

Fig.039 Screenshot showing me creating a prototype of a one month panel of emotions. The panel was later installed in a showroom I created in my one-room apartment. Having to live in an immigrant suburb in Sweden, my room became a little shrine in the midst of an urban environment made even more alienating by a truck factory just outside my window.

## EMOTIONS 03

Interestingly, living the life of an immigrant without any security but my wife and children, I am generally happy. What affects my moods is not the lack of a reputation and money but the lack of time to take care of my project. In other words I am very keen to serve others and take no credits for it but I do need my moment in the day in which I can renew myself. In other words I am only fully satisfied as a person when I am able to look after my project on a daily basis. With this in mind, being very low in the social scale has turned out to be a favorable circumstance. With no expectations I can dedicate myself to a life in full accordance with nature, aware of reality and of the becoming that my project has disclosed. Like the foreign servant of a Roman aristocracy who is able to keep up his philosophical purse in a concise manner, I avoid the elaborated sophism of the more official intellectuals. I have my family to look after and this grounding preserves me to go astray. Scratching the surface I can feel reality and in turn I can express it in all its naturalism without pimping it with unnecessary decorations. Of course at times I can look at the sky rocketing success that other people are experiencing with their artistic practice and feel some jealousy but over the years I only came to pity them.