



Fig.016 Picture of one of several archival boxes in which my early handwritten diaries are stored.

#### **DREAMS 04**

I have been keeping a dream diary since 1996 when I was 17. Initially my dreams were written in Italian on booklets I made using recycled paper, such as that I found in trash bins next to the copy machines of my art school. Given the low quality of this paper, these written dreams have almost disappeared. At this stage also I did not have so much of a format and went often into lengthy details. The synthetic approach I have adopted in the digital version of my dreams often omits some of the details to focus on the actual narrative. It took me however some time to type my dreams directly on a computer. I have been so used to writing on booklets that at the beginning my dreams were transcribed from them, making it a very lengthy procedure I have with time learned to overcome by accepting to face the computer screen in the morning.

Also from the beginning of the project in 2004 I was still used to writing my dreams in Italian, the language I have been educated with. I thus kept on writing in Italian and subsequently had to translate the dreams in English. Now I believe that my synthetic approach of dream writing is shaped by the English language that is in my opinion more pragmatic and straight

forward than Italian. The latter language can accommodate more nuances but needless to say for the scope of my project, that is that of enabling visitors to pick various fragments of the various works I am executing, the English written fragments works much better. Dreams per se can be otherwise quite boring but the dream as a narrative fragment along with other elements readers can retain from my project I believe to be very fascinating. It is only up to the reader to give up the prejudice that my project is too hard to comprehend and give up any attempt to understand it instantaneously.

On my part, my first attempts to communicate my dream to the public started already in 2000. While an art student in Vancouver, I experimented with dreaming in the public realm. After days spent living with the homeless and getting very little sleep, I locked myself in the library window of my art school and finally got some rest. After waking up I wrote my dreams on the window and later invited passersby inside it to interpret my dreams with them. Back then my dreams were really wild, pretty much as myself roaming the city with my shopping cart singing opera and eating the leftover bagels of a bakery shop under Granville's bridge. My decision to begin a life project also entailed a great deal of responsibility. Thinking back now I believe that not only I became more responsible because of my life project but particularly because I conceived it as a performance in which I was going to act like an ordinary man.

Throughout these years of performing I became far from normal. I sort of never got a fixed job nor I ever wanted to conform to any kind of middle class living. Despite having children to take care of, I did so as an old fashioned mother and father combined. I did not go for a job to earn the money to pay for their kindergartens but as much as I could I kept them home with me in Sweden growing my own vegetables and in Holland just buying discounted food and doing as much as possible from scratch. So I yes I have been ordinary in a rather unusual way, ordinary in creating an ecology and staying as much as possible out of the system, ordinary in creating a livelihood for myself and my children. Now this old fashioned ordinary living has not necessarily sparked my dreams with crazy characters and landscapes and events. The dreams have simply come to reflect my ordinary day to day struggle.

Yes, the majority of people will certainly find this natural conformism of mine most boring so much they are used to the

high suspense of any cultural production tailored to push as much adrenaline as possible. Thanks to my project however I have developed a great love for the subtle poetic that can be found in people's attempt to try to keep an authentic existence, authentic in the sense that they try to pursue their natural inclinations, to manifest talents that are otherwise kept latent if not oppressed by the capitalist society we almost by default become part of. In this respect my dreams do not show my repressed soul. I do not have the luxury to be a middle class person who can have an affair with other people and can desire whatever status. I know I am poor and I want to keep it this way. My frugality is my happiness and my treasure, the project I was able to cultivate and all that the beautiful things that came with it, namely my children.

If I by chance gathered a little capital I immediately wasted it all in the sharing of my project, namely in the building of an installation where it can be experienced. There is nothing narcissistic or megalomaniac about it, I just wish to show how prolific can a human soul be without all the sophisticated theories and technological apparatuses but just keeping a plain and simple life only turned grayer by the routine the state imposes such as taxes to be paid, mandatory education for the children etcetera. My repertoire of dreams then is just one of the many testimonies I have produced in my stoic stubbornness of keeping simple and perhaps being of inspiration for those who feel increasingly sickened by the enslaving bureaucracy the state imposes on its subjects. In a way I am the accountant of my own nature, a type of accounting challenging the accounting and quantifying imposed by a too business oriented type of governance. If I have failed to develop an autonomous life, I am most prepared to establish a more communal type of living whenever the opportunity will come.