



Alienation Stories

Jari Silomäki



When she was ten,
my mother's brother died.
I was almost destined to become a soldier.

It was fifteen years ago
that I flew across the sea
at midnight.
I looked out and
saw that all motion had been suspended.
Afterwards I have sought out locations
which question my very existence.



Alienation Stories 2008

70 cm x 54 cm

*When she was ten,
my mother's brother died.
I was almost destined to become a soldier.*

*It was fifteen years ago
that I flew across the sea
it was midnight.
I looked out and
saw that all motion had been suspended.
Afterwards I have sought out locations which
question my very existence.*



The ground trembles. For awhile I have not been able to see a thing nor draw breath. There, a man missing his lower body, another fellow in perfect shape, like he just fell asleep on the job. I often dream that this could have been just a trip to the country. Paula would make coffee on an open fire; the weather would be great so that you could wear just a bathing suit. Birdsong would wake you up in the mornings.

Alienation Stories 2009
70 cm x 110 cm

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Alienation Stories 2009
70 cm x 98 cm

*"You are a Greek statue"
a blind woman whispered in my dreams.
"This muscular body is but a suit of mourning"
I told her. Then, I kissed her and
I had her against my clothes closet.*



My window is by the street
I hear the unsure steps,
the wind blowing and the gulls.
Then
somebody shouting: "No, I won't"

I sit on the easy chair,
lifting my hand,
I look at it.



Alienation Stories 2009

70 cm x 54 cm

*My window is by the street.
I hear the unsure steps,
the wind blowing and the gulls.
Then
somebody shouting: "No, I won't"*

*I sit on the easy chair.
Lifting my hand,
I look at it.*



Alienation Stories 2009
70 cm x 98 cm

*Jenni is walking out on the town with a friend.
I pull up and roll down my window:
"Get in, I want to talk."
"No, I won't" Jenni says.
She takes pity on me and agrees to come only
if her friend Hanna can also come.
(The girls get in my car.)*

*I stay calm.
And drive straight into the rock wall along the road,
right where I had painted two turtles on the rock,
a big and a small one.*

*I met Jenni at seventeen.
We were together for 412 days,
and then she said to me
the words
I had been fearing.*



Many things have I made and changed
 the window. Faithfully it has reflected everything back:
 the road sign, fallen along the roadside,
 last of the road users,
 or invader's march, the mass struck
 through palms,

the mable slowness, the cold war, a singing
 day, banking crisis, weeping eyes,
 acid rain, the interlocking flash,
 the dense silence, cries of pain.

aimless running about, an injured knee,
 monuments, natural phenomena,
 insecticide, the rising sea level,
 stupor of forest, dead now, celebration on generation
 after generation, unmarked quest,
 the collar clear,
 the oil crisis in Cuba,
 hands long as light years, the touch-lined alleyway
 the unstable cradle, the low altar,
 the master boat buried in Victorian bonfire,
 rebuilding the bones slipped on water,
 the mute mouth of my gentle father

the swollen roman berries,
 the dreamer birds,
 long poles and diesel engines,
 the pink dress, blooming willowherb,
 the demonstration, noise, contempt,
 the saved-down dreams, longing, all the evenings,
 the touch of my coarse husband
 lingering pleasure,
 aircraft carriers,
 the water which taste of iron,
 full stomachs,
 empty stomachs,
 the salty taste of many tongues

building the wall
 breaking of the wall
 liberation of Nelson Mandela

the broken dishes and the radio static,
 the Vietnam war, the thrown rice on church steps,
 balloons and wilted flowers,
 my grandmother's bath robe,
 the long Sundays, the white coffee,
 attraction bodies, outside bodies,
 the simple flower-pot on the porch, green - a black road house
 full moons
 half moons
 the unexpected homecoming

when time the neighbor's comic, detailed young birth,
 the insect, the proposal of marriage,
 the broken bridge of the garden,
 the table settings
 the smell of wet feet, the cry of my father,
 questioning my faith,
 the sudden movements of my attention-seeking sister,
 the industrial development,
 the BBC, Laura's stories about various men,
 many transactions
 late-life news on summer evenings,
 the roughness of touch,
 the changing shape of
 love.

all the and still more.



Alienation Stories

70 cm x 54 cm

*Many things have I witnessed through
this window. Faithfully it has reflected
everything back:*

*the road sign, fallen along the roadside,
looks of the road users,
an invader's march, the nails struck
though palms,*

*the noble family, the cold war, a singing
boy, banking crisis, yearning eyes,
acid rain, the intoxicating flesh,
the dense silence, cries of pain,*

*aimless rushing about, an injured knee,
monuments, natural phenomena,
insecurities, the rising sea level,
stovepipes forever dead now, retaliation on
generation*

*after generation, uninvited guests,
the cellar door,
the oil crisis in Cuba,
travels long as light years, the birch-lined
alleyway,
the unstable cradle, the low altar.
the wooden boats burned in Midsummer
bonfires,
rebuilding, the stones skipped on water,
the mute mouth of my gentle father*

*the swollen rowan berries
the drunken birds
hay poles and diesel engines
the pink dress, blooming willowherb
the demonstrations, noise, contempt
the pared-down dreams, longing, all the
evenings
the touch of my coarse husband
lingering pleasure
aircraft carriers,
the water which tastes of iron
full stomachs,
empty stomachs,
the salty taste of many tongues*

*building the Wall
breaking of the Wall
liberation of Nelson Mandela*

*the broken dishes and the radio static
the Vietnam war, the thrown rice on Church
steps,
blossoms and withered flowers,
my grandmother's bath robe,
the long Sundays, the ersatz coffee
attractive bodies, suicide bombers,
the sunflower-patterned pants, four-o'clock rush*

*hour
full moons
half moons
the unexpected homecomings*

*when Anna the neighbour's cervix dilated giving
birth
the insults, the proposals of marriage
the broken bridge of Haapamäki
the table settings
the smell of wet peat, the cry of my firstborn
questioning my faith
the sudden movements of my attention-seeking
sister
the industrial development
the EEC, Laura's worries about varicose veins,
money transactions
lakeside views on summer mornings
the roughness of touch
the changing shape of
love.*

All this and still more.



Profile, a potential school shooter 2009
45 cm x 60 cm

*I ran away from the kindergarten to ski,
 when I was four years old. The teachers noticed
 a gap where my skis should have been. They caught up with me
 when I had gone for three kilometres.*

*I got a really nice shell suit, when
 I won my first competition.
 I was six years old then.*

*At ten..
 At fifteen...*

*At seventeen I noticed that my legs
 were two centimetres too short
 to be proportionate to my back
 and my oxygen uptake will never
 be enough for the top.
 I quit.*

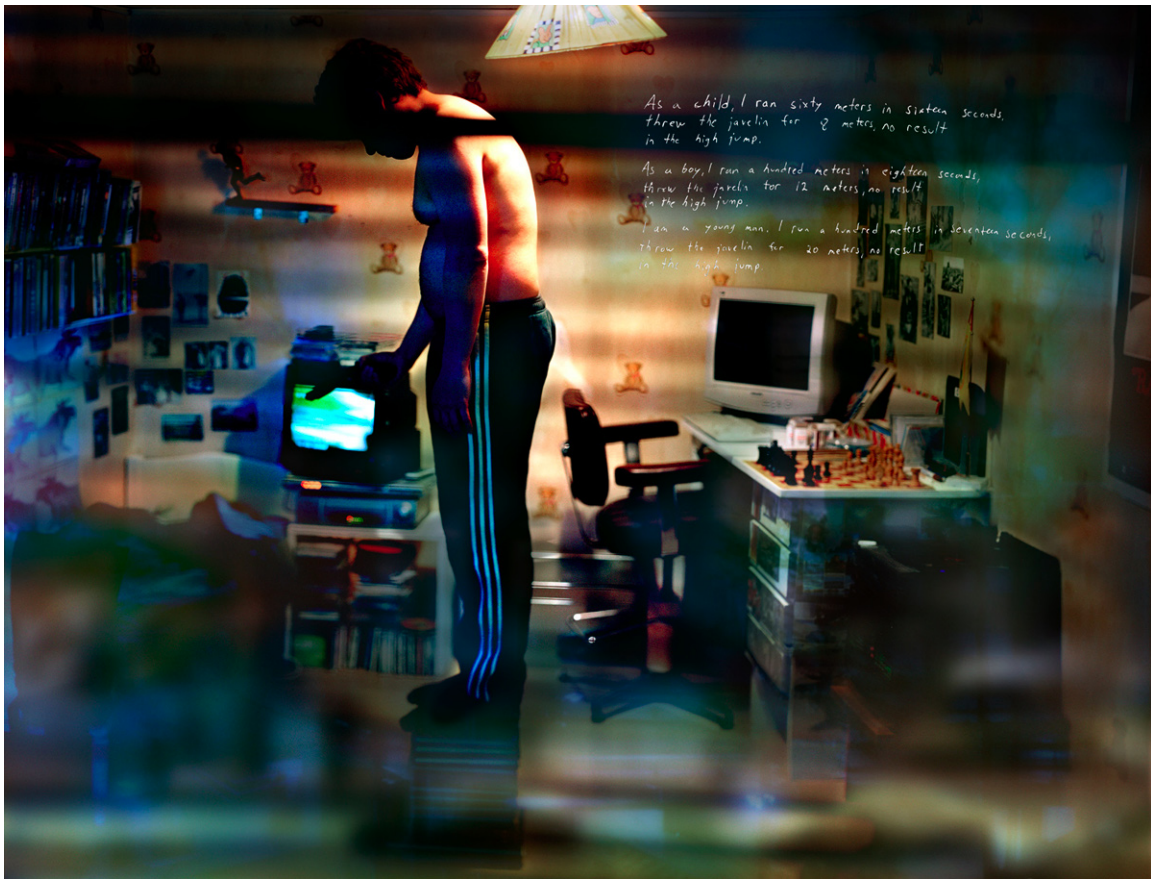


Profile, a potential school shooter 2009
45 cm x 60 cm

*The knowledge that is pumped into muscle never disappears,
 Muscle memory will not fail.
 This is what I thought.
 At school, in recess I did
 38 pull-ups with an overhand grip:
 "If somebody tops that, I'll come back to beat him."*

*I won the running competition by one and a half minutes
 in a two or three kilometer race –
 doesn't matter how long it was, I won by light years.
 The next year
 I won the race by a minute,
 and later, only by three seconds.*

*I overtrained – got myocarditis.
 Made another training plan, a five-year one.
 I read Latin.
 Translated it well
 and with care.
 "Jarkko, do you understand?
 You are talented."
 My teacher said to me
 in a sauna
 and put his hand on my shoulder.*



Profile, a potential school shooter 2009
45 cm x 60 cm

*As a child, I ran sixty meters in sixteen seconds,
threw the javelin for 8 meters, no height
in the high jump.*

*As a boy, I ran a hundred meters in eighteen seconds,
threw the javelin for 12 meters, no height
in the high jump.*

*I am a young man. I run a hundred meters in seventeen seconds,
throw the javelin for 20 meters, no height
in the high jump.*