

I am an Artist

I spend all my time being an artist. This is what I always wanted to be. I shroud myself in knowledge with books that I read, the films that I go to see and with the experiences that I go through. I know society and I know myself. I use my art to help me understand myself deeply. I know now how important and unique I am.

I am a prominent member of the arts community. I have proven time and again that I can kick arse, and I will do it again. Always the generator of admiration and awe.

I'm engaged in an endless struggle to help people understand my art... (often a futile exercise). I want to take the public level of sensitivity to new heights. I want to break boundaries!... My uncle always told me to never let anyone get in the way of my dreams.

The muse is my only timekeeper.

I can never understand those 9 to 5 motherfuckers... My activity is not some menial, stupid, insignificant, alienated and trivial pursuit ... something that anyone can do... Those insecure rats simply sell off their time, nibbling at the cheese of complacency.

So many sleepless nights, and still they are blind to the facts. (They just do not comprehend!) I'm a fucking artist. I'm not a designer, or a painter, or some sort of crafty bastard. I deserve recognition and respect. I need this grant. I want the money to take people on a much needed and long overdue cultural ride. Do they really expect anyone to deliver the goodies, if no one picks up the bill? After all it's for their own good.

Everything is all read to go. One nod and my African contacts will deliver the containers (a precious shipment of Tsetse flies, those bloody *Glossina brevipalpis*). And the Taiwanese already assured me that the five thousand alarm clocks would arrive in time for the biennale.

It's gonna be big ... I can't wait to see their faces on the night.

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This time it did not happen. They just don't understand. After all, we're only talking about a measly thirty grand. All the writing and research I went through for nothing. Three months of my life down the tube like a dog trying to bite its own tail. I am not a loser!

When I get a grant I'll show those fuckwits...

**The Born-With-It Bequest**

**Source: Manifesto, UWS, Nepean Graduate show, 1998**