

## ENTREPRENEURIAL BLUES (drawing)

Oh, I've always really, really liked drawing. Diving into a subjective world of ideas is both pleasurable and therapeutic. Exploring the unconscious and penetrating the enchanting realm of fantasy... Armed with pen and paper I end up in a parallel universe, where I find myself alone in the sufferings of the lonely, lonely ego - a unique and authentic experience - materialized on paper.

Oh, I've always really, really liked drawing - reshaping and mocking the world in which one acts and exists to the extent of a perception of emptiness and disillusion. Comfortably enrolled in the capacity of the mighty autocrat - imagine a self-indulgent little prince chanting miserable songs from the highest tower! Puking lyrics sprinkled with self-pity and conceit to conquer the valley with fertile moan and murmur. Imagine this genius infecting every square meter of royal territory with small opinions that really matter! Imagine his gifted face while growing and cultivating them like maize.

Try to visualize the rapid succession of exaggerated facial expressions flipping from arrogant euphoria to existential despair in split-seconds. Drawing is serious business and it's very, very demanding. It involves both emotional and physical labour.

Dwelling thoughts irrigate a plain white arable and the drawing grows and grows, higher and higher like a corn plant. A hand enslaved by the ambiguous associations of the murky and crepuscular mind, locomotion and chance, works his ass off and kindly obeys a variety of impulses. A pencil moves smoothly and swiftly like a ballroom dancer or spastic and flaccid like a cripple. Moods swing like weather: storms and sunny spells and sunny spells and storms. Time goes by while sauntering along the chambers and corridors of the infinite memory-palazzo. Drawing is voyaging. Images of hot, exotic beaches with palmfrees and juicy coconuts evolve swimmingly into claustrophobic labyrinths with endless walls that narrow quickly. Suddenly trapped in a concrete bunker, ecstasy abruptly decays into sheer helplessness. The ego is no longer an amigo and the blind, entrepreneurial conquistador heading a dangerous armada with thousands of heavy canons and a shipload of pure, 24 karat confidence goes down-down-down.

Stripped from power and a once so so stubborn belief in a constructible world, our hero finds himself naked on a desert island. Time becomes palpable again and blows him to smithereens. Doubt and guilt kick in like poorly manufactured drugs sucking him into the past. The fast-life is more than over now and the vita contemplativa is not for everyone...

But one thing is sure: imploding dreams of development and growth deliver highly enjoyable dramas! I mean look at it, just look at it! Where's the mighty autocrat now? And what is he singing?

You know what they say: you reap what you sow. Maybe time has come to face the fruit of your labour? I know, I know, harvesting is often a painful practice but pick the damn cob and look at it! Analyse thoroughly, excavate truth - relegate yourself a patient, decipher your illnesses, crack your personal codes. Cure yourself little sailor!

I mean there's so much left to explore and conquer. Get yourself together and perform like a captain. Leave this damn island with a raft and one day you'll have your armada again, with those big-big canons remember? Just get going, get momentum, move forward, aim high, plan a takeoff. Work hard - play harder!!!