

growth. This is my quality and here I can excel in quality, only and truly here. Much hassling to discover the inner quality, something everyone should do, discover what we are worth at, aside for letting society tell us that. We all have a natural duty, we shall persist it or else things will get bad. ██████ has exactly that quality. When I visited him in his house, his domain, he was a very different person. The previous day, in the city, I felt he was constantly having fists of violence with all the Arabs, the homos and so forth, but at home he was just very lovely and showed me all the plants he grew and explained me how he could make a plant going literally around the living room from a little piece of root. He had that quality but somehow didn't pursue because of his mentality, an adopted mentality telling him that these are only things for females. This was his main polemic also against me and my practice as soon as I revealed it to him. This morning I felt like to write him a simple word for his recently dead grandmother. I wonder if he will ever find the courage to go back to our native highland, our nestle that in these last centuries have been so corrupted and beaten by the big invaders, people with worldly ambitions such as Napoleon, Mussolini and either kaisers who ██████ keeps in high esteem. I wonder but ours was a very brief encounter in our lives, very brief but really an important confrontation after a quarter of a century kept forcefully separated. As much as I would like to go back, at least to visit my native highland in the Alps, as much warm feelings I have, I have already experienced the very cold reception of my half-parents plus all this stupid and vulgar speculation that the country is undergoing... pornography, prostitution and so forth (meantime a guy sat close to my ear sipping his coffee and being most in a hurry... how fastidious reminiscence of ██████ gotta move). People are also transiting in front of me right now, exoticism prevailing ...what an ugly, ugly mix a painter would say, only visually things are not in order and this reflect very much the environment, a mass with no authorship, no one feeling responsible to clean up... my battery is now dying...

Back home after being at work and then latter with the kid at the playground. He has fat mulatto friend with whom he digs up worms and then put them "safely" in a drain, some further selection to our future butterflies. The weather is rather grayish at the moment, better get used to it if we are moving back to Sweden as it seems like. I don't mind the idea, I don't mind nature there, on the contrary. I will though to expose myself to society the least, keep a certain independence and anonymity because that is really killing. I rather entertain things abroad or exclusively output myself through my website. Yeap, will have to forget about it, now how stingy it can get particularly in a small society like that. I would only need to first keep surviving and later earn the money to build my church in the forest. This is what I will leave to my kid, my inheritance, spiritually worth it. Brick by brick and with the assistance of time I might manage but the way is long. When I first started freeing a small monolith in the forest I was lonely with my kid. It was a kind of beautiful ritual burning the branches of the trees I chopped down, removing and burning the mantel of moss covering that stone, freeing the panorama (a very essential thing). Despite the intention many forces worked against me and I wonder about, if I am ever granted to go back, I wonder how is going to be, what is the approach. Shall I present the plans to society? Shall I just continue and let time get what I need? The realization, at least an attempt to it, gives further insights. It is ironic that right when I was working in the forest prior ██████ in-law kicked me out, I also had a diary, I was calling it the "Mountain Diary" which I later destroyed, it was written on paper by the fire but now it is me again and I found a way to incorporate rather than repress all my manifestations. The reason why I partially hide them is that my wife freaked out about my dreams and in particular the fact that a journalist has written about them in a local newspaper. Ouch! It turned out to be a really good catastrophe, I was able to get rid of my ego and set forward to biggest conquests. Traveling and being exposed to different other countries also turned out to be a richful event. I thought that to some degree Providence got me out of Sweden because it was not yet time and life has to be still lived. I try then to understand why is it taking us back? Have fulfilled and expanded the way I was supposed to? Sweden for me is like a virgin nature, the nestle of all my creations. According to the parameters I have set to myself I will have to go away from it at times and like a Viking explore new dimensions, namely the following continents are entirely missing and I should try to explore them before the end of the 36 years life project: South America, Africa, India, Himalaya, Russia and Australia. The rest has pretty much being covered, thus to be in North America feels anyway a bit like living in isolation. Without a civilized country like Sweden my project would have never occurred and without me having born in a much uncivilized Italy the same. The combination is the result of my functioning practice. After my pimp/boss has shown that he is not taking me and my wife seriously I feel relieved as I already said. His lab, with at least fifty heads being exploited by him in exchange for a little honor to be at MIT (I wonder if that is going to mean anything now that it shows terrible signs of decadence), his lab, and all the team working is not able to come out with anything relevant, nothing! I wonder if he just could see what I do, or what a single person can do with some intention and determination and meaning. His lab is fashion to become quickly obsolete, almost instantly the moment we mention it, all the little applications and things the rat is doing for the commercial clients, which only look at the credential of him, a rat, sitting in a golden (yet empty) throne, the moment we mention it, corporations have already gone forward, passionate people in their garage have already beaten them. This is what you get not to deepen any process but just go on masturbating and ejaculating in the pants, no kid is born. Millions of resources are wasted in this way and I still have to see a single penny, so what? Should I relay on society for the construction of my church? Sweden, I know, won't find the project in anyway societal but as time passes who knows... myself, I repeat is only the executor, myself no longer exists, there is a ghost and there is a mechanism.

Today, a rainy and most cold spring day, I read in the bathroom Lao Tsu saying: "Achieve results but don't take credits". 5 minutes later I was back to my desk sending out to specific persons e-mails about the Website I finally decided to post anonymously. It is really not to display anything but to link them to a place where to see my results. A place I have denied because I do not really like taking credits as an idol, a creative God or a genius. I have eliminated my ego and kept growing more freely. As part of my on-going project I managed to also include a set of outputs, this came later as a need of communicating the results without the temptation of celebrating myself, taking honour and so forth. I have not such feeling. Now we are in a situation where we have no perspectives in society, I mean we have no work after the summer and thus I set instinctively out, revealing my treasure and work to few who seems to appreciate it and could help me. I have been silent for two long years, I am generally silent, even though, when the time comes I have much flood of inspiration pouring out, inspiration that comes from my very practice and my devotion to it, which is not all shown unless some affinities are found. I have contacted most of the crew, the very few that are interested about me and my practice, namely people back in Europe, USA and Australia. People I have encountered and with whom I have shared my destiny, my scope, my mission. Some actually may just make fun of it but it is really not about protecting the social facade one puts in front of him (e.g. his titles as director and so forth), it is about the very baby I try to protect and grow within. People love to see someone who placed himself higher fall, yet I put myself always below, circumstances and the very nature of my work keep me most humble. I just knock at doors and see if I can be of any service or I could find some temporal patron. There is always hope, I somehow have feelings that is not time yet for us to go to our little farm in Sweden. We need to secure something before. It is just a feeling and I am optimistic, I believe in a destiny, in a meaning we are accomplishing, each individual has a great importance, science is just a diminishment and a tool of power for those that wants to keep it greater than others. I have no expectations, I do not count in society but count on people and their willing. While looking at some small plants today, growing in a yogurt container where my kid had some pumpkin seeds, I see plants growing now very quickly. I understand that no selection will let them all perish and my selection of removing and letting more space among fewer could let them grow well. I understand that society has understood the need of selection among their members yet I do see the difference in the actually quality one can achieve based on the type of selection. The more automated it is the least quality you get out of it. I guess in the end it always come down to this social selection, a selection I have never in my life managed. If I was to be selected manually I think they would let me grow in peace and I won't have to every time self-uproot me.

Walk, walk, walk and purify the soul I bet. Yesterday I took my colleagues for a test, few kept it in the office, they were lazy (and with little bellies popping out) and tedious. I took them out to the real and we walked and we got closer, we got to know each other and the devices we were testing. Experience to really know, it is fundamental. I bet that those that kept it in the office will criticize our findings that brought us together. Anyway we have visual proofs. The same in the afternoon with my kid we walked despite the wind. We felt compassionate of a little cat starving in the playground and with that pretext we sat out through the small city to look for a net or a box to capture him (I have never held a cat in my arms, nor I would dare to). Walking was good for my kid, there is so much going on now with this spring that has still troubles to really blossom. We know places and people, we go in the segregated areas and play with black kids, I also play tagging with two of them, yet it is really only few that mixes up without much prejudice... we are just very childish. Now that I have some money in my pocket I even bought some boards to pursue my paintings, the tapestries surrounding the church... oh look! so much to say, just because I went out. I guess, if it is really the Scandinavian nestle we are going to, we really have to get out at due intervals. My project kind of get me to do it, map out time but also space. Scandinavia is certainly a secure and stable base.. no earthquakes and so forth and this reflect also the character of the people. I am just so dark, a black lamb among white ones. Observations, I love to observe, I actually got allot of insight from my work when observing other people, it is very insightful as much insightful and elighting is to observe one self. I wonder how things will go around as I am thinking myself as being rather content of my gainings. In my bathroom readings of Lao Tsu I read: "know when to stop". I guess I know that yet I find humans most feverish. New technologies come out every year and I have to catch up although I am much satisfied with what is already available... how is my project going to evolve them? Pair to pair with the technical evolution has it indeed do so far? A side of me would really lean back and say I am satisfied, enough. Another side just keep up with the evolution, no excitement though, it is actually very natural, the medium itself suggests it, as for instance the mobile phone I got in China, just like to have a small computer always around and being able to annotate on the move, that made a big difference and really expanded the possibilities, this again naturally. I will just keep up with the content really, much of the technologies today are based on aesthetics, nuances... the real revolution has really come when certain technologies has become pervasive... no longer a notebook then but a little input device.

In the business bunker... I guess the updated version of it is very transparent, with natural light and so forth but very sterile. I don't complain, endure and be content! When I told this to ██████ he got most furious and insulted me, homosexual and so forth, only once as I haven't allowed me ever since. Speaking of which... I just met a gallerist, finally a serious guy with good taste (ops... my boss just came out momentarily... I am not supposed to start work still but who knows, and guess what? He just told me we should meet in a bit). Anyway, always trying to profit from the many transitions of contemporary living. The gallerist, to come back to that, had a very good impression of my project finding it rich of different components which also makes it complicated to be accepted in the specialized field of culture and so forth. He did not make any criticism Joseph, he was supposed to as far as I know he is really hard on artists going over, yet he spared me. It took three months to meet him but our next meeting is only in a few weeks. Anyway, I am myself open to these kind of interchanges, I bend therefore I am stable as Lao Tsu said probably thinking of bamboos. Meantime now my computer is automatically downloading and installing software upgrades... I wonder where all this will take us. Sometime I really don't see anything useful in all these upgrades... I am trying to get something from society, a decent work within the family but not so that we have to work our ass off and not so that we have to complicate things in order to achieve them. There is not such desire since my spiritual garden, this project will always make me content even if I have to renounce for the sake of simplicity and this is the thing... I don't wanna force my career or my wife's career in different directions. We constantly evaluate, and remain together is my priority... if have listened to ██████ we would have been split for long, she wanted me to come to Italy and work while my wife and son where in America... but look, no effort and I am working as a Project Manager at the top place. Everything that has been tried with force has ceased, this is so true...any violence will die a violent death. I keep up without worries, yet if I really had to look at the future I would be a most anxious man, but no I am confident and most of everything content about my practice, the spiritual one that nature (my nature, the nature of people and mother nature) foments. Simple, yet push when it is time to push and be ready to do that, be trained, constantly.

I was just sent for walk to talk to a conference and happened to be in a forum about cultural heritage and so forth... all highly intellectual people trying to determine the work of the archivists today. I interfered when it was time to interfere and added that all these curators may as well become obsolete (thus also those people in the panel) since the selection can be done proactively as it is the case for my project. They really cut my out, immediately and back to their safe intellectual discourse or better meta-discourse a discourse about the discourse... I would really cut these people out of society. I guess, as even Lao Tsu says, intellectuals are just the source of chaos. How much we need practitioners and people ready to set forward with their practice, ready for sacrifice. I guess I have not provoked any actual discussion right at that big forum in the heart of the institutional representation of culture but the discussion hopefully will continue to tortures these suckers in their non-displayed thinking. The fact is really that the practice of indulging our nature is not "a creative work", it is rather "the creative work" at is primary form, it is total and devised as a mechanism to take care of both inputs and outputs, it does not require any external selections and so forth like anything else that is vane and thus needs to be forgotten, erased. What is worth to be remembered it is probably the main issue of the archivist but then can be asked by the very producer in advance. Aristotle kept historians and poets very distinguished but in fact they can be merged, there is an infinite potential for production and creativity today and constrains are more then ever needed. These constrains, as it is often the case, are set by society and society, most likely fictitiously, selects one or the other and the selection, in this way will never freeze, because it is no means authentic. By setting in advance, you just get something more stable, authentic and by no means fictitious. I just wonder about all this farts intellectually masturbating themselves in such social specialties... let's be broad. I don't feel I want to specialize. Luckily latter I met some Brazilians collaborating with the lab I am working for, they were fun, genuine. Is it like Leopardi said hundred years ago? Nordics are just more intellectual, cloudy and dark as their weather is... just have to move a bit South but not too much.

I do definitely see and experience myself how an individual who sales his soul to society soon ceases to take care of his own domain. His intimate domain becomes like a garden with many weeds although his actual appearance does not reflect that. I say that because I feel it. Actually I am aware of the experiment and hold ready to pull out, just exploring possibilities and drawing conclusions, at least till new conclusions comes. I have definitely learned that I can only rely on my resources, that I should keep this vegetable garden and maintain it because society it is not reliable. A community, a natural community meaning a family I believe it is up to when society threatens it. I am just building a family, I am just building a family heritage from the scratch now that the previous heritage has been totally abandoned by our grandparents opting for the social work. I have opted for the natural work and test the social work as part of the experience. It seems anyway that I am drawn back into my garden as society is becoming very unstable and doe no longer take any responsibilities. Everyone has to think about their own survival once again. I have started painting this morning what are going to be the drapes of the corridors surrounding my church, I started painting and try to keep things simple... they could get far more complicated if I was not to second my wife but if I also was going out hunting to improve my career. I prefer to second and this helps the family, helps my project, help us to keep it simple and natural. I try to be the very flexible one and this avoid any confrontation and competition. I don't mind it, my work, meaning my natural work, meaning my project continues and benefits and I guess as my mommy says I soon won't be able to get on the business train anymore... let it depart without me! I have discovered my nature and made most use of it, things can get better, things can get worse but I will try to keep up and most of all keep it simple, comfortable avoiding unnecessary complications and addictions without forcing anything yet testing and provoking all possibilities to see where it is easier to keep flowing. In this sense, adhering to the principle of non-action or better no-forced-action yet still testing out the possibilities, all and always.

I begun reading Plutarch, the biographies he wrote of many great human figures, when coming to Catus I am really impressed and reflective about self-discipline and self-content, avoiding pleasures and achieve integrity. I think that is really necessary, discipline! This is how I am going to call my doing, it is a discipline. Yesterday our fat neighbours invited us to IKEA... can you imagine? A day in a mall looking at Swedish furniture on sale. Well it was raining and I just let go and went at least to explore that life-style a first time (please, won't repeat it though and hopefully we are soon gone and detached from them). Anyway, we had our fat American breakfast we all these ingredients I try to avoid and here were served by the neighbour in abundance... cream, butter, fried stuff... I guess it was Epicurus saying that we should just let go at times to our discipline of bread and water. So I do it sometime and hopefully I can even avoid it. Anyway the fact is really that I did not have any desire of buying anything, or possessing anything. I am really content and keep playing my role, my social role as much as it is required, this as a interesting investigation of human nature. Sometime I inject the poison, I let my son have some to, we just keep accustomed to the taste to avoid for instance the addiction of ██████ who shows the Roman temper of avoiding any vices but he is really vicious...TV, alcohol, cigarettes... pleasures he is totally addicted to only the belief that they increase his masculinity. I am thinking indeed to keep up with my discipline but also experience pleasure at times, more as Plato describes, feeding the head, the chest and the belly harmoniously in order to be really content. My wife is now up and running...she will have an interview today that might bring us back to Sweden...where discipline is very natural... because of the remoteness.

I manage allot of things everyday, I kind of have to because of the many responsibilities, to be very efficient and concentrate to one or the other, when the time come. It requires some genius to avoid complications, particularly at work, and the diplomacy that is required for instance with big clients and relationships of that kind. If I have to look instead at the relationship with my original family it is a disaster, much bloodshed and a total state of trenches war. ██████ and father has really this violent German temper which I do certainly feel within me but I have somehow never pursued. The Northern Germans of Sweden has particularly civilized me and anyway if Germany is to produce these violent character it is also to produce great composers and thinkers. Yet again this is only a projection of my identity which is also rather Italian and Gods knows what. I wouldn't exclude though that tempers are not genetics, that the descendants of all the immigrants won't display the obvious characteristics of their ancestors. It is really weird to talk to Scott, my over-weight neighbour who projects himself to be Italian but has indeed Polish and Portuguese blood as well. Weird hybrids, weird habits that are transmitted down to generations... I was really amazed by how he would keep all the lights and air conditioning on in the middle of a spring day where temperature and light outside are really fabulous... habits! Who will re-educate all these Americans that want to arrogantly teach the whole world? Gosh! Anyway, back to Plutarch and his fabulous anecdotes of ancient history I am still amazed by his biography of great Roman figures, such as that of Catus who originated from an unknown family and was really disciplined and disregarded luxuries. I try to understand why "discipline" and "integrity" is so much made fun of today. My answer is that in the latter centuries the application of discipline has been catastrophic due to its amplification of technology. In other words, discipline, when amplified by moder technologies, can have a very bad impact on the affected humanity. I think of the big dictators from Napoleon to Hitler all aided by technology and mass-media, spreading their willing and amplifying it to catastrophes. We thus have those big but also much smaller examplos of disciplines and their negative effect. The present solution is to keep varying, doing this and that and be slightly vane and superficial with our lives, removing any sort of morals and so forth. I believe though that we are offered a possibility for something that I would call like a background discipline, a discipline that is not brought fourth but in transitional situations and that do not affect the social and natural surrounding. That discipline is the very key of our existence, the necessary tool to understand human nature, the meaning of life. There is never a one large revelation but only discipline to keep digging in the dark cave of our existence and be progressively enlightened by the vein of gold we may or may not find and even if we find one we shall continue on following it. Most of the diggers stop at the first piece of gold and quickly set of to sell it and bring a corporation there to exploit it. I keep my background discipline by keeping my ax and relaying on my strength and never really revealing my treasures. I also, with my experience of manual digger, I also visit the corporative site where I work to invent better gold digging machines but in reality I long for my manual digging. That is all I do in my transitional times of the day, after waking up early morning, in the rainy afternoons, waiting at a playground... prior going to bed... I dig manually and be very content!