

Fig.018 Picture of an early exhibition using microwave dishes surrounded by RFID tags and toy cars underneath them. The dishes bumped randomly against a reader creating a narrative on a screen. Since the beginning I have been fascinated with the idea of dreams themselves generating quasi-infinite narrative fragments of almost any situation imaginable.

DREAMS 06

Contrary to common belief, it was not so much my photographing or filming activities infringing my private life. After a journalist wrote about my project emphasizing my sexual dreams, my partner at that time grew indigent. As a result I had to keep writing my dreams in secret, in the bathroom or in the busy metro of Shanghai where we were living. Because of this I also had to remove my project from the internet and terminate my career as an artist. While I can consider myself to be quite loyal, I cannot help having some erotic dreams. Dreams are one of the many dimensions I decided to investigate and possibly the reason why I am not so interested in going to parties and eventually cheating on a partner is right because I have my project to attend. The years I had to hide my project from public view turned me extremely depressed. It was like cooking a meal and not being able to share it. I felt most generous, I wanted to give with all my enthusiasm and passion this meal for free but was prevented from doing so. I then realized that my life-project is really my life-engine. It keeps me going. Rather than a Freudian death-drive it is really my life-drive and the sort of castration I had to undergo was most traumatic, it got me lifeless as much as the increasing amount of laws imposing privacy related limitations.