercy, selfishness, wholeheartedness,
honour, love, hate, lowliness, loyalty, need for truth,
and back-handedness.



NIGHTS OF KORKALOVAARA

The first thing
I noticed about
your profile
is something
that stuck with me...
“Fake is the new trend and
everyone seems to be in style.”
Welcome to the group.
If you don't mind
me quoting that line,
I would love to use it..



THE THING IS JUST THAT NOWADAYS

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.

My work:

"Sun Tzu depicting
the bold "artist-fighter"
and his five qualities:

Intelligence,

Credibility,

Humaneness,

Courage,

and Discipline."

OUNASVAARA

It is only by laughing
at this pompous and
self-appointed power
in the mode or
RimbaudVerlaine
that its boredomlameness
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 others 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.

BLINKS OF THE EYE

...Therefore
the solution
should not
even be
searched
from
that
which is
visible,
but rather

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...



ALONE

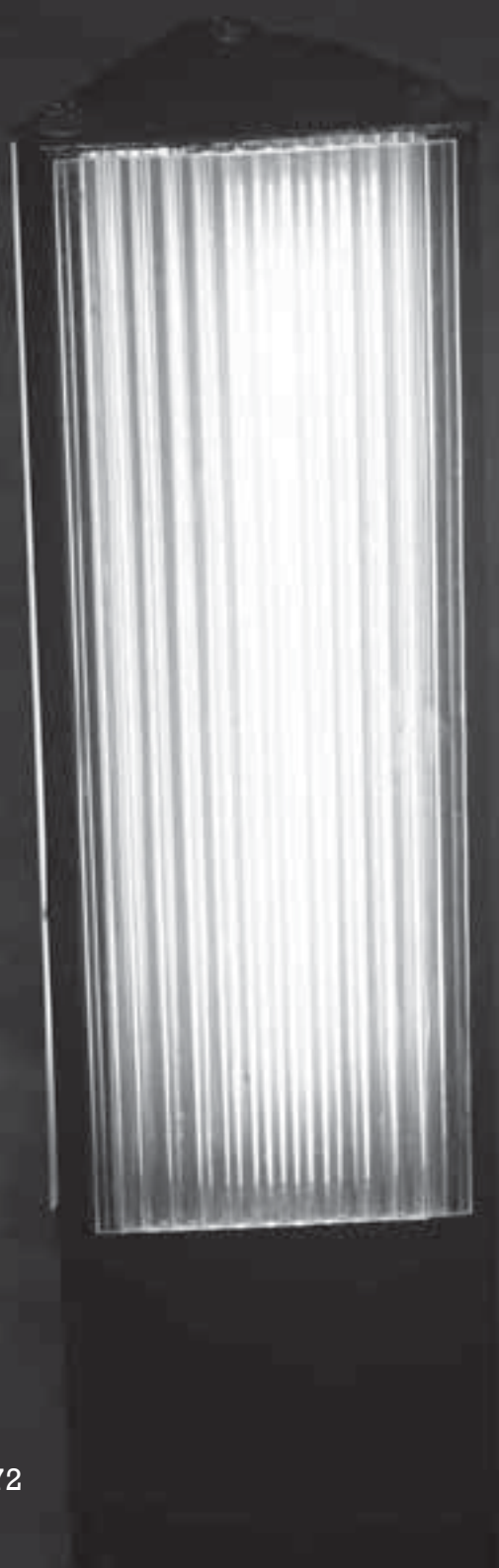
It was in facebook it hit me how alone everyone is here trying to explain this and that, and that everything is supposedly just fine and that it really doesn't matter that everything pisses you off, your mother died, the man is a great known limp-dick good-for-nothing douche bag, the daughter is selling her ass on the internet to kiddy fiddlers for booze, of course, and at work they're murdering what it is to be human eight fucking hours a day, coffee breaks is for punishing the destitute and useless as hard as humanly possible pulling a sleigh of

stones, and always eager to remind how right I none-
themore were and how important. And what sense can
there be in this kind of shit after all? None. But when you
are alone every comma, every small sentence grows
into an all consuming shadow, ossifying under its reign
the bleak fact and casts it in stone that human is always
smaller than truth, and shrinking all the more smaller
as there is the must to cover it by as-if-being desper-
ately, just a tiny bit.

AT TIMES LIKE APOLLO

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 beautiful 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.



VENNIVAARA

This is my own,
like my bads,
which I don't give up
And wont wail nor go around asking
for apologies when there's nothing
to be sorry about.
Just because when I try
to remember exactly
all I can remember is
my own.

I'VE LEFT MY DOOR A LITTLE OPEN FOR YOU!

“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."

KOSKIKATU

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.

TUNNIN KUVA



KÖNKÄÄNVAARA

I know that
I chose badly,
that went my way wrongly,
that I hurt, and broke,
that I was hated,
and I hated,
that I lost precious time that
I was never forgiven for
not asking for forgiveness for it,
never was sorry
or humbled
but kept going
the same way
and that's why
everything is
the other way
— Luckily!

I WAS BORN THAT WAY

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 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.

I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT ANYMORE

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.

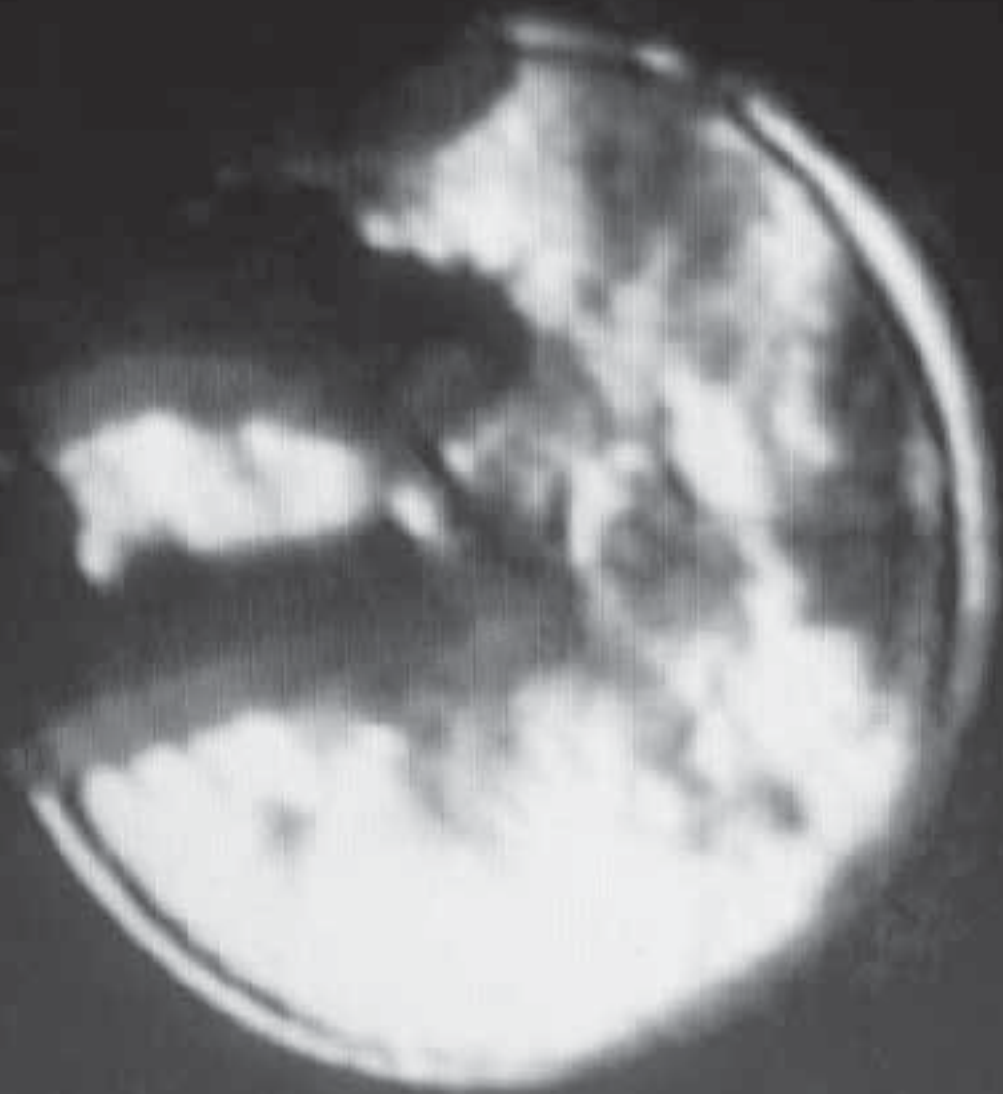
I've seen that too
before,
Many times.

I ADMIT TO NOTHING

Hey, don't think I'm silly like that,
that I would admit to having lived
the way you and your shitty friends keep saying
and scolding me for it.

Just like a hunter in the crops,
how unnatural, the human being
victimized by his lowly lusts
and urges, meaning I wont
admit to having deceived, cursed,
lied, stole, whored around,

slandered, killed, bullied,
cussed and whatnot,
I mean is there any more of these
contemporary deadly sins,
but I do confess, that I did
do something just out of spite/to fuck with you,
just a little, to be had and used
in the confines of my home,
and it was just the thing
I most enjoy in life.



SYVÄSENVAARA

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.

AND I'M NOT GOING TO BLAB FOR SURE

I promise you, I'm not going to blab
to all people, when you wrote,
that when I'm reading it, you'll be
far away here, even if you were
just hiding somewhere around the corner
and meant something completely different,
and when I'm leafing around remembering you
and thinking, I realize you meant the moments that
remained riddles, the absence,
the lack of being and doing
when we just don't see it that around us climb
the lethal habits of these monkey-taught,
the commands,
boredom, repetition of all as it was handed down
and shrunk

into their skulls, and to them out of all people,
these cocksure and sharpened
clubbings of culture
inflicted upon you, me, the medias
as chastisements
so that we'd fall in line, straighten our spines
and fear the lord stiff as shit, that we'd do it,
just it and the way they want it
and that'd be the missing piece
I wont blab about to those ignorant
and careless, that it wouldn't happen again
right away before you have dared
to take a peek from behind your corner.

LAPINKÄVIJÄNTIE

The enlightenment philosopher Voltarire,
tolerance was the most significant
character of humanity:

"We are all full of weakness and errors;
let us mutually pardon each other
our follies - it is the first law of nature."

His intellectual satire he condemned
the "natural" admiration of suffering and
it was replaced with the idea of
a good and happy human being
that was to be the outcome of increasing knowledge.

Tolerance is a trendy word in western countries,
one that has suffered inflation just like everything
that becomes a la mode,
and thus we can't appreciate
the freedom and ideality
that formed all the well being in society,
the diverse services and the respect
towards the individual
around that tolerance,
so that unlike somewheare else.



FORGET

Forget all that's empty and in vain,
delusions and scams, and, of course, at present,
nothing remains
nothing to hold on to, just a single sigh,
insecurity, human loneliness and
the instinctual eagerness to please,
and you will fall down to no-thing and not convincing
in sparks between ice and fire,
in the friction of convolutions
in turn both against and for, always prying loose
from the chains of our destiny, whatever it may
pretend to be, now and then again
the darkened curtains of inevitability and
two jumps as a hysterical herd animal
to our communal grave of necessities
and inconsiderations

and only then can you see all un-clearly, frosty
without make-pretty covers, screaming head-lines
or suppressed shrieks that all resist your
imposed elevation thoroughly enough
to leave you without sensations or palpable magic
to fly you away on that magic carpet
over swamp swarming with
sloughing and annoying small creatures
that you would understand: Fuck no.
Things can't be like this, and you wouldn't worry
in vain, what you could never, anyway,
under no circumstances
change for the better,
that is the abyssal stupidity of man
that you aren't guilty of, and remember to forget,
forget and ultimately
forget!



OUNASJOKI

When we were watching Theo Angelopoulos' film
Ulysses he felt an unexplainable longing
for that cinematic poetry language
that that last great could so skilfully show to his viewers.
In a poetic movie-human like this,
it is clearly presented,
as the fact that it is, how reason was, and should be,
the slave of stark emotions.

"I have a part of people's pain,
I don't know why,
but maybe my background
explains some of it"
he says:
"People are so close to each other."

ALONE

It was in facebook it hit me how alone everyone is here trying to explain this and that, and that everything is supposedly just fine and that it really doesn't matter that everything pisses you off, your mother died, the man is a great known limp-dick good-for-nothing douche bag, the daughter is selling her ass on the internet to kiddy fiddlers for booze, of course, and at work they're murdering what it is to be human eight fucking hours a day, coffee breaks is for punishing the destitute and useless as hard as humanly possible pulling a sleigh of

stones, and always eager to remind how right I none-the-more were and how important. And what sense can there be in this kind of shit after all? None. But when you are alone every comma, every small sentence grows into an all consuming shadow, ossifying under its reign the bleak fact and casts it in stone that human is always smaller than truth, and shrinking all the more smaller as there is the must to cover it by as-if-being desperately, just a tiny bit.



RIISTATIE

This is maybe one reason,
how I understand,
with gentleness,
why in Mark Twain's Letters from the Earth God,
while creating humans,
put in some courage,



cowardice, predator instinct, kindness,
straightforwrddness, understanding of justice,
cunning, deceitfulness, nobility, cruelty, evil,
viciousness, lust, mercy, selfishness,
wholeheartedness,
honour, love, hate, lowliness, loyalty, need for truth,
and back-handedness.

IN THE DREAM PARK

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.



HALLITUSKATU

The first thing
I noticed about
your profile
is something
that stuck with me...
“Fake is the new trend
and everyone seems to be in style.”
Welcome to the group.
If you don't mind
me quoting that line,
I would love to use it..



AT 7 ECCLES STREET

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 Dubliner's 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.

RINTEENKULMA

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.

RINNE

ANTTILA

LINDEX

K SUPERMARKET

INTERSPORT

HOOKENKÄ

ECCO

GLAS OHLSSON

KOOLAN

KOOLAN

KENKÖLÄ

OF JABBERING AND IDLENESS

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.

MAAKUNTAKATU

It is only by laughing
at this pompous and
self-appointed power
in the mode or
RimbaudVerlaine
that its boredomlameeness
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 others 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.





PEKANKATU

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.



My work: "Sun Tzu depicting the bold "artist-fighter" and his five qualities: Intelligence, Credibility, Humanness, Courage, and Discipline."

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 purposefulness.





WHEN I NO LONGER FEEL LIKE IT

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.

IT OPENED OUR EYS

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.





RUOKASENKATU

This is my own,
like my bads,
which I don't give up
And wont wail nor go around asking
for apologies when there's nothing
to be sorry about.

Just because when I try
to remember exactly
all I can remember is
my own.

AND THAT'S WHY
EVERYTHING IS
THE OTHER WAY
- LUCKILY!

I know that
I chose badly,
that went my way wrongly,
that I hurt, and broke,
that I was hated,
and I hated,
that I lost precious time that
I was never forgiven for
not asking for forgiveness for it,

never was sorry
or humbled
but kept going
the same way
and that's why
everything is
the other way
-- Luckily!



VALTAKATU

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.

I COULDN'T GO FORWARD NOR BACK DOWN

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 were
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.



SANTAVAARA

I'm sick and tired of seductive lies
And when I look at myself in the mirror
I suddenly see that I am just what I'm not.
I'm horrified and starting to think it's a dream
But when I pinch myself it hurts
I realize that if I'm dreaming, it is worse
than a nightmare or everything has been exposed
finally, gone asunder and I'm
in deep shit. So I believe
that all that is told as a lie, is true, at least
on my part, which they are not going to
change one bit.

WHISPERING

Hey, don't think I'm silly like that, that I would admit to having lived the way you and your shitty friends keep saying and scolding me for it. Just like a hunter in the crops, how unnatural, the human being victimized by his lowly lusts and urges, meaning I wont admit to having deceived, cursed, lied, stole, whored around, slandered, killed, bullied, cussed and whatnot, I mean is there any more of these contemporary deadly sins, but I do confess, that I did do something just out of spite/ to fuck with you, just a little, to be had and used in the confines of my home, and it was just the thing I most enjoy in life. I promise you, I'm not going to blabto all people, when you wrote, that when I'm reading it, you'll be far away here, even if you were just hiding somewhere around the corner and meant something completely

different, and when I'm leafing around remembering you and thinking, I realize you meant the moments that remained riddles, the absence, the lack of being and doing when we just don't see it that around us climb the lethal habits of these monkey-taught, the commands, boredom, repetition of all as it was handed down and shrunk into their skulls, and to them out of all people, these cocksure and sharpened clubbings of culture inflicted upon you, me, the medias as chastisements so that we'd fall in line, straighten our spines and fear the lord stiff as shit, that we'd do it, just it and the way they want it and that'd be the missing piece I wont blab about to those ignorant and careless, that it wouldn't happen again right away before you have dared to take a peek from behind your corner."

KÄTKÄVAARA

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?

THE RECEPTION OF BEING ITSELF BELONGS TO BEING

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."



ROLLOCITY

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

THE MEDIA-MANIPULATION BUSINESS

The most naked and pure display of evil and meanness at work poisoning the lives of common people and destroying all that is human in the name of some appropriately accommodating ideology or just plain cruel greed can be seen in movies. And that the self-appointed know-it-alls constantly spouting new absurdities, the bullies who hide behind the established society have such strong foot-hold in the media-manipulation business and backed by by the battle-tested al-

ienation mechanisms like economic inequality, injustice and everywhere abundant iniquity that work so efficiently as messages that reshape the language matter of human consciousnesses that when the waves of disinformation and distortion hit the people, they swallow hook, line and nevermind the bait. It seems only the movies that display these mechanisms can debunk and defunct them.





BUREAUCRATIC NONSENSE

In Carver's America poetry escaped from the big audiences and into the universities and then produced, all in the name of experimentation, an astonishing amount of breathtaking shit one more copied and fake than the other with rhymes that have nothing to do with intellect and can be accordingly labeled as the Stiff Official Language of Supposed Reality's Bureaucratic nonsense, that is, the dead poetry of today, poetry that doesn't say anything and thus can't interest anyone.

SHOULD HAVE READ ALBERT CAMUS

And accordingly, we could start calling contemporary Finnish poets “Faustian” as according to Oswald Spengler, the writer of *The Decline of the West*. He got his fine metaphor of a name from doctor Faust, whom we know from Goethe’s retake on the medieval myth. Doctor Faust’s fatal characteristics are his unquenchable ambition and aspiration toward the infinite. The dialogue between poets has turned into a competition and cockfight between scholars. The victor who gets

to bask in the splendor of being the most capable and revered cock on the dung hill of the academic world is the one who appears to most clever among peers. Those who aspired to become a contemporary Finnish poets should have read Albert Camus and understand that what he learned in the soccer field was not morality, and open the putrescent carcass of the poem with the same key Wittgenstein exhumed philosophy from Descartes' grave.



THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT THE CONTEMPORARY FINNISH POET DOESN'T DO

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.

THE FORMALISM OF MODERNITY

Raymond Carver would get pissed immediately 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 im-

pose 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?" Just like this 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.



THIS HAS NOTHING BUT POLLUTION TO DO WITH THE PRODUCT

This is the pompous hogwash contemporary Finnish poets regurgitate as self defense when caught pants down from raping their mother tongue to a point of near Social-Democratic insanity. That its why they in unison sing the same mindless meaningless song of sheer poetry for the sake of being a poet. This has nothing but pollution to do with the product. And all this in spite of the painful awareness of rather being a berry picker lost in the neighbors garden scrubber y in borrowed clothes.



FAKE INTELLIGENT DRIBBLE

Raymond Carver has the nerve to think that text like this contains zero information concerning the world and often lacks even the person. For Carver experimentation is born with message, hard earned originality, non-copyable. Finnish contemporary poet is lost and misguided by sorry and incapable mentors, and that the manifest of rhyme-schemes and devoid of meaning imitation of the masters of modernism (and post-modernism, and post-post-modernism) is handed down

by these honorable and elderly. Thus has wonder and amazement transformed into a compulsory fake intelligent dribble where words are more important than thought and experience, and worst of all – all familiar everyday experience and the every-man/woman in the middle of it all is loathed even more than the another of the same kind – the conemporary Finnish poet. And that, in those circles, is plenty.

EZRA POUND

And nobody gets suspicious when all the contemporary poets come from the same mold, and keep chanting the same mantra of how each one of them is going to renew the language and poetry with their poems,, which of course are explosive of great radical revolution.

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.



WRITING IS SUBLIMATION OF ENERGY

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 Finnish 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."



I LEAVE ALL
RESPONSIBILITY OF WHAT
I WRITE TO THOSE WHO
THINK I AM WISER THAN THEY

The Finnish contemporary poet lies and pretends with a professional ease, thanks to the literature studies at the Orivesi academy, because every one qualified knows they can't be held responsible and that the most delightful thing they know, they claim, is "When the reader asks the questions the writing was supposed to inspire. If what I write does not happen to me, and in me, only through me, without me being in any other relation with it – like in a relationship of love – I leave all responsibility of what I write to those (of a rare species) who think I am wiser than they, those drunk of the world

of words and intellect, semi-loons, and those of my academic friends who disguise themselves as my ordinary (only) readers who have to face the manifold problems and idiocies of my text raw and untimely, but shrouded in the arrogant veil of intellectual hoax in the transformation of the situation (where the opportunity makes a thief) where the panic is about how the language tied to social experience face problems like where to find the symbolism to express and execute the ambitions of creating meaning.”



FINNISH POETS CONTINUE THEIR FAKED INTELLIGENCE

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 Finnish 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.”



TSEHOV DIDN'T WANT TO BORE THE READER

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.





ABU NUWAS AND ANNA AHMATOVA'S WORDS

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.

SUPER-NAIVE SPIRITUAL

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



MOM, CAN I GET SOME EASTER-COCK?

Here the reader gets up to leave this – “Mom, can I get some Easter-cock from or just the standard John-Ash-berry-goatheads” – Gothic crawler, and defenestrates the scat-poem book with one swift move throwing up a dire spew of regurgitated gore to follow the grog of shit all the way splat down on the pavement of real experience vowing never to touch a single poetic poo no matter how nicely wrapped quite understandably from ruining the day and existence to make sure that no exoskeleton of experimental Helsinki poetry goo ridden in utter gibberish...



COULD THE WRITER DESPISE THE READER MORE

Could there be a more obscured message?

Could the writer despise the reader more?

After this shitstorm you get to understand
without hesitation that poetry must be something
other than what contemporary

Finnish poets make of it.

It has to be more like Wong Kar Wai's

As tears go by -movie

the credo of which is a welcome fist in the eye of

Mr. X humbug and the coldly calculating

intellectualism of the likes of Mr Z.

That's the place where

"The likes of us have no tomorrow."

The place in itself stands in opposition to

"T.S Elliot's objective correlate, sublime,

contrapunkts and dichotomy.”
because it is about direct, expressive
of experience and real communication
to the other than the self that
is the reader (the other in the reader –
as already in the writer, if one
wishes to still have a small ounce of faith
in the academe’s ability to
provide the explanation they’re paid to do
and is willing to take on the
baffling effort of trying to decode
their jargon as some kind of map
that has reference to the terrain
of actual experience.
Thus the real poetry is crying for academic
voices like Alfred Korzybzki’s).



W. H. AUDEN'S CURT OBSERVATION ADDRESSED TO B. BRITTEN

And not only is it a place, but it is also the weekend findings in Jose Saramago's *The Other Self* that are no less valuable nor underminable than the ones born or brought to the public on any other day of the week. Or like W. H. Auden's curt observation addressed to B. Britten: "Goodness and beauty result from a combination of order and chaos, bohemianism and bourgeois convention...bohemianism alone leads to a mad jumble of beautiful scarps...bourgeois convention alone to large unfeeling corpses."



SERENE DESPAIR

If Samuel Becket's great *Waiting for Godot* was a play about waiting, where the essence of things was a blind pursuit of free spirit that felt imprisoned, or, in other words, a pursuit of our blind motivationless instinct that doesn't differentiate good and evil, and there was no pure version of either, no where in between the abstract polar opposites could there be something purely good or evil, but only the self's continuum of choices in this coincidence of passing moment's obscurities my message is "SERENE DESPAIR" and a desire to lift new doors from the abyss and place them in front of our

eyes, doors to pass through to new revelations, like art's rhythm that beats internal peace in that shared corridor where we travel in the same direction, for that was the only way to understand we exist for each other, that profound degeneration wouldn't make us into slacking phonies, that make their own bunny run in their pants as the world the world screams and pounds the small into hellish cracks, for contemporary Finnish poetry speaks today more about feelings, with feelings, than ever before, but how?



THE FRUIT OF MAN'S FREE WILL

In syrupy dribbles cheap, worn and faded products, copies of what they were in real life, because they, the poets know from their books when they talk, needles to say, pedantically about feelings, but just as appar-



ently don't know where feelings come from, and what they often talk about never happened to them to begin with but is form, being, order, respect and "the fruit of man's free will".

COPYCAT BOREDOM FLATNESS

Poetry and insanity go together,
not kindness and stiffness,
cur and curtsey systems and
naturalist's every day life as we
think we see it, copycat boredom flatness,
because insanity
is a self reliant ability to create an original world.

Philosopher Socrates said that a person possessed by this kind of ecstasy has lost his marbles and is talking gibberish, but gains the ability for poetry.




A REAL POET LEAVES BEHIND IS EXALTING AND LIBERATING TO READ

Colorful, but genuine feeling poetry that springs to surface from the depth of experience's catacombs completely and utterly insane trailing textual shreds that a real poet leaves behind is exalting and liberating to read, especially if the poet is able to capture it all in a framework as astounding as William Carlos Williams. Then the will of the poet seems to be all but free, when the inner need to express is poured unto paper in ridiculous over the top gestures and senseless low points.

A GROUP WHERE THERE'S PLENTY OF MORALLY AND SPIRITUALLY UNTALENTED ELEMENTS

Human free will is one of the best kept myths, that doesn't have a referent in the real world; it doesn't exist. In a group, especially one where there's plenty of morally and spiritually untalented elements,

evil and stupidity abloom in full fruition and achieve
devastating havoc in any environment
just to ruin others, unless there is will to stop it, cut wings
from folly, root evil out and throw them out and
into the dung pit, and set on fire just to make sure.



WE DON'T EXCEPT
INFORMATION THAT DOESN'T
AGREE WITH OUR THOUGHTS

The anti-authoritarian tragic-Romantic Byronic contemporary hero, incapable of lie, is just a perverted political performance, and knows that Leon Festingers cognitive dissonance means that we don't except information that doesn't agree with our thoughts, because poetry criticism is dragging its feet a hundred years behind other forms of art critique being based on imagology, rhythm, speaker and theme.



WHERE ARE THE ANDRE GIDES OF CONTEMPORARY FINNISH POETRY

A complacent understanding of one's own knowledge and excellence, such as this, always leads to false certainty and is nothing but a fountain of stereotypes and spiritual sloth. Where are the undisputed leaders and controversial writers of their generations, where are the Andre Gides of contemporary Finnish poetry?

A view over and beyond degenerate humanity, everything is cheap and on sale, and catch is to be able handle subjects others are too timid to handle and make them into hints not many can think of. That will get the

average person of average perception, needless to say caring and mindful, to think what is really important in life. When all the embroidery sentences are stripped, what is left? The present world over saturated with materialism, is so ridiculous in the end, that all in it is hypocrisy, and all lies are true. And again poetry has its ancient and dignified purpose in exposing, arguing, disputing, teasing and all full on; you don't just climb the cupboard to wait for honorary titles and acknowledgment.


COMPLETE HUMILITY AND ABSOLUTE SUBMISSION

It is not easy to reveal the lie, because the lie is always linked to the desire to make the other believe things that aren't true, but are within the interests of the liar or can gain the liar some advantage in his/her pursuits, or make things appear as the liar wants them to appear.

Sophocles' king Oedipus thought that a human being's highest ambition was to harness all one's resources to the service of others, which is of course hopelessly altruistic and utopian above all, and is understood by those in power to mean that their orders should be obeyed and executed with complete humility and absolute submission.

Montesquieu thought that a human being was a flexible creature, ready and eager to accept ideas and emotions prevalent in any given society, and was just as ready to understand his/her real nature, if this nature were to be displayed in its full extent, and just as equipped not to see, if there's will to hide it. 68. Just because they are conventional

Prometheus taught humanity to spot a lie when they see one and to expose it, and that its completely senseless to submit to and obey mighty political orders and moral as well as social conventions just because they are conventional, for immediately as the moral standards begin to loosen the whole of society erodes and loses all depth of meaning and existence.



This is why it is not only sad, but worrying that contemporary Finnish poetry has strayed so far off in its pretensions of cleverness and self-praise.

Now, according to Philodemus of Gadara, arrogant and complacent persons, just like these poets abased here, are always worried about their social status and abilities. They imagine they're more important than oth-

ers by doing good (however obscurely defined) and important work.

According to Philodemus, the arrogant are lavish in self-praise and appreciate their own nobility more than anything else. A person like this rarely behaves in a civilized manner or has any measure of contemplation in their choices.

They bully other people and on their own expense, expecting to gain from said extortion. A person like this doesn't apologize nor admit to mistake anymore than can fathom their own weaknesses. In the end, they lose it all, their senses and everything, 'cause even they couldn't control themselves.



JÄÄMERENTIE

Myths are humanity's inventions, thus they can be disassembled by humans, and this is true also in poetry. Poets create their ideal images in the subconscious and out of fear, and they create these images to depict their emotions and what they themselves are so that they could find it easier to believe some purpose for life, and a meaning, yet forgetting all thinking based on reason and experience where doubt is the key to the unravelling of secrets, and without anyone remembering what is perhaps humanity's finest era, humanisms important, yet neglected principles: common sense, how important it is to encourage and support others and the principles of toleration, surprise and realization.



ARCTIC LUST - KALERVO PALSA AND THE POSSIBILITY OF FINNISH THINKING

Just like Tere Vaden writing in his “Arktinen hekuma – Kalervo Palsa ja suomalaisen ajattelun mahdollisuus” (Arctic lust – Kalervo Palsa and the possibility of Finnish thinking) that the misunderstood painter genius, Palsa had, in his work, just returned to the insanity, where one of the earliest missions of philosophy was manifested, that is, of disturbing the surroundings and the plain and obvious, and like this it should be; there should be rebellion and disagreement in Finnish contemporary poetry! The way in which people define themselves and their identity in a community affects the way they un-

derstand their own morality and the truth of their expression, the truth of what they say, and the truth of poetry. And because of this, I find it interesting how contemporary Finnish poets understand the ambivalence of reality that heaves simultaneously with its black and white nature without fatally losing their armored defenses and their ability to bare every day life. At best, a poem could be an exciting journey to the fountains of pure experience and real poem, for we don't really who we are from our all consuming lusts, we don't know where we came from nor where we are going.

ACCORDING TO GOETHE

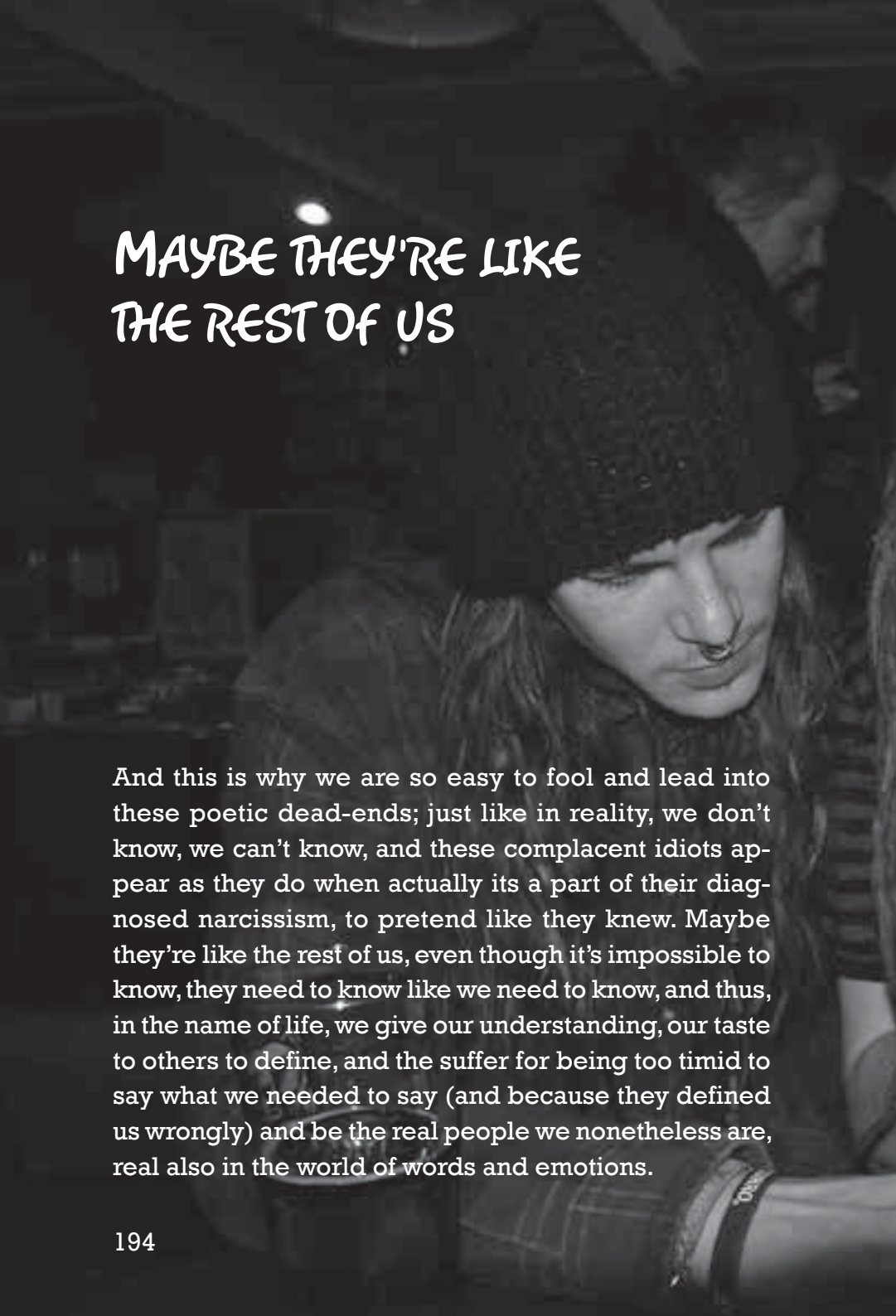
In Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, where government was based on manipulation, human being was taken as a hedonistic creature prone to selfishness who would do as ordered if threatened or by forcing. And Goethe said that the fact that such a great attention is given to details means that the spirit of the time, zeitgeist, isn't very productive. Also the human being, according to Goethe, is unproductive, when he/she be-

gins to act in said manner. The most important thing is the way you appear, and with whom, and nothing else. And if this posse had even a tiny set of balls, it would rather believe in the ghosts in *The Chastle of Otranto* by Horace Walpole rather than the official mumbling with what these poor peasants are so very intentionally led astray, distracted from the issue – that reality is hiding in some very distant elsewhere. Lucky for us.

PICK UP FOR DISPLAY NEW DIMENSIONS AND SIGNIFICANCES

The laughter born out of satirical and socially conscious poetry is a part of the world and requires a considerable amount of connections between intellects, or something also known as social interaction, but before anything else, this was skepticism and cynicism that stood against the idea that the world could actually be changed. And that is why poetry is at its best (yes, there are good poets in the world – a few) and most en-

chanting and grandiose experience about things that are normally unspoken of, because a great poet that knows how to rock people's world, can simultaneously look in to the outside as well as inside any given problem, and pick up for display new dimensions and significances, that, in turn, reveal even surprising top secrets, that where hidden in front of our eyes.



MAYBE THEY'RE LIKE THE REST OF US

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.



SIMILARITIES THAT FOLLOW EACH OTHER BY DEGREES OR SIMILARITIES

But this is also the birth of a human being ripe for poetry; a life that includes disorder into its own being. We can find traces of this in speech, phrases and rhymes, depending on the people and times, continuous and of varying degree, bound to spatiality or as madness molded every moment by the pressure of time, resembling severed insanities, or ferocious stubbornness defined by the differentiated systems of unison, similarities that follow each other by degrees or similari-

ties that mimic each other in mirror images thus forming differences, long chains of events that are arranged around growing differences, pure primitive force bothered by its own environment, force that the real dark, dreamlike and explosive core of imagination and the churning of mind was found in, the force that was everything, had everything else but what humanity wanted for itself.

WISDOM

Blake's insidious and perfidious words, all of them, should be considered along with what Montaigne said, you know, that it was hardest to believe that humanity would not falter, and easiest that they would. The one who would criticize human being in detail, piece by piece, would be more in the right than any generaliza-

tion. Wisdom, according to some Hellenic ancient geezer, that you want the same things you oppose. And according to Montaigne, with the condition that the will is genuine or true, and if it's not, it can't be the same all the time.



BUT NO MATTER HOW HARD I LOOK

I try to look for new questions to old answers in the world of poems by trying to be as annoying as possible in the spirit of Plato, the grand hater of poetry, and I, of course, know that what I'm trying to do is difficult, perhaps impossible for one man to do in this place and time where nothing seems to make a difference. But no matter how hard I look, no matter if I put bloodhounds on the trail, the truth is no where to be found, for truth is

only to be found in the words of Socrates' apprentices waging its influence on deeply moral idealists, so that we can't function in this society without banging all the time on the synthetic walls erected by humanity's strictness that surround us from all sides and like heavy curtains fall in on our view of the world eagerly diminishing our horizon.



BACK DOORS OPENED UP JUST FOR US

And this not to see the frenzy of freedom just outside, and that would no doubt put other thoughts in our heads; maybe we'd think twice about the shackles on our feet, and just maybe we would finally make that fearful leap into the unknown, just once without the need for safety



and security, back doors opened up just for us, foul play, chicanery and cheap tricks up our sleeve; for once pure hearted, open for new things, ready to let go of the lies we tell and perpetuate, the painful relationships and prisons of family and role.

DO SOMETHING THAT'S NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE!

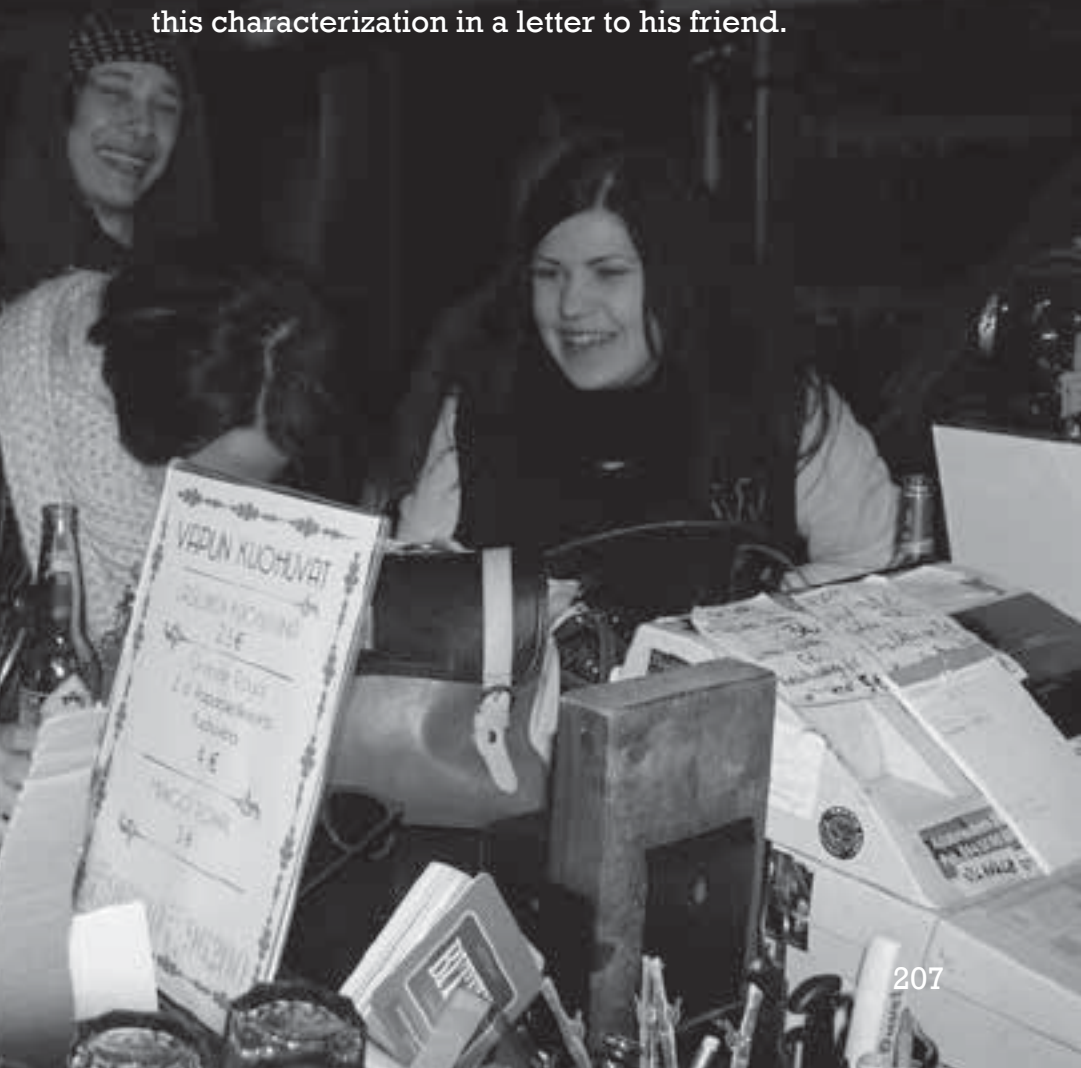
The real great souls, fighters, artists and free thinkers that renew the world with their actions don't live on a monorail kindly waiting for a toast speech and pat on the head but rather like an intellectual off road vehicle, nay, like a four-wheeled bear they drive through concrete walls like thin air leaving behind a trail of sob-

bing office rats, thought cleaners and other protagonists of this stale word order whose only defense is to come up with another new law and some new restrictions to make sure no one would dear, yet again, try alone and unauthorized, to do something that's never been done before.

HE WAS SACRIFICED ON THE ALTAR OF TRUTH BUT NOT FOR TRUTH

The real poet can expect the fate of the always disagreeing and defiant Prometheus, whom the gods chose to spite. He was sacrificed on the altar of truth but not for truth, he was sacrificed for bloody murder and out-

rageous lies to be fortified, not in his name, but for all that is false and arbitrarily dictated. Shelley said that Prometheus was an example of higher intelligence and morals, and that Prometheus was inspired by the purest and noblest of ideas and towards the most sublime of goals. The real poet is the same, like young Goethe as according to Lotten's fiancée, Kestner, who provides this characterization in a letter to his friend.



HE HATED ALL NECESSITY

The way Goethe's mind worked made him noble. By being free of prejudice, he did as he pleased without caring what others thought of it, whether it was trendy or not or was it according to good manners and conven-

tions or not. He hated all necessity. To sum it up, he was an extraordinary individual. And the most remarkable thing about him was that he could do everything others wanted to but clearly didn't.

KUUSAMONTIE

Evil should be opposed, indeed, as such and also in poetry, where it can be recognized as sloth, condescension, arrogance, and matter of factly fend of all such healing of the mind that would require admittance of disease, and quickly recall Foucault, of course would mean to gradually submit the mind and will under an outside influence, step on rungs of air, that pace you and



then give the tunes and rhythm and eventually these controllers would put you to swallow that satanic litany of lies these bourgeois well fed, and accordingly bloated, use to excuse their measures of apparent distortion, they stuff you like a pig and fuck you 'cause copulation is only a mode of subordination most acrid when mutual, and fucking is the active process of subordination.



AS IN RIGOR MORTIS

The examples are hideous and their trail a dread to follow. And the catch was to fuck people profusely, harass them and discipline them. And in poetry these measures are disguised as the ultimate good of being and as kindness, and the language is submitted to serve this purpose of fucking by allowing only the flat and obscuring figures of speech and by avoiding all possible contact with truth-policies that would tear apart the

stiff (as in rigor mortis) one truth facade politics with demands of transparency, the true freedom of expression that waves and swaggers with the sword of words that cut like truth, just having a bad day really difficult character and affirm the martyrdom of those who knowingly took the poison chalice rather than submit to that nameless lie.

SAARENKYLÄ

The admitted idol exemplification of justice, Socrates would not give in even in the immediate presence of death, as according to Plato he told the judge that the judge was in the wrong if he thought that it was allowed for a human being to mind about threats on one's life. To be a human being would require one to think whether the action at hand is right or wrong, workings of a bad or a good man.





THE DARKNESS OF THE WORLD

The fluent spring of truth can never be totally submitted to formula or mold, especially when the searching being stands in its own shade whining about the darkness of the world and doesn't understand how much humbug and intentional deceit is involved in false poetry, the pure will to power wreaked havoc there also,

and had the nerve, in its most plain and nude form, to wreak its raucous havoc rejoicing in any insolent form of evil without caring about anything else, for this self-whisperer was grim selfishness that shook off all shame and rationality.

VASKURINSILTA

I wanted to to annoy the petty bourgeois just a little, so that the pettiness of their hatred would reveal the agonizing joints of this day and age “that here we would see how the human suffering they caused would indicate our lives to be of continuous chaos in a tragedy, where a myriad of discordant voices gave form to our paining feelings of struggle.



WHAT IT DID NOT KNOW

It was ready to do everything and all, for it never decline any irrationality or shamelessness. But when the being was in healthy rational state and before falling asleep woke up the rational part of the mind of he spirit in its own being, nourished it with beautiful thoughts and contemplations, and got to be aware of itself, when also the lustful part of being was neither indulgent or ascetic, but was allowed to fall asleep with out causing worries to the best parts of being, and let that best part,

in its own autonomy and purity, contemplate and aspire to perceive what it did not know, the past, the future, and when the being also compromised into detente with the passionate self of being and didn't fall asleep in anger, with the mind churning – as when that being had thus sedated these two sides of spirit, and in stead let flow the third that hosted reason, the that being was no longer the victim of its delusions.

NORVAJÄRVENTIE

I found the real poetry smack in the middle of ordinary people and every day life in the style of old world casual remarks. Pertti Kurikan Nimipäivät (a Finnish punk rock group of four guys with general learning disability) was the reason why I had such a good time at the rock festival. Einstein was wrong, the reality is not realistic, it doesn't correlate our perception of what is true. It's this thing that affirmed it again and with such a lively energy! Already when Kari Aalto was just saying a few words about the next song the crowd was screaming and stomping all excited and delighted. was just saying a few words about the next song the crowd was screaming and stomping all excited and delighted.



THE SONG ABOUT THE OLD PROSTITUTE

Fuck, what a character. Not an ounce of pretension or calculated expression, word or carefully marketed image, and no, the group is definitely not made into a product. Just a monolith engendered by the way I hap-

pen to feel just now, like the song that told the un-love story of a man and a woman, just like the one we have, or the song about the old prostitute living in the dormitory next to his and was behaving a tad badly, just enough to get into a song.

NAPAPIIRINMÄKI

And this is why he thought that it is a good question to ask why poets chase something so abstract and ambivalent as “truth in poetry” that even after hard efforts ends up coming out as hate born out shame through rage, where the good of others is away from someone else, and the meaning of which is always in the future like tomorrow as if evading us, playing hide and seek, hiding its true nature and purpose.



WE HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO NAVIGATE AMIDST ALL THIS SHIT

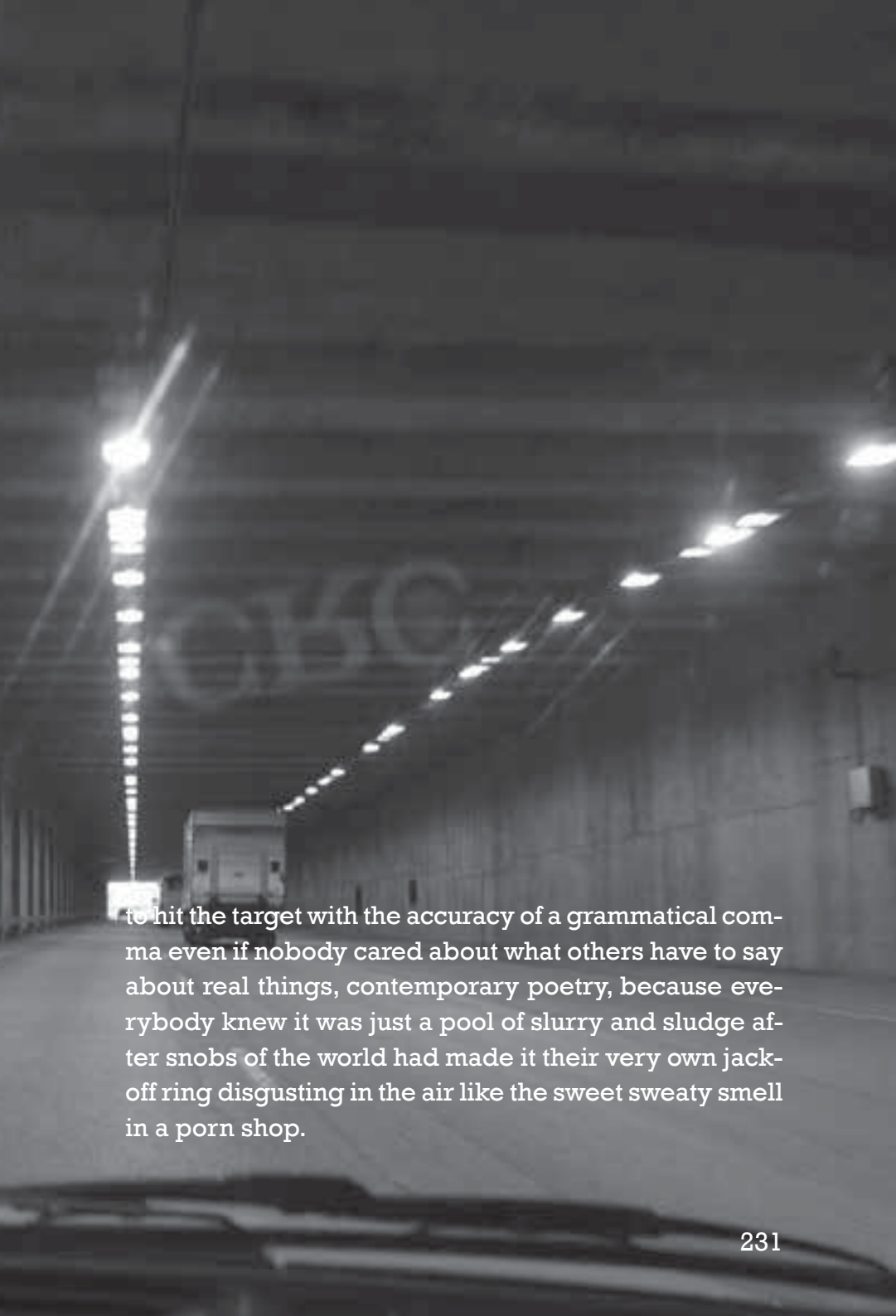
According to them the thing was to choose poetry that reeked of suspicion and intelligent cussing: “Remember that stupidity always cloaks itself in a smart robe, but is easy to spot as the joyless, humorless, regulations and hate loving hair splitter without a warm pulsating heart, attitude, play and balls that it is and completely devoid of the will and ability to laugh at itself, but insists on displaying an image of success and grandeur, being better than anyone else, stuffy pompous statue for others to idolize; an image of perfection, the sinless model citizen, without all the primitive urges, doubt or

anything else that could refer to common people. Being the uncompromising fair thing he is Mr. Z thought that the world is full of living shit and piss-on-you: “We have to learn how to navigate amidst all this shit, maintaining crazy conservative denial of life and meaningless entertainment dribble and dredge for all the sublimating bits of gold in all this sewage, for they can’t be found on the highway or in fancy ballroom parties, but on the back alleys, among the outcasts and hated lone wolves, in the hearts of brutally shaped and weather worn people.”



REVONTULITUNNELI

And when I asked myself what I meant by all this, I first mumbled something quietly looking away like I wasn't even there, before suddenly coughing up a wad of spit hopelessly bored of meaningless criticism in the name of pat on the back-journalism, answers prepared years in advance yards of fabric straight out of shelf. Ready made carefully devised thoughts with years of experience and thinking stewed inside of one's very own head



to hit the target with the accuracy of a grammatical comma even if nobody cared about what others have to say about real things, contemporary poetry, because everybody knew it was just a pool of slurry and sludge after snobs of the world had made it their very own jack-off ring disgusting in the air like the sweet sweaty smell in a porn shop.

THEY WERE THE SOURCE OF ALL HUMAN SUFFERING

I remembered that contemporary philosophy had fled all that is human with Pekka Himanen & co. and was now as far from reality as contemporary poetry, and I said he thought that we should learn from Diogenes, who strode to live a life of virtue without earthly possessions. I believed, like Diogenes, that all the teachings – elevating rungs of air – of the great philosophers were all but necessary to mankind, and insisted that, on the contrary, they were the source of all human suffering, because

humans were pursuing something they already had or what is impossible to attain or completely unnecessary all their lives. This is why the likes of Eeva-Liisa Manner (or should we rather blame Hegel and other moldy dorks?), who emphasize reason with sentiment were poison to contemporary poetry by tying it on the end of a tether on the other end of which there is pack of obstinate rams ready to bully it to death.



KARHUNKAATAJANTIE

And does all this flow under our noses in fearful speed? Was all in constant motion? Couldn't we step twice into the same current? Was our world full of opposing elements, where parallel opposites like good and evil were fundamental parts of the whole of reality, and if it was not for this constant clash between these extremes, would the world still be the world or would the world as we know it, as we imagined it, stop existing?



LACK OF UNDERSTANDING

I said, that a person is free and responsible when his/her actions are self caused, internally defined by the inner factors of the soul, and not the outer world, and he/she sees around, in the self and the people around, a grief that he/she understands to be lack of understand-

ing, and most people thus stand in the way of their own happiness. The sentiment is not other than reason and that there is no difference of mind between these two but one reason inclined both ways.





JOKKATIE

On this poetic expedition to find the lost meanings of words we need the philosophy of surprises and revelations. Contemplations about whether or not our existence was only here and now, or was there something else, something eternal other than humanity? And why should all this being be forever? Can anything be born out of nothing, Ex Nihilo? Couldn't something that never was become something else?

ANGER AND FEAR ARE BELIEFS ENGENDERED BY OTHERS

Humans don't often realize, that the part of the soul that desires and repents, hurts and fears, falls to the despicable when lured by pleasure and then again gains control over itself, is the same because our desire, anger and fear are beliefs engendered by others, and lousy commenting that don't happen in just one part of the soul or in chronological order and in places clearly pinpointed in some handbook but were indeed those

strong willed inclinations that control our soul; admittances, acceptances, aspirations and certain function, in general, that changed, in short intervals to the opposite and back to something just as obscure and impossible as they had been to begin with, just like rage and fury are unstable in lovers' brawls because of their weakness.





ISOAAVANTIE

And does all this flow under our noses in fearful speed? Was all in constant motion? Couldn't we step twice into the same current? Was our world full of opposing elements, where parallel opposites like good and evil were fundamental parts of the whole of reality, and if it was not for this constant clash between these extremes, would the world still be the world or would the world as we know it, as we imagined it, stop existing?

REMEMBER THE TEACHING BERTRAND RUSSEL RECEIVED IN A TAXI CAB

It is rare to those who think themselves to be smart and make easy things in to indecipherable messages to remember the teaching Bertrand Russel received in a taxi cab. When he was once going to one of his lectures, the cabby became curious and wanted to know what the fine gentleman did for a living. And once he found out, he wanted to know what the lecture was about. Russel tried to explain the the topic as well as possible but the

cabby could not understand a word. It was the that Russell decided to write all of his lectures trying to imagine the same cabby as the audience, so that every man could understand the message, and not exclusively to a bunch of inbred jack-off philosophers, for the original purpose of philosophy had been to solve peoples problems and to incite new thinking, and not to make up an entirely new language and meaning based on some gibberish monk latin.



SUOSIOLAN VOIMALAN PIIPUT

Inspired by Hans Castrop of Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*. And you understand thoroughly but expression 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".



ROVANIEMI`S SECOND DON QUIXOTE FIGURE AFTER E-J TENNILÄ EINO HANTULA

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 Rovaniemi`s Don Quixote figure, Eino Hantula, whom would make Andre Malraux proud, because Hantula stands out as real actor-intellectual in a world mannerisms and whose depth, tonal scala and quality are keys to the fountains of real thought lead-

ing 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.

Kontti

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Kontti

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KONTTI

And when the road ended I went on along the trail in the pitch black darkness. That`s because I`m like James Bidgood`s Pink Narcissus, a dream, a poetic and very dangerous!

AWARENESS IS NO TALISMAN THAT SOLVES EVERYTHING

My poems try to depict the rascals that exist in the effect they are between people and things. Rascals that either draw in or repulse. The forces that separate and unite us are hidden from others, sometimes from our selves, and thoroughly. Awareness is no talisman that solves everything, but broadening it with the power of words we can peek behind the scenes of things and see ourselves, our lies and shackles, and the hope I thought was lost in the future, from behind and in a brand new

mind invigorating and opening light. For me life and human being as such is the measure and foundation of all life, like it was for Sokrates. I cherish the diversity, openness, possibility, and encourage the change together with the realisation that this world can, in effect, be saved from the vanity, self-deception's slavery and stupidity's perfection. It can be saved free of all necessities and shit, and gave birth to these freedom-ballad's poetry about despair and pain.



TEOLLISUUSTIE

On his last night Mr. Z. His dried tears on his now weather worn rosy cheeks made Mr. X 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. Mr. Z 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 smiled down to him in all their mysterious beauty.



OH PEOPLE SHOOT GUNS ALL THE TIME

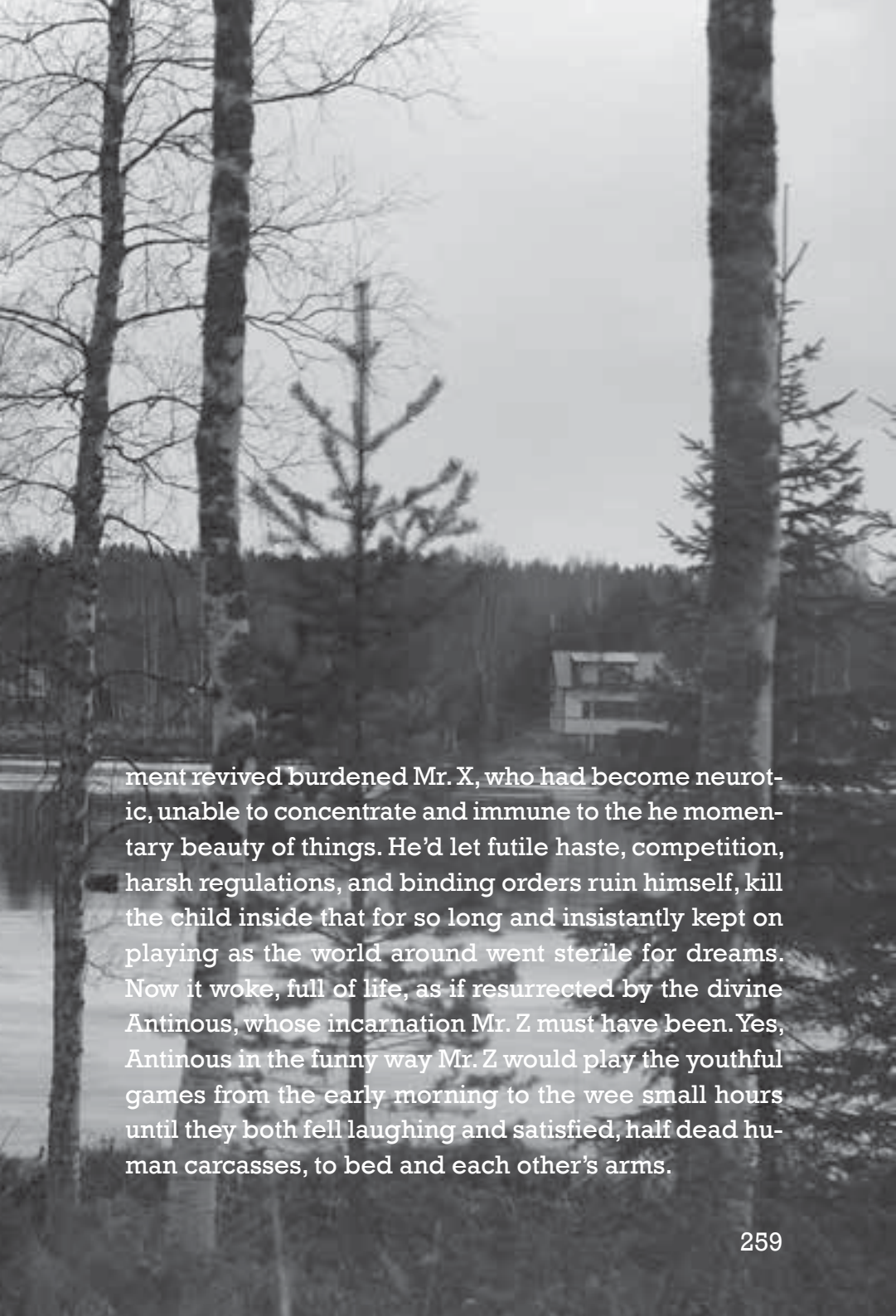
My partner and I got jumped yesterday in broad daylight in midtown. A group of men wearing Knick's jerseys just got out of the game at the park. We were verbally assaulted by two of them. It was then that I realized we were surrounded. They broke my nose and his wrist. They called us fags and told us to not bother fighting. This event happened just outside McDonald's, where they were caught on tape, and several by-standers had their cameras out taking video. Sadly when things like this happen everywhere, and even if you do call 911 to get help, you are often just blown off. I called when I saw a man shoot a gun into a car full of people right in front of me. The police showed up AN HOUR LATER, and didn't even want to talk to me even though

I was the only eyewitness. They said: “oh people shoot guns all the time, nothing we can do about it”. What do you do when even the police no longer cares? Yes, the police informed us that they couldn't promise anything, as there were a ton of fans in the city at that moment. This is just a proof that the fight for equality is far from over. This happened everywhere, during the day, with a ton of people around, just across the street from the town hall. When are we safe? This is both maddening and disgusting! I've always said that the park area was pretty seedy and a lot of trash seem to congregate there. Please be careful folks, we apparently aren't safe no matter where we are, regardless of how much progress has been made!

A black and white photograph of a forest. In the foreground, several tall, thin trees with light-colored bark stand prominently. The background shows a dense forest of similar trees, with a body of water visible in the distance. The overall atmosphere is quiet and somewhat somber.

NIEMELÄNKANGAS

This kind of existence held no interest to Mr. X now happy and in love. This moment of being. Those small golden bits of happiness as he watched Mr. Z 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 mo-



ment revived burdened Mr. X, who had become neurotic, unable to concentrate and immune to the 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 insistently 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 Mr. Z must have been. Yes, Antinous in the funny way Mr. Z 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.

MR. TURING- I`M VERY SORRY AND CRYING FOR YOU!

"Nearly 60 years after his death, Alan Turing, the British mathematician regarded as one of the central figures in the development of the computer, received a formal pardon from Queen Elizabeth II on Monday for his conviction in 1952 on charges of homosexuality, at the time a criminal offense in Britain. The pardon was announced by the British justice secretary, Chris Grayling, who had made the request to the queen. Mr. Grayling said in a statement that Mr. Turing, whose most remarkable achievement was helping to develop the machines and algorithms that unscrambled the supposedly impenetrable Enigma code used by the Germans in World War II, "deserves to be remembered and recognized for his fantastic contribution to the war effort and his legacy to science." Mr. Turing committed suicide in 1954, two years after his conviction on charges of gross indecency. He was 41. In a 1936 research paper, Mr. Turing anticipated a computing machine that could per-

form different tasks by altering its software, rather than its hardware. In 2009, Prime Minister Gordon Brown issued a formal apology to Mr. Turing, calling his treatment “horrible” and “utterly unfair.” But Mr. Cameron’s government denied him a pardon last year. An online petition urging a pardon received more than 35,000 signatures. The campaign has also received worldwide support from scientists, including Stephen Hawking. When Mr. Turing was convicted in 1952, he was sentenced — as an alternative to prison — to chemical castration by a series of injections of female hormones. He also lost his security clearance because of the conviction. He committed suicide by eating an apple believed to have been laced with cyanide. The queen has the power to issue a “royal prerogative of mercy” to pardon civilians, but rarely does so. Mr. Grayling said that Mr. Turing’s sentence would today be considered “unjust and discriminatory.”



KEMIJOKI

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. Mr. Z disappeared from his life just as fast as he had appeared right smack in the middle of it.



IF YOU'RE INTERESTED

Living the dreams would mean to lose the excitement and surprise, because Mr. Z answered his what-kind-of-dude-and-what-kind-of-cock-available-and-on-what-kind-of-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 wont 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 conscios 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 wont do anything in my life to a man whose time and company I have to beg, and who con-

tinually 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€, hand-job&blow-job 20€, ass-fuck both ways 30€, fondling, pawing and kissy-kissy 10€, all-nighter 50€. I don't do weird stuff."



TIIETOTALO

And that is why his openly digressing hesitation let you understand that he had finally, despite his young age, found his Epichetos, 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.



SMALL TOWN FROM THE CITY OF LONDON

When Mr. Z finally realised what he couldn't change, he wouldn't worry about, which was the polar opposite to Mr. X 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 Mr. X 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.

SUSIVOUDIN KENTTÄ

He was watching a film by probably the most interesting and famous, even now (or perhaps out of fashion already), gay director Pedro Almadovar. The movie was a finely toned laud for the original innocent gay conspiracy between young boys in lustful opposition, swallowing our admiration with divine self assurance, against authority and discipline, in spite of all the how to live -guidebooks for dummies that the "adults" impose on the up and coming generations. Yes, Almadovar's *Bad Education* is one of those movies full of fuckable indeed Spanish boys with clean boyish faces wiggle their perfect asses and bulging loins so that not even the most callous of wanking homos out there can watch the film longer than a few minutes before their hand starts to swim down the pants to caress the hardening cock.



STRANGE INFLATABLE KEN -DOLLS

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 commercialism, 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.

I FOUND IT EASY TO MAKE MYSELF BELIEVE RATIONALLY

And on his weak moments Mr. X from Rovaniemi would sit face palming and moaning about what he'd just done again in these London joints where men would fuck the youngsters ferociously until the wee small hours in parties so gross and lewd that no historian dares to mention them even on the marginal sidetracks of official history in fear of vengeance and reprimand. And these youngsters were no boy-girl fairies who spend their time in the make up department of posh department stores, cheap Max Factor whore boys, but the most beautiful boys of their generation, like statues with wiry muscles and huge cocks that stood stolid in a league of their own we'd not even dared to dream about. And I was growing out of my boyish pants full steam, in a real university in the big city, THE big city, the CAPITAL city studying austerity measures to be applied on myself and being, so that I would once become the one who can say, who gets to say why this and this is wrong and why you can do this and not that and what will become of that and what not, what not, and accordingly I found it easy to make myself believe rationally and think objectively that I was thus gaining information on the world by means of pure human reason.




HE HAD THAT SOMETHING, LIKE GRAVITY OR SUCTION

And I wouldn't believe anything before I'd seen it with my own two eyes, experienced or heard, tangible thus palpable, and wouldn't believe even then, because I thought, as accordingly, that the senses were deceiving us with noise in the channel distorting the real physical world of actual existing reality that would of course be beyond us for this very reason. But I didn't control what I was inside. I still fancied my best friend from school years, the one I'd observe from the corner of my eye with lustful glances while he'd compete himself and the stopwatch. When I'm gently tugging alone here in the big city I only think of him. He had that something, like gravity or suction. When I started working out, the

molding of my skinny self, that I'd get laid, I noticed, that I could stand to be seen, and I would have a hard on, pompous and extravagant, always, and I was always in the mood for some cock. But I felt great shame, quietly, ashamed of myself, of being so clumsy and good for nothing, and I would drink to hide this, and on the weekends we'd storm the city with him like petty juvenile delinquents with ADHD, tottering on quietly going nowhere without direction, slowly but surely to the grave I dug for myself constantly feeling completely and utterly lost, darkened and guilty to all the evil, and especially shocked by it. I never dared to come on to him and it still hurts me."

WHAT HONESTY,
WHAT PASSIONATE FURY,
STURM UND DRANG,
WHAT GENTLENESS,
AND WHAT STRAIGHTFORWARD
AND ARTICULATED HONESTY!

He was seriously perplexed as to where the director finds all these stories and boys mumbling to himself between the first and second load of sperm while winding and rewinding the movie back and forth between his favorite scenes. What perfect erotics and sperm dripping lustful imagery he could create and animate with his magic touch out of a many times over chewed up cliché of a subject such as this Smiert Spionom thought: “What honesty, what passionate fury, sturm und drang, what gentleness, and what straightforward and articulated honesty, communicated experience, what insight, what poetic masturbation”, he marveled the director’s finalized high ovation of masochistic homosexuality,



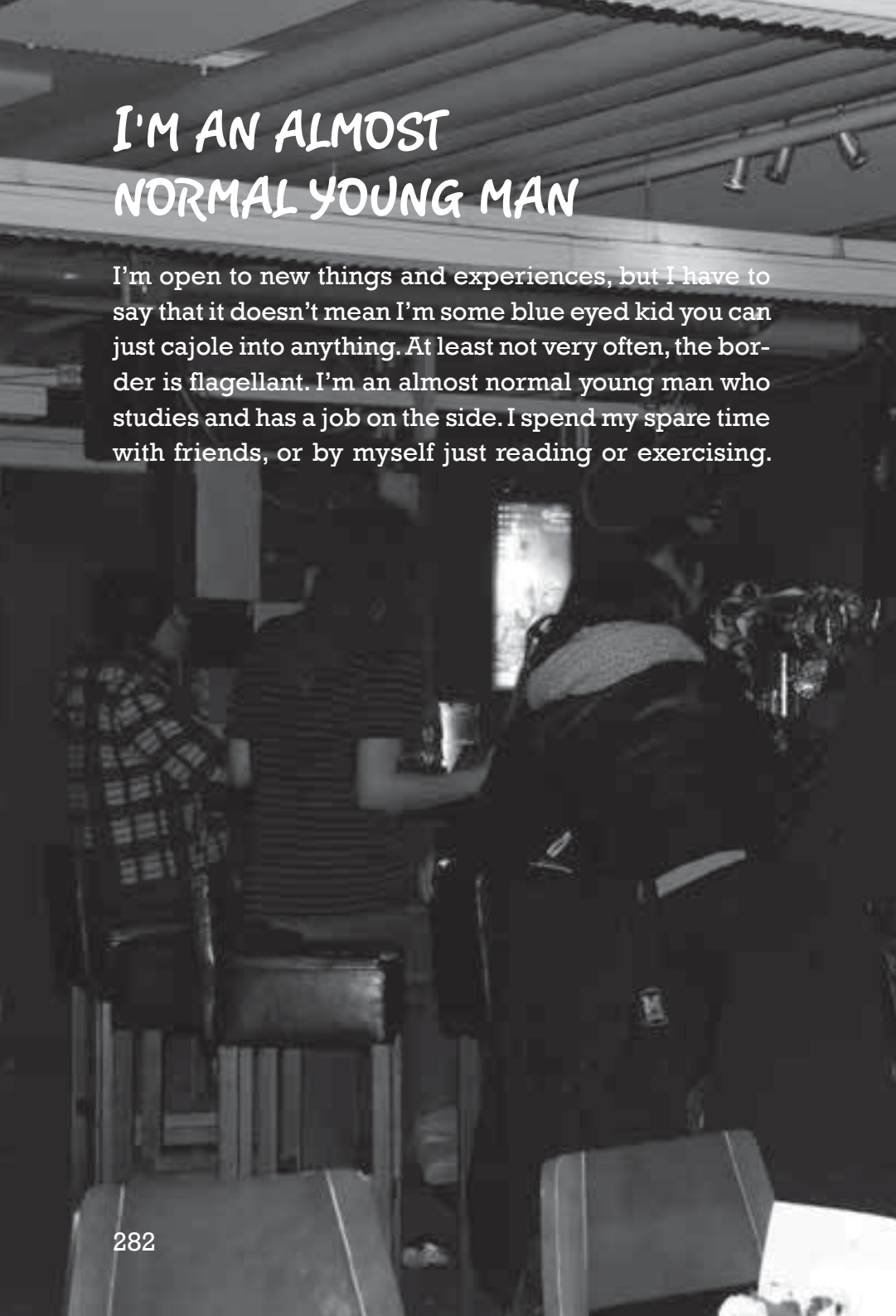
and returned in his thoughts to the scenes that made him wind the tape to shreds and bash the bishop three times in a row already, passionately, so that his long and lean cock was sore, red and throbbing, now resting on his stomach, still half hard, dripping gobs of sperm like a salivating idiot but still ready to jump up enthusiastically when he'd rewind the scenes again, especially the scene where the godly trailer trash loser motorist boy lies butt naked ass high in front of a beautiful trans-junkie before he sat on the fat cock of this unbelievable hunk with his horny butt and started his madly accelerating shimmying.

THE TEXT MESSAGES BETWEEN MR. Z AND MR. X

And then he understood, that it would have never worked out if these mutual enjoyment-sensual-joys had become the foundation of our culture, that is why Mr. X thought that Plato had tidied up his stories, cleaned out the smell of sperm, fap of cocks, squishing of asses, crazily maddening lust and continuous fucking: "Socrates made boys bloom, liberated us from the thrall of the fairytale with his toad kiss, and the hidden powers we didn't even know we possessed. He made us blush and yearn. Love and dream. Show our emotions, and look for the truth, in addition to love, the truth that seemed to be hiding from everyone and everything.

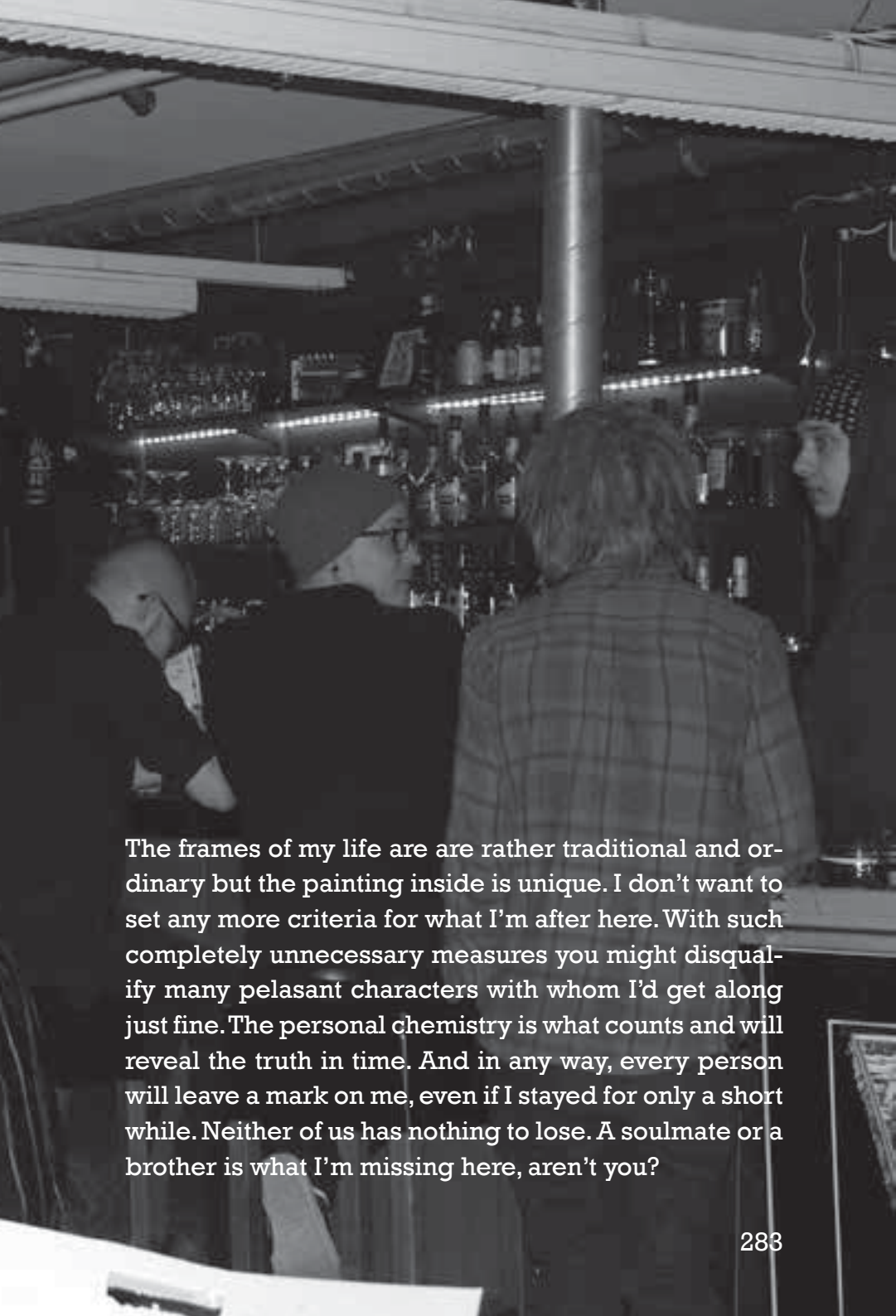
The text messages between Mr. Z and Mr. X where a thing to behold: "Would you be a man fat enough to fuck? It would be a miracle, I tell you! It would be just lovely if you had enough loose skin to fold, and an in-

grown small stud of a dick that smells hideously of age old constipation and stale jack-off sperm, and haven't fucked in hundred years, or what better, never gotten a proper dickin' or popped an ass, but of course been dreaming about it all your life, and that's why you stuffed your self like that with all the junk food that made you the blimp you are. You should tell me what you want. Do you have any pictures of your strained lard-tits, your manly triple chin or your formidable but formless fat ass? I'd like to play cream-pie games and munch microwave dinners in front of the TV with you, fucking every once and a while and wank some in between like chubby bulldogs, and together go hand in hand to check up on how much our joint love has gained weight during these unfathomably toothsome fuck-night sessions.



I'M AN ALMOST NORMAL YOUNG MAN

I'm open to new things and experiences, but I have to say that it doesn't mean I'm some blue eyed kid you can just cajole into anything. At least not very often, the border is flagellant. I'm an almost normal young man who studies and has a job on the side. I spend my spare time with friends, or by myself just reading or exercising.



The frames of my life are rather traditional and ordinary but the painting inside is unique. I don't want to set any more criteria for what I'm after here. With such completely unnecessary measures you might disqualify many pleasant characters with whom I'd get along just fine. The personal chemistry is what counts and will reveal the truth in time. And in any way, every person will leave a mark on me, even if I stayed for only a short while. Neither of us has nothing to lose. A soulmate or a brother is what I'm missing here, aren't you?

TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF

I hope you was an uptight slave-driver of a teacher, who just didn't smile or include any positive feedback into his teaching methods, or maybe a patrolman who has beaten hobos to death in the county police jail, or a paramedic who'd rather suffocate than resuscitate the dying, or a prison guard who let prisoners beat each other to death in exchange for a good ass fuckin' or a blowjob. Your favourite movies should be all the violent shit out there, especially all the Hannibal Lecter wannabe sadistic monster who eat their victims movies, and all that below all standards sadistic rubbish that Nazi Homos continually produce for the European black markets for the sadistically perverted to be sold for obscene prices in secret via Darknet directly to the elite customers with the required solvency.

Answer only if you're over sixty, strict and rigid or merciless, sickly sadistic, and I'd prefer you to be both severely disturbed and profusely twisted wreck of a human being without any friends or next of kin and your only childhood memory is when you bulled the wings of a fly and poured rat poison into the coffee of the sweet old lady next door.

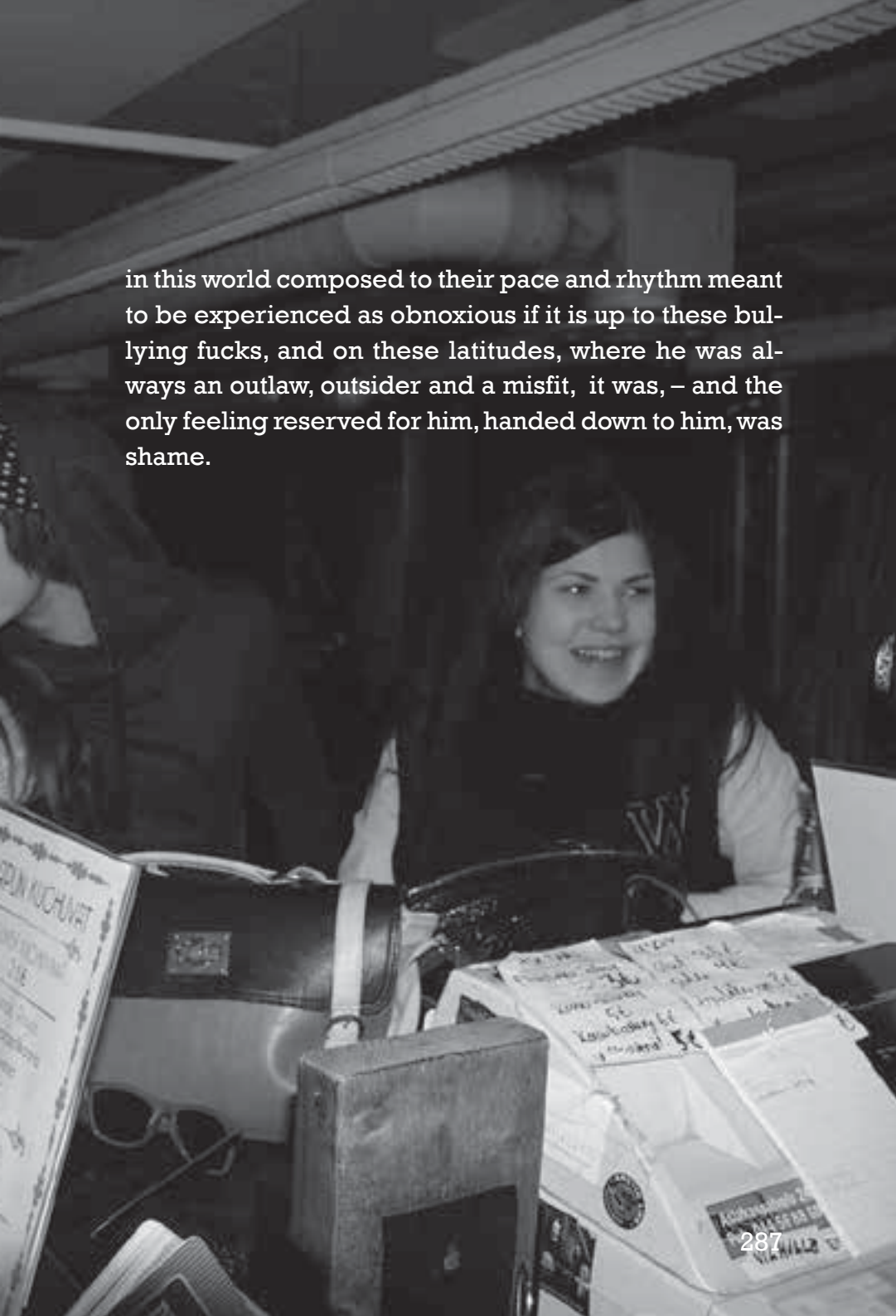
Tell me about yourself; age, height, measurements and where you live, what equipment you have for ass, ball and cock manipulation and what medication you're on. What's your health status and would you like to go and kill some random poor people in some third world country god forsaken slum, on a vacation or something?

CARING ABOUT ANYTHING IS GAY

Mr. X said, in the words of Seth Putnam: “Caring about anything is gay”, although pride wasn’t the first sensation when you noticed you were outside everything, completely different and inexorably subjugated under the pity and “goodness” of all the shitheads of the world, their puppet for all the duration of this shitty life



in this world composed to their pace and rhythm meant to be experienced as obnoxious if it is up to these bullying fucks, and on these latitudes, where he was always an outlaw, outsider and a misfit, it was, – and the only feeling reserved for him, handed down to him, was shame.



THE ANGELIC CONVERSATION

When Mr. Z listened to Shakespeare's sonnet number 116 for the first time he got a full size (thick 22cm) hard on and had to leave in the middle of the act shamelessly to jack-off (and back home he would download pictures of the reciting artist for his private wanker's gallery) being the mischievous hedonist gay child he was, and because he couldn't get out of the booth being too much in the mood, and had to stay there polishing his knob until it wash screaming red and sore, and the show was of course over way before he was done, so he decided to mail order Derek Jarman's *The Angelic Conversation* straight from London just because it embod-

ied that aesthetic international gay homo citizenship that rocked the worlds conventional core so thoroughly that no redneck could ever feel at home in the world had he known what thus became of the world. All is on the move you know, you never can tell who'll end up stranded on a station the trains no longer stop at, except maybe to dump some sludge from the fashionable public latrines – these stations are the terminus for all the derelict matter, waste of a society that produces, consumes, and throws away. (Keep moving like this in a limited world and at some point there's only junkyards to see and garbage dumps to live in.)

THESE BORING AND REPULSING DUALISTIC MODELS OF SEXUALITY

And he didn't think that pride was a fertile basis for the elements of chance he wanted to animate, but the shame stirred up all the rebellion in him when he asked his secret jack-off self where were all the "others" that couldn't fit into these boring and repulsing dualistic



models of sexuality. What closet were all the backwood bedchamber fat-frog jack-offs, and their floral print tutus, and all the other historically hideous incarnations of queerness locked into, the ones that weren't the least bit interested about the acceptance of any one outside the self?




FAT CAT DYKES AND SPACE TRANNY LOOKING MESSED UP AND CONFUSED GOOFBALL CHARACTERS

Mr. Z was listening to Hunks and His Punx. The band was horrible and more like a bad joke whereas Freddy Mercury, despite his buck teeth, was the greatest and ablest of the superdivas in the arena of rock and roll cockerels, and Pet Shop Boys the grandfathers and icons of gay pop, and in this company Hunks and His Punx was more like monotonous cheap department store elevator music with its fat cat dykes and space tranny looking messed up and confused goofball characters in a framework garage punk with a hint of post-Beach Boys

surfing fifties melancholy but over-saturated with the foul sounds of the eighties while the synth bellows disco-hoedown quietly like e proper oxymoron, so that if you wouldn't see the video, you wouldn't realize it actually was a good joke instead of the desperate mooing of a desolate elderly and overweight manboy trying to disguise as the cunt of cat lady from next door with his mother's bra on his head trying to torture to death his only friend, the mangy poodle it sounded like.

EVEN THOUGH I WAS GETTING OLDER

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?

PRIDE OF BEING WHAT YOU ARE


This is why Mr. X couldn't understand why the likes of him had to conform to the expectations and hypocriticalities of some godawful snob offal of a liberal nerd, bathe the ears of these cunts with sweet sounding complements, pride of being what you are, or some other supposed joy, when in actual fact, people like Smiert Spionom had to come out, and in swarms, to fill every billboard and TV-screen with annoying fake tan faces, interior decorators and style advisers to be bullied and loathed, to replace the mimes as the most hated spittoon of a public figure, to give their bloated pain thwarted faces to the different yet united "rainbow people" as they were at the same time shamed for not belonging at all to this screamingly colorful group and didn't feel even the most elementary affiliation with these clowns, nor did they want that consumerist homo life mimicking the supposedly normal hetero life with its mortgages,

diapers and family dinners but rather stayed quiet and hidden in the forests, in the dim light of their small huts contemplating new previously unimaginable as well as every day life debaucheries (as the hermit crabs living in their Maldororian asses twitch, turn and tickle) in the shadow of the same shame as before wanking off, of course, accordingly, as that is the thing lonely wankers do, behind every one's backs calling every one queer from those very shadows undermining mischievously with every time he masturbated, every time an ass is popped, have faith, have faith, an angel dies and falls from heaven, with all the lewdness he could muster, and wring out of his imagination he tried to tear down the society of conventionality and normality, make sure it stays board the train, the Nova Express straight to where it belongs – up the ass.

A dark, grainy photograph of a narrow hallway. On the left, there is a wall with vertical corrugated metal panels. At the end of the hallway, a door is visible, slightly ajar. The lighting is very low, creating a somber and claustrophobic atmosphere.

I THOUGHT FUCK IT AND LET GO

That's the philosophers stone I hit my toe in. I'd been something I wasn't, and that's why I couldn't get what I wanted but rolled around in the carrion of my imagined self, under the excruciating pressure of my own hopes, and now that I came to think of it, I thought fuck it, and let go. I'll use whore-boys onve a week to satisfy my need



for love and beauty. Nameless, handsome, still innocent and exciting looking in some insane way, these that offer their services first cautiously as private massaging in the gaynet.com, then later as day-time company for older gentlemen in the not for younger than fifty style.

WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO BE?

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?

THAT IS MY ONLY HOPE

Ypu have to have some gut. Beard. A fat wallet. Closet gay. I have my own place and always raunchy action to pass the time guaranteed out of mutual agreement with absolute discretion and in cash. That is my only hope, exciting, yes, I thought, and got into my hands a few of these lads' adds. They came with pictures. Real cute things. Athletic. I'd never think these guys were gay if

I just saw them somewhere. Are they even? And that's where it ended again. I remembered they never were. I'd heard the warnings, they were only after the money, people wrote about these things. They'd sell to whoever was buying, but in their private life they only went for pussy.

KUULA'S TRIO AND THEN A EXCERPT OF TCHAIKOVSKY PIANO TRIO HAD THE SAME UNDERTONE

Maybe it held some explanatory power over Mr. Z that his deranged father had told him how he saw, already as a child, how “the laws all melted into a fog producing, in our hearts, only fragments that fall apart” but now thought that the development had taken a turn for worse, and thus sloth, vainglorious goggling and the personality disorders caused by underdevelopment had little by little rendered him, as according to his own words, “a cocktail of quirks”, that is, a self authorized and insane, embracing the world hair fluttering madly in the headwind ejaculating in his pants good for nothing slacking sack of shit, but especially an artist of multiple talents aware of his originality and genius moving between the two worlds of literature and music without

ever being able to decide which to commit to.

He'd play with his piano the only piece composed by Toivo Kuula – according to him, Toivo Kuula had stolen all his compositions from folk songs or the works of his piers and gave them away to everyone in need). To prove this he'd play first a sample of Kuula's Trio and then a excerpt of Tchaikovsky Piano Trio, which had the same undertone, and said that Kuula had had the chance to compete even the masterworks of his contemporaries; Stravinsky and Schönberg, but that Kuula was too much of a Fin to surpass his origin provinciality and rise above himself to join the real artists, stars of this world – “the only absolutely rational work” ever done by him, The Sheep's Polska.

THE STAG OF ASTUVANSALMI

The next piece Mr. Z played was Kuula's *The Shepherds*, where a lonely flute depicted two luckless shepherds, one of whom got lost into the forest and died so that the entire village mourned the shepherds death in the end of the piece: "That shepherd that got lost was my grandfather."

The he told us how his shepherds bloodline, made famous by Kuula, had come from the small Fenno-Ugrian villages around St. Petersburg close to the Narva Triumphal Arch in the beginning of the 20th century, the region where the famous Putilov weapons magazine had once been.


He'd then, of course show us the family's coat of arms that was like a plain ripoff of the Stag of Astuvansalmi, a rock painting that, according to him, portrayed a forest shaman who actually was the progenitor of the bloodline and then proceed to tell us wild untold stories, and maybe the wildest untold story I could imagine any slobbering lunatic had come up with in his wildest dreams. According to him he was to the cow raping fart army that ruled the Finnish forests before the foul Christians showed up with their prudish ideas.

THE HELP OF A FINNISH SPITZ THAT YAPPED AND BIT THE CHINS OF THE COWS

His clan had gotten its name when emperor Philippus Arabs was celebrating the first millennial anniversary of the Roman empire in the year 248 by helping the obstinate cows over the ice from Estonia to Finland with the help of a Finnish Spitz that yapped and bit the chins of the cows to make sure they comply, and this was when the other unruly and pugnacious Finnish tribes were hunting elks and bears and whatever they could catch to survive and would then hold feasts to appease the spirits of the forest and the animals they killed.

According to him, his clan never killed its cows, but considered it holy as according to a tribal tradition, a story

passed on for generations in the family, that they themselves once were cows, and said that this was because before the Christian killer mentality arrived all animals were thought to represent the same spirit as humans. And so Finland had got its cows, all calves of his family's primeval cow. Despite all that I was intrigued by Pete's desperate insanity, it contained something so very heart-wrenching and reminded me of this one young anarchist lad who never gave in nor succumbed to the small minded and embittered dreary small town idiots that fussed and toiled around him.



DIRTY CLOTHES SCATTERED AROUND THE ROOM

And it was him that I encountered in young Mr. Z In an apartment more akin to a trashcan I realized that this still then cute lunatic had nothing serious in hid head except for the misconceptions and confusion, like his dirty and foul smelling crib, that was nothing but a heap of empty tins, dirty clothes scattered around the

room, and the computer always on displaying a dating site just in case. A failed delinquent son of a miserable, deranged and self centered father thoroughly lost and astray, the both of them, for generations and generations.

AND WE CARRY THE WORST FORM OF TREASON IN OUR HEARTS

Mr. Z called again after couple of days, it was midday and I was working. And when he woke up, he looked at me as if with brand new eyes. We talked all night. At some poin his phone rang. He went into the kitchen to talk. It was a regular marathon of a phone call. And he left immediately after it saying he'd be back in one hour."

Nah, fucks to it. When Mr. Z recalled that evening later on, he refrained noncommittally philosophizing on a general level slightly beside the point, like he always did, so that Mr. X would be led astray from the thing that made him feel bad.

”We don’t know ourselves even if old crazy Romans tried to permanently stuff it in all historical thinking; know thy self. And we carry the worst form of treason in our hearts – self betrayal – through all our lives without a speck of shame, because we have been taught to do so, to listen to others instead of our own inner voices. And the greatest sin of the gay world is that we talk shit all the time badmouthing other people, most of all in places and in connection to things otherwise sanctified for benevolent thoughts and actions, and without anyone wandering how can all be this evil.”

BROTHERLY GAYNESS IS NO GAME

Mr. X said that all that is good will turn to evil in time. Even the most benevolent of gays will become malign cock-hungry whining and pining homo-monsters. He thought that there was nothing else that was pure but experience and doubt. We must stay away from this kind of gays and repugnances, and fight against them. Brotherly gayness is no game, but serious attempt reserved for love and true intent to be a gay friend to another gay friend, and bring as much joy, happiness and good memories to your gay friend as possible.



ROVANIEMI GAY WORLD WAS FULL OF OPPOSITIONS

And that's why Mr. Z withdrew entirely from the shallow gay world and delved into his own internal ideas of what gay friendship, gay beauty and gay truth were, so that his hunt for gay truth was now a mission to reveal, like the philosophers of ancient Greece, all the forms of his gay sensory illusions, and to turn into a cock enthusiast searching for his own perfect happiness, and a benevolent creature above all, one that would aspire to the complete fulfillment of his desires, to the understanding of the importance of desire, and with others like him, without caring for the hate talk floating around as agonizing as ever, and not on the expense of others, stepping on gay friendship, trampling on it on the way up the ladder of gay commercial superficiality, scaling rungs of air, with the perfect Machiavellian mindset of use and abuse, like things were at present according to


him. De Sade would be happy; *per-versa capita sunt* – perversions are capital.

Mr. Z said that our gay world was full of oppositions. Both good and evil had their definitive places in the gay reality, and where it not for the continual struggle between these parallel opposites, the world wouldn't be the world anymore, and it would be canceled as such; world is because there was an original fraction in a perfect harmony, the singularity that got disrupted.

“And this is the very struggle I want to girt and harness gays for, and try at the same time to separate the husks from the grain, the essential salts from the water of life that fills our lungs, make it clear for the laymen gays what would further general good, and what does not, and this was of course a gargantuan task for a neophyte fresh out of the closet door and into the real gay world. But that was long ago.”

THAT GUY SURE AS FUCK NEEDED JUST THIS MOMENT

And on that moment I enter a strange gloomy bar and hear that wonderful music that has bothered me for a long time without knowing whose it is and where it's coming from, so I understand I have finally come to my home. And when I look around me I see the same waiting and excitement, sweating palms, and the first time, that thing forgotten and permanent in deep memory, changing, accusing, all justifying, and all blessing apology, but I heard nothing. They could only cough and wheeze in the corner, last glasses were emptied and then some staring with glassy hopeless eyes to somewhere far away in the distance, as away as possible so it wouldn't hurt. And decent people don't talk about these things anywhere outside the bar.



Some-one was dancing alone and
hugged himself crying, thoroughly inebriated
in broad daylight, sat at my table and burst into tears.
I'm thinking is this all. Just when I once went somewhere
I saw immediately
its shocking misery, but I was sure that
that guy sure as fuck needed just this moment.

THANKS TO YOU

You always smiled
Now I'm feeling smiley too,
Of this I thank you,
I was thinking of you then,
Once more
From distant past
I don't know if it was a coincidence
But maybe that was what
People loved you for.
And after that I no longer have
That agonizing fear
Of being alone, that had followed me
From childhood, that I should be left
Alone in the end, to wither
In this incoherent world.

THE DECEITFUL PLEA OF A LIAR

He insisted that the pursuit of truth was an unfit aspiration for the masses, because knowledge could have negative implications. He referred to Nietzsche, who saw that the human being was a deceitful and vain animal to which morality was just a daring forgery. He saw that a pursuer of truth was weak and childish and lacked both power and will: "He was fragile, blown empty like a vessel of plain shape that had to wait for essence to be able to take form", because Nietzsche thought that lying was a sign of a strong and healthy persona. Nietzsche admired the Will to Power above all, because the will engendered by it defined what is true. When I said that on the lowest levels of Dante's Inferno suffer those guilty of lying and deceit, because it was Dante who realized that betrayal, the greatest of all human

sins, God hated most, and this is why their lot was on the lowest floors of hell, where pain was greatest, and those heretics who practiced wrong doing in order to gain pleasure would, actually, get less pleasure and more agony than the righteous, because in Socratic dialogues they understood that to procreate justice, the relation between the different aspects of the soul had to be made to appear natural, and to procreate heresy was to make it seem unnatural. “Nevertheless” he said, “despite the fact that they were completely futile, clangor of empty barrels about personal freedom or pursuit of happiness and how wonderful the world is, I am right on the money because of these reasons of comfort I’ve gotten used to.”

CAN'T GUESS WHO?

In the middle of all this hurry
the sun was shining rather promisingly.
We worked hard.
Nothing felt difficult.
The it happened.
Everything went its own ways,
to a bend, got screwed, towards ass
Nevertheless the dawn changed
to an evening and also something lasting
was left in our hands,
And it was the best, you probably don't even
remember the silly thing, that this is how
I saw, on one of those difficult days
I saw someone smiling secretly,
can't guess who?



EVERYTHING THAT IS TOLD AS LIE, IS TRUE

I'm sick and tired of seductive lies
And when I look at myself in the mirror
I suddenly see that I am just what I'm not.
I'm horrified and starting to think it's a dream
But when I pinch myself it hurts
I realize that if I'm dreaming, it is worse

than a nightmare or everything has been exposed finally, gone asunder and I'm in deep shit. So I believe that all that is told as a lie, is true, at least on my part, which they are not going to change one bit.

THAT`S WHY...

That's why he had inside him an internal must to return to his miserable birthplace (to be an unbearable know it all acting like the chief with his memorized trivia), although he didn't feel like a person who'd in any way fit there, and to whom the entire plays was and always had been alien and palpitating land of horrors, but that had at least engendered the perverse side effects of the nation wide cult of messianic charisma, which were linked to him by the same inability to see beyond the familiar traditional, even though he couldn't direct his appetites as to gain some result but they drove him obsessively toward an enormous stupidity, in a place that was not, hadn't been and never will be, and that's why he chose (in his flagrantly pompous style) as his inevitable final fate of having become buried alive obituary something so stupid and useless the dribble of a pompous bullshitter, that it made Cicero laugh for a long time and replied: "That it wasn't possible, that the hearer would feel any pain, hate or envy, would be frightened by something, or could be led to tears or pity, and if the speaker doesn't give out the impression that all the feelings he wants to inspire in the judge are etched on him. If the need would arise to resort to faked agony, when speech would be lie and mimicry, we might greater skill.

EXEMPLARY BUSS-DRIVER

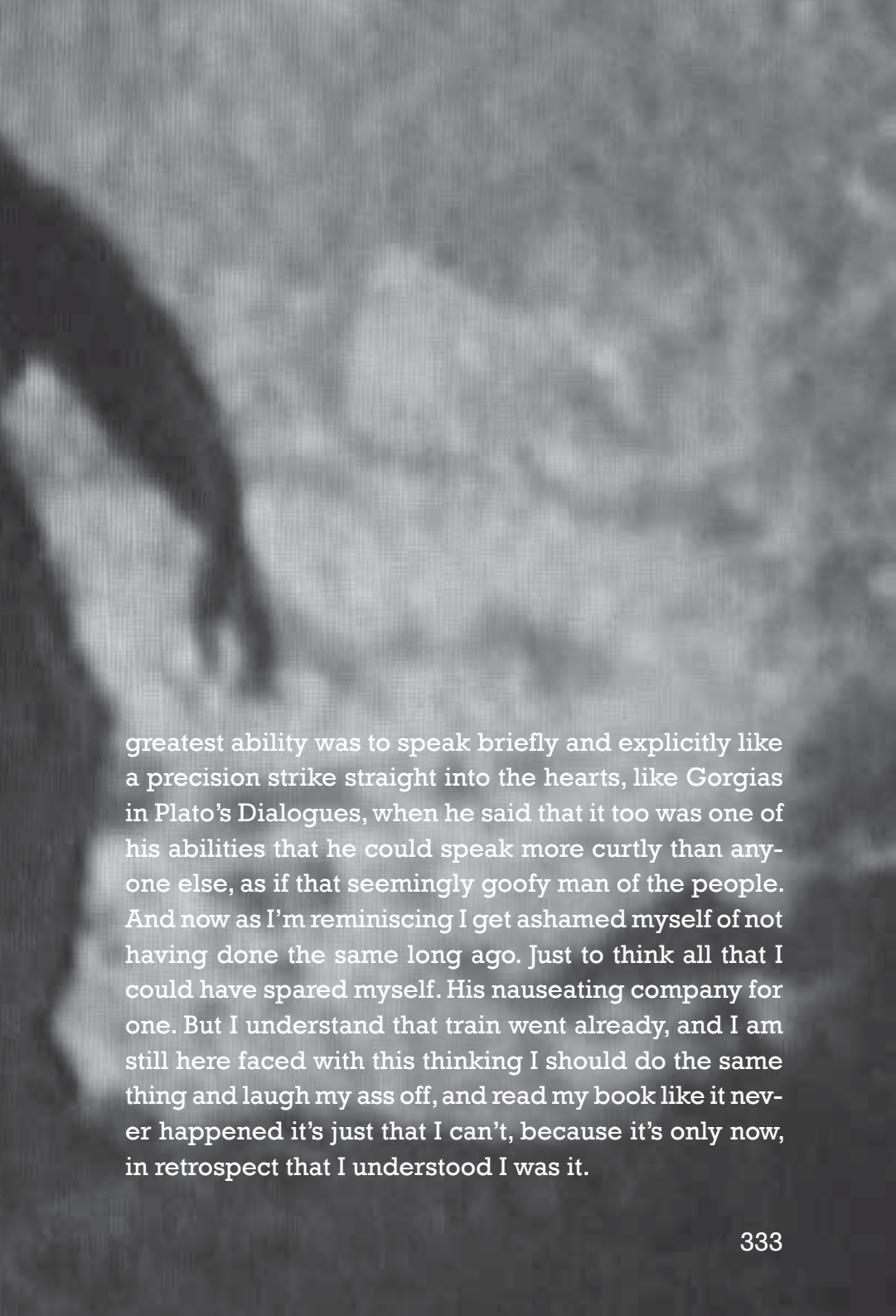
Yesterday had a crush to this boy at the bus stop head over heels. It looked like an ordinary kid nextdoor. Arms full of tattoos. He showed his teeth, snapped back fucking with me intentionally. I even got a stiff cock. The he told me a horror story about his girlfriend and said I was lucky guy coz I don't have to put up with that kind of thing. He said goodbye, squeezed my hand hard and said, keep to being a man, even if it would be hard. In the bus I heard how an old hetero-couple sitting next to me cussed this beautiful boy sitting in front of us who held hands with another just like him. How beautiful and happy they seemd, and what boldness: I wouldn't have dared, not then and not now in this little shit-hole of nosy snoopers. The they caused a storm. Suppose they kissed each other too long and devoutly, so that the el-

derly lost their nerve. The couple stopped the bus and started whooping out loud: "This kind of life isn't tolerated here" they said and insisted the boys be thrown off the bus. It was really quiet in the bus. Then the driver shouted: "Get out", and opened the door for the elderly hetero-couple: "That's my son and I'm fucking proud of him just the kind of daredevil he is." The old couple got out of the bus bewildered turning their heads looking aside out of shame.

After a brief silence someone clapped his hands. Then someone joined in. And in the end all the people in the bus were applauding the driver. "Yes, that's the way" said the pretty boy to the other gorgeous, his sweetheart: "I don't have a clue who that guy is but for one he's an exemplary bus-driver."

SMELL THE SHIT, SCARE AND HAUL YOUR ASS (LAUGHING HOARSELY)

It was relatively pleasant and kind, except when it was pissed off. The it would get really terrible. A while ago he wanted to show me where the chicken piss from, that he wasn't out of some yesterday's grouse. "You can drink beer all the way in the restaurant car if you take my bet, see that haggardly old guy, that one reading some dime-store novel "Window-cleaners confessions" doesn't understand a word I say and in the end does exactly what I say." He boasted and and was getting his feathers up cackling for tonight's fight. The old guy looked at him once and said "Smell the shit, scare and haul your ass" (laughing hoarsely). I could barely maintain a straight face. It didn't seem to know that the



greatest ability was to speak briefly and explicitly like a precision strike straight into the hearts, like Gorgias in Plato's Dialogues, when he said that it too was one of his abilities that he could speak more curtly than anyone else, as if that seemingly goofy man of the people. And now as I'm reminiscing I get ashamed myself of not having done the same long ago. Just to think all that I could have spared myself. His nauseating company for one. But I understand that train went already, and I am still here faced with this thinking I should do the same thing and laugh my ass off, and read my book like it never happened it's just that I can't, because it's only now, in retrospect that I understood I was it.

FROM THE SUBURBIAN JUNGLES OF PARIS FROM SOME BAKERY AT 3:00 IN THE MORNING

This is what it always looked like and how it was done properly when you ran out of words, same as with girls as with boys and animals but not those of the right-wing-dumbass-social-democrat's of course! I'm horny. I'm in the mood, but not really inspired enough to get off my ass and go to see these in the flashlights of disco there tiny asses against each other wafting expensive scents, get their climax of the animal heat and and new hairstyles, and rubbing themselves out of cock hungry rage, born to nauseate the entire, real and underground, gay scene struggling in everyday life enduring with its hardships, the pack of these hideous pathetic gay monster age old endless whining twelve-in-a-dozen bitches that fills these local obscenely gay joints with their dramatic gestures and fits, tantrums and meanness, so that to maintain a hold of the scarce remnants they have left

of their humanity and to be able to admit to being some kind of homosexual when facing the mirror (or wanking off), I so yearn to punch the entire flock of screaming bitches in the face once and for all, but then I remember Julius, this French fellow with big cock who used to walk my dog, and how this (mind you, he was straight) tugged off with his big dick, if he watching horror or thrillers, and I decide to send Julius a message via Facebook. It's funny, although he crashed here fucking and playing his games for decades, he never learned Finnish very well. No he's answering me using the name Julien from the suburban jungles of Paris, from some bakery at 3:00 in the morning all sweaty and covered with flour and saying loves and admires me with perfect Finnish? What's his catch, some hidden chicanery goin

THE BIGGEST LIE EVER TOLD

I was just another nothing out of the ordinary annoying rebel of my time, one of us millions revolting against the customary conventionalisms trying to be loved and accepted as who I was, and on the side of course encourage other rebellist to keep going on this difficult road without much success, though. But I would live in the hearts of each and every one of you, my kin. Feeling your pain and humiliation every moment again and again, with a deep sense of shame shared with the our torturers – the ones too brutal to feel it, and maybe that's why it hurt me all the more. And I am also in all the bitter tears you shed alone and shamed turned down and cast aside by another complacent son of a bitch under this eternal oppression. You wont find me in a church splitting hairs listening the ideological brawls over the word. Not taking part in the hateful debates of hypocrite believers trying to own and possess. Not there where all them sworn to make good act out like mischievous children when nobody is looking – God turns a blind eye, how queer? I am among those oppressed, among the people I came from, with the crowd I belong and with whom I started this probably the world's most misunderstood movement of love. Still now I am proud of it, and as I follow you now, I see, that here I am as I was then and would be now. When Paul found his suffocated long lost love in a slave boy and started to preach the spirit pf tolerance to the world, he emphasized that the weak are God's chosen, as are the small and the despised, and that only those who saw that this was true were my followers, true Christians, the ponies that understood my true message of love. So don't you worry, you, my outcast and oppressed rebellist brethren, every message of hate and uptight bitch barking at you, toward you, only reveals the hypocrites and pretend righteous sons of bitches as the fucking crooked satanic agents they are, and that have succesfully hidden my word of love for millenias now, but, if you despite them find the courage to lead a full life and love all the way and whom ever you want, I will know that I didn't live and die for nothing.



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.

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