



Fig.024 Rendering showing where the dream book should be located in a hypothetical exhibition setting. The book of dreams would be like a bible on an altar to be recited out loud creating however no moral dogma but somewhat of a surreal non-sense or hyper-sense in relation to the other elements of the project being also played/performed such as the notations of the song I recognized. While playful the actual result could be quite cacophonous but at the same time make the spectators experience a form of katharsis transcending otherwise stiff reality.

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In an ideal exhibition scenario the dreams should be presented in the form of a book located on top of the altar-like podium where the video of public spaces is shown. The reader then has to pick up an absurd priest-like dominance over the rest of the exhibition. In fact the book containing all my dreams is in essence a very private part of myself but by positioning it on such an altar things are blattered that cannot make the least sense to the audience. These recited dreams in fact would act as some kind of a choreography along with other sounds and music and lights and smoke and the other effects rendering the other works of the project.

The absurdity of the exhibition and in particular of the placement of the dream book is that dreams usually contain secrets, secrets that are told in a most confidential manner to the psychologists who can detect an interpretation from them. Since a church setting which pretty much resembles only in appearance

this exhibition, the most appropriate place where to exhibit the books of all my dreams would have then be a closed confessionary in which a priest-like figure would have scrutinized my imagination pointing out all the dirty spots that ought to be repented. In this reversed cathedral-like setup the presentation of the dreambook is also reverted. It is the priest or whoever dares to make it up to the altar to have to recite out loud in front of everyone my dreams.

In this speaking them out loud and with all other parts of the project running, the dreams take another dimension or rather the visitors who happen to be there are cheated to give their ears to something that for its settings seems authoritarian but in reality merely comes to work with their subconscious. Authorities standing on a podium are expected to shout to transport the crowd towards a common goal, that of going united for war or that of going united into a strike. This one too many speeches are generally speaking making each individual lose their integrity to partake to the will of power of the speaker. On the contrary the reading out loud of very personal dreams over a crowd has perhaps the opposite effect of enabling the visitor to immerse him or herself into him or herself. It is an occasion that in modern society can be rather rare as it is in fact an assisted type of immersion, an immersion in which the dreams along with all other instances of the project act like waves within the otherwise stagnating ocean of most individuals.

Through the reading of dreams my private realm is lend to a reader and from the reader's own voice to the visitors and back to the reader through the echo that these dreams make within such a narrow environment. These recited dreams then take more the dimension of incomprehensible liturgies, of repetitive mantras singing the vocals for the organ tunes of my recorded songs and the other acoustics and visual effects performed within the main exhibition space. The actual reciting of the dreams is then turned from a very private and intimate record to a public revelation, almost as if the sins themselves of a person would be recited not within a confession booth to a priest but by a priest from an altar.

Implicitly then there is no possibility to get intimate with my dreams as there is no possibility to get intimate with me. My existential recordings are in fact that of a rather raw and primitive person who reports these magical happenings. He wakes up in his naked cave with such crazy hallucinations that he

finds it worth reporting as cavemen possibly reported their dreams on the cave walls. There is no sense of wanting to prove anything to anyone nor in the least to society. It is a dream diary plain and simple, it has been registered and I have been very far from applying any meaning to it, to foresee what a dream could mean and speak out a terrible prophecy to the world. The spoken dreams from the altar are in all effects anti-prophetic, anti-superstitious and are presented as yet one part of my nature without anything esoteric applied to it.

A dream is what my nature conceived and my idea is not to impose a linear narrative onto visitors but use this exhibition as a way to be themselves stimulated, eventually giving up the domestication they have been trained into by the system. The viewer caught in the exhibition is under bombardment. He or she is caught within, cannot make any sense or anything and all this shouting and shooting out all the manifestations of my autodidact and non-domesticated nature has the intention to defeat his or her middle class mentality, the very class mentality so used to run for career and profit. Having disarmed this mentality, having undressed and even scandalize the visitors my hope is to baptize them back to their wild nature, to a nature of a non-civilized human that can be far less brutal and far more in harmony with the self and the environment but can be above all simpler and straightforward and less sophisticated and pretentious.

All this raw data played without any sort of orchestration allowed to flow on its own accord, provoking random juxtaposition with one another characterizes to me a wild jungle of its own, a jungle that is deregulated by a centralized apparatus a jungle that loses its mechanical aspect but is made of a diversity of creatures all speaking their own languages. My dreams are just the words of a monkey-like creature shouting out something that seems almost human but is not quite human and is not quite reflective of what is going on all the other layers of the jungle but by mere accident. In this respect this ultimate exhibition brings my self-examined nature back to nature departing from a very sterile and civilized environment, the very environment where I live and where the project is executed. Rehearsing such a jungle aims to also bring the visitor both mentally and physically back in contact with nature, the inner human nature. Now depending on the visitor this restored connection could lead to a change but it is up to each visitor to be the priest of his or her own self.