

24.3.19 text to Birgir Birgisson – Mika Hannula 3. Version

TRUTH

Truth.

Yes, I get it, I understand it, and I even somewhat accept it – what it means and implies. Somehow. But why this nagging confusion, this gap of discrepancy? Why does it feel and sound like a four-letter word?

Truth.

All that it is, and a little bit more, in one word. Included, always included, everything included and nothing is to be left out. Never. No no no.

Truth.

But why, why does it come across like a four letter word if and when we are all, yes we are, able to do add and arrive at the correct number of 5.

Truth.

Why does it feel and sound like the rest of them, the ones that carry all the weight of the world and bring along a huge bag of seriously conflicting expectations and anticipations? Like love and hate, hurt and heal, fear and dear, pain and gain, dare and care, and what have you, yes, shit and fuck.

Uuups. Sorry about the last pair. No need to get vulgar here, hear, but you know what I mean, don't you? Don't' you?

Truth.

II

Why?

Something that comes crashing on and upon us - the trouble, the tremble, the three dimensionality of it. A sense of something that got stuck on its promised groove. Guided and guarded by a hesitation to move, and well, its counter-part, a hesitation not to move.

And it is what it is. It is a series of paintings that comes in two. One series, consisting of 10 works, size 50 x 40, are about one and the same person. It is this person, the mother of the artist, her portrait done from photographs that reach all the way to the early childhood and connect the dots with right here, right now. It is a changing same, a temporary sameness that reaches on and over 80 years.

The second series has also ten works in it, and the same above mentioned size. This time, it is kind of glimpses of the everyday, emphasizing a sort of an aching feeling for the various common items, that simultaneously have through the shared years meant so much and which in themselves are not far from trivial: the somewhat weary lampshade, an oval shaped mirror and a jewelry box with its hidden treasures – all lost and lonely, but now again, very much so found and held on to.

It is a sentiment that keeps insisting, and insisting. Like being diluted, distressed and repressed – all at the same time, for sure. To be repeated: diluted, distressed and repressed.

What?

Did you hear it right? Did you hear guilt? Well, don't worry. It could be – it definitely adds up with the other concepts that clearly feel and sound like a four-letter word.

Like love and hate, love and hate – in its recurring intonations, connotations of chaos and cohabitation.

But no, it's not the same, even if it is similar – in its interpellations, implications and inversions. Directions, diversions and disseminations.

But what we have, and what we get is a tight creative connection to the simultaneously three level realities and realizations of past, present and future. Not *an sich*, but constantly on the move, always clashing and colliding with one another. Searching, aching for actualizations and articulations of the historically effected consciousness.

Memories told, retold, suppressed and sent around for another bounce. Memories shared, kept silent and maintained in solitude. Memories of and with one's mother, about and on one's own relationship to and with the mother. You sure can feel the heat, the beat, it is about processes, bloody open-ended daily demanding cruel processes.

Do you get it, now, finally?

It is what it is. It is a sense and a sensation within which winning is not an option.

Furious, futile – like a fugitive. It is a loaded with dynamite relationship chasing its own tail and its shadow, always on the look-out for the balance that never will be. It is and always will be, stay and have a demanding voice, never fall into a silence. It is you, and it is me, it is them and it is us. It could be anybody and it is everybody. It is one in a many, and it is, it is what it is when it is what it is – it is many in one.

And the choir, can you hear it, singing, sing out loud? The choir that sings in an uplifting tone that leaves no doubt about the message, the message: trust is a must, trust is a must – you must have trust.

III

Truth.

Don't tell, don't dwell, don't delete.

Keep it coming, and keep it going – please keep it coming and going, constantly ready to return it to the sender.

Truth.

Defined and denied at the same time, within the same move and moment of a combination consisting of its particular and unique rhyme, rhythm and repetition.

And we keep working on it. Remembering, repeating and working through and through. In and through the small things, big items – family relations and revelations, the heartaches and the soul kitchen. Like who you are, where you come from, who stares back at you in that moment of bare pure gaze, and well, how very little you can do with and about it.

Working with it, at it and through it – and never solving it, never being able to let go. But no, we are not hopeless, no, because we are not worried about its short-term outcome, not caring if some parts or others are missing in action, getting dusted or busted in cosmic reaction to what, where and how, and why not.

It is what it is. It is about longing and belonging. Always both-and, never, no, never either-or.

And then the intertwined act of remembering, repeating and working-through. Mother and a son, mother and the grandchildren, son and his children, not to forget father, wife, son in-law and so on and on. Circulation of memories owned and let loose, memories borrowed and won back. The inner circle of it is all, the inner circle of life, and yes, death.

Truth.

To be told, and to be taken – on hold. And then released, set on circulation, a carousel of the content of the concept that keeps chasing its time and place bound content – the shadow of its smile, the human kind.

Truth.

It might be buried, barred, and vanished in vain, rain. But it does, yes it does. It remains.

Truth.

Sure, it is true, so goddamn blue that a poor lonesome true can be and become. You face, day in and day out, not the facts, but the stories, the wary worries of where you came from and where you are potentially heading to and towards.

Mind you, please. There is a distance from me to you – a distance, a distinguished distance for you, and for me. A distance that can't be bridged, it must be not only tolerated, but respected.

And there is that burning and healing desire, the desire to get closer and then again run further away that grows with every breath, with every breathless act. No matter what or how many letters you get, recognize or disbelieve in your counting act of accountability. It is there, here.

Truth.

Say what you will, claim what you believe in and turn your back to what you find in front of yourself. Remember how to forget and try to forget your regrets. Do it now, do it tomorrow and recall what it felt like the day before. It will remain – in light, and in a certain peculiar kind of light that burns on, cares for and turns towards for yet another shivering grasp of a light on a light.

Truth.

Mika Hannula