

**Guido Tarricone**

Re: Timesheet

To: Adecco

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Dear Sylvain,

sorry for being late with my weekly timesheet.

Let me also say that your lack of response to my last email made me feel a little neglected as an Adecco employee.

On the other hand, I hope that you used that time for some activity that you enjoy, even if it's just a coffee break. Maybe you hadn't, but just the thought you might makes me glad, so it was worth it.

For what concerns myself, everything is ok, and I am almost entirely committed to my art now. It is a strong feeling to be so dedicated, it's not that often that you have such a chance.

I would also like to let you know that this week's timesheet will be slightly different, as I tried to not take a note of all my activities on a daily base so that I could see what I would "organically" remember at the end of the week. Funnily, last week was so full that it's not going to be easy at all! How I could even think back then to have time to work and do art at the same time?

Monday I felt a bit low, so I met my longtime Italian friends and we went out for dinner. They brought me to an American place which seemed to be straight out from Happy Days.

You should know that I am critical of this continuous nostalgic feeling that we are induced to experience, as I believe it makes us long for something that appears to be simple and defined but which is in the end unachievable (not until they will invent the time machine at least). In this uncertain times the only grasp of certainty seems to be within reach only by constantly reliving a period that we already know (directly or not), and in so doing we are numbed to the actual complexities and problems we are surrounded with.

This aside, it was a nice evening, and one of my friends gave me some wonderful news which for a little while put everything else in the background <3

Tuesday I flew back to London. I arrived in the afternoon and in the evening I met with Dom, a friend I share the studio with. We need to decide what we want to do with it, because we have been prompted to sign a new contract and this means that, despite having been there for a year and half already, we won't be able to break the contract before other six months. Considering that almost everyone in London, let alone artists, can never be sure of where they will be located the following month, I find these 6 month minimum (or even the total absence of) breaking clause absurd and totally unfair.

Wednesday was holiday in all Europe but not the UK. Because the UK wants to have the holidays just on Mondays. As if driving on the left wasn't enough.

In the evening I went to a friend's birthday party. Other people from the Royal college joined, and I also invited another friend who I hadn't seen for a while.

She is struggling as me, and almost anybody else I know, to find a balance between time, money, and...well, not feeling lonely. London can be though, we all know that.

That's why I am so happy when I get the chance to enjoy moments like these: meeting your friends from art school, having long chats and drinks and most generally...a good time.

I find it hard to be light, and I guess you will have sensed that too by now. It's not easy to be. Maybe it's character. Maybe it's because it's quite hard to be when you are sensitive to what the hell is going on nowadays. The Heaviness is sometimes even a responsibility, although it will make you boring to most.

But, as anybody else, I do need some carefree moments too from time to time, and this was definitely one.

Thursday Luca and I went to the presentation of a magazine about art and football. It was nicely done and we met an Italian artist who created as a work of art, a series of football teams in pro evolution soccer based on the most famous art movements. From Renaissance to present times, they were all in there, and the players had the features of the artists belonging to those movements! Funny and well done. We had a great time playing at it! We got along with the artist very well so we went for a beer with him afterwards and then we even came to my place to play FIFA which, let me tell you, is way better than PES as a game!

Friday there was the opening of a rooftop bar in Dalston, and I joined the inauguration.

However, it was so cold that I could barely feel my hand after a while.

Where has the Spring goneeeee ;( After a couple of glasses we went to eat together and then I went to sleep because the week had really tested me.

Best,  
Guido