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As I gaze at yet another hoary old truffle, festering in the fruit bowl like a tramp at a cocktail party, it occurs to me that unless the truffles start making money, I will have to. The best option would be to work for the government, or for the church. Both will become increasingly important as people lose jobs, property, even liberty, and I may as well be on the side of the winners. So it is that I am applying for a job at the government's Arts Council, or, more specifically, for a grant from the Arts Council. I was inspired by hearing a radio programme about an artist who spent a year being paid to move three bits of stone from Britain to Wisconsin, Woollongong in Australia, and some other place in the middle of nowhere.The project was to illustrate how stones "migrate" from one place to another, and was accompanied by (yawn) some poems written by the haulier, who sounded about 12.
My project would be far more interesting, and would not require any plane fares to exotic destinations. It would also be seen by a lot more people. It would be to simply comandeer the billboards on Piccadilly Circus and flash up the names of anyone who has died. A virtual crematorium, if you like. A second idea would be to design a new Houses of Parliament in York, or somewhere with big fortifications, because that, surely, is what whoever leads the junta of the future, is going to need.
I reckon these projects would take up to a year each, earning me, at the very least £20,000. Not much, maybe, but enough to buy some pasta to go with our truffles.

Tartufi hunting
Paolo

truffling with brenda x valentino

Hunter'ress