

CHAPTER 1

THE NAKED CIVIL SERVANT

WAVING

I see all these beautiful faces.

CHAPTER I

I just woke up to a gorgeous morning in The Land of Sculptures; in the office they must be waiting for my last review. The Era of The Denial of The Material has passed away, leaving a green field for us, friends, and these early years of The Era of The Objects Arrangement are witnessing a return to The Classic Form. This is not a big deal, as History delights us with a multiple flux of intercrossing waves, but I happen to be sitting in the very middle of a *carrefour* and my assignment is wide in scope. From the single window in my apartment, I can see three stone-like erections; they

remind every single one of us of the three foundational menhirs from whom this land took its name, who have been absent without explanation since the beginning of The Era of The Denial of The Material. Only now the rapidity of the transformations have forced a temporary solution for The Three Fingers of The Land of Sculptures. Those three fingers are very significantly named The Left, The Centre and The Right. As I am writing this, there are a couple of supervisors throwing themselves repeatedly against The Left, then across at The Right, back to The Left and so on and so forth; each time meticulously avoiding The Centre, where a group of The New Community Helpers collects signatures to ensure those inflatable structures stay as ballooney as they are today. This is no nonsense as three cocks are better than none and two of them would be as irrelevant as marriage, thus the scene makes complete sense. Secretly, I have already heard that these three promptly blown inflatable gadgets will remain, as they are, a symbol of the early vanguard of The Era of The Objects Arrangement.

A clerk from The Ministry of Education phoned me yesterday: they will soon present their new program for The Sculpture Archival Method, with the aim to fill up our galleries with new blood to measure the brand-new objects. There have been serious changes in the standards of documentation; this I am very aware of since I was invited to attend The Measurement Committee that was set up at the time of The Declaration of The Genesis of The Era of The Objects Arrangement. I have always liked students, and it is the perfect time for them to join us because they wave flags and they are difficult to frighten, because they are birds, chemists, doctors, surgeons and dentists. A long life to Astronomy! I like them because they are not afraid of the police.

Someone arrived to the gay street, opened their arms, took a deep breath and said: “THESE ARE MY PEOPLE”. The boy turns back, I lay down on the couch, my legs up, and expose to the world my bottom under the jean trousers.

CHAPTER II

The woman tells me, “I know you can do an opening in ten minutes”. I say, “this is business baby”, and run out of The Gallery, hiding a dozen 10 dl. bottles of vodka under my father’s jacket.

“*THE NEW NEWSPAPER*”, I read out loud. Apparently they have been working all night on this interlaced printing device; I open the first page and it shines like heaven. The black and white message of The Measurement Committee sounds the revival, I enjoy it because it feels like it’s mine. As soon as I get to the office I will phone B, who always knows how to share fresh news. But this will happen later than usual, as today I am wearing a pair of new shoes and my steps are suddenly cut shorter; I have always crossed my legs when walking, a practice that lately has become very much appreciated, being the best movement to respect some of the indications of multiple local administrators. For example, when invited for dinner, it is advised to walk a *tour de table* and shake hands with every one of the *commensalis*; would this banquet take place in a modest home, you might be content to squeeze between the wall and the back of the seats; graciously meeting your interlocutors for the night one after another. May the avid reader request an extra tip, there exists a principal regulation in regards to movement inside The Gallery: it is extremely appreciated to see a

visitor drawing a regular circle before jumping into her or his free will; this you will achieve much easier when occupying a thinner path, the only other step to keep in mind being the preference to stop rather than do a turn – even the slightest one – when meeting another visitor standing on your curvilinear path.

Lately, capitalised characters have been in vogue, due to it being a much more stable form of writing. Myself, I follow the new chart of redactional recommendations published by The Chamber of Typography: a C-sized theatre-like auditorium where elected members answer to the language sign that was attributed to them. During the apogee of The Era of the Denial of The Material, the Lords of this Chamber multiplied to fulfil the needs of contemporary keyboards and “Question Mark” and “Parentheses” marched, drawing S-like paths – their shoes shinier than the rest – to sit down on those impossible corners under the line of columns, around the main sofas, near the lamps, by the catering table or to simply lay down on the carpet. Today, the capitalised shorter list, from “A” to “Z”, has brought us back to a more understandable system: B always mentions the needless ostentation of the avant-garde. The phrase “You have to hear this”, often announces his speech, “something terrible happened last night, I met this old friend and we actually did have something in common”, or, “something terrible happened last night, it was actually true that they had run out of beer”.

“There are several ways in which I title. One basic way is that the work is *Untitled* with the ‘U’ capitalised. Then in parentheses I list the names of the objects, for instance *Untitled (elephant, toilet brush, kong)*. The elephant is not really an elephant; it is a small

ceramic elephant. The toilet brush is made of plastic and doesn't look like a toilet brush because it was designed to look like a Brancusi sculpture”.

It takes me a little while every morning to find my chair in the office because we had this idea to make an anti-composition with our furniture on the day of the raising of The Era of The Objects Arrangement. The Supervisor invited M from The Gallery to do so, and he came with a simple system whereby furniture could be displayed under banana peel and close to a couple of hanging Metallica T-shirts. I write “DRINK, DRINK, DRAMA” in capitalised letters to start my day; it is a quote from B that I decided to use for my last review as I was climbing the ladder to my office – now the stairs are only one-way, which is what forced us to come up with the temporary solution of joining our colleagues on the second floor. The title I have just chosen is guiding me through a bunch of evenings that defined the terms and conditions of what is currently called a return to The Classic Form; I am simply doing what I am expected to do.

CHAPTER III

The Painter had presented a couple of big canvases in The Gallery: The Measurement Committee unanimously declared the new era. Sometimes things happen fast in The Land of Sculptures although we are not so used to sudden change. A mass of people applauded in a chorus-like reaction and B, who had for decades been making portrayals of a long list of respectable bearded men, whispered in my ear, “you will now have to write about what I am doing”.

I could do nothing but nod to this assortment and, the morning after the opening of *The Painter in The Gallery*, B was large and capitalised on the front page of the newspaper.

There have been times when I wanted to kiss everybody and in the middle of the party, I played your favourite song and we shouted it together to a tiny, excited audience. Last night, I told my teenage lover to, “shut the fuck up” – it was the beginning of a long list of nights of me coming out of the blue to say “I LOVE YOU”. There are those times when you need to hold yourself hanging from a burning nail, and there are other nights when you would desire to massage everyone’s hair but you have to content yourself with grabbing your own head.

Tomorrow I have to attend the announced-to-be biggest *vernissage* of the very young Era of *The Objects Arrangement*. The Supervisor wants a long review and I am planning to compose a nice phrase and copy-paste it until I cover a double page, or, to speak more precisely, I am thinking of a striking statement, then its beginning again, then its middle for the second time and only after that its end to be repeated, again and again. I open their press release: a shiny image of a couple of men that portrays *The Chamber of Nocturnal Affaires*. We have been brought back to portraying, but this the reader must have already noticed. B phones me with a horny voice to tell me that nothing was available yesterday in that auction in *The Gallery*, “something terrible happened last night, it was all sold out. Guy, I need a boyfriend but we are all living in this *Black Theatre of Pain*”.

I am heading home after having some dinner in a restaurant,

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I cross a bridge and then walk in front of the longest billboard in town. The new people editing a review for *The Gallery* had this crazy idea to cover the city with a photo of a guy peeing all around. Someone is following me and I speed up, I stop at the end of the street and try to breathe normally.