

FUCK FEEDBACK

Someone who is very talented and who I respect a lot told me that my last blog post read like their horoscope and now I want to drown in self-pity.

I'm being dramatic. They didn't mean what they said in a negative (or positive) way it just shattered me with self-consciousness because I know I am above horoscopes. I know people like horoscopes but I am too good for astrology. It's not like I compulsively scan my *Co-Star* app every morning and spiral inwardly whenever it suggests I connect with someone I have a crush on. No... that's not me at all.

But I got thinking about "feedback." Does it really matter if it is a compliment or not? Lately people who think they are cool and respectable have been calling their responses to work "observations." As though posturing like they are some objective alien come to show humans the error of their subjective ways.

Also, let's stop calling "feedback" feedback. It sounds too much like that screeching noise I don't want my microphone to make whenever I am recording my podcast. Let's start calling it "response," now. If you call it "feedback" I will disown you.

And when it comes to response... "positive" or "negative" or some vaguely neutral (though obviously loaded) "observation" doesn't really matter. What matters is that the person *is* responding and it always deserves your appreciation. You will know intuitively how to respond or not respond to the response. You will know whether or not it informs your work moving forward. But a response is always to be honored... like the time or money someone spends to actually enjoy your work.

Speaking of my podcast... based on responses to my latest instalments... I'm starting to realize something. People don't give a crap how smart I am, they just want the truth.

So fuck it. I'm just going to tell you the truth. I will make your horoscopes eat their own asses out of jealousy for my truth telling.

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