



Fig.042 Screenshot of a video showing me in my tiny Swedish apartment executing the mathematical calculation to distribute the perforated panels in the concentric hexagons of the cupola. As in other cupolas and especially as in Asian pagodas the panels should be accessible via a staircase with inner corridors making it possible to explore them also from above.

EMOTIONS 06

While in essence the cupola is reminiscent of a pagoda which can be related to my experience of traditional Asian architecture during the years I spent living in China, the actual passage of light through the perforations are reminiscent of Indian temples, but also more Western temples. In the case of the Roman Pantheon for example, the ray of light coming from the perforation on its top, can be compared to Marcus Aurelius' definition of a rational mind, a mind that ought to pose itself on the object of inquiry like a ray of the sun. In this respect also the installation of the panels create a shower of rays scanning my ideal exhibition and in particular the concentric floor below it where my thoughts can be recollected.

Now there is perhaps nothing rational about my emotions, good and bad days alternating each other. At times I was very prolific and felt very happy and open to the world and at times I felt more subdued from it. If this was the case however I pretty much always knew how to manage a bad mood, for example by

going out and taking a walk and recollecting myself somehow. The greatest boost to my mood has always been the daily time I spend taking care of my project. Of course the rare times someone wanted to honestly compliment me about my project I felt very happy and satisfied. This has always occurred when I was able to actually exhibit and or present it but these opportunities came less with time with the art world becoming increasingly more dogmatic and academia-like.

Being unable to share my work in a public steered more and more by a mainstream kind of cultural industry, I have from the start begun to conceive a plan to make my work fully autonomous from any institution. My choice to build a whole installation on a mountain in my native alps was perhaps a vane catastrophic choice, professionally speaking. My reputation was completely wiped out, I became an outsider and even in such a remote landscape local authorities turned me into a criminal playing their little games against one another and polarizing the debate around a book no one even bothered to open, my life project. After all these events the logical psychological state I should have acquired was that of a total defeat but to me the process and the story were what elevated me to a new level.

I really strived to bring my project back to nature and the origins of all my frustrations were all related to the impossibility to do so. Previously there were other people, people who had dozens of hectares of land at their disposal who could have consented me a little corner where to just experiment and sketch for ways to fulfill my strong necessity, that returning life to life. Ignorance and greediness prevented this and I later sold my shitty little one room apartment in the north of Europe to get a little farm in the south where to, at last, be free to at least play around with the idea that obsessed me. Even though I tried to collaborate with the authorities to reason what shape this idea of mine should have taken, it was all a grand flop as soon as the other authorities stepped in to begin a new fight for the sake of fighting without any logic but that of political barking.

If now I still cultivate my project and carry it forward in a more structural manner, a structure that the harsh experience of attempting to deposit my project in the alps gave me, what I think my heart is telling me is that only without all these authoritarian frameworks constantly putting their incompetent hands in the grassroot initiatives of people, only in a freed nature I could ultimately deliver the whole of my love, ultimately there I could

make something meaningful that really would transmit much passion and inspiration to others to also attempt similar life experiments. By now all these authoritarian forces wanting to be in control and normalize me and my unusual nature I was able to mature because I simply listened to her and not to them, by now these evil forces have brought a shadow of darkness in my soul and this shadow has stained some of my works.

On the other hand I wouldn't find a life-project that has not been stained by the forces of brutal men so plausible. Any attempt to freely manifest one's own nature ought to be hit and raped by the Cain types. This is always how life has unleashed itself for thousands of years. Some people do something good and constructive and some others come and want to destroy, to take over the construction of others and beat them to death. This is the ultimate tragedy, the tragedy that gives any real work of art, any real work of the spirit an intensity. After many such attempts to violate my project I am not necessarily darker nor have I joined the too many clubs of victims that so much take over any cultural discourse; I have simply seen things more in depth. I feel and understand more what has occurred, what is occurring and what will occur. I perceive the tragedy but I proceed to it with my open heart.