Giorgio Attilio Ceccarelli
Self-introduction

When I was still a very young man after graduation, as an architect from the Milan Poli, upon hearing me out lamenting my apparent difficulty in taking a firm decision about a direction toward which channelling my future creativity, my senior and well-respected mentor said to me: "Giorgio, resign yourself … choosing just means relinquishing!"
In other words make up your mind, man, make your choice and get on with it, without ever turning your head back. Sound advise, no doubt.
I pretended to take it in my stride, but in my hart there was an insidious, treacherous little voice that was softly whispering: 'No way, Sir … I want it all', which also meant risking making many serious mistakes.
I wasn't talking, of course, about any material goods or the futile apparatuses of status, for which I never had any cravings, nor any of the required skills nor talents, or even less the time.

The voice was talking about wanting to remain on the main track of all the wonderful things in life that animated me since childhood, well prompted, as they were, by extraordinary parenting.
It meant working with clay, drawing, painting, as well as finally practising as an architect.

Owing to my idiosyncrasy for ideology, dogma, formulacy or fashionable trend compliance; my sculpture became deeply introspective surging from the flux of 'dream-scapes' or oniric semi wakefulness; my painting outwardly and eagerly inquisitive of the perennial fascination with the soft lure of the immortal 'femscape'; and my architecture boldly 'stereogenic', searching for proper form, coherently with the first subliminal impulse coming from any new given theme. In all cases always driven was I with the yearning for 'sculpting the light' in its multiple ever-changing, marvellous guises.

All of which things I did in various places and stages of my life, also enjoying great companionship, from many memorable fonts, encountered along the long life journey.

Plus something else.

In fact, I also ended up as being a graduate student in the State, apprenticing as young architect in my own country, in the UK and in the US, becoming a university urban planning lecturer in England for over a decade, a visiting lecturer in urban design in Zaria, Nigeria; furthermore, entering international design competitions in the UK and Australia.

None of which was ever contemplated on the early book of my wishful thinking, nor was in it that later in life would also make it as a new entry in the field of publishing, with a book, naturally concerning the trek of my own life experiences, which may or may not be of any interest to anyone.
Nonetheless I felt the urge for taking that off my chest as well, maybe also out of a sense of deference, recognition and acknowledgement for the many precious gifts received along the way.

I'm writing these notes on the date of my 79th birthday. I've had two families, three offspring.
Two from the first one, bearing one of each, now adults, living on either side of the Pond, with their own families, making me a great-parent with three grand-children from each one, and finally a second family with a younger girl in Rome, where I now work and live.
It might have well all been a garland of mistakes, who can tell, nor has it always been an easy fare without frustrating down turns or crushing disappointments, bringing one down to tears, but believe me, on balance no regrets on any of the choices made at any one of the very key turning points that marked the path.
As a clever funny man once proclaimed: "La vita è bella!"

Rome, 25th September 2015