

Critiques of a Prose Untold.

Of course, there's the problem with "us." This idea that our fictions give us the fantasy that we are communicating with the author, or that "you" and "me" are having a "dialog" as it were. For, you and I, both know – right? – that in saying "us" I really just mean me. Because it should be known that in writing this, the idea of an "us" is strictly to provide you with a lie that I care about "you." In other words, to perpetuate the myths of communication through literature I am using the literary device of involving "you" in the process of making this text. But of course we know that there is no such thing as "you" or "me" or "us," in the same way that there is no "this" or "that," or "here" and "there" (here being with "me" writing this text, and there being where "you" are reading this text, a problem itself that maybe we'll address later), because all of these ideas mean that we exist in temporal conjunction, or that "you" and "me" are "here" together, or likewise I am "there" with "you" whilst you read, coming to life, as it were, from this text. Unfortunately that is not true. I wish it were, for both you and me, but it is simply not. But when we think about this for a second, we know that this can't be true, or that the truth in this does not lie within this text itself, but – as I've said – is in a peripheral mythology that writing literature – if this is what "we" are going to call this, we being me of course, because at the end of the day that is essentially all that matters to me, self-justification – has the illusionary implication of being a reciprocal endeavor. Now that is not to say that I don't acknowledge a "you," where ever that "you" might be, I'm just implying that we shouldn't kid ourselves in thinking that the relationship between "me" and "you" is really all that important, or at least it is not essential to me writing this text, although it could be essential for "you" but again that is not particularly of direct influence on me at the moment, although it could be at other moments. But now I have another predicament, I am addressing a "you" even in this critique of "you" not being present or significant. I am pretending to externalize the inner workings of my rhetorics to a fictional audience. But perhaps the acknowledgment of that isn't really central to the argument that I am attempting to make here – or was there an argument here that I was making? No, right, "we" were discussing the problems with "my" prose so far. And one problem thus far is not only participating in the assumption that "you" and "me" are in accordance of some kind (either intellectually or metaphysically), but that we are also in some kind of communication relationship. So thus far "we" have established that this is a problem, and by we, I mean me. But perhaps this problem wouldn't be such a problem if this text was given in some kind of lecture, or presentation where I was actually, temporally, physically, in some kind of direct communication with "you." But then there would be that other assumption that if I were delivering this physically that you would not only be hearing my voice, but listening to what I'm saying. Because in order to communicate with one another, there has to be a reciprocating relationship between "you" and "me." Thus another problem. But since that is not the case here, then "we" won't get into it. So for the remainder of these statements to follow let me permit you, or myself, to substitute we, for me.

As for other problems in the text thus far? The very first line is problematic in a way that is related to the previous topic I just outlined. It assumes, or willfully suggests, that you know who I am, or that I have an understanding of whom I am addressing. A statement like that offers no insight. Again it is the type of prose that plays into the hands of the myths of literary communication. The statement is like me making a nudge-wink kind of gesture to you, or to myself, pretending that it's to you. This is not

a diary. I mean, it is a kind of diary, of sorts, if we – again pretending that we are in communication – can agree that every piece of literature – assuming that this is of that art form – in some shape or form is a version of a diary. But this is also like making a statement that any piece of art is a portrait. But the promises of the great academic canon of Art History can easily substantiate that for us, and to go up against them maybe is not a task suitable for me at this moment, plus I would have to concede in allowing us to agree that this is art – or did we already make that agreement? Also it would be foolish to say that I am trying hard to avoid making some kind of portraiture for you, or a piece of art for that matter. I mean, if I wanted to try and establish some kind of common ground in which we were communicating – to participate in the fantasy that we want to do such things, or that it is virtuous of literature to do such things – than I would at least want you to try and know what kind of person I was, or that I even was a person worth knowing, or reading, or communicating with. But the previous statements attest to the fact that I have little regard for the intentions of being “open” or “honest” with you. For to do so would suggest that I want to be in some kind of accord, and we know that is simply something that is impossible. So that segment is essentially superfluous, although when I wrote it, the intentions of its prose were to esoterically illuminate some kind of channel of my existence. But the curt style is poorly managed and executed in that particular instance, if not all instances of the statements made thus far. Also it is a textbook example of a fragment sentence.

To use the adverb “Now” at the beginning of the next paragraph is also an example of how improperly the word choice has been administered in this text. Now? To suggest that we can both relate to the moment in which I speak of – a moment forgotten instantly and indefinitely; a reflexive moment whose parameters will never again be emulated, or at least close to impossible to reconstruct – is indeed an empty gesture. To pinpoint the articulation of a thought in a format that is heavily edited, deceitful, and unreliable is at best a moment of hedonism or is otherwise explicitly egocentric (to think that we know our thoughts that minutely and precisely is sheer hubris). As expounded upon previously there is no sense in attempting to reconcile the vast temporal difference between the moment of writing – if we want to limit the idea of the production of this literature to a singular instance – and the moment in which you read this text – again allowing ourselves to use similar parameters to the aforementioned writing. It seems unforgivably naive to me that we should participate in the idea that there is a linear connection between those singularities. For to do so would do a grave injustice to the moments that brought us here – or to the imaginary space in which you and I are overlapping in this document – and to the moments that will tear us apart (perhaps the only moments when any communication could potentially occur between me and you). Those moments are monumentally more important than the “Now.” Those moments are so essential to our supposed communicative experience that to neglect them would for certain shatter any possibility that you and I have together in this fictional space we inhabit in this document (but the outcome of neglecting to do so in these phrases has little significance to the creation itself). Without those moments my “Now” would either not happen, or be so insignificant that it might as well never have existed, but this is also a fallacy of our fantasies that your “Now's” are somehow of interest to my “Now's” and also visa versa. “Now” is also shifting. Because in every instance of invoking that “Now” – such as that precise instance – I am actually summoning a new “Now” in which to replace the first “Now.” There is really only one “Now” and that “Now” is the “Now” in which the “Now” take places. So in the previous statement there are four separate instances of

conjuring the notion of when time takes place, all of them new and superseding its predecessor. But the “Now” in the paragraph of prose that I am examining is a “Now” that never really took place. It is a fictional “Now” because it references a state of mind. Also it is a statement that predicates some kind of conclusion, or perhaps that is what all “Now's” do. Because to calculate the phrase linguistically you would assume that there is a “Now,” a previous time to “Now,” and a future time from “Now.” The way in which it is invoked above suggests that there should be a statement like “Now I am this way... Previous to this Now I was this way... and later I will(hope to) be another way.” But instead there is no reference to other moments beside that “Now.” Perhaps this could be avoided if there was an ellipsis prefacing that “Now.”

Then, immediately following the above, there are moments of desperate, over-stylized sentimental phrases. It is a strained effort to use metaphor and simile to create poetics in order to hide the author's ill at ease and amateurish undertaking. In other words, I – let's allow myself to use that placement holder for the time being – make a failed attempt to convey a feeling through the rewording of a singular event multiple times, in order to illustrate the sincerity, or otherwise importance/immediacy that the event holds for me. This is another problem with that “Now.” Due to the fact that the phrases are in reference to that impossible moment, the phrases are left essentially useless. To suggest the dire state of the “Now” that is fictional is to continue to create a situation where my antagonized sentiments can have any cultural or artistic relevance (assuming that literature has cultural and artistic sentiments to begin with). This is a drastic problem. The utility of these literary devices are meant to captivate an audience, or to assimilate you into the dialog between my ego and my heart (which, though essentially fictionalized in this format, are essential to modes of cultural communication). The semicolon is misused here in an attempt to convince you – or as I mentioned before, my schismatic self – that the text is written in format that should be spoken, as is the case with certain poetry or prose. However, the outcome is simply cumbersome for reading purposes and the phrase offered after the semicolon does not offer any particular insight into the subject in which it references. If anything, this semicolon statement that follows the initial metaphor is simply superfluous and the author – implicating you as well – is participating in a fantasy. Approaching the same material with different words does not help illuminate the author's intentions, motives, or feelings (although these ideals are purely fictionalized/dramatized for the purpose of literature). However, it is not entirely the semicolon's fault, or rather the real conflict of the prose in that section is not due to the use of the semicolon, regardless of its distractive nature and misuse. The main problem is – again – the diarist style employed in the prose. Also it evokes a response of pity.