

I have been off and on, when time has allowed me today, I have been thinking about how many great and most promising enterprising have been disastrous in the end because the enterprises did not know when it was time to stop and just retire. It is happening to my parents now overwhelmed by a thirst for money and that happen to my grandparents to, who clamorously failed and lost everything, all their three factories, their parents land but more in particular, not only their health but their wealth, getting an heart operation after another. Pompey and Cesar, Napoleon and Hitler for that respect too didn't know when to stop and failed. They had these machines they could use and now these machines are even more powerful and more to our disposal. We could keep searching the Internet and boost our careers and get to travel the world at any speed really because their no longer any nature to obstacle us... the limits are only artificials and those can be unlimited. I personally like the fact that now that we have conquered we retreat, because those trophies are sufficient to guarantee us survival back in our remote province. We could have gone forward conquering and expanding our ambitions and really loosing sight of why we got out conquering in the first place. Bizarre how, in order to open the doors back home one has to venture out and open doors in other countries, bizarre. Yet now, for the time being we have showed and given proof of our value by confronting the foreign giants. There might be a time when we might have to do this again or we should just keep in mind that such confrontations are off and on needed to revive us, in whatever scale. We never really conquered though, we mostly endured life in other cultures, thus it was not really traveling but mostly exposing ourselves for a considerable amount of time under other parameters at the bottom of socially respected and highly regarded artificial mountains. I have dared to climb natural mountains, now I have dared to be at the bottom of those artificial ones, soon though we are back to our island where mountains are missing although all the good natural premises are present. I might then have to build one myself...

Back in the office now, taking charge of several things at once now that I also suggested my wife to take it easy, before she starts her real professional and well paid work back in Sweden. The kind of Academic environment, or any kind of fictional environment such as the Art world are now totally undermined by societies that do not want to support them any longer... as a results there are no longer any humble monastery where real knowledge is maintained and spirituality too. All these monasteries have now long being forced to speculate with the materialistic world and they have become worst than actual commercial enterprises. It is rather natural then to switch to the later enterprises and maintain our spiritual activities through them. This is a more fair and authentic compromise than those applied by the so called scholars, artists and so forth that compromise their very substance in order to survive, this I believe. Anyway, it is really easy to over-work and get overly anxious in these fake environment where society no longer distribute some bytes for everyone but through an entire juicy stake of moderate proportions and then let the dogs bite each other to death. It is another game now then, the naturally born druids of our societies have to be aware and don't let themselves obsessed in the game and compromise in such radical way the substance of their oracular inspiration. They can play other games and keep that intact, this is by far easier, until they last, we can wear a mask and then another and even our spiritual inspiration will nourish from it... we have to be doing what we have to do in order to survive and let our kids, the flowers of our soul survive, we a prospect for a better future. Yesterday I had a call (I am usually off line but these days for work I am always available), I had a call from my rich uncle Gigi who stole everything to my Grandparents and mother and thus indirectly stole from me and spent is life in very hazardous speculations which are now leading him, in these times of economic recession, in total bankruptcy. He calls me because I do remind him of his father, who was really a father to me too, this by great compassion, and because, in his most miserable state he seeks for advice and luck. He is the sort of man, the vulgar owner, off for profit alone, maybe like our Barbarian ancestors were going around Europe and raiding and stealing and burning every village. He is that kind of man, who will leave no plants to his heirs but only the golden apple of discord. The world cannot be purged by such individuals, they will always be there yet some education, a moral grounded education might at least refrain them, an education that brings forward how all these examples of people playing the rapacious Caesars normally end in the mud and they are spitted upon. I will prepare my kid for his life, we now have a all world of examples to bring forward, to compare and understand, great insights of human nature.

A most healthy trip took place yesterday unexpectedly. Blake, this American with English-Italian origins, an engineer with many adventures in his portfolio among which Amazonia for a year, thus a most respectful man, invited us to sail. Blake has all the qualities of a gentleman, an aristocrat, although somehow I feel that the American society of which he is totally proud, has played a bad trick on him, somehow I feel things would have been different in other context, yet even after his heart operations and cancers he is not playing the victim but still act like a noble, with noble principles to display, being on the board for many volunteering associations and alway in the front line of solidarity. A man without a single prejudice... rather amazing considering my father who only relates to the world through them. Anyway it was a rather healthy trip sailing out of the city, into the blue/green sea yet still surrounded by tourist boats and airplanes, it anyhow didn't suffocate us, even if Blake's friend, a claimed Irish guy named John, has kept talking and talking... I just ignored him and didn't process any of his continuous informing. I just left that already overloaded side of my brain and just immersed myself in the ocean and say to an island, an artificial island made of trash, a former damp. I really want one to in our backyard so that I can finally build my mountain for free and maybe even earn... I should really look into it with time! The neighbours will flee eventually and I will be left alone with a mountain and a church to be eventually constructed on top, or something to be deposited in the very heart of it. Anyway it was rather disturbing to sail for the sake of sail, this is what happen nowadays, you sail but you don't really reach anything in particular from where to disembark, explore and eventually bring something home with you... that was disturbing but that is I guess how our techno society makes use of its many mediums, this also due to all the freaking regulations which are mostly due to all the fears and phobias and American in their mistrustfulness, living in a land that doesn't belong really to us, that it alien to them, with other people that are aliens, Americans are the kings of a whole the phobics. I sometime wonder about its destiny, about the destiny of nations in generals and I guess out of my reflections, I guess that a nations fucks up as soon as it goes astray, as soon as its citizens gets disconnected with nature and its processes. For this respect many European nations might be as well connected to nature but only visually, as sight seeing sites while the new generations have really nothing to do with them... Boy Scouts should be mandatory if the military service isn't but yet I guess kids themselves have a natural inclinations to explore the natural processes, it is just that they don't have direct access to it (my son was just home with my wife and look... now back again with video-games...what an effort to bring him out of the apartment with all these traps, including playgrounds... yet in the countryside is different... hopefully Stockholm constructed in nature will be a good compromise).

My son today slept almost till noon and I let him be sleeping. I really dislike to interrupt such natural phenomenon, myself to has being indulged sleeping long hours (I guess the average sleeping time of other people) particularly after a week of relaxation, taking the family out to nature a nature that I feel has abandoned our subconscious, trapped in these cities. We went sailing, canoing and swimming. We are planing more sightseeing and less of these exploitations from the social commanders since we anyway secured our upcoming future back in Sweden and since we felt how a certain anxiety is overcoming our brains, we loose our lucidity mangling all the enterprises of these small commanders and that is not even worth considering how little we are paid, so why not, let's detach from these constant anxieties resulting in continuous preoccupations, let's do what we are supposed to do here but then try to enjoy and most of all reconcile ourselves with the natural landscape. Most importantly we should in this transitional period when we are going back with the trophies that should guarantee our stability back in the province, we should preserve ourselves, keep the freshness of our spirit and do not corrupt it particularly for the sake of these unworthy commanders only boosting small unworthy projects here and there for their own survival, which implies no courageous enterprises but only everything to be kept socially credible. It is a game from which we have also gathered our credentials, a demonstration that we have also being this far in the professional path, and this also requires courage and determination.

A night of many sweat dreams, very crowded of visions and landscapes at last. I was really worry about this lacking of visions that the life in a trapped city causes and I really understand those that in these confined artificiality gets drunk. Yet even here in New England and in a rather dense urban environment one can always find these places although one might really have to go through allot of traffic and thus making the healthy adventure unhealthy. As said now I am really trying to have the little family outdoor and the river and the sea seems the way to explore the natural landscape, the way dictate by the ancient natives of whom there are no traces left at least here. I sometime find myself to be a native, an indigenous exposed to the novelties that the white man brings forward, artificial and technical novelties to which I am reluctant. Just thinking of the mission of my working environment creating innovative technology to arise people's enthusiasm, just that makes me rather reluctant and by no means an enthusiast innovator. Deeper inside me I have a feeling of men belonging to their nature, nourishing from it and in communion with it, I am the first to feel such communion but I also aknowledge to be a rather isolated case and that human nature can be rather evil and greedy. Innovation is just another war which distance humans to their nature. Democracy is the compromise to maintain a certain very frustrating peace among the social members, sucking life from those that should live and distributing it, ideally to those that should be dead. It is indeed rather frustrating to see so many survivals of cancers and other diseases but what is most frustrating is to realize that to keep them alive we are refraining our offspring and make the healthy and worthy ones sick of all the precautions and obstacles for this general rush of securing the inevitable death and disease. Anyway I am very happy to live this American environment and very happy to once again be able to run on a cliff and contemplate the ocean or whatever scene. That I find the most healing thing as much as any adventure is, like the account of the battles I read of the Roman emperors. Well in this respect, I am totally disturbed by any extravaganza like that of Anthony and really disturbed by the use of violence to restore an order that only causes more disorders. I don't like any excess but I guess a moderation between autocracy and democracy would be ideal yet again having a moderate understanding of human values and be moderately inspired by them in governing a country or even just a county. I do not agree in any larger political influences, corporative politics as I only see bad quality in their local output but even there again a moderation between continental and local politics.

In the kindergarten with my son, in the common, the ancient public location of this old American settlement, a very unique and beautiful place with much spirituality and purity. Really much contrasting all other American enterprises done for the only sake of making allot of money and somewhat communicating that, communicating their very speculation to the limits not of nature but of regulations as really using artificial methods and materials really natural limitations can be overcome at least for some time till the natural forces don't level them down again. Anyway it seems that I might be able through my Greek friend to experiment with/my ceramic tiles of things collected from the sidewalk. Interesting how time offers all these possibilities and expertises that would have otherwise to be boosted and sought after with force. I thus disagree with the Cuban Art Theory professor who was telling to maximize the boosting of my art work. As much as I don't define it an art work made to be an art work, I acknowledge that it is only the operation of time and thus the natural process that can make it lasting and stable. Any boosting also implies a suffocation of the source that nourishes it. I would then rather leave it living and nourishing through my existence and let time perfect it through the variety of exposures that it offers and the variety of possibilities that naturally come to experiment its realization. I am confident in time and perseverance which really much depends on me alone rather then depending from the spoiled commercial society to actually only produce it. I am confident that some maturation through time has to be achieved and that boosting opportunities could leave that immature, thus I keep maturing. Aside from the stability I am trying to give to the project and my family there is allot of instability to confront daily, mostly unnecessary social conflict. There were two Swedes in the playground and I really felt a foreign, a dark lamb among white and candid pure lambs. I wonder how my time in Sweden will be then, hopefully I will still be able to explore the world as I have planned to, hopefully but again time presents many possibilities and we can stir our lives to accept them and naturally provoke them.

I am now quietly back home that my wife and kid seems to be gone somewhere eventhough outside is raining and it is getting late. I spent my day among people, conducting experiments and tests to develop this new interface for mobile video collaboration... I guess I got quiet fluent with terminologies and could pour them into my diaries yet I think it is a good professional compensation to my artistic practice of observing myself and my surrounding. I get paid to observe others which is really inspiring and I guess I am a good observer and not what to get straight out of the experiment. I like all this being empirical, knowing nothing but constructing the entire knowledge out of pure, documented experience with no assumptions... what a learning tool to observe, yet one has to be really active to capture meaningful things and be impressed as much as one is when laying on a field observing particular phenomenon and detect a certain understanding. I would really like to teach this in India eventually... teaching to be taught. I am preparing to make it a course with my old student Neha... will see. I guess the only thing that seems to work and not work is the team work. Obviously it is really meaningful when we unite our thinking and participate together to the processes yet we are force to share all of that to our remote clients and so forth, thus the thinking brain gets a little too diluted and spread. It definitely works when a certain symbiosis is established and when the members work to realize and progress but certain members are just too polemic and critical and stepping back with allot of abstractions. I guess this is where the duel is consumed between the realistic members wanting to construct and the abstract ones wanting to problemitize. I just start to ignore the later and step over them to continue the progression. I did though as an experiment, let them take the lead and we really got lost... I guess this issue might be applicable to the whole of society... well, I just heard from my wife, they are the nearby mall... what to do in this rainy days? I cultivate my project but then also look into them and follow the flow.

Luckily the existential pursue is already settle, there is a method that allows it to keep evolving even in those time in which I am totally drawn into my social duty. It certainly wouldn't have worked otherwise without me having settled from the beginning a method. It certainly wouldn't have work either if I had someone to sponsor my proliferation, it would have turn it really fake as much fake and abstract are the outcomes of the small societies such as the "art world", the "research world" and so forth producing for themselves. It was rather sad today as a matter of fact to seat with my wife eating lunch in front of an empty art museum... how meaningless. I am wondering if it is also the case with churches and other spiritual temples as my intention is really to create one, a trace of existence, coherent, devoted and meaningful just because it has been exposed through time and space so thoroughly. I wonder what will happen, maybe no visitors, no pilgrims, nothing as it might not be included in the main stream tourist attractions, or the five best attraction one should not miss in his three days staying in Scandinavia. Anyway, it is meant for pilgrims, people seeking some revelation and again this can only occurs if it is the very pilgrim to accidentally discover the site, if the lights of the mass media are not pointed at it, do not consume it and gossip it. This text is also partially an effort to overcome any superficial commentary of this existential effort, bringing forward its whole complexity and evolution. Again it is a constructive willing, a willing to represent life and myself is the executor because it wouldn't have work in any other way. It is no manifestation of vanity, just a pure devotion, a sacrifice.

I suspect that there might be indeed some side effects from all this commercial working, this battling for innovation that I am off and on conducting. I loose a bit of my remembering which is a very important part of my practice and I sometime feel unfocused, as for instance today after work, walking around with my kid and normally being very playful with him and getting allot of insights for my practice, but this time feeling distracted, even persevering looking at girls and don't come out with so much ideas. It might be even the summer heat or just a period. Anyhow the practice still keep up getting the first morning energy, getting my priority as all my natural duties get. It is relieving to think that this intense period of parallel commercial production will be soon over, yet I might miss it back in isolated Sweden and thus wonder how it will turn out. There is a layer of melancholy within me when I am out of the commercial euphoria, the team-work. I would naturally like to be a teacher and as a matter of fact I am now working to prepare a course with the stuff I have learned over-seas which is very much this learning from others, be an observer... yet this is particularly interesting in other culture, it is very natural like Marco Polo writing down his observations being one of the first Europeans in China. I guess I can observe and draw meaningful conclusions and wouldn't mind to have that as my profession... yet in Sweden I might only be able to observe myself, it is my ground, but I will possibly organize other expeditions, just like a Roman general at the conquest of the known world. This challenge is certainly more interesting... there are allot of new discoveries to be done down the existential path, we just have to keep following that intuitively, else I believe it will be all the same. So for now this is my projection...

Weekends are always alive and there is much to talk to, plus it is summer and really that is life and an opportunity to redeem from the winter frozen activities. There are anyway many factors to consider, first avoid any invites from the fatty American neighbours and keep it independent from having any iron balls on us, then make the kid and the wife happy but also do a bit of sightseeing and escaping thus generating a little catharsis, which any human driven venture really generates. We went through China town where there was a festival but really even there it is a bad left-over of real Chinese culture even though it was rather authentic with still most Chinese attending. Then we were off playing tennis (for my wife it was the first time so I had to teach her), while my kid was at the playground which are usually most boring for adults but this one had a very nice combination of stuff for people of all ages... smart. So we got a really good work out and felt most energetic, even though I haven't played tennis for 15 years. Before taking the metro home we stopped at a white people's new age market and had really healthy new age food and felt most content although really around the corner it was a totally different scene with much wasted people we had to kind of avoid. Back in our neighborhood we came across another outdoor celebration of cancer survivors which really is something that makes me irritate since we try to keep healthy and fresh but then get through this. I am sure that if people were healthier and more aware of health issues, they wouldn't encounter such things... anyway, anyone has his or her trap but certainly manifesting and performing can reduce that kind of stuff and thus I think that that is that they should promote, although this neighborhood is really half rotten and there is unhealthiness every where... anyway there are levels of good and bad things everywhere and we should just consider ourselves lucky to be able to choose for the good, yet it is always a battle and it is difficult to win particularly if one is also fighting for his own kid and try to make him healthy although behaving not so rigidly and allow him to eat an high fructose ice cream with the cancer survivals society (he is still there now while I am here writing). Again Jesus says that it is not what we eat really, yet we should not let ourselves rotten and it is our duty to keep fresh and feel when we are not and act to refresh ourselves. This sensibility is always with me. Yesterday night we watched Gomorrah, a really good Italian film from these years depicting really well the situation in the South of the country where people, as it seems they don't have a choice and there only way to survive is by doing something bad an illegal, under the well established crime organizations thus not even able to play the independent cowboys...everyone in the end has to follow that main-stream, betraying their own nature (their talent, their land). I really had a feeling that that is the way things really are going, my uncle, my mother, the family is in that very business which they call work but in reality is pure speculation. Obviously there has to be a side of our nature that is let for speculation but not the whole of it. The ancients in my native mountains only had one side of the family to be speculated but the rest was totally holly. I keep one holly side of me and keep constructing and embellishing it. The interior are being kept decorated of enriching meaningfulness while the exteriors are a rough fortification.

The work in a dark lab with much artificiality makes me really dizzy and out of focus. How terrible to have design such a building... so extremely depended from artificial sources. I get really discharged and weird, needs to escape to the sun but I guess most of the white marshmallows do not, they can keep in the barn and milk themselves. There is a Greek guy to, Sortirios, who has family and kids back in Greece but really force himself to keep it there in his allotment. He is pale and shakes badly and has to take medicines yet he manages to keep up his Mediterranean humor which I appreciate. There are not many weeks left and there is a beautiful summer out, off and on. My wife is helping out taking care of the kid but she really gets in certain moods doing that, she might be well off working and be professional engaged while I am more the one to put love in the household and family and management of them. This is just according to our nature