

I am trying to transfer to checking myself, my evolution, keep a meaningful and constructive record of it and semi-process it. It is working, I guess, I feel most content of having devised such organic mechanism, which is not a replacement of myself but really a natural integration of it. This is also thanks to having devised my own arms, meaning that I have exclusively rely on knowledges that I have acquired, also this very fact made me acquire much knowledge and many skills both practical and theoretical, to the point I can now even deploy them else where. But watch for Machiavelli's reasoning discussing the word of arms, he says something like that only the prince that will rely on his own arms will be able to win claiming that mercenaries and auxiliaries are a bad solution for conquistadors. I indeed feel like a conquistadors myself, I have rely on my own technology, the one I was able to master, even though I was many time offered to have some one to do programming and so forth for me.... it has all disappeared, everything these programmers (including my wife), everything done for me has become superfluous, nor I don't want any help, rather I wish to learn and implement with what I learn from them. And so it seems that nowadays we are small Princes and our army is really our technology, thus we should make sure to have it strong and efficient as Macchiavelli says that that is the guarantee for stability and power...also not be overthrown. This is as far as I learned according to my situation, in a very individualistic Western but look at the Oligarchic East, we have moved all our working power there (at list our captains have allowed that as all our new generation has gone to University and no one really would be humble enough for manual work), self-betrayed us and soon the poles will swap, soon enough, unless Chinese people, the much abused people of China will capsize their much powerful elite... but then what... are we all to Africa? Anyway I would see it from a moderate point of view...obviously one could not exclusively rely on limited resources within his domain, yet he/she/we need to keep them practices...okay, we can go off East with our speculations but we need to make sure that the knowledge (industrial and so forth) keeps going also at the source. Obviously there is no control of it corporations are getting more volatile and just move things to their convenience...thus what to do? Are corporations the new city-states like Venice, Florence and so forth were for Italy? Well again in this extended diaspora enhanced by the medium (at least at its first wave), the problem can already be predicted here in America, there is such a mix of races that never stops. I mean races are brought in, they never mix among each other, no, they create this artificial ghettos, much fragmented (maybe me being this exception looking half-Arabic, half-Hispanic, half-Italian etc..... I can easily navigate through them knowing their codes and with the ambiguous skin). Europe is in the same process now, unrecognizable after only a decade of digitized aviation. In such a fragmentation people, if there is the necessity will flee like mercenaries if it is time to defend a territory or anything. Do that the media, the media of the people, also comes again like a threaten...there is too much polemic and criticism occurring in the mass media, so much that little can be accomplished genuinely even when at command there is a well intentioned "prince". Anyhow, let's live and see, I will keep you updated!

I try to abstain from checking my e-mail and various telematic profiles, very addictive.... the same addiction I am trying to transfer to checking myself, my evolution, keep a meaningful and constructive record of it and semi-process it. It is working, I guess, I feel most content of having devised such organic mechanism, which is not a replacement of myself but really a natural integration of it. This is also thanks to having devised my own arms, meaning that I have exclusively rely on knowledges that I have acquired, also this very fact made me acquire much knowledge and many skills both practical and theoretical, to the point I can now even deploy them else where. But watch for Machiavelli's reasoning discussing the word of arms, he says something like that only the prince that will rely on his own arms will be able to win claiming that mercenaries and auxiliaries are a bad solution for conquistadors. I indeed feel like a conquistadors myself, I have rely on my own technology, the one I was able to master, even though I was many time offered to have some one to do programming and so forth for me.... it has all disappeared, everything these programmers (including my wife), everything done for me has become superfluous, nor I don't want any help, rather I wish to learn and implement with what I learn from them. And so it seems that nowadays we are small Princes and our army is really our technology, thus we should make sure to have it strong and efficient as Machiavelli says that that is the guarantee for stability and power...also not be overthrown. This is as far as I learned according to my situation, in a very individualistic Western but look at the Oligarchic East, we have moved all our working power there (at list our captains have allowed that as all our new generation has gone to University and no one really would be humble enough for manual work), self-betrayed us and soon the poles will swap, soon enough, unless Chinese people, the much abused people of China will capsize their much powerful elite... but then what... are we all to Africa? Anyway I would see it from a moderate point of view...obviously one could not exclusively rely on limited resources within his domain, yet he/she/we need to keep them practices... OK, we can go off East with our speculations but we need to make sure that the knowledge (industrial and so forth) keeps going also at the source. Obviously there is no control of it corporations are getting more volatile and just move things to their convenience...thus what to do? Are corporations the new city-states like Venice, Florence and so forth were for Italy? Well again in this extended diaspora enhanced by the medium (at least at its first wave), the problem can already be predicted here in America, there is such a mix of races that never stops. I mean races are brought in, they never mix among each other, no, they create this artificial ghettos, much fragmented (maybe me being this exception looking half-Arabic, half-Hispanic, half-Italian etc..... I can easily navigate through them knowing their codes and with the ambiguous skin). Europe is in the same process now, unrecognizable after only a decade of digitalized aviation. In such a fragmentation people, if there is the necessity will flee like mercenaries if it is time to defend a territory or anything. Do that the media, the media of the people, also comes again like a threaten...there is too much polemic and criticism occurring in the mass media, so much that little can be accomplished genuinely even when at command there is a well intentioned "prince". Anyhow, let's live and see, I will keep you updated!

Seating on the playground with my kid and have much to say, write, yet still having this issue with time being so fragmented and filled with much discontinuous schedules, social tasks. Thus here I am writing on my mobile, the very device I should use to establish my society I use to reestablish myself. It is sunny at last here communicating to my deeper self (yet this is the most sincere form of communication that can communicate to any deeper self). Many ambulances around us, even if we are well out of the city, there is much paranoia among the members of this post civilized society. Anyway, the wind is also blowing and that triggers me to annotate the force (force 2 in my categorizing of the wind forces, it is a mild wind now). There are many issues that comes to my head that I would write account on now in this Journal , yet I am always positive that no matter from where I start, mostly a relation of the ordinary episode I am currently involved in, no matter that I always reach some conceptual orgasm, I always make a point, a meaningful point in each of these entries. I personally feel much disturbed now from the disruption that we have to exposed ourselves to in order to survive or better in order to keep vegetating. My wife was told by her boss to watch a war film yesterday and so we all did, how can you avoid that, any other game gets sucked in that powerful mediated event (the wind now increased to 3 and my kid found a frisbee). I anyway again I try to approach the thing without prejudice but rather, with due moderation also to this moderate approach, rather as an Aikido guy, meaning that I try to use this violent force rather than oppose to it. I am also in the process of making a film, making a realistic fiction looking at our origins within me...giving it time and process and dedication I believe it will be unavoidably a masterpiece, if not a meaningful human processed perspective. This is obviously what I seek and feel all the time cheated in much incoherence brought about by the technical shortcuts of human production... My kid wants to play now, I would have much more to say, to confess, I could write and write my ever changing impressions but feel rather satisfied down, i did get to some kind of point and I switch to ██████████ role again.

I feel a certain compassion for American people, at least the ones surrounding me. To a certain extend I feel more compassionate about them than the Chinese I was surrounded with. They are both citizens of super power, they are both somewhat the victims of a large applied mindset to which they all had to subject, yet from the point of view of the individual, my impression, looking in my heart reflecting those people living a rather abandoned and wasted life, I pity them. No going to the park, the only park that the captains have spared from urban speculation, not going there like the Chinese to regain oneself...no here there is plenty of green and yet it feels that, even if from the materialistic prospective Americans are far richer, it feels, and those are feelings and no scientific studies have been conducted, that there selves, their inner selves are miserable, just miserable, and they amke themselves miserable with really no way out, no way to could learn from their non existing natural culture. I mean there are their extreme remedies of certain extreme and unnatural cults they have created but my impression is that of a plastic plant that have long now stopped blossoming, it is sort of decaying and there are no roots to refresh it.. Now going for Easter lunch at my Indonesian-Chinese friend.

We want freedom they write those protesters from third world countries and yet what I feel has been rather... I want constrains, certain constrains, I mean obviously not to restrictive and constrains that I find meaningful, but I would not like total freedom, liberalism I did not appreciate it in the first place having no one to guide my spiritual path. I guess then that certain constrains have to exist but the actual issue now that everyone (little interruption seating in front of my kid's school filming and recording the wind intensity now pretty high) I mean the actual issue is now that everyone is sort of educated, why should we follow this or that constrain set from above. Before there was very little questioning but now there is a continuous polemic and democracy seems to mitigate that temporally, it temporally legitimizes the selected captains to set certain constrains. Yet I come to think that I set some sort of universal constrains for myself and I am getting results out of them. I have been through a process and I haven't interrupted it, time and my nature legitimize them, but what about all this social constrains that are done and undone? Are we constructing or onli in the end, only just mediating and going no where like a plant with no prospective of further developments but only changing flowers and style? Nothing substantial, I am back to my friend.

Now that I know, quite for certain that, without forcing it, the wind is pushing us home, the first time home after 12 long years in foreigner counties I feel a bit at easy in a way that there might be much less complications to face. I have and we have, my family included, all have been adapting to other climates, mentalities and so forth. The world is not at all a global village as many claims, at least not if you live it deeply, profoundly as I am interested to experience it. You may just keep it in your apartment and go shopping food you are familiar to and go to the familiar non-places of commerce but if you really want to live it deeply, by far the world is the same...every place has it's spirit. I have loved it, I would have wished to carry on but now it seems we are going backward, at least, as Chinese philosophy says, you have to take a step backward to go forward, thus I am not in anyway concern where destiny is taking us. I seek for guidance I don't determine anything, decisions comes when they have to be made and nothing really is done in advance, no preconceptions... I will just operate my practice as usual and my home will be my home, my tent wherever we have been invited... Why resists to the storm when we can avoid it by moving? Knowledge is really determinant, we now know of one or that place, yet we still have to relay to experience it under the conditions we are offered. We are not really exposing ourselves to chances and put ourselves into riskful situation, obviously it seems though that society ain't favouring our life style of world apprendists but even social structures, the one we are referring to where you work for society and then get taken care by it, even those are terribly collapsing. Again we are transiting to something else and have always a back up plan, which would be to return to safe Sweden but I wish it will work fine down South, I wish I will have my kid to taste a bit of the sublime nature, a most livable ancient nature where people have rooted for eras...not like here, where you should live like a nomad because of the harsh weather... Now swinging my kid...

Herman Hesse to whom I refer thinking of my spiritual growt has that of his character Siddhartha who also experienced the real life of a family and having to sustain it, Hesse, if I remember correctly, said that philosopher comes at the end of a civilization, they mark the end of it and probably this is the case with the Western people all turning PhDs and probably it is the case with me, at the end of this excursus, now philosophizing, now that my artistic expressions have been settled, proactively and I live in the subvegetation of a forest of fossils, yet alive and nourishing still, but surrounded by giant artificially fossilized trees...time for bubbles with my kid.

My right hand is a bit painful now... too much typing on the mobile phone wasn't a good idea, yet I made time worth it while being trapped in the confinement of a playground. I try to keep my days, the working days, completely free. I just switch to my social role, when it is time, with the reflections tools I have devised and work on their output in the early morning (generally from 5 to 7 a.m. and in the evening 8 to 10 p.m., yet then I don't use any technology but only work on paper). My wife is awake...

It is more about really finding the intimate opportunity to cultivate the self, this Journal where a little profoundness is sought. I have been trying through out the day, yesterday to look for an opportunity but between work and attending my son, I just didn't push it through although many where the stimuluses. I am most concerned now with Machiavelli (it is spelled with only a "c" I discovered, luckily in this case, if you are not precise, you can still compile your thoughts...), I am most concerned about what he writes on Fortune, our destiny and our stirring of it. He advices, in this respect to be proactive and not only await for destiny to take place, it is a fifty fifty thing. He also advices to be flexible and ready to change ourselves with the changing of our time. He says indeed that we have a nature, either cautious or adventurous but we should be able to swap between them and thus avodi to be defeated. ██████████ is a good example of a person who doesn't want any changes with himself, he fantasizes about moving to Arizona, join the white American and Republican population there yet it has been more than twenty years and he hasn't moved a finger, stuck in Canada with his addictions, heavy addictions which he justifies by saying that every man has one (I am rather pure for now but I do believe that social hardship is really a burden that many overcome with bad expedients). Yet, like the dying Senator of the Buddenbrooks who spent his entire life with commercial concerns and all of a sudden finds a void within, just like him my totally unsuccessful and trashed father, with his TV based ideologies (nothing he would come out of his own), turns to History and wants the big (Nazi-like) changes to happen... wipe out the Chinese, the Africans and more over, above everything wipe out the Arabs (the very day I met him after 25 years we took a walk and he was literally threatening with his fist rose the Arabs and the presumed homosexuals we came across on the side-walk). Where to go? What model to follow? My uncle, my mother's brother, is more of an action guy. While ██████████ wouldn't humble himself to be a merchant, selling underwear (he was offered to be in the family business), wanting hardship and breaking his back immediately, my uncle, through a certain set of evil doing, has established his business and like a Viking (he is tall and blond, originally also from my native mountains...same German tribe) like a rapacious Viking he sizes business around the world and sends his twin blond sons to the same mission, in the States with open credit cards... now the question has really become what model, according to all these direct examples I live on my skin, what model one should follow in order to succeed and there is an inbetweeness among all these extremes. I guess I just keep up my practice, my training and has my father's mother once told me, the few times I met her "you'll learn how to swim when your little ass gets wet". I partially agree. Although I so much look after the house, my kid and prioritize my wife and family in everything, being most servile, I am still much compelled to go out hunting myself... very good to keep me trained and flexible in case the wind of fortune changes although it has never been too much favouring nor too much unfavouring us, always rather steady.... my wife is up, I am at risk again and have to swap to my social duty (even though it is still early morning...).

I am at work now and I should probably not get in this Journal but the temptation is too big... I love this persecution, I would think sometimes that to be totally free would really blow my passion off as it is the case with the more official representative of modern culture, as these American Conceptual bla bla I meet. Oscar Wilde did really good in prison writing his De "Profundis", I really admire that confession style and the vision he gives at the end, running freely on a Mediterranean beach. I really admire Phedro follower of Esopus, writing all this fables reach in moral messages while being a slave of the Romans... yet we do not remember any of his chiefs. The constrains that comes from one's own culture and social condition, if they are not too constrained to the point of having to starve and being reduced to living like a beast, those constrains do not necessarily have to be perceived as oppressions. They can certainly help us to extrude a more defined and crafted shit (-:) of work... I had to look and select my constrains and that was really time consuming, not only to find them, but to actually understand that I needed them and ignore all the most liberal farts, mostly people dealing with cultural stuff. Feeling glad now as I also devised ways embedded in the very work to actually communicate it, which is an essential part, yet without having to take care to the vanity fair of our society of spectacles, scandals and provocations, nor even having to keep referring to the language of a closed society which I actually do master fluently, but, given the spiritual and human scope of my project, I just need to be myself and proactive and take my social role to survive and not to get recognized so much by one of the small societies that human fanatics create...thus avoiding fakeness, pretentiousness... this in my very work, the embalmed crystallized flower of a human existence, a very rare yet very vulnerable flower which now happens to be. I mean, in order to cultivate this flower, as I understood, I am compelled to arm myself, to also get ready for social war, yet fighting this war I shall remember as many forget, I do shall keep in mind that it is the flower, this spirituality I am so carefully and fully growing, it is this I am fighting for and it is, going deeply, the pollen rather than the flower which at the very end will count. The flower, the thing will just dry out into a pollen of dust without potential...but the actual pollen it can generates when it is kept alive...this I am carrying of and for this I fatigue and have to keep it nourished. Time for work now...hope I won't get confused or existential in front of my boss, the pirate coming to one of his hidings.

I found a Tao book yesterday coming back from an intense day in the park with my kid (we both love it and get really regenerated... got to really "carpe diem", particularly with the few weather opportunities). I have been playing with all the kids the monster, felt really natural and spent hours, my afternoon hours after school and work with them and later found this book. Another bathroom reading, another way to keep up in the resides of our busy time and get insights to later spiritually ferment. Mister Lao, when the Western world was in total oblivion (is it getting back to it? swapping again polarities?), Mister Lao was disgusted with the manners of humans and was off to die in the desert when someone asked him to concisely report on his teaching. I get a little of it everyday and I was quite stroked by his sentences, most mysterious yet very profound...this loving the world but most of all this work and forget and keep working. I felt this, also with this Journal and my work in general... working with the flow, the present flow, execute the present and move on rather than trying to create a larger manifestation that encompasses with the present also the past work as it is usually the case... this is also partially why I always felt unsatisfied to frame my thought in a perfect and thus complete form but have to keep adding entries or better repeat myself inspired by all the variety of circumstances offered by a life time and that is undoubtedly a more engaged investigation of a certain truth, the absolute truth. Maybe, at the very end I could only say everything I had to say in a single word and everything else, all the actual work would become obsolete. Anyway, I am getting good insights from doing and keeping myself busy existing and getting something out of it. The future, also the nearby future is always a question, there is much preparation like carrying on the actual practice, but also decisions to be made according to the opportunities that arises (not to mention that the opportunities that arises are also the one that is our cultivated intuition provokes). East or West? Somehow in the middle we can always be ready to adjust ourselves to whatever opposite when circumstances requires it.

I just inputed the values of my morning run, values that, as a giant clock will dictate the tempo in the final building, the output of my 36 years long work. One can say many more were the years as much was spent before to come up with the actual mechanism, much fancy things where attempted... it is ironic indeed as now that I switched to off+the+shelf common recording devices, now here I am seating literally in front of what was my ideal dream: a Wearable Computer. Here I am seating in front of one, closed in a Plexiglas case, being most dusty... an abandoned ideals now that it is confirmed... humans like the fetishism of accessories and the integrity of their body, everything thus is kept to be an accessory and now even radical places like the one where I now work follow that commercial trend and sweeten up. Everything is now based on social and sustainable, the single individual seems to be cut out and yet that is the highest form of sustainability and yet those content people are like to be the most social ones... look at my neighbour Scott Guelfi, he has this inborn willing of cultivate his own food, grow kids, grow and share nature (he attempted to offer me some of his plants). I wonder what would happen if society was to facilitate these positive tendencies. He is not a hippy guy, he knows his responsibility and work yet a deduce a certain oppression coming from outside, like his landowner dumping gravel on the place where he was supposed to grow his plants and making a mass, like American capitalism in