

ANGELICAL RAVINGS

ZINE

Issue 1

By Harley Claes

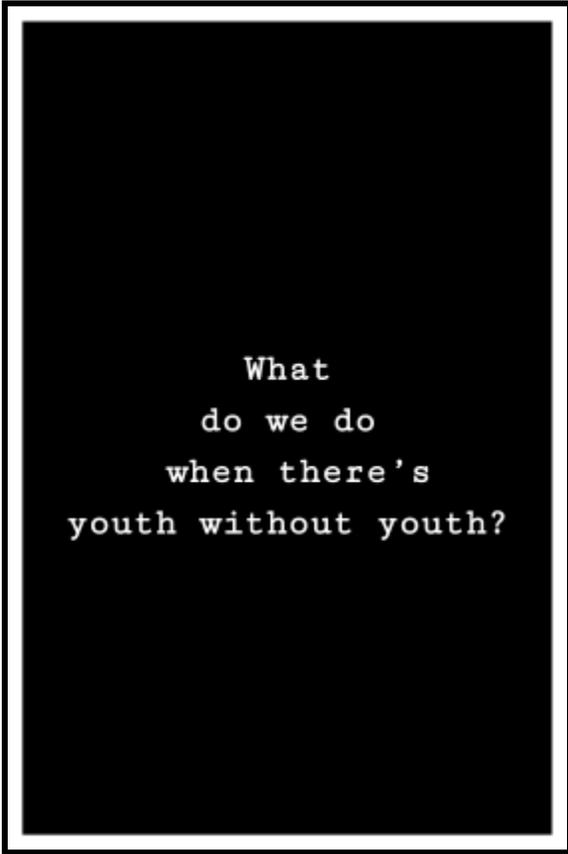


Ever since the media immersion we have been fed consumerism on plastic plates- tempted by the capitalist temptress to fork over our monthly pay & congregate on which way to belittle our worth with the girth of a million stripped of their funding.

The children knowing no fun in the technology of exposure, they are built on apathy to sooth the too sensitive, while the naive romanticize catastrophe.

The perverted youth are fleeing to dead end jobs & fornicating beneath neon signs with mothers little helper- their intoxicants, a shelter. From the blinding white light of truth at the end of the tunnel. They fight the habit, bite back manifestos for bestsellers and sell their soul to the devil for a second wish. With time they grew more and more impatient with preoccupied moral so much that they create their own rebellious scripture- with the god of consumerism to follow.

This is an art school
confessional. Individuality
is a fraud- we steal identity
as simple as grocery &
implement law based off of
age old epiphany.



What
do we do
when there's
youth without youth?

SEDIMENT OF THE LUNAC SOUL

by harley claes

I, like the Baku, eat your nightmares whole
& weave a way to catch your dreams
With the precision of nimble fingertips and
chamomile cusp
The starry night satiates beneath the weight
of your subconscious
And I lift the lumber of your lust
In night sweats and bodily musks
Dream cradles you like a castle keep
With arms around I serve your need
For the barren tuck in our bed of such
savory sleep



Recommended Reading

Foxfire

by Joyce Carol Oates

Tipping the Velvet

by Sarah Waters

The Love Book

By Lenore Kandel

This Mutilated Woman's Head

By Aurora Linnea

Paradoxia: A Predator's Diary

By Lydia Lunch

Tomie

By Junji Ito

Things that have been resonating with me lately;

- Gods womb
- Crack-house christening
- Rose-hip and smoking resin
- Red solo cup Kidz
- Smoking odd mangalore ganesh beedi
- Ginseng Connoisseurs
- Ginseng cigarette cigars
- Egyptian Sentinels
- Iboga root bark
- Linear solipsism
- Manifold
- Causal continuum
- Telepathic lust
- The sublime as a pathway to the Divine realm.
- The brain as radio tuner for something way larger than ourselves.
- **AKASHA , THE PRIMORDIAL OM, INDRAS NET OF JEWELS, THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES**

*Visions! omens!
hallucinations! miracles!
ecstasies!
gone down the American
river!
Dreams! adorations!
illuminations! religions!
the
whole boatload of
sensitive bullshit!
Breakthroughs! over the
river! flips and
crucifixions! gone down
the flood!
Highs! Epiphanies!
De-spairs! Ten years'
animal
screams and suicides!
Minds! New loves! Mad
generation! down on
the rocks of Time! -*

ALLEN
GINSBERG

All the knowledge we need is here, among us, inside of us. A state of mind. Like the Akashic Records, sometimes it is accessible under the influence. That is why people fear it.

Unconsciousness is often the reality for a select group, and for others, reality is all that they know.

'What we're looking for out there, is really in here,

(the brain). It is the door, the gate.'

Eat My Compulsion

I often sat and leeches off of the emotional interdependency of
my peers,
Taking comfort in their disillusion
As I was in mine-
I fed off of their mind to make up for what I was lacking-
The ability to censor myself from the world.
(Now it all came so clearly)

I saw my friends inviting the bust, spitting out their tobacco-
Ready to plea for their freedom
from the unquenchable crutch they so longed for
And for what reason?

I had so often felt the mistranslation in the petty ramblings of
a high school snake gone sinister
But I wished to be that archetype no longer
My visions captured in all this verse
Could be deemed meaningless
For all I cared
I was desperate.
No, I should dissect myself no longer-
However many metaphors I impress upon the audience
Could never do *my* fault any justice.
Fault not to the world but to myself,
A self I had forgotten *everything* of
My aspirations, my ambition, and whatever addition the day
deemed attainable

I had lost myself to remembering,
Now the only option was to **surrender**.

**THE BEAT GENERATION AND
THEIR ART OF SPONTANEOUS
BOP PROSODY.**

**(A LESSON ON DISEMBODIED
POETICS)**

The Following are Jack
Kerouac's steps to
writing in the nature of
'Spontaneous Bop Prosody'

All of the following
writing belongs to him.

Read carefully and let
the words flow onto your
paper in honor of the
style. Write of an idea
for an aspiring
revolution you have. Be
it social, psychological,
literary or etcetera.

SET-UP

The object is set before
the mind, either in
reality. as in sketching
(before a landscape or
teacup or old face) or is
set in the memory wherein
it becomes the sketching
from memory of a definite
image-object.

PROCEDURE

Time being of the essence
in the purity of speech,
sketching language is
undisturbed flow from the
mind of personal secret
idea-words, blowing (as
per jazz musician) on
subject of image.

METHOD

No periods separating
sentence-structures
already arbitrarily
riddled by false colons
and timid usually
needless commas-but the
vigorous space dash
separating rhetorical
breathing (as jazz
musician drawing breath
between outblown
phrases)--"measured
pauses which are the
essentials of our
speech"--"divisions of
the sounds we hear"--"time
and how to note it down."
(William Carlos Williams)

SCOPING

Not "selectivity" of expression but following free deviation (association) of mind into limitless blow-on-subject seas of thought, swimming in sea of English with no discipline other than rhythms of rhetorical exhalation and expostulated statement, like a fist coming down on a table with each complete utterance, bang! (the space dash)-Blow as deep as you want-write as deeply, fish as far down as you want, satisfy yourself first, then reader cannot fail to receive telepathic shock and meaning-excitement by same laws operating in his own human mind.

LAG IN PROCEDURE

No pause to think of proper word but the infantile pileup of buildup words till

satisfaction is gained, which will turn out to be a great appending rhythm to a thought and be in accordance with Great Law of timing.

TIMING

Nothing is muddy that runs in time and to laws of time-Shakespearian stress of dramatic need to speak now in own unalterable way or forever hold tongue-no revisions (except obvious rational mistakes, such as names or calculated insertions in act of not writing but inserting).

CENTER OF INTEREST

Begin not from preconceived idea of what to say about image but from jewel center of interest in subject of image at moment of writing, and write outwards swimming in sea of language to peripheral release and exhaustion-Do

not afterthink except for poetic or P. S. reasons.

Never afterthink to "improve" or defray impressions, as, the best writing is always the most painful personal wrung-out tossed from cradle warm protective mind-tap from yourself the song of yourself, blow!-now!-your way is your only way-"good"-or "bad"-always honest ("ludi- crous"), spontaneous, "confessionals" interesting, because not "crafted." Craft is craft.

STRUCTURE OF WORK

Modern bizarre structures (science fiction, etc.) arise from language being dead, "different" themes give illusion of "new" life. Follow roughly outlines in outfanning movement over subject, as river rock, so mindflow over jewel-center need (run your mind over it,

once) arriving at pivot, where what was dim-formed "beginning" becomes sharp-necessitating "ending" and language shortens in race to wire of time-race of work, following laws of Deep Form, to conclusion, last words, last trickle-Night is The End.

MENTAL STATE

If possible write "without consciousness" in semi-trance (as Yeats' later "trance writing") allowing subconscious to admit in own uninhibited interesting necessary and so "modern" language what conscious art would censor, and write excitedly, swiftly, with writing-or-typing-cramps, in accordance (as from center to periphery) with laws of bliss, Reich's "beclouding of consciousness." Come from within, out-to relaxed and said.

Check out ;

PITY THE POETICS

THE HOUSE OF WONDERS,

AND LOVE INERTIA

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