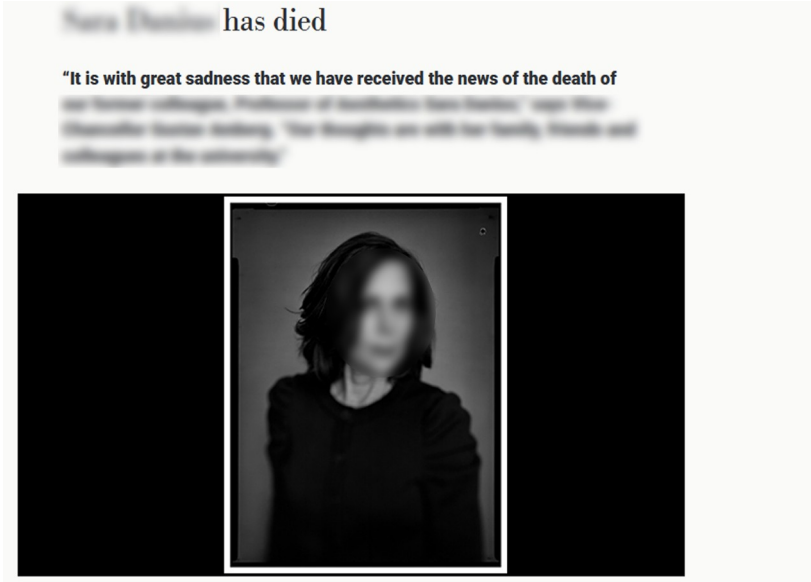


Fig.045 Screenshot of the announcement of the death of one of the few professors I truly admired and respected in my short-lived time in academia. Other professors were generally disappointed with my eclectic way of being. They gave me a hard time but I was stubborn and unwilling to exchange my practice-based-research for any of their conventional canons.

EMOTIONS 09

Depressing periods of my life was related to my will to communicate my project to others and being hindered to do so by the gate-keepers of a particular social domain. In this case as a researcher in a university I attempted to present my project in scientific writings but was immediately confronted with professors who just thought very little of my artistic work. While I struggled to position my practice in an academic context, in the end I was obliged to comply with the notions I was told to comply with. The critical nature of these notions affected my positive attitude to life. Most of all I felt depressed because I entered academia with the intention to provide a thorough understanding on the type of life-project I was doing. It felt like a great chance and throughout the years I had already stumbled upon a lot of reference material and met a lot of people who dealt with similar projects. The fact that I was forced to comply with an already existing discipline made me realize that it was not research I was going to produce, it was not culture I was going to share, it was no knowledge I was going to expand on; I was only asked to add yet another trophy to the dusty cabinet of the department, another stuffed and dead creature to exhibit and all for the sake of its status.