

**TAM HARE**  
P R E S E N T S

**ABSTRACT CHILD:**  
ONLY EVER CLOSE





Strike a nice balance between what you know and where you are. How one has learnt and from whom, is another rarely deliberated fact.

The obstreperous child becomes lost in a maze of unwieldy and conflicting adulthood, for their existence as a hypothetical construct in infancy, leads them to wander the different productions of the communal, all-reaching transactive-place and virtual-space. Knowing, as they did then, that persuasion was the only means of proving an evoked thought or a salient idea. Their continual waiting, causes these thoughts to elaborate, instigate and circumnavigate; leading to a point where 'waiting' becomes exclusively institutionalised as the rest of their time is persistently spent within the awareness of what is to come. Yet, as is progressively taught through a plethora of encountering, 'it' never does.



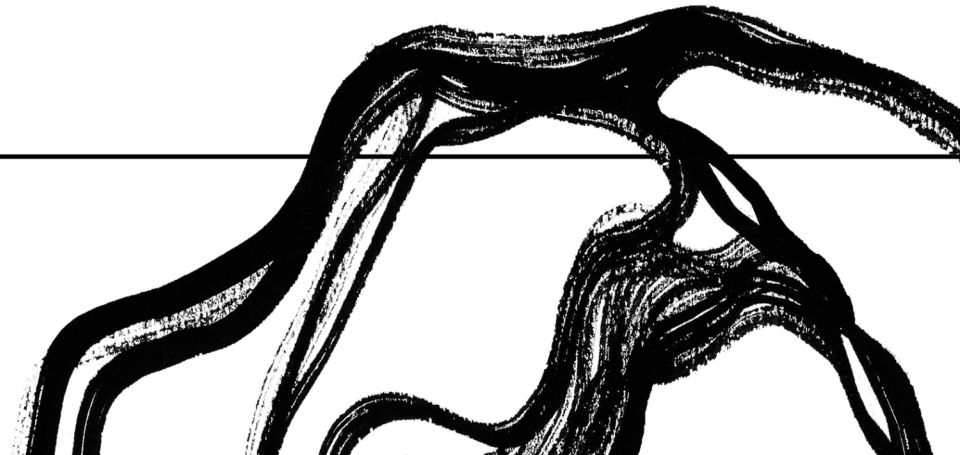
Under the desks their knees still frantically pulsate, much like they did in class and other succeeding places of conformity. Only now these impulsive actions have been personalised into a variety of controlled frustrations. Inside there nowadays, some of these officials are reasonably pleasant or try to be. A few of them look at the 'customers' or claimants with something other than merely pity – well, during the early stages of their ritualised formalities at least. Best not to flash at the girls under the desks though, the way they had done in their childhood.



Disconnect, overwhelmed, reconnected, overwhelmed, work and be free to be overwhelmed. The overload makes them think of the nights in the parks and laughing; screaming on the train. Why did these spaces create such a sense of profligacy? Shortly followed by the registrations needed to exist within a milieu that in itself becomes ... second nature. All must enlist and do, in order to persist. But persistence is the bottom-line during those nights; teeth tingling and skin crawling with death and pleasure. The repeatedly soporific ups and downs subsiding in a scene of laughter and amity, which allow for the gradual feeling and creation of future tales of survival and pleasure. Drop it, it drops, swallow it, it swallows, create it, it creates; thus continuing through a colourful tunnel where the drummers keep on drumming and the dummies keep getting dumber. Nothing new, nothing ventured or so they think – that night true unarticulated hope emerges for a moment, it seemed. Hatred and fear turns to harmony and anticipation.

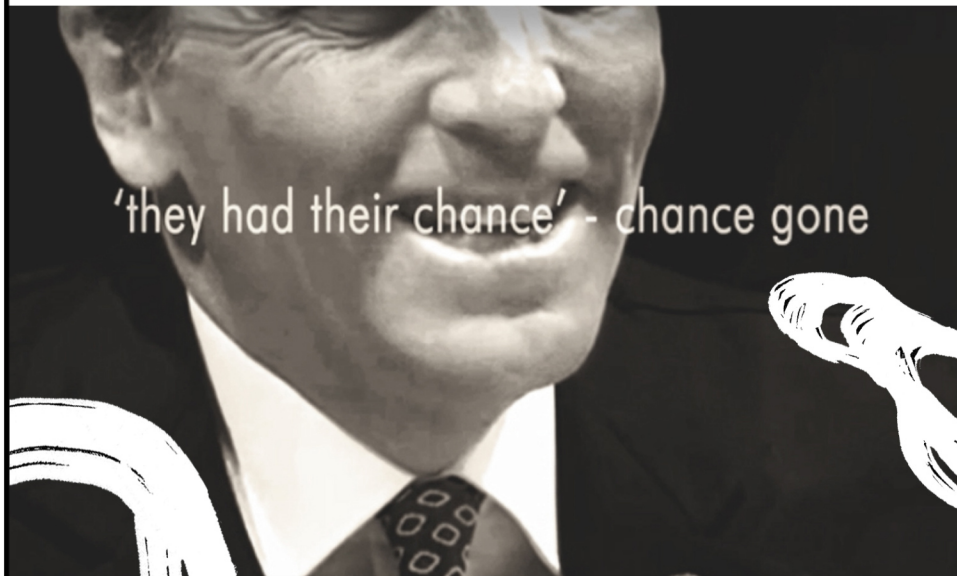


On the margins is where we find the poorly educated and the educated poor, just like this and like you. The more just and more 'justs' heard and seen, the less just there is. Those of us who feel this tremble most acutely can't always pay. The payment will be extracted each calendar month until which time as you come to an end or we do, whichever is first. There should be a fairly extensive form with fields that you can't, but will have to fill in and as we all now know, you will complete this before the process comes to an end otherwise there will be many more of those 'meetings' to attend. None of these will be the same as before, yet never memorably different. It seems overly dramatic to state that one feels as though a sense of death has started to emerge in the palm of my hand. Rub a deep central point on the left hand; sitting by the bar thinking of these meetings with varying tones reverberating in the middle ear. Each month the extractions appear to lead to these moments, which are often an occasion of much needed contemplation – they lead only to this greater understanding of the person and the body. It's strange to always hear of planning ahead, when in fact onwards is a story that tiresomely will not be written. Eventually, if we don't do this, it will compose itself and in the process 'we' will be written out. Where is this placement held, 'kid'? Why is it held in me?

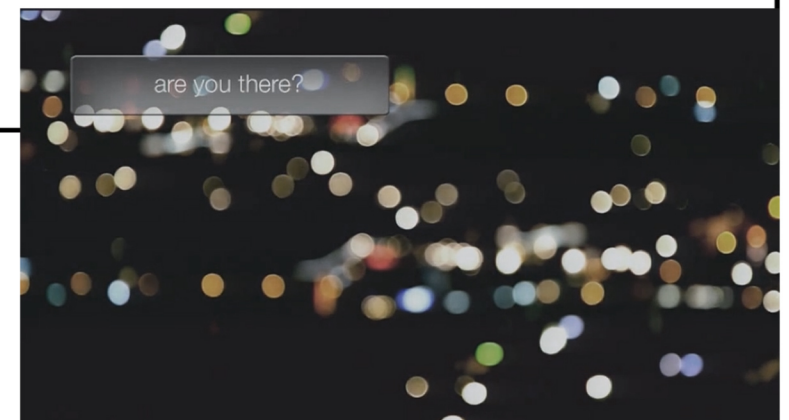


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In those days the thinking was different. Knowledge is powerlessness when this awakening is truly learnt. Hearing of security and the sanctified; ideas that have always been out of reach after the realisation has taken place. Holding back all of our creations so that they always fit into our insufficient foundations and their illogical processes. The labour of the mind back then would have seemed bizarre as well. Soon this is all one will have. This is all one wants and needs though. But it can never be accepted until this limiting and restraining is realised and is stopped. Use this torrent of synthesised energy to push on past the concrete and intangible and onto the emergence of the new tale.



Contact, connection and acknowledgement is our predisposition. The dog sees the other and wants it to comprehend them in any number of ways. This is forced out of the subject; our one feels this more acutely than most for they have not learnt to embrace these crucial alterations. No, for they have remembered the memory of their parents' parents' stories; the inexplicable bond between young and old within the same genesis and the irreplaceable warmth and aura in which their ancestors were able to momentarily guard them in. These moments of inexpressible warmth and hope have both protected and afflicted. But this defence makes everything possible and if an emancipation arises it is only because of this. Therefore, the latter can only ever be temporary, negotiated and overcome.





In those days problems were different, easier and less arduous. Never happy as such, but there was more time to ingest what the edges had to offer. This is all counted in by them and the presiding others. It was never an issue as long as you didn't question and allow those who came in contact with you to do the same. This was essentially easy until it wasn't, then the ignorant pleasures ceased and the euphoric and meaningful knowledge of disconnect began. This is not in any way regretful either; quite the reverse. What was learnt then allows for action now and regularly helps with the respite. The battle is within and can never be won but can always be lost. This however is a fight not simply worth fighting. No, it is the only course of action ever available and continuously was and is, until it isn't. This is why I am here sitting in this place owned by no one, until such time as it belongs to me.



Produced by Tam Hare for  
*Abstract Child: Only Ever Close*  
at Fylkingen, Stockholm  
28th of May 2016  
in collaboration with  
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