



Fig.166 One of several t-shirts I printed with my drawings. I often thought of going public but soon after always regretted it. I mean I could pursue the more commercial parts of my project, selecting for example the best ideas and making all sorts of gadgets. It felt like the obvious path to pursue that of putting one's talent into the market but somehow because of my nature I have always retreated from such a kind of speculation. In reality I felt that poetry and speculation do not go along together. Now I feel I am in a rather poetic mode pursuing a project over time and dedicating everyday of my life to it. Not only if I go commercial this poetry would come less but also the poetry and magic I am able to sustain with my children and family and friends and my neighborhood. It is not just about sparing my poetic from the excitement of gaining money and fame but also sparing my ecology, my intimate life that is not that of an isolated person but rather that of a person that lives his life to the full together with his community, constantly active in taking care of it and deliver human content and culture within a human radius without wanting to get persuasive and inhuman and fake in trying to bring my work on the shelves of some gentrified shops with merchandises produced by miserable people in places like Bangladesh.

IDEAS 10

In life I find it important to maintain a level of irony also as a way to transcend the strict political correctness of my days. I think that the latter is the cause of more hate and division in society. In this respect I side with the Solvenian philosopher Slavoy Zizeck saying making fun of one another as it occurred prior to the enforcement of political correctness, was a much healthier attitude. Either way I find myself in the position that I ought to be true to the idea I get without any censorship. Also the fact that I have no audience to

share my drawings with lets me freely pursue my idea-making. Cannot stand the unnecessary pretentiousness of mainstream artists and creators worrying about their reputation and adhering to a set of creative guidance. In this respect I am much freer and do not settle for one single idea to then try to perfectly execute it. I simply keep up representing the whole of the imaginable beyond how authorities like scholars suggest I go about it. Moreover I came to be convinced that if on one hand I might be accused of being selfish, on the other I find the cultural production of my time very much orchestrated by bigger interests which are too often intertwined with a political and ultimately very authoritarian agenda.

There is absolutely no difference between the work in a church or a temple serving and exalting a particular religion and the work to be found in a museum or whatever cultural institution or creative industry. There might have been a day in which artists were more independent. I find that this time was a brief parentheses, a parentheses between a regime and another. As Russian constructivists were able to emerge just after the revolution and prior to Stalinism and the take over of the communist party of all aspects of reality, I believe this is happening in the west as we speak. Digital technology offered a moment in time in which the new medium could have been experimented with but shortly a new regime has taken place and a sort of political agenda now dictates cultural production with its quite rigid parameters. Socialist realism of the Soviet Union and the type of relativist victimism in place in the west has too many similarities not in the content itself but in its becoming an imposed hegemony under which all cultural producers have to subject themselves to. Caught in this political deadlock, those who truly wish to bring forward some real culture are more like Doctor Zivaghos in the limbo of a cabin while the war infuriates between the white and red army.

I think after exploding me to these destructive and dehumanizing forces of ideologies that only wants power and authority my place is in the cabin, not as a weirdo who wants to keep away from society but really as a person who is trying to do what he can to save the little plants and the soil the ideological armies are destroying in their on-going battle. It is in this view that I hate power and people aspiring to it. I mean I more tolerant to people who are just caught in the hierarchical game because they have no understanding that it is unnecessary and have not

the imagination and the knowledge that it could work otherwise but I think overall my poetic its really this one, the Zhivago poetic of suspending myself from this awful and brutal struggle for power and trying in my little corner to grow something real, to give birth to a new life a new culture, a little culture, a local culture that is not flashy or wish to become massive but it is there to inspire people, to share the love with them, to give them the energy to look beyond their otherwise rather gray and regimented existence. In this I am very persistent, I am persistent that for some reason I want to keep cultivating and taking care of my nature because there in this process I can constitute within and around me a small ecology of life in which my project really works as my engine and what gives me the energy to sustain my extended family, my children and partner and the friends and people or my village.

What I came to realize over time is that this connection I have established with my inner self and the reality around me is the key to a lost consciousness and if people can follow in their way my example we would make up a very powerful community, a power that is not made of money and a standing army but a power made of an actual local culture a culture made up of all the diversities we can together contrived no longer so much wasting our time in administering the system but investing it in creating consciousness. Now I am very skeptical of these weekend retreats to become mindful in a more spiritual term. I think the approach ought to be more concrete and to the ground. People ought to establish their little rituals of observation of the phenomenon going on in the little wild corners of what is left of their nature. If pygmies were able to discern in the jungle a myriad of clues, the ten thousand things as ancient Chinese sages would call them, in a civilization in which we are totally detached from the environment and ourselves there is no guru there to really help us. We ought to ourselves be persistent in becoming aware of the ten thousand things, in establishing a relation with them as if they were animated. Screw the sky-gods and any celebrity and will for power and fame and stay on earth to repopulate with active relationships and meanings. This is the key to a immeasurable richness that never comes short, that always like a wave bring a fresh joy, that is alway different, that can be indeed cyclical but makes us part of these cycles and not mere and abominable engineers only trying to keep natural phenomena away because they could cause harm to our totally sterile properties.

If I had to impart a teaching, one teaching from my decade long commitment of being part of reality, of establishing a mutual relationship with it despite all the catastrophic events surrounding them, I think the teaching would be that of inviting others to focus as well in establishing and cultivating relationship with their realities and refuse to be passive spectators or to want to become powerful actor in the made-up and harmful reality fabricated by mass media. The latter reality will always be a destructive force, destructive for its players and for the society it projects itself on and for the environment. We ought to become a source of energy for our little environment, I see no other way out of the mess, of the misery that power in both its nationalist and in its socialist connotation will bring. It is just a matter to keep up the practice and this practice can become really our main work in life and the world will certainly without doubt be a better place, a fun place full of lively exchanges, a world that humans would make back alive no longer feeling the urge of dominating. The ugly parentheses of kingships and nation-states with all their genocides and the environmental catastrophes they have triggered would and I am sure of that, come to an end.