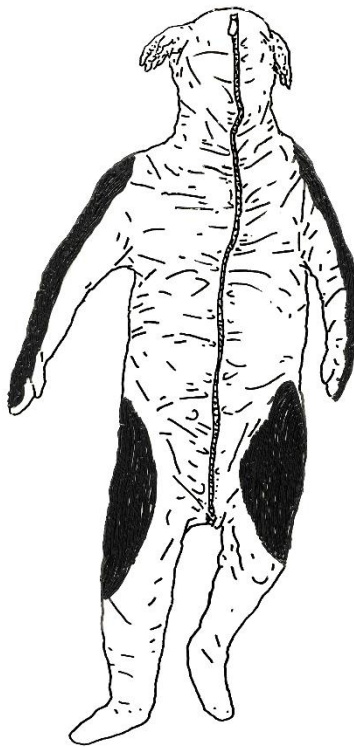


AEIOU



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MFA Essay

Abstract

This text is about the psychological life of the pataphysical character (Aeiou) and the drawing.

Aeioual content

abstract

foreword

preface

introduction

The movable seats: the first move

The movable seats: In its stability

The movable seats: In its permanent move

Wall licker

Pit (one)

Pit (two)

Pit (three)

afterword

conclusion

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Foreword

Aeiou is not giving us solutions or arguments.

Aeiou is a fictional character presenting a new body created from the capitalistic world store, where we sold parts of our body and history, to go later and rebuy some of these parts. We also sold part of our memory, so we can't remember how to put it together as before. We created new deformed, strange, funny bodies to be active in what Aeiou calls the 'modernity zoo' (but he did not explain why he calls it that).

I met Aeiou twice. The first time, Aeiou was in a hurry, carrying a basket full of cats, one of the cats jumped from the basket. Aeiou was trying to get it back, but the cat was too fast, and Aeiou couldn't catch it. The cat ran toward me and tried to pass between my legs, but I closed my legs, grabbed the cat and gave it back to him. Aeiou was so nervous, panting all the time, made a small jump and whispered in my ear "thank you". I almost heard the voice, and I was curious to create conversation and discover what was going on, but the cats were silent.

The second time we met near a storefront, Aeiou was looking at a stuffed animal in the store. This time I decided to create conversation. I hesitated at the beginning. Still, I stood nearby, Aeiou remembered me and made a gesture to say 'hi'. I also looked at that stuffed animal trying to find words to start the conversation, but at the same time I didn't want to interrupt the moment. Aeiou was sensing this animal with his body. I began to talk about the animal, the taxidermy, and the process of doing it. I asked if the cats in the basket related to taxidermy works. Suddenly Aeiou moved a tiny step and murmured gravely "Do you dare to accuse me?!"

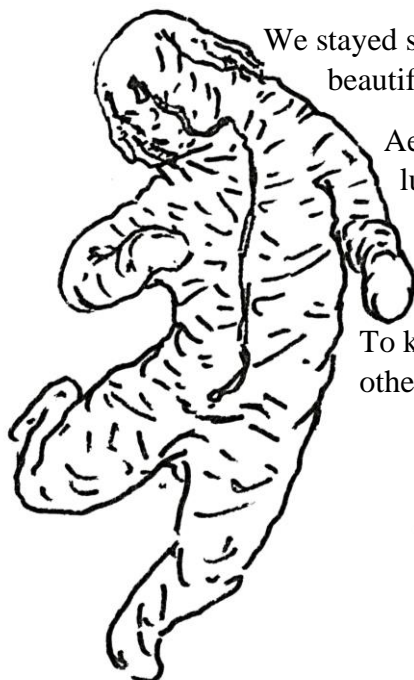
I was afraid that Aeiou would leave.

We stayed silent for a while, suddenly Aeiou laughed loudly and said, isn't it beautiful? I was shocked but I said yes!

Aeiou explained as he was looking at that stuffed animal. Does it take a lucky animal to be frozen in time and how would it be possible to be frozen like this animal?

Aeiou left.

To know who Aeiou is read the text replacing the character freely with other characters from your life.



Preface

Are we augmented from reality, or are we transformed from reality?

Aeiou started by posing this question, trying to understand and define who he is.

The moment Aeiou came alive on paper in the studio, I didn't think about what Aeiou would be, his name, and his world. To understand/create this personality and read its silence, I did hundreds of drawings to analyse every detail of what became Aeiou's life/identity to approach. What is Aeiou?

Aeiou was standing on blank paper, waiting for me to answer him. We lived together throughout all the stages that created this pataphysical character.

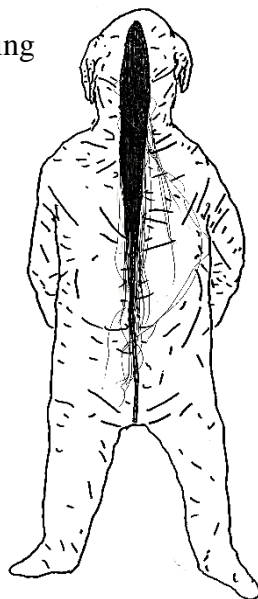
Could Aeiou be one of us?

Aeiou and I are having different conversations, like what is drawing as an act? What is the absurdity and the difference between fiction and imagination, what is creation, doubt, time, body, unity, and stories of daily living?

The stories that I used in this text was aimed to contextualize Aeiou persona in words, and interpreting the drawing action through symbols, elements, and acts in stories.

No worries, if you get lost in the text because it is the only way to understand the pataphysics of the drawing action.

Let us draw through reading



Note: all stories are from real events that happened.

Introduction

What's so hard about that first sentence is that you're stuck with it. Everything is going to flow out of that sentence. *Joan Didion*

Here, on a blank paper and blank space, everything begins. The first step into a new world where the meanings become pale. At that moment, the one merges with his action. In my case, I merge with the drawing action; it is the action of reducing purposes into lines, it condenses our history, knowledge, emotions, and observations on the paper surface, it is a magical action.

I see that you are exaggerating. They are just lines and marks on paper, and it is a free action, right dear? So, how could you consider this action as free and, at the same time, controlled by your machinery regulations?

My dear, the way you are trying to create regulations for drawing. Hence, it's like engineering industrial machinery regulations, one of the main legislations governing the harmonization of essential health and safety requirements for machinery.

You are a drawing machine!

My existence in this world was in a moment where all possibilities collapsed. I don't even remember how I came to be? or why I'm here?

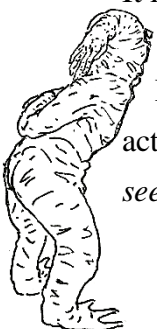
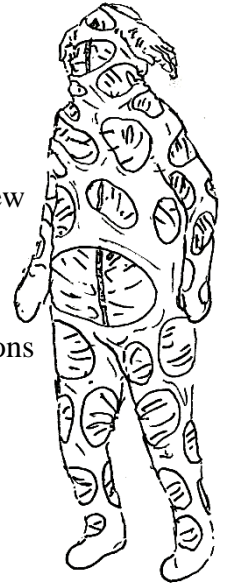
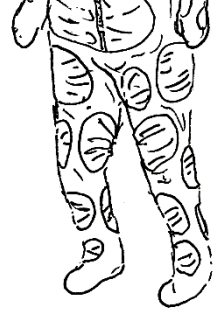
Maybe!

But this is how I started to draw, putting a paper on the table, holding a pen. At this moment I don't have any idea what I will draw. I start with a dot, and then the line comes. Once I have that line, then I have the drawing. The process is more than the lines. It is "paradoxes and uncertainties of quantum mechanics."

*The original text is about pataphysics by
Andrew Hugill, Pataphysics a Useless Guide.*

It is pure communication of our body, our knowledge, and our understanding, yet it is like pataphysics, the "imaginary science."

It is real-life, or beyond life's reality, it's full of doubts. Michael Taussig went beyond the action of the drawing in anthropological observation "*The drawing is more than the result of seeing. It is a seeing that doubts itself, and, beyond that, doubts the world of man. Born of*



doubt in the act of perception, this little picture is like a startle response aimed at simplifying and repeating that act to such a degree that it starts to feel like a talisman ”

Yes! “it doubts the world of man” because it’s genuine even if you lie it will show your lie honestly.

Maybe!

Do you hear that?

No, what was that?

“Maybe” it sounds as if it came from my emptiness, I’m living in a transformed void moving between places and out of the time, I cannot control it, sometimes it takes me to random areas like public baths and people’s bedrooms.

You were in the bedrooms!

Maybe!

Yes, bedrooms! I have been in yours once. I saw you, you were asleep, putting your hands under your head, and crossing your legs like someone lying on the grass, enjoying the spring and covering all your body with a blanket. Since then, I started to sleep like you, and I cannot change that because my personality is built from the imitations of what I have seen.

Maybe!

Emptiness! Void! Transformation! I cannot understand you Aeiou, the more I think I get closer to understanding you, the harder it becomes hard, maybe the best way to understand you is to fail to understand you.”

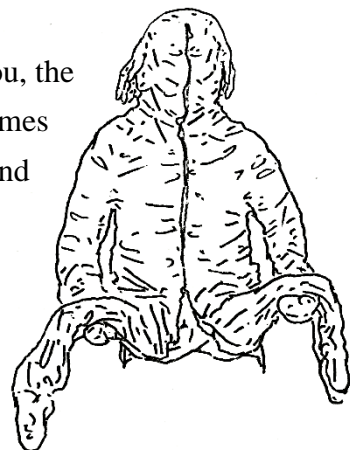
Maybe!

Mr. Maybe, do you have another word to say instead of maybe?

...Maybe!

I feel confused. I cannot enjoy my emptiness. I feel lost, something horrific and strange had happened to me once; it was more real than reality itself.

Maybe!



The movable seats: the first move

I found myself in a vacuum space, old... I don't know how to continue this sentence because that vacuum space was genuine in the beginning. When I started to look around for details, I didn't find any details in that emptiness, and space became more genuine and heated, the heat was just there without any heating source, it was the heat of the time.

“According to Hawking's theory, black holes are not perfectly ‘black’ but instead actually emit particles. He also said that it could be described by a single temperature that was dependent only on the mass of the black hole.” are you talking about Hawking's theory? Or are you talking about the power of the drawing? When you draw, you feel that you are “siphon” to the lines, imagination, and the drawing action is a black hole, and the heat is coming from that action – the siphon action power.

Maybe!

Oh, my emptiness! I don't know what you are talking about; I'm so far from black holes. What I felt/imagined there is a connection between the old/time and the heat at that moment of observing that emptiness, maybe because that vacuum space was unstable.

Now I know how to continue.

I found myself in a vacuum space full of seats. I felt tired, and I have had a desire to sit on one of those seats because of the scenography. The room was full of seats, it was easy to pick one and sit. The exact moment I took a step to sit down, I realised that the seats were in the most perfect order I have ever seen. It was challenging to sit and break the ideal rows to the right and left, and on each side there were hundreds of seats. At that moment of deciding and realizing, everything became complicated, and I lost the decision about which seat I had to choose.

Maybe!

Why didn't you just choose a seat randomly?

Believe me it was not easy; my body was ugly in all that perfection. My height broke the harmony, my breath was like a poison, and the texture of my skin was like an infection in the body of the space. Oh, my emptiness! My existence was epidemic.

Self-contempt?

Because I was full of failures, misery, melancholy, sorrow, and woe of our half stories, I was a trailer of the others' lives.

It's not about being tired, and it's not about the seating desire; it was about the decision-making.

Maybe!

I moved my entity closer to the first line of seats on the right side. I looked at the middle seat. I touched it firmly. Oh, my emptiness! It's precisely in the center, and of course, the centralization is a limitation. It's like drawing a line by using a ruler where this line becomes a border between the ruler and the white space; It's a deaf and surd line without senses. In contrast to freehand drawing, where you are full of senses, even your mouth is watering.

That seat was the center of gravity of all seats; it was like drawing a dot with a ruler.

I started again to look around to choose one seat, I walked between the back and the front many times, looked to the right and left, walked fast and slow, blinked my eyes, slightly jumped, laughed, clapped with each step, I fixed my arms close to my emptiness while walking fast and slow, spin in circles, slapping my body, one hand pulling the other, and walking slowly again and calm down, but again I start running fast to the end of the seats and back to the front, and running faster and faster and faster...

And then you have fallen down!

Maybe!

No! Did not, I was not part of a dramatic show that after hard running, you fall, or sit and cry. No, it was a real search, a real need to find

Oh, my emptiness! Where is that chosen seat?

Did you try to close your eyes and follow your emptiness to choose?

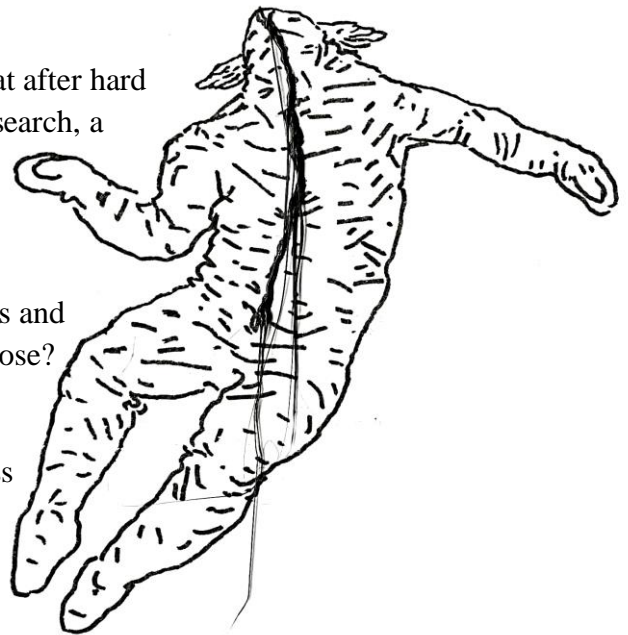
I can't remember if I had eyes then. I see without eyes. Maybe, that vacuum space and my emptiness made of the same body, I saw without eyes.

Maybe!

I went back to the beginning, to the first seat in the space, to number zero, from the right side of me.

Zero! Oh, my zero! How did you start with zero in that perfect orders of seats?

The seats located between spaces, distance, and time. Maybe! The seats were similar... entirely similar. When I start to move closer to the seat number zero, I felt the soft wind was blowing, or I imagined that. I didn't understand where it came from nor why? And suddenly I lost that seat. Thus the zero became alive, and it moved to the center of the right row, how does it happen? When? Why?



It becomes more confusing.

What number have I instead of zero then? I didn't put numbers on all seats yet. Oh, my emptiness!

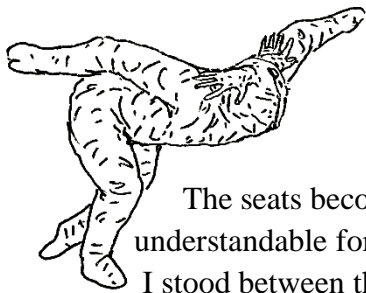
I start numbering the seats, but every time I numbered the first seat, it moves to the center.

Great! (screaming) Great! (shouting) You don't have a specific number for the start and the center, that's great. Finally, you'll find your chosen seat. It's easy now, and you don't have a choice; you have to select the center seat and select a number for it.

Maybe! (screaming)

Oh, my emptiness! The choice becomes more complicated when the options are narrowed, but it was not the only choice. It was two numbers, two centers, right, and left.

M.m.m.maybe! maybe! maybe!m...



The movable seats: In its stability

The seats become more and more familiar for my emptiness and the vacuum more understandable for my existence, that is what I thought when my choices became narrowed. I stood between these two options right and left.

Suddenly, the time becomes present in that vacuum, and the space becomes full of my movements. I start to feel lonely, it's not the desire for social communication or having someone to help me to choose a seat, No, it was only the need for people to occupy the seats or one person with hundreds of hands and legs filling all seats with his limbs.

Oh, my emptiness! I only needed one seat to rest on and wait for this fiddle-faddle to end. But at the same time, I started to have a special bond to the situation of not finding a seat, unsureness, confusion, and being stuck in the vacuum.

I asked myself what is the time now? How many hours do I spend in this situation? My inner watch was referring to the one leaf falling on five sticks. Oh, my emptiness!

When will these fallen leaves finish?

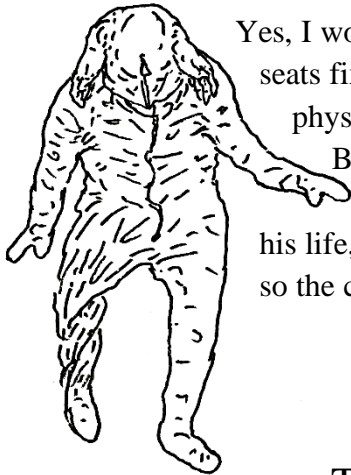
Maybe!

I looked at the two middle seats carefully to find a mark or a sign to make me choose a seat, but I started to enjoy that mass and started to make foolish, stupid poetry about these two centers, it's hard to remember. Still, it was so foolish, yes, foolish, but very playful; my skin was vibrating, my emptiness was hardening. It was a fantastic feeling to get lost in your choices, but I had to choose one seat.

Oh, my emptiness! Why were the seats in perfect order/rows? Why was it not in a chaotic situation? It's easier to choose a seat and then think about the consequences. Well, who cares about the consequences in a chaotic situation? There isn't right or wrong at that moment. Yes, a moment when we don't need history, consciousness, knowledge, power, decisions. At that moment, what we need is the action only to point to the seat where there are no left and right sides, no front and back, no directions, it's complete freedom.

Maybe!

Maybe too!



Yes, I would say maybe too, but when I started to destroy the rows I found all seats fixed to the ground, and it's impossible to move them, I couldn't make physical chaos, nothing can move the middle seats, they have a stable order.

But that didn't frustrate me, instead of that I laughed strangely, ha ha ha I laughed at my silly laughing. My sound was like the stork laughing at his life, I stood again in the middle of the space, but this time I stood sideways, so the center is not right and left it becomes front and back.

The movable seats: In its permanent move

The seats transformed into abstract shapes, and I got lost in that abstract. It's not the seats that we know anymore, they become flat squares in some moments and empty structures, another moment they transform colors, geometric shapes, and materials. It lost its existence and its materiality. It's only an image of seats in our memory and conscience. What happened? Why did it become unstable? Does it only happen in my emptiness or in that reality?

Maybe!

Oh, your miserable emptiness! What did happen to you? Why this darkness and melancholy? Why did your skin become pale?

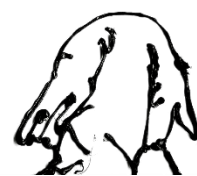
Really! I feel nothing. Mr. Maybe could you turn up the light? I can't continue in this dim light; I can't breathe.

Oh, Thank you! Now I can see you, and you. Now I can breathe.

Please tell us what happened, did you find "the chosen seat"?

After unstable movement in the seats, I saw that all this instability and transformation connected with my actions and thoughts.

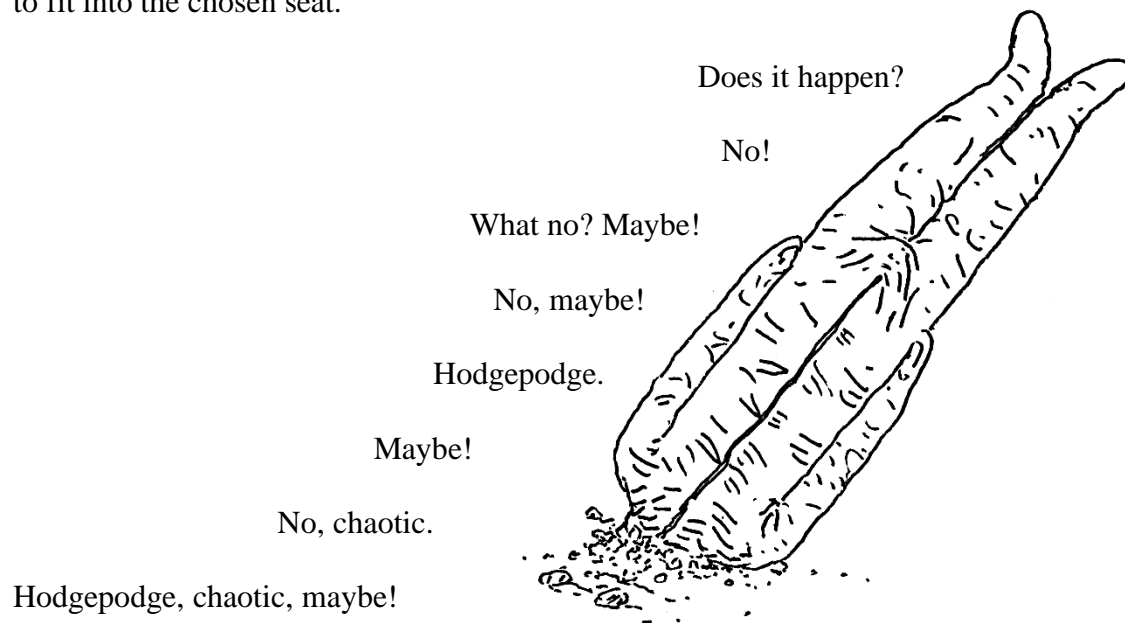
Did the transformation play when you moved, and did everything stop when you stopped?



It was more complicated because the transformation was connected to my mind too, how could I stop thinking? It was impossible, I don't know how it happened but several times everything stopped, and the image of the seats was so beautiful. I'll never forget that image.

I started to find a way to put the seats chaotically, and the only way was to move them in my mind and my emptiness.

I played with the movements and transformation in different ways: jumping, dancing, marching, walking, running, tiptoeing, leaping, hopping, skipping, stretching, leaning, squatting, bending, and..and..and...ing. Yes, Yes, space became a hodgepodge of my actions and the seat movements, yes, it happened, or at least it was my feeling, I was walking on air to fit into the chosen seat.



Not exactly, I realized that when chaos happens, you don't realize it. If you can see complete disorder and confusion, it is a hodgepodge, mess, maybe anarchy, disarray, muddle.

Maybe!

But I found a decision, and I moved to choose a seat randomly.

Hurray, Hurray, which seat did you choose?

I don't know, don't remember, but when I moved close to that one, suddenly I heard a loud sound come from the vacuum that went deep to my emptiness informing me that it's the last station. We have to leave the vehicle, it was the happiest moment I have had at the end of that chaos, and it has become the saddest moment because I didn't remember what happened and why I'm there? I knew that something happened before; I didn't remember at that moment. Everything stopped at that moment, and I found myself in another place.

Maybe!

Wall licker

Let us change our seats; I want to tell you a story back in someday, somewhere.

Sit down at the table, take my seat, and I'll stand here.

Maybe!

I feel like I can start now, here is my rave:

I have fallen into the bottom of the city; the daily forgiveness begs the destination. All the glasses become mirrors in the street. My image was flickering on the windows, shiny surfaces, and the cats' eyes, it was flickering my existence. It was a beautiful bright day, and the passengers were doing their daily quest to survive a new bureaucratic day.

In the middle of the street, the crowds were walking in harmony like lines of ants.

I was doing my duty of being – walking in the street and merging with harmony. Suddenly, under the shade of a tree on the right side of the street I saw an image break the harmony like a big foot cutting the lines of ants, close to the wall a mid-age character standing with his hands behind his back licking the wall. The scene was stressful; my body was hardly holding my heart; I couldn't stop staring at his way of licking from bottom to top, left and step forward to the left and repeat the steps. I started to follow him to know why he was doing that and where he was going and to understand why I'm following him. My body was spying on him

The anonymous one was continuing licking from one wall to another one without stopping and didn't look at anyone it was like no one was in the street. The colors and building materials faded away, and the walls transformed to shiny metal, no concrete, no wood, no glass, no other materials, the city became metal. My reflection splintered everywhere around this metallic city. At that transforming moment, my reflection merged with the passengers' reflections. I didn't see their faces, they all turned their faces to the walls, licking in different directions; some were licking forward and others backward. I lost that anonymous one in this crowd. When all of them were licking the wall, they became all equals and anonymous.

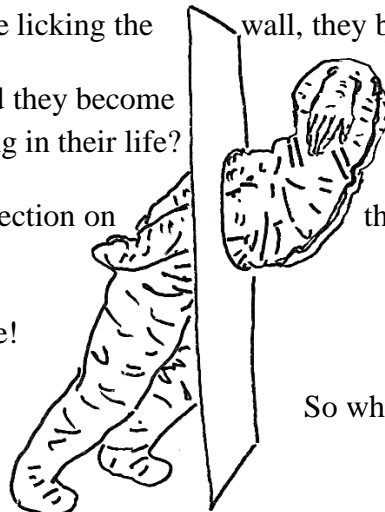
When did it happen? How did they become the walls? What are they doing in their life? lickers? Why are they licking

They are drawn into their reflection on the shiny metal walls, they all became Narcissus.

Maybe!

So what?

Jump to.



Pit (one)

Maybe!

What?

Maybe!

Why?

Why do we have why when we want to say why? For what? For what reason, cause, or purpose?

Is it a question?

Maybe!

If it's not a question, what could it be?

When I'm standing half-naked close to the edge of questions, and holding a horse on my shoulders, my body answering that fallen moment.

Is that an answer?

Maybe! Because the edge of the pit was like a bed. When you sleep on a bed of one meter or one hundred meters high, it will be the same for you. You are not falling up, because as an adult, "we are not totally unconscious when we are asleep."

I wasn't worried about falling up; I was only thinking of the horse on my shoulder.

Are we talking about something?

Yes, we are talking about my giant coin; it was three meters high and thirty centimeters thick.

Yes, I had pants with two hundred meters deep pockets, follow me like a Google Map tracking line.

Yes, I was standing on one leg in a field full of broken streetlamps tied to donkeys.

Yes, in the far East-West-North-South of Somewhere, all buildings have a slide instead of stairs.



Yes, I had shoes made from the air

Yes, the clouds bringing the death and the wind carrying the darkness.

Yes, The cold is seeds for melancholy.

Yes, exaggeration is our oppressed boat for the oppressors.

Yes, sentimental.

Yes, comprehensive.

Yes, perception.

Yes, cohesive.

I sacrificed my sadness to understand these mysteries. I'll buy a dreamingwatch containing all expressions of meanings in history, to understand and measure your life.

Pit (two)

The crocodile's smile is adorable.

Maybe

Pit (three)

Can you stop talking?

Maybe!

Or stop thinking?

You will have more courage.

Maybe!

Enjoy it!

Just stop to do anything and let your body talk.

What can my body do?

It will jump in the pit, or maybe it will resist it.

This is its desire.

Maybe!

Don't forget that.

S.

Ok.



Afterword

I don't have more words to say.

Me neither.

I can dance instead of talk, or write, but I need a stage, a big stage without any audience.

Here is a big stage for you; my life!

Don't be ridiculous, your life is not even backstage.

Ok, then I'll give you my backstage.

What do you know about the backstages? Your backstage is only one sandbag hanging on a short rope. Go and hang your legs from the other side of the rope. Hopefully, someone will find you and give you another rope...

So, where you want to dance then?

I'll wait for my emptiness, what might it choose for me.

Is it your last word?

No, it's my afterword.

Conclusion

I'll be everywhere and anywhere. I'll be in front of you when you are breathing, holding your hand when sleeping, standing beside you when you are in a queue. Don't be worried I'll be a stone in your pocket,

You are my shelter. Your stories are my sustenance, my air.

Maybe!



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Metro stations.

Bedroom

Bus.

Café.

Virtual life

Pataphysics

Social media.

Borders.

News.

Kitchen

Museums.

Immigration Office

Shops.

Backstages

Memories

Exile

