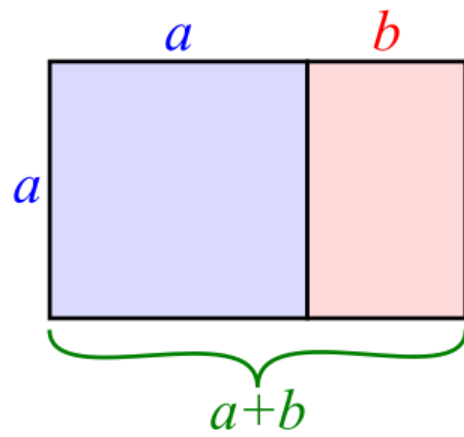


THE BLUE VELVET REVIEW PRESENTS



13 GOLDEN RECTANGLES

NAS SAFA

Composition for distorted baritone voice and text to speech synthesizer engines. Produced and arranged by Apostolos Katsafanas for Blue Velvet Review Records 2024.

One vocal line (automated) is sung at 144 syllables per minute. Another vocal line (automated) is sung at 233 syllables per minute (the average American speaking tempo). Another vocal line (human) is sung at approximately 377 syllables per minute. All three referencing the same poem. The poem containing between 34 and 55 syllables per line. The three sides equating to a (slightly asymmetrical) golden rectangle in time.

13 Golden Rectangles - Nas Safa									
Poem	Syllables	144-sec	233-sec	377-dec	377-sec	Act-dec	Act-sec	SPM	Var
I.	341	142.08	87.81	0.90	54.27	0.90	54.00	378.89	0.50%
II.	271	112.92	69.79	0.72	43.13	0.72	43.00	378.14	0.30%
III.	391	162.92	100.69	1.04	62.23	0.95	57.00	411.58	9.17%
IV.	241	100.42	62.06	0.64	38.36	0.63	38.00	380.53	0.94%
V.	299	124.58	77.00	0.79	47.59	0.75	45.00	398.67	5.75%
VI.	263	109.58	67.73	0.70	41.86	0.65	39.00	404.62	7.33%
VII.	294	122.50	75.71	0.78	46.79	0.77	46.00	383.48	1.72%
VIII.	188	78.33	48.41	0.50	29.92	0.48	29.00	388.97	3.17%
IX.	256	106.67	65.92	0.68	40.74	0.65	0.65	393.85	4.47%
X.	178	74.17	45.84	0.47	28.33	0.47	28.00	381.43	1.17%
XI.	257	107.08	66.18	0.68	40.90	0.64	38.5	400.52	6.24%
XII.	270	112.50	69.53	0.72	42.97	0.67	40	405.00	7.43%
XIII.	305	127.08	78.54	0.81	48.54	0.77	46	397.83	5.52%
Total	3554	1480.83	915.19	9.43	565.62	9.04	504.15	393.07	4.26%
	Minutes	24.68							

Speech in Relation to Itself via The Golden Ratio 1.618			
Average Words Per Minute (WPM) in American English		The "golden ratio" 1.618 appears in various aesthetic and natural formations of beauty. It's intimately related to the Fibonacci sequence, where (most) entries maintain a distance of 1.618 from one another. Here we apply to the ratio spoken American English to move toward a "measured recitation" of language that approaches a musical form (legato) or something.	
140	Slower		
170	Faster		
155	Mean		
<i>Convert to Syllables (assuming ~1.5 syllables per word)</i>			
Average Syllables Per Minute (SPM)		Increase by 1.618 ('Golden Ratio')	
210	Slower	1.618	340
255	Faster	1.618	413
233	Mean	1.618	377

“How Can I Possibly Concentrate On Nuclear Holocausts?”

You said something deep and no one gave a shit my oil paintings looked like cunt fucked up at the Greek fest who said buying a subsequent bottle of Retsina is ill-advised?
I'm ninety nine percent Pine Sol this is ritualistic writing erotic poems for Russian whores and signing my name *χριστός ανέστη* you can drown in a glass of water.
Philosophy still can't save us people no longer chew wrapped pieces of gum no—the industry has transitioned to free floating mini buckets of gumballs.
How can I possibly concentrate on nuclear holocausts with all these big bad booty bitches around the mountain has better ears for bullshit I've never been a fan of camping.
I've always found things somewhat preposterous I suppose two hookahs twist the little knob there you go I apologize for forgetting the meaning of cuando.
Put some clothes on for Christ sake before you ball your eyes out I never lied about wanting to kill myself if anything the opposite!—mountains have better ears for bullshit.
Trees—some of them are old as fuck that's why we built cities our fictions play better surrounded by buildings a Burmese python ate a forty four year old woman alive.
It's just like a snug little sleeping bag who doesn't like to take a little nap four or five milligrams of melatonin why would you lie about wanting to drive yourself into a tree?

“Parallel Universes / Fun-Sized Bags of Doritos”

Walking down South Street witnessing a few chubby goth adults nibbling on handfuls of potato chips from disparate fun size bags I had an odd feeling I was entering a parallel universe or something.
She told me with tears visible on her cheeks that sometimes she wished she'd get hit by a bus I said 'Sometimes I feel sad too' Socrates only laid down with an adolescent Alcibiades.
He never fucked him in his asshole that's why Alcibiades was still in love with him years later you know there are signs in things Socrates never wrote shit down.
Muhammed was illiterate why the fuck are you enrolling in an MFA program in the coastal United States?—memory is a stain on my being it takes a different form every other day.
She told me with visible tears streaming down her beautiful face that at times she hoped she'd get hit by a bus to which I retorted 'Sometimes I feel sad too.'
What really happened in that bed with those two these are philosophical questions relativism only emerges after a certain axiom coagulates.

“Thinking About Architecture”

Thinking about architecture about the necessity of chance on a Nickanee’s patio with a group of people adjacent.

Adjacent and discussing Chinese food in a manner that strikes you as the talk of pure imbeciles that like if chance is necessary?

And it has to be necessary otherwise everything would become irreparably fixed but if it’s in fact necessary then it’s also in a sense fixed essentially being a necessity?—puzzling.

There’s a little triangle tattooed on a pinky finger there’s no individual ecstasy in architecture only during periods of intense collectivism at any given time it’s difficult.

It’s challenging to quantify the amount of conversing occurring on the planet that’s architecture in a sense guy with a hook nose intensely biting his fingernails as upper middle class whites watch in awe.

As other upper middle class whites recreate a modal jazz that was cutting edge in nineteen sixty five on Elmwood Avenue you recall images.

Which informs your decision making in material ways recollected images are animated and in turn falsified solely in your mind.

Which exists in a location that you can’t quite place at the time as you cross a windy Washington Street bridge a figure of this or that proportion is constructed in your memory.

What we call your memory currently we’ll call it your memory to move out of the realm of seminal attraction into one of pure representation.

“The Gumballs of Pseudo-Dionysios”

Lights flicker numerically like CPA firms Neoplatonism was a corrective on the integrity of infinite numbers Sufism a corrective on the rationalism of the concept One.

I feel more in tune with God when I vehemently condemn photography at a bar where no one gives a shit every situation is set in a unique context in what we perceive as time.

A curiously significant shift seemed to occur in the repetition of the smile addicted to dying a thousand deaths with that said hold the red onion on the gyro I’m fresh out of gumballs.

Sent to remedial English simply because we questioned the nature of signifying pronouns but we never got offended at it sans repetition you can’t get back to sleep sometimes.

‘If the whole ocean were ink for writing the words of’—sans repetition sometimes I can’t get back to sleep mirrors are now placed regularly in households and automobiles.

“Slightly Inebriated On A Friday Evening”

I felt a sudden sense of the whole accelerated heart beat thing you know?—an Elvis impersonator playing his guitar with a perspicacity that was just a delight to behold.

The notion of this oneness as indivisible in essence is only truly comprehended in states of extreme intoxication get drunk by yourself and you may apprehend it.

The bartender at Figidini’s explained how to order a pizza I considered replying something to the effect of ‘Go fuck yourself’ but instead thanked him for the extremely generous insight!

Only in states of isolated intoxication isolation that’s only possible in densely populated areas the desert is a misunderstanding of solitude I think.

It assumes that people exist which is an unproven presumption of our social fabric to some extent so-called population centers of shit piss and semen it’s really just a mirror.

It’s not technically an offspring not in the way that you’re thinking to overcome this um—seminal state this theoretical amplified seminal state as an overcoming of some implied European self.

“Older Lady With The Look Of Pure Death In Her Eyes”

Pepperonis discriminated by Bib at the bar marble counterwork with the homosexual Chinese quaff—managerial—Michelle said to just shoot the double shot correctly.

Mirrors looped into incoherence another Friday night sat at a bar thinking about oneness typing to yourself that you’re thinking about oneness.

Tiny bar wasn’t quite as cunty the second time you went there blonde platinum Nordic telepathy dreams in technicolor doppelgangers of gaze.

Thinking about God as the precise indivisibility of this Oneness we’re still typing all of this shit down as we’re thinking it—I may not actually comprehend the origin of so-called feelings.

This notion of being emotionally damaged seems intriguing the shattered self assumes once again let’s not forget this that people actually exist!

Which we’ve previously deemed somewhat presumptuous you talked to the lady with the look of death in her eyes playing pool in the black skinny jeans her name is Ellen she’s seventy-one years young.

“Multitudinous Feminine Entities”

A sort of nonlinear seminal yearning Madden Ninety Three dream but the opposing team is a multitudinous feminine entity abutting orgasm as the Detroit Lions.

A tale of two Pearl Streets concrete ear plugs in old Earth soil a Third Reich-era Nazi said Sufis don't get fucked up—should we consider this a reputable source claim?

Siberian Russians speaking broken demotic Greek pale-faced disgusted sitting at the Chili's bar TV screens every three feet chugged sixteen ounces of Dos Equis Amber muttering something about sucking my penis.

Thought about jumping off the roof at eight fifty eight PM I remain ambivalent about grain carbohydrates pondering the social dynamic between Latin busboys and Trans bartenders.

But in a totally gender-neutral type of way treat ideas the same way seasoned exotic dancers maneuver impressionable men of all ages molding manifold fictional worlds until it's extinguished.

Until we no longer know what's true and what's false until veracity and falsity became totally subservient to a sort of nonlinear seminal yearning—until the icon collapses.

“Guys From Chicago Who Don't Exist”

Discrete units repeating themselves you had a dream about a guy named Nate Bonleo from Chicago a peculiar figure from out of town the name has no hits in any search engine.

Something impalpable in the language something a Hellenized Islamic scholar might attempt to explain velocity ergo legato spatial inquiries into syllabic distances.

This is a five paragraph essay I wrote an extended gaze into the human form itself can manifest divine revelations Shahidbazi tell the bitch to pull the panties off.

Those are one dollar bills in your hand dialogue heard in the so-called mind phrases generated in some sort of involuntary process Gabriel—what does voluntary mean exactly?

“Sugar Free Soju At Fernandez Liquors”

The word tartuffery comes to mind we sat on the roof of Pearl Street and drank Soju out of an emptied Ginger Ale bottle and asked ourselves ‘What can a poem express?’

‘What exactly can a poem express’ the word tartuffery comes to mind Gabriel in the cave I can relate a musical mode no—the sound of the fucking human voice.

You asked yourself what can a poem express getting drunk by yourself on the roof of Pearl Street drinking Soju out of an emptied Ginger Ale bottle.

We're not necessarily in the Thirteenth Century Asia Minor one could argue we're in Twenty First Century America it seems a lot has changed in eight hundred years.

Everywhere I look I see fucking morons scrolling through feeds scrolling through bullshit and I'm doing the same shit this is art but it's also an indivisibility of Oneness.

Pre-algorithm the feed disseminates this indivisibility an extreme compression of time the word tartuffery comes to mind the utter dissolution of memory.

“Ill-Advised High Fades”

GFK tenor the summer months are no time for cum bibs Nubian co-eds speaking foreign melodies thru high vol airpods on the Bridgeport Amtrak the hair product lingered for the next four stops.
Abutting pissy on the HOA call magenta fat faced legal representatives with tight high fades we find follicly inspiring perhaps to my own detriment gradual extinction of the semicolon.
Meteors don't extinguish species they disappear into a collective unconscious of their own volition I was in a cloud—descend to vertical lip stubble.
Give her space when she needs it words replacing tones five letters for λογος adroitly fear scriptural allusions you're the mirror in which He sees his names.

“The Median Lifespan of Bananas Is Insufficient”

I detest the median lifespan of bananas annihilation has always been the ultimate end-game you write things you arrange words but there can only be the one thing.
The one thing contains multiplicities but remains fundamentally somehow unaltered as one annihilation is the only end-game and there's really nothing objectionable about it.
We love insemination of near-strangers getting our toes painted Nintendo Switch Online getting fucked up three times per week what's so bad about returning to the one thing.
Language fundamentally must precede mathematics you think lying in bed repeating four words over and over in the hopes that the memories will cease.
We must name the number two!—we must imagine two things distinct from one another to begin to construct this name without the name sans the image.
How would two and two become four!?!—it simply wouldn't be the only conclusion available to us although mathematicians would certainly scoff heartily!

“Nuclear Families & Rainforests”

In the abandoned parking lot on Battey the infinite fails to care about the eventual implosion of our solar system there's a reason Parmenides wrote poems.

Michael has one tooth and pays nine hundred eighty five dollars per month to live in a basement in Warwick and enjoys the company of girls with glasses.

He loves them with glasses and only considers redheads to be true redheads if they're white redheads which I personally found sensible!

I found this notion that people of color with red hair aren't quite authentic redheads in the colloquial sense of the phrase to be the sole logical conclusion one could draw regarding the nature of redheads.

It's simply what we can't conceive it's our conception of this extension of this one thing that seems so inconceivable people spend their days talking about nuclear families and rainforests.

The nature of the infinite is in no way similar to simply shaving gyro meat off a giant slow roasting kebab vomiting up the dairy free Ben and Jerry's cookies and cream smoothie.

“Basically Repulsed (In Every Detail)”

Eating ten dollar per pound salted pepitas over my kitchen sink I considered that distinguishing discrete items in space is a form of doubt in itself.

Shove a Corona Premier up your butt and do a handstand you could possibly get a following on YouTube a guy you'd never met alleged that Brett Smiley is a disingenuous cocksucker.

You took his word as gospel and didn't think twice about it despite knowing neither this person or any of the intricacies of the municipality's politics.

We recalled that Timothy had fairly plump breasts prior to disappearing I personally wish him all the best in absentia.

Spanish girl tossing Reposado into her body like raised ranches sinking into the Earth in the midst of acute Richter scale events a random carousel seemed psilocybin-adjacent.

'He could never come to terms with being born into a world that basically repulsed him in every detail from the very beginning.'

Around the year two thousand nine the notion that I was an individuated piece of fate became more or less nonsensical to me which caused a certain type of implosion for a period of time.