



BARB CONCERTO

by **9**

•Man Eating Seas Press•
New York - London

Man Eating Seas Press,

Copyright ©2006 by 9

All rights reserved

A book of Selenity.

Library of congress cataloging-in-publication data
is available if one searches.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced
in any form or by no means without the prior written permis-
sion by the author.

Man Eating Seas

9@maneatingseas.com

www.maneatingseas.com

www.w.kinomapoftheuniverse.com

www.kinopravda.net

srllsm - 001

for A.V.

PReFaCe

Truth strikes. Construction of truth strikes more, revealing the poetic material at its most raw state: the truth.

5

What I aim to present is an account of a philosophical meditation on the havoc that came over me. Namely, the self-inflected delirium of l'amour fou; the sole stimulation for the ever-so-fleeting marvellous, terrainless body of the convulsive beast: the beauty, that lacerates man from his shell somewhere along the way from womb to the tomb.

=

Certain contusion derived from the most amorphous resources. A catastrophe that is also a revelation, or might be demise. Partially distorted by unstable psychological impetus under the stubborn reign of desire, a man might find that what he needs is to cultivate the existential for mere aspiration. It is this recognition of these certain irrational realities that are absorbed in one's own psyche that creates. Further expansion of clogged vessels with the internal knowledge of the marvellous. The temporal vaults of a man's daily interruptions no longer captivates his attention. He should be cured for a reckless habit of

incurring distraction for others. Automated Roman serves for the agitation of the reader under the total lack of any particular event and set of characters that may result in the cultivation of a fictional plot.

6 Everything is decidedly avoided regarding storytelling. The perpetual present is the centre-point of all happenings, and very much like the cinema of truth [cinema-verité/kinopravda], the truth is sought in life. What if there is no scene, actors and drama to be in a creative piece? Barb Concerto is nothing but a documentary, whose greater composite reality supersedes the life-borne one; indirectly, as to reflect the real through a warped sense of its representation. This time, providing the commentary, only the illogical, abstract and incoherent is in the foreground to show where and how logic prevails. Isn't it Mr. Illogical that always surrounds Miss Logic's pale body to make her prominent? So, we are, by the nature of our failed revolutions, only interested in blighting the common perception and the indisputable heritage that dictates us the obvious.

Who are we? We are the ears and the news, the cure and the cancer of this culture. Right from the start, since, there is no use of conflict and its resolution, the struggle and the reward, and moreover, a hero - who is just the bait for lies - the book wishes to unhinge a different kind of menace on the reader: first person's transcendental meditation - an avalanche of sentiment, abstract detachment that goes to denounce all the forms attach-

able to a person. Every bit of sarcasm engaged in self-parody, scattered here and there, renders the prose it's neutrality, it's non-involvement in designing a representation of 'something pleasantry qualified'.

Barb Concerto delivers you nothing but music made in images - a concerto of improvised images in a kinetic spirit. As the pages turn, you may be led astray by an activated hypnosis through the rhythm surging, expanding subtly like a tide in the verses. As I stated before, during the unmeditated automatic flow in which the roman was produced, a platform more relevant to filmmaking than literature was cultivated to practice the camera-pen (borrowing the term from film-critique Alexander Astruc with the full intention of what it virtually reads). In this regard, the book is a film presented in words - catalyst of triggered images in sound, thus language, which is nothing other than the perfect synthesis of matter and idea through the recycling prism of human perception. Arcane relationship of these philosophically dichotomised elements; the matter and the idea, bears the configuration of the human form. It transpires through everything made by man, both for his needs and egotism. And, therefore, everything he perceives, says and does is an extension of his ideology, substantially for the benefit of his unaware. It's in this zone of oblivion for interaction of the man and his soul I wish to destroy here.

Formally, in the absence of any 'conjured-up world', the imagination is saved from the swamps of fan-

8 tasy which is inevitably limited to the size of any given writer's universe; by the evidence of what he produces. We should be able to recognise him in the moulded shape of his desire, aspiration and the external to what he puts out. And what does he have to offer? One transcends his work. How profoundly most people who participate in the creative fields lack that energy - the fuse of dynamism and integrity of insolence to attack both the matter and the idea of everything that yields the immobility and the mediocrity of the bourgeoisie as an achieved status. This automobile seat, or that holiday resort. One's ambition is the mirror of his abilities. The list goes on ...

Filled with ambiguity, rants of provocation and renunciation, Automated Roman never concerns itself with the reader's conventional/miserable expectation in explanations. The actual creation of the text depends highly on the readers vocation. Therefore, I am fully aware of the slipping hands off the book, those who are programmed to accepting just the entertainment; who are capable of reading, watching, so to passively become eyes and ears to a dictator who likes to talk to himself about himself in an absolute segregation from the history (-ies of surrealism) preparing his demise in progress. Fucking ignorant cunt! Well, since they will never pick this book up, read and take offence, I will spare you my bickering.

Between showing and telling, I chose showing. The only medium where the virtual truth is the very material - the reality or the illusion of the reality; cinema

sets up a situation which is the most similar experience to life (perhaps in viewing). Its remarkable similarity to life doesn't only stem from the image on the screen, but from the psychological experience of the spectator while watching, identifying, reflecting upon their extension found in the show. Then each element in a shot from a film can seize the mind and force the articulation of memory. The inverse relationship of a spectacle and its spectator remains to be active. Cinema isn't comparable to any other medium in terms of its efficacy in containing, bypassing, penetrating and suspending the reality, all at the same time.

9

The most basic element of the cinematic language is a photographic shot. Duplicated form of objects carry that impeccable fidelity to the physical reality in all of its detail into a single signified representation and since this printed image corresponds (or is equal) to not such a completely precise version of the original periphery as a whole sentence in the spoken-written language; that would be a whole sentence, or rather the grouping of words which define through attributions and associations to the object. Human thought manifests itself better in the higher form of cinema. That is the power and the ability to generate the experience of the uncanny by using disassociation. Dismissal of this point could result in a major misunderstanding that the ambition behind this sense of alienation is not to make people indulge in the abstract, self-centred realms of the imagination, but to

dispel the fog that sits on top of our awareness everyday.

10 Systematically, poetry is at the throne of this activity, or rather it's just poetry that aids total apprehension of conscience, whether it'd be conscious or unconscious. Its disposition overcomes the debility of language as an archival facility. The living wire, language in other words, is our cache which must be split from conscience, which feeds images and sounds to the brain, hopefully in order to liberate by provoking thought. Once the complexity of oral communication redeemed from being a problem, then the author can afford to pass criticism on the nature of the game and the arena it is played rather than concerning himself with the players and their actions. To what degree does human memory condition itself to run on the replacement from a previous experience, I wonder? I assume this is the poet's prey and assassin.

The first chapter comes to replicate the complicated chemistry of psyche and the matter melting together. In the automated flow of the text, there is both an experiment and the result. Hypertext which is highlighted in the existing text of the first chapter, is directly borrowed from cinema. It bears the same attitude of the its cinematic counterpoint; the voice-over.

The voice constructed across the selected words is non-informative and nothing beyond the evocation of my original intention to expose. The importance of this device is the freedom it avails me, as the author, to intervene the flow, what sooner or later absorbs the criti-

cal awareness of the reader, once he engages with the charming melody of its music. The actual creation of the text depends highly on the readers vocation, to keep the doubt alive.

In an ever searching parameter, poetry is the broadband of the existence of a certain kind of energy in human thought; the only rooted doubt which can force the human intelligentsia to turn against itself, doubtfully, demonstrating the levels of incompetency in both experiencing and representing the common reality. The contradictory, illogical, paradoxical and the ridiculous poetry is now a method, which came with modernism, on how to derail a secure, dominant system... This is where, I remind you about the modern malady. A poem is one's only reliable cure. At its automatique immediacy there is a neurotic objective to propel the moment to seize the mind. There has always been a familiar visage to intelligent revolt, that's how I recognise Homer through the voice of Lautremont, and Godard by Breton. 11

The conscience has other duties besides regulating the memory, in an endless endeavour, for keeping the components of the exterior labelled, in order to maintain our existence in a pragmatism level. All of this is very fine, but, how about freeing the exterior from the intrinsic and vice versa? I am referring to the problems of conversion - of reality into a hyper-reality, the representation/rearrangement of physical reality by means of man's only weapon; language. Are you aware that language regulates

dawning thoughts, implies a secondary degree reality (hyper-reality) upon situations during and after the experience? Language is an evasive system of projection. Language is elusion. Our sensory and projective skills are also enslaved to language. It contorts and creates the excess of psychology. In human mind, instinctively, a complicated system of perception operates and the analogy between cinema and life congeals..

12

=

The progress has been made and it reeks of formidable inferiority. Peopled with no particular ambition to astound and aspire, the ongoing decay of the society structurally effects all the platforms related to creativity. In this environment, where virtue always denominates the lowest of all qualities.ss. Virtue is attached to the type of will which separates anyone from the rest of the television viewing hoards of misguided sleepers, followers of sleep.

Nothing changes. Still the eyes, still the tongue and us as at the centre of misuse. Western culture in a forceless fall in all directions of the globe. Nothing these days transcends anything remotely as shivering as the daily sunset. Except the works of a group of people who have been agonising banality and all the inferior modes of being by their lives' eternal trail deftly left in their work. The Rites of Spring fills the canals of my ears when I set out to recount an instantaneous example.

Poetry is not of art, moreover, it is restricted neither to literature nor words. The quintessential origin of

the activity -conceiving, writing, reading- still waits for liberation from the decorative ambitions of the bourgeoisie. I detest films, books and music spawned by incapable twat of title owners who have given art a bad name to the extent that it is better to disown the whole lot of it than trying to justify what is worthy of acknowledgement. I am not even mentioning the state which plastic arts are in, the democratisation of arts by means of available tools have been littering the stage where rarities no longer assume. Much like in Eluard's case, poetry is a mechanism of defence and attack, a means of privatising one's individual stance in relation to his ill surroundings. And therefore, poetry should be made by all, not by one. Once he starts practising, he will be urged to destroy his mediocrity and set himself an ambition which as a process alone would free him in most noticeable ways. As any other possible way of nonconformism, I am interested in the abandoned knowledge of poetry of transgression and its noble, delirious results.

13

Poetry is, indeed, only possible via transgression; constant disposal of conventions, traditional expectancy in the meaning or the scene conjured up.

To the people who will never seek the Capital of Sadness, never know what is Tristan's despair, or the sweet tongue of risk. To the people who doesn't really exist, apart from cluttering the streets, adding numbers and names to figures in the western civilisation, Barb Concerto is the beginning of my glorious attack. This book

will only hold your hand if you are willing to imagine the music of its content.

9

14

Introduction to Automated Roman Barb Concerto in Unspoken Major Mouth

15

Jack Kerouac once intimated that automatic writing is like jazz music – an improvisation on a theme. It is a stream of consciousness (or the subconscious) that brings to the mind the Maldoror of the Compte Ducasse – the Journey to the End of the Night of Celine – the theatre of Antonin Artaud – the musing of the peripatetic Henry Miller – the subconscious rapture of transcendence. Composed on a theme of romantic despair (what better subject for a poet) Automated Roman: Barb Concerto in Unspoken Major Mouth is an automatic journey through a landscape of anguish – the ache brought from rejection by the object of the poet’s desire. It is an epic journey of the reconstruction of the poet’s psyche that along the way composes him to the dismembered Osiris.

“... *But!/Breath is Horus dawning over pores! / his mother, the mother of earth, the dictator, the giver of life and reminder of time, Isis, the magician / In atrocious sounds of an orgy / beyond a will to create a god...*” and “*what happened to the poor Osiris / lunging at the bottom of Nile? Now I know where I must return to wash my hands of the whole thing / I am Horus, Seth and Osiris’ bastard son...*” He is the Grasshopper filled with

ache – ache being the woman of his affection – earth, the great mother – Isis, the hope of man who is no longer his salvation but Seth – his dismemberer. The reader – the 2nd person – is asked to witness this great tragedy: “*I, Grasshopper have passed away today at 7:59 after writing this poem to the beloved muse of mine who now resides with some other joy-agonny.*” A wry humor unleashes an unabashed romanticism that avoids bathos in spite of self-abnegation: “*In pensive voice your sorry bones must be eager to crash my appetite, I can feel the impending doom you prepare for me in the rustling floating of dumped newspapers...*”

It is a journey that embraces language and disowns it therefore. Hakan is firmly on the path of great poetry. Just 22 years of age at the time of writing, Automated Roman: Barb Concerto in Unspoken Major Mouth is a wonderful first effort by a young man whose great concern is language.

John Farris, NYC.