

Entry I - Advertising Analysis

The chosen advertising poster was done by an estate agency called *Meilleurtaux.com*. On a fairly basic approach, the imagery represented includes a headless man in a black suit, already giving an idea of anonymity. The poster also includes the logo of the company, a catching phrase and information in small lettering at the very top and bottom.

The catching phrase, '*Pas la peine de sortir le grand jeux... nous négocions pour vous*', ultimately related to the imagery portrayed. The first part of the sentence involves a French expression suggesting that there is no need to dress in a chic and fancy way, as seen from the anonymous man of the background. Furthermore, the connotative message that can be taken out of this poster is the stereotype relating that man would be more in charge of these kinds of circumstances.

The colors are fairly neutral, to accentuate the orange of the logo as well as the word *free*, at the top. The emphasis on this word may eventually relate to the fact that French people are very careful about their money since the start of the economic crisis that started a couple of years ago. The fact that this word is put forward and stands out not only catches the eye but also encourages a potential interest in reading further - from the idea of unconsciousness suggested by Roland Barthes in Rhetoric of the image. The colors also reflect a rather manly manner of presenting product and services based on the aesthetic - the colors are rather basic and not very appealing to

the eye. It is therefore also clear to deduce that a man could have potentially create this advertising too.

Entry II - Victor Hugo Quote

Le bonheur est parfois caché dans l'inconnu.

This famous quote caught my attention and rose many questions, as I was looking for references online for a project. Ultimately, this saying inspires a very philosophical interpretation - my thoughts go towards what would be the unknown, and how happiness can objectively be defined?

Many of us, human beings, may have already had the chance to experience happiness in the past and the fact that it could *sometimes be found in the unknown* in truly quite frightening in a way.

What is the unknown? Where is the unknown found?

I also reflect on the notion of arriving or finding happiness. I believe that everything has an opposite side so would that eventually mean that we would have to go through something negative and difficult in order to arrive to this climax feeling?

The use of the word *sometimes* is also accurate in the sense that it does not create an affirmation, and thus something people would look forward to. Happiness is not something to look for, it is a sentiment of satisfaction that could express itself at any moment.

I am curious to find out if whether I will find happiness in the unknown now. This quote also encourages me to take more risks somehow, the future and destiny will tell if this famous phrase can be confirmed.

Entry III - Cendrier

I couldn't help but notice the hundreds of cigarettes that were packed in the ashtray on the table, at a friend's house. It may seem rather odd but I kept wondering who were the people hiding behind all these cigarette butts. The colourful lipstick marks on a couple of dozen of them, the various brands and tastes - who were the people hiding behind them? What is their story, personality, reasons for smoking?

As for unfortunately being a smoker myself, I was so intrigued about this idea of the hidden and the mysterious. So, I imagined the people that could eventually be smoking these; the posh and well-dressed light pink lipstick Parisian girl for the *Vogue*, the business university student for the *Marlboro*, the art student smoking flavoured cigarettes... all kinds of stereotypical ideas that could be associated to these innumerable brands.

This notion of the unknown felt quite satisfying as I let my imagination create characters for each and every one of these megots. My glass of Chardonnay would have probably gotten to my brain as images came to my mind. My friend even wondered what was it that was happened to me. I was just daydreaming, but she really started to think that I was paralysed. It is funny to think that sometimes even the smallest objects around us can be that brilliant and arouse so much curiosity and creativity !

Entry IV - Palais de Tokyo

Besides my exceptional and fantastic food intoxication, I was amazed by the unique and uncommon work of some of the artists that are currently exhibiting at the Palais de Tokyo. Ever since my first visit to the Palais, I have always felt like I was entering another dimension while simply stepping in this fabulous museum.

One of the artist, exhibited in the left section of the lower floor, created a video montage based on memories that she had. Three large videos, simultaneously playing on a large wall in a dark room. The soundless work added to the extremely poetic and colourful images that were projected in this long hall.

The videos consisted mostly of abstract shapes that could easily be identified as feelings or emotions felt by the artist. The very first video on the left also had incorporated fragments from Disney movies, in black and white. I could immediately relate to this notion of memories that artist explored as they are part of my childhood. I absolutely adore these movies, especially now that I can interpret different layers of messages and meanings reflected in them in comparison to when I watched them as a kid. The flow of the images was soft and created a surprisingly relaxed atmosphere throughout this section, the dream-like ambiance was rather pleasing in this early morning.

I could have sat in this place all day long, watching these inspiring artistic montages.

Entry V - The Menu of the Bar

I went to have a drink with a friend last night on the Champs Elysée and whilst looking at the menu, I couldn't help but notice the description given next to the drinks, one in particular.

MOJITO has been but always a spoiled little rich kids favourite.

If stereotypes were ranked hierarchically, this one would most probably be at the very top. My first reaction was to burst out laughing of course, the ironic way of saying this, especially the way the words have been placed, is nonetheless hilarious. A bar mocking rich kids, especially located on such famous Avenue where a simple glass of water costs around five Euros, takes irony to another dimension. However it is true that a *Mojito* could be seen in the hands of an Ambassador's son in a beach club in Ibiza, or on a rooftop bar table next to a famous luxury bag. But what makes this drink be associated to such stereotype? What is it that makes this drink so simple and complex at the same time? Why do we order a *Mojito* when we have no idea what else to order?

After all it only is rum, sugar mint and lemonade mixed together. But being a personal huge fan of this classic of a drink made me reflect on what makes it so great if we order it all the time? Clearly the taste has something to do with it; who would order something repeatedly if they detest it? But my questions remain unanswered and that might be the whole magical point of this festive drink, forgetting the unknown.

Entry VI - Dad (personal)

Dear Dad,

Remember that date. Sunday 5 February, 2017.

Why? Why? Why?

Why are you acting like this with me?

What have I done to deserve this endless silence?

Your ignorance?

What is it that makes you not like me?

What makes you not want to love your children?

Create a heritage if you have got nothing to give them?

Where is the role model of a parent, of a man that you should be?

What have I done for you not to talk to me in such a long time?

Why do you never call me, email me, send me a simple text?

When will I ever receive a freaking card on my birthday?

Why do you never show interest in what I do, in where I am, in what I simply study?

How can you keep making promises when your selfish mind tells you it will never happen?

When will the time come when you stop thinking about yourself and care more about others?

About your kids? About me?

Why do you talk so badly to my mom, the woman you loved for over 12 years, the person raising your children, making sure they are safe?

Why are you doing all of this?

Is your goal to put aside all these memories, from which only little I know remain positive?

Are you trying to forget me?

Are you trying to get me out of your life?

Who are you but a ghost in my life now?

It has been six years and two months yet. Exactly today.

Entry VII - Watercolor drawing

Making random shapes in watercolours is something that I have been doing for a couple of year now. It helps me relax my mind and neurones, get away from homeworks and projects, let my mind create patterns freely.

When I make them I often start by choosing a color and the kind of brush thickness I want to use. My brain does the rest. I let my hand create strokes and shapes on the white paper - wondering where the water will go, what kind of drawing it will end up being. Taking new colors, adding them on, watching them join and create a new color as they mix together throughout the watered paper.

I often find myself using colors and making shapes that represent my mood, unconsciously. These past weeks the colors have been rather warm toned - although the weather tells us otherwise. I would not be able to describe precisely why I do it or when, it just happens when I feel like it. I have seen myself make quite a lot of them between saturday and today, especially after that past entry. I think is a a way to escape, not only from the world but from my life and the things that I do and go through. It is a manner of showing what I feel deep down inside, as writing is not really my best quality lets say...