

What happened to me today when I woke up? A flickering right eye, then rush out to remedy with my Chinese gymnastic but nothing. I got my headache, I mean I usually get one a year and there are usually taxes involved (these unhuman declarations), anyhow, nonetheless still trying to keep it simple, no complication, obviously variety and a degree of articulation, that is really needed, no one can survive of only his own potatoes as I attempted when I first started the project and I was only exclusively photographing... "One Life, One work" as Roman Opalka, the Polish painter only painting numbers since 1965 claims, yet I would say that nowadays is rather the contrary and we must know different languages and social codes and be fluent in all of them...our brain capacity is BIG, and the digital fluidity allowed by the medium is made to handle this. Anyhow one obviously comes to think of the reasons for an hemigrane, one doesn't want to have it recurrent... is it TV, the computer...this very Journal making me so intellectually hemoralgic? the massage I give to my over-worked wife? I am rather moderate when it comes to using my brain and body... I learnt not to abuse them... it could be the weather... but then on top of this my feces today where countorned in red...blood, cancer...looking at the Internet (Media is the Cancer!!!)...red beats my friend, red beats! A guy that lived here some centuries ago, right here in this Academic trap, Emerson, one of the fathers, a transcendentalist, taught not to panic, wrote that these people that shows most calm are the most courageous... no panic then and Mass Media to the garbage, rationality within... again my wife yesterday worried and got anxious about the pension as she read on the news some statistics saying that there will be to many old farts by the time we are old and no one to pay our pension... I try to live the present, day by the day worry of saving and being responsible, if shit happens it happens (I did not throw my son into kindergarten, no social delegation, I took care of him and we take care of each other in case of need...society and professions are just three generations old stuff, things changes, wealth and misery rotates, all natural adjustments). Shall we be immortal or live our short life of mortals? Ulysses in the film I had to watch (they really wanted the Saturday film but I do select!), Ulysses says I will keep it mortal and I will accept to decay... This is hero shit! Accept to decay you old farts and stop conjesting the generational process! When time will come I will seek nature like a dog...a cave maybe. I can't wait to get back to the cave, the Platonic cave, the mountains and the sea of my ancestry, I don't think I will die there like a Jesus, I think a dog at least after 60 when my duty, my project is terminated because between now and then I will do as any other social persona would do (other than I try to resist if cn without medicine, hospitals and other social conformities), I will play out until 2040, then if God wants I will build the his cathedral or die, like a dog die. No addictions for now, I have been really clean, no masturbation, no alcohol, no cigarettes, no TV, no social networking, just pure me and the roles I have to conduct to keep me and my family going. My wife is talking with her father on the Internet phone, makes me a bit anxious... if it wasn't for him we would have kept living in our Scandinavian nestle, have more kids and me being the home wife...how natural... but no!

And now even neighbour Finland has turned extreme right wing and I wonder about my Russian friend Pyoter who has been there for years enjoying the social security. I guess that, as the Greek taught us, no matter if you are wretched naked in a foreign island, or the political courses change, no matter what, if you have a developed and cultivated intellect you won't be left to die, but what about my Russian tavarich (companion in Communist Russia), he has never sought any spirituality nor undertaken any intellectual challenge to develop his own thinking. He has instead diluted in the small pleasures of life (watching soccer, drinking beer and hanging out with girls while enjoying the Finnish social security). He might end up just well yet is at the stake and I might have myself, foreign in a foreign country, probably it is now time to go home, I am and with some treasures as Ulysses (yet like Agamemnon I did reavail my return and I might get murdered :-)) What so ever, I have followed and have been guided by my intuition exclusively. Abraham, the father of all nations (I was reading this to my kid yesterday), left his comfort of the city life and got back to the harsh life of nomadism to seek what he was inspired to seek (a son and latter a land). Anyhow people are turning right, they might adjust after too much left... adjustments and oppositions are good, they keep the center, yet the sudden shifts between oppositions can be seen as a waste of resources... for four years we all aim here and for the next four years we undo our previous achievements and move opposite, in this case we don't move/progress what so ever... yet look at modern China, all the nation, one goal, a Zen, thirty years with only economy in mind and everything else much secondary. There is certainly something there to learn about willing and how this is amplified and can work constructively and how media and all its uncensored criticism can undermine it. Pyramids were constructed this way, I believe the spirituality of a nation can be built in the same way, yet we are all arrogant in our knowledge...we need a bit of ignorance and thus the right dose of belief to accomplish constructively and overcome the diminishment we know face with technology and the fact that by accelerating all human processes it does not allow to let us find the right path but only proposes at all times a myriad of paths, of forms, of possible truths and let us undecided...let's go blind for one and keep like a horse on that.

Just got back from my morning work, it is working smoothly, together with my schedule. It feels that my archival practice have trained me to good management and decision making, I feel very efficient in this respect and try not to loose time nor have others make loose time to the team I am leading... the game of leadership, the rules one creates within a context and time-frame. I guess that is my general "seamless" (I learnt this word at work) approach. Now back home, my kid home too with the spring break and myself always trying to engage him although I allow certain liberties, I try not to have him vegetating as it seems it is the tendency among parents and among humans. I am amazed in this respect how, even my wife spends hours on the social media, looking at what her network of semi-friends may say or feel...this get all semi-passionate, she gets affected and feel, despite some rushes of enthusiasm, she generally feels bad, as no one really, writes her, talk to her, comment on her post...same old story. These social tools are tools of vanity, you post to expose yourself and others may as well get pissed, misunderstand you or you them because you haven't comment on them. What a torture! I do enjoy though the informality of my virtual site, no pretentiousness, those are my listed intentions and these are the outcomes, if you miss me you know where to virtually find me...no news feed, all uneventful, life is the real feed of ordinary event. Anyhow, there is also to say that there is a beauty, an aesthetic, an overall quality, a care, a synthax that is generated. This is much better food that the chips and candies distributed by this social media (just another cooperative tool, just another diminishment of us individuals within a set frame ready to suck in any marketing information ... a rush to the arms... you gotta to get it!). In addition one may consider the the direct banality contained in this info sharing network specific site...as Thoreau said in centuries ago... a freaking telegraph cable across the Atlantic Ocean only to hear that Queen Victoria of Old England has the flu. Anyway nothing much of a concern... just what valuable time and resources to waste...(my wife got out from her bunker..)

Just got back from the usual grocery and passed by the library with my little kid. I am really concerned about selecting books and film. Generally when it comes to books I always respect those that have already passed the time selection, the classics. I read for many years the long list of authors "Everyman should read in his life", the Everyman's Library collection, although obviously one may question this typically American way of categorizing the Best 25 Artists of the century and so forth... what type of rubbish, by the time they accomplish such forced Mythology (because indeed it is about pointing out who are now the Gods of this and that Olympus), by then there are far more relevant things occurring in the underground. Anyway, given that I rarely read a book that was written after the advent of Film (then I watch an old Film instead like my favorite neo-realists), given that I do strongly believe that it is the medium dictating our age that should represent it (in the case of the digital it is indeed any medium...a "pasticcio") and thus give authenticity to it. given that, I do read books from 1800 and before. Even though they are fictions, I do find their profound link to the time in which they were written... how much I loved Nikolai Gogol bringing me back and around Russia (or Turgenev to this respect...anyhow this is also more significant for me after living in nearby Sweden and having my Grandad being a soldier there and writing an unpublished book about it...). I did then look among the much new covers, just for old ones, if I could ever find one, an unoboletable milestone... I skipped that drunakard of Dostoevsky (no offence but I rather get into Zola) and couldn't really find anything else but then suddenly found Machiavelli ...at the playground, with the chill through my rag and my kid screaming, I started reading...wow...what lucidity of thought, what clearness... once I will get back to my semi-home-land I will definitely throw myself in the classics...and maybe if I keep on reading Nicoló I might even get myself in politics, if necessary, if like Braveheart I see that times are really fucked and democracy is just a shameful compromise (or if that is really the medium governing us...) I will think about it, I wouldn't mind a certain degree of authoritarianism (un qualche principe), a certain convention not to transgress, certain principles, rightful ones. I am now leading a team but I can tell there is an inherit disobedience a willing to subdue anything I try to discuss, we seem really use to always having to revolve any kind of guidance... it ain't going to make it better, as Machiavelli says. I do want to be loyal, loyal to a right cause, for a life cause, again the quest it is what is missing in our technically vegetating society.

Vacuum cleaning our little sealed apartment, opening windows and let the air in even though the spring doesn't seem like coming. Plans, plans, plans... I was reflecting what [redacted] once told me about having to make plans with your spouse, else you are not a couple, and thinking of the consequences of this. We also lived in a tiny little apartment in the Scandinavian capitol, we live happily but obviously couldn't afford a bigger place to have an extra kid (everyone must have the second kid, so they say...). After [redacted] promptopinion I start discussing things with my girl (she was the mother of my son yet not my spouse yet if that makes a difference), anyway we ended up moving to a tiny city close to her parents, being very romantic about the countryside (my much beloved vegetable garden which I couldn't no longer cultivate after I broke my back moving furnitures around), romantic about our future family... yet got really sickened by having to travel such a long distance to work, a work that for us "creatives" society has made so temporal, unstable...result, we were soon off to the World and we still are after so long and might never get back to that semi-Eden (at list visually because much of the time it seems to lack life throughout the long winter). Anyway we learnt much then being stationary and we are learning much now being nomads...yet, thinking about planning, I fear there is some sort of politeness into it. We might have thought of expanding our natural domain and were totally obstacaled by the social mechanisms, yet thinking of it, the plans of [redacted] and her professional husband are clearly materialistic, fetistic. They increase their richness, they make plans to buy a more expensive car and buy better furnitures resolving their morality by going to Sunday church (actually Saturday since Sunday they are out doing fanatic sports equipped with the latest accessories)...making plans! Certainly we must cultivate our spiritual ideals, that I do agree. We must have a vision to exist, a vision that is not on the expenses of others (I mean Stepfather: "Pay your taxes! Allow humanism in this transitory period of richness, else, after, when the period will pass, there will be poverty on top of poverty, an extreme untollerable misery"). We must cultivate a kingdom and to bring it forward and communicate it (if this is our aspiration) we might have to struggle, and as Machiavelli said half a millenium ago, the newer it is such kingdom the harder it will be to establish it yet the harder we will struggle the easier will be to hold it once it is established. The matter is all this static conservativeness which with the aging of humans, becomes almost a wall to penetrate, or at least until you are half a century old but then you are the old fart. Well, i will stick to the creation of my new spiritual kingdom, not much hardship though, just allot of consistency and discipline which is always kept alerted in me. I do not reveal much of it, just to few and in pieces. Today I showed a rendering of my architecture (the final architecture to host my project in 2040). I just showed to a Greek Architect to get a technical advice... he was totally impressed and thought I spent much to construct it but indeed I did not. It constructed itself, I am just the executor of small everyday tasks... my kid wants to play now, interact (still spring break for him... ).

There is always a million ways to start an entry of this Journal but it always ends to be one, the one relating to my current stream of thought, which developed also encapsulates my larger thinking of the day, again I find this a cery good and authentic method of report our thinking if we think on how this is usually done retro-actively, meaning that much details have been lost, and everything has to be written to be a firm statement which cannot change, and which we might stubbornly adhere to and possibly make us fail. Anyhow, this is maybe not the best time to write, allot of interruptions, my kid wants attention and my wife is working home. I try to report, I feel most prolific everyday, just like when, a young man I was biking around or taking a film equipment on a shopping cart and having to stop to write down my thoughts, feeling most inspired...all these booklets I filled...recycling paper I used and they might as well have vanished the written words on the plastified pages, but then almost twelve years ago now, I did attempt to recollect all of them into one. I sewed them in a poncho a travel terrestrially through all North and Central America where I finally stopped to really try to go back to these many written writings and make something out of it. The beach, it was an absolute reserve, I lived with modern indios in the jungle, yet it didn't work out... I felt most depressed about going backward through all that I wrote and that is when I made it back to civilization, in the capitol of the small country, waiting for the Christmas bus to take me back up North, I made my first attempt to create a proactive system to collect my manifestations (dreams, ideas, pictures of artifacts ...) an osmosis which my dream Professor back in Italy crossed out (fuck this crits!). Then I was off trying to develop such mechanism, try to learn how to embed it to my own persona... it worked out later as many accessories, the common things people use and simple tasks, it is really working and filtering reality that passes, the fruits that Providence has provided me are been picked and not really stored but rather presented...my kid really wants me now!

Sometime I doubt I can really impersonificate myself in one of the social masks. I am a good improviser, I am but I do doubt how long this is going to last. I had a short video-conference with my boss, the one who is eventually bringing me home to my homeland, or at least let's say close to my native place, a place where I have been rooted and where my ancestors had been rooted, a place uprooted by the terrible World War in 1900 and previously by Napoleon... all these lords with willing of power massing up, all this Ares, the much hated Gods of War (I was reading about it today to my kid before going to work)...a place, a nestle up in the mountains where I would most feel comfortable, familiar. But so it seems that in order to appreciate it one has to work in the city (it has even been abroad for us newer generation). We need to distantiate and find fortune else where in the anonymity of the city, away from the natural identity of our places. Folk born in cities, mixed, despise any form of identity so it seems... yet mother nature that brought us to being, if we are really born in her arms and not artificially fecundated, I wouldn't have moved from there if I had the possibility, yet I was given nothing and was abruptly brought away. In my spirit of an explorer I sought the world but found nothing alike. I might get back or just closer to those blossoming hills and secretive mountains... [redacted] landscape, what I have been looking to find in every place I have been but never found, what i have been struggling to show to my kid, with our hikes in the foreigner frost, the icy frost that turns their inhabitants hostile to nature and in much favour of the technical confort... yet there are places on earth where life, natural life it is beautifully acceptable as such and these technology are just a corruption of this, they are mostly deployed to be at the same level of the colder and predominant neighbours, yet at least with me, within me there has always been a certain reluctance towards anything artificial. But look what I have created! I mastered sophisticated technologies, got deep in the technical mechanism and now I can really use it as a medium...no medium is the message as McLuhan said, no medium is the message is applicable in this respect, the medium is the medium if we have a dominating intention, yet we should work with that, work with the languages allowed by it. Still reading from Machiavelli and learning that we shall be moderately good but should deliver evil, if we have to, in one shot. I learnt that the further is our ambition the higher we have to aim as like pointing an arrow with a bow. Well, as for this, I find myself most benevolent, I think rather that we should follow our nature, be natural, be ourselves and discuss, listen to others and their feelings, ask, ask, ask if we have to mediate with others, have them as participants. Today Pelin, a Turkish girl at work, was criticizing a bit the method I have decided for the team (this based on no individual thinking but individual tasking and then the thinking comes in group). I then asked in private for her opinion and both got something out of it, we discussed together avoiding ready-made things which makes scholars (we are all to be more and more scholars) arrogant (...this also according to Socrates). So no Banana Boom Boom theory but our maieutic thinking...

I generally don't watch so much films, no addictions I said, books, now yes, maybe in other circumstances, if I was more of an hermit as sometime I was, up on a hill in vinyard painting canvases on the grass with bee wax and tar... no that I wouldn't distract such immersions, such sublime immersions. Now I am back in the ordinary human cave, experiencing like an ordinary humans, yet again I do try to select and so it was that I have to watch some American TV series for work (can you believe it?), work has become the ephemeral trend itself, yet again from the point of view of someone who is consciously doing this as an experiment, this is worth trying, there are much human insights one could gather from being immersed and carried by the flow of our time and then again, when the primary medium of communication of a time is learnt we might give it other meaning, sabotage is commercial sensuality and use it for spiritual and constructive purposes. Anyway the TV series didn't work on my laptop and we watched an old Italian film (all available on the same film site on-line). It was entertaining, nothing really more, nothing really deep, profound, reflected. A film made to be a film and this I try to avoid. I do not even want to see art made to be art, a book made to be a book, design made to be design... what pretentious failures. But WOW, the few times one really find something someone has produced because that was his inspiration and for that he put all his passion, his self to accomplish, and if this one has talent and some rationalized luck (too much luck, as it was the case for rich American and before them any creator of a rich nation, just turns them exuberants), WOW. My friend Davide has been a case, with his music-videos, when he did not have any high commision and was left in the shit and solitude...then WOW. But what the heck (is this how American spell it)? I am now hear, in a decading civilization and what happens? I meet people defying themselves as poets (never heard such sillyness, ever, not even when I was myself a poet in my youth and people told me to move on and I progressed and meaningfully). Worst of all they define themselves as "conceptual writers" meaning that everything has already been written and "there is nothing more to write about"...go and fucking live for three months in Palestine! (actually to this respect even a second world country would do or even just being a Saint Francisc or a Thoureau, throw out your clothes and get some real life-experience). Much and infinite is our inspiration, and much an infinite is what to say! So all the Hyppies colonizing culture and their portals (not to say everything else), there is always Tartarus, go and throw yourself into it and we will make sure to have some Talibans with eight beards to ensure you never come out of it again (not to mention that I am sure there are very good guys out there, out of this artificial societies, some good genuine fellows without preconception that are making meaningful things, with interesting experiences to account on with true authentic human material, surprisingly novel, that have something to tell me). Again the chanel and all this mainstream sealed by the technological medium won't let them in, but it is just a first matter, they shall not get obsessed and just ignore them(unfortunately many are selected out right here). Live out the misteries and wonders of the world my dear, it is big, i am sorry for you kids that have watched and listened to much mediated crep and now think you know all of it and everything is done what had to be done.. (maybe you can go and meet my Nazi father, he ain't to far, just cross the border, you'll get an experience, I assure you).

I have actually just included a demo of this Journal on the Website section so that I demonstrate to the public all the parts of my life-project. I was hesitant from the beginning since my wife has set up all this big crisis; after my last exhibition a couple of years ago where I installed six years of work in a museum in her hometown, a journalist has written what he thought about my dreams with sexual content. She really took it personal and I was never since able to be really public. This event though gave me a great opportunity to reconsider all of my work and restructure it, just like a country is able to restructure itself after a destructive war (for instance Germany which, having had this opportunity to reconstruct itself even surpassed victorious England). I got certainly broader and I like it, it is FULLY entertaining. Now i have to be cautious though, so I have on one side to be anonymous which is interesting because it kills this ego vanity and places the project onto a higher level, that of making a portal, representing time, thus more culturally valuable. On the other hand I had to be selective, don't show everything as I did but pick out things, do not give proof that I am really doing this so completely. This last aspect is also interesting in a way that I just show samples and if people or nobles gentlemen wants more they will have to pay for it (if this will ever happen!). It is just a compromise to the dilemma: "TO SHOW OR NOT TO SHOW". Obviously we are by nature most inclined to share our creations but then there is no direct social rewards. I guess a community would reward its shaman, but society needs proof of the societal need of our work...and how do you go explain that...? My son and wife are now awake...