



Blood and tension

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There is a tube, and in this tube, even more tubes, looking down their hollow centers - the inflected surface of their skin - disappearing in a darkness, a depth, of which they know nothing. But through this darkness, and this depth, everything they know, have known and will know travels, upwards and downwards, in sequences of contracted or dilated intensity, until and after the end.

When listening to it, often, all they hear is the discordant chorus of a chilling wind, and their hull seem brittle and frail. But at other times a propitious selection is made, the strangest selection, from out of the discord and jubilation gush forth through the tubes.

A molecular choreography commence: A celebration of the hydraulic movement of which they are simultaneously composed and which they themselves compose. Their hull become supple and compliant, they change into funnels and sieves: now, compressing the sequences intensifying their pitch, contracts and dilates at ever greater speeds, now lowering it in constant modulations of bliss...!

And in this manner they go on, for a while, until they get exhausted. Someone started hushing, another turned out the lights. Soon they all are gliding down along their own inflection, down their hollow centres, longing for oblivion. Slowly, at first, but soon they hurry, pursued by a tentative question, arising not from the tubes themselves, "what happened? who was it? how much?"

But no one dares to answer, even though everyone know, because, if only a little further, this is no longer the case.

This is the only thing of which we're absolutely certain.

-Karl Sjölund