



Fig.018 Picture of an early exhibition using microwave dishes surrounded by RFID tags and toy cars underneath them. The dishes bumped randomly against a reader creating a narrative on a screen. Since the beginning I have been fascinated with the idea of dreams themselves generating quasi-infinite narrative fragments of almost any situation imaginable. These fragments can make up the ingredients for any possible narrative.

DREAMS 06

Contrary to common belief, it was not so much my photographing or filming activities infringing my private life. After a Swedish journalist wrote about my project mostly emphasizing on my sexual dreams, my partner at that time grew indigent. As a result I had to keep writing my dreams in secret, in the bathroom or in the busy metro of Shanghai where we were living. Because of this I also had to remove my project from the internet until my new partner suggested putting it back on-line. While I did not cheat on my old partner I could not help having ere and then some erotic dreams. It was one of the many dimensions I decided to investigate and possibly the reason why I am not so interested in going to parties and eventually cheating on a partner is right because I have my project to attend.

The years I had to hide my project from the public because of my partner's jealousy turned me extremely depressed. It was like cooking a meal and not being able to share it. I felt most generous,

I wanted to give with all my enthusiasm and passion this meal for free but what in my opinion was a very irrational censorship prevented me from doing so. I then realized that my life-project is really my life-engine. It keeps me going. Rather than a Freudian death-drive it was really my life-drive and the sort of castration I had to undergo was most traumatic, it got me lifeless as much as the laws of a most civilized state imposing all sort of privacy related limitations and drastically reducing my freedom of expression, a freedom that derives from my own nature from a need to develop my individuality. I then understood in general that all these artificial restrictions are but the very cause for traumas and psychosis.

I did not want to end up becoming yet another good citizen complying with the system, getting a forty hour a week job and so forth. Either way with my too broad and spread competence no employer certainly wanted me. I understood that only by fully maturing my individuality I could be fully realized as a human being. Why would I go into therapy only to be able to accept my amputation? I opted to keep up with my project, to try to pursue it to the end, particularly knowing that thanks to it I had a great energy to give to people and to the environment. Because early in the morning and late in the evening I have my little hours writing dreams and drawing and cultivating my other life works, I can without troubles undertake the most humble of tasks folk so sucked up in their careers generally cannot stand and have to hire immigrant workers to do for them. Ye I am myself an immigrant, I have been an immigrant throughout the course of this project yet I never sought for any economic compensation and I just naturally grew up my family as far as I could, until someone could just not stand to see a man do the work of a housewife and made a fuss to see me with a job, once again truncating my vital energy, the symbiosis I have created in taking care of myself, my inner nature and my immediate ecology.

Only with time and by chance I came to discover anarchist literature and only with great effort I began to study and read the many different authors who are so much kept under censorship for all their thinking in terms of free communities without any centralizing hierarchy imposed onto them. Only much later in my project I had the intellectual tools to put up consistent arguments against those, and they have been many, who were most indignant about my way of living off the system. Now I have all the arguments to be most indignant with them for having contributed

all their lives to enforce or at least keep up what in my opinion and in the opinion of most of left libertarian minded people have contributed to the total upsetting of the very fragile natural balance in which humanity has been able to live for tens of thousands of years.

I keep on dreaming and I keep on tracking my dreams because this is one of the few ways in the civilization in which I am forced to live in, it is one of the few ways in which I can relate to my nature. Most likely what I generate is a meal that no one is interested in, that many consider ridiculous and all possible and offensive terms. Yes, maybe the content per se without the concept is not in the least interesting. It is banal as banal is everyday life in a middle class neighborhood, waking up, showering, bringing the children to school, going to work and so forth. While I comply with what I am forced to comply such as bringing the children to school and all the routine that this coercive imposition poses, what I am not obliged to comply with I don't comply with although it is clear that there are all these indirect mechanism in place to have everyone more and more to comply with a system that is detrimental to humanity and to the environment.

Dreaming then to me is a form of rebelling. The system provides us with dreams, we ought not to dream. It provides us with sedatives, it provides us with therapies, it provides us with entertainment as long as we as individuals do not make our own dreams. I am therefore not strict in avoiding all the artificial dreams the system offers, I am not dogmatic in any sense nor a puritan, I am just aware that because I am able to give a voice to my nature I can keep human and because I can keep human I can dream of a better life, a life without any form of centralized governments imposing arbitrary and too generic laws and generally struggling to keep afloat at the expense of nature. I was able to recall thousands of dreams, I have established a channel to my nature while at the same time completely blocking out the channels, or better the tentacles the system has tried to impose on me. Of the thousands of dreams, one dream has emerged and a most firm and convinced one, the dream of a more ecological and communal base human society.