

You Got Two Hours...

Jose is very attached to his son. They are very close to each other.

And they often drink straight from the tap after having dabbled in watercolors—like today, with that green paint staining their hands.

Jose is found of his son, as well as to his followers.

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Two years of art school before chucking it all in, declaring that the professors of modern and contemporary art were nothing but academic crap—pure, unadulterated bullshit!

Ha ha, I'm laughing all by myself—well, if you can call it that.

Subsequently, Jose underwent training in art therapy and organized workshops; he also leveraged a small network—drawing on family connections, including an aunt who was a sex therapist—to find patients.

The true hallmark, the genuine brand of his speeches and practice is: "There's no rush—everything is going to rack and ruin."

Obviously, this motto does not take his own family into account.

He is also very active on social media and a few specialized blogs, where—brandishing one of his own tonsils like a conductor's baton—he leads a motley crew of individuals ill-suited to neoliberalism, alongside leftists who are keenly aware of their own deliberate awkwardness: his loyal "groupies."