

general which forces him to strive to pay all his debts, money he was forced to borrow to go to school and pay for his and his family health... I wonder about that yet the issue remains, society will never be able to distinguish these kind of individuals. A community can, certainly but a society needs objective proofs and there is really no way to compete with the masters of making perfect proofs and sabotaging any socialist thinking. Keeping on reflecting about humans and their nature and technology coming into place and amplifying certain aspects of our living yet Scott in the end might as well give everything up, give his love up, the love that really makes us, his surrounding community much happy and enjoying the flowers he even wanted to plant in the playground but then efficient society came and removed them... no time for selection, just much drastic operations, technology aided operations which on the contrary can turn reality hopeless. I keep my hope up, I keep it secret and share it now with few. Scott wants to move to Italy where his ancestors came from, going back...and what if their ancestors had kept it there? I read again from Machiavelli some more of his reflections into human nature... he writes something like that great men are mostly to come from really degenerated offspring (I think of myself although I don't mean to be great or having success in earthly life...), then I also come to think that that may be applicable to nations, Italy was a poor country and got richer and now it faces a decline...there must be as Vico in 1800 said, there must be cycles even when technology which is a tremendous amplifier, even when technology comes into play. Anyway, I better get to work now... no question about my discipline, yet I try to be very playful and thus enjoying it!

Again to work with many ideas, hiding my writings and ready to switch even though nobody is here yet and when the time comes, I am 100% in the work tasks I am demanded to accomplish, just like a Castruccio, one of Machiavelli's heroes, for him a model of Prince to follow. Yet the fact is that I do not really care about such sort of power, no such thirst but I do happen at times, just by keeping on practicing my own disciplines, to be entrusted with rather important charges. I do not force the thing, it is just offered to me and I keep most modest avoiding any competitions and only really caring about my own children (my physical and spiritual child). Jealousy is unavoidable yet it can be contained, people throw things at you, show their superiority and you just have to work with it instead of against it, everyone has their qualities and when the time will come I will always be ready to step down and switch to the taking care of my own management, my natural one and thus cultivate both and not betray the first as the most professionals do and latter, when retired have just a big void to face (e.g. The Buddenbrooks' senator comes to mind again). Retire instead with my goal to finally accomplish and eventually, if any resources are granted to me during my social work, even be able to accomplish in a physical form, a spiritual, humble building to host such resides of time. I keep up in full optimism and in love with my project and reflectively in love with the world by seeing its potential to make my spiritual output even more beautiful. Work and satisfaction by having now found a way to give a meaning to it and be most faithful in it not following into most depressive and destructive doubts typical of our educated society (I am now thinking of a Greek friend Panagiotis who, like Turgenev's character Bazarov, is much nihilist and bases all truth in Science, yet I wouldn't either consider myself any close to Pavel, the tempered and full of honor aristocrat). I now feel very much these counter tendencies: on one side nihilist people and on the other the prideful aristocrats....got to go back to work!

I have many pseudo-friends, people in the spectacle (curators and so forth), who belongs to an ephemeral micro-society which builds on Idols and who really much suffer when their supporting society is suffering, reminding me of the classic fable, probably from Phedro, where the beaver who is followed by a wolf, chops off his testicles to run faster. I actually chopped off these fake vanity-friends. They haven't helped me to accomplish anything, one of them being a young American curator, Jason Waite, a splendid fellow, very religious when it comes to the Arts and how things should be made to be considered within that artificial society. Many years ago told me to let my dream project be and only concentrate on my right-hand photo project. I see his point... a curator of a famous American gallery in Shanghai also told me that basically because I was broad with my explorations and usage of mediums I was not going to be recognized... there are many others in this artificial society that wants to represent human culture, many others who told me to only do one thing and then throw it and then move on. I guess this very curators really nourish from the poor figure of the artist doing a set work. They are able to pick them and consume them as they like, and when they need them. This is totally very limiting and unfortunate, a most unfortunate trend when there is so much that needs to be thoroughly explored and matured. This small society of the Arts is a very stingy one, particularly now, with the world recession. I keep up my explorations, my conquests, as a Machiavelli of culture, methodically investigating human nature today, when I exist and using the available mediums and find constrains in what is possible and feasible. I suddenly realized that I can do totally without them, if the opportunity come, I can also set myself in some sort of display although much troubles were caused when this last happened... jealousies and so forth. Yet, my point here is that I do understand that this art professionals cannot do the work unless the curator offers them a possibility and society gives them some kind of support. This is absolutely not my case, I actively observe human manifestations and my own... I take notes of them and order them into the flower beds of a garden representing them. No more, no less... I can communicate such garden to most individuals but there is some sort of black circuit when I confront those that believe themselves to be the absolute directors of main stream culture. The predominant farts that some time will wash away, this is for sure! Pure speculation and pure smoke won't have any effect but a temporary hallucination which they need to spice up increasingly to make more effective to our dishinbition... So out with them... it is probably weak on my side to at times, show them my progress...I need some kind of encouragement at times but learning from my past I only got beaten from them or in most cases ignored. I haven't got obsessed with it though, I just try to get resources where resources are, they have none, just allot of prejudgments and angriness for the small stake society pass on to them... and even here the stake is taken by the bigger dogs and some tiny pieces most likely of bones goes to the little dogs, today artists, the over-limited creators... I say get out from that loop, you can build much more meaningful work doing whatever society requires you to do and whatever yourself requires you to develop in terms of something existentially compelling. There was a fat Italian guy playing the guitar at my son's school, we started singing together... most forced by a expansive lady. He anyway immediately had to place himself higher than everyone saying that he works for the national TV, which created much disconcert among us and I finally left the fat fart full of airs to sing "Oh Sole mio" by himself. I still think about this, how people label themselves via this corporations and don't actually share the content of their experiences, their findings...Corporations are like prejudices, a wall impossible to face. There is no distinction between him putting up airs saying he works for this big company or ██████ saying I am racist. They both put an impenetrable wall in front of them.... more about human nature, more about trying to reflect and find some rightful and meaningful way of being or keeping up adjusting towards it.

As long as I am not idle, as long as I am making meaning out of my existence, and as long as I have this greater goal in mind, this ultimate goal to reach until then I shall only carry on, execute something that is anyway not completed. Once it is completed I may ask/demand a pedestal from society unless that will arise of its own or I may just day as Castruccio, the great conqueror of Tuscany who after he defeated the Florentines for good he died of a flu. No such ambitions, yet it is most vital for me to know I have something relevant or at least believe I have something relevant to accomplish, then life gets not only tolerable but most enjoyable. For example I am now waiting for my wife and kid in the playground in front of my house. I have done my morning gymnastic like this Fascist writer I can't recall and got again to entertain myself with the many tasks to accomplish daily for the slow completion of my project. I've got stuff to do, I keep nourishing myself and regenerating what the social and technical mediated life takes away. How dull it would be? How dull is my entire generation of baby losers uninspired! They ought to get out of the system, the secure cave that their parents have created for them... It it too sealed and sterile there...expose themselves not to the extremes of societies...like drugs and so forth..things to loose themselves, but rather expose themselves to themselves, through their own nature. The very dull and bourgeois context where I grew up really helped me with that because the signs or better the trampolines for elevations are still present... the sublime nature and the countourning history that this generated. The flatness of the many civilized lands where I lived has helped me a bit, at least to heal myself..I left as a poet, I return as a warrior. The conclusion is one: I will have to fight back in my own cave, my natural cave, fight not to execute my existential missions that all this spiritual and physical traveling has arose, but fight to get the basic means to first survive with a certain dignity and secondly have the very means for a possible execution. Fight where the battle is and where the trophies are worth, whatever happens and however this will enrich my inner garden inside my walls, that will be kept protected. This is how most beautiful, meaningful and long lasting things have been created ever.

I just met John Santoro, a 48 years old black man, he was at the playground with his two years old daughter. We start talking about cats (by the way I am writing a fable about them) and ended up talking about him... how interesting! In short he is an orphan and latter found out that his mother is Sicilian, his father obviously black. When he said that I immediately recognized in him a Sicilian friend of mine Andrea Galeone, a neo-fascist guy, very likely racist and John grew up associated like a nigro, with no work and yet looking everyday himself on the mirror and asking: who am I? He really longs for his routes and he feels most lost. I guess it is really important to keep that connection and that only with that connection you have something really to fight for, those are the words of Scott Guelfi whom I met previously and now is taking all his family to Italy where his ancestors came from, he has already applied for the citizenship, probably after meeting me... wow, the playground is really turning into a forum. Anyway I feel I brought the root/route back to this people. Fortunately I was able, in my period of love and passions, to maintain and even go deeper in what my roots have been, the earth, the mother earth and the landscape my ancestors lived... Sweden as for my Cimber German origins, here close to ██████ and where we moved or they moved us when we were little and Tuscany from where they say my Grandmother's family was exiled.

It is Sunday and it is the first day of the month and spring at last. Much efficiency has to be put to gather up all the monthly output of my project, now it is the time, luckily no complications, everything went smooth and ready to be back up in the little memory I am hiding in a wooden block where I engrave the calender of my 36 years work. My wife just had a journal deadline and got out of it exhausted with much of an headache and much sleep to make up. This has influenced our lovely kid too, he just hang around with her in bed and I try to get everything done. In addition I have many money jobs I am trying to do. Yesterday, after eating at my homosexual Greek friend who seems now that he is going to be a prestigious teacher here for good, I met John Wilkins, a middle age American man starting up a company of inventors and innovations. I I assume his wife is Italian and so, like many of us do, he is trying to establish bridges, like my Chinese boss and like my wife might have to do with Sweden if we are moving to Italy. He is trying to sell America to Italy and vice-vers. I am there to help him promoting his all entrepreneur, make it more appealing as it lacks any kind of persuasion. I will start by making him a website, a skill that I mastered really well thanks to this project of mine, so, I would say, it came in the end really of use, but will have to see. He wants things done quickly, I am quick, I understand very fast, got the maximum score on it on my proficiency test, yet I guess I am not a pedant/professional... my professionalism is the result of a broad evolution dictated by my rationalized intuition rather than a specialization imposed by the social circumstances. Probably the first being the best way to acquire skills and knowledge yet I do believe that again you learn how to swim when your butt gets wet. Anyway, I am fluent and confident, picking up what is offered and just go for it. I am still amazed though about these business guys, starting up and devoting all of themselves for their business vision, without sleeping, getting over-excited and being unable to disconnect, never. It will be interesting to get into it, go further and deeper into this investigation without loosing sight of my project which is actually, in the limitation given by the two works I am now carrying simultaneously plus being very much taking care of my beautiful kid and all the household related things is much. My wife has a very generous mother, the Socialistic Nation of Sweden, giving them the finances and letting them be... yet this may lack something... strokes of genius comes only when survival is a necessity. The members of a social system are like the thoughtless animals of the garden in the Heaven, ingenious.

Monday, and as usual the first at work after taking care of my spiritual garden and my little son who gets so absorbed in my stories. Today, on the way to kindergarten I told him how the Americans killed Bin Laden, the Muslim in charge of so much terror in the West, the non-faithful West. When I was a University student, I remember spending my evenings writing a novel about my great grandparents immigration to Brazil. One evening a friend convinced me to go out and there we met a Pakistani. I am usually drawn into mad people, and this guy really got my attention while my friend left. I got him an ice-cream and even went to my friend's place where I was hosted and got him some money. Anyway he told me that we, the Westerns, were going to loose because we lacked fear for God. So many years later I can't really say what is right or wrong. On one side, our side I see too little spirituality and if there is, it is very much of an habit, going to church on Sundays because we are used to. On the other side I see too much religion, fanaticism. I see the extremes and don't really agree with any. I see that it is good to be grateful and ask for some rightful guidance yet I would never take parts nor make parts but rather discuss and collaboratively find solutions. Are we soon going to be based on the same platform? If the cultural distinctions will be leveled, I sometime wonder about the racial ones. It feels we are now in the mist of a big shake, that a due intervals the earth is shaken and then there is time of stability and then this is shaken and reconfigured again as in the vegetable garden where much rotation and fertilization is needed. It also feels that there is also a process of compensation; the white people have colonized and that violence is being compensated. For instance, if we are to mix all the races now present in North America, are we maybe to get the Red Prime Nation people that once existed here? Is there ever going to be a return, like this process in nature where things tend anyway to return to their primary state? Artificial dictations are an obstacle to this process yet it is often subdued as soon as new possibilities, unexpected ones, arises and right there the cards on the table, the nicely laid cards organized by our politicians and this also within smaller nucleuses, those get soon confused until there is an attempt again to reconfigure them and prevent this to occur. Yet technology keeps evolving and really nothing can prevent this. Time for a big meeting at work.

I really get much people, particularly the cultural specialists (curators and the so forth vanity crowd), much unconcerned about my disciplined approached. Other that I do not do art for art nor research for research nor any meta-product for any of those artifical societies unless they show interest to consume some of my outputs, other than that I make further considerations with like other parallel practices, such as jogging. I do jog every other day and the output also affects my project determining the rythm of what is going to be the grand finale. Some days, I admit, my tempo is rather slow and my body feels quite heavy. Some other days like today I feel most light and run, beating every record. So ups and downs then.... the other approach would be to go and run only when I feel like it, or just loosely without any set time I try to respect, although again even in this I am very flexible, no running in the bad weather, and even now I carry on the essential things related to my project (downloading the daily sequence of photos, writing my night dreams and so forth), but certain other executions that I try to do regularly are skipped, if like I have a busy day at work or I am home with my family... I nourish in other ways. Now I really need to get going in society, it feels I am compensating.... the whole world is. China heavenly industrial and America turns totally into irganic farming, ██████ (who I finally get to know after a quarter of a century) a total Fascist waste and his son (me) having to compensate and get really into business (prior to that I was compensating being a poet with my mother's family into total money gathering). I keep up, fight slowly everything that needs to be fought (I have three deadlines only today and yet I keep cultivating my family, my project and so forth). I really need to pray for assistance at least a sort of self-assurance that I can keep up with it. Yesterday I was much tired of all this meeting speculating about the mobile-phone of the future. We did our team-work and I enjoyed it being very creative but there has been allot of discussion and still much to come... gladly the constrains of the clients (one of them a descendant of Zarathustra escaped first from Iran and then from India) have come. I love constrains... please tell me what to do! As a matter of fact the project is about users with mobile phone who asks advice to their community of distant friends for what to do (e.g. in a bar or when their car is broken)... Nature has suggested me what to do with my existence now it is society...

I woke up early in the morning again after much pressuring to get many things done (a website for a company, ethnographic studies for another company, a paper for a conference)... please notice, all things were us, the small creators work as little rats for the big rats, with rats salary and much insecurity... yet I would rather camouflage myself as a small rat and be able to then regain my actual features of a squirrel than an actual big rat. I keep my mask of second man without ambitions and then wear my crown in my own kingdom, my spiritual and uncorrupted kingdom. To this extend, the fact that I have disassociated Alberto Frigo to my practice has helped allot. I don't have to bother anymore about whatever I render, and however I output myself. Alberto Frigo is just another rat working to survive and yet he has means to detach himself from this and reflect. The big rats, our bosses and the way with strive for their sake and the way they discharge us after they have used and abused us, just a game I play within a bigger a game, a more important game with an actual meaningful and profound scope. I don't rebel to the big rats, probably they will, most likely obfuscate what is good and genuine and overimpose in society their rat-shit and society, subdued by all their fake credentials will take it for gold. That is the way it is, that is the way it has always been. I contribute to the silly social games yet I wouldn't be able to if I had not devise to wrap them in a larger game, my essiential mission, that of constructing something I believe to be very profound in the way at least it engages me. Courage and determination to be a social coward, much eagle-like nobility to be only another snake grooved with all the other snakes and biting one another, and yet being able to disentangle and leave at times, this by alway keeping a secure way out by the perimeter. A big groove now with no hope, no hope at least in the economy which is the only hope of our middle-classness, particularly now when there are so many claims that, at last, the East will be the wealthiest and no longer the West, are the polarity swapping. Well it is certain that after so many centuries of machine mediated exploitation the westerners are no longer willing for that, now in turn is the software while the hardware has gone East, at least for a while... they will also exhaust. Yet this could be indeed regulated by I guess human nature always will want to experience a change and even when a very stable civil achievement is made they will want a change this unless society would allow its members to follow their own paths and intuitions, cultivate, as I do, a spiritual practice and guarantee peace among neighbours and no possibility to predominantly prevail. Would this be really possible? Would the generations to come understand and respect those civic achievements or would they need to try out their ugly human nature to understand? Certainly nature in this respect helps, both a well established contact with the physical and the spiritual nature would soften things and possibly without the aid of any dogmatic institutions, nationalism nor religions, just much spiritualism removing all the fanaticism that tend to grow around it.

I do start to really be peccable now that I realize how manipulative those Pirates of our bosses are. As soon as a sign of leadership is shown within their laborers it is immediately dismantled. I go on ignoring this and let this crap move forward with my only objective of gathering some money and lead a decent life, humble and with noble scopes. It is hard, ██████ has never, ever succeeded in getting accepted and ended up a drunk, although I believe is very first aspiration was noble, wandering alone in the woods and being spiritual with nature. It is hard to accept all this dirty ratness of those tiny courts (just like in a 18th century novel... take sickening Balzac's aristocracy), and all lead by ignorant landowners, parvenu without a thought, a philosophy but that of keeping their place and don't ever compromise it. I sometime feel a rat to, hiding my labour, even though are the prophets themselves to suggests us to keep it hidden and only reveal it to the worthy ones and Seneca (or was it Epicurus?) goes with the same philosophy of hiding as the only mean to preserve our happiness. And thus, at least for now, I keep it under the sterile wings of these chickens, or I mean, castrated roosters... fair enough, it is warm for now. The issue is really who can recognize and elevate a person to his rank. On one side it is the "nobility", on the other people, both of which can affect each other in their choice, this potentially. By now the nobility of our tight corporations dominating human society makes anyway the first selection that then is further selected by common folk. Not to say that the nobility selects those that are most likely to suit the folk... it is bread and circus they are giving to them, as in Roman time, to keep them fairly satisfied, and yet I don't go to fast-food nor to movies, few of my generations are satisfied with that anymore and what we have are other forms of circus and bread, just like what I am inventing for work, for money, exclusively because I am obliged. There are other options which I will keep on investigating but I have to play smart, bring my Troy horse inside the citadel.

Yesterday afternoon was rainy, it I have managed to had my kid for a little walk after school and show some solidarity to a little kitty living in the playground, buying some food for him. Thus