

```

01 1,2,1,2,1
02 1
03 6,10,3,1,2,1,3,1,5,2
04 1,2
05 1,2,1,3,1,2
06 1,2,1,2,1
07 1
08 1,2,3,1,3,1,2,1,2,1
09 1
10 1,2,1,3,5,3,6,3,2,1
11 1,2,1,3,1
12 1,2,1,3,2,1,2,1,2,1
13 1,2,1
14 1,2,1,2,1,3,2,1,2,1
15 1,2,1,3,5,1
16 1,2,1,3,1
17 2,1,3,1,5,3,2,1,2,1
18 2,3,1,2,1
19 2,,1,3,2,1
20 1,2,1,2,1
21 1
22 1,2,1,2,3,2,3,2,1,2,1,3,1,2,1
23 2,1,3,1,2,1
24 1,3,5,2,3,5,6,2,1,2,3,2,1,2,1

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*1 TO 15 EQUAL NO WIND TO VERY POWERFUL WIND OVER 24 DAYS

Fig.205 Screenshot of a month of tracking the wind with periods of intense and strong gusts alternated with relative calm periods. In the sort of awareness of the wind I have created tracking it, I am now able to give somewhat of a prediction on how periods are going to be like. It is not that I am willing to make forecasts but at least I have an understanding that I am in a small cycle and the following cycle will compensate the previous and that the sum of these small cycles make bigger cycles that also come to compensate one another. I am far from wanting to pick up the role of a scientist wanting to dominate nature from his safe ivory tower. I just live as primitive man in the midst of the wind and my understanding is a holistic one. I accept nature and I am part of it. I even go as far as accepting modern humans trying to control nature because I am sure this is also a cycle that will be replaced with a new cycle in which these modern humans will completely lose it and the only way to live again will be that one I am trying to promote.

WIND 01

Throughout the day I evaluate the intensity of the wind. The following are the 8 values I use to assess it: 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 10, 15 and 30. They range from value 1 representing a state with absolutely no wind, a state that I often experience, to value 30, a very extreme wind breaking trees breaking and ripping tiles off roofs, a condition I have very seldom experienced. Almost unawarely then, as I perceive some wind against me and particularly against my face and ears, I set to type down the corresponding value on my smartphone. This practice of being aware of the wind has become so embedded in my daily life that by now I don't even have to type the values in my smartphone. They stick to my head and when it is time to update my project I can simply recall the places I have visited and the type of wind I experienced there.

The wind-data I collect throughout a day is supposed to be replayed in

30 seconds by a giant fan installed in the memory theater on which my project is based. For this reason I only collect a total amount of values corresponding to a dividend of 30 such as “1,2,1,3,2” or “1,2,6,5,2,5,2,5,3,2” or “2”. These different also create a syntax that makes the generated data into a work of poetry and not of science. This does not mean however that poets can make little sense of the world. Poetry is what a lonely Inuit experiences on his kayak on a daily basis. He is part of a magnificent landscape and his understanding of it is far greater than the very meticulous and pedant work of a scientist who spends her time in a safe office that is so sealed and weatherproof that no single draft penetrates.

A tiny bit of draft within the laboratory of the scientist and the whole set-up is compromised. This is the absurd and paradoxical scenario that modern man has constructed, a scenario that has by now compromised life on the planet. And yet even those who clearly see how life on the planet has been compromised they advocate for more institutions and more scientists and more authorities that are more and more disconnected from the natural world. They only access it with their safety equipment as astronauts descending on the planet. My approach is poetic and therefore unreliable but to me is not the data that counts but the fact that I am part of the world, the fact that through my project I am able to gain access back to a nature I have been uprooted from and I so much want to be part of. This poetic mode of mine is not selfish. There has been a lot of discussion around whether scientists are really motivated by a strong urge to save society and the world or whether they are simply motivated by money and a career prospect. The latter is undoubtedly the drive behind academic production.

My drive to engage back to the natural world is based on my unconditional love for nature and my distress to see it jeopardized not so much by human interventions but by the lust for power. I am too often impressed to see the big authorities displaying all their titles and qualifications and list of publications and incredible grants only to find them so dry and incapable to make any meanings from all the many researches they have conducted. They seem to me like shamans who have collected a lot of bones but cannot make any magic from them. Actually these bones are just there to keep up the power-structure that has supported them to begin with. In this sense I rather stay outdoors and keep having the wind blowing in my face and from this make sense of things, not alone as all the pro-modernity folk would point out, but as part of the world.

In my more theoretical understanding on how things are evolving it is by now clear to me that there are four type of energies we ourselves can vent as some kind wind that blows from within us. We can either accept the system and want more of it. In this respect we are what Lewis Mumford would call inverted-romantics or believers that we can live on a spaceship and live well and the future is just going to be prosperous but we some challenges and that humans

will always find a way. This narrow-minded and naive envisioning of the future is also compensated by those who just subscribe to this narrative and do not so much question but are willing to be enslaved as part of this spaceship. Thirdly there are those who starkly oppose the power-structure that inevitably results from the construction of the spaceship but as an alternative they can only consider a more ecological and egalitarian power-structure. In all their political idealism they cannot conceive the idea that as long as a power-structure will exist, even if its institutions are good in no time they are to accommodate evil as history have continuously shown us.

Lastly there are people like me and they are rare I supposed. They advocate for de-institutionalization of society not because they want a state of total mess but because they believe and are sure that humans can reorganize themselves in relation to themselves and the natural landscapes. As long as there are power-structures there are going to be people who inherently will want to aspire to power and annihilate anything that stands on his or her way. The countries in which power-structure has collapsed are in chaos because inherently they are still in fact under the power-structure of the global order. They are necessarily there to supplement the more efficient and or wealthy power-structures. In this sense the process of rewilding can never take place, or it can only take place momentarily because sooner or later a power-structure will put its tentacles on it and exploit it, directly or indirectly with more or less coercion.

What I try to do with my project seems very innocent and ineffective but it is in reality very radical and that is to subtract myself from any spaceship power-structure and expose myself to the natural environment. My project is not yet another screen or interface in front to be added in front of people numbed senses. It is a sudden opening of the windows that are sealing our human nature. It is the gust of wind invading the institutional safety of modern life, bringing confusion in the totally constructed pyramid of rationality that is the base on which power-structure legitimize their detrimental dominance over the environment. The very dry scientists make fun of the idea that one can be a modern hunter-gatherer. I find myself as one. I am a primitive man aware of himself and his surroundings and above all aware that human society on board of the spaceship is rotting away and that the natural environment can no longer support such a suicidal project. I am the one advocating for people to find the courage to get out and breath some fresh air.

I understand that it is hard to give up all the reputation and all the commodities one has been able to sum up within the ship of civilization. It is even harder to leave the very prison in which one is born and has grown up so in this respect it sounds hopeless to convince the animals of a zoo to be re-introduced back into the wild. If however one cannot be exposed to the wind of the natural world one has to rely on the wind that one can foment within him or

herself. It is this wind to begin with that can stir people from the state of captivity in which civilization has placed them. This wind does not have to be a sudden gust that easily extinguish itself. It ought to be a constant force that once activated makes life circulate back into our natural being and eventually will transport us along with those who wants to back into a natural dimension, no matter how long the ship of civilization will attempt to keep afloat defying the wreck that keeps hanging on it.