

### The animals perplexed under the circus dome:

The world is not what we imagine, it is ruled by strange systems we cannot imagine, that's why I like strange things, and I don't care about surplus and comfort. Like the wild people I just want to spend less time working to meet my needs. My circus is an exhibitionism without shame, yes, the exhibitionist is a product of shame, but there is no shame in the indigenous, there is no choice as such to be naked, before the ontological and moral oppression is imposed. The idea that there are beautiful objects and ugly objects is subjective and was instituted by conventions. I say those conventions are unhealthy. Being described as mentally ill, is subjective, like being ugly. Often what we call bad is what we fear and most want. The psychiatric subject is over-symptomized and over-medicalized because the big pharma industry replaced spirituality with a chemical training program that they profit from. The q&as to be prescribed drugs are themselves designed by the sellers of the drugs prescribed. There is no real difference between legal drugs and illegal drugs, just like there is no real difference between legal humans and illegal humans. What creates this difference is the possibility or impossibility of controlling someone's value. A controlling value causes homogeneity. Homogeneity is not healthy, in a plot of soil or in a society. Fashion showcases cultivate this notions of beauty, also films, advertisements... the bird caging screens... The great media masturbation! They show you what the "right" person looks like. Chains like Zara, have their stock turn over twice a week, replacing nature's "seasonal" change, sell people phoney clothes. I like style, not fashion, style is about who you are, with your vulnerabilities. Michael Jackson is style because his main wardrobe trademarks were due to his medical conditions. Finger tape, white glove=hiding vitiligo and ingeniously addressing the visual impact of vitiligo while catching the light, accentuating his movements and making them visible for people further back.

The medicalization of social issues involves framing these issues in ways that make them amenable to technical control. Whatever stays the same is beautiful. What changes is ugly and is ashamed. It needs prescription. My beauty is not permanent, like my personality, it is a creativity that manifests itself daily, by means of a continually varied arrangement of the environment. The homogenic aesthetic is pornographic, miserable and machine-like. It is because of this that we cannot have sex properly, love properly and we go against the planet. I aim for beauty, but not that one. Any object can be wonderful, paying attention, anything becomes new, naked off the clothes of habit. It is about how we look, that's my inclination and my direction. They think I want to destroy everything beautiful. But they have overlooked my work to substitute a vaster beauty, touching everything, like in nature, everything is beautiful. My work rescues the bullied and celebrates it. When I represent something is more like in the circus, a face can be made of unexpected reliefs which in nature doesn't have. For example, when I make a yurt so I can go watch nature, my yurt will not be neutral in nature. Nature will be different with my yurt. But are animals in a circus in nature? That's up for discussion. Are pornographic machinic sex as work-out men engaging in natural activities? This idealisation of nature, is interesting again, it is not naive anymore, we all feel alienated and unnatural, now more than ever nature is healing! It is obvious the boundaries are ambiguous, that nature is a concept, but it is also everything that maintains an unknown order.

My art is a dream when I am awake, when I go to sleep it vanishes from me. My whole life is a work because my whole life is on display. I think about my public image as a pop-star, a martyr, the carrier of cultural malaise, to outlast the vague definite indifference of the world. When I romanticise my condition as bohemian, I perform it and detached from it, I hover above it. When I act very crazy and fill the work with fantasy and desire I have the aim of conferring on it, by means of irreality, a more intensely alive reality. This is attained in all good ballet and clown acts. It feels like truth precisely because it is so unbelievable that it cannot be true. It is a political praxis of bureaucratic and urbanistic implications, that I do through talking freely, ignoring the rules of language, of decency. But in order to talk freely my freedom cannot silence another's, this is important. Like in my circus, everything needs to be planned so everything fits well together and is synchronised, while everything still feels natural. This naturalness has to be taught.

I say no to the rottenness of the soul and spirit of men who know only how to make money and cholesterol! I am afraid of being hunt like Khaled Kelkal, his very beautiful remains resting on the ground for long television programmes. People are so afraid of terrorism that they prefer to kill terrorists rather than ask them why they are terrorists. They rather kill what they fear so they can control it. But they can't control the future. Everyday I don't know what will happen. I cannot rely on any expectation. They want it all dead, they don't like reality, they are in the internet, they don't like to smell things, it is an autistic process, they take drugs tested by animals, they feed dead fish to their pets but they don't want living fish in the circus. I don't understand why people don't like reality, I like reality, I like looking at nature, I like looking at people.

In the park in Lange Reihe, I spend much time studying and making patient sketches of the weeds at the foot of the walls, worthless and charming, mixed with trash. Sitting in front of these details is the best TV, there are no advertisements. It is the image of how nature always wins. These documentary drawings become spectacles hanged in different ways in my circus.

It is inevitable that my show of fishes has some of that too. It is all about appearance in the end. You have two tanks next to each other with fish that are trained to jump from one tank to the other, but when you look they don't jump, only when you don't look they jump, the two separate territories of the tanks are in the imagination occupied by ever changing configurations of fishes. In this way, all the fishes are in both tanks at once. I like the music that the fish make when they jump into the other tank. It is our private music. The two tanks are connected with a hole, there are some fish in one tank and the food is in the other tank, when I lower the water and there is some air in the hole, they still pass, and slowly they get better and when the hole is completely out in the air, they jump through it to pass to the other side. This is an example of my model for spaces that need life. I put the art in public spaces to catch love. I use plastic to wrap up and protect the girls and boys from the pollution spills. The exhibitionists should not charge money for liking to exhibit themselves. This relates to shame and the question of indignity and the rights over land and the property over one's body. My art is natural medicine, it cures the street of its unnatural classes.

When I make a circus in which I can sleep, my homelessness is my circus show. An on-going process for the purpose of something perfectly inexplicable and that cannot be controlled. Circus Fasilet is natural. Shameless, devoid of moral implications like the modes of fecundation of cowslips. It is life, it makes love, its the opposite of psychiatry, of drugs and porn.

I am happier when everyday I am like an animal fighting for my rights, when this fight is visible. This is holy. Rights arise as a kind of compensation, in exchange of a renunciation, the price we have to pay to enter into society. I don't like to be unaware of the world. I have a desire to have rights that don't need a renunciation. Of course, this is an impossible situation, but it gives me the beautiful look of a fighter, of a lion. It is a paradox. We cannot know what the reason for homelessness is, but it is political and the reason for happiness is love. My circus comforts everybody. I want to show people that we are equal. It makes all the animals in the world be very good friends. The whole of nature is an easy circus. My Circus Fasilet.

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