



Jesus? A personal crucifixion, Jesus in me, in us, guarded by wolves. To have thought of his mother and not called for his father while bleeding to death. Did his father have arms in which to hold, to make feel whole and make feel there is nothing whole. Such a schizophrenic wretch, couldn't even count the fishes and the loaves right. Wolf teeth gnawing his legs, haunted by the red sea within, turquoise hands nailed. Spat blood, thoughts all over his mountain, his goal. There he was to break in pieces, to ascend to the blue sky, with red to paint the earth, his own mountain, and to stay, behind a mask to watch the wolves eat what had not drained on the ground.

A schizoanalytic essay

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The sea is blue for it reflects the blue of the sky that reflects the blue of the sea, the world remaining in its colours. I touch the world with my hand and it's the turquoise world of my hand - painted by hand, a garden I have built that grows out of the green ground of which it is better not to speak of. Simultaneously red, as it is, tainted by my memories, with my blood I have painted it. (A theoretical explanation for why wolves are purple.) They exist not in the world, cannot swim, they exist not in my blood either, many of them, unanalysed. Purple henchmen of the void. They are content with eating away my turquoise hand, between my blood and my sea. A dreamer is no one. No one's existence is in the way to make reality real. Dreamers see what they want, wrong said, since dreamers see random things and seldom want anything. What is dreaming but looking as strange and new that what is: intentionally forgetting all familiarity, forgetting ever having heard that there would be something other than what is, sounds, sunlight, the insignificant movement of this pen and brush and these words and these images behind images. Only someone who does not know how to dream would think of dreaming as the same kind of cowardly engineer work and back-world architecture as theology and metaphysics are. Personas - our fathers - have a bad tendency to be engineerlike. A dreamer is not a persona. Only the quivering surface of the sea that is also the orange quivering of the setting evening while the light green leaves of late spring imitate the sun's quivering and all this and these people wandering lazy, dreaming in this dreamy park and these images and images behind images are the quivering surface of the soul of an unknown and non-existing dreamer.



A blue moment on the sea. Don't get dramatic now. I could, just as well, be as myself, within my world, on the non-coloured ground of my everyday existence, the blood-red morning sun of my constantly flowing soul shining on the sea of my constantly flowing soul that cannot remain unchanged. I am on my mountain that is the sea and not I. I open my eyes and find myself still in this orange park of dreaming people. Dreaming. Only red thoughts against a blue world, a blue moment between a dark sea and a sky and it was impossible to say if it was really a world opening in a look or just another thought. No, thoughts are red. All memories are red. My own mountain, my own highest goal, red, your image that still destroys everything. As dreams are white against the black night, you are red against my blue sea. You do not exist in this speechless blue, breathtaking openness. Here there is no one. I am on my sea, on my boat that is not I either. Yes, I could just as well be. Mere images, outlines I could lose with one step if I ever had found them. This is to come. A shattered image of a world that a colour forces in my head or in front of my eyes, or I feel a wolf bite something - god knows what. In my hand I feel turquoise and a wolf gnawing. A terrible gap between each shard, wounds that the broken glass of my eyes cuts, colours red, red within, bloody, and wolves howling in my ears, eating me, and I don't know what they are eating. What colour are wolves? What colour what they are eating?



Five loaves and two fishes, equalling seven wolves, one of those a sheep as we very well remember, a fatherless kid in a virgin mother's arms. A mammal whose most valuable property is a yard full of graves. Looks death in the eye holding any fool's skull, a fatherless son, haunted by a ghost. Both in one picture: Jesus and Hamlet, their fathers' sons.

Shards on the non-coloured ground of everyday existence are always an assumption of a lost whole. Except for dreamers, who do not exist in the everyday, do not accept, or even know it. Dreamers paint their own world, stop assuming that everything is familiar. The movement of this pen, sunlight, sounds and these words don't include their explanations, but like a river, wide as the universe or the soul, all possible explanations and their laughing impossibility stream. Only thoughts that fit certain emotions and colours exist. For some emotions there are entire metaphysics. There are emotions that see and think these demons of impossibilities into being.

Jesus looks past his mother and does not speak of green, stares at the fishes, of which he does not speak either, those that he even counted wrong. The remains of my hand - a hand that is no longer - a green ground. The unspoken can never be seen, but green is silent, ground, having chosen its dumbness and remaining in it. In speech it is silent and in speech there is always something silent. (To say there are two fishes is merely to say.) Green only shows if the spoken hasn't been spoken before. First time, a breach, so the green ground opens. Nor did Hamlet, that small mammal with a skull in his hand, speak of death. Death is that much secular: lowered its voice and whispered to the fool's skull "you seem rather quiet"...