



Fig.159 Assemblage of some of my drawings from my early period. One could argue that with time, while the ideas themselves kept being rather good and not so repetitive, I became faster in the execution of my drawings and perhaps apparently worse. In fact with time I began skipping unnecessary details; in a matter of seconds I can sketch with the pencil the drawing I later retrace with the pen. Also I have noticed that I am more inclined to draw a human or animal creature than something more technical and complex. If I have to draw a bike or whatever setup I may feel a bit unmotivated. Possibly Aristotle was right in saying that people are more entertained when they see themselves represented. To this I would add exactly the other way around: artists are more entertained when they represent humans. By now to me this type of representation is very fluid. Daily I could make hundreds of drawings and I could squeeze my head to the excess but I find it very important that I live my life and I just make these three drawings a day following more my life, letting it breath and execute my drawings as a something maturing out of it, therefore completely avoiding to just make art for the art sake.

### **IDEAS 03**

My drawings of ideas picked up while I was babysitting my first child in a Swedish playground; patiently waiting for him to play I would let my brain come up with all sorts of associations. Many of my written ideas are in fact generated in a boring situation, while in line at a cashier or in general while waiting for a societal thing to occur. The result is a stream of ideas that are generally very enjoyed by viewers even though the irony I use is very critical of the social environment in which they and I live in. As a matter of fact my drawings are not only the result of human boredom but

they show the absurd excess in which the contemporary and future-thinking human projects itself into. Each drawing works as a black-circuit of the social and perfectly functioning enterprise. While I could relate my creative input to artists with a genuine imagination such as Charlie Chaplin, Walter Lantz and the graffiti artist Blu, I try to stay clear from all other so-called artists wasting their talent by promoting a fashionable political agenda or just trying to establish themselves as the leading trend-makers of the cultural world.

As for my other works there is on my side a reluctance to make even more artistic and production a means to make money or gain fame and make money. Yet the system, whether capitalist or socialist forces me to consider this option. In a more capitalist system I would then have to make it to an art gallery or out on the street so as to spray-paint my drawings on the wall gaining my reputation there. In a socialist country I would have to contextualize my work within an academic discourse. In both cases my brain would have to switch operations. In the first case I would have to make drawings for an audience and always keep in mind that I have to be content with it. In the second case I would have to become a very rational and bureaucratic clerk full of adjectives and notions but lacking actual substance, a substance that one can only gain living without the sort of excesses that the system enforces creative people into. Nietzsche was in this respect right that there is a Dionysian and an Apollonian side on creative work and that the most genuine work is a balance of the two. In an academic context I would be a total Apollo and in a commercial, fame-driven context a Dionysius.

Now rejecting to be part of the system I certainly have the comfort to be an Apollonian but on the other hand because I reject the system I have to experience the life of an outcast which gives to my work a Dionysian dimension. On one hand I have fixed rules and a quite established methodology but on the other I am totally vulnerable, my life-project has no institutional representation and could vanish in no time as well as my person could be harmed in no time having no single backup to rely on but my partner and children. In this respect I am like a flower who dares to be a flower where he is not supposed to. Some people may find this particularly dumb; why would he go for such trouble when he can just try to plug-in like everybody else? Other people may in fact be surprised in the first place to find me outside the greenhouse and on top of it they could appreciate my

endurance and the sort of struggle that has shaped me. Yet I am a flower and in no time if I piss an authority too much I could easily be stepped on or I could be uprooted and deported in a greenhouse or I could be cut and given as a present to his or her lover.

Do I make a fuss about all this fragility, about this feeling unsafe? No, because I understand that it is a necessary component in the creative process, a component without which only highly predictable and sterile works are generated, works that moreover empowers the establishment. I am thus also skeptical about artworks that are directly critical to the system as they entail the establishment of another system. This system could be more fair and safe in many ways but only ideally because any system is in the first place a form of organized injustice; the yoke is only passed from one group to another. I perhaps then find it quite absurd this wanting for more safety and authorities and more assessments and homeworks and exams especially from the side of the creative youth. In the first place I believe it is necessary for them to develop their own autonomy, to undertake their own path without jumping into a trajectory that has already been laid down for them. What kind of creativity can they ever conceive if all they have done in their lives is to follow guidelines?

Since guidelines are even more enforced it is even more important to have a guideline to break free from them and I think with my life-project and specifically with this work it is very much a matter of adhering to something. The moment we stop this adherence we are lost. Young people ought to stick to the rituals of creations they themselves conceive and break with all the teachers and professors who interrupt them in this necessary process. Of course the professor is there to introduce his or her perspective instead of encouraging them in their path but to be a guide would actually mean to encourage the following of one's own aspiration rather than channeling it within an established agenda. Being part of this agenda we might feel safe and might find some outcomes such as a museum where to exhibit and even a job at an art academy but what the hell by complying with the given not only we contribute to the monster of institutional power but also we subtract ourselves to the contribution of new creative energy to both society and why not, to the universe.

Our role lays latent within. Performing small creative rituals we like to do on a daily basis, insisting with our talent without attempting to shape it so as it can relate to others, only

then we can emerge as actual solar beings able to emit our own light, like creative volcanoes able to inspire others and certainly uninterested to dominate them. We are the academia of our ownself and only developing it in a most deterministic fashion we can take part of the universe without getting stuck in an establishment that is behind its pretentious facade a total gray matter, a black hole that ought to feed and feed on more creative minds but is never full and content and it is so greedy that gives nothing in return but the skeletons, a youth deprived of its spirit. There is no need to want to be recognized but there is a great need for people to cultivate their human nature and together defeat the sad and lifeless bureaucratization of life in place by an ever more powerful megamachine.