

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION OF A PRE-PUBLISHED WRITER
By Paul Lambrecht

In store are harsh realities for those who start off in this field of endeavor. There are many obstacles to designing the correct display of words on the page: to creating a name for oneself in the formation of speculative literature. Weaving text is an engrossing struggle and the introduction of drama on the page may happen side by side with a declining influence of drama in one's own life.

I have discovered through assiduous effort that drama is the transmutation of a writer's direct experience, and

such experience does not often respond to direct summons, yet it's still there lying beneath somewhere somehow.

Sometimes I wonder what explains the prehistoric link between language and drama. Perhaps storytelling naturally and distantly followed from speech, and then writing (or indelible characters representing speech) led to ideation and eventually to a genre of verbal art, which then became the science of drama, and finally a language of storytelling.

And what is storytelling? Storytelling is an initiation into estrangement and escape from submersion in the denseness of life; it meanders into a satisfying simulation of the world, a crystalline representation, and then finally reveals the truth and beauty of creation and unity within the schisms of the surrounding world.

What is important in the project of literature, an abstract cohesion of learned theories and fertile egos, is culture-manufacturing, cultural remaking, safeguarding, continuity, and resonance.

And how does it work? The avarice of the author, the escapist proclivities of the audience, the rapacity of studios, the projections of publishers, the sophistry of practitioner elites. The paucity of groupies.

Glossy and glamorous it may no longer be, not in an age of fierce wars against fibrous and tenebrous moralism. Drunken and insouciant it can no longer be, since the threats we face require sober and stern clarity in their face.

Familiar and informal, it struggles with itself to be important, or to be anything, since so much literature sinks under the weight of its own insignificance now.

The solution to the problem of literature's relevance today is prophetic and anarchic, arch-moral and casually incisive witty and wondering words.

While storytelling is not strictly necessary behavior common to all human animals, the relationship of writer to rapturous audience causes people to meet who would otherwise go through life for long stretches unreminded of the truth of their being, all other things being equal. It is clearly an exigent means of communication.

The capacity to entertain is tied to viability in the marketplace. Mega-wealth is provided to those who can inform and illuminate while entertaining. Those who can create intimacy with magic and belief in fantasy worlds wield untold powers. The power to animate dreams, to retreat and report from outwardly instilled life is invaluable. When the vast majority of honest souls are

being killed by an angry machine, then an author sacrifices his honest soul to analyze, explicate, and emote.

All this has nothing to do with drama which rises sweetly, like an artful eye, over these quotidian concerns of logic and rhetoric. Drama is a recapitulation of the chaos which devolves into meaning told in placid tones in such a way as to mollify a mob. Drama is an animation of life principles. Drama is a series of vignettes, of truncated curricula vitae; a smorgasbord of tried and true plots. Drama stirs up electrical storms of knowledge which lash out lightning bolts at unsuspecting readers. Drama is instant enjoyment and suspension of pain. Drama is lugubrious, doleful and dreary transcendence and isolating numbness and suspension of mandatory awareness. Drama is delighted schizophrenia and inspired delirium.

Those who dare to dramatize are prized yeomen. They sacrifice not only their honest souls on the altar of pain but the fellowship of their hearts to abstract plaintive baleful feelings on to a modicum of white paper. They give up their futures to capture an elusive over-exposure of the past and present. They illustrate the anomalies of modern awareness. They freely dispense consciousness and compartmentalize loss and leakage. They worship at the altar of grace and estrangement. They make shit up

unapologetically. They make the world small and paper-thin, and then they stack it and bind it, and sell it, like good shills.

THE END