

The weather is beautiful, finally a little colder yet always at work and overshadowed by doubt whether I should stay and fulfill a bit of ambitions or whether to go back to Sweden earlier. I love to design, I feel like an architect in that respect, a graphic who loves to create measured proportions, compact and meaningful structures. I certainly like to observe but then work out mechanisms to represent the captured observations... here the good thing is that I get paid for it. My project is the base of all this, the essence. Probably the only discouraging thing is that I won't really get any credits but in a Taoist spirit I keep up as I know that ideas are inexhaustible when someone is in a process of intellectual cultivation... fuck all this copywriters and colonizers of human knowledge with such terrible technical medium.

I feel really something of my spicy of humans evolved from probably the best livable region of the universe, I feel there is so much love we can express when this link to our nature is open and so much hate and deprivation once we set for social ambitions and so forth. I experience that in first person and I am totally aware of all this natural sensibility turning rather evil I would say. I can detach at any moment from this experiment yet I notice that really I am made to take care of something and bring it to a concise form. I guess the same goes for my kid who now seems quite independent and doesn't need me all that much anymore at least in the household but I can guide him in bigger adventures when the time will come. People jelling outside, it is night... what a fucked up neighborhood though I got to love the gay couple with the little dog Piccolina and my Portuguese friend Tony... we are so similar, like talking to a mirror (p.s. I just met him that his brother just died... what a neighborhood).

I just been at another interview we made about Italian American and was cut out with a nephew of my boss, a poor girl who has to work as a waiter in order to support herself at university, something I didn't really do myself as █████ supported me. Anyhow, after talking to her, I seem to understand that the new Italian generation seems totally bored, they lack a dream, or maybe they had a dream like Serena had, she was a professional acrobat but then had to quit. It seems then it is the boredom generated by the civic state to generate greater problems than the uncivil state or anyway an in between state. Those kids are just in cocaine, heavily and all for boredom, a boredom caused by the paralysis generated by the procedural society. No discovery, their destiny is paved from the beginning, no insecurity nor anything to fear,, which causes also lack of respect for the others but most in particular to themselves.

Just made it on top of a 1600 meters mountain in New Hampshire. I guess I am getting a bit rusty and old but I made it quite okay yet without so much feeling. I guess a new mountain is like a new friend without so much to talk about, mountains in general, particularly of this elevation and wilderness without so much history, have not being my friends for long... I go for something more moderate now, something healthy and exhaustive and not over exhausting, just to get all the social toxins out (I just peed really yellow). I felt silent while Jacek and Paul walked in front of me down the rocks, I felt I could go as well back to Sweden now, feeling not so inflamed about anything, no desires but yet much exposure to them which is really what I feel is much corrupting me ... I wanna detach from the wild capitalism, the human professionalism aimed for money and money alone, it s sickening me deeply, I might have to find a compromise though, be always on the verge of abstention and total presence. I feel I deeply need to purge and that now I really earned sufficient skills for the coming period at least. I don't want to spoil things by being to further away from my nature, my family which I am now sort of letting be. Enough, this is what I feel and this is probably what I will end up doing, escaping without saying anything as it is my style.

It is in times like this that I wish I could really escape. I do not want to associate reality with this productive mode that destroys it, I feel myself destroyed from all this big show we are making about and for institutions. There is no magic into it, there is no discovery and thus it is totally flat to communicate yet it takes up the main channel of communication, it will be flagged by the consulates of Italy it will represent that country but in reality it won't rescue the extinguishing memories of the authentic American-Italians only this and that very rare successful one, but what about the unsuccessful one, or better the ones who have not succeeded in a career but maybe have succeeded in life, they are satisfied and thus are not really like the one who we are portraiting with all the possible fictions, who has achieved temporal glory but in reality might a totally disastrous lives, with kids that are taking drugs and so forth. I worry indeed about my kid and the thought of being away from him, from my nature and from my project, really disturb me. I am ready to sacrifice all this temporal success, which indeed might not be the case as anyway no credits will come to me. I believe in a destiny though... this very experience might serve me something or be indirectly useful for something else, in the future. I would be quite content with my project and my nature alone, but it was really useful to come out, I will go out at times but always be aware to when it is time to return, this being one of the most important aspects, as many gets trapped like Ulysses who never return, as █████ indeed.

Today I woke up really early with my son always looking for physical contact at night now that we share the same bed with all the guests we have in our little apartment, now even with an Italian nanny from my native region. Anyway I got up working but by the time I got to bed again I kept thinking how I don't want to be separated by my family just for little institutional honor in the great America. Anyway, as I was kissing my wife in the morning I got my eyes blurred and understood that an unusual headache ws coming. One more reason to skip work and be with my family. I took █████ and August in nature, we found peace again within us... other work really at this point not worth but as it is usual with myself I avoid any confrontation and use my headache as an excuse not to see my boss again before he leaves for his journeys, the pirate. Now seating with my son and the nanny in the cemetery by a most tranquil lake of the oldest new england.

My kid id in a fountain picking coins and I am back supervising him even though we have a nanny who could take care of him I decided to have him with me and experience. I am actually doing a silent resistance and abstain from work for my Italian boss and his institutional money suffocating content, manipulating it and presenting a total fiction. I abstain and get gentler with my nature wondering what my role in society will be once I move to isolated Scandinavia. The most important thing is to be close to nature, my family, my project, the actual nature I was assigned to, naturally. My naturally duty is being fully accomplished , should I worry about anything else? The rest are just little social games which I just find less significant, I am probably one of the very few but yet I have realized that my sensibility amplifies the good as much as the bad thus all the persuasion used all these months at work for one of the credited social members have turned me into vice and meaninglessness. I felt like purging and I have been really severe with the tempting devil or just call him the vane ambition that was proposed to me. Anyway my kid is now very happy in the fountain with another black kid. We just been wondering around the city making all new discoveries and even finding some bushes of red berries to eat. Providence is on the side of everyone who listen to her. Experience with humans feels necessary to understand our worldly nature but then, then it is always time for the spiritual cave, retreat and reflection and much spiritual blossoming out of all the collected dirt.

My birthday today but no big deal, I haven't showered and just made allot of spaghetti for few of my colleagues, mostly the young ones and those foreigners, more adventurous and insecure and willing to unite in communion. I also today decided to leave America in a month and join my family without delay, i felt much compassion for my little kid and just don't care about all the honor and prestige I would get by staying. I really like my friends who came, better go back to them

At the amusement park with my little family in New York, a very rotten one with allot of freaks and very colorful ethnics, certainly not how America use to be, a sort of liberation for all the new immigrants and emancipated or just fro those like us who wants to get nourished. Anyway we stayed over in Manhattan a relative of Jacek Jewish girlfriend, an old lady, very kind but very lonely, who let her life pass without accomplishment. Her apartment is close to Central park, a nice natural contrast to all the artificiality of the city, I liked it and August, my son to.

At home earlier from a work that I am really sabotaging as it seems again the little lords of society not only use up the young talents but also throw them. There is a girl █████ from Italy, a good girl working for free and giving all herself up I guess out of expectations that she might really gain something, my compassion goes to her and those condors supervising her with driggling mouths. Anyway, today, if not xl have managed to solve all issues among the team members and withdrew home to do a backup of my project, as for some years now it hasn't been public and the only real copy stays on me. All this decisions to be taken eventually to keep life simple, not so much complications of having to go up and down and commit really only and truly to my nature meaning my family, my project and the farm... Anything else seems unworthy... Wait I also have to include true friends, people that some how have related to the previous as Jacek with whom I have walked many miles and in all conditions.

In a wholesale warehouse a Chinese warehouse waiting to interview another successful Italian, maybe the manager if the place is right, probably not, I am just giving smaller relevance to this job now that there are all this interferences from all this big team of people doing such polenta. And this all for the institutional vanity and prestige unfortunately as it often turns out.

A beautiful day and even if I am working for the consulate I make the most to be out and so while the crew takes the bus or drive I walk. Thus I have walked to the interview to an old Italian historian in a very old University and really told myself how America is fast decaying, ugly old cement that can't be removed, a sign of irresponsibility, just accelerating processes and resulting in all these artificial ugliness. Anyway a lesson which I guess has to be experienced because most of humanity use it as their driving example and transform accordingly to this artificial super power, yet really what remains and age with a golden aura is really what is subjected to natural process. I sometime wonder though about Sweden and its beauty also when it comes to urban planning and buildings. Is the natural process there absorbed in society elaborated by it, while here is imposed? Shall we then listen more closely to our environment both natural and social and work with it, with its constrains and never really impose? I believe in this approach and would like to put it into practice, observe and thus determine. I guess the issue is still that one should be analytical by nature and analysis itself should be kept human with all due observations while it seems that even a thorough analysis of reality is being criticized and replaced with a more automated one, that is the other extreme, the modern human insecurity of judging once a reality has been significantly experienced... lets hold to the center.

I am seating in the very heart of the world most prestigious university where all the presidents and rich people of America are likely to come from. I am here because of my project, paradoxically the picking trash project which will be burnt in ceramic tiles. I just attended a workshop here showing the entire range of possibilities on how to transfer images to tiles and I was rather quick to select the quickest and fastest way, avoiding techniques that are getting obsolete. That lesson I have learned in my days trying to print on archival paper .. it was just not natural, allot of materials wasted and processes, i rather go for something a bit more automated. Anyway the magic was done, I guess this is really what it takes, the effort of actually doing, bringing back to reality and it was exciting yet, if one think of it, it takes also a courage because it also implies as it is often for me, it implies to give up on the security provided by our social positions. They just don't match, one ought to give it up and come to it in good faith that there is always something when something is needed like some money for minimal survive, yet always giving the best care to the family and particularly transmitting your happiness of being, nothing that career can acquire, to the contrary.

I keep the phone offline and lock myself in the bathroom to write this Journal. The first because now again more precautions should be used about all this modern and recent devices with all these invisible tech, the wireless I never use which is said to cause cancer, while really I think also it is us conducting a most unphysical life, let's work on it back in wild Scandinavia. The second, me locking myself in the bathroom, is due to my wife being highly jealous and piss about my project, yet really because of it I have weaken all my ambitions and I follow the family back to Sweden instead of staying here and work of my worldly career. Anyway I try to be close to her, we are now packing and moving and I do try to keep harmony and good spirit. Also with my kid I try to be gentle, no more fighting nor violence although he is too much into weapons and military I try to teach him moderation and give him multiple perspectives. I am now reading Franklin Benjamin autobiography, I found it together with Emerson diary which I right away discarded (nice format but most boring content with nothing to go away with). Those were found books, again what destiny offers I take and make good use of yet, among all the opportunities presenting themselves I do select and carry what it is easy to carry and discard what is heavy and unpractical.

A day at Walden Pond with a colleague who took us there. You really get to know people in nature and appreciate them, see their good side, discover their qualities and thus respect them. Anyhow, Walden Pond where Henry David Thoreau (a name worth remembering) where he spent his isolated years in isolation. I once read his accounts by pure chance back in my woods in Sweden and was really inspired by his thinking, really close to the heart. I found his cabin and swam across the pond, a perfect pond with the only perfect temperature in the entire county I would say after swimming or just immersing in other chilly waters. That was really purifying a paradise.

At the beach this time again enjoying this summer without vacation, a constant work where vacation is naturally embedded, taking my kid to nature as sheep to a pasture. This time we didn't have a ride so we are still within what the American public transport and our walking can offer (we relay allot on the latter). We are surrounded by all the world packed together and think and plan about our little spot in the world, pure Sweden. We have now thought of improving the part of the farm we have so naturally renovated so that maybe the winter we can spend long weekends there. From the beginning I really wanted to move there for good but I guess it is paradoxically more stable like that, keeping the fighting front in the city and devoting our resources to our country, meaning our countryside that as much work and sacrifice and health and wealth was put into it, I can really now claim it ours, very much legitimately so. We might need a car though to establish a strong connection, we might need other "technologies" to make it totally worth it and rightly progressive in the natural way, we might end up sustainable (as a coincidence I did apply recently to a job for sustainable energy)... To be seen!

Denis beach at Cape Code, a place worth remembering, beautiful nature, crystal clear water an intact environment not far from where the first white and at that time humble pilgrims arrived hundreds years ago. I can now see how providential they thought this place to be after being persecuted for their religious ideals a bit like for me as it comes to my spiritual ideal. A place where to be contented, a promised land for real, I probably already found mine back in Sweden, this is just a reminder prior mine going back, a reminder of gratefulness.

Yesternight I drove the family back to Boston passing by Plymouth where the first religious pilgrims arrived. I really enjoyed the reconstruction of their first settlement with role playing characters. While listening and talking to one of them it really felt like going back to that period, just like hearing a story by a grandfather, memory versus history. In general we had a family feast, a less cautious experiencing of this hosting land after we spend here a whole year being very careful of any expenses... Also to remember that we will be soon back to Sweden where the severity really lies in the climate and not in the people like in mighty Italy (that would be intolerable). Back and connected to the world much more I discovered that my only application this year have not been selected. I was particularly fond of it since it was a call for an exhibit in a church, too bad yet I should also remind myself that my project has only started and there is till a 3/4 to go. Time will give the right opportunities to experiment and for now I won't be boasting but only let the project be informally know like the story told by the pilgrim above. Generally I will not offer myself but let others offer me, weakening my desires and ambitious to be desired, be content with my remote yet actively observant presence.

I have walked a long distance to reach the place for the next interview I have to do for work. I discovered some beautiful places, also an old rail road turned into a bike path going straight to Walden pond, a spiritual site indeed. I had to divert my intuition though and come to a hill full with giant villas and I now seat out of the biggest but do not dare to go in, my colleagues being already inside and me thinking really, rather disgusted, about the state of things... What kind of memories this man with such property will be able to tell us? Or better I am sure the interesting part is what he hide from us, all that he had to do in order to rise from poor immigrant to millionaire... A most honest worker my ass, anyway luckily I am soon out of this pretentious game, no truth worth remembering, I would rather chase these people and find the real truth and give the world the real message to learn from their actual doings.

I keep it off line now a days, not only because I don't really wanna be reached in my tranquility and silence industry but also because I did experience the negative sides of the speculative labor of innovation where the modern cancer lays particularly now that innovation has reached is picked, humans could be content yet it keeps on speculating with much ephemerality. I keep off longing for nature, the nature that together with my family was assigned to me. Today I took a French intern to the cemetery of Mountain Auburn here in Cambridge, such an atmosphere, such a spiritual landscape veiling the mystery of death... Something of the kind is my wish for my land. I shall maybe get in the cemetery business and offer humans a spiritual plague for their souls, a forever space, nothing temporal yet something that would automatically preserve the natural landscape so threaten by greed like that of my brother-in-law who had part of the forest chopped luckily with us counter attacking. I feel now legitimately part of that land after so much hand work and care but how would you go explaining to the right wing extremist now going out of their caves, how would you explain that to them? Human nature.

Today my head is mostly confused, I really despise seating in the dark lab retrieving information, it is most unhealthy I really try to escape that. An healthy working environment really counts and many should be prohibited, particularly when wages are so low, what to say. There are those that with a bit of luck and talent gets successful and maybe other, the most who won't. I sometime reflect that the success I want is really to be able to complete my project and I am for sure not looking at establishing myself and that also in itself preserve my project and my much diluted ambition. I wonder though, if humans who are generally blinded when it comes to celebrities will allow or in anyway support a non-celebrity like myself. The dilemma comes really to this, society only delegates to whom is certified. My certifications are really scattered and the driving motor has really been to learn intuitively because that is what my willing/ the evolution of my work suggested. This non-imitable and really produces originality, let's follow it and abandon all these other enterprises mimicking one another to survive in the social conventions. I was just over at my boss' apartment in the rich and chic downtown. There I found the genuine and fresh books of Bruno Munari, very intuitive and childish and very much everything, a non-specialized creator, that I really enjoyed. Yet he lived in a period in which such creativity was needed, well, let's keep resisting/existing.

I showed the progress of my work to an Italian colleague who just came back and it seems that at least there, there is some admiration. This is what I find particularly strange how normal people