

# Kicking & Screaming

- Commoditization of the Meta; The Replacement of Fear with Fight -  
:: Snax, 2019/9/22 ::

Humanity is most like an algal bloom, and about as wise.

"It all seems very formulaic, and formulas work, but we paid you to come up with something new, something truly artistic, so what else have you got?" The publisher asked in their least corporate voice; corporate gray building with corporate blue suites and a noticeably corporate disdain for having to work directly with under-dressed writers. Hesitant to respond, the thoughts of yet another formula with simple trope inversions flashed through the mind. It would work as *something new*, but they wouldn't be willing to publish *that*, yet anything that actually breaks the mold is too dangerous for money and the publisher is the money. The thoughts painful, being asked to create real art, something truly creative, while knowing the truly creative act would be rejected unless you incorporated some stupid memetic concept or wholesome 50's American family value perversion; this itself was a perversion of the artistic process and yet the eyes of corporate America looked ignorantly upon it across what appeared to be a faux-cedar meeting-room table.

Leaning, over the table and into the ideas themselves, "Okay, what about Kierkegaard's *Fear and Trembling*, but instead of Abraham, this time it's Saddam under the burlap sack right before they executed him." A pause and many eyes checked themselves around the now-seeming faux-mahogany table. The head of the table produced a forceful and incredulous, "What?" Without allowing for another pause, an ease befell the words, "You know how *Fear and Trembling* is Kierkegaard's attempt to argue that extreme actions, no matter how good the reasons, are impossible to explain to anyone other than yourself?" More eye checking. "Well what if we wrote the same book over, but instead of Abraham trying to explain to Isaac why he was going to sacrifice him, fearful and trembling, it's Saddam in front of the American kangaroo court trying to explain why he was going to sacrifice his own citizens, proud and fighting!" The eye checking had been replaced by a ubiquitous lock, every ball focused insanely on the mouth producing the words. "The art of it is that it can be used as its own explanation for why the book was made in the first place: something seemingly absurd yet well reasoned at every step of the way, the reader in their disdain would have no one to blame except themselves. It would be a book that perverts some values while maintaining the mold of their creation, in a circuitous way it would be a form of self-improvement."

The question asked the publisher more than versa vice, "A story about Saddam somehow being correct in murdering tens of thousands of his own citizens is supposed to be a self-help book?" Now it was *you* checking eyes around what appeared to be a faux-cypress table. Your thoughts of simple rejection at a distance, rejection of only some part of you, of only a single piece of your art, turned into thoughts of total rejection, of fear they would reject *you*, your person, deny you publishing rights and disallow you from ever writing for them again. Your little quick thoughts, easy to move and manage, turned into large and sluggish emotional combatants in your head, but you've trained for this; why panic over this one moment when the whole of life calls for a desperate swinging into the dark? You fucking pussy, you little bitch, art was always the greatest and most intense struggle, why are you worried now about faggots in corporate drag? The ease returned and so did your voice, "Now consider the book about the book."

"I'm not sure we-" Don't give them time to think, their thoughts bend to the simplest of economic incentives. *A fortiori*, "Consider the book was merely an account of this conversation. Being

asked to create art, being asked to break a mold, but by giving even the slightest deviation from the most uniform ideas, you fault. What are we doing here? Honestly? I've given you an amazing concept for a book, prescient and totalizing it even applies right now for our own situation as you've made it obvious there's nothing I could say that would make you understand, the entire point of the work, and yet you still reject it. What pathology must you have to be this dense? What pathology must you have to be discursive only in appearance and only when the invisible hand moves your thoughts for you? This isn't just *some art*, this is *art itself*, you're watching the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel being painted and scoffing." The redwood table itself was in an uproar at this point, unintelligible word-sounds spewing from places in the room the protagonist didn't even consider to be capable of noise-making, the world bleeding itself and a mix of sensory inputs like being rapidly plugged and unplugged into and from the Matrix. The fake and the real becoming difficult to distinguish discretely; the realization fake abstractions are still abstractions and all abstractions are *really* abstractions.

Like an insane scream from a madman, "The fantasy worlds of the writer, our protagonist, you, hello it is I, the me that is me, are not fantastical or separate and distinct worlds, *I know*, this story unindividuated, *I know*, how could you deny me this publication, *I know*, how could you possibly believe you know something I don't, *I know*, Chaucer, Keats, Poe, *I know*, and even now as I have given you the art itself, crossed the transcendental divide, done the Kantian impossible and given you the thing in itself, even now as I could not possibly understand how you could be so dense, *I know*, my very own work has made very-verbally, verdantly, voraciously clear this was the case, and here I am on trial in a kangaroo court, with jurors not only ignorant of the case, context, and categories by which this art occurs, but willing to hang me for performing a single truly artistic act, for performing the only real art you have ever seen performed before you!" Chairs were being thrown, something about leaving the building immediately.

"I've annihilated linguistic conceptual division and this is how you repay me? We've made real art here together, we've done *the real work*, the creative impulse is alive! Throw more! Like children being dragged out of the cave for the first time in your life, throw more!" Hands being laid on persons, yells like a field of protesting wheat blown over by aggressive winds. "Have at me, actuators of the art, see the performance laid bare!" Punches being thrown, elbows being caught. "By tooth and nail!" Blood running over teeth, the taste excited and fangs sank deeper before the final announcement, "Kicking and screaming!"