

Egoloach

My ego didn't want to clean up the lego on the floor.

Grandpa: YOU were playing.

Me: Yes, but YOU were watching.

You're not doing it right, your performance fails to entertain me sufficiently. I'll have to do it myself then.

A few days ago, I embarked on my annual pilgrimage- that means, playing Pokemon on my laptop for days on end. And no, I have never caught 'em all- I reserve this endeavour for abstract geometrical forms.

Besides Pokemon, it might have been the shamanic seminars held by my mom and her mentor that I attended as a teenager that contributed to my interest in DIY religion/mythology. The peer pressure of joining the other kids as an altar boy was the final straw. And now that I have finally cancelled my catholic church membership, I feel free to pirate its aesthetic heritage for the hole.

I want all the cards on the table. I am an optimist in the sense that I believe in the usability of all the naive and cringy-feeling memories of the thoughts I had as a countryside teenager who mourns not growing up in the city. Being a huge Tolkien nerd now seems like a coping mechanism- it would have been too depressing to be into Sci-Fi, because there was nothing even remotely Sci-Fi around in the village. I had to wait for that genre until I started to work as an art teacher in a newly built Lego-satellite-town during the lockdowns- bingewatching Star Trek finally felt right during that time. It's important not to lose sight of the things one would have liked to create at age 16, but didn't because of a lack of technical skills. Or why else would I throw in a Bosch reference?

Uncomfortable shitty background noise of the mind makes me think of ADHD.

The internet says I should get myself checked for it, but of all the neurological spices it sounds like the most boring and basic. Still, I wouldn't want to risk losing it- what if I get the diagnosis and lose access to something, just like I gained mental access to catholic architecture by quitting the club?

Am I an employee of my own ideas that are passing through? The hierarchy is unclear, for I command them to entertain me. Maybe I'm like those paid audiences that applaud when the screen tells them to.

My task seems to be to state the obvious by merely carrying out the latest instructions, but if they won't allow me to be surprised I'm gonna quit.

My creative process resembles the proverbial rabbit hole. Sometimes I feel like I share the mindset of conspiracy oddballs, I just don't make any verbal claims. If somethings looks similar to something else, there has to be a connection. If there isn't, I have to make it.

Primordial energy dynamics encased in composition and historical references are the result; paintings being postcards of psychic dimensions with specific folklore styles. Superlatives have to interlock, the dinosaur with the spectral swirl and the final form of the mythological creature with the molecule.