

Fur (and Desire)

By: Arthur Kunst

Fur and Desire was not intended to be a good story. In fact, I never knew what I was doing while writing this enigmatic project. All I wanted was something to express my longing to understand this chaotic world that animals, such as your feline narrator, reside in. (Ever since the beginning of sentient life, our complicated brains managed to piece together seemingly random phenomena in order to give it *meaning*. It was never a perfect mechanism, as we have seen in superstitious folks, but it was good enough to help us survive. It was the most parsimonious method. However, it can also become challenging when evidence contradictory to our own core beliefs arises.)

Right after finishing the piece, I could not summarize what I had written to the average person, as all I could remember were bits and pieces from different sections of the story. Hell, during the process of writing it, there was always that one question I resented hearing – “What is it about?” What was it about? I had no clue. Did my ventures across the urban jungle impair my executive functions? Have I had too much catnip? (I was always fascinated by dissonance, ever since I listened to a piece by Arnold Schoenberg titled *Pierrot Lunaire*. It differed from other pieces of music I have heard, especially when compared to the typical tunes that emanated from the car radio I listened to on my way to work.)

Throughout my life, I yearned to create something that could touch other fellow felines around the globe. Instead, I have learned that my style of art was never conducive to the interest of mainstream audiences. ‘*It’s too artsy*’ or ‘*It’s too ambiguous*’ were the common complaints I heard. Come to think about it, could I blame them? No matter how much I tried improving my art, at least in the eyes of my readers, I felt that my pieces were always one step behind the greats whom inspired my passion for literature. (In some ways, Schoenberg’s music reflected the dissonance I often experienced when I am faced with the fact that I know virtually nothing except for the information relevant to my career. How can I show confidence to others after learning such knowledge, without feigning it?)

“I make such a poor writer”, I often thought aloud, while wriggling my serpentine tail in anxiety. (“Nonsense”, I shouted, which echoed throughout the empty house I resided in. “There is always the parsimonious route.”)

My experiences have conflicted my desire to express myself through writing, whether it was for financial or philosophical reasons. Sometimes, my stories would simply not make much sense, neither superficially nor otherwise. For a cat, I have learned to overcome my instincts to chase down flying, feathery objects and soft, tiny balls. However, how much of that still influences my ability to write? Even as an educated person, I am still an ordinary cat. (I can’t even write this piece in a consistent tense. What chance do I have in writing *Fur and Desire*? I cannot even tell whether it is today, yesterday, and/or tomorrow. My brain, the result of millions of years of evolution, cannot

determine whether what I am writing has any significance or not. Maybe it doesn't matter, at least for myself. I don't know.)

“I should get more catnip”, I thought aloud as I licked my chops with my brush-like tongue. (I guess I should continue writing. After all, I've got nothing better to do.)