

Timon Meyer has no stupid fucking CV.

Sure, Meyer has seen an art school from the inside and paid for it dearly. Yes, he has had exhibitions across this and other continents that always ended up costing him a shit ton of money and time (time that he could've spent painting) and yes, he has work tucked away in the odd museum's basement and private collection that has no business being there. What he hasn't done yet is one of those pay-to-play residencies or art fairs. Good for him for checking out before he could blow money on that shit or, god forbid, an MFA.

There is no room on a CV for all those years Meyer has spent staying home and raising two fellow humans who can hold your gaze, know why to say "thank you" and chat with you about anything you feel the need to get off your chest. He can also tell a fantastically bad dad joke and he will.

There is especially no room on a CV to tell you that Meyer has been a ranch hand, a janitor, a zookeeper, a mural painter, a cabinet maker, and a nurse amongst other things and that all of it is essential to his work. That he has written funny children's books in the Nazi tongue and that one of his degrees has been paid for with gambling winnings. That he is an expert ass wiper, no matter your age. That he will chip in to get you a hooker once a month if that means you will stop harassing the other nurses. That he will place your bets for you if you're having one of your episodes and just can't get out of bed to do it yourself. That he can load a dishwasher correctly, scrub a toilet, clean your puke and shit and snot and pus and piss and blood, build you a kitchen from scratch, keep one kosher, hand-raise a fucking penguin and sing you to sleep. That he is in general a good listener and that you can go ahead and tell him while he feeds you soup for lunch that you have had better soup in Auschwitz. That you can trust him so much you can show him where in your bed you hid half of your breakfast, lunch, and dinner from that day so you can be ready for when whoever you think is coming for you is coming for you and believe me he knows they will come.

He will pray to your god with you and break bread with you and he will drink your kool-aid and be your co-pilot if you beat on your sibling in a drunken rage and have to take off across the plains to California in a blizzard on the night before Thanksgiving. Or Christmas. Because deep down he knows that you are a really good person and he will stay your friend long enough to later see you were right: you did forgive yourself and others and you acted on becoming that good person. He will keep what he witnessed in ceremony to himself and you can trust that he will not use it against you or in his novel or screenplay (the one that will make him famous). He can knit and he can sew. He has no style, taste, shame, or well thought-out morals, so for the right amount he can ghost-

write your spoiled brat's successful application to art school. He is so smart it makes him sad and he is so sad it makes him dumb. He can use and sharpen a scythe and plow a field and he cooks all the time even though he hates cooking but he knows somebody's got to and he will wait for you in that cold-ass waiting room for however long it takes until you wake from your cancer surgery. And then he will stay till the very end.

There is no room for all the stuff Meyer has done that maybe he did not want to do, that didn't seem to be art or worth it or fair or whatever at the time but ended up being the reason for some of the best work he's ever made.

There is no place on the reality-defying linearity of a CV for all the projects Meyer has started and was too afraid or not talented enough to finish and all the partners he has disappointed and all the bridges he has burned, all the friendships he has sunk. No place for his fears, for all the bad work he has made. And believe me, there is a lot of bad work. And he is glad to not have a CV to be reminded of that shit.

And no, Meyer is not bitter. He is just tired and he knows time is running out. He is too tired to read another wall label, too tired of investigating, challenging, juxtaposing, subverting, exploring, mapping, disrupting, or intersecting anything with some other; especially nature, the human condition, science, history, place, memory, the self, community, capitalism, or whatever other lame fucking excuse you may have. He curses whoever started the rumor that liking art must have anything to do with making art or worse, that art is good. He is tired of being funny and ready to sell out but knows that ship has sailed for all of us. He has finally lost all hope and knows that living your dream is a bad idea, knows that art is play and neither a spiritual practice (whatever the fuck that is) nor political. He knows art will neither save us nor the world but is the only way the light gets in. He just wants to stay home and fucking paint. But, ironically, there is no room on a CV for that, either.

So yes, throughout all of it Meyer has always painted, always thought about painting (even while wiping your ass, or placing your bets, or paying your hooker, or caring for your "loved ones", or making you money) and sometimes he even dreams about painting and he will continue to paint (unless, of course, there are more pressing things to do and there probably will be, like: wiping your ass, or placing your bets, or paying your hooker, or caring for your "loved ones", or making you money). So yeah, Timon is an artist. He just doesn't have the fucking CV to prove it.