

## Autistic Artist

And I will act out of solidarity, by launching this appeal for donations, to fill this void that continues to grow. (I will, I will, I will. He said aloud.)

He was the true artist of this dismembered city, the real one. And I will act in solidarity in this city.

The city was located at the confluence of the ocean. (Your uncool subconscious.) He was the true one, the very true artist of the city. And I will act in solidarity through this appeal for donations to fill the void, even as it grows. (Even as it, as it, as it grows.)

Rinsed with salt water in my lungs or inhaled due to hydrocarbons, while your life fades away, out of solidarity and compassion, I acted as best I could, with all my heart. (A fox caught in a trap, devouring her own paw to free itself.) From ground-floor ethnography to upstairs bedroom pornography, he exuded, he perspired, a stream of sweat under his chest, he sweated there, under his breast, from his chin!

The fox wasn't a bell, nor his tail a chime! And China was there, watching. (Watching.) The city was on the merge of the water.

An artist is someone who is capable of amputating (of cutting off their umbilical cord, whether sociological, biological, other, all other, a tutor, a guru, master, a friend, a mother). And especially the umbilical cord of his obsessions, of his so-called aesthetic. (This is indeed his burial vault, his stele, his mausoleum.) An artist is someone who, every day has rid himself of his necrosis.

Against your square thoughts, he smiles at you, tender. A fake smile. A trap. But tender. So sweet, that your heart is all, but all what? Off of your brain. And it is the point, the trap. He hates you for your rigid ideas and smiles. So sweet, so sweet.

It is not one who, by performing in a new species, and every day, by reproducing identically in this feigned mowing, an attempt, yes an attempt, to make people believe in a new harvest, or in a stasis of space. (A time in his coffin.) Part of his funeral chamber.

It's so sweet, so touching, may your heart be all in it. (In it.)

You may therefore be able to learn, remembering to slide the plastic or metal token into the appropriate slot; an endless period of time in his coffin, his funeral home. And you are no longer unaware that advocating in project mode is key to uniting a team around you.

So, we're talking about a cult. (A sect.) How else could I save you by taking up the torch of your memory or the remnants of our conflicts to fill our tanks?

A sect, so speaking. But hey!, you got to take it down a notch. Cause I am not a kindred spirit to you. A sect, you said, a sect based on volunteering and self-sacrifice, not just financial. Simply offering oneself, giving of oneself, casting one's life and misfortunes into this welcoming cradle. (A welcoming cradle.) He was the true one, the very true artist of the city.

A cradle? Oh! Would it exceed this stasis? Would this go beyond this immobility of being oneself, supposedly oneself, and where, from an inverted ontology, caught up by museums, trapped there, in small circles of initiates, their labels, their sad, sadly places of production, where consumers fallen from art schools and regulars of color merchants find themselves?

Artists are the true dealers! Here are the hyphen between two words, the dash between a color merchant and you! It's so touching, may your heart be entirely with them. (With them.) With them!

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Microphone muffled with both hands, barely perceptible: For these so-called artists, it is the label and the date that determine their taxidermy.