

Fig.077 Screenshot showing me painting in my one room Swedish apartment. Despite the alienating environment of the suburbs, I was able to feel good with myself, cultivating my own ecology. I did not paint for any art gallery but just created my own culture and became mindful with it. Rather than a hobby, painting became part of my ritual of being.

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On one hand I retain a ritualistic element to my paintings linking it to artists who more or less consciously enact a shamanic-like ritualism in their practices. Most importantly I just let the hand do its work and without any preconceived design. Only after the initial sketch do I try to be more rational and attempt to create a full palette of colors and shapes. Now the resulting shapes and colors are merely aesthetic choices and there is not a theory of composition behind it. My painting is therefore more of a labor I have to accomplish in order to fully decorate the interiors of the memory theater on which my life-project is based on. Of course if I had the opportunity to realize such a building I would give my body and soul to it but since I cannot, the paintings I execute are a contribution to its construction. Generally speaking I am quite ashamed of my paintings and other people too find this work quite childish. Nonetheless I pursue my painting systematically and simply with the intention of also manifesting this side of myself without much prejudice nor without any vanity driven attempt to try to make something beautiful for others to tell me how good of an artist I am. My paintings then become art stripped of its vanity. They are a non-pretentious representation which has accompanied me through time.