

Fig.167 Photo of one of my drawings used by a Polish artist for his installations. While I would have wanted the drawings to be presented in a more curated fashion, he was the only one in Sweden engaged in pushing forward my art practice. That protestant milieu did not suit my eclecticism. I felt that it was subject to an iconoclastic and puritan morality.

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Only on rare occasions I throw away a drawing I just made to make it again. This has mostly to do with mistakes I have made such as in most cases the wrong reproduction of a hand depicted with for example the thumb facing outward rather than inward. At times the work can also get stained by a grease surface or a hand lotion I might have applied to my hands. A drawing can also get damaged when I put too much energy in erasing the pencil mark. On one occasion while in a hostel in Berlin I forgot my folder with drawings in the cafeteria and traveled back to Sweden without it. I then tried to get a hold of it by contacting the hostel staff. I did not succeed to do so and spent several weeks redrawing all the drawings I had in that folder. While I like to draw and be spontaneous about it, I don't like the tedious work of having to redraw something I have already done. To this end I would not like to work as an illustrator who has to follow a storyboard that has been agreed on by other people. I enjoy having my freedom and the drive I get knowing that I have to fill up all the space I have allocated to this part of the project. There are three drawings a day I have to do and I have been very good at them since I started several decades ago. As with the ancient art of memory, I have a building and have to fill its rooms.