Fig.088 Picture showing the setup I use every morning to type on my laptop one page of my fable-book whilst updating my project. After digitizing a page I strike it with a pen. At times I use a clothespin to keep the page open while typing it. Holding the fable book up against my laptop screen enables me to type without losing sight of what I am typing. This task is generally not one of my favorites among all the other tasks I do in my morning updates of my project's works. I rather prefer doing visual works such as editing pictures or videos but with time I grew accustomed to this other side of my project, the one that can be more tedious. Generally also with writings I may feel a bit of frustration to begin with but soon get warmed up and in the mood for it to the point that I can be unstoppable. Writing by hand however, as I do in my booklets, brings me to a closer relation with what I write and what I imagine.

FABLES 04

Following is an extract from the improvised fable corresponding to month number 54: "...IN ALL HER ANGER SHE DIRECTED HER GHOST NAVY SLOWLY THROUGH ALL HUMANS DWELLINGS RIDING OVER A MIST OUR VERY PORPOISE WAS ABLE TO PRODUCE THROUGH HER BACK OPENING AND FURTHER INLAND OUR PORPOISE SHE WENT FOLLOWED BY ALL HER SPECTRAL FLEET NOW FLOATING HER WITHOUT SO MUCH PURPOSE THROUGHOUT THE LAND OF THE HUMANS TURNING THEM INTO ZOMBIES NOW ALSO ADVANCING BEYOND OUR PORPOISE WITHOUT ANY PURPOSE AND PROCEEDING LIKE THE BIGGEST OF ARMIES INTO UNKNOWN TERRITORIES...". In many of the

fables my inventions are often dictated by a special feature I find in my preliminary research on certain animals like the laziness of sloth. I often also use their names as a starting point. For example I can start a fable by simply narrating about "Two toucans" or a "Jewish starfish".

In this respect while in a lot of my work I am a realist and I really adhere to what I experience, depicting my life and a subtle melancholy linked to my day to day existence of marginal person without any reputation, with the more imaginative works of my project I like to think of them not as a separate entity altogether but as a fermentation of reality which in turn can also affect my reality to come. The way my project was thought of to begin with was in these terms, with one work depicting reality followed by one that depicted a more surreal state emerging from this reality. If there is much of consciousness depicted in my project there is equally a lot of my subconscious yet the very fact that manifests it could be seen as another way to make it also conscious. In reality I am no scientist and I do not wish to be one. I do not dry up the elements I gather from my reality and present them as dead proves to confirm whatever mainstream theory. I keep what I depict from reality wet and alive and this because the moment I go the scientific way and fossilize it, my whole organic production comes to an end.

I am very jealous of my project not in a possessive manner, finding it of great value and putting up some airs about it. I am jealous in the sense that in order for it to be recognized I am left with two options. Either be scientific and uproot all the life from it or be artistic and pump a heavy dose of hormones within it so as it can get some attention. I find neither of the two options sustainable. So while I know I have very little chance to be of any interest to the general public at the bottom and the scientific intelligentsia up on the ivory towers, it is my attention to keep it as it is and by doing so I am able to have it alive for an incredible amount of time especially in comparison with similar projects carried forward with heavy subsidies and big teams by the world biggest corporations, or carried forward by artists who want to become celebrities at all costs. It was interesting to notice throughout the course of the project how many times I stumbled on both examples. To begin with people told me I had to look at the wearable computer guys such, then they told me to look at an old researcher with one foot in the grave who started to record his life 24/7, then they told me to look at this or that gadget

automatically recording people's life or at some cool designers coming up with amazing ways of visualizing their data. Everywhere I looked within a year or two after much smoke there was nothing left of it.

Principally then this tendency of making much smoke is in itself a waste of resources but in particular a distraction that removes the necessary focus to create a project that is in itself the regeneration of a human consciousness alienated but the capitalist and centralized system governing society. It would be therefore absurd to attempt to manifest this consciousness back in the circuit that drains it. Is to build such a level of consciousness not to become a celebrity or gain an authoritarian position within the system. Rather my strategy is to build such a level of consciousness that it can fully confront the system as an entity that has grown autonomous to such an extent that it can pose at least a cultural and an intellectual challenge to the system. I might make a gross mistake pursuing this intuition of mine but I do feel that the more I focus on my project and on the consciousness I can develop from it, the more I benefit while the more I focus in trying to build my reputation within a system I became autonomous from, the more I in fact come to lose this so precious consciousness.

Generally speaking my contemporaries and especially the new generation have so many stimuli around them with all their smartphones and an information-overflow they are drawn in that it would be inconceivable to ask them to maintain a focus. This is by no means the focus they will have to either way subscribe to in choosing a specialization. The focus I am referring to is in fact the focus of being able to live in its entirety with all the multitude of skills one ought to learn in order to live autonomously. The one focus is giving up any hope for a human autonomy and getting fully bonded to the system became one of its clogs and getting all the possible sedatives as the oil to lubricate it and keep us in place. The human focus I have in mind is the one that fully engages with our immediate reality and nourishes it and learn to live out of that alone without any of the expectations making up the exciting but depressing reality of any compiler.

Thanks to my human enterprise I think I have reached such a state, a state in which I retain an ecology within me and I ally work intensively for it. It is not the literal ecology of those abandoning the city and starting a little farm. Certainly I have done that to and and have learned much from this experience. My

ecology has however something more to do with my human nature. Now social ecologists here would be critical about my decision to begin with my own nature without thinking for the collective yet I think that thanks to this natural reservoir I was able to spark with me I would have so much to offer to others. In a way I am already doing that by pouring all my thoughts and ideas, the whole products of my ecology out in the public domain. On the other hand, besides making suggestions to others that they should also attempt to regain their consciousness and with it a beautiful ecology to take care of, I think that others are simply not daring enough to do so or just too arrogant to try. Perhaps the sense of safety permeating our industrial and scientific society will cease altogether and then in panic people may also resort to me but then I guess I will be to old and drained.