

ART HAS NEVER  
BEEN THIS BORING



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I CANNOT STAND  
THE ART CIRCUIT  
ANYMORE, I'M TIRED  
OF THE UGLINESS, OF  
THE PREDICTABLE  
VIEWPOINTS,  
OF THE BOREDOM, I  
DON'T WANT TO WRITE  
ANOTHER GRANT  
PROPOSAL TO JUSTIFY  
WHAT I WANT TO DO  
USING WHATEVER  
CAUSE DU JOUR TO GET  
THE MONEY,

I BECAME AN ARTIST  
BECAUSE IT WAS  
SUPPOSED TO BE  
FUN, THE PLACE  
FOR REBELLIOUS  
HEARTS AND NOW  
EVERY SINGLE DAY I  
SPEND MY MORNINGS  
WONDERING WHETHER  
IT WAS A BETTER  
IDEA TO HAVE HAD A  
CAREER IN BUSINESS  
OR ANYTHING LESS  
IDIOTIC.

Everything has the same agenda

It is 4 AM in Budapest,  
the Danube divides the city in two halves:  
Buda and Pest  
gigantic black iron chains frame a scene that makes  
me feel tiny.  
Is this architecture or is this a monster?  
I'm drunk in a taxi with a cute Serbian boy named  
Milos, he is a socially engaged artist and we're  
spending our per diem money from the summer  
school program at Central European University.  
In the morning we had to pledge allegiance to social  
justice values but that night we really wished to watch  
the World Cup.  
Germany scored seven goals against Brazil!  
The socially engaged artist does not believe in the  
agenda, he prefers football, but the socially engaged  
artist wants a salary.  
The water runs back to the Black Sea.

Artists never see the world and its universal  
fascinations

We have never had a real job  
because we're unique creatures  
too special for market logics  
so we have to be subsidised by taxpayers and rich  
philanthropists  
we cannot count on normal people liking our work  
but you have to believe us when we say we are  
fundamental for a healthy society.

It is encouraged to have a terrible time

This is a world,  
where the more traumatised you are  
the better your prospects,  
but my tragedy is that I'm 16 and my highschool  
crush is going to his graduation party with another girl  
from my class. I see her trying on the dress she is  
going to wear and her stupid friends around her praise  
her looks. My only consolation is to read Salinger, the  
story of the absolute pain of another sad teenager  
wandering around New York City.  
Fifth Avenue is Gran Avenida.

Every time you go to an art exhibition you  
know it is going to be BORING

Fabric hanging from the ceilings,  
slow boring videos with boring voiceovers preaching  
ideas that are not really interesting,  
feeble criticality abundant in buzzwords that have  
been rendered meaningless,  
no one reads,  
even this rant won't be read by those lazy asses.  
No ecstasy.  
No erotism.  
A dull, tiresome and pointless reality.  
Art school has hired me to do brainwashing,  
armies of new neoliberals will be graduating every  
year.  
Welcome to the training camp for boredom and poor  
taste.

I have nothing to do with these people

I think exactly the opposite of my colleagues who  
declare that beautiful art is bad. They say that a man  
who paints the sea is wrong because his work does not  
deal with social issues and laugh at him as old  
witches, their faces deformed with each gesture of  
abhorrence. I hate that they would consider that I can  
be one of them. That I would buy for a second their  
shitty cultural critique that claims to be disinterested  
and politically benign.

I would rather go to the ocean with you, young artist.  
Just a lock of your despised blond hair has more talent  
than every person who teaches in this awful  
institution.  
The clouds, the immensity, the calm mind.  
The noise does not matter anymore. This is the  
moment to rest in the blue waters.

Beauty is no longer a concern

A collective delusion is taking place at this moment,  
everyone pretends to like the ugly exhibition,  
now attending an art show and expecting to see beauty  
is simply too much to ask.  
Of course I was going to develop epilepsy.  
Three boys from the banlieue go to a gallery and see  
people admiring a plastic bottle taped to the wall.  
We're told that ugly art is actually good art, the  
problem is the masses being unable to appreciate it  
because of lack of education or something.  
We have traded the transcendental for "themes", for  
"messages".  
Mass hallucination,  
illiteracy all over the place,  
not giving a fuck about distinguishing the good from  
the bad,  
everyone is wearing the same ugly tattoos.

They have not realised yet that  
beauty will never be frivolous.

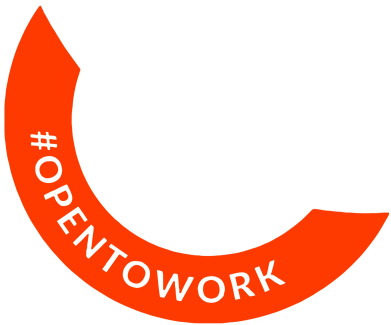
When you give alms, do not let your left hand know  
what your right hand is doing  
Matthew 6:3

Everyone is a narcissist

The socially engaged artist thinks the world owes her  
something.  
Let's pay attention to her because she has learned  
online that society has no future.  
She adopts every possible label to signal her virtues,  
then she treats technical workers as her servants and  
keeps asking for money from public funds.  
I never felt more of a communist than when I'm  
around these individualistic assholes.  
What am I doing in this world of kids with nothing  
but fake friends?  
Now idolising yourself is healthy behaviour.  
Critique is hate, gaslighting or some other word  
invented by TikTok users.  
Who cares about the struggles of another upper  
middle class careerist?  
This is a prayer to stop the publishing of more bad  
autofiction books.  
No more products that sell fear and isolation.  
God, please bring back modesty,  
I implore this to you with a humble heart.

Condescending sermons all the time

This exhibition feels like you're looking at ppt slides  
because us idiots need to be schooled  
and we have to adhere to the script.  
Our reward is to be a citizen of a global circuit of  
permanent surveillance.  
My friend has been accused of neo fascism because of  
a weird shape he accidentally made in an abstract  
painting.  
The socially engaged artist should switch jobs and  
join the police.



Grandiloquent agendas

are all over the place and their purpose is to justify  
that nothing of what is being promoted in the sermons  
we have to listen is ever going to work. Of course  
your show does not challenge capitalism, why would  
you even say that?

Yet that artist who claims to be decolonising things in  
European galleries was born wealthy in her country of  
origin. Now she blames irreversible huge events in  
order not to deal with the current calamity of her  
being a terrible person.

The real agenda is greed, gossip and narcotics.

We float in an ocean of pure banality.

The levels of bullshit are so high that even Chat GPT can curate shows and write their tiresome statements

Chat GPT and Midjourney, artificial intelligence powered programs that create text and image did the following:

Title: Unveiling Voices: Art as a Catalyst for Social Justice

Curatorial Statement:  
In a world inundated with narratives of inequality, discrimination, and systemic injustices, the power of art stands resolute as a beacon of hope, resistance, and transformation. "Unveiling Voices" emerges as a testament to this enduring power, inviting viewers to engage in a profound dialogue with the pressing social justice issues of our time.

Through a diverse array of mediums, perspectives, and experiences, this installation transcends the boundaries of traditional art to become a platform for marginalised voices to be heard, acknowledged, and amplified. From the poignant brushstrokes of painters to the raw vulnerability of performance art, each piece serves as a mirror reflecting the multifaceted realities of oppression and resilience.

Central to the thematic core of "Unveiling Voices" is the recognition of intersectionality – the understanding that social injustices are often interconnected and must be addressed as such. From racial discrimination and gender

inequality to economic disparity and environmental degradation, the threads of injustice weave a complex tapestry that demands our collective attention and action.

Yet, amidst the shadows of adversity, this installation also celebrates the indomitable spirit of human resilience and solidarity. Through acts of protest, community organising, and cultural expression, individuals and communities around the world continue to defy the status quo and carve out spaces of resistance and empowerment.

As viewers navigate through the immersive landscape of "Unveiling Voices," they are challenged to confront their own complicity, privilege, and responsibility in the fight for social justice. Beyond mere observation, this installation beckons individuals to become active participants in the ongoing struggle for a more just and equitable world.

Ultimately, "Unveiling Voices" serves as a rallying cry for solidarity, empathy, and collective action. It is a testament to the transformative potential of art to ignite conversations, inspire movements, and envision alternative futures. May this installation serve as a catalyst for change, sparking a ripple effect of compassion and justice that reverberates far beyond the confines of these gallery walls.



Everyone is on cocaine and it's not even worth it

The contemporary artist had to sniff all the cocaine available in Amsterdam to produce his installation that reflects on climate change.

At least in the past cocaine was used for excellent pieces of popular art: the Motown music, psychoanalysis, the novels of Hunter S. Thompson and Stephen King, we're not honouring past addicts who sacrificed their health for the sake of our entertainment.

I have had the most boring conversations of my life with people from the art circuit

No fun people  
no crime  
no crazy ideas  
only therapy speak.  
I'm at a party and someone starts talking about queering wealth.  
On the weekend Clemente Montes missed a penalty kick and started crying,  
in sports people cry all the time,  
but the artist cannot cry anymore,  
LinkedIn has taken control of his soul.  
Do art people even fall in love?

Final remarks

And as soon as art became a profession, the chief and most precious property of art – its sincerity – became significantly weakened and was partly destroyed.  
- Leo Tolstoy, *What Is Art?*

If we care about making and experiencing art we cannot waste our time in boredom. It is wrong to live a life where the prize is a particularly filthy type of fortune that can only be enjoyed through the modification of your behaviour and in the company of horrible people.

So this is an invitation to join the brotherhood of sincere artists, the brotherhood has endured for centuries in the history of human civilisation and also in my personal life, here we recognise each other and understand each other in our creations but also in our neverending melancholy. In this place things will always be alright, any experiment, any output. In our brotherhood extrinsic objectives do not exist and the rest of the world cannot understand why things work out so good in the end for us

Our mandate for the 21st century will be rigorous sloppiness. This means adopting a religious and disciplined

approach towards the things we are passionate about even if they are nonsensical. Losing equilibrium is permitted. It is like having a crush on someone you shouldn't and enjoy every second of it, it is the transcendental fear of two children being chased by velociraptors in a kitchen, the mystical happiness of a married woman when she looks at her cavalry officer lover across a salon party in late Imperial Russia, the magical epiphany of a rapper from Detroit realising he has only one opportunity to seize everything he ever wanted. With this serious commitment we secularise religion because the sacred is everywhere and therefore we honour life to the maximum.

In the logic of rigorous sloppiness we will be honest, we will do the things that we really like. It's definitely going to be hard, we will encounter moments where we won't be sure whether we want to participate in the world or not, we'll think that maybe we're scared of following our instincts and it might emerge as a feasible option to simply go to the atrocious openings and play the game, have the right opinions online, being extremely aware of the news, voting in the elections, police our peers, basically to surrender to our weaknesses, which by the way it is something totally understandable in a hyperconnected society that demands a lot.

But I don't want to live in a world where art bores me instead of infecting me, I want pieces that make me feel closer to the person next to me instead of hostile because the artwork is reinforcing my own isolation. We need those moments of Holy Communion and we need to get rid of people incapable of feeling those intoxicating sentiments of sincere contact.

I'm fed up with the superfluous works of most of my contemporaries, the purpose of their art is to sustain the jobs of bureaucrats. Give me something moving, catastrophic, sensual, or just show me a mirror where I can see the fascinating nature of human existence. And I am angry because I care. Cancel me, call out my contradictions, think of me as a silly girl with stupid ideas, whatever you wish, now I don't give a fuck, this is a crisis and I don't accept this immorality anymore, this putrid environment. Maybe I will always be a foreigner in this circuit but not in the brotherhood, this is the place where I will protect what is sacred and from this place I will also pray for you. Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.

The Devil is immobilised under my foot  
my sword is over his head  
everything will be alright.

