



Clean table.

Should I turn computer on?
No, let's try to control it.

I have to wake up first, to give to my brain an opportunity to worm up.
My eyes are suffering by a sufficient of electricity, watching like a zombie at the screen.
But, I like it.

How much of tobacco I have still.
That's cool.
Sound of rolling paper, being pulled of the pack.
It's kind of worm.



Finally, I slept a bit longer.

Lucie's having the second meeting already, I guess.

We have the same brand of rolling papers in Bosnia.

Actually, we call all kind of rolling papers by Rizla. We continue to signify a product, by its very first brand.

Hmm.

How long this feeling of morning stupidity will continue to bother me.

Yellow.

Sweet. There is no sugar in my cafe.



Njaaaa.

It's a dry tobacco already.
Putting an orange skin inside was a big fail.

Is it again a depressing winter weather outside, what to do about it?
This is kind of north, I have to use to that.



Hope so I will manage to unlock AMX 50 120 today.
Need some 15k of experience.
That's round 10 nice battles.
There is a problem with this tobacco papers. Am I going to fail rolling this time?

I feel kind of addicted to World of Tanks game.
What to do, it's a way to keep in touch with Bosnian crew.
Really, being unemployed, being convinced there is no way to find a job, in an omnipresent luck of motivation for a sort of revolution, playing tanks for fun sounds as a good deal.
But, some of them are working, and still playing a lot.
Something is wrong here?



Merd !

Is it possible that I'm not able to roll and think about something else simultaneously?

Multi-tasking failed.

Dishes are still dirty.
Do it after cafe and cigarette.
We are not in a hurry.



Lick it well, pack it gently.



Ohlalala,

J'ire.

Tu ires.

Il/Elle ires.

Comme ça?

J'ire a la fenetre matneau, boit du cafe et rephlesire apropo ma jour.

Huh, am I even close?



Learning French is a pain in the ass.

But, I feel more encouraged to mistake. Is it good or bad?

Who cares?

Une digression.

French teachers, they are kind of surprised that new-arrived immigrant knows such, hackneyed intellectual word.

The floor is sticky. Did we spill some liquid down?

No traces visible?



The bathroom still stinks.

The smell of poo is coming back from lower floors.
It's so bad done system.
We never met our neighbors. They must be some, fine people.
At least, we know them poo.



Should I really do it?
There must be cold outside.

Bell.

No, it's bearable.
Bearable? It sounds so French. Don't forget to check is it similar in French.
It's maybe like capable, yes, it's could work.

Ah, there is just enough of space to place my cap of cafe here.



Don't pull it strongly. It's the first cigarette today, I could feel dizzy.
Ah, weather seems running somewhere again.
The weather is changing so quickly.
It's crazy how Medias shape a feeling of weather.

As a kid, I knew that in England it's changing quickly. But just because of Wimbledon tournament, and their troubles to finish matches, caused by so many rain intervals. Since there is nothing so important, for a kid in Bosnia, to watch on a TV something happening in Belgium, I did not think it could be a similar here.



What to propose for Le Fresnoy?
How I could switch to a convincing mode. I feel it far now.
Am I kidding myself?
How long we are going to wait for the first leaves this season?

Don't even try to avoid thinking about that proposal.
Face it god dammit.

What to do there? What I have?
That sure I'm going to do something about Mons 2015. Now, it seems obvious that I found myself at a sort of interesting position here.
I see more then I'm supposed.
Expecting?
The way the people thing culture?
But how? What?
It's not necessary to make them speak, they already "sing".
But, how to avoid a banal, documentativ, reporting manner?
And how to be not too "fictive", esoteric?
Maybe I just should record stories that Lucie bring with her to our home, coming back from job.
This home is the is point when I know more about Mons 2015.
So, to record everything in this home?
Fragment by fragment.
No, it sounds like "Oblomov".
Am I becoming this character.
I would not like.
Lenin did not like that novel, at all.



Am I a conflict person?

Sometimes, I feel myself sophisticated aggressive.

If we think about some inner tension I have. Somewhere in between lungs and stomach.

There is a nucleus of motivation. But, motivation is a sort of tension?

They love each other.

No, you don't need to think here such, since you are still waiting for Visa.

That would be funny, to be rejected up to this text.

Hmm, don't think so administration sees further than a horizon defined by papers.

Hehe, in seven days, there a mail from foreign office in Brussels, just written: "Yes, we see".

In that case, I would be even more motivated.

Why I fish to start my day thinking such?



I still have no any hair at my hands.
That's funny, a hormonal disorder.

I mean, use this chill out moment for more constructive thoughts.
Like, what can I do today?

How can I contribute to the subjective atlas?
Think about some reformulated, demographical impacts.



Oke, I can play tanks at least three hours, trying to avoid thinking about all those ideas I start to work with, and which certainly are going to finish before doing anything concrete.

That's something I really would like to know.

Are people really realize every, let's say third, more complex idea? If yes, how they can that? There is something almost terrifying there. There is so many crap things going on in the head? Or not, maybe all ideas you got are the right ones? They have an obvious reason why they appeared at the subject. The very first context is very right one. Everything is contextual at that level, so how it's possible then some ideas seem to us more contextual then others.

Hmm.

Actually, it's simple. We just don't know enough a mental situation of someone.

There is no way we can know it enough.

Why this lighter does not want to fire again.

What?

No.

Yes, it seems that a fight against generalization is an attempt, condemned to fail at very beginning.

What separate more contextual ideas within wider amount of subjects is a general, common point of view those subjects share together. But, there is something else here. If it's not a common thinking, at least at some points, it will be rejected, or classified us insignificant for learning from it.

What my Daemon from Bohmian IMAX would tell on this.

No, it's not possible to think such a complex issue in such a way.

I mean, it is, but I obviously have no any mental capacity to do it.

At least, trying to imagine how it could looks like.



I mean I can at least do it having my cafe at the window.
Feel so far from professional examination, nobody will ask, how you are going to defend your statements.
There are enough references already about it.
Why it's me who should know it, why it's not others who should know it?
But, there is at least one good reason why it's me who should know it. I would know what people share in common within this issue, so I would be more grounded, to think about it.
No, even better, I would have more divers input vector, so thinking could be, potentially, more complex and challenging.

I don't see another tree by here. Should I go to another window.

Samazan.



Garbage is still out there.
Forget, which days they take it away.
Can't wait to do some Bosnian-style barbeque at this terrace.
What ever it is.

Ah, the melody of libertango just has flooded my thoughts... Nice.



Is it too elitist to think such in front of that important piece of culture, in this way?

Yes, I'm terrible. All those people who captured it, in more inspiring way, they have a reason to be angry with me. But, I can't do it more obvious.

I mean, it's even too obvious, it's there.

Ta rata tara tara, ta rara rara rara...

After you being asked about some documents so many times, you have queasy with documents, whatever they bring, and whatever they mean, and however they can be used. Even, it's, or it was, kind of fancy to use in the contemporary art.

How to make photography less documentative?

Maybe I should follow those who already came to less literal point.

Who know, maybe the next cafe and cigarette will bring more than a wish to poo, something more serious, and less miserable.

Knowing myself, I'm really suspicious about it.



What kind of idea it was?

To show a sequence of photos to a new-arrived immigrant, asking for some notes on photos.

But, to who?

At one of two photos, The Belfry will appear.

A targeting task is to see how people will react having seen The Belfry, in a sequence of very ordinary Belgian surrounding. I personally believe there are no any differences in a cultural importance between The Belfry and houses around, but it's kind of dangerous to say it here.

It plays a roll of a totem here. It seems to be well installed in a mental space of Mons.

So, am I a sort of computer virus in that system?

In a way, this sounds like Braco Dimitrijevic.

Extracting a cultural importance.

That's a totemic principle.

Sentiment?

I don't think so. I have a feeling that I grabbed subordinate social position, to enjoy it in a masochist way.
Hmm.

No.

Since I think of it, they are god chances to avoid such a trap.

But, why I can't work here and get some income?

I would feel much more gainful to what Lucie and I are trying to live.



Aaaagh, at what kind of position my shoulder is?
Looks deformed.

There are still some oranges at the fridge.



Saliva.

Did I finish watching that speech on issue of language by Steven Pincker.

No.

Oke, better that then some...

It's really leaking more intensive now.

The chewing-gum lost any taste, being insipid now.

Oke, putt it off.

Ah, there is collection of them. Lucie decided to collect it.

Maybe we can do something out of it. I just have no any idea what.

But, let it open for some ideas. I think, to do some cognitive effort which may lead to an idea, it does not look so promising now.

Maybe Lucie has some ideas about it.

Obviously.

She started collecting them.



One more of them has been done.

I wish it could stop.

It started in Czech Republic. After a bunch of stresses, which Dajan and me experienced during our studies. My saliva is just going on.

How do we call such a mushroom?

Body fluids.

It's ringing again, every fifteen minutes.



The belt of distortion.
And, the belt of blurriness.

So, I had a strong motivation to meet Samazan again.
But, what's happened, what am I waiting for?

Samazan said that he was a chess master, that he is philosopher now, and that he wants to be academic of science in future.

French lessons at Russian center here. They are so interesting.

He did not get any ovations saying such, even opposite. The most of crew, especially a male part, almost humiliated it. He, who is even not able to follow basic French lessons, who just have arrived in Belgium, feels and wishes something such a pretentious.

To wish something not usually reserved for, often modest, immigrants.

He is very calm down person, and I think, he has been having problems with hearing things, since early ages.

He has difficulties to pronounce even his maternal language, and with French it's going very hard.

But, he won all of us in chess game, and he won all of them in the chess club here.

What he could think about this tower?

It seems locals don't pay attention about that.

Or, they don't expect from us to think anything about it, since it's not our totem?

But, we all know what Victor Igo said on this, pardon, Hugo.

It was not his totem as well, he just comment it. So, why it's so important?

At least, there are some people who are more interested what Samazan thinks about the tower, then what Hugo thought about the same tower.

Hehe.



There are lies everywhere.

Lies, a layers over layers.

To keep a lie sustainable, truth is in a function of small, poetical bubble, just to give a more volume to a whole rhizome of lies.

There will be faces here.

That faces will cover urban horizon of Mons.

Some of those faces do not belong here.

Not only in a territorial sense. They are faces of people who dislike the most of what Mons represents now, in many of its aspects.

Those faces will invade us here, trying to tell us who we are and how we should look like to be publicly exposed.

Funny, clean, fine, happy, satisfied, creative, collaborative, not-complaining, articulate, proud of not being social cases, and over all, so white.



There are no birds here.
Is it still cold for them?

Maybe they are inside of the tower.

Table tennis. Is it tonight?
Can't wait to play it again.



There seems to be a lot of good people around it.
They are generous, and they accept me without asking too much.
Just play it.
I don't care about their backgrounds.
Like Zizek said: "Stalin was a poet at the beginning, I even read some of them, they are not bad".

I think it's time to breakfast something.
There is still that cheese I love.
Olive oil and garlic.
Comtuper is waiting maybe too long now, to be turned on.



Push.
Roof windows.
Keep you watching at sky, or at least, keep your thoughts in sky.
Is it better to say, "on the sky"?



Actually, it is luck to have this human made structure here.
Keeps you feel more close to the ground.
Even, those who built it had a slightly different ambition.
I don't know when such roof-windows were installed here.
Thing to be check out on internet.
Sure.

Sun.

Orientation.

I actually never check a geographical position.

Let's try to guess.

If Prijedor in Bosnia is around 45° longitude, and 18° latitude...

No, is it 18° latitude. Not sure at all. Where did I get this from?

Latitude always sucks.

Ok, Mons. That could be around 55° longitude. Hmm, maybe too much, as I remember Moscow and Copenhagen are at 60° . Those cities seem to be much northwards then 5° from Mons.

It's 52° maybe. Paris is 50° , right? No, less? Getting confused a bit here.

Let's say 52° longitude.

Latitude? It's kind of close to Greenwich. Just several degrees away. From 2° to 3° .

Can't wait to check it now.



Strange.

The window seems to be very dirty.

But, when did we clean it the last time.

Oh no. I don't think we cleaned it since we arrive.

If we clean it, we are going to lose this distorted sight at the tower.

Ok, let's clean all windows except this one.

That may be a good working play for today.

This one seems to be more than a window.

Stupid, each window is more than a window.

Why to point out this one.

I wanted to close this window and to have some cheese for breakfast, quickly.

Kind of stuck in thoughts here.

Let's move on.



For sure, because there are no differences between a random house I see, throughout other window at this flat, and this one, which open me a sight to piece of institutionalized culture. It's time to reset thoughts a bit.

Ah, there is still a lot of cafe here.

That's... pas grave.

Correct?

No, I should say, pas mal. I think...