

Nostalgia

Nostalgia, an attempt to save our culture fragments in an Era of dissolution, dragged by the long wave of memories, by a water wave that raises and drops down without dashing ever driving us far away in Time, temporarily safe from the next radical change. Nostalgia, as extreme attempt to recuperate man's Being with his fragility and contradictions, hitting the obstacles he faces in his life and tries to overtake to save himself from inconvenient tampering. Looking behind to safeguard Thought from the simple action Myth, from a political and aesthetic dictatorship based on minds approval only. Nostalgia as a mental status of growing up and confronting and not only as an emotional giving in. Memory that leads to tradition, to a territory surrounded by water where things begin from time immemorial. Time is like a river where all appearances and purely superficial acts change and dissolve among existence meanders.

Nausea

We are living an Age marked by the "I have - many things - to do" target, by a deep optimism created by the scientific and technological evolution opening new horizons for human beings who are always more busy in extending life expectation and assuring their own descendance, or simply spinning web relationships, global virtual friendships, by showing their image wisely counterfeited through plastic surgery or simply photo-shopped. Aware the well-being doesn't provide with happiness, yet people from major developed countries are still experiencing new and more sophisticated "I have-many things-to do" target alternatives to glorify their own image and rapidly forget their own identity. In the common elation marking this new "Renaissance", where anyone should be allowed to achieve popularity – the only real target to exist – to think is considered totally useless and perhaps a negative value, a place for jinxes and defeatists.

This Aperitif Era, where life appears vainly filled by what is unable to provide it with completion, gives me a sense of discomfort that reminds me of Sartre's description of Nausea. The feeling of tediousness or, more precisely, melancholy coming together with a unsatisfying satiety testing, leads to an estate of uneasiness and stupefaction, to an apparently senseless sadness where the uncanny leads the human being to face a hoaxed existence and, there you are, Nausea.

Being nearly eighty year since the novel was written, we cannot be surprised that Nausea has been a little forgotten nowadays. Introducing the virus of incoherence in an idea of life that today, like in the 30s, is built on

the coherence and rationality concept, Sartre reveals the bad faith attitude of modern human beings, spotting what needs to be hidden: the pathologic sense of normality.

Paper fragments with written sentences from the novel, as if they were casually inserted, are floating in the resin and no one can pick them up nor delete.

"...This morning, at a quarter past eight, as I was leaving the Hôtel Printania to go to the library, I tried to pick up a piece of paper lying on the ground and didn't succeed. That's all, and it isn't even an event. Yes, but, to tell the whole truth, it made a profound impression on me: it occurred to me that I was no longer free."