

Dear,

There is a beautiful sentence from Plato that keeps coming back to me:

*An unexamined life is not worth living.*

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I tried different things to make a work of art.

I made a series of actions to question art in society.

And I found out that I had problems with the system how art is produced and presented.

Long time ago I wanted to perform in the biggest theatre venues around the world, flying from country to country, making people laugh and cry.

I discovered that this is not my way to examine life.

And I tried to define a proposal, an alternative system to produce, make and present art.

I failed and I found out that I had to learn more in order to understand more.

The work that I present today is a way to get to know the other, to get to know myself and to try to understand each other.

I once said in a performance that I do not want to dance anymore in safe, clean and well-equipped spaces, distracted from what is happening in the world. That I didn't want to make geometric forms in space and time. That I didn't want to be entertainment.

Everybody laughed, applauded and one man screamed: BRAVO.

I tried to think about a way to make the relationship between performer and audience more equal. About a system that is independent from the market system. Together with my brother, I built a tent, which would be a metaphor for placing art more in the world, on squares, forests, parks, streets. A tent which would be a place for ideas and exchange. We titled it: *The space of the future.*

I imagined in every performance that I watched what it would be like if it was played outside the conventional theatres and what kind of other possibilities that would deliver. How conventions would collapse. How theatre venues would be one of the many possible places to present a work of art and not the most obvious one. I asked myself why do we, in the end, all accept the system as it is?



I was imagining all this.

And people would tell me that criticizing the system was already done too much. That questioning art is tiring and that anyway art wouldn't survive.

But isn't it precisely today more than ever that we have to search for alternatives?

And what would you imagine?

What do you imagine?

Thank you for taking the time to read this.

Thank you for your attention.