

the heart of town, it really changed my poetic mood and cut off all my proliferation, what a heck of a trap, so much everything, the shops and the tourists were masked with much appearance and attitudes,. It reminded me of Italy and the cities turned into avenues for materialistic consumption, I wouldn't be able to stand that for long. I enjoy this half in nature and half in the city and half in the old and half in the modern situation, the neighborhood where we ended up I mean, it is rather authentic and discretely isolated yet we can easily access the urban infrastructures and get some variety going... ought to cook for the little family now who is most depressed with their day without life, without enrichment, impoverished by the commerce and its projections... too bad, I am very selective and can find really good and instructive compromises for my kid like a documentary we watched yesternight, how happy we were then and eager for actual adventures.

I must detach from the social pressure surrounding me, it would be the end of my project the project that in order to live had to make it to such a remote province. Today is a most perfect sunny day and I made all preparations for the family to go out but my wife, who spends her days in front of her mobile phone and really not long for a bit of freshness in her free time, she felt sick and unwilling to do anything which contagated my kid. I have tried to bring him out and share the magical landscape I discovered yesterday, there was no use. I obviously try to give them allot of love, my profession earns nothing and my wife wants me to switch to a trendy job while I keep insisting. I tell her it is a question of time but it might as well not be in the short run. I don't know how things will be, in this progressive civilization is unacceptable that a person is home with the kids, that is not a recognized and functioning member of society. Now I seat in a park enjoying the sun and cultivating my spirituality, for me that is what counts most... if I die I die ... my worries are about the present state, it is sunny out and won't be for long. I might be wrong and end up a total bump mostly because of the fact that I am not accepted by the social conventions. In another time I might have been a priest or a shaman but these figures are mostly disregarded now that everything (so we think) is "solved" by science... and yet ... I pursue with my love, suspended in the intimate world I create, suspended by the artificiality of a society doom to consume. I don't believe in a total consumption though, their will be always ways, at the bottom of our technically accelerated civilization to regeminate, always. Even crickets singing at the sun can be of use.

The polarity has swap, I am now a like a representative of Asian culture or maybe a culture that was also embedded within us but science and commerce has wiped out. I feel like a Buddhist monk or an elder doing Tai-chi believing that all this kind to nature practices will give them a better future. I guess if you ask ██████ in-law or better ██████ they have no understanding of why I do what I do earning nothing and with the prospect of a miserable future, meaning without material resources to sustain me. At times I think of after-life as like a night of dreams. Some may not have any dreams after a most frustrating non-existence in the business world, or might as well have just nightmares. I long for an after-life night of dreams, beautiful on-going dreams of sun light, reflecting the simplicity which a natural life can render. This is not really my choice, my nature is what it is and the social circumstances may or may not make use of it. I don't panic and actually just now feel glad that a certain sensibility has rearouse within me, that this mechanism of mine is actually producing something with a soul, a re-examination of being humans, something eternal but that in my case as in all other people case, reflects our current condition, a condition that in the way societies are structured really affect us, but again in these large fields something has escaped to the social machines, something unexpected is growing. It has to keep hidden else it will in no time be pruned away, the wind might spread its pollen and something somewhere in the endless field might catch it, just chances sometimes.

I just wrote a letter to ██████ and had to throw it away, I can only talk to myself, to my project, to my little son to the people that are strictly most intimate with me and nothing, nothing else. I wish I could keep this almost shy and childish and certainly most intimate state but I am most afraid that soon the time will come and I will have to go out, fight for some money and become most nasty and vicious. This is an experiment, for how long can I still keep out? For how long I can preserve my purity and that I communicate to my most intimate? It really now feels more than ever that it is only in this state of secluded intimacy, a very vulnerable one, the deepest and most profound manifestations of human souls can shine out. Anything, for now, seems enduring if there is a garden waiting for us to be taken care of. I conserve every of its fruits and ultimately wish to present all in once and thus demonstrate the infinite proliferation that each one of us can potentially accomplish through a life time.

At the park with my kid when everybody else is at work or at school or anyway employed by society. I try to be patient with my kid and second his willing instead of breaking it, I might be wrong and there could be a time when I really won't have any time but for now I just make it an imperative to have time for things, for my project and for him... for nature and what it gives us. Meantime a cripple old man walks around, or better drag himself around the park checking every bin for cans... no one to look after him but most of all no one to reflect on his state, a state behind the corner of everyone's life. It would be a good effect though, I believe to take these elders out of the bubbles where society keeps them drugged and hidden. Everyone would appreciate more their own existence, the spring of their being human. We would be more careful I believe. As I experience the bad effects of an extreme society and I experience those of a community, particularly after meeting my violent father whose alcoholism can also be on the other side an effect of society, as experience all that I wonder what is the ideal situation or if our condition is doomed to constant changes. I try both and also have my kid to experience both, it is just my heart to dictate me this and based on it I just size opportunities, sometime together sometime, the rare times society calls a useless being like me on duty, these times separate. A game we play yet are able to detach from it and play our own games and come up with our own missions as members of a little tribe.

Just out of a lecture about archives, a big German-American Professor presenting Russian artists from 1920s and yet what it turned out? It turned out that the Professor together with all the other Academics present in the room was interested about the deconstruction of archives, about all those artists taking other archives and dismantle and criticize them with their dirty hands of fine intellectuals. If I was to present my project, my life archive, my ark collecting the potential of an extinguishing life, he would have laugh at me, believe me. How tedious and unnecessary are these figures, how irrelevant, just indicators of a totally decaying culture based on criticism, and yet there would be so many endless fields to explore, creatively. What makes them so sterile and so subtly masturbant? No exaltation of our being humans, just excited about critical reevaluation. I take the distance from this depressive and uninteresting realm, go forth in my optimism, share the love, give out something beautiful, a sign of respect to our nature, an enlightenment of the spirit... also aware that my very words and work may in the future be totally not-considered or just totally criticized and vivisected by some pig of an "artist" suiting the "academic"... let's hope for some genuineness and rediscover of common sense... maybe a cultural revolution would do.

Today, a nice day and again put trying to re-establish my connections and wait till eventually they end to something. This one, Jonathan a philosopher I believe of Arab origins was very kind and available to talk and listen without hurry even if is social position is quite high, really an exceptional case, particularly important for me that I am doing such kind of extended work with so many implications. My hands are freezing as I am writing and again my kid is blocked in a small playground a social trap with all that nature offers to play with just around the corner, by the beautifully still lake where I just met an Hungarian, a political refugee who used to work in an Italian circus, a real Fellini character and I really let him talked although we were much apart... our age and our culture, anyway an authentic character whose life seem to have stopped once he moved here, the same goes for Charlie Chaplin exiled in Switzerland and ██████ in Canada. The same might be for me drawn in this peaceful province, a good place for writing and accounting elsewhere adventures.

Back to daily routine in this delicious end of autumn. The seeds in the pots lined up to my desk have grown to small plants, plants my son and I have found worth reproducing and eventually bring to the countryside where it seems like we are going to spend his autumn vacations. It would indeed lovely to have back my vegetable garden and all the production I managed ten years back. There are allot of things I find hard though such as that no one is there to give a hand, the products are often not used since it is so much easier to get them from the supermarket, my back etc. I try not to interfere with someone else's property then. The unfortunate thing is the drastic definition of properties in today society which do not allow any communal sharing. I am not thinking only about my father-in-law land but also about the chairs of the Academics and so forth. It is a hard core colonization and the ridiculous part is that those that have really to much, up to their heads, to the point that they might get nausea and don't get anything out of it, not even a potato. It is a most ridiculous situation but I enjoy not to have or to have little, I enjoy living the life of a servant with his free time which I so much esteem and the freshness of my intellect. I still meet a cleaner working on our staircase or in the neighboring condominiums. I am sure I would have more of an interesting conversation with him, more of an exaltation of life as I can tell from his genuine face and attitude. Ultimately I don't regret my state, I wanted it all, I ripped myself off the material enrichment which characterized my surroundings and searched for a meaning or a way to make meaning. As I believe I found it and have sticked to it now I just play the life of a chicken, the house-wife with her everyday duties, or maybe some sort of a monk isolated in an abandoned monastery on a wild rock in the middle of a medieval city.

Still one day as a full house wife washing and refreshing the little family dwelling, now the kid again home from school and at times again getting more obstinate to do anything but construct tunnels and cities and fantasize exactly as I do but in two dimensions. Well, I hope for him that he will have the possibility to construct as he wishes in his natural platform and thus realize himself. It is interesting to see how this realization of the self, a realization that is carefully planned and work with nature, not against it, by being modeled by time and thus become natural, it is interesting how it can take place in the most constrained circumstances, circumstances where for instance the surrounding society is fat and healthy yet nothing is given to the realization of anything intimate, not even the most elaborated product of intimacy. I spend sometime off and on looking for opportunities even though I realize that really the best ones are those offered and absolutely not those asked for. I look at them, so complex, so bureaucratic, a profession of its own. I look for something simple and straightforward, based on ponderable facts as the potatoes cultivated by a farmer, the humble work of a man doing things out of genuineness. I seem to repeat myself in this sort of poetic yet I realize that really I don't need any apparatus to support my already self-sufficient apparatus, obviously I need food and so forth to live and in my circumstances I just do my duty and help as much as I can within the household, which is really the epicenter of at least my life. It is a most ordinary life alternated by small adventures and so forth but certainly no the life of a Lord Byron or my friend Davide still in search of something around the world, now I guess in India. Life has been planned, every situation of life has a duty related to it which engages me and makes life so interesting to live, makes life like a big game with an accomplishment which for once it is not the social retirement, but an accomplishment representing life itself, a monument to it and its fantastic potential to germinate. I don't care the today's trend is to demolish monuments and erase all sort of authoritarianism, according to the trend I am total ridiculous waste, a most naive dreamer, an out of date person belonging to no refinement. This is not the point, I am delivering the present to the future, I am giving out a testament which can be reflected and evaluated with all the production of human manifestations that were most natural to me, a being at the beginning of the millennium, and what I really managed with all the limitations and indifference of the surrounding society. With the help of exclusively my own head and hands.

In the countryside, again quite a journey to a place that is really across the lake from where we live yet so difficult is to reach with the public transportation and so expensive. I can definitely see that things won't get easier in this respect but more and more complicated as the actual media allows with all the speculations that comes with that too. This is ironically when I have defined my work with all its tasks and try to keep life simple and at the same time engaging in the different everyday activities it offers. It is all to be seen... Today I was particularly clear from the very morning, had many very vivid dreams and so allot of truth and seemed to understand many things but then the day went by and know I just feel threaten by all the people surrounding me in the different room of this half unused cottage. I have much of a production going home in our apartment now that I was rather skeptical to spend Halloween here when nature is really turning off. Anyway, my kid is to play with his cousins and get a bit of roots while really we would have spent time exploring the city as usual, which indeed is very memorable and always offers something. I will work on illustrating my Origins, jogging and audio recording... every situation has its profitable sides et really here sometime in this countryside I feel I might as well remove everything to the very essential, as I did few years past before going to the world. Yet this is now already been decided, I have articulated myself, the way I can manifest myself. I guess people see a big cacophony in it or don't see anything until I will be able to do the magic and get it out there, who knows.

Today in the countryside a bit relieved from my role of a father I take on that of the patriarch, father of the land which will be likely of my progeny. ██████ in-law's radio is playing all this popish shit (who is the teenager and who is the elder one my ask), I don't feel totally concentrated to write on my Journal today even though if I have to write and estimate it was a rather good day, a day in which nature itself invited us out to take care of the land, thus a very unexpected day which was going to otherwise turn rather idle with the winter weather approaching. Anyhow, a stroke of genius, like the day itself, a stroke of genius brought me to come up with a plan for our vegetable garden, also some kind of an ark containing all the variety of different vegetables and berries this land can offer. The idea was really that of concentrating it all in this eight rows where I usually only had vegetables but now it is pretty well balanced. As the land is now defined so it is my duty (the same goes for my project) and so eventually people won't interfere even though I am strongly aware that it is really not my land and I have to take certain misfortune such as going over with the tractor or letting the cows to pasture on the vegetable or trimming them by mistake, I will have to take these misfortunes and just be patient. Maybe if I better define the land everything will be clear. This is also what I have tried to do with this very Journal today, I finally gave it a format and calculated the final total number of pages, this without really forcing any rigid frame to constrain the size of each entry and so forth. It is only based on my very initial project, its natural layout which gave the layout to everything else (as a matter of fact 3.456 of these pages will give exactly the perfect square that the 432 panels of all the photos of the objects I use will generate).

In the countryside resting after yesterday's work, a physical work which sometime may refresh yet sometime may also consume, and now, a still at an early age, I am most aware of this consumption, aware of my energy and of my limits, aware of impossible missions and most relaying on my very self and surrounding. I really try to esteem sometime what my work will bring in the end as I see that social recognition, which with the disintegrations of community is really a large scale thing. I see that social recognition is unobtainable without much pretension and much damage to the very substance of the work, the content of which I am so fond of. What gets me going is still unclear. From the beginning it was real some sort of vision, I had a vision which implied methods to be fulfilled and now I am really much into the execution, I execute, being very regular, most disciplined yet very flexible to adjust such a discipline to other occurrences to which I also nourish. It is really infinite the production already yet sometime I really wonder who will have the time to dig into something that has been based on time. The fact is that few days ago on the way here I stopped with my child at the public library to find a classic and yet I was really myself selecting and basing my choice to what is publicly recognized. The selection is really then an issue and under these circumstances who will ever approach a work that has little or no public recognition? Probably this is not my work, nor my poetic. What I am really up to is to deliver a message to a future someone who my, by accident, stumble upon a rock of my archive dug in the wild, the chaotic and artificial wilderness of information, and find something most well naturally ordered, something that leads to some wide chamber of nourishing and authentic and well curated and organized germinations of life. I keep hidden, I keep my subtle constant work, I may sometime expose myself but really I am practically just starting. Let's wait till it really evolves, yet again the dilemma is really if this privileged position of my as a house wife and gardener is really stable for the time being... a risk for which I only keep faith in providence.

A most summerish day in the countryside, a real Indian summer after all the Halloween intoxication. The kids, cousins of the same tribe, have played really well in the summer house which took me four years to renovate and now has become some sort of giant and magical toy house, or better a ghost house as the kids today transformed it. Now one really to tell them what not to do, wild and happy as beasts while I have been cooking for them and later attended the vegetable garden, being most careful that my back doesn't get bad again... anyhow the day and the circumstances got me back in that little field, that small and sustainable encyclopedia of what the earth can grow here. I now hope that no other interferences will distant us, yet human nature is like this, it has to be continuously reminded, reminded of what is worth and what is not and continuously through these direct reminders human nature makes mistake to get back on track again for some time. One of these reminders really occurred to me today, how the country can be so beautiful and how a sober farming life can be so fulfilling. I am not so much acquainted with Tolstoy, although I read his ██████ Karenina, but from what I gather from Pasternak, it seems there was some kind of Tolstoian life style in vogue prior the revolution. Well, I will get deeper as in everything, but I guess this seems rather a parallel philosophy, the living in the country and taking time to narrate, like a large painting of a most spacious landscape and the comparison with the more complex city life to which I also acquaint myself with. Anyhow now the bad grass is being removed once again from a garden which was for some years now totally unkept. Looking back I can really see that the main cause has been a great disillusion with society and its total indifference. I am now aware of it and no longer care of getting anywhere in society, now all my care goes to my garden, to preserve them in her beauty along with the knowledge to keep them alive without any technical shortcut, relaying on myself and for such an extensive period of time. Maybe only my progeny will take notice and learn something for it, I am now totally unconcern with any reaction, just keep up blindfolded.

Despite the weather that is gradually changing, the temperature is still rather warm almost as the entire earth is waiting for me to make the autumn preparation for my vegetable garden. It has been a most productive stay here in the country so far. The kids take care of themselves other than cooking and going to sleep and the natural work of the country really suits my natural work, the spiritual kingdom I am developing. For now there are no negative signs, my body doesn't really ache with all the digging bent down on the earth and I feel generally rather fresh. My freshness also come now from a certain unconcern with society. I look within me and see no real desires for all the projections it offers. I might in the end have to choose one out of need yet for now I enjoy my present state, a most meditative production naturally evolved from my self analysis. This initial self analysis has really given me the ground to build up and give voice to my creative and intellectual stimuluses. I feel indeed most engaged as the kingdom is really taking place, as I am really at work, a work which I don't consume over a short period of time but I keep diluted and alternate with variety combined with a great sense of responsibility as I was some sort of a manager. This method I am really now applying to the vegetable garden, which also keeps me content as long as it is not affected by others. My spiritual garden is instead virtual and can't be really so easily affected, it is something I have learned to keep strictly intimate, knowing how exposure can damage it and still remembering the time I presented a novel I wrote when I was young, for more than a year and then all the criticism that came and just me turning it down at the end. I will take the kid to pick some raspberry plants to the neighbours now.

I am just about to take the kids to the city an avoid the violent killing of the bull. I wouldn't mine my son watching that rather than go to a stupid and pretentious event for kids, as a matter of fact I won't take them to any such event but come out with something, inspired by whatever circumstance we will encounter. It is amazing to realize how the modern man stimulus is dictated by events organized for them specifically, unable to improvise something of their own, or maybe able to but really unable to pursue it. Well I am still pursuing although it is a very risky situation, I guess it is much ignorant faith to transport me but then again it it was for us few isolated creators what would be of society, a society dictated by a narrow minded oligarchy and then just the normalized mass. I guess my work addresses to the offspring of the geniuses to come. It certainly can speak to the mass to some degree and this distinguish from other cultural productions only