

Vun time: Zee death-drive of zee micro-micro-celebrity

You ver never somebody in zee first place. Or maybe you ver, it's just hard to tell. You used to get five likes, but now you only get four (suicide ideation). The Venmo transfers just stopped coming in, and the schizo-nobodies stopped trolling you. Vare is my lolcow mention? Vare is my Reddit mention? Vun time I even got an upvote. Vun time someone recognized me even, yes in real life even. They recognized everyone else too by the vay; but they told me, instead of just recognized me, which means I'm famous. Everyone recognizes everyone these days, but it's really important because otherwise you disappear. You don't even disappear in a cool way that gets you a cool YouTube doc or obscure book about you in 3 years. Vun time someone in another state told someone else about me, even. Yup. Vun time someone wanted to have sex with me because I was charismatic. Instead I had sex with a porn bot that was really a pajeet catfish. Vun time I was gossiped about publicly and hated it (couldn't stop talking about it). Vun time I told a therapist I had fans, vell I guess I meant I had social media but still. Vun time I played a venue that was really important because a lot of other people played it. Vell I guess that means It wasn't very special. I think there ver 42 people instead of 43 (suicide ideation). Vun time I was enthusiastically exploring my lore and my Finance Punk origins and was rudely interrupted when they ver puttong on my EEG cap brain monitor. Vun time I had such a great fulfilling night, but I had to go to bed early to barely make my rent. Vun time I saw there was a PDF uploaded of my book on a site I never heard of and it had no reviews. A lot of important people were also misunderstood, so I knew I was on the right track. Vun time I scrolled through every person who viewed my story and if you weren't there I made sure not to view your next story. Vun time I was worried she thought Strange Alex was me. I'm a DIFFERENT type of bigot, a DIFFERENT type of schizo. Zee diagnosis of zee anti-intellectual elite, zee Avant-Tard, is that dare idear is to ruin zee very notion of zee comprehensive object of zee 1 (doing crack with a chef hat outside of Sovereign House). Zee internal relationship of people iz fragmented into zee Other, so as to enter zee -1. In zis -1 zare iz zis theater of becoming, that iz correlated to each other's thesis and antithesis. Zis -1 vill never be 1 and so zis object iz always changing according to zee other relations. Zee Avant-Tard disseminates itself online virtually as vell as physically in perpetual bits. Zis theater iz always happening in zee -1 as it iz never whole, 1. Zis Avant-Tard iz always playing off each other, as zare bits are open-ended and modular, in relation to zare own index and in-joke-narrative-lexicon. Zee Anti-Clout. Zee Avant-Tardist iz not only offensive towards others but to themselves, vich is of course correlated to zee Death-drive of zee Micro-Micro Celebrity. Zis instance of being incendiary iz zee vill to be unliked and alienating. And be liked because of it! Zee Micro-Micro-Celebrity is only a "meta-celebrity" because of its locality attached to a network of other Micro-Micro-celebrities agreeing to a post-ironic theatrical narrative outside of zee standard definition of Celebrity. Now, one can analyze an interest in aesthetic alienation or try to find a personality trait that fits. Anti-social, oppositional defiant disorder, whatever. But it doesn't ring true because I have a good amount of friends. I don't even hate Angelicism, althought that's my bit. What I'm aiming for is just an aesthetic that has an impossibility to it; a glaring self-annihilation to capture an aberrant mood that can be entertaining to myself. Maybe zare are some subjectivities here that I can relate to, as it of course comes from me, but zare is certainly a distance. I am zee Malevich of zee Omnicringe.