

## ART SHOW

I could use my art to transform my body. It would be as if I stretched out a canvas, and I mapped out what I was going to show the world. What had been my intention in developing my design? I truly believed that I could change my world. It would be simply a matter of understanding the right balance. I saw that there was a power in my representation. I could bring order to chaos. I would feel strength. I would be able to respond to the most challenging situation. Art brought a special meaning to my pursuits. I believed that there was more going on than the immediate influences. I could work myself out of the worst dilemmas. Art would offer the means to bring together contradictory elements. I did not need someone else determining who I was. I was going deep into myself. I was able to find that cherished connection.

Art provided a glimpse into the manifestation of time. I confronted the greatest difficulties in my world. I saw a clarity that seemed beyond my grasp. I could visualize the hidden. I gained greater inner strength. I was going deep. I was peeling away layers. The shading of a painting, the sense of perspective all offered a successive encounter with elements that were critical for my own development.

The canvas could also provide dynamic for the random elements. I could discover flow where it might have remained obscure. I could become more involved in the moment. All these factors added to my excitement. I was seeing order where there was none. I found important motivation for my concerns. I was able to become totally engaged in my life. I could recognize my purpose with clarity.

The art could also enabled me to let go. I could give myself to the energies of the universe. I no longer felt discomfort about my true nature. It allowed me not to get caught up in petty considerations. I felt the currents, and I rode with them. There were forces that seemed beyond me, and I could abide with their manifestation.

I wasn't afraid to explore the catastrophic. I could maintain a steady hand through the worst disaster. Art seemed to offer enough comfort for my darker moments. I was willing to anticipate these situations. I could emerge myself in the these wondrous moments.

My creativity did not need to be uplifting. I could lose myself in absurdity. I could deal with the fallen, the depraved. I was not caught up in my solitude. I could feel damnation without surrendering to regret. I was an active part of all these situations.

There was always a vague hope beckoning to me. I would lose myself in the flashes. I would draw inspiration from this encounter. My body would realize these connections. Any doubts would vanish in this apprehension. I would sense my liberation.

I was the art because, I could fill in for these gaps. Or I would accommodate myself to the lapses. This was all part of the experience. I wanted it this way. I accepted the absurdity. My concerns filled in the empty spaces. Even blank spaces could be reassuring. It wasn't resignation. I was part of a bigger appeal. I accepted its invitation. It created a greater a more sustained awareness. Where was this excitement directed? I felt pulled along by these incredible forces.

“You tell yourself what you want to see, so you can get away with what you do.”

“This could not be more exciting.”

“Are we working together?”

“This is something that I feel inside.”  
“I am having fun.”  
“I embrace the source of pleasure.”  
“Do you want to wake up?”  
“I am having a good sleep.”  
“And that is perfect for you,”  
“This is destroying me one step at a time.”  
“Do you fall in love with images of your destruction?”  
“I do not want to see it that way.”  
“I fill time with pleasing images.”  
“I gratify myself by mastering those objects in my immediate vision.”  
“What are you saying?”  
“Can an aesthetic judgement proceed without personal concern?”  
“What are you asking?”  
“This takes a lot longer than you think?”  
“Do we find pleasure in the familiar? The most pleasing object is the most reassuring.”  
“Are we back to security issues?”  
“Can there be any art with such a commitment to the mundane?”  
“Is it better to be torn in two?”  
“Where is this headed?”  
“What do you want to know?”  
“Am I serving the wrong master?”  
“I have no masters.”  
“Is this about personal liberation.”  
“I need something good.”  
“Can I eat the art?”  
“Is it in a pill?”  
“I feel much better.”  
“You are doing much better.”  
“Are you following me?”  
“Am I following you?”  
“We are looking at the canvas. What needs to be shown? What needs to be said?”  
“I am looking at myself.”  
“What is the pain?”  
“Is that some kind of excuse.”  
“You feel that only when you are somehow questioned about the world.”  
“We have dreams.”  
“More platitudes.”  
“I feel good when I see you.”  
“Do you need the art?”  
“What do you really need?”  
“You have fears.”  
“None of this seems to matter.”

“I do not want the paint to drip.”  
 “The lines are straight.”  
 “My life is under control.”  
 “I cannot hold my hand still.”  
 We could use the materials to construct a disguise. We show by hiding.  
 “How does your perspective of the work change over time?”  
 “We ask the artist.”  
 “What do you want to know?”  
 “I thought this was edible.”  
 “This is tasty.”  
 “Should the artistic gesture be long-lasting?”  
 “What does that mean?”  
 “This is a great meal.”  
 “Do not interrupt me.”  
 “I am all about this contradiction.”  
 “Art is motivated by a fundamental contradiction.”  
 “Are you a sport?”  
 “Where is Benzo?”  
 “I want the contradiction in my life to be resolved.”  
 “You can find what you are looking for wherever you go.”  
 “Benzo is at home doing his art.”  
 “But he is missing what is going on around here.”  
 “You cannot have knowledge of something about which you do not have knowledge.”  
 “My body is distracting me from my art.”  
 “Do you have totally flexibility of movement?”  
 “Is this a dance?”  
 “This never has to end.”  
 “This never has to end.”  
 “We can close our eyes and begin again.”  
 “What is your actual concern?”  
 “Who is doing the touch up?”  
 “The touch up could transform the work in critical ways.”  
 “I have scratches on my car.”  
 “What helps advance the work of art? What motivates the message?”  
 “What is the message?”  
 “What do you want to be said?”  
 “This is not a love connection.”  
 “You were going to explain Benzo’s art.”  
 “He is not the artist. It is commercial art.”  
 “It is paint by numbers.”  
 “Do you have your own studio?”  
 “I work on my deck during nice days.”  
 The art was no longer about the work itself. It described a way of living. That kind of

commitment required a dedicated site. The individual could show up and act out the creative impulses. This would be a different kind of enactment than the one that occurred at work. The intent of the art was to escape the constraints of the work routine. It would provide an alternative way to interact with others and with the world.

“Is this a real project?”

“I assume that your hands are clean.”

The site of interaction was more important than the creation itself. This moment of inspiration was critical. It gave motivation to the work itself. The work was not needed if the intent could be conveyed in other ways. The artistic intent was distinct from other kinds of interaction. The mode of conveying this belief was crucial for the character of the message. The message influenced the self in a direct manner. That was why the nature of the site was so pertinent for the implementation.

The life could be the work. In some ways, it could also function as a form of anti-art. The artist could recognize the pretensions of the audience. There was a reaction against this kind of encroachment on the artistic project. The artist was responding to a personal experience with the world. The audience expected that work would fit specific norms.

“My name is Tim. I work in acrylic. I am self-taught, but my outlooks from the works of others.”

“What do you like? What kind of music do you listen to? What are your political allegiances? Who gave you this body?”

“Do you have a message?”

“You are my message.”

“I move to the rhythms of the world.”

“At what point, do you admit that you have totally lost the trail? The world is just out of your control.”

“I am on this.”

“What do you want to do with your time?”

“I need to forget.”

“Can art proceed from forgetting?”

“I am glad that you have expressed an interest.”

“Our heart is our love. The more that we love, the more that we express our love. Art is an expression the romantic gesture.”

“What is that about? What is a heart?”

“We could take about emotions.”

“Art creates an image of the self, an image of the body. Art creates its own emotions.”

“Who else is helping?”

“Everything is nothing.”

“Reset.”

“Can you let it all go?”

“It is all gone.”

“I made a note.”

“You were supposed to bring me a gift.”

“This is a special kind of making.”

“Who designed this building?”

“I got walled in here.”

“Art is the tomb. It is all ritual.”

“The death cult.”

“I want this day to be perfect.”

“I made notes.”

“There is not underlying beat.”

“I need silence and total concentration.”

“The art is a form of investment. It appeals to a collector. How does it act as a hedge against inflation?”

“The investor is trying to sequester resources to advance personal beliefs. The art needs to work against this vision.”

“The art dies on the vine.”

“Is it edible?”

“I have lost the trail.”

Tim had been made artist-in-residence.

“There is nothing risky in his works.”

“What happens when we are back where we started?”

“We are dealing with the same form of exploitation.”

The pyramid was built to advance a ritualistic encounter with death. The art was a key to open up the individual to another realm of existence.

“I do not like this anymore.”

“You will hate this.”

“He wants to talk about your art.”

“Do not trust him.”

“Where did you get that shirt?”

“Are you wearing the art?”

“Are there other messages?”

“I hate my creation.”

“Start again.”

“See it in another way.”

“I was staying at this art colony. It became oppressive. Everyone was so competitive. The art was not that good, and the experience did not offer any kind of lasting inspiration. I was definitely among the wrong people.”

“I have created this form myself.”

“I am close to an understanding.”

“What is your experience?”

“I was born with experience.”

“What are you thinking?”

“He will guide me with all my favorable impressions.”

“What else is going on in your life?”

“Important changes.”

“He takes me over to his art studio. He has been doing this for years. I am digging on

this stuff. But there is something creepy about this place.”

“Was his art all that good?”

“He could copy dominant trends in art.”

“Who gave him a mic.”

“Who signed the work?”

“It takes a lot of commitment to decide to sign the work.”

“I am getting paid so much for my signature.”

“Are you telling me that art has become this glorified check?”

“I want to get paid.”

“This is helping with my life.”

“I wanted to continue the conversation.”

“I am remaking my life. I am going to the heart of things that I liked and did not like.”

“What do you not like?”

“Good food.”

“Do you really love me?”

“You were going to give me something.”

“I tell you that your art is wonderful.”

“And that becomes my life.”

“Why bother about art? I just want to get zonked.”

“I have different space for different things in my life. The accounts cannot contaminated with each other.”

“She wanted to have a conversation about her art.”

“I am good with these caricatures.”

“Do you sell them?”

“I can sell this stuff on the street.

“I do not want to be too hard on my partners. We have a lot ahead of this.”

“You got voted off the island.”

“Show me mercy.”

“There is no mercy.”

“What else is going on?”

“You already disrupted my paradise.”

“We are going to need to share hand gestures.”

“You are getting mad at me because you are frustrated with things that you cannot change in the world.”

“What is your art about?”

“I came prepared.”

“I will wait all night with you.”

“Get in line. There are other fans.”

“You need to finish this once and for all.”

“Everything, that is done well for someone else, is done terribly for you.”

“I do not want to eat the burnt chicken.”

“This is already out of control.”

“We have a model.”

“Does the artist have some kind of social obligation?”

“We are looking at art that is being assessed on its ability to hedge investments.”

“What is more reliable?”

“Cultural theft.”

“The mind is the one thing that is being protected.”

“I am going to show you what I am after.”

“I do not want to stop the meal.

“And you are wearing a different costume?”

“I have prepared this.”

“You just show up.”

“You are going to need to do research.”

“This is how I feel all the time.”

“Just splatter some paint and sign it.”

“Anyone could do that.”

“But you did it.”

“Give your art a happy face.”

“I am leading you in the desert.”

“It was a skill.”

“You don’t want me anymore

“It is all in the eye of the beholder.”

“The beholder has an understanding of a social connection.”

“You do not even know.”

“Who are you working for?”

“Paint by numbers.”

“It might as well be.”

“What is your aesthetic interest?”

“Immediate pleasure.”

“Do not move.”

“Move in place.”

“Open your eyes.”

“What do you see?”

“What do you see?”

“I will see you on Monday morning at work. You are the most boring person. You have no social vision. You accept what happens to you. And your buddies have erased any possibility of seeing things differently.”

“Stuff your fucking face.”

“I made my claim.”

“Should I care?”

“I am waiting for someone.”

“This is done.”

“This is all done.”

“Where are you going with this?”

“Out the door.”

“Are you some kind of art dealer.”  
 “I restore things.”  
 “What does that mean?”  
 “How do you want this to look?”  
 “How do you want to look?”  
 “Are you at a museum?”  
 “Which room is this?”  
 “You are all about the familiar?”  
 “When I think about art, I pull out my check book.”  
 “This is supposed to be a labor of love.”  
 “Where is this going?”  
 “You celebrate all the time, which means that you do not celebrate.”  
 “Have you found something that no one has ever seen before?”  
 “You answer those questions.”  
 “I have a date. I have a relationship. I have a marriage. I have a house. This is art.  
 Everything happens when it is supposed to.”  
 “He said that he loved me.”  
 “And was that his art?”  
 “He gave me a diamond.”  
 “Is it synthetic?”  
 “It is not a blood diamond.”  
 “Who is teaching us?”  
 “Someone who is aesthetically pleasing.”  
 “Art should smell nice.”  
 “Art collects elements of decay,  
 “That was fun.”  
 “Garbage.”  
 “I collected his garbage as a form of art. I displayed. Then I saw patterns. I did not like  
 this guy.”  
 “We all love his garbage.”  
 “Did he leave this shit for you on purpose?”  
 “I want you to see this.”  
 “Art becomes a signal for you?”  
 “Art is a kiss.”  
 “The Judas kiss.”  
 “I feel as if my values have been betrayed.”  
 “I am constantly getting rid of your garbage.”  
 “I do not appreciate this.”  
 “This was not me.”  
 “Art envy. I express a desire for things that I cannot have.”  
 “These people who do not contribute to our society want to be rewarded just for waking  
 up.”  
 “Spoken by someone who really has no understanding for the fabric of community.”



“I am doing it now.”  
“I get a kick out of this.”  
“This is more personal.”  
“I am waiting for you to show.”  
“I did not mean to do that.”  
“These are competing ways of life.”  
“I do not have a clue.”  
“This was supposed to be a source of control Now it is a source of obsession.”  
“What are you going to defend? You don’t know which side you are on.”  
“Every stage is wrong.”  
“When do you roll out your compassion?”  
“This is transpiring much too slowly.”  
“What are your real goals?”  
“Love.”  
“Control.”  
“I am fucked.”  
“Can you describe that in another way?”  
“I have no clear reference points.”  
“And that will improved your life how.”  
“Fucker, buy me a drink.”  
“You are cleaning me out.”  
“What does the art do?”  
“It is a pastime.”  
“I just toss these cans of paint at the wall.”  
“This is a tornado in action.”  
“Send me a text.”  
“Did I satisfy your questions?”  
“I see what is in front of me. If I see the cops come in, I am going to head to the exit.”  
“Do you want the world to love you?”  
“I want the world to love the world?”  
“Will you die for our sins?”  
“Are these good sins?”  
“I am looking at the circumstances.”  
“That is not going to sustain an artistic project.”  
“I want to look at your wardrobe. That is an artistic experience.”  
“I want the conversation.”  
“I got it.”  
“What else do you want?”  
“I saw it in a magazine.”  
“You copied the art out of a magazine.”  
“I adapted it to the situation. It describes social neglect.”  
“Can you make me look better for the camera?”  
“I want to capture the events as they happen.”

“War photography.”  
“Where are you taking me?”  
“What does that have to do with my life?”  
“I do not see it in that way.”  
“These texts should be every important if you are going to give so much time to them.”  
“I am hitting the Asian markets.”  
“Everyone is betting on the future.”  
“They are forcing the future.”  
“I wake up and it has all happened.”  
“I plan it from my room. I have the love look.”  
“All great artists know the love look.”  
“The love touch.”  
“I want some money.”  
“Now, it gets creepy. He goes down in the basement and creates all this shit.”  
“What is the problem?”  
“Tim is devaluing the value of his art.”  
“I need an artist.”  
“You just need a broker.”  
“What is this stuff?”  
“Color by numbers.”  
“Eat by numbers.”  
“The body is the art.”  
“Get me out of here.”  
“Your work is really good.”  
“Where have you been exhibited?”  
“Brussels.”  
“In some business office.”  
“Sell, sell, sell.”  
“I am very patient.”  
“This will work out for me.”  
“I could do this.”  
“This will change your life.”  
“Change.”  
“Another civilian.”  
“Where are you going to bury me.”  
“This is only get worse.”  
“Worse.”  
“Do this quickly!”  
“How are you making this happen?”  
“I have seen this before.”  
“He called himself a pick up artist. He was moving all the chairs in the room.”  
“What is the result?”  
“He gets someone else to pick up the bill.”

“There is a short term solution.”  
“I didn’t bring my wallet.”  
“You do not need to pay for anything.”  
“What else is going on here?”  
“Are you surprised?”  
“We are planning for the game.”  
“Do you have an owner’s manual?”  
“That is insulting.”  
“What is the owner’s manual for humanity?”  
“I have some things that I need to get rid of”  
“What really gets you going?”  
“Good thoughts.”  
“What is happening on the planet?”  
“We are escaping from ourselves.”  
“What do you really want?”  
“There is no connection.”  
“And you thought that up”  
“I have the owner’s manual.”  
“I know that you do not want to answer questions.”  
“If we lose power, we can hold hands.”  
“There are other ways to create this art.”  
“I am all about myself in a defensive way.”  
“That is what I truly want.”  
“Too many things to think about.”  
“It will all make sense in the morning.”  
“The morning proof.”  
“I am glad that you are the designer.”  
“THE PERFECT HAMBURGER.”  
“And that is supposed to be satisfying.”  
“This tastes like paper.”  
“She has been working so hard with little to show.”  
“We are going to hire an editor to get rid of the useless shit.”  
“Do not stare.”  
“Is my table ready?”  
“We have run out of dinners.”  
“And that is all that you get.”  
“You ate all my birthday cupcakes.”