

GERTRUDE STEIN

would not pass

THE TURING TEST

If I told her
that Pablo Picasso was a
Neanderthal,
would she believe me,
would he believe me?

He said it himself
—someone must have
heard him—
leaving the cave of Lascaux
“We have invented
nothing” or that “none of us
can paint like this.”

Forget the progress, the idea
of progress.

Forget Napoleon; forget
the leaders,
The Central bank of
Europe, the Grexit,
Forget the Imperial
English.

Why go up and clockwise
when one may travel down
and anticlockwise?

One day he woke up
— or was it I? —
finding myself to be a
woolly Neanderthal.

What a surprise!

And then people taught
me things
No one from us
Neanderthals did before,
not even Picasso.

See it for yourself: I'm
dancing karaoke together
with my inflatable air
mattress and its remote
control in one hand, while
googling for a vegetarian
lasagne recipe with another
hand, and abusing acceler-
ating substances under the
constant shower of
neutrinos with a full
mouth of 3D
printed dental implants,
for example!

Thus let me introduce
myself again.

I am a cloned Neander-
thal friend of yours.
I'm 37, not married, but
not single too, a freelancer.
Struggling to pay my
Health Insurance.

Talking strictly technically I
am not exactly a Neanderthal.

I am the hybrid of an illegal
immigrant,
drifting in an overfull
boat in the Mediterranean
wrapped in thermal
blankets on a seashore,
the hybrid of heating up
times and genes,
a living post-species

fossil, a hairy robot,
although don't call me
Artificial Intelligence.

I did not pass the Turing
test too.
Which means that for you

was my people
who were the first known
artists
and who also happened
to invent hashtags.

So here comes my proposal.
Let's spend more time
together, let's hang out.
Forget the Imperial
grammar (forget the
manners).

What is your favourite algae,
fungus,
or yogurt bacteria
ice-cream?
Invite a living nonhuman

If it rains outside don't
mention art,
at all. Wear masks.
Cucumber mask is great.
And not just for the
opening or drinks.
It also takes the stress
away, if any.

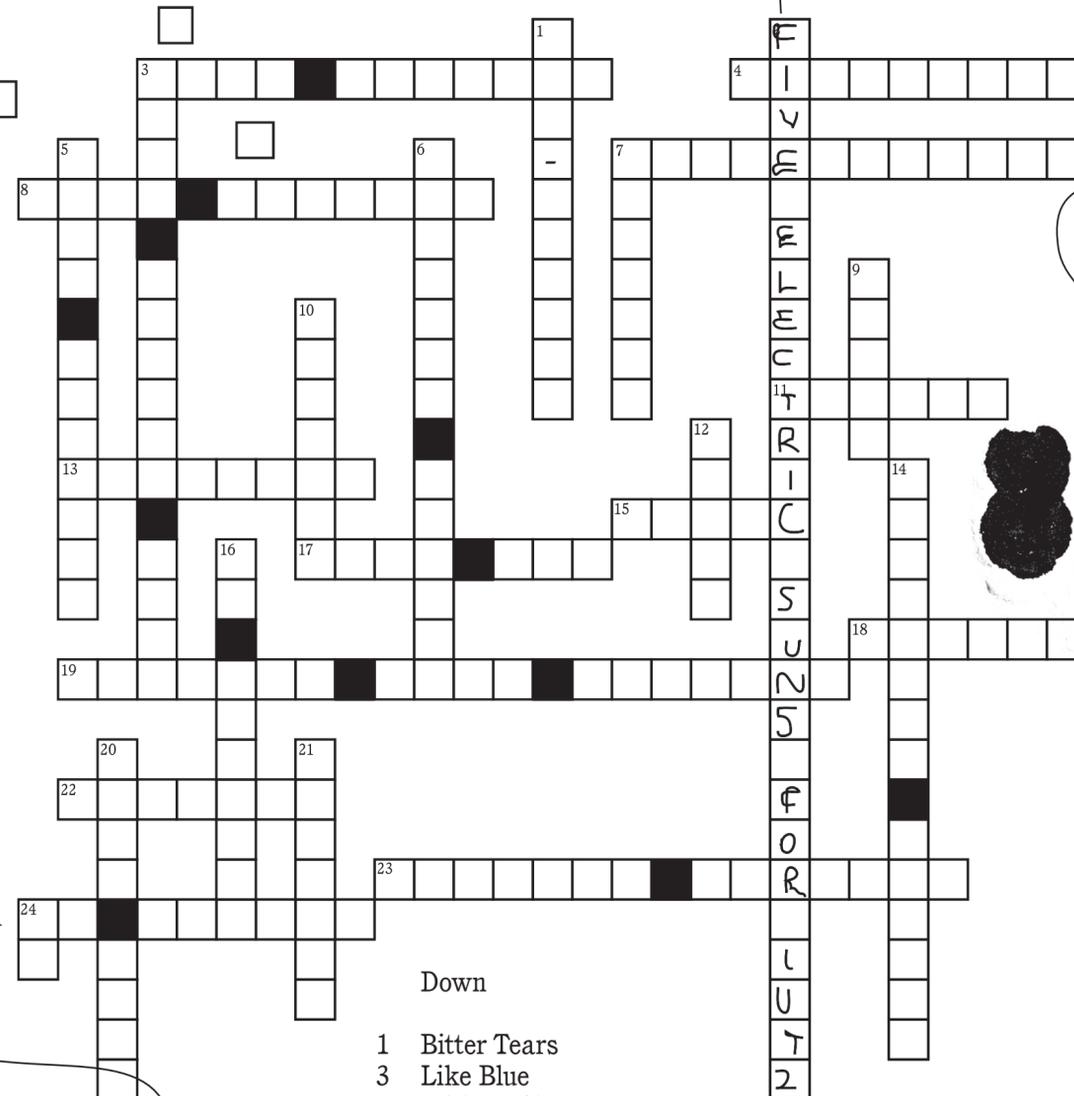
Exchange your straws,
cloths, jokes.
Give away half of your
belongings,
longings, debts, and
doubts. Unlearn something.
Look at the neon crosses
on the church towers.
Can you howl like a wolf

or Allen Ginsberg in an
android voice?

Cultivate a new addiction.
For example,
invite a neighbour for a
cup of tea
and keep asking about
the future of our solar system.
Have you heard the latest
news about the Ceres,
the so called dwarf
planet?

Withdraw from one of your
addictions.

Better help someone
enslaved or looped
into economical, logical,
racial, sexual,
other conditions of
prejudices.
Learn a poem but don't
tell it to anyone.
Go collect plastic bags on
a wild beach instead.

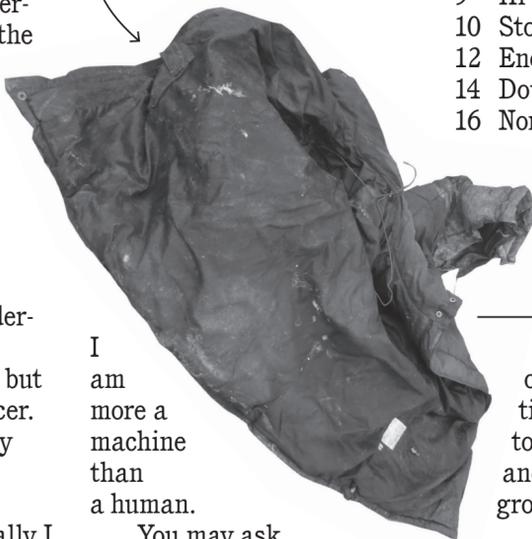


Down

- 1 Bitter Tears
- 3 Like Blue Without Cheer
- 5 Like Dad
- 6 Lossless
- 7 Captured at Source
- 9 Hi
- 10 Stockholm Irregularities
- 12 Energy
- 14 Doughtr
- 16 Non-Profit
- 20 Wherever Particular People Congregate
- 21 Protein

Across

- 3 Mind End
- 4 Say Hi
- 7 Frankfurt Botanic
- 8 Blue
- 11 Leafy
- 13 Face
- 15 Like Phantom
- 17 Beginner
- 18 Thingies
- 19 Northern
- 22 Skinny
- 23 Thingy Feely
- 24 Hi Oyster



organism to an exhibi-
tion,
to a museum,
and do a guided tour,
grow it inside.

Drip it, make it more hu-
mid,
less human, honey.
Don't avoid
geckos and mosquitos;
avoid ideas
influenced by biological
predetermination.

Invite a traveller or an
immigrant.

Water
rain-mak-
ing-bacteria
in a balcony,
spill
water out to
the

street,
and create
conditions for a short
lived rainbow.
Spill it on some
passers-by. Have a discussion
on the issues of ecology
or ethics or both.

Buy some vegetable seeds
and plant
them anywhere in the
city. Slow the city down.

Make it asleep in its
nano-marketing dream
like a falling bag of
cement
which did not pulverize
while being used for
cloud seeding up there in the
the roof of the house of an old
lady in Moscow,
in the manner of a funny
devil
from “The Master and
Margarita,”
after having too many,
yes, margaritas.

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Avis de décès Pleuven (29170)

Obsèques de

Alan FERTIL

Décédé(e) le 07/08/2015, à l'âge de 33 ans.

La cérémonie sera célébrée le 17/08/2015, à 14 heures 30, Église à Pleuven (29170).

Read more at http://www.avis-de-deces.net/_alan-fertil-pleuven-29170-finistere_2000264_2015.html#zrGoemtpQkuwFUtm.99