

Una música brutal

Personal

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Date: November 16th 2010

In the early '70s, Ihab Hassan was framing in an emblematic paperwork for post-modern theory, *The Dismemberment of Orpheus*, the idea of a literary and artistic period of anarchy, of anti-shape, of subversive, of silence that decentralises the text, transforming semantics into rhetoric and challenges any possibility of the work's existence as being a finished, fully and consistently object.

That's how Post-modern would have looked like. As an ironic incredulous smile. As a raised eyebrow. As an open parenthesis. Or, better yet, as a threatening opening door in a room with many papers and windows already wide opened. Enough so, that the chronologically placed pages would end in chaos.

I always thought it was a fascinating idea. Beyond lists, definitions and antagonistic concepts, the simplicity of the gesture, that generates chaos, that silently undermines the centre, the authority, the canon, is serious and playful at the same time. And beautiful in its violence.

It's the girl in red coat, that passes by a black frame in a famous movie by Steven Spielberg, it's the relation between Moor Zogoby and time that devours him against physical and biological laws, in Salman Rushdie's novel about broken sighs parody, it's dissonant interference of two radio stations with incongruent musical profile on the same frequency, impossible to control/that cannot be controlled.

Stop and ask yourself, or better said, I sit and wonder when I hear about "our postmodern times" or what is happening "in postmodernism", if things were ever been different. If we ever lived in a world with coherent soundtrack.

I don't think so.



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I do not remember it well. I do not know how it was like before the written words such as *k* in short messages, from David Copperfield till now, I do not know any book to start from the beginning. Clear and undeniable, such as "I was born (although, the same time/period, 'ours," you watch Inception and you realize that even the beginning is a subjective matter, not to say questionable).

We are post-modernists by all means. We live in a self-irony intelligent exhibited that makes us sympathetic and in the same tune with a whole squad of other people for which a modus vivendi is subversive.

And yet ...

And yet there is a fine line between irony which does not let us take ourselves too seriously and get stuck between axiomatic realities and nonsense ones. Exhibited because it's popular. Devoid of any substance, even by the opposition towards something to one thing ...that we do not understand.

It's about the lines shouted from the guts on stage, when their impact will be the same, or even powerful, if they were whispered. The movie in which no character is dead until you don't see his brains on the walls and the rest of the internal organs flaunted around the room (and even then it's not for sure). The poetry in which we join disparate words as Dadaists, even though we have nothing to say, because the theory has taught us that nothing is more meaningful than an exciting euphonic nonsense.

The Claim.

Post-modern or not, it's the demagogic caricature of denial. It's a chaos, indeed, but a pathetic one, without terror loops.

Sometimes I read a book that is not so good, crammed into the frame of regular tacky writing - open end, tormented characters, incompletely exhibited trauma, universal spleen, gravely recited truism , that make you, the reader, feel bad if at the end of the page you do not go looking for your medicines. It's sad. And it somehow ... post-modern.



The fact that even the most creative anarchic way has got a recipe is, indeed, ironic.

But this is how it happens. Twenty, thirty, fifty years pass and any new invention becomes a museum exhibit. Orpheus's Lyre has, in fact, the same fate as his limbs scattered in a potential Hades. They are lost in time. Originality itself becomes a concept so written out and re-written that an individual with a tendency towards triviality is likely to pass as extraordinary, simply because it's unique, that does not distress in strive with several other generations.

I admit that, of all the contemporary demons, I find the claim, the meaningless dissonance, without purpose and intellectual argument the most difficult to digest.

I do not know why. Probably also because I do not remember how communication was like in the world without *k* from SMS.

Perhaps we've heard many times the squeaking noise of the chalk on the board to keep looking for a meaning other than the one given by its guaranteed effect on my ears.

Maybe we got bored. Maybe it's time to invent something else.

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