

accomplished our outdoor activity I had to watch a Zombie TV series as part of an analysis I am doing at work, trying to imagine the TV of the future. It was too much for my kid who went off watching cartoons, and while peeling potatoes and looking at this apocalyptic present invaded by zombie I thought I kind of liked it in the end. It did certainly entertain me and I saw the actual correlation with present United States, how both the infrastructures are decaying and people themselves, their souls at least is getting old, stagnating and need to be revived, but how to revive a stagnating situation avoiding the real horror of for instance a war? Is the fictional horror a remedy? I guess only temporarily (p.s. these are not the type of analysis I report on my scientific papers, these are existential reflections). Stagnation needs to be revive with some kind of catharsis, then probably let's take the whole country for a long walk... people on the East walk West and vice-versa... then we meet in the middle and have a big feast with the red-necks of America, we repeat this every 7 years, it's mandatory, no excuses... there we go, we found a substitute to horror. I think being busy and unable to disconnect with the rest and connect within us and our intimate surrounding, this is the disease... the social business. In the indifference I experienced from society with my spiritual doing I also now have a tendency to throw myself in the social business as there at least I have people surrounding me and interest is shown. The actual reason is that I really need to figure my social way of surviving as I am no aristocrat nor have been accepted to be one (e.g. from the stingy circle of art amateurs and masturbating circles of the kind), nor I guess I really desire it. I have my opportunities but I tend to go where it is most natural to go... I have the hooks but I never pursue them and I feel very like not to have listened to any of the opinions of all the farts I met in my life...mostly Professors, Curators and so forth.... Alberto, don't pursue this, it is absurd... I just continued my way and sometime, like an Oedipus I go in search for them and get hurt again... I guess less and less I will do so, now that everything is set and no more worries are much to be dedicated for that... mostly all for the actual execution and for that I need actual means to survive... the rest we can discuss when the actual work is done... some thirty years to go...

Back in the office, seated in the bunker where world innovations have been carried out and yet ironically not a ray of natural light filtering within, everything highly technological, machineries everywhere. Even here, in this extreme circumstances life can germinate... this is really fascinating how even when humans get to such extreme there is still a little plant that manages to grow and there will be still some compassionate soul to bring it out, this is really fascinating (not to mention that there is even an actual rat going around here, I guess they caught him by now). Anyway, I feel quite satisfied, always being and acting cautiously but certainly giving allot of energy to the environment, keeping everything that has to do with my existential practice quite hidden. This aside from a book that I got from a French Writer Dominique Moulon, he apparently really liked my work when I had the chance to exhibited in Austria some years ago. It felt awkward though to find my name after in the last year and an half I being trying to disassociated from my practice... when people talks about the Italian Artist so and so I get a strange allergic reaction... I haven't done it to show off, there is no megalomaniac tendency, I am totally hidden nor I even want to go around promoting it, I only share it when I get in deeper discussions with anyone that has depth and if something arises naturally from there then fair enough. Like a farmer, I keep doing the work that has to be done everyday and like the Tao teaches in this sense I do not really collect any material treasure which is only the cause of agitation, the golden apple sent from the Gods to cause anger and jealousy... no such display, I try to avoid it at least even though it is obviously tempting but then you get also exposed and instead of being able to continue on to your spiritual conquests you have to stop and defend whatever conquest you have done so far. Not really worth it, I would rather walk and keep walking, ignored by others and when I will get to a height at sunset and finally stop, I will be too old and anyway too far. Hopefully those that will find my practice worth remembering they will remember it more as kind of mirage to reach rather than to be aware of. What to say, it takes allot of responsibility and persistent as I am taking a group of sheep with me, all with different characters and connotations. I am taking them along, seeking for good grass and being aware of wolves or to exposed them to the bad weather, yet I have this driven force within me that I will have to make it to the top with them. A panorama is already being revealed to me.

Making the best out of the situation. Now back at the park, attending my kid like a sheperd, feeding him and educating him so that he can be able to distinguish good for bad or anyway better from worse since that is really something to keep on testing on our skin in the same way as Witkectain in the mist of the 20th century was claiming a philosopher to be, keeping up the discussion of his thoughts. I keep streaming, I find the most authentic, satisfying and comprehensive way of outputting. I set tasks as an ethnographer I conduct my tests after reality is faced and results gathered. This facing reality, this courageous exposition to its processes is really the fundamental nourishment I believe. It is here rather than in the bubbles we create, it is here that we are able to make true sense and what about all the creep that we daily have to go through just because we assume but we don't know. Just test reality' test it and insights will pour onto you. Make the attempt before wasting much time speculating. Reality is always worth it and before you get into anyone just make sure he or she has been exposed to it, or just ask that to yourself before rushing to any kind of evaluation... how much this guy have really experienced of what he is talking about? Thoreau did confine himself in a cabin and did got out meaningful insights relating to his experiencing. Most of the mainstream chosen speakers, most of them I believe lack inside. I would start for instance to exclude those that never had a kid or a plant or an animal to grow. Essential insight without which much of our human understanding cannot be in any meaningful way rendered. You need to be real before you set off with your claims, or better you need to be deep in your reality. Professionalism, at least the mask we put on when acting professionally, the attitude we need to put on in order to survive in society, that is totally much the displaying the contrary. We hold our nose up and avoid any 'corruption' with reality, we are discreet and avoid to manifest it by any means but very very formally. I can put up with that as an experiment but thanks God I am out of there with my natural responsibilities that takes me away and reminds me of reality. It is anyway an insight in human nature but the scary part is how when acting professional, the natural duties are easily dismissed and we might not get as usual to look after our garden as we don't really want to mass up our business suit... Anyway I just spent a good half an hour lying in the bushes of the playground with the petals of the tree blowing on my face and the sun irradiating me and myself preparing really carefully for an application to get work back in my homeland as a specialist in cultural heritage... In reality is my heritage the driving factor..my hand is hurting' don't wanna exceed now...

I am in a little forest now. It is squeezed between a water reservoir and a parking lot. My kid is enjoying it with some little friends he just found to build a little barrack and I wonder while my wife daze under a tree I wonder in this little tree surveying him and wonder if the willing that so much characterized me will still be with me as I imagine it would, even when obviously society has prevented me from my construction, a physical construction a willing to devote to something that has now turned to a totally spiritual and immaterial mission with a physical renderization, a final place where to host it. Will I still have the willing untouched after and if I manage to resolve with my effort and providential assistance, if I manage to create the framework, the physical framework and the resources from where to start off? While meditating this I try to touch my heart and see profoundly... A storm is on its way...

Thor seems rather angry these days, it seems rather angry with America in general manifesting his natural power. Much less here though in the Old New England, closer to the roots, actually a piece of the root that was detached from the other continent. Thor is storming outside, my little family in the living room takes a break after a day out, a lovely day for reconciliation, resolving every anxiety, the constant social anxiety all based on future security, getting old and being able to enjoy oneself, yet I guess not so literally as I definitely saw how a life spent being a professional, a clerk with no other devotions, might as well keep you meaningless, empty like a woman after she has been finally raped and abused... everything based on this abused and speculation, not feeling the limit inside that tells us it is too much. My Dad has literally abused with alcohol drinking a bottle of Gin a day and literally abusing with cigarettes and so forth, now is mentally ill... this is a very obvious abuse of oneself, very easy for sensitive souls to get caught into. Yet there is another kind of more subtle abuse that happens daily among us. We have to go on with our "Professions" because we give it for clear that this is what we have to do in order to survive yet these very professions are based on an actual abuse and not a use of our inner and outer nature. Our responsibility brings us to focus on our social responsibility but the natural responsibility is obfuscated. What to say... ain't got no much of other alternatives... hippies ain't the solution, obviously try it and try it hardcore, profoundly, try to really sustain yourself of yourself and you will soon realize that not only you may be soon fucked in the ass by your neighbour by principally you really need a sort of exchange, an osmosis of some sort have to occur. I again think that extremes are never, ever right. The capitalism in America has been to radical and the country has been fully exploited and its citizens are unable to react to their continuous decline. The American eagles still exists but those go off their missions, business of their own sakes which might be better off out of America, a country belonging to everyone and no one, too dissimilar for anyone to feel any responsibility for his neighbour. Eagles, we just saw one (or was it a falcon?), a big one has built her nest on top of the glass facade of a business, she had the small eagles already born and she was taking care of them in the mist of the traffic and sirens...maybe she loves the paronia of these sirens, she feels home with them... well I wouldn't. It is definitely a place I can adapt to live in but it is not my familiar place... a place designed for automobiles and we carrying the many bags of groceries up and down to the metro station, a most rotten place where a large wild turkey was lost in the fall with a very cold wind...blaaa! People should travel to understand what is worth but then they also have to make it back and judge for themselves. I never had anyone telling me the difference between what is nice and what is ugly yet I felt it, I felt it while in love with my native natural landscape seeing what is threatening it, seeing the beauty of the organic doing... a path following a stream in a valley and an apricots tree by an abandoned stone little house. I did feel it as much as I latter felt the comfort of the artificial with the severe nature arrives, particularly in countries that are not so humans, where the weather is not so pleasant at all and the plastic coat around the house is really something even if in the short warm days of the summer it terribly smells. Somewhere in between, I would guess... not too drastic. Storms, storms and storms and yet we are protected in this MDF boxand yet my son haven't yet seen any of the sublime nature, the nature you get in love with and that much elevation it inspires, a nature worth to die for and this is my little sacrifice now, I do my best for my Italian boss and maybe he will get us home and will have something. Who knows how it will go... I am sure though of my love for the land, a love I want to transmit to my kid.... God granted.

Writing an e-mail to myself... my little family seating few meters away from me, not realizing the kind of e-mails I write. We were just at Scott's in his apartment to eat his fried donuts. The guy wants a change, he has a family, two beautiful daughters but his hope is very much decreased by the political situation, by the corporations taking over and dictating the immoral. You have no other choices here, you are obliged to work for the big guys because only they provide you with health insurance and so forth... you cannot avoid it because it is because of them you really need this fucking health insurance with all they send out that is genetically modified and so forth... what a vicious circle working for those that on one side guarantee your present survival but also guarantee your unhealthiness and in the long run your "cancer"... best to get back to a more natural living. We those so here too, but it wouldn't be possible in the long run, no it wouldn't. We are going back to the usual, the materialistic and business oriented mind is the only factor that decides for humanity now that religions and so forth are totally demolished from science. Scott asked me if I was religious, they are not. I think I am spiritual, I certainly am and I want to keep it, maintain it. I want to be thankful for the products I naturally get and I want to make a jam out of it, I want to share the jam, I want to share the happiness of making it and sharing it all together... corporation are like the big shadows of enormous buildings that completely kills these spiritual gardens... no point in going away from them in isolation. I currently gravitate around them and found ways of get nourishment from them, useful nourishment for my garden.

Trapped in the temple of commerce, the mall where our American friens took us, crowded with golden apples of arguments we soon spread and now the mediation has been to repair with my kid in the bookstore. I am now seating on the floor while he is looking around and getting fascinated of the golden apples that have to get fancier and fancier. We might get into a fight, him wanting a toy but we just might get away from that, telling a story arising other interests, it takes time but we are used to it and he used to me. Nothing really else to do, weather wise this place really keeps you much indoor even though the weather here, at least sun wise, is much more tolerable than Scandinavia where we lived for so long and we had much to learn. I guess that is the issue, we have a spirit to learn, we can learn and improve allot in every circumstance. As an Ulysses I might finally make it back to my native island with much treasures I have really acquired even though people home will not find that any special because that knowledge is already available to them on books and Internet so I am just not so useful to their eye even if I learned that through actual experience, real learning. I will try not to get affected by all this phobia of my American neighbour, whatever the circumstance it is the very individual that can make the actual change to impact his life. Expectations are only to be awaited from within, everything else is much of a reflection. I am now trapped in this pessimism of others, good people, people that have a natural willing to grow and create but they should nonetheless push that a bit further. They don't see any possibility to expand their hopes and that demolishes them. I take things little by little, they are spiritual improvements. I have started from the very base, a base that I have conceived exclusively by myself... That has been really necessary to construct. My other project, the actual garden I had at ██████ n-law, that garden I too arose from scratch but that in the long run has failed and basically for the simple reason that that at the very bottom of the discourse, that wasn't my land, it wasn't my country and I had no legitimate claims over it although the legend goes that our people the Cimber from the alps came from Scandinavia, what claim do I have even when naturally and with much sacrifice I reappropriate myself of a land. I have no claims against a society where keeping their contracts refrigerated, I just cannot handle the system, even just taxation and so forth destroys any inner motivation...the fucking social claims...CREATE BUT NOT POSSES! This would be a solution for all the social dogs so much into barking. It is an interesting story a journey for a promised piece of land where to create what nature has inspired me to create and what I have dedicated all myself for' all of me. The plan will be ready, at least that, the bricks will be ready... will see about the execution. That depends on silly society, I don't wanna depend on it, I would rather make the plan a perfect plan' tested through a life-time and all the scenarios here offered. The rest depends on other humans but it ain't necessary. If the opportunity will come like a samurai I will be very much prepared to give my shot and I won't miss...zen.

I woke up again a bit too early today, but took well care of my archive. This is also partially from the dissatisfaction i felt in the weekend hanging around "Americans" really taking up their role of "Americans". With this is I mean that I feel very fine being independent but when I get to live under so much waste I just loose sight. We were invited to dinner again by our neighbours, most kind persons but really the life-style! I felt trapped in a room with so little nature, no light, the air conditioning, a fat TV always on, themselves overweight, eating things I never eat as I just feel bad about Coca Cola and so forth. The irony f it was all the criticism they kept spitting of America in general and how people anyway dies of cancer and so forth. I felt I was stricken by a cancer right on the spot (let's touch iron!). I guess I just know myself from these exposures. I like sober environments, I like nature and no technologies on, I would really unplug any if possible, I enjoy a certain solitude and productivity, I enjoy intimacy and no addictions but knowing that I am working actively for values and integrity. I felt disintegrated and the trap is that these guys are my neighbours and they will keep on inviting us, using up the free time that I value.... I wanna go for a hike, i ate over fed vegetables, let me run, let me keep being the bee I am being. Traps, and this is partially because I also planned to explore society as part of my duty. It worked really well but not with people right across you, particularly those with issues and much discontent... I am totally content, I can adapt to your situation if you like but don't keep me trapped, I wanna be active and I will in the long run... unfortunately here, that is quite limited... the weather and nature isolated by all these giant highways, inaccessible to simple humans, also a bit too inhuman themselves with wild animals and so forth. This is the result of a society that has been working from above, making drastic decisions on maps rather than while processing ideas on site as you go. There are remainings of the beauty of what America used to be before it turned into a super power, and like rich men, super powers just fucks up big time...loads of scars, loads of cancers!

I am gently, very gently swinging after a nap in the playground while my kid plays with bigger kids. I took a little nap and now get back to little meditation. I really feel like a fisherman by a stream awaiting, a kind of Siddartha observing the passing of life, coordinating my actions with the intensity of the current, always on a watch yet absorbed in the very stream and in that very stream I see reflections, I see within and take notice of the changes. I might catch a single fish, I might only keep rolling grass on my free hand... anyway this is to say that I am rested and ironically in my previous entry I got agitated for all this American over-sizeness and the cancer we all expect and make worst by trying to secure our lives when it comes by working for the very corporations that are the base of our cancer as they, in their interest for profit, alter and abuse nature to the limit. I got this feeling and now I hear that my father's mother is dead of cancer, a rather quick death though and a rather old lady which has lived without health issues till her eighties. We must accept this willingly as Daoism teaches. The body ages and we die, people exaggerate with abusing themselves and their nature and they may die earlier unless it is that very phobia that kills them first. Jesus taught us that is not really what we eat that matters. I agree, and I agree that we already have inbuilt a sensor within us that tells us if we are exaggerating or not, if we need fresh air, or we ate too much meat and we might need fruit and so forth. The sensor is there but we are just not paying attention to it, we are drugging it otherwise. It is there, two days of American life style and I feel like I wish to fast like an hermit on a mountain, it is a feeling. Next time I will propose an hike or anyway something outdoor, explorative. Kids are now storming around me, sun, the spring sun brought life..too much sun would have brought death again... We are reaching the middle temperature, the right temperature. Unfortunately it seems that mighty countries like my own might be problematic in terms of profession and even getting accepted. I will have to test it, soon, maybe. My wife seems worrying, we might end up with a tiny salary and many romantic ideas... I see it more like a test on the way back to Europe but I am open, I don't force anything. Where the opportunity is we go, it just happened to be there and all other opportunities happened to be obstackoled by arguments or even natural catastrophes (we are going to Japan at last because of a Tsunami and much radioactivity they say...anyway that part of Asia I had already explored).

Willingly accept... things have evolved pretty fast here at sea, because at sea we are working for Pirates. We might have to swim back in the end to Scandinavia, which I don't mind. That is certainly a land, a very stable land and a beautiful race and possibly the place where, as the legend goes, my ancestors, the Cimbers, originated and going down to sack Rome and being at the very last minute beaten, they took refugee in the Alps. This is the legend of the Cimbers from Jutland and now I may sound like a Jew that after 2.000 years goes back to Israel and start a whole conflict with the Palestinian, but no, I just happened to get there unwillingly. The currents of destiny has pushed me to that shore and gave me what they gave me, a wife, a son, a land and much meaning to make out of it. Obviously that society do not recognize me, do not see anything in me but an immigrant, this is society as such but the community is different. The community I worked with, its members has seen my value and I was able to prove it. I believe in a natural re-distribution of natural resources, but when that is done artificially it is always a problem, the problem will stay there like an implanted tumor. So even Sweden, a big country with a small society, has its issues, shifting between liberalism which is now currently adjusted by a certain wave of conservatism, I might be a victim of the latter and ultimately excluded... anyway damn political games, yet because of a certain liberalism I was able to escape a disastrous situation ... my dilemma is really living with a stepfather or in a step-country. In every situation I need to adapt. Whatever will be will be, I will make something out of it. Sweden and the very family land of my wife inspired me the construction of a building hosting my project, it was partially because I set out constructing it that I had an argument with ██████ n-law and finally, after this occasion, we started thinking about giving a chance abroad. During these years having all my family living as expats we gathered allot of resources, my projects grew, they were undermined because of an exhibition, of my showing to the public, by in the anonymity they grew. Shall I keep being in the dark growing amazing flowers? I may just as well, showing off is the cause of conflict and jealousy, I will keep discreet and continue on with my daily tasks, anonymous, probably an anonymity I wouldn't get with Southern people, very invasive.

I have escaped the office, I mean I was very early hen usual after going to the bank and deposit my tax return (thanks God everything smooth this time!). Now I seat in a café at the University campus, back to be intimate once more. I have to acknowledge that now I feel a bit relieved... business gets of my nerves and since we might not continue working for our Italian boss and might move back to Sweden, where everything started, I might just as well become a house wife once again. This is actually what I am good at, look after the kids, my garden... assist the natural