

HM/19-25/2026

**NOT
READY**

YET

Quarantine

You bought the books.

You did the workshops.

You rebuilt your portfolio.

You've read this kind of document
before.

Every time it ended the same way:

Not yet...

I'm not
ready yet

Tomorrow

Someone wakes at five-forty, not for work — work begins at nine — but to walk to a small room at the back of the apartment, where there is a window, a chair, and a table with a piece of paper on it. The paper has been there since Sunday.

They sit. They don't pick up the brush.

They make coffee. When they come back, they look at the paper, move the chair half a centimetre to the left, straighten the brushes, rinse a jar that is already clean.

They check the time. Forty minutes before the shower.

They look at the paper.

Tomorrow, they think. Tomorrow I'll start the real one. This week has been preparation.

Tomorrow

Tuesday, the same.

Wednesday they open a book about Cézanne instead, and read for an hour, and tell themselves it counts.

Thursday they buy a new brush online. It will arrive on Monday. Monday they'll start the real one.

Friday they pour a glass of wine and write a long message to a friend about wanting to leave their job. The friend replies *do it*.

They reply *not yet*.

Saturday they don't go to the room. Sunday they sit at the table for two hours and produce nothing, and tell themselves they were thinking.

They were.

Tomorrow

They have done this for many years.
The piece of paper is not waiting
for them to be ready.

The piece of paper is the work.
The walk at five-forty is the work.
The chair moved half a centimetre
is the work. The Cézanne book on
Wednesday is the work. The message
to the friend is the work.

Years of preparation are not
preparation. It is a body of work.
They have made it. They are looking
at it.

What would change tomorrow if they
stopped calling it preparation?

Stop asking what you are.

Look at what your hand made today.

Drop the label. Keep the verb.

Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow

The preparation is working.

Years of it. Each course better than the last. Each technique sharper. Each book denser. By every available measure, the preparation has succeeded.

The question is what it has succeeded at.

If preparation were preparing you to paint, you would be painting.

You are not.

So it has been preparing you for something else.

It has been preparing you to keep preparing.

Fuck
tomorrow

The system is not broken.

It is exquisite. It does, with surgical precision, exactly what it was designed to do – protect you from the moment when something you make has to count.

You designed it.

The question was never whether you can paint.

It was whether you can bear to stop preparing.

Can you?



Today?

Below, four artists who have already lived this.

One year after her week on the island, in June 2024, Amanda sent this to Quarantine:

"How bad of an idea is it to go back to school to learn art? Should I just stick with art on the side and work a normal, tolerable job?"

One year earlier, after her week on the island, she had said this:

"I Am An Artist. I've learned everything I need to know in order to paint. I don't need any more classes. I just need to Do."

— Amanda Szymanski. Artist and Neuroscience Researcher. Duke University Medical Center. USA.

It's today.

"It takes courage to paint in front of other artists, but it was such a great opportunity for growth and self-expression... Now I'm not afraid to fuck up. Inner perfectionist is dead. We'll never be the same."

— Ellaya Yefymova. Artist and Doctor. Ukraine / Portugal.

"I arrived on the island broken, anxious, exhausted, traumatized, defeated, feeling this is my last resort at trying to 'be' an artist."

— Jeanne Francis. Artist and Risk Management Professional. USA.

"The last day in Quarantine, the first day of the rest of my life."

— Marcello de Michele. Artist, Scientist and Musician. France / Italy.

It's TODAY.

QUARANTINE

A psychological field test held twice a year on a small island. For seven days, painters who have quietly stopped believing in themselves are kept apart from their excuses — long enough to discover the door was opening the other way.

HUNTER'S MOON

Experiment #7, October 19-25, 2026.

Control group: artists who finished this dictionary and returned, undisturbed, to their excuses.

Experimental group: artists who apply.

APPLY