

Fig.186 Screenshot showing me checking the nice autumn weather right as I woke up. Such sunny days usually make me restless and unable to keep indoors. In this respect, without the gray days of northern Europe, I would have never been able to pursue my life-project since I would have always escaped outside.

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Later in my life I settled in the Netherlands. I found myself in a small country made even smaller by the globe becoming less global with new wars and travel restrictions and the inflation just ending a rather brief era of free global-trotting. While in the Netherlands I was able to experience a quite stable weather. Nonetheless I have always been bearing in mind that such a stability may one day be disrupted by the increasing water level. In this respect I have kept a foot in the alps were I was born. Here I have decided to build the ark hosting my life-project. In a sense this ark documents a life spent on hold as if waiting for a new life to begin in the aftermath of the turmoils that are affecting the planet. Here I might be associated to a Noah preparing his ark and riding the great flood until finally reaching the shore of a mountain. The various works of the project however are not so much what I have gathered prior to a sudden deluge but during a gradual catastrophe. Every sign around me tells me that the planet is sick. I don't have to consult the media; on the contrary I rather stay away from all the misery it brings by enraging the masses. I wouldn't necessarily say that thanks to my project I am more alerted. I am simply more used to disclose the truth and draw rational conclusions from what I observe.