



Fig.168 Rendering of the ideal exhibition where 432 screens replaying for 12 minutes the 90 drawings corresponding to each month are red highlighted. Walking through these corridors no visitor is likely to ever see all the drawings but the actual presentation is rather spontaneous providing however at the end of the itinerary some understanding of what an individual imagination over a life-time might be like. A visitor could in fact walk on a daily basis around these corridors and never see the same drawing or certainly not never the same sequence which makes of this ideal exhibition based on the memory theater on which my life-project has been designed a sort of imagination machine that can compete and in my opinion beat any artificial intelligence based machine. If the latter can be much better in rendering, my machine is not only based on a continuous commitment of my mind in generating ideas but it is a commitment that has required much nurturing, exposing my mind to a reality that the artificial intelligence can only have a mediated experience of. Perhaps more than sharp ideas that can cynically comment on the state of our society and of our existence as natural beings, artificial intelligence can at the most learn to generate a more demented type of entertainment of which the media already pullulates. In this respect, while I think my work can be nourishing for others, I am convinced that there are no nutrients to be found in an artificial imagination as much as there are very little nutrients in the products of a too automated bioindustry.

## IDEAS 12

In an ideal exhibition I intend to use 432 screens. Each screen will slide-show through the 90 drawings I made in a month. The screens are to be installed chronologically inside the 12 corridors surrounding the main exhibition hall. In each corridor then there will be 36 screens 1 meter apart from one another. The screens are displayed in a row at eye level and they alone become the lighting for the environment. To save on energy consumption the screen's back-light should fully light up only as a visitor approaches. As in modern tablets and touch screen devices

visitors could be able to sweep through the drawings with their fingers and the younger audience could be prevented from seeing the more erotic drawings but generally my idea is that the slideshow of drawings should just run without anyone trying to speed through it or with filters of any sort. At the most visitors themselves can accelerate and decelerate through the corridors without really being forced to stop and stare. Also other visitors walking behind them might affect the actual flow and it could be that each one of them would take their position on a screen as they advance, just so as to get a glimpse of what the work is about.

Ideally however visitors walking the corridors of this giant memory theater, this cathedral not of despotic god with its tyrannical clergy but this cathedral of human nature, this visitors should just keep on flowing through the corridors as I also in my life kept on flowing with my work, letting new ideas emerge without really stopping at a particular one. Of course the way society has been structured sort of induce me to do otherwise, to specialize on one single thing and keep on with it and try to make a name and reputation of myself with just that one idea of mine but with my project I want to prove that quite the contrary is possible. This is not a provocative exercise in eclecticism. This is in fact an exercise in mindfulness, in consciousness, in autonomy from a system that wants us to be little specialists so that we can properly serve and it can properly reward us. Having chosen to fully manifest my talents without exclusion I have been punished or at least there is not really an outlet for me to present my multiplicity of works, my cultivated ecology. Well I have been warned repeatedly but by keeping stubborn in wanting to allow all the voices inside me to have a saying I came to the conclusion that it is the system in general to dehumanize us; if it is authoritarian it also teaches us to be authoritarian towards us and only enable us to manifest us in a type of monoculture.

It is not relevant for the system what type of culture we develop as long as it is only that culture. Yes it is up to us, or to some of us to decide whether we want to cultivate carrots or tomatoes or beans but it is up to the system to tell us that once we have decided to go for one or the other we should just stick to it. We are turned into the tomato producers who have to fight all the other tomato experts and emerge as the one authority in the field. But it is the system that has brought us to such a competition, it is the system that forces us to spray chemicals on our tomato plants and use all sorts of fertilizers to make sure that we can keep up

such a competition which ultimately involves poor immigrants picking our toxic but perfectly looking produce. Well this is clearly the impression I get by following some of my old artist friends, the ones that have gotten some sort of recognition and position within the system. They became castrati, highly specialized in a particular hymn but with nothing of the initial energy that could have led them to develop instead actual ecologies, gardens with a multitude of vegetables and plants and what not. By doing so we could have kept on learning from one another but by now they are all big producers and look down on me particularly as I begin to complain about all the toxic chemicals they spray in their monocultures.

If my cathedral then can be easily criticized as promoting a form of authoritarianism I in fact see it as the culmination of many crafts and skills as much as cathedrals used to be the sum of the knowledge of medieval communities in the past. These communities were bound together in their effort and commitment to build and manifest entirely their humanity, collaboratively. In most case there was no king or queen commanding them to build a pyramid-like monument in their honor. Now I think in the first place that each of us is broken within. If there is a community outside there is also one inside us. As much as I have many voices and talents, I think of myself as a multiplicities of beings I ought to bring together and my commitment in building a cathedral, this memory theater this ideal exhibition that will never be realized but in my head, this life-commitment is my effort to in the first place bring together the beings inside me, in the name of love for life they begin to collaborate, they begin to give rise and put to work this ecology. Of course I would love my professional artist friend to do the same as in the old days but I think that while I easily gave up all my reputation to pursue my ecological ideals, they are really clinged to them, they cannot let go of their titles and chairs.

The malediction of creativity are institutions, covey all potentially great minds into their construct as organs of the state apparatus. The inability to see that all this regimentation will eventually lead to catastrophe is what sadden me the most and this why even if I think of a cathedral in reality I see it more and more as an ark that will take a chance to rescue life from all the upheaval that the irrational strive to higher forms of authoritarianism with inevitably create. In this sense I see artists who comply with the system as the designers of the new military

machines. Even if they do not design tanks and missiles and even if they are critical about war they are investing their energy and wasting their talent in enforcing a hierarchical system based on competition. They are already at war, they are already collecting their grades and their bounties. In this martialization of life i want to stand as a pirate whenever I can, a pirate scraping off resources from such a dreadful enterprise, turning my ark into a galley longing for an island where to at least attempt to set up with whoever is up for it my Libertatia, my ecological colony, marrying the indigenous nature and only making sure that one and only one rule is respected, that of ostracizing from the start the rise of any rulers.