

Introduction to the second edition

Roadrage is a book that was brewing for a long time. It all started in late 2013 when the revolution happened in Ukraine. There was a notion that things needed to change. Not just a change in a gradual, evolutionary manner, but change big time and fast. That notion was covered in a thick layer of mystery. It was unknowable, yet it was an unmistakable feeling.

The notion was eerily unsettling and riveting. Something akin to a late 60s "Hell No!" thing. Euromaidan seemed to me a howl of disgusted exhaustion - choking, suffocating from the staleness of the state of things. Change was imperative.

That moment in time was fluxing up all the rules so that anything abnormal or extreme suddenly had a chance.

I felt it was an opportunity to make a complete break with the past. After all, to do the new thing, first you need to make room for it and break the old one. Things haven't worked out by trying to embrace the past. Why bother with half-measures anymore?

Then it became apparent that none of it was going to happen. This spontaneous, innermost urge for change became scripted by larger forces. By the time the dust had settled in late February 2014, it had become evident that this whole thing wasn't about breaking walls. It was merely about changing the wallpaper pattern.

Things escalated. It seemed you could either join hotheaded passionates and get on with "the bad guys" or you could snap out of this macabre and make some kind of wacked-out creative dada art response to this whole increasingly chaotic absurdity. The

more things escalated, the more and more the latter option seemed to be a reasonable response to the situation. I guess it's called growing up and not giving a damn about bullshit.

With the revolutionary romance flushed out, I thought if the revolution is not going to work out globally, at least I will do one for myself. Rip it up and start again. It wasn't about socio-political things anymore. Now it was personal.

That was the seed that eventually became *Roadrage*.

Except, I hadn't figured out how to do it yet.

I hit a bump in the road.

Something was sitting deep inside of me that wanted to get out. And it wasn't going to go away by just "doing things." It had a slightly annoying presence for quite a while.

I was trying over and over again to make sense of what was going on. I was trying to find an angle that I could relate to, discover the perspective that would bring out some new insights. I tried and tried and couldn't nail it down - there was something off.

By May 2015, that thick layer of mystery had finally dissipated. If you want to know what the revolution feels like, it is desolation.

Gutted, disembowelled desolation.

The journey so far had been mostly crash and burn. By the summer of 2015, I was at ground zero. For the lack of a better word, I

was totally demolished. Every single thing I was trying to do fell apart.

It turned to be the move in the right direction. After all, to do the new thing, first you need to break the old one.

And since there was nothing else to do, I got back to square one - that notion that things need to change. But this time there was nothing to hold me back.

That's how *Roadrage* came to be. If the revolution isn't working out globally, I'm going to do one for myself.

Roadrage started as a nondescript notion, a need to go beyond. It was a throw of despair that evolved into a reasonable and well-mannered process.

It was about looking outside the narrow parameters, rediscovering the play beneath it all. An exploration of new possibilities - embracing different techniques and practices to produce something completely different - completely shut off the previous stuff.

The idea was to break through conditioning, take yourself out into another space. Drastically streamlined and reinvigorated, to systematically break all the assumptions and received ways of thinking, to be the vanguard of finding a new way of doing things.

The instigating incident was quite banal. I had a frustrating case of continuously rewriting a generic piece of copywriting. The goal was to make it look suitable for the algorithm. That turned the text into an inhuman, borderline uncanny valley

entity. For some reason, I found that particular effect interesting.

And that's where *Roadrage* really started. It was an expedition into the unknown.

I decided to rewrite a poem in the same manner – replacing words and changing the sentence structure to something similar but different. It wasn't an attempt to reinvent the wheel – more trying something different. I wrote poems in a traditional manner and then gradually replaced every word and image with a more compressed and often abstract word.

As you can guess from the title, in the very beginning I wanted to imitate the result of a car accident. The direct impact of a moving object against an immovable object, or the collision of two moving entities in textual form – something like that – with distortions, clashes, permutations and so on. It contained lots of graphic descriptions and liberal use of onomatopoeia.

And it was not working. Some unknown unknown was missing.

The only thing left from those experiments is the title. It's been in use from the beginning and thus stuck.

My intention was not to describe something but to make it with words. To create poems that will not be limited to a page – something like a paper flower that opens in water. I'm interested in being precise in the message and focused on presentation. I tried to cut all the boring and superficial bits out of the poems to create a more dense and impactful narrative where every word is an event.

Intentional alienation was a way of changing perspective and exploring different possibilities. This approach gave the poems rough edges with remnants of straightforward sentences, blasts of exclamations, erratic structures, and seemingly random images. It displaced and subverted the narrative, but at the same time kept the poems absolutely comprehensive.

Basically, this transforms the poems into scripts for imaginations. Through minimized context and textual ambiguity, the reader can engage with the poetry more interactively and construct personal versions of what they read.

There is this particularly intriguing, disorienting sense of unmitigated chaos among the lines, as if the light of the nether regions was gleaming through.

Because I'm not afraid of exposing the method, here is the recipe with some effervescent namedropping:

- "The ship of Theseus" method, where each element is gradually replaced, while the essence remains the same;
- twisted stream of consciousness of James Joyce as seen in *Finnegans Wake* (thus occasional slips into evasive verbiage);
- the telegram writing style as seen in the works of Ernest Hemingway and James Ellroy;
- the concentrated splashes, ebbs, and flows of imagery of Ezra Pound;
- the corrupted, warped style e.e. cummings and Gertrude Stein;

- complete derangement of the senses as presented by Arthur Rimbaud and Brion Gysin;
- defamiliarization as conceptualized by Victor Shklovsky';

As it is, *Roadrage* fails at being poetry in a conventional manner, even a written text. This feature was rooted in Rimbaud's total derangement of the senses and Hac-Mor's concept of the fracas. *Roadrage* is like "doing it wrong" so insistently that the wrongness becomes a new kind of rightness - breaking through conditioning and going beyond.

These poems are twisted backward outward, warped inside out upside down and tied into a Möbius strip. Because The Beatles "Because".

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