Decimón’s Gallery:

I watched as the most beautiful works of the most talented artist of the century got taken off the walls and carelessly tossed into nondescript bins. The work of a genius being wheeled out to the garbage.

The visitors in the gallery wore astonished faces. What could possibly have happened to dismantle the artist’s prowess?

“Sir, we’d like to take your statement now.” A policeman had approached me.

“I’d like to do it here if you don’t mind. I think the art will remind me.”

“Wherever you feel comfortable. Now, are you able to tell us what you discovered on the night of October 12th in the apartment of our suspect, Garbanzo Decimón?”

For all my life I had yearned to be the best—it was in art that I committed to satiate this desire. I loved to brush my imagination in ways that words weren’t able to explain. At the age of 20 the papers had dubbed me as a prodigy. My fame rose, my resources grew, and my art began to sit in the most exclusive areas of the most respectable institutions. Eventually, my art made its way into the renowned Schmiktenstein Art Institution. And as predicted, my gallery was to be put in the fanciest room, behind thick glass and dim lights.

Yet, when I came to check on how the installation was going, I noticed something peculiar. At the back of the room, behind several wandering corners, lay an entrance to a different section. I asked a docent if my art was to be placed here as well.

“I’m sorry, sir, that’s reserved for Garbanzo Decimón.” That name would stick with me to the end.

A room behind mine? Who could possibly be better than I? Therefore, after the grand reopening of the new wing, where our galleries were located, I tried to see what was held in this back gallery. Unfortunately, I was met by a guard.

“Pass?”

“I need a pass? Where can I buy it?”

“Buy? You cannot buy this pass, you either have it or you don’t.” I couldn’t buy the pass? How would I get in? As I walked away I stole a glance towards the room. I couldn’t make out much, for it was dim. Much dimmer than mine.

Decimón was a hard man to find. It took many connections, many checks, and many hours to come to the knowledge of where his apartment lay. So, on the night of October 12th, I made my way down to 358 Kingston Avenue, apt. 3B.

The dull brown door didn’t strike me as the entrance to an artist’s apartment. I tried my luck at the knob and found to my exaltment that the door creeped open. I stole a glance inside, but couldn’t make out any anomalies. I had no choice but to venture further.

Upon introduction to the darkest, northeasternmost corner, the astounding resources of Decimón’s art was revealed to me. Half finished, dauntingly spectacular easels rose to heights otherwise unimaginable in moral complexity. I found to my heart’s static disagreement both loving adoration and fiery disgust for the realistically produced innovations of a taciturnly twisted mind. For, what lay in front of me were not the standard tools of an artist’s studio, but rather the standard productions of a medical facilitator. Ill-formed paints and off-putting clays lay sprawled on the canvas floor, recreations of a hitherto unforeseen style of iambic pathology. The darkness of the night cast over my eyes and masked my realization that Garbanzo Decimón’s gallery was a portfolio of human aberrations.

I told all this and more to the police officer in front of me. Before long, he departed, but my memories did not. I looked on at the paintings of blood, at the potteries of lard, at the sculptures of bone. No wonder Decimón was able to capture the human essence so well in his art, for that’s exactly what it was.

I stood thoroughly sickened by the wicked crafts before me. Deserved were they to be departing from such a renowned institution—the institution that I now conquered. Garbanzo Decimón had been thrown out of the ring and I remained victorious as the Schmiktenstein’s greatest competitor. Finally, my goal had been met.

*But every now and then, devoid of mental calorie, I find myself again, loving Decimón’s gallery…*